

The Tartan



Clan MacDougall Society of North America

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Winter 2002

THE BATTLE AT THE RED FORD

By Archie McKerracher as printed in *The Highlander* May/June 2000

The Battle at the Red Ford was only a minor clan skirmish in a remote glen. Yet here was forged the destinies not only of Clans MacDougal and Campbell, but also, quite probably, of Scotland itself.

The story begins in the late 13th century when the MacDougalls were the rising force on Scotland's western seaboard. Their huge fleet of galleys commanded the seas, while their castles of Dunollie and Dunstaffnage, near Oban in Argyllshire, controlled the western mainland.

Their name *mhic Dhugaill* came from *Dubh-Gall* which means black Strangers, or Norsemen. Their progenitor was Somerled the Mighty, son of Gilliebride, sub-king of Argyll, who claimed descent both from both Harold Hardrada, King of Norway, and Fergus *mor mhic*, King of Dalriada (Argyll).

Somerled led an uprising against the Norsemen who ruled the west coast in the mid-12th century, and removed them from Lochaber, Morvern and north Argyll. But he knew he could not hold his conquest against the might of Viking sea power, so he then proposed marriage to Ragnhilda, daughter of Olaf the Red, Norwegian King of the isles and of the Isle of Man. But her father refused, seeking a more suitable suitor.

Somerled then had his shipwright swim unseen to Olaf's moored galley, bore holes in the hull underwater and fill them with tallow. When Olaf's galley put to sea, the tallow gave way as it rounded Ardnamurchan Point and the boat began to sink. Somerled's galley was carefully positioned nearby but he refused assistance until Olaf agreed to his marriage to Ragnhilda. Thus Somerled gained control of all the western seaboard.

Somerled had two sons, Dugall and Reginald. His younger son, Reginald, inherited Islay, Kintyre and part of Arran, and founded Clan Donald. The eldest son, Dugall, was granted the islands of Mull, Coll, Tiree, Jura and part of Lorn, and was the founder of Clan Dougall. He was of mixed Celtic-Norse royal blood, and thus the MacDougall coat of arms portrays both the Dalriadic royal *Lion* and the Hebridean royal *Galley*.

The third MacDougall chief was Eoghan, or Ewen, of Argyll, King in the Hebrides and Lord of Lorn (the patronymic *Mhic Dhughail* only came into use at a later date), whom King Alexander III, King of Scots, described as "a very comely knight." Ewen was in a difficult position because he was a vassal of the King of Scots for his mainland possessions and a vassal of the King of Norway for the Islands. Indeed, his possessions in the Western Isles were still part of the Norwegian Archbishopric of Trondheim.

He tried to remain loyal both to the decaying Norwegian empire and the expanding kingdom of mainland Scotland. However, he was forced to choose in 1263 when King Hakon of Norway arrived in person in Oban Bay with a huge fleet of more than 200 Viking long ships intent on the invasion of western Scotland.

Ewen refused to join him, and Hakon, admiring (grudgingly) his loyalty to two masters, allowed him to stay. But shortly after, Ewen did make his decision and attacked part of the Viking fleet off Mull when it was sailing south.

The Vikings were defeated at the Battle of Largs in Ayrshire in 1263 and this signalled the end of Norse domination.

MacDougall power was now at its peak; their huge fleet of swift *birlinns*, or gal-

leys, each holding 40 men, effectively controlled the whole west coast of Scotland. Ewen died in 1265 and was succeeded by his son, Alexander, who was "the greatest of the twelve lords" appointed to rule Argyll when it became a shire in 1292.

In 1294 this all-powerful clan was challenged in its overlordship of Lorn by the rise of the small Clan Duibhne, or Diarmid, whose headquarters was a square stone fortification on the islet of Innis Chonnell on Loch Awe. They were led by the ambitious *Cailean Mor* (Big Colin) whose father, Gillespie, had been nicknamed *Cam-beul* because of his twisted, or wry, mouth.

Gillespie was perhaps of Norman descent, or some say of the Brittonic royal house. He had married Eva O'Duine, the heiress of Pol an *Sporain* O'Duine, the King's Purse Bearer who held the lands around Loch Awe. Pol O'Duine claimed descent from the hero, Diarmid O'duine (the slayer of the Great Boar of Caledon), who was of the Royal Houses of Dalriada and Pictland.

Cailean Mor had been gradually pushing the boundaries of his lands farther west until the esasperated MacDougalls decided enough was enough. Eoin *Bacach* (Lame John), the strong-willed son of the MacDougall chief, led the clan to war with this upstart young clan to settle matters once and for all. The MacDougalls, clad in the raven-winged helmets, chain mail and the short swords of their Viking ancestors, carried with them a crystal ball brought back from the Holy Land and renowned for its magical properties.

Continued on page 4...



The Editor's Desk

by Pat McDougal

What *The Tartan* deadline dates really mean?"

A deadline date is the last day material is accepted for publication in the current issue. On that date everything received is taken to McDougal Design. After they begin the work up of the newsletter, nothing is added.

This is a work of *love for the society* by McDougal Design and is "worked in" with spare time here and there. Because of this we pay a much lower rate than does their regular customers.

This involves about two weeks of time and the printer takes a week, then it goes to the mailer and that is less than a week. So the issue from the deadline date to your mailbox is about 4-5 weeks, depending on where you live.

The earlier you get your material to me the better. I am working on incoming information all the time and it helps when it comes at least a week early.

If you know of a future wedding that we should be aware of, a recent birth, or a Flower of the Forest, please get the information to me very soon. It is nice to have news, rather than history.

Pictures tell a thousand words and we need the photos to reproduce well in the *Tartan*. So send your photo by mail, with a Self Addressed Stamped Envelope and it will be returned. Without a SASE tells me you do not want the photo returned.

This has been written for you who wonder about these things, so you will know why it takes so long for your *Tartan* to arrive and why your information didn't get in the newsletter and also, for anyone sending in that first bit of information.

Yours aye,

Pat

Notice:

All Regional Commissioners and State Representatives are requested to notify David MacDougall, Web master in Charleston SC with your 2002 Highland games. Only the games where Clan MacDougall Society will be represented with a clan tent need to be listed.

Thank you,
Mel MacDougall, President



Births

Ellen Cate MacDougall was born on the 19th August 2001 at Raigmore Hospital, Inverness, Highlands, Scotland.

All went well with Mum and Baby, and all the family are delighted to have another member of the clan. 🍀

Stephen MacDougall



Update from Christmas 2001 Issue by Paul K. MacDougall, Provincial Rep. of Quebec



Our granddaughter, Lisa Bucciarelli and her spouse Steven Schmidt have presented us with twin girls, beautiful babies and apparently identical and in perfect health. They are **Sabrina Anne and Maya Jane**, born November 21, 2001.

The line of descent from my mother:

1. Freedom Loomer-MacDougall (Mrs. Ellmore MacDougall)
2. Son - Paul K. MacDougall
3. Daughter - Wanda Bucciarelli
4. Daughter - Lisa Schmidt
5. Daughters - Sabrina and Maya Schmidt

Paul also stated the great-grandfathers, Dominic Bucciarelli and Paul, are expert in babysitting including all the required duties. 🍀

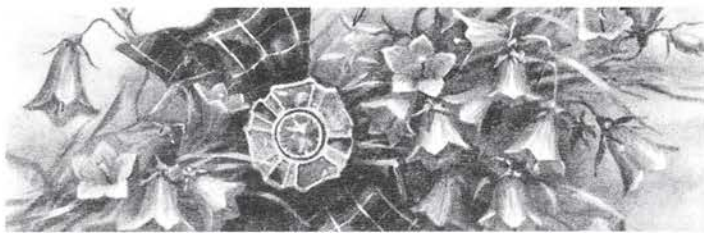


Oliver Eaves MacDougall was born December 11, 2001 and into the hearts of Terry and Jennifer MacDougall on the same day.

He has a brother, Martin Warren, who was 7½ months old when little brother was born. Both babies are the new grandsons of Jim and Pat MacDougall. Work at McDougal Design has now taken on new meaning with this little sideline labor of love being done on demand!

Congratulations with the addition to the Clan. 🍀





Flowers of the Forest

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

Walter W. Leroy, Sr., 89, of Waynesboro, Georgia died Sunday, January 6, 2002 of complications following surgery in the VA Hospital in Augusta, Georgia. A native of Baltimore, Maryland, he graduated from the Baltimore Polytechnic Institute in 1930, and graduated Pi Tau Sigma in Mechanical Engineering from the Georgia Institute of Technology in 1934. He was a Major in the Army Corps of Engineers in World War II. He was a Life-Fellow member of the American Society of Mechanical engineers, and a Life member of the American Society of Heating, Refrigerating, and Air Conditioning Engineers.



Active in the Caledonia Society of Augusta, Georgia, he attended most of the Stone Mountain Highland Games during the past 20 years, and is survived by two sons and a daughter: Walter William Leroy Jr. of Frankfort, KY; Philip Neil Leroy of Atlanta, GA, and Mary Anna (Mimi) Leroy-Marler of Tampa, FL; five grandchildren and two great grandchildren. Memorial contributions may be made to the Ruth Leroy Memorial Fund, Agnes Scott College, 141 College Ave, Decatur, GA 30030-3797, or to the Clan MacDougall Society Foundation.

Melvin Aden McDougall, the father of Clan MacDougall Society President, Mel McDougall, passed away November 5, 2001 in Auburn, CA. He was 91 years and passed away quietly and in comfort at the Auburn Terrace Senior Assisted Living Home.

We are extremely saddened by this loss, but his quality of life over the past several months had gone downhill and we know it was his time. The funeral was held at the "Chapel of the Hills" in Auburn. "Mac" was very well known and liked in the Community. He owned his own business as a petroleum distributor and retired in 1970.

He was a member of the local Masonic Lodge, Kiwanis, Sirs and Placer Crawlers, a travel group. He was a true Scotsman in his pride, wisdom, morals and love for his family.

It is with sadness that we have to report that our New England family has been reduced by yet another member. **Carol MacDougall Perkins** lost her battle with cancer in October, 2001. Carol was the sister of Past President, Dick MacDougall. She is survived by two other sisters, Jean Hutchinson and Kathleen Simpson, her husband, Bruce Perkins, and two children, Heath and Beth. Her passing leaves a very large space at our family and clan gatherings, especially at the NH Highland Games in September.



Cherry Canup McDougall, age 74, died of pancreatic cancer, January 21, 2002 at home. She was the new bride of John A. McDougall of Atlanta, Georgia and a member of Clan MacDougall Society. They were married July 7, 2001 and attended Grandfather Mountain Games the following week.

Cherry finished at Bakerhill High School and later from Auburn University with a degree in Home Economics. She was a Home Demonstration Agent and then became the dietician at Emory University Hospital. Later, after earning her teaching certificate, she taught school at Tucker and Livesay Elementary schools for a total of 27 years as a fourth grade teacher.

Cherry was a member of Briarlake Baptist Church. She was a member of "Bosom Buddies" a group that supports and helps breast cancer victims, receiving recognition for being the longest survivor for several years.

Her husband, John A. McDougall and married children, Madalene, Cherry and Rick, also four grandchildren survive her.

Memorial donations may be made to: "Bosom Buddies of Atlanta, Inc., P. O. Box 660065, Atlanta, GA 30366.

I'm Sandy MacDowell Hilibinger (member of clan MacDougall) and wanted to let you know that my brother **Edward Frank MacDowell** died 9/27/01 of diabetes and heart failure. For the last couple of years he's been in a nursing home, but did enjoy having the *Tartan* read to him. He really missed all his friends at the Grandfather's Mountain and Stone Mountain gatherings. It was he and I who designed and put together the large clan MacDougall tartan banner that is used at the parades and gatherings. At least when I see it I know he's left a legacy to Clan MacDougall. Ed was active in MOSHA (Mid Ohio Scottish Heritage Assoc.) in Columbus, OH, and was voted Scotsman of the Year by them, as well as the Heartland Chapter of Clan MacDougall. He had 3 children, Keith (who is also a member), Terry and Christine and 11 grandchildren.

Editor's Note: At the Stone Mt. Game, October 21st the banner hung in the clan tent and was proudly carried in the parade of tartans. We all did not know the special meaning of its presence today. May you have comfort in knowing just how much the banner means to all of us who carry it from now on.

Edward MacDowell, age 72, Thursday, September 27, 2001, Lutheran Village. Veteran US Navy. Member Clinton Township Fire Department, PASAPO Boat Club, Power Squadron, MOSHA, Clan MacDougall, IBM Retirees and Westerville Model Aeronautics Association. Preceded in death by parents Ruth Leslie Snyder MacDowell and Lyman Isaac MacDowell. Survived by children, Keith Edward (Susan) MacDowell, Terry Lee (finance Kristine) MacDowell, Christine (Ivan) Heine; sister, Sandra MacDowell (Gary) Hilibinger; niece, Tiffany Susan (James) Weethee; close friend, Eugene (Becky) Harkless; 11 grandchildren; 3 great grandchildren.



MacDougall of Rarey, the Captain of the Clan, halted at the west end of Loch Scammadale and passed the charm among his men to ascertain who was likely to die. There was considerable muttering, and a sort of pass-the-parcel began with each warrior trying to pass the stone on quickly to the next. Eventually, the charm selected the same man three times; he was thereupon sent back to Dunollie with instructions to follow the coast and avoid the enemy. He arrived safely, but could not escape his destiny. He ran into the *Cam-beuls*, or Campbells, on his return and was killed.

The McDougalls continued, but as they passed along the shores of Loch Scammadale, the charm leapt from its keeper's sporran into the loch. This was taken as such a bad omen that MacDougall of Rarey refused to go any farther and returned home with his men. The more logical explanation for this supernatural was that the charm's keeper--hoping to avoid the inevitable fight ahead--threw the charm into the waters himself.

The depleted MacDougalls in their Viking armor met the Campbells, probably clad in saffron tunics rendered iron hard with fulmer's grease (a native seabird) and armed with bullhide targets and long cross-hilted swords, at the Streing (pass) of Lorn between Lochs Avich and Scammadale at the *Allt-a-Chomhla-chaidh* (the Burn of Meeting).

The issues of clan boundaries and who had supremacy over the lands of the *Cam-beuls* began as a discussion between Big Colin and Lame John, but soon degenerated into verbal abuse and then into war. There was a dreadful slaughter--with heavy losses on both sides--until the nearby burn ran red with blood. The crossing place became known as *Ath Dearg* (the Red Ford) because one could cross the swollen stream over the bodies of the dead.

The outnumbered MacDougalls seemed likely to be cut down to a man until a MacDougall archer crept up beside a large boulder and fired an arrow that killed *Cailean Mor*. This ended the battle and Big Colin's followers sorrowfully bore his body away. The place where Big Colin fell is still marked by a pile of stones called *Carn Cailean* (Colin's Cairn). Nearby is the burial ground where the dead of both sides were laid to rest, but this is now covered by the remains of ancient shielings.

Also nearby is *Tom-a-phiobair* (The Piper's Hillock) where a Campbell piper played throughout the battle. There are no boundaries among pipers, so when the Campbell piper saw the renowned MacDougall piper fall, he composed a pipe tune in memory of the musician:

*"Mo dhith! mo dhith! gun tri lamhan,
Da laim's a'phib is lam's a' chlaideamh.
Mo dhith! mo dhith! gun tri lamhan,
Da laimh's a'phiob is lamh's a' chlaideamh.
Mo dhith! mo dhith! n a' shineadh thall ud
Macdughail's a'phiob's bu mhin leam sgal orr"*

*(My Loss! my loss! that I have not three hands,
Two engaged with the pipe and one with the sword.
My loss! my loss! low lies yonder
MacDougall with his pipe, whose sound was soft and sweet to me.)*

Alas, this tune so greatly angered the departing Campbell clansmen, who realized it was not one of their own tunes, they chopped off his chanter-playing fingers with a sword!

The body of *Cailean Mor* was carried to the church of St. Peter the Deacon at Kilchrenan on Loch Awe side and buried there. The exact burial place is unknown, but in 1866 the Duke of Argyll had a 14th-century gravestone slab inserted in the gable of the present church in memory of his ancestor.

The fledgling Clan Campbell came off worst that day in 1294. The MacDougalls seized the Clan Campbell castle on Loch Awe and confirmed their overlordship of Campbell lands. But the twists of fate are peculiar. The chieftainship of the Campbells passed to Colin's 24-year-

old son, Neil, who became the first *Mhic Cailean Mor* (Son of Great Colin) which became the patronymic of the Chiefs of Clan Campbell. He had been educated at the high school of Dundee, where one of his classmates had been a young man from Renfrewshire named William Wallace.

In 1297, Wallace came to him seeking assistance. He had joined an uprising against English domination and led an army of common people. Would Neil join him? A deal was struck that Wallace would first help Neil Campbell recover his lands, and then Neil would assist him. And so it came to pass, the MacDougalls were pushed back and the Campbells joined Wallace for the decisive Battle of Stirling Bridge.

But then came Falkirk, Wallace's defeat and the regained domination by England. Neil Campbell was forced into hiding, and his small clan was scattered.

Eight years later, Robert the Bruce killed the Red Comyn in Dumfries' Greyfriars Monastery, and thus began the final chapter in the long war of independence. The Red Comyn was the nephew of the 4th MacDougall chief, Alexander of Argyll, Lord of Lorn, so he was forced to join a blood feud. In Scotland kith and kin always ranked higher than politics. The Red Comyn threw the entire might of the MacDougalls against Bruce, very nearly capturing him at Dal-Righ near Tyndrum.

Neil Campbell promptly called out his clan to support the cause of Robert the Bruce. It must be said the Campbells would probably have chosen whoever was on the opposite side of the MacDougalls.

Clan Campbell and Bruce's army fell upon the MacDougalls at the Pass of Brander near Taynuilt in the autumn of 1308 and completely annihilated them. (The burial cairns of the dead can be seen across the River Awe from the main A84 highway, just below the River Awe hydro-electric barrage.) Sir Alexander of Lorn reluctantly gave allegiance to Bruce, although his Comyn wife glared her hatred. They were exiled to Gylen Castle on the island of Kerrera. Their son, Lame John, escaped and renewed his allegiance to Edward II, and in 1311 was made English Admiral of the Western Seas.

After the Battle of Bannockburn, the MacDougalls forfeited most of the mainland possessions granted to Sir Neil Campbell, although it was not until 1318 that Lame John MacDougall and his galleys were finally destroyed by the combined fleets of King Robert and Angus Og MacDonald of Islay.

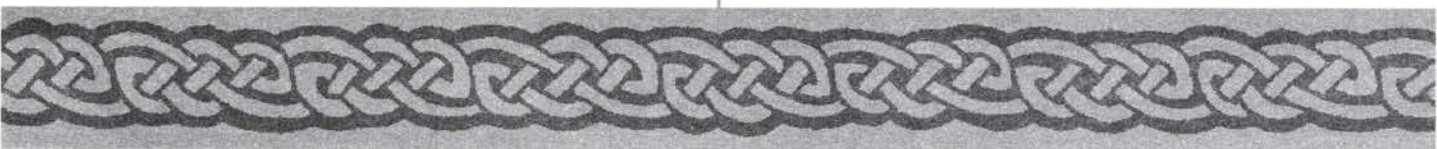
Neil Campbell married Marjory Bruce, the king's sister, setting aside his first wife to do so, and so began Clan Campbell's inexorable and irresistible rise to overlordship of Argyll and the western seaboard...and, at one point, of Scotland itself.

But the twists of history are peculiar. Suppose the MacDougalls had sided with Wallace and Bruce (as did their kin clan the MacDonalds) and the small Clan Campbell, driven by its hatred of MacDougalls, had joined the Comyns and the English?

Today tourists might be flocking to visit magnificent Dunollie at Oban, instead of Inveraray Castle, and be greeted by *mhic Dhughail*, the Duke of Lorn, instead of Iain Campbell, 12th Duke of Argyll. The combined forces of MacDougalls and MacDonalds might have formed a Celtic power bloc on the west coast, stretching from the Mull of Kintyre to the tip of Harris--so powerful they could have altered history. One can only guess. Perhaps there would have been no Flodden; no bigoted religious civil wars of the 17th century; no Massacre of Glencoe; no Culloden.

Thus, the Battle at the Red Ford at the *Streigne* of Lorn, insignificant though it was at the time, probably altered Scotland's destiny and the history of the United Kingdom.

AUTHOR'S FOOTNOTE: Duncan McDougall, uncle of Lame John, fought for both William Wallace and Robert the Bruce, and became sixth chief. Much of the ancestral lands were restored to him, and from Duncan descends the present line of MacDougall chiefs. ☺



MacDougall Collection

Assembled by the late Miss Hope MacDougall, Oban's museum collection has now won nation recognition with the confirmation of a substantial Lottery Fund grant.

This was the good news delivered to a full turnout of members of Lorn Archaeological and Historical Society at a recent meeting in the Church of Scotland Centre at Glencruitten.

An update was given by three trustees. Sona Campbell, Kilmore; Catherine MacDonald, Ledaig; and Alison Chadwich, Ganavan House. The ladies brought with them a number of items from the collection including, topically, a pair of Afghan gloves.

It is hoped, in due course, to find a suitable local home for this remarkable collection. The trustees were thanked on behalf of the society by retired headmaster Michael Kidd, Taynuilt. 🍀



Gylen Castle Points Way for Dunollie

Work to preserve two Clan MacDougall castles was outlined at a meeting of Oban Community Council.

Martin Hadlington, an architect based on Seil, explained to members how work to preserve Gylen Castle on Kerrera had progressed once the project began in 1995.

The castle sits on a rock near the southern tip of Kerrera and is currently supported by scaffolding.

It was built as a Clan MacDougall residence in 1587 but was destroyed by fire only 60 years later, when the Broach of Lorn was snatched from the building.

Mr. Hadlington explained how the original building was described as an 'architectural gem,' with a smooth, white rendering covering all external traces of stonework, and perhaps the only oriel-window of its kind in Scotland.

Council members were told how lime-based mortar has been used to prime and point much of the stonework, and how the castle's outstanding architectural features have been consolidated. Topographic and geological surveys of the castle and surrounding area have also been carried out since the work began at Gylen, but public access to the site will not be restored until the consolidation work has been completed.

Mr. Hadlington said: "Basically, we are holding it together so that people can enjoy it in the future."

The current preservation work is being funded by the MacDougall family, members of the Clan MacDougall Society and Historic Scotland.

On completion of the work on Gylen, attention will move to Dunollie Castle.

Mr. Hadlington said that the plans for Dunollie were at too early a stage to discuss, but added that some temporary repairs would have to be carried out before the main project starts in two years' time.

He said that in addition to securing stonework, signs and access would also have to be improved.

"Eventually the hope is to open the castle completely to the public," said Mr. Hadlington, adding that 10 years would be his estimate before the Dunollie project is finished.

Oban Community Council chairman Kenny MacIntyre thanked Mr. Hadlington on behalf of community council members for his entertaining and informative talk and slide show. 🍀



GYLEN CASTLE REPAIR FUND REPORT

William MacDougall's new clan history *Kings In The West beyond The Sea* was indeed published in June, 2001. (For a more complete description of the book see the Spring 2001 issue of *The Tartan*, or the website.) More than half of the first edition has been sold and over \$2,400.00 has been sent to the Gylen Castle Repair Fund.

A copy of the book may be purchased from me at: 18 Teresa Dr., Mendon, MA 01756 Or email me at: macmendon@juno.com. The cost of a book is \$16.40 (US) which includes mailing. You should also be able to purchase the books from our clan representatives at highland games.

Richard MacDougall, Past President
Chairman, Gylen Castle Repair Fund, NA

Dear Friends,

I had a rather serious heart attack on Sat., September 29, as I was getting ready to play in a golf tournament. They had to med-flite me to the UMass med center for a catheterization and stent implantation. It was a surprise and a shock; I did not consider myself a candidate for heart attack, given my numbers and lifestyle. It was also peculiar, in that it was mostly a blood clot rather than cholesterol sludge. Anyway I am home again, feel good, trying to adjust to what I can't do for awhile and confused by the extraordinary pill-taking regimen.

Slainte mhor,
Richard T. MacDougall



Christmas Greetings Not in the Holiday Issue



"Greetings to all Clansfolk from Dunollie, Oban"
Wishing you all Peace, Joy and Goodwill at
Christmas and throughout 2002!

Morag MacDougall of MacDougall and family.



"Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year
to all Clan Members."

Maxwell McDougall
President of
Ontario Chapter
Clan MacDougall
Society, Inc.



Seven 2001 Summer Scottish Games in the Heartland Region

The Heartland Region (Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan, Ohio and Wisconsin) lost its beloved Commissioner Mary McDougall Wolf last spring, as noted in the Summer Tartan. She had already made plans for Clan MacDougall to participate in the Indiana Highland Games in Fort Wayne, which had been moved to an earlier date and different venue than previous years.

Saturday 9 June at the Concordia Lutheran Seminary was a beautiful and busy day, although during the previous week the grounds had been hit by a tornado. Tree limbs and parts of buildings were being picked up as we gathered to set up Mary's tent - helped by Mary's son Jon Wolf and a grandson Brian. Bob McDougal, Indiana Representative, his wife Lee McCall McDougal, and Bill Leroy were hosts.

Bill Leroy (membership secretary-treasurer and Kentucky Representative) also had a Clan tent at the Kentucky Scottish Weekend at Carrolton, KY in May, the Glasgow, KY Highland Games 30 May - 3 June, the site of the "International Gathering of Scottish Clans and Families." (See the article in "The Highlander" for September/October 2001. Bill also hosted a Clan tent at the Columbus, IN Highland Games in July.

Mike Donovan, Michigan Representative, had Clan tents at the Alma, MI Games on Memorial Day weekend, Detroit on 4 August, and at Kalamazoo, MI on 25 August. Clan attendance at Kalamazoo was excellent, with the McDougals from Indiana, Mr. & Mrs. Kevin Phelps from Grand Rapids, Don and Denise MacDougall from Baldwin, and Mike and Gloria Donovan. The rain showered on the parade of tartans, and more heavily later, so attendance was down.

As this was being written in early September, Mike Donovan has been appointed Heartland Commissioner, and in turn appointed Kevin Phelps as Michigan Representative. Anyone in Illinois, Ohio or Wisconsin interested in becoming State Representative should contact Mike at Mldonovan6@msn.com ☺

Stone Mt. Games - October 20, 21, 2001

Saturday Morning, in the cool crisp air of Stone Mt. in Atlanta, Georgia and the sounds of Scottish highlands ringing from the games field, we again enjoyed the strains of the bagpipes and drums.

Many society members stopped by the clan tent to sign the register, and several new members signed in as well. Carol and David McDougall of Charleston, SC, SE Regional Commissioners were in attendance to set up and greet the new members during the day.

On Sunday the clan lined up for the Parade of Tartans and carried the big Clan Banner, the Southeast Regional flag and the Heartland Regional flag. The field was very warm in the

mid-October weather with very little breeze to keep the marchers comfortable. The field is very impressive with six large pipes and drums bands on the field and all the clans represented, with all the flags.

Erin McDougal, of Raleigh, NC, did very well in the highland dancing and we are certainly proud to have her for our dancing ambassador at this game.

Place this game on your calendar for the next year (3rd weekend of October) and plan to attend the 30th year anniversary of Highland games here in the middle of Georgia. For the "Best of the Show" attend the two hour Thursday evening Tattoo. ☺



Hi to all,

Nila and I attended the Pleasanton Games, hosted by our State Representative Victor Kottinger, Commissioner Pacific Crescent Cuff Burrell, and Southwest State Rep Darleen Weiz. They put on a grand Tent with 4-tents to give all of our visiting MacDougall's a great welcome.

Mel McDougal, President CMSNA



~ Wedding Announcements ~



Fergus Macdowall's Wedding

Fergus Day Hort Macdowall of Garthland and Alexandra Peck, nee MacLennan, were married on May 12th in the chapel of Lennoxlove Castle near Haddington, East Lothian. The Duke and Duchess of Hamilton were best man and matron of honour. Amid sunshine, pipe and clarsach music, the ceremony was both regal and moving. Especially touching was the blessing given in Gaelic by Alexandra to her husband.

Since returning home to British Columbia, the couple have been busy with renovations to their home.

Fergus Macdowall of Garthland is the 28th Chief of his name and of all Macdowells (however spelled) whose ancestry comes from Galloway. He is also the senior representative of the Ancient Lords of Galloway.

The members of the clan MacDougall Society of North America unite in wishing every joy to their Honorary Vice President and his wife Alexandra.



Right: The Duke and Duchess of Hamilton with the newly married Dr. and Mrs. Fergus Macdowall



Grant-Traxlor Nuptials

Wedding news from Dr. & Mrs. R. Perry Grant of Atlanta, GA. Their daughter, Dr. Susan Gardner Grant, was married to Dr. Malcolm MacDougall Traxler, Jr. on November 10, 2001 at the First Presbyterian Church of Atlanta.

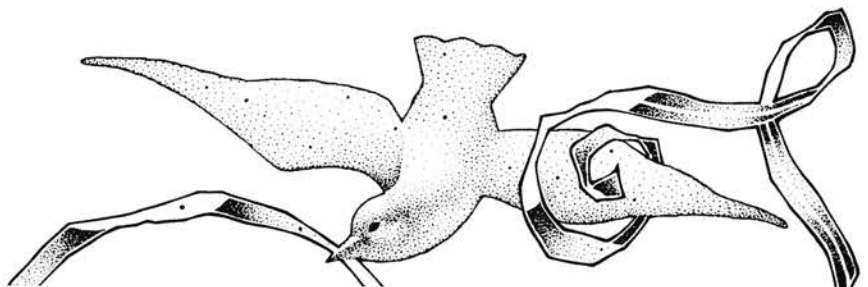
The bride's sister, Tracy, carried the groom's cake from Edinburgh, Scotland on the plane. She had sewn together the MacDougall, Grant tartans and they were wrapped around the groom's cake. A sprig of heather was placed on top. Heather was also in the bride's bouquet and in the groom's flowers.

Left: Dr. and Mrs. Malcom MacDougall Traxlor, Jr. remove the Grant & MacDougall tartan from their Scottish groom's cake.



McDougald-Paternoster Betrothal

John Thomas McDougald of Lakeland, Florida, would like to announce his wedding set for March 9, 2002. The bride is Nicole Paternoster and is a native of Pennsylvania. The couple attended high school together, but never dated. Three years ago, while in the Navy, John attended his 10 year high school reunion and ended up with a girlfriend. They have dated since that night and this past Christmas Eve became engaged.



Epilogue by Renita McDougal

I love being of Scottish heritage. And being a McDougal to boot is cream in the tea! So I was delighted to become acquainted with Patti Leonard who was featured in the September 2001 Tartan article. "The Girl and a Tartan." In 1964, at Eseeola Lodge, Patti introduced the adults who went on to form the Clan McDougall. Patti regularly attends the Grandfather Mountain Games and the Clan MacDougall Society meetings that are now held in the same location where the society was born. She still sees some of the people she introduced 38 years ago.

Patti is a native of Hendersonville, NC where she lives with her cat, Petey, and her black Lab, Maggie. Maggie, Patti says, is named in honor of her grandmother, Margaret McDougal Leonard who died in 1999. "It was grandmother who really got the Clan McDougall Society going," remembers Patti. "She kept up with the correspondence."

Patti is the social work supervisor at Henderson County Department of Social Services. She is also the chairman of the Henderson County Human Relations Council. Her favorite way to give back to the community is by teaching dance classes at Boys and Girls Club. Her Scottish roots come through in dance class where she teaches the Highland Fling to the lads and lassies. She is the mother of one son, Edward Ficker and a new mother-in-law. Edward and his wife, Maryellen also enjoy attending Clan Society meetings and meeting other McDougals.

Gardening is one of Patti's loves. She especially enjoys salsa made with vegetables she has grown herself. She also loves to travel and hopes to visit Scotland soon.

The Girl and a Tartan is now a happy and active woman in tartan.



Patti Leonard

Editors Note: The article appearing in the Fall 2001, Vol. 36, #4 issue, reprinted the original book. Please note corrections in spelling of Patti's name as well as Margaret's name.

News from Anne Stewart in Oban, Scotland

In School on Friday 9-11-01

At 11 o'clock a short bell signaled the start of a 3 minutes silence in memory and honour of all those who perished on that fateful day. I did not have a class but stood looking out of our department base window. During that time I did not see a car or person move.

In Oban High all movement stopped and the whole school fell silent. The enormity of what happened has truly touched the hearts of us all. In the staffroom afterwards we all remarked on how somber and thoughtful the classes were.

Throughout Britain this silence was observed. Traffic lights turned red, all transport stopped and vehicles turned off their engines. One lady described it as an eerie silence.

At a remembrance service in London even the Queen was seen to wipe away a tear - (the royal family are not given to show their emotions in public - even when Diana died). It is so difficult to put into words how terrible we all feel about what has happened. We feel so helpless.

Love to all,
Anne, Bill, Carol, Alan and Paddy

From the Oban newspaper on Student Exchange Program.

Students Speak of Dream Trip



'It was a trip of a lifetime.' This was the consensus of this year's group of Oban High School students just back from their exchange trip to Laurinburg, North Carolina, USA.

Any concerns about travelling because of world events were quickly dispelled once the students arrived in Laurinburg and were welcomed by their hosts.

The group said the townsfolk were very friendly, and welcoming the students at the exchange school, Scotland High, were very enthusiastic about their school and sport.

Activities they enjoyed the most were swimming at Myrtle Beach, going to American Football games.

They also said organiser Beecham McDougald was tremendous as was Laurinburg Human Resource Manager Bob Bell.

Next year will be the 10th year anniversary of the exchange programme and Oban organiser Anne Stewart plans to pull out all the stops to make it a special one.





Important MacDougall Book

Nancy Black's delightful and important book *From a Hollow on the Hill* may now be purchased through Walter MacDougall (address below) for \$36.25 postage included.

It would be very difficult to find more information on how our Highland ancestors lived and thought. It would be impossible to find anyone more qualified to portray our heritage than Nancy Black. The book is a compilation of letters, diary entries, and facts. Included are not only MacDougalls but Blacks, MacIntyres, McCowans, MacGregors, and yes, Campbell all of whom had close family relationships.

Domestic customs, trials from crop failures, the MacDougall bagpipe makers, stories of emigration all come alive through first hand sources and family traditions. *From a Hollow on the Hill* is a book which everyone who wants to understand our real past should have, study, and enjoy.

Please make checks payable to Walter M. Macdougall, 75 Sargent Hill Drive, Milo, Maine 04463.



Madonna won't have to wear any old plaid Scottish kilt from now on.

Scottish tourist authorities have come up with an original plaid tartan pattern to honor Madonna and the publicity they say she's brought to the Scottish Highlands.

The blue, yellow, white and purple plaid has been registered with the Scottish Tartans Society Register.

Officials said they created the tartan to thank the Material Girl for drawing attention to the Scottish Highlands, where she and British film director **Guy Ritchie** were wed last year.

Scott Armstrong of the Scottish Tourist Board said the "Madonna effect" had sparked a rise in the number of couples spending romantic holidays in Highland castles.

Madonna, who has a home in London, sported a tartan kilt on her recent Drowned World tour.

*Sent in by E. Royal Degre/McDougall
Dover, Delaware
from the "Dover Post" newspaper*

You Saved My Son's Life

QUESTION:

His name was Fleming, and he was a poor Scottish farmer. One day, while trying to eke out a living for his family, he heard a cry for help coming from a nearby bog.

He dropped his tools and ran to the bog. There, mired to his waist in black muck, was a terrified boy, screaming and struggling to free himself. Farmer Fleming saved the lad from what could have been a slow and terrifying death.

The next day, a fancy carriage pulled up to the Scotsman's sparse surroundings. An elegantly dressed nobleman stepped out and introduced himself as the father of the boy Farmer Fleming had saved. "I want to repay you," said the nobleman. "You saved my son's life."

"No, I can't accept payment for what I did," the Scottish farmer replied, waving off the offer.

At that moment, the farmer's own son came to the door of the family hovel. "Is that your son?" the nobleman asked. "Yes," the farmer replied proudly.

"I'll make you a deal," said the nobleman, "let me take him and give him a good education. If the lad is anything like his father, he'll grow to a man you can be proud of."

And that he did. In time, Farmer Fleming's son graduated from St. Mary's Hospital Medical School in London, and went on to become known throughout the world as the noted Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of Penicillin.

Years afterward, the nobleman's son was stricken with pneumonia. What saved him? Penicillin.

Who was the nobleman and his son? See page 11 for the answer.



A Journey Down Robert Burns' Bonnie Doon

By James Gracie

If it hadn't been for Robert Burns, we might never have heard of the Doon. It's a relatively obscure little river, no more than 26 miles long, and nowhere does it stray outside the county of Ayr.

It rises in Loch Doon, on the borders of Ayrshire and Kirkcudbrightshire, and reaches the firth of Clyde just south of Ayr.

It passes areas of industry as well as quiet pastoral landscapes and places steeped in history. Surprisingly, the industrial areas are all on the high moorland near its source rather than along its lower reaches, which is usually the case with rivers.

Loch Doon is one of the largest lochs in Lowland Scotland. At one time, a castle stood on an island in the middle of it, but was removed--stone by stone--in the 1930s when the loch was deepened as part of a hydroelectric project.

The castle was rebuilt on the mainland, and can still be seen today. In 1306, an English army laid siege to it for three years; it eventually fell, and its commander, Sir Christopher Seton (Robert the Bruce's brother-in-law) was executed at Dumfries.

During the First World War the loch was the setting for what was known as "The Loch Doon Scandal." It was a fiasco of monumental proportions, instigated by a British military establishment blinded by arrogance and incompetence. It was decided to build a school of aerial gunnery for pilots in the Royal Flying Corps, the forerunner of the Royal Air Force. Grandiose plans were made: Targets would move along the shoreline on rails, and aircraft would fly low over the water and fire at them.

Up to £3 million was spent before it was realized there was no suitable land nearby on which to build an airstrip. And the plans to base seaplanes on the loch itself never took into account the fact that it sometimes froze over in winter.

However, by this time a great deal of work had already been completed. A small hydroelectric power station had been built, along with a camp for airmen (complete with 400-seat cinema, hospital, sewage works, shops and dormitories). The road from the nearby mining town of Dalmellington had been expanded and strengthened, and work had started on a rail link. Eventually, the whole thing was abandoned, much to the relief of local people, who had been barred from walking over the moors and hills they loved. Nowadays, Loch Doon is a favorite spot for summer picnics and can be easily reached by car.

The Doon flows north from the loch, and runs through the quiet mining village of Dalmellington. The pits around the village are gone now, as are the former ironworks at Waterside farther down the valley (which were closed in 1921). In their place has come an unlikely employer for what was in industrial

area; tourism.

Under the umbrella title of "Doon Valley Heritage," a number of attractions have been formed. In Dalmellington itself, for instance, a number of the early 18th-century weaver's cottages have been converted into the Cathcartson Visitor Centre. Here visitors can learn what life was like for Dalmellington weavers before mining and iron-making took over as the main employers.

At the former Minnivey Colliery near the village, the Scottish Industrial Railway Centre has been established, featuring steam trains that still run on a restored length of track.

Farther down the valley, the 100-acre site at Waterside is now being converted into an open-air museum and heritage center which will explain the Doon Valley's industrial past; eventually it will be linked by rail to Minnivey, and trains will run along it.

Beyond Patna, moorland gives way to a gentler landscape of fields and woodland. We are now in typical Ayrshire dairy country, dotted with farms and crisscrossed by country lanes. The River Doon passes close to the hamlet of Hollybush, then heads toward Skeldon, where a blanket mill once harnessed its waters.

For all of its length, the river forms the boundary between the ancient Ayrshire divisions of Kyle to the north, and Carrick to the south.

The village of Dalrymple sits on the north bank, so it is firmly in Kyle. A handsome bridge at the end of the village's main street connects it to Carrick.

Dalrymple is an ancient village, its name meaning "the field in the crook of the river." The parish church, dating from 1849, occupies the site of a much earlier church. The two main streets are lined with 18th- and 19th-century cottages, and the pub--the Kirkton Inn--is a picturesque, and much photographed, building.

Before Scotland became a unified country, Ayrshire was within the British kingdom of Strathclyde. Across the Firth of Clyde was the Mull of Kintyre, which was within the Scots (i.e., Irish) kingdom of Dalriada. Legend states a great battle was once fought near Dalrymple between an invading army of Scots and a native British army led by the local king, Coel Hen.

Legend also states that this Coel Hen was the real Old King Cole of nursery rhyme fame, and that Kyle is named after him. A few miles to the north, near Failford, is the merry old soul's supposed burial place.

Close to Dalrymple is Cassillis Castle, nowadays the home of the Marquis of Ailsa, the Clan Kennedy chief. It has a fairy tale quality about it, although the turrets and chimneys were added in the 19th century to give it a romantic air.

Robert Burns attended the parish school at Dalrymple when he stayed at Mount Oliphant Farm, as did his brother Gilbert.

However, the two brothers couldn't be spared from farm work at the same time, so they attended on alternate weeks.

From Dalrymple, the Doon loops south before turning north and finally west toward the coast. Alloway sits about a mile inland and is famous as the birthplace of Robert Burns. Here you can see the thatched cottage in which he was born, although it isn't, as some people imagine, on the banks of the Doon, but about half a mile to the north. Alloway Kirk sits close to the river and, of course, the famous Brig o' Doon spans it in one enormous leap. Don't confuse this bridge with the musical *Brigadoon*--heartily detested in Scotland--which portrayed Scotland as a sort of backward, mist-shrouded land peopled by tartan-wearing simpletons.

Alloway couldn't be further from this stereotypical image. At the time of Burns it was a poor country village about two miles from Ayr. Being near the southwest coast, it is warmed by the Gulf Stream so palm trees flourish in the well-tended gardens.

But Alloway is undoubtedly geared to the Burns heritage industry. On the north bank of the Doon, next to the Brig o' Doon, are the memorial gardens crowned by the Burns Monument. Across the road from the gardens is Alloway Kirk. It dates from the 16th century, although even in Burns' day it was a ruin. In the kirkyard lies William Burns, the poet's father.

What isn't generally known by tourists is that a railway tunnel runs almost beneath the church ruins. It once accommodated the now dismantled Ayrshire coast line which ran south to the Turnberry Hotel and its adjoining golf course.

Burns used the ruins of Alloway Kirk and the Brig o' Doon to good effect in his poem *Tam o' Shanter*. It was within the church's walls that Tam saw the witches cavorting, and it was via the bridge that he made his escape after being discovered watching them.

There is one further Burns association on the Doon's banks before it finally enters the sea: Alloway Mill. Burns attended a school of sorts near here when he was six years old. Eventually it closed when the schoolmaster, William Campbell, left to take a post in Ayr.

About three or four hundred yards further on, the Doon finally enters the Firth of Clyde. From here, you get a magnificent view of the mountains of Arran, although, curiously enough, Burns never mentioned the island in any of his poems.

Burns once lamented that no Scottish poet had immortalized Ayrshire's rivers, such as the Irvine, the Ayr and the Doon. He certainly put that right. "Ye Bank's and Braes o' Bonnie Doon" must be one of the best known songs in the world. And it does the river justice, for around Alloway at least, the river's banks and braes certainly are bonnie. ☺

From The Highlander January/February 2001



HISTORY OF THE FLAG

The Cross of St. Andrew was officially recognised by Parliament in 1385 when it was established as our national flag which all Scots were entitled to fly or display. Although it had been adopted by Scots centuries before, by the 14th century, it had begun to appear on Scottish coins. At that time, however, it was commonly presented as a white cross against a black background, perhaps to emphasise the contrast of colours--particularly in battle. By the 16th century, the blue had become prevalent.

After the Act of Union in 1707 and the introduction of a Union flag, the Saltire lost some popularity but experienced a revival in the 20th century. Briefly, during the Jacobite Uprisings in 1715 and 1745, a yellow or gold Saltire on a blue field, representing the Stewart colours, was used, and the Convenanters adopted it as their rebellious emblem.

Today, of course, the flag is flown during international sports competitions, used on stamps and has been incorporated into the logos of private and public companies including the Bank of Scotland, the Scottish Ambulance Service and Grampian Television.

According to heraldic rule, the Cross of St. Andrew can be used by any Scot as evidence of national identity or patriotism and is the proper flag to fly on a Scottish church, irrespective of denomination.

From The Scots Magazine, September 2001.

Hug Me Now - or Hogmanay?

As most Scots know, the word Hogmanay is the word used in Scotland for the last day of the year - December 31st. It's also the expression for a gratuity of gift or any form of hospitality, especially a dram, given to a visitor to celebrate the coming of a New Year. It was also the phrase given to any monies bestowed upon tradesmen and employees on the year's final day for the services they had rendered throughout the previous months.

But, from what did the word derive? One explanation that has been suggested was that, centuries ago, during the year's final church service to give thanks for a fruitful year past and a favorable new year to come, the hierarchy of each church allowed and encouraged their worshippers to break with tradition and hug each other in appreciation. They were advocated by one and all to "hug me now!"--an expression which, according to legend, descended in time to become "Hogmanay!"



ANSWER from page 9 question:

The name of the nobleman?

Lord Randolph Churchill.

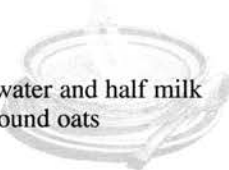
His son's name? **Sir Winston Churchill.**

Oatmeal Month

Porridge...Oatmeal as once described as "the backbone of many a sturdy Scotsman." Porridge was one of the main ways of eating oats, in days gone by. There is a lot of mystique about making porridge and lots of tradition associated with cooking and eating it. The important thing is to obtain good quality medium-ground oats (rather than rolled oats) and to keep stirring it to avoid solid lumps.

Ingredients (sufficient for two people):

One pint (half liter) water, some people use half water and half milk
2.5 ounces (2.5 rounded tablespoons) medium-ground oats
Pinch of salt



Method...Bring the water (or water and milk) to a good rolling boil, preferably in a non-stick pan. Slowly pour the oatmeal into the boiling liquid, stirring vigorously with a wooden spoon all the time. Keep stirring until it has returned to the boil again, reduce the heat, cover the pan and simmer very gently for 11 minutes, stirring frequently. Add the salt at this point and simmer and stir for a further 5-10 minutes (time depends on the quality of the oats). It should be a thick but pourable consistency. Serve hot in wooden bowls if you have them.

Traditions...Stirring the porridge should always be clockwise (though going in different directions probably mixes more efficiently). Porridge used to be served with separate bowls of double cream. A spoonful of porridge (in a horn spoon) was dipped into a communal bowl of cream before eating. Porridge is eaten standing up. Where some people have suggested that this is out of respect for the noble dish, it probably arose from busy farmers doing other things while eating their morning porridge. While some people frown at the idea of sugar on porridge others not only approve but also suggest a tot of whiskey. Each to their own! Porridge used to be poured into a "porridge drawer" and once it had cooled, it could be cut up into slices. These were easier to carry than brittle oatcakes. ☺

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ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED



The Highland Fling I'll dance for you with lots of joy and glee
If you will promise to be true and dance along with me.

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