

The Tartan



CLAN MacDOUGALL SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES

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STORY OF THE CLANS—THE MacDOUGALLS

By Donald F. Mac Donald

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Oban, "The Modern Brooch of Lorn", is capital of MacDougall country, a once-vast mainland and island territory occupied by clansmen and chiefs of the MacDougall Lords of Lorn. MacDougalls now seeking clan connections with the district of Lorn will discover that much of their early patrimony was acquired centuries ago by the Campbells of Argyll.

As a result, modern guide-books list former MacDougall castles like Dunstaffnage and Armaddy as "ancient Campbell keeps".

To understand why, we must examine Mac-

Dougall history.

The clan's mistake was a decision in 1306 to stand against Robert the Bruce. That was the year Bruce murdered the MacDougall chief's father-in-law the Red Comyn, causing the Lorn legions (and their MacDowell kinsmen in Gallo-way) to fight against Scotland's future king.

Ultimately victorious, Bruce rewarded his allies, the Campbells, at the expense of those who had opposed him.

Nevertheless, the "Sons of Dougal" often got their share of Campbell blood. Near Taynuilt a road leads through Glen Nant to Kilchrenan Churchyard, burial place of "Cailean Mor" (Big Colin), the Campbell ancestor from whom the Earls and Dukes of Argyll have derived their Gaelic patronymic, "MacCailein Mor."

At a Campbell-MacDougall battle near Loch Scamadale in 1294 the MacDougalls were defeated, but not before a Lorn marksman had sent an arrow through Big Colin's heart.

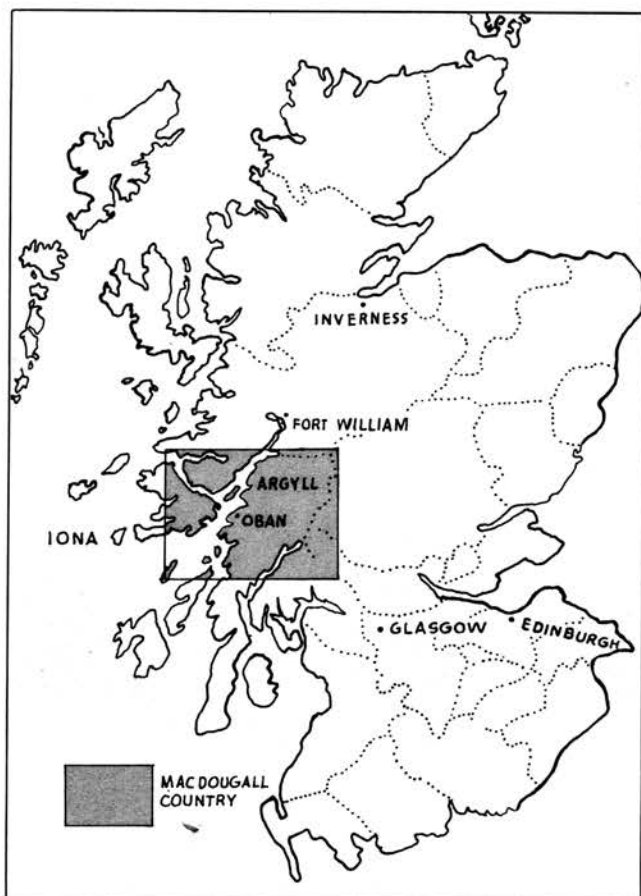
Such battles and clan feuds are ancient history; yet today Clan MacDougall seems to be enjoying the last laugh, for the present MacDougall chief—Mrs. Coline MacDougall of MacDougall—resides in a former Clan Campbell stronghold—Barcaldine Castle, in the North Lorn district of Benderloch.

Between Crianlarich and Tyndrum, the road to Oban passes "Dal Righ", Dale of the King, site of a battle in which Bruce was nearly killed by the MacDougalls. He escaped only when he left behind his plaid and the celebrated Brooch of Lorn, still in the clan's possession. Bruce evened the score two years later by defeating his Lorn enemies beside Ben Cruachan in the Pass of Brander.

To reach North Lorn by car the visitor must use the toll bridge at Connel Ferry. However there is a small passenger ferry which crosses to the north side of Loch Etive where a shore road leads to Ardchattan Priory.

Although long occupied by Campbells, Archat-tan is a MacDougall shrine. The priory was founded in 1230 by "Donnchadh MacDhugaill" (Duncanson of Dougall, the clan's progenitor).

Not far from Ardchattan are the former Mac-



Dougall lands of Fearlochan and Glen Tendill. Clan estates once included the lands of Ledaig and Ardmucknish as well as the site of the Campbell castle of Loch Nell.

It is to Dunollie Castle that MacDougalls always return. Anciently "Dun Ollaigh", the hill-fort of Ollagh (a name which probably identifies an ancient Briton), the castle stands in ruins on a site which has been a place of fortification since at least 685 A.D. Dunollie Castle remained a home of the chiefs until about 1746, when a smaller house was built nearby.

This house was enlarged into Dunollie Mansion by the present chief's great-grandfather. From the castle hill can be seen the Island of Kerrera where stands the ruins of another MacDougall fortress, Gylen Castle, burnt by Cromwellian forces in 1647.

MacDougall country also includes lands south of Oban, where clachans, farms and houses now bear the names of former clans estates such as Soroba, Dunach, Torsa, Gallanach, Knipoch, Scamadale, and Rarey. Kilbride Church has many MacDougall graves.

From Kilninver a road crosses the Clachan Bridge ("the bridge over the Atlantic") to Seil Island where a ferry connects with the Isle of Luing. MacDougall territory further extends into Craignish where at Ardfern Church are memorial tablets to Two MacDougalls of Lunga, father and son, killed in the First World War.

In "MacDhughail", Gaelic for Son of Dougal, the "Dh" should properly be given a sound somewhat between a "C" and a "G" hence there early appeared phonetic attempt at rendering this Gaelic patronymic into English—attempts such as MacCoul, MacCowl, MacCole, and even McHoul and McHowell.

Famous Kinswoman

Alice Foote MacDougall was one of the first successful American business women in the early part of this century. Her family forebears played an important part in the early history of New York and a great-grandfather, Stephen Allen, was mayor from 1821 to 1824.

She married Alan MacDougall when she was twenty-one and he thirty-four, but was left a widow with three children and found it necessary to support herself and her family. Her autobiography was published by Little, Brown & Company in 1928 and the "Foreword" in this says "at forty years of age I was left with thirty-eight dollars and three babies at home as assets. I had no business training or experience of any kind." The book tells of years of struggle, how she started a coffee business and with the help of her son Alan built it into a very successful operation, which later expanded into a chain of New York City restaurants. The first was opened as the "Little Coffee Shop" in the Grand Central Terminal in 1922 and then in 1923, the Cortile, the Piazzeta in 1925, the Fiereze in 1927, and then the Seville.

Her struggle for success through ill health, depressions, and other diversities is a never to be for-

We have just been advised by our Chief Madame Coline MacDougall that she has made "Dunollie Castle" her permanent residence. All correspondence should be addressed to her there at Oban, Argyll, Scotland.

A Society Member Meets Chief At Inverness Games

"I have just returned from my tour of the Highlands of Scotland, and I was simply enchanted with the beauty and grandeur of both the Highlands and Lowlands and also with the wonderful kindness and hospitality of the people" so says Edwin J. McDougall of Bremerton, Washington in a letter to our President.

He continues: "You know of the Great Gathering of the Clans at Inverness on June 25th, with the International Bagpipe Band Competition and Highland Games. What a day that was! Sixty-two bands, twelve hundred pipers, sixteen thousand spectators. I got many pictures and spent a most delightful day."

"There at the MacDougall headquarters I had the pleasure of an hour's visit with Madame Coline MacDougall of MacDougall and her most charming and amiable husband, Mr. Leslie Graham MacDougall. It was well worth the whole trip to meet such a gracious and courteous couple! Madame pinned a sprig of Bell Heather on my lapel and kindly posed with me for a picture, which I shall always treasure. Madame Coline sends by me her kindest regards and best wishes to the officers and to all the members of the Society."



Madame Coline MacDougall of MacDougall poses with Edwin J. McDougall at Inverness Games.

gotten story of courage and feminine fortitude.

Her son Alan, a most successful New York executive, is an enthusiastic member of our Society.

Highland Dress

When an American born Scot begins to feel at ease wearing his kilt and no longer looks on it as a fancy dress costume, it is a sign that the national dress has really achieved popularity among Scots in this country.

Too many, though, when the urge strikes them to own Highland Dress, have paid scant attention to details. They are inclined to have a composite mental picture of all the kilted figures they have seen and it is possible to make expensive mistakes. You don't, for instance, want to outfit yourself even slightly like a drum major unless you intend to become, or are, a drum major.

A good kilt, though not a cheap item, will last a long time. Most Americans would select just one, a kilt suitable for both day time and evening wear.

The MacDougall has a choice of either his ancient or modern tartan.

Suggestions for jackets and accouterments are made by William Anderson & Sons, Ltd., Highland Outfitters of Edinburgh. They recommend a quite plain day jacket, or one with gauntlet cuffs, and suggest you consider what weight material you would use for a sport jacket and be guided by that. Stocking should be a plain color. Tartan stockings are not correct with day dress.

Both the dirk and the skean dhu can serve the useful purpose of a pocket knife but the wearing of the claymore, since the Clan Act in 1715, has remained a privilege which is the formal sign of peer, knight, laird, or gentleman at Court.

Buttons, buckles, and kilt pins retain their practical uses and are the essence of Highland dress. Such require in each case to be a matter of careful selection in relation to the style of jacket if the best effects are to be achieved. Here there is much scope for clan tradition and originality, and often family heirlooms are adaptable for use with the most modern styles.

Expert advice is available from Highland outfitters. Choose carefully what you buy now to wear on appropriate occasions as these are family things which you can hand down to future generations.



DAY
JACKET

For the evening jacket a doublet (velvet coat worn with lace or ruffled jabot) or a black coatee, which takes the place of both dinner jacket and tails. It is worn with black or white tie and white shirt.

Your daytime sporran should be plain or patterned leather with ample carrying capacity, for you have no trouser pockets for keys or money. Evening dress sporrans are usually of fur with silver-mounted tops.

The Balmoral (round flat) bonnet with silver cres has become by far the most popular, although the Glengarry may be used.



EVENING DRESS

As for the Scot's lady, for daytime she should wear a pleated skirt of the same tartan her husband is wearing. Her jacket may be of the same material as his, but of a different cut of course, or she may wear a sweater if she prefers. A bonnet with the crest is part of her daytime dress, too.

For evening, except for a somewhat limited modern trend to have a full length evening dress of the tartan, the lady wears regular evening clothes with a sash of the tartan. Traditionally, the sash and brooch are to be worn in accordance with the illustrations.



CLANS-WOMAN wears sash over right shoulder secured by brooch or pin on right shoulder.



CHIEFTAINNESS, or wife of Colonel in Scottish Regiment, wears sash over left shoulder.



LADIES WHO HAVE MARRIED OUT OF THEIR CLAN but who wish to use their original tartan wear sash over right shoulder and fastened in bow on left hip.

It's Brigadoon Country

Curtis D. MacDougall
and Daughter visit Dunollie
and Iona

It takes little imagination to "see" Brigadoon through the morning dew or evening mist almost anywhere in sight of the highway from Glasgow to Oban to Inverness to Edinburgh in late April—before the foliage has spoiled the view of lochs and Highlands and before this gorgeous peaceful land has been over-run by tourists.

Brigadoon seems present on all sides; just beyond that flock of long haired and horned Heeland (as it's pronounced) cattle or near those roving unshorn and hence heavy and slow sheep, identifiable by their owners through the use of paint dabs on distinctive parts of the body in lieu of a brand. The serenity of the mythical village exists in the wayside inns and taverns where visitors stop for refreshment before the glowing open fireplaces. And it exists in the majestic ruins of the ancient castles, among which none is more impressive than Dunollie, the ancestral stronghold of Clan MacDougall at Oban.

The wisdom of our forefathers in building Dunollie where they did is appreciated mostly when it is viewed from the steamer which runs from Oban to Craignure on the Island of Mull. Dunollie looms high above the horizons to allow a lookout for miles in every direction.

The destination of my daughter, Priscilla, 22, and me was the Isle of Iona, Scotland's sacred isle where my grandfather was born in 1835 and where at least two previous generations of our branch of the family lived. There is nothing more Brigadoonish than the environs of the narrow winding road which runs for 38 miles from Craignure to Fionphort Ferry and takes two hours to drive. Even the Stag at Eve appeared to lend enchantment to the occasion. Only a few dwellings and fewer people were encountered.

Luck was with us as the Atlantic had calmed down enough after several days of rough weather to make possible the final part of our pilgrimage in a small open boat across a couple of miles of water. On the other side was Iona, whose total population was variously estimated to be from 75 to 175 persons. The seashore village is a cluster of perhaps 50 buildings and the focus of interest is the Abbey Church of St. Mary which dates from the 13th century and is gradually being restored by means of free will offerings. After warming ourselves at the fireplace in the bishop's living room, we climbed a couple of turnstiles and opened the door to the cathedral. There we found, not Macbeth's ghost which is supposed to dwell on Iona, but a dozen or so adolescents playing chopsticks on an ancient piano. "Just like my Girl Scout days" exclaimed my daughter.

You feel truly "away from it all" as you bob along in the 25 foot launch steered by a gnarled

and weatherbeaten skipper, who would need no makeup on a Hollywood set, assisted by his very ruddy cheeked teenaged grandson who handles the ropes. In a few years current work on a wider road near the western tip of Mull should make it possible to complete the journey in less than the full day it took us in our rented Vauxhall.

It will be a long time, however, before the "blessings" of civilization will destroy the pristine beauty of this land. And let it be earnestly hoped that the MacDougall Country will not be converted into a resort area as is true of the Loch Ness region farther north.

BACKGROUND BITS

Alexander Wylie McDougall, our second Vice President and editor of "The Tartan", was born December 26, 1900 in New York City of Scottish Canadian parents. His paternal grandparents were born in Caverton, Roxboroughshire, Scotland and his maternal grandparents were born in Ayrshire. They all immigrated to Ontario, the home of his parents.

Mr. McDougall attended elementary schools in several cities in the United States and finished his education at Upper Canada College in Toronto, Ontario.

His business career began in Birmingham, Alabama in 1919. In 1924 he moved to New Orleans, Louisiana, as District Sales Engineer for the Southern Cement Co. Later he became District Manager for H. H. Robertson Company and following this was made General Sales Manager for the Rockwood Alabama Stone Company.

In 1952 he formed the McDougall-Parsons Company, which he now owns. He is also president of the A. Wylie McDougall Company.

He is partner with his wife, Mary, in McDougall's Travel Service in the Monteleone Hotel in New Orleans.

Mrs. McDougall was Mary Outland of Kansas City, Missouri, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John H. Outland. They were married in 1927 and have no children.

Mr. McDougall is on the Board of Directors of the Construction Industry Association, the Bureau of Governmental Research, and the Place Pontalba Committee. He served for eight years on the Vieux Carre Commission and three years as president of the Vieux Carre Association, organizations devoted to the preservation of buildings in New Orleans' French Quarter having historic or architectural significance.

He is a member of the New Orleans Country Club, Louisiana Club, Avoca Island Duck Club, and the Lake Shore Club.

As ardent travelers, Mr. and Mrs. McDougall have seen much of the world and have been around it twice. As enthusiastic sportsmen, they fished rainbow trout in Alaska and the Chilean lakes, sailfish and marlin in the Perlas Islands off Panama, and have hunted quail on the Isle of Pines, Cuba, and duck in Kashmir, Pakistan. They spend a month or so each year at their cottage on Marina Cay, a six acre atoll in the British Virgin Islands.

REPORT FROM OUR PRESIDENT

I am sorry that all members could not have been with those of us who attended our second annual meeting in Linville, North Carolina, July 9, 1966.

This magnificent area of the Big Smokey Mountains is not unlike that of the historic Braemar Games, Scotland's premier gathering. Fortunately the weather was absolutely perfect.

Before reporting on the business meeting, I would like to tell you that at MacRae's Meadow on Grandfather Mountain we enjoyed the stirring events of the Highland Games with Clan MacDougall Tent as our headquarters. The Clan Donald Tent was to our left and Clan Morrison Tent to our right, with other Clan Tents close by. The comradery and good fellowship among the many Scots we met was perhaps the most enjoyable part of our weekend.

The color of the pipe bands, the Parade of the Tartans, the dancers and the many kilted Scots in this beautiful setting was quite a sight to see. Over ten thousand tickets were sold for the two day event.

I would like to tell you, too, about the Tartan Ball. This is an invitational affair to which all members of our society are invited. Most of the three hundred Scots and their ladies who attended were attired in their dress kilts, and never have I seen a more colorful gathering. The beautiful ball room was gaily decorated with Scottish flags and banners.

There were officers and high commissioners of many Scottish Clans and Societies who had come from as far as Texas, Oklahoma, New York, and Illinois. There were Scottish songs and dancing by talented entertainers; as well as ballroom and Scottish country dancing participated in by all the guests. When Auld Lang Syne was sung at midnight, it was agreed that the Tartan Ball alone was worth the trip to Linville.

Our business meeting was held in Tanglewood Cottage at the Eseeola Lodge, with members of our society from North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee and Louisiana attending. Our secretary's minutes will report that we now have two hundred members, a goal we set for ourselves at our first meeting.

There was a message of congratulations from our Chief, also a report on the repair work done to the crumbling masonry at Dunollie Castle with the funds that were appropriated at our first meeting. It was voted that we send \$150 again this year to continue the work. By this expenditure we are accomplishing one of the important aims of our society as set out in the By-Laws.

The treasurer's report indicated that after all outstanding bills had been paid, our bank balance stood at \$466.73. It was voted to continue our membership in the "Society of the World Federation of Scottish Societies and Individuals", with dues of \$17 a year. After a discussion of what we might do for our members to increase their interest in the society, the meeting was adjourned.

The two days on the meadow, the Tartan Ball and our meeting emphasized to me the strong feeling of fellowship that exists between all of us who have this common ancestral background and heritage. I consider myself a very fortunate fellow.

JOHN W. McDOUGALL

First You Take A Haggis—

Even in the kitchen of Mrs. Nestor J. MacDonald, wife of the president of the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games Association, there is no attempt to construct a haggis from its original ingredients.

But a haggis there must be, and the occasion is the annual reception at Glen Sheiling, their exquisite Linville home, for their guests at the Highland Games. At the height of the party, to the skirl of music, carried aloft on a huge platter, the haggis is always solemnly piped in. Guests stand thrilled then to the ritual reading of Burns' ode which begins:

"Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin' race!"

The haggis then is taken to the hors d'oeuvre table where everyone partakes of what, at Glen Sheiling, is a true delicacy.

Mrs. MacDonald clues us in on how this wonderful palatable state is arrived at.

Ingredients: Canned haggis (available at most groceries handling imported goods), onion salt, Worcestershire sauce, butter and Scotch whiskey.

Here's how: Remove haggis from can before heating and scrape off the grease. Put in pan in the oven and warm until surplus fat can be poured off. Mix with onion salt, Worcestershire sauce and butter. Mound mixture on ovenproof platter, brush generously with butter, and bake about 45 minutes in 300 degree oven. Put it under the broiler for the last few minutes to brown. Before serving, if you wish, pour on several ounces of Scotch whiskey.

Curtis MacDougall Points Out Britishisms

Most every American knows that in England an *elevator* is a *lift* and a *motion picture* is a *cinema*. Not so well known are some other Britishisms, a knowledge of which will be helpful to anyone who travels by automobile. For instance:

halt means *stop*

lay by means *roadside stopping area*

caravan means *trailer*

bend means *curve*

no waiting means *no parking*

petrol means *gasoline*

no overtaking means *do not pass*

chips means *French fried potatoes*

diversion means *detour*

dual carriageway means *divided highway*

give way means *surrender right of way*

roundabout means *traffic circle*

clearway means *no stopping on highway*

dog on a lead means *dog on a leash*

ironmonger means *hardware store*

Application for Membership

MR. JOHN W. MCDUGALL
CLAN MACDOUGALL SOCIETY
P. O. Box 7767
Nashville, Tennessee 37209

Please enter my name for membership in the Society, for which I attach my check for the annual dues:

Name: _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address: _____

Annual Contributions:

\$3.00 for an individual membership

\$5.00 for a family membership (wife,
husband and children under 18)

NOTE: If your name is not MacDougall (in any of its spellings) please indicate how you are connected by birth or marriage with an individual of that name.

Clan MacDougall Society
of the United States

P. O. BOX 7767, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE 37209