

The Tartan



Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada

Volume II, No. 15

Wylie and Mary McDougall, Founding Editors

Fall 1987

Society Members Enjoy Highland Games

Grandfather Mountain

Once again proud members of The Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada gathered July 10th for their annual meeting at the pavilion of Eseeola Lodge in Linville, NC.

Among the actions reported to the membership by the board of directors was an increase in annual dues to \$10. The decision was reached with much reluctance, but it was necessitated by ever-increasing expenses.

MacDougalls were in evidence Saturday and Sunday at McRae Meadows. Nathaniel MacDougall performed exceptionally well in highland wrestling competition and was captain of the champion MacDougall team in the clan tug-of-war.

Other tug team members were Gordon and James Duguid, Ron Delisle, Troy Vassos, Thomas Booth, Alan M. MacDougall, Douglas Anderson and Joe Paxton, coach.

Ontario Games

MacDougall Tartan was displayed at five Highland Games this past summer — Georgetown, Welland, Cambridge, Fergus and Sarnia.

The MacDougall tent at the Fergus games hosted George E. McDougall, president of the Society, and his wife, Barbara. They had traveled from their home in Greenville, SC. Also at the tent were Maxwell McDougall, president of the Ontario Chapter, and his wife, Audrey; John R. McDougall, past president, and his wife, Diana, and John and Jean Dunn. The Duns later entertained at a delicious buffet in their home at Elora in honor of George and Barbara's visit.

Everyone enjoyed the nice weather on Saturday, but a heavy rain dampened the Sunday Kirkin' of The Tartan. George McDougall read one of the lessons during the beautiful service in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church.

Charleston Games

The 16th Annual Charleston Highland Games and Clan Gathering returned to beautiful Middleton Place Gardens on Sept. 19 and the Clan MacDougall tent again hosted a friendly group of members and visitors.

Joining Howard W. and Marjorie MacDougall in the Parade of Tartans were David W. and Janice MacDougall of Charleston, Irene Stanek of Goose Creek, SC, and her children, Caroline and Matthew, and a family friend, Roderic Morris, and Todd and Renita McDougall of Clarkston, GA. It was David's first visit to a highland games and clan gathering, and his impressions are recorded elsewhere in this issue of *The Tartan*.

Deborah Adams of Kiawah Island, SC, was enrolled as a new member of the Society.

Tom Carmichael of Concord, TN, was athlete of the day at Charleston. He accumulated the greatest number of points in the heavy games competition. He took three firsts — the 56-pound weight throw, the 28-pound weight throw and the caber toss — and two seconds. It was the second year in a row that Tom was outstanding athlete at the games.

Another member of the Society, John Roehr of West Point, won the clachneart (20-pound stone) and took two thirds and a fourth.

Broad Cove Banks, Nova Scotia

John A. MacDougall of Corapolis, PA, reported on Buaidh Latha (Victory Day) 1987, and enclosed a beautiful brochure prepared for the Clan MacDougall Program July 23 at Broad Cove Banks. John writes:

The ceremony at the cairn...was one of the most beautiful and touching I have attended in many years. The ocean was calm and the Broad Cove Banks were bathed in sunshine. Among the notable guests was John A. MacDougall, member of Parliament from Temiskaming, Ontario.

John P. McEvoy (of Arlington, VA) and I drank a toast of spring water to Lachlan MacDougall who I am sure, wherever he is, also enjoyed the day.

We had over 150 guests and friends at the gathering and everyone had a great time.



Members of championship tug-of-war display trophy won at Grandfather Mountain Highland Games.

President's Report



George E. McDougall

This has been a great year for your President and Barbara to travel and meet new friends and renew acquaintances.

The highlight of the year was our visit to Dunollie and to meet our Chief and her sister, Hope, for a tour of the property and for lunch. The rhododendrons were in bloom and in a breathtaking array of vivid colors. Madam MacDougall pointed out the location for the proposed plaque that is to be installed this year by our Society. The plaque will describe the early beginnings of Dunollie Castle and the heritage of the MacDougall Clan. We thank our High Commissioner, John W. McDougall and Walter Macdougall of Milo, Maine, for their efforts and hard work in bringing this wonderful idea to fruition.

The 23rd annual meeting of Clan MacDougall was a great success as usual. Joe Paxton from Colleyville, TX, was awarded a complete collection of all Tartans from the beginning. John W. McDougall presented a slide program and travelogue of the 1970 trip of Clan MacDougall members to Scotland. The slides were taken by our late Tartan Editor, Wylie McDougall, and were professionally done and of great interest.

Congratulations are in order to the winners of the Tug-Of-War contest which was born by Clan MacDougall over Clan Fraser. This athletic ability has been a well-kept secret in the Clan but we now can look forward to our younger members entering into more competitions.

The games closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and we felt that perhaps these games were among the best of many at Grandfather Mountain.

Aug. 8th, at Fergus, Ontario, Canada, was a day to remember for George and Barbara. What a display of pomp and ceremony to celebrate the Fergus Highland Games. We were told that approximately 33,000 attended the games to make it the largest one-day Highland

Clan Officer Earns Fellowship

The American Political Science Association has announced the selection of Alan M. MacDougall of Alexandria, VA, as one of 24 federal executives chosen as Congressional Fellows in a national competition for the 1987-88 program.

The recipients — advanced civil career servants — will serve as professional staff assistants to U.S. senators and representatives for nine months. The program starts in early November with an orientation period before the Fellows begin work in congressional offices of their choice. The program will conclude in August 1988.

Of the 24 federal executives, 12, including MacDougall, have been named Foreign Affairs Fellows and will participate in a special two-month seminar on Congress and Foreign Policy. This course is taught by Professor Frederick Holborn at John Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies prior to the beginning of orientation. Foreign Affairs Fellows are federal executives who serve in foreign policy positions in their agencies.

Sponsored by the Association since 1953, the Congressional Fellowship Program gives outstanding federal agency executives.

See Alan MacDougall, Pg. 4, Col. 2



Our Clan Chief, Madam MacDougall of MacDougall, points out spot on wall at Dunollie Castle where new plaque will be placed.

Games in North America.

We were guests of the Ontario Branch of Clan MacDougall and were recipients of lots of Canadian goodwill and hospitality by John and Jean Dunn and super organizer Marjorie MacLeod who attends all of the Ontario games. We hope to attend again.

Our congratulations to Mary McDougall Wolf for hosting a MacDougall Tent at the Indiana Highland Games, and to those faithful Clan members who regularly host MacDougall tents in Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia and many others. We have had several inquiries regarding MacDougall Tents at other games. We heartily endorse this effort and look for greater coverage at Highland Games in all parts of the United States and Canada.

Yours aye,

President, Clan MacDougall

Foundation Support Growing

By John W. McDougall, High Commissioner

My contribution to the last two issues of *The Tartan* has been to report on the progress being made by the Clan MacDougall Society Foundation.

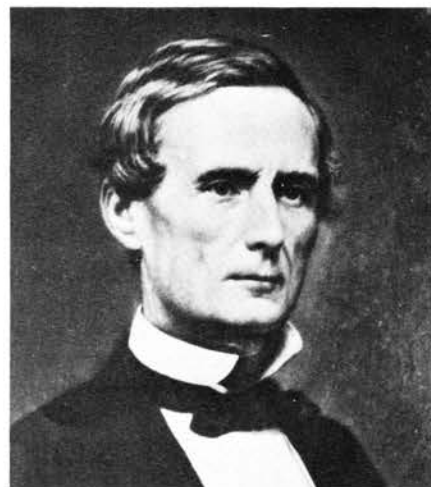
We can now say this tax free, philanthropic endeavor has been a success. Substantial contributions have come in from members that have paid heed to our solicitation for funds. These capital funds are drawing interest in the bank and we are using this source to pay for the Clan MacDougall history books we are continuing to send to colleges and universities. The Foundation also is paying some of the expenses for our Clan activities at the various Highland Games we attend.

The Foundation project involving the erection of a plaque setting out the history of Dunollie Castle and Clan MacDougall is nearing completion. The plaque was scheduled to be shipped by the manufacturer in mid-September and should be erected on the castle wall by the end of the year.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank, wholeheartedly, those members who have made contributions to the Foundation. I would also like to encourage other members to take advantage of this free philanthropy and make a donation to the Foundation, regardless of how large or how small.

Jefferson Davis' 1875 Address To

Editor's Note: A feature at many St. Andrew Society banquets is a talk on "The Land We Left." The following talk was given by Jefferson Davis, who had been president of the Confederate States. The talk was given at the St. Andrew Society banquet at Memphis, TN, on St. Andrew's Day in 1875. It appeared originally in the *Memphis Appeal* and is reprinted here by permission of Angus J. Ray, F.S.A. Scot, editor and publisher of *The Highlander*. Following is the first of two installments of excerpts from Davis' talk.



Jefferson Davis

Mr. President and gentlemen of the St. Andrew's Society,

If it could upon any occasion give me pleasure to speak, it would be in answer to this toast: "Scotland and the Scottish People." At the very name of Bonnie Scotland, rises before me her sweet-scented valleys, her beautiful crags, and I see again Benledi's side with its purple carpet of blooming heather, and hear the cordial tones of a candid, magnanimous people welcoming a heart-sick wanderer to their hospitable home.

I know not how I can satisfactorily respond to those who are so familiar with all that belongs to your history and your country; and yet I feel honoured in having been selected to do so. My first visit to Scotland was when the clouds of adversity had gathered over me, of the darkest hue, and when my heart constantly and sorrowfully turned back to my own distressed country.

I sailed from London for the Port of Edinburgh, and when within sight of Scotland, traditions, one after another, associated themselves with the visible objects. Here I saw the towers of Tantallon, the battlements of which still looked down upon the deep, as if keeping watch and ward as when Douglas there held semi-royal state, and these enduring monuments and landmarks awoke memories of history, tradition, and romance, until arriving at the old town of Dun Edin, I met there that welcome which made me feel were I not an American I would wish to be a Scotsman. And then I realized the language of the plough-boy poet —

*"Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hails."*

And from that day to this I have ever gratefully turned back to that time, and to the men whom it was my good fortune to meet in Auld Reekie — the ancient capital of Scotland. Blessed in all that belongs to her scenery, blessed in all that belongs to her history, and yet still more blessed in the development that made the men of the present day.

But how shall I speak of Scotland of the present, and sever it from the past? Is there a true son of St. Andrew here who would ask me to sever the present from the past? Scotland lives in the past, though she lives for the future. Every rock, every valley, every stream is replete with associations that tell of the glories of former times, and point her sons upward and onward, to achievements like those which their fathers had done.

I will try to speak of the present, but the Wizard of the North has thrown such a charm around the past, that characters of history and characters of fiction are so blended together in the minds of the present generation, that when one travels in Scotland it is very difficult to separate the real from the romantic. Thus, for instance, I chanced at one time to spend some days in the little village of Callender, and from one window I looked out on Glenartney's "hazel shade," and from the other window on Benledi's purple ridge.

Sir Walter's genius had peopled every hill and glade with knightly figures, and made each glorious by their deeds. What matters it if they had never lived and loved and battled for the right? From every bracken-bush and fern they start up in all their panoply of triumphant immortality. The creations of his genius have become the fireside friends of the people of your country. For instance, when you go to the Brig of Turk, they tell you this is the brig across which the foremost horse-

man rode along, referring to Fitz-James in the stag-chase, and quoting from the *Lady of the Lake*, which I may say is the most perfect guide book I ever have followed — minutely accurate in topography as well as in regard to the shrubs and plants and cold grey stones through which the tourist follows the track of Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu.

To mention another instance of the realization of that poetic fiction, when I reached Loch Katrine, the blue mirror of which is so truly painted in that poem, and asked a stalwart Scottish boatman if he would pull me across the lake, he asked, "Where do you want to go — to Ellen's Isle?" The rugged garb of the man would in any other country have more strongly contrasted with his poetic diction. On reaching Ellen's Isle, the boat touched the shore under the oak beneath which Duncraggan's widow stood; thence a winding path, obscured by tangled brushwood, led up the hill, and on reaching the summit, there was the rock on which Ellen's tower stood, where, strange to tell, under bramble and brush, and when or by whose hands planted no one knows, grew the elantine and other tender flowers with which Sir Walter decked the bowers of the exiled maid.

Then while history, romance, and romantic history blend together and hold your country with equal might, and both wooed the mind on to the past, how can Scotia's sons, or the sons of Scotia's sons, eminently practical though they be, however proud of their great present, how can they sever it from the past, and how can I with memories of Bonnie Scotland, and its dreams indissolubly linked with the glories of the country, speak of the present and not of the past."

It has often occurred to me as a matter of surprise, that Americans who cross the Atlantic hurry over England, and rush on to Paris that they may walk up and down the boulevards, look at the wares displayed in the windows, and see gaily dressed people, instead of turning their steps towards Scotland, where every scene would suggest familiar traditions of heroic events. Where the noble lessons to be learned of the dignity of labour, and the success of persistent endeavour, would encourage the American heart. Now, travel there is easy, and as I wandered over those scenes in the highlands, which are so filled with histories of the past, it was to me a constant source of regret that travel had not been as easy as it is now in the time of Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron.

If they had seen the highlands proper, of which they only saw the gate, and had enriched it with their genius, as Sir Walter did the lowlands and the gate of the highlands, and as Lord Byron did the Rine, then we should have had there many a crag as much sought as the Ehrenbreitstein. Every tradition unfolded by their poetic genius would have been seed for the growth of patriots and heroes, and the world would have a property in those things which are now only gathered by

St. Andrew Society in Memphis

the tourist from some antiquarian, whose treasures are in his country's history.

It was my good fortune to go through that region with that scholar and poet, Charles Mackay, a Scotsman, who comes from the north of Scotland, and belongs to one of those clans that does not shrink from the charge of being yet untamed. M'Kay, had filled his mind with the traditions of his country, and he taught me many which otherwise I should not have known. In the good old town of Edinburgh, I met your poet and gentleman, Ballantine, the modern Burns, save that to the poetic grace and patriotic fervour of Burns, is united a thoroughly utilitarian character. His most noted achievement as a worker is believed to be the discovery, at least in part, of the lost art of painting on glass.

A characteristic anecdote will better present to you this Burns of the present. One day when walking through the streets of Edinburgh he pointed out to me the close of Monteith, and said "Do you see that? That is the close of Monteith. When a child I never went through that," I said, "Why?" "Because it is named after the scoundrel who betrayed the gallant Wallace." At that name of Wallace what memories of Scotland's glorious valour arise. A country gentleman, who, without rank, without fortune, and without the accessories of powerful connection by birth to aid him in any enterprise which he might attempt, but whose heart, wrung beyond endurance by his country's wrongs, counted not the cost. He gathered around him a few adventurous spirits, and fought from step to step a guerilla war, until he raised an army with which he beat the king's troops at Stirling. But soon after this auspicious event misfortune overtook him; he was defeated at Falkirk, and his irregular forces dispersed.

Neither despairing nor abandoning the cause of his country, he went to France and there formed an alliance with Philip called the Fair. Philip agreed to aid him, but afterwards, to gain the government of Flanders, bound himself by a treaty with England to surrender Wallace to that power. Wallace, however, escaped from the treachery of Philip, and returned to Scotland — there, more bitter still, to be betrayed by one of his own countrymen; and that is the "curse of Monteith."

Monteith surrendered him; he was carried to London, arraigned as a traitor to the king, whose right to rule his country he had denied and resisted, and whose supremacy he had never recognized. He was executed at Smithfield. Man dies but his memory lives, and Wallace lives in the hearts of Scotsman — all the nearer and dearer for the suffering he underwent. On a crag that stands near Castle Stirling, has been erected a monument to that gallant hero of Scottish history. Nature, most kind to those who most have suffered injustice, has opened gorges radiating in many directions, so that in travelling around Stirling, every now and then you may look down the valleys, and there proudly stands the grand monument to Wallace, not only commanding a distant view through the mountain passes of Scotland, but a fit and enduring expression of the general appreciation of those great deeds which challenge the admiration of remotest nations and their posterity, for the patriot, the hero and the gentleman.

There is another part of Scotland of which I would speak. Coming down from the heroic to that of the softer region of poetry — the land of Burns — sweet ploughboy poet! There stands yet the ruin of Kirk Alloway. Its roof has fallen, its floor is gone, and Tam O'Shanter shall never again see the witches dance in it. What dear old memories rise at the names, intimately associated with Scotland's and nature's sweet singer.

Close by Kirk Alloway is buried that boon companion; Souter Johnny — one who I had supposed was a character of fiction, but there learned had been a reality. In the town of Ayr yet stands the Inn where Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny held their famous revelry,

and there most tangibly the past lives in the present, for the landlady said, "Sir; will you take that seat? It is the one that Tam O'Shanter occupied that night he drank with Souter Johnny."

Dear is the memory of those beautiful valleys. There spread their white sheets the primroses and daisies, "wee modest, crimson-tipped flower." And "Bonnie-Doon" still rolls its flood, and the gay green birk still droops her branches to the water. All nature seemed to say, "What has been is, and will be;" and as the old "Brig of Doon" was there, I walked to the keystone, where the witch came so near catching Tam O'Shanter (did catch Maggie's grey tail), and picked a pebble from the arch that I might bring with me a memento of one of the most graphic and beautiful poems that man has ever written.

But I repeat, it is cause for wonder and Americans do not go to Scotland. What is it they could not find? If their minds are stored with Scottish traditions — and what Americans' are not — they would there find on every hand food for more than a summer's dream. Did they desire to climb the steepes, or to wander among the sweet-scented groves, or to go down into the flowery vales, all these are there. Or if some one of moody temper, for whom life had no more to bring than memories of the past, desires to be alone with nature, he could find some "auld houlet-haunted biggin'," and without danger of intrusion remount the river of his years, or reaching forward strive to know those things which lie beyond that other river over which we all must pass.

Worthy of their country, and of its heroic bards and warriors, and worthy of all commendation are the Scotsmen of the present. They illustrate the history of their forefathers. If frankness, if cordiality, if hospitality, if directness, if truth is what is wanted, go to Scotland. The ruins of Scotland are filled with grandest memories.

Flowers of the Forest

The officers and directors of The Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada extend their sincere sympathies to the family of **Robert D. MacDougall**.

Dr. MacDougall, dean of Cornell University's Division of Summer Sessions, Extramural Study and Related Programs, died of cancer May 8 in Buffalo, NY. He was 46 years old.

He received his doctorate from Cornell in 1971 and joined Cornell's College of Architecture, Art and Planning as an assistant professor in 1972. He was named dean of the division in 1979.

Surviving are his wife, Bonnie; two daughters, Carlin and Margaret; his father, Howard W., of Jamesburg, NJ, and a brother, Richard H., of Oyster Bay, NY.

...Alan M. MacDougall

political scientists, journalists and medical faculty an opportunity to acquire a rich understanding of the national legislative process.

The 1,209 alumni of the program include: high ranking executives of the federal bureaucracy, congressional staff aides, newspaper publishers, editors and reporters, university presidents, deans and faculty.

MacDougall has had a 20-year career in military intelligence. His most recent assignment has been as Chief Asia Pacific Branch, Defense Intelligence Agency. He holds the Agency's Meritorious Civilian Service Medal.

He and his wife, the former Jeanne Rea Rodgers of McKeesport, PA, are active in cultural affairs in the Washington area. He is the immediate past president of the Virginia Scottish Games Association, and she is the immediate past president of the Northern Virginia Folk Festival Association.

Getting To Know Clan Cousins In Charleston

By David W. MacDougall

Well, it had to happen sooner or later. After watching everyone in my family attend various Scottish games over the past 10 years, my excuses ran out.

When I lived in New Jersey, I claimed distance to the games as my excuse.

"Who wants to go to Grandfather Mountain, Charleston or Antigonish to see a bunch of people dressed up like Scotsman?" I'd say to myself.

But the rest of my family had put me to shame. My daughter, Jennifer, has been to the games at Grandfather Mountain and at Antigonish. She has met Madam MacDougall. My brother, Steven, and my sister, Joyce, had made it to Grandfather Mountain.

My parents, Tartan editors Howard and Marjorie MacDougall, have been going to games all over the Southeast. When I moved to Charleston in late 1985, I promised I'd go to the 1986 Charleston games, but by the time September rolled around, I had to work on the day of the games and had to beg off once again. Janice MacDougall, my bride of two months, went to the games with my parents.

Well, when the 1987 games rolled around, I was without an excuse.

"Don't worry, it's not like watching football," my mother said, knowing I don't like football or baseball.

"Just come out and try it," my father said. He stopped saying things like, "You'll have a good time!" long ago because he knows his idea of a good time and mine sometimes differ.

So I went to the games. And I had a pretty good time. I really didn't enjoy watching the caber toss and the other contests of physical prowess, but then I am one of those weirdos who doesn't enjoy sports.

And the pipe and drum bands were interesting at first, but after a while, they all started to look and sound the same. (I heard bagpipes in my head for about 27 hours after leaving the games.)

For me, the interesting part of the games was meeting MacDougalls from around the country and learning about their lives.

There was a couple from Nashville—James W. McDougal and his wife, Pat. James is a stamp collector, just like my grandfather was (and my father and brother). Maybe MacDougalls like to collect stamps, eh?

James and Pat's son, D. Todd McDougal, and his wife, Renita, had traveled from Atlanta to see the games. I kept looking at Todd, thinking of how he reminded me of a cousin who lives in Colorado. It was uncanny. His face, his build, his mannerisms — all reminded me of John MacDougall Woodling.

Then there was Irene MacDougall Stanzik, of Goose Creek, S.C. She was there with her husband and two children. Even though I knew

we weren't really related to each other, I somehow felt like they were new cousins.

I guess I miss the big old family reunions my branch of the MacDougall family used to hold each summer in Berlin, N.J. It was such a happy time. My grandfather, the late Howard A. MacDougall, was one of 10 children. A family of that size makes for a great picnic.

That family has scattered now and the family reunions are a thing of the past. Now, it seems we only get together at weddings and funerals. Lately, there have been more funerals than weddings, but I digress.

Back to the 1987 Charleston games, I liked the exhibits, although the only thing I bought was a hammered dulcimer tape. It's fun to walk around those booths and feel so content that you don't need to buy anything.

But the best part of the day for me, was also the saddest. After the Parade of Tartans, all the clans assembled in the center of the parade grounds. The first order of business was the playing of the hauntingly sad tune on the bagpipe, "Flowers of the Forest." It was played for those dear clansmen who had passed away.

I thought of swimming with my cousins at family reunions and the passing away of a wonderful tradition. I thought of my grandfather, and my grandmother and the sad fact that they were no longer around for me. I miss them.

Finding Your Scottish Roots

Tracing families can be relatively simple in Scotland, due to records that are remarkably thorough and centrally located. New Register House, Princes Street, Edinburgh EH1 3YT, contains not only the record of births, marriages and deaths filed since the beginning of compulsory registration in 1855, but also information from about 4,000 old parish registers dealing with Scotland's 900 parishes prior to 1855. The earliest is 1553, although most begin in the 17th or 18th centuries.

The fact that married women are also often listed under their maiden names makes your work just that much easier. And better yet, New Register House is also the repository for the returns of censuses held every 10 years in 1841 onward, and those up to and including that of 1891 may be consulted. Since library places are often at a premium, it can be of great value to write in advance for the informative "Ancestry Leaflet" issued by this office.

Wills, judiciary records, deeds, services of heirs and other legal documents are also in Edinburgh, at the Scottish Record Office. Registers of sasines, a Scottish document dealing with the descent of land, are also available here.

Organizations such as the Scots Ancestry Research Society, 3 Albany St., Edinburgh 1, phone: 031-556-4220, and the Scottish Genealogy Society, 21 Howard Place, Edinburgh EH3 5 JY, phone: 031-556-3844, can help find other materials or provide the names of professional searchers. Marget Stuart's *Scottish Family History* (1930), Joan Ferguson's *Scottish Family Histories Held in Scottish Libraries* (1960), and G.F. Black's *Surnames of Scotland* (1946) may also prove helpful. You also may be interested in contacting the Scottish Tartans Society and Museum, Davidson House, Drummond Street, Comrie, Perthshire PH6 2DW, phone: 076-70779, a non-commercial cultural organization that maintains an enormous fund of information about tartans.

Reprinted from the Douglas Newsletter

Woodcarving of MacDougall Tossing the Caber was crafted by Joseph Deering of Nashua, NH, for his son-in-law and daughter, Howard and Marjorie MacDougall.



Clanspeople On The Go



Remember the notice in the Spring issue of *The Tartan*, when we asked WHERE ARE THEY NOW? Well, both **Linda McDowell Major** and her mother, **Mrs. Geraldine McDowell** have been found.

Linda writes that she is now **Mrs. David M. Swann**. And she and her new family are living in Midland, VA. Her mother is still living in Virginia Beach, VA.

In other news, **Linda's** daughter, **Leah Monroe Major** has married **Robert Glen Morgan** in Herndon, VA. **Leah** is a senior at George Mason University and **Robert** works for a commercial painting firm.

★ ★ ★

Alexander Ian MacDougall, born March 31, to **John L.** and **Daiva MacDougall** of Deluth, GA.

Barry Andrew Marler, born April 14, to **Mimi Leroy-Marler** and **Doug Marler** of Tampa, FL.

Benjamin Joseph Schrank, born April 30, to **Joyce MacDougall Schrank** and **Jeffrey Schrank** of Burns, WY.

Felicia Christine McDougald, born July 23, to **Larry** and **Janet McDougald** in Brantford, Ontario. **Felicia** attended the Fergus games at the age of two weeks.

★ ★ ★

Priscilla Ruth MacDougall, daughter of the late **Dr. Curtis MacDougall**, was married July 5 to **Lester Harrison Brownlee**. The ceremony took place in Evanston, IL.

★ ★ ★

From the Ontario Chapter newsletter comes word that **Fraser MacDougall** retired in June as executive secretary of the Ontario Press Council. **MacDougall** was a student minister at Baptist churches at Thessalon and Bruce Mines on the north shore of Lake Huron in 1927. He switched to journalism a year later. In 1972, he retired after 31

Clan MacDougall Society

President: George E. MacDougall
1029 Altamont Road
Greenville, SC 29609

High Commissioner: John W. MacDougall
P.O. Box 90207
Nashville, TN 37209

Secretary-Treasurer: Alan Miles MacDougall
3304 Gentle Court
Alexandria, VA 22310

Society Genealogist: DeWitt McDougall Patterson
9422 Rockville Pike
Bethesda, MD 20014

Society Librarian: Nancy Van Valkenburgh
1700 Sun Valley Place
Huntsville, AL 35801

Tartan Editors: Howard and Majorie MacDougall
1267 Hampshire Road
Charleston, SC 29412-9217

Chapter Correspondents: Antigonish, Charles MacDougall and Mary Falt; Ontario, Marjorie McLeod; National (Washington, D.C.), Alan and Jeanne MacDougall. Society Correspondents: John MacDougall, Clan MacDougall, Australia.

Deadline for Spring issue: April 1

years with Canadian Press to become the press council's first executive secretary.

★ ★ ★

According to a story in the Pueblo, CO, *Chieftain*, **Denise McDougall** of Denver spends some of her spare time as a volunteer reader for a blind student at Adams State College.

Roster of New Members

Membership in the Society continues to grow with 14 names added to the membership roster since the Spring issue of *The Tartan* was published. You may find some new member is a neighbor. If you do, please be sure and welcome the family to the Society.

Patricia Anne Nooney
1625 E. Swan Circle
St. Louis, MO 63144

Janet MacDougall Snider
4490 W. 214th Street
Fairview Park, OH 44126

M/M Mitchell Dean McDougall
11900 SW Allen Blvd. #N
Beaverton, OR 97005

Miss Dorothea McDowell
307 Russell Avenue #808
Gaithersburg, MD 20877

Mark J. MacDougall
3413 S. Wakefield Street
Arlington, VA 22206

Francis A. Norman
6447 Waterford Road
Columbus, GA 31904

Corinne McDougald Gaddy
11828 Goodwood Blvd.
Baton Rouge, LA 70815

Mrs. Linda Lorusso
4526 Bexley Drive
Stone Mountain, GA 30083

William MacD. Lincoln
1288 Woodside Drive
McLean, VA 22102

Bernadette Duncan
2578 David Blvd.
Sarasota, FL 33527

Cindy Reich
P.O. Box 38580
Colorado Springs, CO 80937

Mrs. Bonnie L. Hall
3015 Hancock Court
DeMotte, IN 46310

James W. Duff
13760 W. Marquette
New Berlin, WI 53151

Harold I. Donnelly
P.O. Box 2
Rapidan, VA 22733