

The Tartan



Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada

VOLUME NO. 14

SPRING 1972

MEMBERS RECEIVE DOCUMENTS

Chief's signature as personally inscribed on certificates.

Attesting officially to your standing in the Society, members will soon be receiving through the mail a formal document. The certificate is a handsome one, and has some unusual features.

First, Madam MacDougall of MacDougall, as Chief of the Clan, has personally signed each certificate by her own hand.

Second, her appointed High Commissioner of Clan MacDougall, John W. McDougall, also signed each certificate by hand.

And third, the hand-lettering on the certificates is identical with the lettering which would have painstakingly been inscribed by flickering torchlight at the time of the great Somerled, progenitor of the Clan, had he commanded scrolls for his followers.

These three things alone would make the MacDougall certificates valuable. But there is more, and also a story behind the certificates.

For some time it had been apparent that a need existed for a worthy token of membership in our strong and growing Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada. The original membership cards were unimpressive and conveyed almost no feeling of united clanship.

An identifying pin of some type was considered. However, it was felt there were so many fraternal order pins that a MacDougall Clan pin would have limited use or exposure. A beautiful, specially designed membership card was also considered. Again it didn't seem practical to create a work of art to become dog-eared in MacDougall wallets.

So a document of some kind was decided on by the Board of Directors. Suggestions were made about size, shape, appropriate wording and, most of all, attractiveness and meaning.

For wording on the certificate, Madam MacDougall's own sentiments, slightly modified to fit the space, say everything . . . of the Society which joins those of this name and septs and brings their proud heritage of good Scottish ancestry, and all it implies, to help in building a better world". These words were to be the meat and muscle of the certificate.

Aesthetically, a replica in color of the MacDougall crest, the Clan Badge, was required. The artist who designed the original

masthead for THE TARTAN and widely experienced in heraldic work, was contacted. An exquisite crest resulted.

Now for the actual lettering, and you will remember we mentioned the writing of Somerled's day in the 12th century. Research showed that the semi-unicial letters of the alphabet brought to the British Isles by the Roman missionaries in about the sixth century would have been used, especially by a careful calligrapher since the rounded forms and high finish of this alphabet had already attained a perfection and beauty which has never since been surpassed.

In the ancient script, though, there were no capital letters. The lower case letters all flowed along evenly. And the old alphabet was minus five important letters - a J, K, V, W and Y.

So the modern day calligrapher, J. R. Larkins, the artist of the crest and a master of hand-lettering, had to throw himself into the spirit of the historic rounded writing to fill in the missing letters for the certificates.

One more decision was needed. Should the names of the members be inserted on the certificates by typewriter or by some type of mechanized script writing? Or should this be done by hand to conform to the certificate itself?

The Board voted for hand-lettering of the names of the members, as they appear on the Society membership list. This hand-lettering necessarily creates a time lag in getting individual certificates mailed.

The certificates have already winged their way to Scotland for our Chief's signature, and back to this country. The High Commissioner has signed them. But the thing that makes your document wholly yours, the hand-lettering of your name, takes time. Certificates will be mailed as soon as each is finished.

The certificate is beautiful for framing, if you wish, and a simple frame will do. Or, if you have an important place to hang it, the artist suggests framing with a 3½ to 4 inch red mat, or a white mat with fine red bevelled edges outlining the document.

It also has been suggested, if you believe the certificate will be handed down in your family as we hope it may, that you jot on it the date and possibly the place where you are living when the document reaches you.

Ancient alphabet used in hand lettering MacDougall certificates.

The Five McDOUGAL BROTHERS

A flamboyant future awaited each of the five sons born to John McDougal over 150 years ago in Chillicothe, Ohio.

It is perhaps the more remarkable because by nature of their Scottish descent, such volatile characteristics would have seemed unlikely. They may have been handed down by their grandfather, Robert McDougal, who lived to be 96 and was married at least three times. Records do not reveal the names of his wives or what happened to them. All we know is that Robert was born in Dumbarton, Scotland, in 1720 and that after emigrating to this country he lived in Virginia, in Kentucky and finally in Ohio.

Robert's son John, later to become father of the five, left their Virginia home in 1796 when he was nineteen years old to venture into the wilderness of the Northwest Territory. He established himself in Chillicothe, then just laid out as a town, and managed to set himself up as a trapper and licensed trader. He advertised that he was "prepared to furnish the very best whiskey, and other things required".

It was not until later, possibly several sons later, that John added school books to his trade stock — Dilworth's spelling book, Murray's grammar, an arithmetic book and the English reader. So his sons grew up with a knowledge of the three "R's", as well as of the Bible and Shakespeare. They also, from those rugged times, knew about whiskey.

Another thing which may have affected the career of his fourth son, who became Governor of California, was that in his maturing years John was clerk of the Territorial Court. His familiarity with judicial proceedings and his fury at shyster lawyers who were actually land sharks caused him to write and publish a work "Every Man His Own Lawyer". The young boy probably heard his father on this subject many times.

This then was the background of five young McDougals poised on the brink of exotic individual adventures. We are indebted to Director Donald A. MacDougall of Akron, Ohio, for their story. His research through many sources — the Indianapolis Journal, the History of Ross and Highland Counties, Ohio, the Pacific Historical Review, the Daily ALTA California, and the Governors of California, to name a few — lets us paint this rather free-style picture of the brothers who lead such free-style lives.

The fourth son, John, about whom records are far the fullest and the most controversial, will be taken up by himself in the next issue of THE TARTAN. Here the story concerns the other four brothers.

The first born, whose name we cannot locate anywhere in the research material, comes close to being the family non-entity. He went to Indianapolis in 1828 and bought a tract of land on which some of the eastern part of the city now stands. Infected by gold rush fever he made his way to California some time after 1849. He became a member of the Legislature of California and also amassed a considerable fortune in trade. But apparently he dissipated the fortune with broad gestures though, until he died at over 90, he still imagined himself immensely wealthy.

Charles, the second son, obtained an appointment as assistant surgeon in 1823 at the trading station at Fort Dearborn, where Chicago now stands. He must have proved apt in the work because when he later took an examination in St. Louis, he was made assistant surgeon in the regular Army of the U.S.

Gaining skill at the various posts where he was stationed, Charles was soon promoted to the full rank of surgeon. He served through the Seminole war in Florida, where he became noted for the performance of a particularly difficult surgical operation. He served in the Mexican war, and was put in charge of the Department of the East during the war of the rebellion. He was retired as brevet brigadier general and spent his last years in New York and Washington, dying in the early 1880s.

David McDougal, the third son, opted for the Navy and was able to get an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis which he entered in about 1836. Thus his entry to his country's service was quite orthodox.

However, a hot headed family streak put him in difficulty on his first trip out as a midshipman. He and a shipmate got into an altercation which, it was agreed, could be settled only by a duel. Since duelling was taboo on shipboard, they had to wait until they reached the coast of Africa to which the ship was headed. In the duel McDougal shot his antagonist in the groin but himself was saved by a bullet striking one of the brass buttons of his uniform.

David had the qualifications of a fine officer, though, and was made Captain McDougal prior to the Mexican war during which he had charge of a vessel at the bombardment of Vera Cruz.

In about 1862 he generated some more difficulty in the harbor of Yokohama, Japan, when he refused to honor a manifesto of the Mikado's ordering all foreign vessels out of Japanese ports. This called for strong measures and the Lord High Executioner, delegated to enforce the Mikado's command, ordered the American vessel fired upon from the fort and also sent out a strong well manned Japanese warship to assure the success of the removal operation.

Captain McDougal returned the fire with a sixty-four pounder and a lucky hit struck the boiler of the Japanese ship causing an explosion and the loss of both the ship and the entire crew. In those days, instead of creating an international crisis, this made something of a national hero of McDougal. His naval career climaxed in effective service to the Union cause during the war between the states when he had charge of the defense along the eastern seaboard.

Skipping over the fourth son, we come now to George, the youngest, who really was a character. He, too, had the family westerly itchy toes and got to California before gold rush days. He was there long enough to "become a merchant" and to be challenged to fight a duel, possibly in defense of some action of his brother's.

Both parties were arrested before the duel took place, which was provident because the conditions were revolvers at ten paces — a lethal distance for both duellists.

Mexico beckoned and away George went to spend some years, as old journalists politely phrased it, "in the hands of brigands which suited his roving disposition". It is unlikely he was a prisoner of the brigands or, if he was, that he was long in convincing them he was a suitable addition to their force.

Possibly tiring of brigandry, George tried returning to Indianapolis to settle down to a quiet life. But he could not stick it out for long.

Whereupon, he went to San Francisco to take a ship for South America. We lose him for a number of years until he was "discovered" in Patagonia where he was the chief of Patagonian tribe!

The first person of the outside world to stumble on McDougal's whereabouts was a Captain Jones who was taking a war vessel to the Japanese government. Sailing along the coast of Patagonia, his attention was attracted by natives making signs

Tip of our Tams to . . .

Miss Elizabeth MacDougall of New York, among the earliest members of our Society.

Her enthusiasm and dedication prompted her to introduce other members of her own family to the Society by subscribing for guest memberships for them — five in all, if our count is correct, who became good members through this gesture of Miss MacDougall's.

Elizabeth MacDougall, too, when the announcement concerning sustaining membership went out was among the first to send her check and have her membership changed to this classification.

Don't you agree she deserves the thanks of our entire Society?

There are others also, to whom we want to tip our tams in future issues, among the 26 sustaining members having faithfully paid their \$25 annual dues and among the 19 life members who contributed \$100 to the Society who have strengthened the bonds of clanship by financial assistance in making theirs a family of members.

EVENTS OF 1972 GATHERING —

Linville, North Carolina, July 7, 8 and 9

Friday night: Traditional Scottish ceilidh; also, this year for the first time, a bag pipe concert by the world's foremost piper
Saturday morning: Clan MacDougall Society board meeting at Eseeola Lodge immediately followed by the annual general meeting

Saturday afternoon: Assemble at the MacDougall tent on MacRae meadows to watch the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games

Saturday night: The Tartan Ball (formal dress)

Sunday morning: Church service on the meadows

Sunday afternoon: Conclusion of Highland Games

McDougal Brothers (continued)

for the vessel to stop. When a boat was let down and the party approached the shore, among the natives there was discovered a white man. George McDougal, of course, whose seven years with the Patagonians seem to have been happy ones, and whose sole object in making contact with Captain Jones was to inquire how the war between the states was progressing.

The second person to find George, according to a somewhat legendary version, was his brother Captain David McDougal whose ship was cruising around the Horn. Whether he bundled George up and took him home or merely persuaded him to give the sedentary life one more try is not known. George did return briefly to Indianapolis, however, though it was in New York City that he died, possibly waiting in the port to board a ship for somewhere.

A footnote comment might be made to the story of this extraordinary family. It seems curious that researchers' notes make no mention of the women in the four brother's lives. Did they marry? Did they have children? Somewhere among the Society's members there must be someone who knows. Such dynamic characters did not just vanish from the earth, nor did they live so long ago that many details, and likely more accurate ones, should not be available.



High Commissioner JOHN W. McDOUGALL being presented at New York Scottish Ball.

McDOUGAL SENTENCED BY CROWD

Margaret MacDougall Allen (Director Mrs. Don E., just in case TARTAN readers think there could possibly be two like her) has dredged up a most unusual McDougal item.

This time it is an old newspaper clipping which proves, if it proves anything, that all McDougals have not necessarily been better than they should be.

It seems that at Ligonier, in northern Indiana, on a cold day in January, 1858, an angry citizenry decided to make an example of a young man, not yet 24 years old. The young man was Gregory McDougal, and he had confessed to the theft of 34 horses, the robbing of four stores and two tanneries, breaking from two jails, and the passing of a large amount of counterfeit money. He did not, however, confess to murder which was the charge on which they proposed to hang him.

The newspaper clipping recounts that a mass vote was taken on the streets to see whether the majority of the citizens favored taking him to the gallows or letting him have a legal trial. "The counting of noses proved there was a slight edge in favor of hanging."

So, in spite of the fact that the state act of 1852 gave no power to the people to inflict a sentence of death, in spite of the fact that McDougal was only one of eight men captured at the same time and who confessed to the same crimes, and in spite of the fact that a charge of murder was not proved then or later — in spite of all this, on January 26 Gregory McDougal was placed in a wagon and taken four miles to Diamond Lake where a "vast crowd and full companies of regulators" attended the scheduled hanging.

Earlier that morning, at Gregory's request, his wife and their little child had been permitted to see him, and so had a clergyman. He was even granted the right to speak to the crowd, reportedly advising young men to take warning by his fate and asking God to forgive him his sins, before the props were kicked out from under the plank and he dropped to death.

The clipping states that this broke the power of the blacklegs and thieves and that gangmen scattered in every direction.

Gregory McDougal's body was buried in the old Northport Cemetery outside of Rome City, Indiana, having been "prepared for burial by a committee". Later, as reported, "some unknown person erected a headstone at his grave".

President's Message -

There is work to be done in connection with the office I hold, but there are certainly many compensations.

One of them is being privileged to represent Clan MacDougall and our Society at functions where we might otherwise not have received official recognition.

Two this year were particularly exciting. One was the Scottish Ball given last October in New York City by the American Scottish Foundation Incorporated, attended by more than 600 Scots, mostly in kilts. Press coverage of this event was so extensive I am sure most of you know that Chiefs of five Scottish Clans and their wives flew over from Scotland for the ball. I was very proud to be presented formally as the High Commissioner of Clan MacDougall.

The other was the annual ball of the Saint Andrew Society of Washington, D.C. This is always a spectacular affair and it was topped off by an authentic Highland Reel danced by at least 100 kilted guests and their ladies in long evening dresses with tartan sashes. Again I was happy for Clan MacDougall to receive merited recognition when I was introduced as your representative — especially since only a few years ago, as TARTAN readers may remember, there was not a piece of MacDougall tartan among all the other tartans at this outstanding Washington ball.

About a year ago when we first heard about the Scottish World Festival to be held in Toronto August 17 to 20, 1972, we explored the feasibility of holding our annual Clan Society meeting in Toronto in connection with it.

As those of you who were there know, we discussed it at our membership meeting last July. Certainly it promises to be a thrilling event with six hundred pipers coming from Scotland and a thousand more from all over the world, and a huge stadium from which to watch piping, drumming and dancing competition and mass bands performing every evening.

But, even if we could all find accommodations at the same hotel in Toronto, which is unlikely, we felt at the July meeting that the togetherness we have had at our Linville meetings would be lost in a big city.

Should any of you be planning to go to Toronto for the festival, however, please drop me a line right away and I will do my best to arrange a get-together and some official notice if possible for our Society.

Another compensation of my office is the letters I get from you with suggestions, news and questions — the variety of subjects showing how deeply we are all interested in our Clan.

For instance Karen McDougald of Fresno wants to know if we have clan stationery for members to order. We do not, of course, but it is an idea to bring up at the meeting to find out if there is enough interest to warrant ordering a supply.

Several members have sent me valuable historical material. Whenever possible this will appear in THE TARTAN as this is our best means of communicating with each other. But I wish I could hear from many more of you about current things or stories handed down by your parents or grandparents.

It takes all kinds of people to make a thoroughly human family and Clan MacDougall is no exception. It would be a dull one if it had been made up only of lords and ladies and, put delicately, cattle rustlers.

Statesman, general, physician, scientist, educator, housewife, Chief of a Patagonian tribe, robber and counterfeiter - all have borne the name that makes them clansmen. We even had one professional "wind sniffer", Lachie MacDougall by name, who was hired by the Newfoundland Railway to sniff out coming



Society Director
MARSHALL McDOUGLE

BACKGROUND BITS

Clan MacDougall Society Director Marshall McDougale of Erie, Pennsylvania, never talks much about himself, even when asked for a biographical sketch.

But this ebullient and much beloved member was born in Van Buren, Indiana, in 1904. The happiest thing about the event, he says, is that his father was a McDougale. His mother's name was Frazier.

He graduated from El Reno, Oklahoma High School and from Purdue University.

Somewhere along the way he learned to play the piano beautifully and is generous with his talent for making informal singfests great fun.

On the more serious side, his working career has centered around the New York Life Insurance Company, with which he is still connected.

Marshall and his delightful wife, Helen, have three daughters and four grandchildren. Marshall's brother, William E. McDougale, is also a member of the Society, as are his son and daughter and their families.

Because of short notice, THE TARTAN had a choice between a baby picture of our Director or the one that appears above which was taken at Hershey, Pennsylvania, a few years ago and is closest of the two to portraying the friendly, sturdy Scot we know. He terms himself in Gaelic "Qualchas An Aghaidhnan Creag" (as enduring as the hills).

Long may Marshall McDougale endure, with our other wonderful Directors, to guide the Society with their knowledge and enthusiasm.

President's Message (continued)

dangerous storms!

So let us have your news and stories for THE TARTAN, to bring us closer together. And meanwhile I hope to see many, many of you at our meeting in Linville July 8th.

High Commissioner

Louisiana's

W. W.
McDOUGALL



In the state of Louisiana, or for that matter in the whole country, there is no McDougall in public service so well and favorably known today as member William Wallace McDougall of Baton Rouge, Executive Director of Louisiana's Health Education Authority.

His selection as director of HEAL was announced in July of 1971 by its board of trustees after it had been endorsed by the chief administrators of Charity Hospital, the Louisiana State and Tulane University Medical Centers. However, McDougall's acceptance of this post was conditioned on his continuing to act as State Commissioner of Administration and special assistant to Governor John J. McKeithen until the first of the year.

In its way this typifies McDougall's philosophy and reputation as a public servant. He does not leave unfinished jobs behind him to move on to something more lucrative or more glamorous.

It must have been a great temptation, however, when shortly after he had accepted the directorship of HEAL he suddenly was offered the position of head of the New Orleans Domes Stadium, a \$130 million project with a challenging future. But McDougall turned it down because he had already committed himself to HEAL and to his own time schedule.

W. W. McDougall spent his early years in the federal Civil Service, then became Director of Personnel for Civil Service in Louisiana when it was organized in 1953. He served continuously in that post until 1968 when he was appointed Executive Assistant to Governor McKeithen.

The governor grew to think so highly of him and of his capabilities that he named him State Commissioner of Administration. But he could not do without him as executive assistant so he retained him in that position too, on an unpaid basis. To quote Governor McKeithen: "Mr. McDougall is an exceptional man . . . I submit, a rarity in state government". The governor has expressed this many times, in many ways, as have other leading citizens in evaluating McDougall's long and important service to the state.

The man on the street feels the same way, though McDougall is not a political handshaker and is not personally well known. Press and TV conveyed the image of him as a bulwark of integrity in something of a political morass. The man on the street sighed when McDougall turned down the Domes Stadium because it was a project close to his heart. The man on the street knows considerably less about HEAL. But he has confidence in McDougall being able to do what he sets out to do.

The state of Louisiana is proud of its W. W. McDougall; and W. W. McDougall is a member for the Society to be proud of.

Our Chief Expresses Thanks

Writing in her beautifully simple style, Madam MacDougall expresses her appreciation of the 500 dollar cheque sent last year by the Society.

"Please will you convey to the Society our very grateful thanks for the very generous gift which will certainly be put to good use for the preservation of Dunollie.

"We realize fully that you have financial difficulties as well as we do, which makes us appreciate this wonderful gift even more and your thought for us."

MacDougalls *On The Move*

The JOHN A. McDOUGALLS of Atlanta are spending about a year at Deltona, Florida, where he is directing the installation of a pair of large turbine generators for Florida Power & Light Company's Sanford Plant. They have none of the carefreeness of vacationing or retirement, but they are enjoying the Florida climate and they keep in touch with home by commuting fairly frequently between Deltona and Atlanta.

ROBERT, BONNIE and little CARLIN MacDOUGALL, who were at the University of Vancouver when last heard from in these columns, went to India recently on a grant for the Shastri-Indo-Canadian Council for research. Bob is collecting architectural material there and will return to this country as an assistant professor of architecture at Cornell University. His brother, DICK MacDOUGALL, travels a great deal, with Bermuda as a favorite weekend spot. In Bermuda he recently found an interesting print of Dunollie which is a particularly clear one, probably dated about 1860.

Member JOHN McDOUGALL of Birmingham, Michigan, General Manager of the Parts Division of the Ford Motor Company, has been transferred to Ford of Europe, Inc., as Vice President of Manufactory. His new address is Warely, Brentwood, Essex, England.

The MacDOUGALL brothers of Rhode Island, and the only members we have in Rhode Island, stay constantly on the move. GEORGE B. MacDOUGALL sails out of New York on the U.S. Navy ship Marine Fiddler, and DEXTER E. MacDOUGALL sails out of Philadelphia on the S.S. Golden Gate. Their brother, ARTHUR L. MacDOUGALL, also of Providence, may stay closer to home but his son and namesake has been stationed at Baumholder, Germany, and had occasion to visit Scotland and Dunollie Castle last summer.



THE SCOTIA DANCERS
John J. MacDougall and Katie Rule
Charles Robertson and Betty Anderson

Gaelic Name Game

In The Scotian and other places lately the Gaelic counterpart of proper names has appeared. It is amusing to see how we would sign ourselves in Gaelic.

Our last name would appear of course as DUBH-GALL or DHUGHAILL, with the MAC optional. To this we would tack on the appropriate one of the following:

Adam	ADHAMH
Alexander	ALASDAIR
Allan	AILEAN
Andrew	AINDREA
Angus	AONGHUS
Archibald	GILLEASBUIG
Barbara	BARABAL
Bridget	BRIGHDE
Catherine	CATRIONA
Charles	TEARLACH
Charlotte	TEARLAG
Christina	CAIRSTIONA
Colin	CAILEAN
David	DAIBHIDH
Donald	DOMHNULL
Dorothy	DIOR-BHAIL
Duncan	DONNCHADH
Edward	EIDEARD
Elizabeth	EALASAI
Flora	AIONNGHAL
Francis	FRANGAN
Geoffrey	GOIRIDH
George	DEORSA
Gracw	GIORSAL
Gilbert	BILLE-BRIGHDE
Hugh	AODH
Helen	EILIDH
Henrietta	OIGHRIG
Ivor	IOMHAR
Isabella	ISEABAL
Janet	SEONAI
Julia	SILIS
Jane	SINE
James	SEUMAS
John	EOIN, IAIN
Kenneth	COINNEACH
Lawrence	LABHRUINN
Lily	LILI
Louis	LUTHAIS
Malcolm	CALUM
Margaret	MAIREAD
Mary	MAIRI

Happy Days

The wedding of a favorite clan member, BARBARA DIANNE McDOUGALL of Greenville, South Carolina, took place on January 29th at Christ Episcopal Church, with reception at the Poinsett Club following the ceremony. The lucky man is Earl Prevost and the Society wants to congratulate him and to see a lot of him and Dianne in the future.

Another special favorite, LIEUTENANT NEIL A. MacDOUGALL of St. Andrews School, Middleton, Delaware, was married last fall we are told. THE TARTAN is sadly lacking in details but all of Neil's friends eagerly look forward to meeting his bride.

They Will Be Missed

MRS. MARION McDOUGALL, a member since 1969, passed away in Pensacola, Florida, last fall. She was the mother of member John McDougall of Norfolk, Virginia, and of member Mrs. Jean McDougall Reynolds also of Pensacola.

Members JOHN MacDOUGALL DAVIS and C. BRYANT MacDOUGALL were saddened by the loss of family member BRUCE MacDOUGALL in Seattle last fall. He had been the city prosecutor for Seattle for 34 years before his retirement in 1964.

And in Worcester, Massachusetts, we lost member BRUCE MacDOUGALL last October.

Marjory	MARSAH
May	MAILI
Martin	MARTAINN
Michael	MICHEIL
Muriel	MUIREALI
Norman	TORMOD
Nicol	NEACAL
Neil	NIALL
Patrick	PADRUIG
Peggy	PEIGI
Peter	PEADAR
Rachel	RAONAI
Robert	RAIBEART
Roderick	RUARAI
Ronald	RAONULL
Sarah	SORCHA
Samuel	SOMHAIRLE
Simon	SIM
Susy	SIUSAIDH
Thomas	TOMAS
William	UILLEAM
Winifred	UNA

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

Mr. John W. McDougall
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 Dues: \$5.00

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.