

The Tartan



Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada

Volume II, No. 16

Wylie and Mary McDougall, Founding Editors

Spring 1988

Society, Games Prosper Over The Years

By John W. McDougall
High Commissioner

Every year since 1965 the Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada has held its annual meeting and Clan gathering the second weekend of each July at Linville, NC, during the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games.

Our Society and the games have prospered and have shown a steady growth for these 23 years. I thought it might be of interest if I gave you in this message, a brief history of the games and a few facts about the games and our meetings.

I will begin by stating that the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games are now, I am sure, the largest in attendance and the most prestigious of all the games held in the United States or Canada. The games have grown from a very small beginning of about 50 participants and 300 spectators at the first games in 1956, to possibly 1,000 participants and a total of approximately 30,000 spectators on that July Saturday and Sunday in 1987.

The importance of making the Scottish Clan Societies a part of the games was first recognized at an early meeting of the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games. The first meeting of the Clan MacDougall Society was held on the grounds of the games at the foot of Grandfather Mountain, in a rented tent. The only other Clan tents were the Clan Donald, Clan MacRae and Clan Morrison. At the games last July, there were 95 registered Clans, all with tents erected around the quarter-mile olympic track.

There always have been honored guests at the games, starting with the Governor of North Carolina. Other honored guests each year have usually been the hereditary Chiefs of the Scottish Clans. Some of the most prominent have been Lord MacDonald of the Isles, Cameron of Lochiels, MacNeal of Barra and Houston MacBain of MacBain. Our Chief, Madam MacDougall of MacDougall, and her husband were the guests of honor in 1969.

Several pipe bands are invited to these games, and champions from Scotland, Canada and the United States compete in the Scottish athletic events.

The tug of war between Clan teams is always a popular event. Last year, the Clan MacDougall team was the winner. The Sun-



Clan Members gather in front of the MacDougall tent before the first meeting of the Clan MacDougall Society on July 10, 1965 at Grandfather Mountain.

day morning outdoor church service and the Kirkin' of the Tartan is attended by a huge audience. And Scottish goods are sold by numerous vendors from tents scattered about the grounds.

The Clan MacDougall Society has two tents, one on the track with seats where members can sit and watch the events of the games, the Parade of Tartans, etc. The other tent is a business tent where Clan members can visit and interested clansman can get information about the Society and complete their membership applications.

On Friday afternoon, our Clan MacDougall Society meetings are held on the grounds of the Eseeola Lodge, a delightful and beautiful small inn in Linville. The membership meeting follows the meeting of our Board of Directors. An outdoor cocktail party on the lawn of the Lodge, with pipe band entertainment, is next on the program. A piper pipes us in to dinner in the main dining room. The Haggis Ceremony comes next, the dinner and awards and entertainment wind up the evening.

What I have written is old news to many members that come to Linville each year. I hope what I have set out above will interest other members to join us in Linville this July.

**Annual Meeting
4 P.M. Friday, July 8
Eseeola Lodge Pavilion
Linville, NC**

President's Report



George E. McDougall

Our Society continues to grow and we are pleased to have so many inquiries from members and potential members who are interested in tracing their Scottish roots.

We are looking for ways to assist the members who have asked for help in climbing their family tree. The last edition of the Tartan gave some helpful information worth repeating here.

Records are remarkably thorough in Scotland and an inquiry to New Register House, Princess Street, Edinburgh EH1 3YT may turn out to be a gold mine of information.

Organizations such as the Scots Ancestry Research Society, 3 Albany St., Edinburgh 1, and the Scottish Genealogy Society, 21 Howard Place, Edinburgh EH3 5JY also may be helpful.

While our Society does not endorse other organizations or commercial enterprises, it has been brought to our attention that there is a non-profit service that may be helpful in your search. It is The Scots Ancestry Research Society, dedicated to assist per-

sons of Scottish descent to trace facts about their ancestors in Scotland. The service is not free, however you may write directly for more information to Dr. W.R. McLeod, PO Box 397 Bruceton Mills, WV 26525, Phone (304) 379-8803.

Another great source of genealogical information is contained in the family registry of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

There are several hundred libraries throughout the United States and Canada that have church records from Scotland dating back to the early 1600s.

I took the opportunity of visiting the LDS Library in Greenville, SC, and was thrilled to see on microfilm the wedding date recorded of my ancestor, Mathew McDougall, who married Janet Johnson in Moffet, Scotland, in the year 1818.

For those clan members interested, the address for additional information is:

**Family History Center
Correspondence Unit B216
35 Northwest Temple St.
Salt Lake City, Utah 84150**

I wish you good hunting,

Yours Aye,

George E. McDougall
Society President

The Scottish Bookshelf

By Nancy Van Valkenburgh



One of the most entertaining ways of learning about history and culture is through fiction or through historical novels. We were privileged to have the opportunity to review two such novels which we can recommend.

Jeanne MacDougall, wife of our Secretary-Treasurer, Alan Miles MacDougall, gave us a very entertaining mystery entitled *Highland Laddie Gone* by Sharyn McCrumb. Published by Avon Books in 1986, it is an enthralling yarn which will be appreciated by all those who attend Highland Games, especially those at Grandfather Mountain.

Filled with interesting characters like lovely young Elizabeth MacPherson, a handsome visiting Scot, a cranky Campbell, a mysterious murder, and even a touch of Confederate Cavalry, this book is very entertaining. Hollywood could use a story like this!

Another novel well worth reading is *Jennie About To Be* by Elisabeth Ogilvie, McGraw-Hill, 1985. Our High Commissioner, John W. McDougall, sent us this book with a note that "I think you will enjoy it. Having read it, I have a much better knowledge of the Clearances." We wholeheartedly agree with his assessment. Often, it is easier to understand history if one can imagine the feelings and actions of those who lived through events.

Jennie is an educated and independent woman, orphaned at 21 who marries dashing Captain Gilchrist. Leaving London to manage a sheep farm in Scotland, she finds that she has married

an unprincipled and brutal man, who is determined to make his fortune even at the expense of others. Jennie survives her ordeal to find another love and a very different future.

An excellent companion book to read with *Jennie*, is entitled *The Highland Clearances* by John Prebble, 1963, reprinted by Penguin books in 1985. This book is the result of the author's interest growing out of his research for novels. Prebble was a journalist since 1934, a novelist, a film-writer, and author of documentaries for the B.B.C. His novel *Culloden* led to research and understanding of the Clan system. Many American, Canadians, and Australians of Scottish descent have ancestors who left Scotland because of the conditions recounted in this carefully researched and documented book.

A desire to know and understand why our ancestors left and how they endured leads many people to want to know more about their forebears. An excellent place to start is with a book called *Scottish Ancestry Research, A Brief Guide*, by Donald Whyte, F.H.G., F.S.A. Scot., published 1984 by Scotpress, P.O. Box 778, Morgantown, WV 26505. This book provides valuable information about the first steps in genealogical research, vital registration, various agencies who maintain records, and an invaluable address list so that one may write for information. We recommend this small but informative book.

A "must" for every MacDougall bookshelf is *An Official Short History of Clan MacDougall* by Michael Starforth, reprinted in 1983 by Scotpress. This history, authorized by Madam MacDougall of MacDougall, 30th Chief of the Clan, is a starting point for beginning the exploration of the exciting story of the ancient and illustrious Clan MacDougall.

"Buaidh no Bas."

Jefferson Davis: 'Relieve The Distressed'

(Editor's Note: This is the second of two installments of excerpts from Jefferson Davis' talk on "The Land We Left" to the St. Andrew Society banquet at Memphis, TN on St. Andrews'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.)

At the town that bears the name of your society, St. Andrews, there are the ruins of the Abbey that was built over the relics of your patron Saint; he who died a martyr in a foreign land, crucified on a diagonal cross, as represented in the emblem of your society. Over the head of St. Andrew you have written, "Relieve the distressed." How appropriate is this to the character of your patron Saint, and how appropriate it is to the conduct of your society.

Memphis must long remember your heroic efforts to relieve the distressed, to comfort the dying, to bury the dead, when desolating ravages of yellow fever swept over the doomed city. Blessings on the Sons of St. Andrew for the charity and heroism then displayed. But I was speaking of the old town of St. Andrews, and of the Abbey which there was built to hold the relics of your patron Saint.

It is a matter of speculation as to where the stone was procured of which much of it was constructed, for that stone is not found in Scotland; and it is a wonder where was found a stone that would bear the exposure to tie and climate which that has undergone. The carved seats of the monks, standing exposed to the atmosphere for so long a period, have retained their delicate tracery still plainly visible. Then do you ask me, how did it become a ruin? I have only to say, we Protestants did it.

Some of the wild followers of Knox destroyed the temple that sheltered all that remained of the good St. Andrew. I offer no criticism upon their act, but you, and I, and all the world have suffered an artistic loss. But if they could destroy the stones, if they could throw down the walls, if they could expose to the frost and the tempest the mere work of man's hands, there was something they could not destroy — the spirit in which the order of St. Andrew and your society was formed.

That wonderful stone of which the Abbey was built may crumble, but the twice-blessed charity of your order shall live until humanity shall cease to deserve the name. St. Andrew's, it is claimed, is the oldest military order in the world, dating back to the time of Achaius, king of the Scots, and Hungus, king of the Picts — at least, so tradition goes, and I have more faith in tradition than in history. Tradition usually rests upon something which men did know; history is often the manufacture of the mere liar. Then I say, with this faith in tradition, your order goes back to the time when Kings Achaius and Hungus fought their battle with Athelstane and won a glorious victory. They took a vow that the cross of St. Andrew should be on their ensigns, and an emblem of Scotland for ever. It is true it was renewed afterwards, in the time of James VII.; but I cling to the tradition, and so hold your order to be the oldest military order in the world. Not only in Scotland, but in Russia also, it is the highest order existing in the empire, having been founded by Peter the Great.

I do not mean to flatter you, gentlemen — pride is one thing, and vanity is another — when I say you have a right to exult because of your order. Having nothing to claim of share in you pride, impartiality may be the more safely assumed. But stop, I have a little share, too. I am of Welsh descent — a double-dyed Welshman — and Welshmen and Scotsmen are both Celts so we are akin, though not clansmen.

In this town of St. Andrews, though the ruins of the ancient Abbey alone remain, one of the ancient sports is still preserved —

the royal game of golf. That is the place where golf is played above all others. There they not only play golf in fair weather, but they play it when the mist is falling, so that it is said it won't wet a Scotsman, but it will wet an Englishman to the bone. And when the weather is so very bad that they cannot go afield, the ardent lovers of the game study topographical maps in their houses, on which is delineated the bunkers, the gorse, and all the accidents of the ground which may affect the success of the player.

The characteristic, it may be said, of the Scotch people is activity and earnestness. When they go to sport they go at it with zest, when they go upon an excursion they leave all business behind, and give themselves to enjoyment; but when they come back to work their labour is as intense as their sport had been joyous. And what they have wrung from the climate and soil, that promised so little, must be a matter of wonder to you who, living in a land where the soil is so fertile and the climate so genial know nothing of the toil which is necessary to wring a support from the rugged and cold mountains of Scotland.

Nor is it alone in the cultivation of the soil, nor is it alone in the building of towns, that Scotsmen have risen to such proud pre-eminence, but also in internal improvements that have won worldwide renown. The Clyde was once a little river, that would barely admit a sloop, but by constant dredging, and depositing sediment on the banks from year to year, they covered so much ground that the riparian proprietors would not allow them to deposit any more sediment upon the shore, and they were compelled then to tow it in scows to the open Sea. Still they continued dredging, and now that little Clyde is the stream out of which is floated the largest iron-clad vessels of the British navy; and out of that little Clyde come most of the iron merchantmen that constitute the main carriers of the world's commerce.

Now let us pass from the physical to the moral or social view of Scotland. Her society seemed to me that which best suits an American, because it is there respectable to work, and the men who occupy the highest positions are those who are not ashamed to labour, but would rather be ashamed of idleness. For instance, no man stood higher in Edinburgh than Dr. Simpson, and no man deserved to be more gratefully remembered by the Society of St. Andrew. A simple example may serve to show why.

When I was about to leave Edinburgh, and called to take my leave of him, his reception-room was filled with people. It chanced to be the hour when he received persons who could not pay fees, and prescribed for all the poor free of charge. I now renew the offering then made of grateful admiration for the philanthropy of him whose genius the world admired, and offer his memory to you on this anniversary as a worthy son of St. Andrew.

The general education of the people of Scotland is the highest of any people within my knowledge. Persons in the humblest walk of life have studied profoundly ancient history and classics. A shepherd tending another's flock will talk to you of Hannibal and Hamilcar. Nor is it only in those things that they are learned. They have also acquired much knowledge of the sciences, and will discuss with you problems of civil engineering, or almost anything you may choose to introduce.

I know not how the recent change made by Parliament may affect all this — how forcing upon them a system of involuntary education may divert them from their old habits. This may be assumed that it was a case where well enough might safely have been let alone. The home training of Scotland is the beginning of her prosperity. There, children are taught, in their infancy, obedience to their parents, respect for age, charity for the needy, and veneration for God. There is the fountain from which old Scotia's grandeur springs. It is that which makes the Scottish emigrant,

Appropriate Motto For St. Andrew

wherever he goes, a man who works his way; who, if he makes a bad selection, by what in their own expressive idiom is called grip, holds on until he brings good out of evil. And it is this too which accounts for the fact, familiar to you all, that you never see a Scottish beggar. It may perhaps, be answered that is because Scotsmen will help their own countryman whenever he is in want. Then it may well be rejoined, they only do it because their countryman is worthy, and if that countryman was one who had squandered the aid that was given him, made nothing from the talent that was bestowed upon him, then Scotsmen would not help him. Therefore it is that, while it is a tribute to you that you do so help your countryman, it is also a tribute to them, as it gives proof they were deserving of it.

Equally marked in the characteristics of Scotsmen is conservatism, the preservation of all that is good, and the bold, direct inquiry as to whether it is good or no. They preserve their old traditions; they preserve all which responds to their pride. You find, for instance, in the town of Edinburgh that the crown jewels are still there, and no Scotsman would surrender them. The stone of Scone was taken away, but you remember how many efforts were made to recover it. Indeed, it was not until Scotland gave to England the king that she was ever content to leave the stone of Scone in England. The present queen, who has been so highly and justly complimented tonight, holds her seat through Scottish descent. It was not only James of Scotland, but it was the Hanoverian branch of the royal family claiming through Scottish blood, which again connected Scotland to the throne.

We of Wales were a little cheated, but we have the Prince of Wales still. Things change upon their surface; all things have varied since the time of union between England and Scotland, and yet in the heart of the Scotsman there still lives the same sentiment that fired his ancestors. Speak to him of any ancient event, and at once you see in the glittering eye and flushed cheek he is a Scotsman to the core; that he has never ceased to feel that Scotland was his country, and he was a Scots man to the death.

With Scottish conservatism, however, is mingled a spirit of free inquiry and bold assertion of whatever is believed to be true, sometimes assuming revolutionary proportions. Thus it was in 1843, when a number of ministers of the Church of Scotland asserted their independence against the prerogative of the Government, and established what now exists under the name of the Free Church.

I do not propose to discuss the propriety of the movement. But this I will say, that for the sobriety, the grandeur, and the efficacy of the movement time cannot show a parallel. Lord Jeffrey, on that occasion, said: "Thank God for my country. There is not another upon earth where such a deed could have been done."

So much for the steady conservatism, the patient, faithful, and brave assertion of man who believed they were right. Passing on to another form of conservatism in Scotland, I will go to the other side of the island, and to the town of Inverness, where the busy hum of mechanics, where the close investigation of the scholar would seem to have changed all things from their ancient mythological condition, and yet if you meet an old man of Inverness and ask him what hill is that, he will tell you "a cemetery is there now, but that is the hill where the 'little folks' (the fairies) meet annually to have their dance."

In the opposite direction there is another field memorable in Scotland's history, the field of Culloden. Though the memories connected with it are sad, they are carefully treasured, and bear evidence of the affectionate pride with which the men of the present preserve the records of the past. There is no shame in their sorrow. For whether they recall the stern honesty of patriots who

guarded every penny of money buried in a cairn known to them all, and kept it for their king's uses, or the splendid devotion of the Camerons and M'Donalds, not forgetting the heroic Flora, or the knightly manhood which induced a Highland officer to pin his white cockade upon an English infant for her protection. It is a glorious record, and one not to be forfeited even for a victory.

When I was in Inverness, Mr. Chambers, the founder of the *Miscellany*, was living, and it was under his guidance that I saw the field of Culloden, and learned where the clans were posted, where they fought and fell.

A few days before I had passed over the estate of the famous Glengarry, the last Scottish chief who asserted supreme jurisdiction within the territory of his clan. The estate has passed into other hands; it lapsed for want of heirs to the crown, and was sold. It is now the property of an Englishman. But in the middle of the road stands a monument erected by Glengarry in the time of George the Fourth, to show how he exercised the absolute power of chieftain, even to inflicting the death penalty upon a band of marauders who had murdered his clansman. The names of the persons executed by his order, the date of the offence, are inscribed on the sides of the base of the monument, and is proof that he then recognised no exterior jurisdiction superior to his own.

Few, very few, now remain who remember the old government of the clans. The tide of time has borne them from our sight; but yet that bond of clanship remains as a sentiment scarcely less strong than before. For the purposes of internal legislation, and for other relations of a separate community, the change is complete; but for the deeds of kindness, for the affection of family, for the protection of each other according to the new order of things, the bond of clanship is probably unaltered.

The appeal is no longer to the targe and claymore; but in that land of justice there is a more certain protection to be found in the courts of law and equity. This, then, is the sort of conservatism, and this is the sort of clanship which is to be found in the Scotland of the present. This is the sort of fraternity which binds the members of the society of St. Andrew together. I trust it will so bind them in unity for ever.

And never, never let a Scotsman, however far removed, forget the glories of Scotland's past history and the heroic deeds of her sons. The deep waters of the Sound of Mull, beneath which lie a large part of the invading Spanish Armada, now peacefully ebb and flow, as though its bright waters had never reflected scenes of carnage, or borne from shore to shore the echoing shouts of warlike men. Yet the headlands of the island, the home of the gallant M'Leans, are connected with some of the wildest traditions of a country, where the marvellous is rather the rule than the exception.

On the other side of this broad and beautiful sheet of water, are the braes and glens of the unhappy Stewarts of Appin. The theme you have given me, gentlemen, is one of limitless expansion, but I will conclude by invoking you ever to remember the glorious deeds of your forefathers, to emulate their knightly graces, and to cherish whatever was virtuous in their characters. And may He who inspired the heart of Wallace in the cause of Scotland; and nerved the arm of Bruce to strike for his country's rights; and illumined the mind of Burns and Scott;

*"Forever the patriot and the patriot bard
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard."*

The speaker took his seat amid thunders of applause, continued for several minutes.

Thoughts On Planning To Visit Scotland

Over the years, the number of Society members planning trips to Scotland has increased at a steady clip. And no visit would be complete without a stop at Oban.

In 1971, when George and Barbara McDougall of Greenville, SC, planned their visit, they enlisted the assistance of John W. McDougall of Nashville, TN. He was president of the Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada at the time and later was named high commissioner by the Chief of the Clan, Madam MacDougall of MacDougall.

John W.'s response to George reads much like a travelogue of the Highlands. While much of the country has changed in the intervening years, many of his suggestions are timeless, and so some excerpts from his letter follow:

Dear Barbara and George:

I am delighted to have the opportunity to give you a few hints that may make your trip to Scotland a more pleasant one.

I gather that you will be flying or taking the train from London to Edinburgh. I cannot tell you much about the train trip because we made it only once and that was at night. I do know that most of the trip through England is through the industrial areas until you approach the Scottish border. If you made the train trip during the daytime, the last few hours through northern England, the border and lowland country would be very interesting as this is really a beautiful area.

I suggest you plan to spend two days in Edinburgh and headquarter at either the North British Hotel or the Caledonian. These hotels are at either end of Princess Street. The North British is most convenient for walking to the nice shops. At the end of September you should not run into many tourists. School teachers and school children will all be back in their classrooms. For a 10-day visit I would strongly recommend that you hire a car and a driver. On our frequent trips, I've done the driving but it is tiring. We have found that a good driver that knows the country can make the trip more interesting.

I would spend one day sightseeing in Edinburgh, which would include the castle, The Royal Mile, The Knox Church and chapel and Holyrood Castle. The next day, I'd do the shops. Forsyths, on Princess Street, is the finest ladies department store, and Andersons, on George Street, is tops in Scottish outfitters. I suggest you go to the Bee Hive Restaurant on Grassmarket for lunch one day, and there are a few shops along this street worth visiting. Don't miss the small bar on the second floor at the Bee Hive. The Royal Cafe is another old restaurant worth visiting. The Cromond Inn is an old timer at a fishing village by the same name on the Firth of Forth. If it is a pretty evening, you might enjoy the drive to Cromond, but if it is raining, I would not recommend the trip.

For an excursion out of Edinburgh, I think you'd enjoy the Gray Walls Inn at Gullane. The inn was an old home that has 18 or 20 rooms with a charming dining room and gardens. It is a very restful place. It is right next to the clubhouse on the Muirfield Golf Course. The Muirfield Club is a private club, but one of the famous courses of Scotland and worthwhile playing. If you have business friends in Edinburgh, you should have no trouble getting a card to Muirfield.

It is about a five- or six-hour drive from Edinburgh to Oban, which would include a stop for lunch and some sightseeing. Your driver would know the most interesting way to make the trip. He might suggest that you stop at Inveraray to see the Campbell Castle. The Duke of Argyll lives there, but it is open to the public. There are three good waterfront hotels in Oban. They are the Greatwestern, the Alexandra and the Marine. There is not too much difference but the important thing is to get a front room facing Oban Bay. The Greatwestern would be my first choice.



Oban - an old print

When you know what your itinerary will be I would write to Madam MacDougall of MacDougall, Dunollie Castle, Oban. Explain that you would like to drop by for a short visit and to have a look at the castle. I would guess that she would be at Dunollie late in September. She does keep busy and likes to know sometime ahead if she is going to have visitors. The Chief's name is in the Oban phone book listed under Madam MacDougall of MacDougall. Her husband's name is Leslie. Coline's younger sister, Hope, lives in Oban and is a delightful person to know. The third sister, Jean, is married to Dr. Hadfield of Edinburgh and it is their daughter's son who will one day be the Chief of Clan MacDougall.

Excursion steamers leave Oban nearly every day for the outer islands. A full day's trip would be to Iona and Mull and back to Oban. I do think you'd enjoy the three-hour trip to the Island of Mull. The boat stays over long enough for tea at Duart Castle, occupied by Sir Charles MacLean, Chief of Clan MacLean. He is the head of the Boy Scouts all over the world. You can obtain information about the boats to Mull at the hotel or the MacDougalls can give particulars. Dunstaffnage Castle is just three miles from downtown Oban. It was a MacDougall stronghold at one time and is worth a quick look. There are good stores in Oban and they are easy to find.

Glen Eagles is halfway between Oban and Edinburgh. It would be well to have reservations at the Glen Eagles Hotel. It is the white sulfur of the British Islands and here again, it should not be too crowded in late September. There are great golf courses where you can rent clubs and anything else that you need. The only side trip that I would particularly recommend out of Glen Eagles would be to St. Andrews to play golf. Every ardent golfer should play St. Andrews, if for no other reason than to say that he'd played it. The pro at the Glen Eagles Club can give you full particulars and make a starting time for you at St. Andrews. It is a public course and it can be crowded. It is an hour and a half drive to St. Andrews from Glen Eagles and it would be a full day's trip. You could really take in St. Andrews on your way back to Edinburgh if you plan to fly home from there. There is a brand new hotel right on the St. Andrews course, but there are other older hotels equally as good. The hotel at Glen Eagles could make your reservations. This is what we did last time we were at Glen Eagles and after our golf and spending the night at St. Andrews, we drove right to the Edinburgh airport and flew home.

Sincerely,
John W. McDougall

Clanspeople On The Go



**Victoria Lee
Van Valkenburgh**

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Powell Van Valkenburgh Jr. of Huntsville, AL, announce the engagement of their daughter, **Victoria Lee**, to **John Edward Norris**, son of **Mrs. Smith Norris** of Talladega, AL, and **James Lloyd Norris** of Sylacauga, AL.

The couple graduated from Birmingham-Southern College in May. She received a B.A. degree in economics and political science, and he received a B.A. degree in political science. He plans to enter law school in the Fall. The wedding will be June 25 in the First Methodist Church, Huntsville.

★ ★ ★

Stork Line: Welcome to **Mathew Lee Morgan**, born Sept. 28, 1987 to **Leah Monroe** and **Robert Glen Morgan**. **Leah** is the daughter of **Linda McDowell Swann** of Midland, VA, and granddaughter of **Geraldine McDowell** of Virginia Beach, VA.

And **Alicia Marie Davis**, born March 18, 1988 to **Rick Davis** and **Bertha McDougald Davis** of Conway, AR.

★ ★ ★

Donald B. "Mac" McDowell, originally of Corsicana, TX, and now of Philadelphia, PA, retired Oct. 31, 1987 after 22 years in the U.S. Navy.

Mac, and his wife, **Elizabeth**, are looking for other members of the Clan MacDougall Society living in the Philadelphia area to assist with a clan tent at the Delco Scottish Games at Devon, PA, and other Scottish activities in the area. **Mac** recently was elected commander of Alexander-Mercer Post 1, Scottish-American Military Society, in Philadelphia.

★ ★ ★

Martin J. MacDougall, son of **Mr. and Mrs. D. Charles MacDougall** of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, was recently ordained to the priesthood at St. Ninian's Cathedral in Antigonish, by the Most Rev. Colin Campbell, bishop of Antigonish.

Martin received his B.A. from St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, and his bachelor of theology from St. Paul's University, Toronto, Ontario. He obtained his deaconate from St. Augustine's Seminary, Scarboro, Ontario. He is an assistant parish priest at St. Joseph's Parish, Little Bras d'or, Cape Breton Island.



Martin J. MacDougall

CLAN MacDOUGALL SOCIETY

President: **George E. McDougall**
15 Partridge Lane
Greenville, SC 29601

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

Secretary-Treasurer: **Alan Miles MacDougall**
3304 Gentle Court
Alexandria, VA 22301

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 Marjorie 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 Fall issue: October 1

Honiker Descendants Meet At Stone Mt.

By John A. MacDougall

Stone Mountain Highland Games were bigger and better in 1987 than ever before, and they have been very good in the past.

First, the weather was just the type the Chamber of Commerce would like to order. The sun was shining on all the bright colors, making them even more beautiful. The location of our Clan tent would make it appear that we had the inside track with whomever assigns the sites. Somebody up there was watching and approving for that weekend.

Jim and Pat McDougall came down from Tennessee and assembled the rest of the family, sons Todd, Terry, and Troy, with daughters-in-law Renita and Jennifer. They made up a computer-generated banner for the tent that had each letter on one 8"x11" sheet of fanfold paper. It said "Clan MacDougall" and after taping it to the ropes it held up very well for the rest of the day.

The descendants of **Lola Blanch McDougall Honiker** held their annual reunion - the **Leroys**, **Marlers**, **Honikers**, **Sjostrom**, **Rickmans**, **Hancock** - **Lola** would have loved it.

The Parade of Tartans on Sunday had a fine display of Clan MacDougalls. **Barry (Bear) Marler**, at six months, was the youngest in kilt. **Brett Bramble**, a veteran of several parades at age 3, carried the sign.

Todd McDougall rather reluctantly entered the Amateur Athletic Competition, but once the competition started he got into the spirit of it and won first place as Amateur Athlete of the Day. He took a first in caber toss, and finished high in hammer throw and sheaf toss.

It was a fine time. We had **Lady Strathspey**, guest of honor at the games, coming by to chat and sign the register. She is a very gracious lady.

We highly recommend that all members take part in local Highland Games and come to Grandfather Mountain for our annual meeting at Linville, NC, in July.