

The Tartan



Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada

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GENEL LOAIRN

"KINDRED OF LORN" PART II

With the mighty Somerled at the peak of his power, married to the Norse Princess Ranghildis, the future of his sons seemed assured. Dugall had two younger brothers, Reginald and Angus, and a half brother, Gillecolum, by his father's former marriage to the great Fergus of Galloway's daughter.

So, though the kingdom of Dalriada had long since ceased to be an entity, Somerled's sons had blood claim to large parts of it — Gillecolum through his mother, in Galloway once held by the Gabrains; Dugall and his brothers in lands once held by the kindred of Lorn, plus extensions to the north through Ranghildis' Norse kinship.

However, there was little security in the family's hard-won position. While the westernmost Scots had been savagely battling the Picts and Norsemen, other Scots migrating east and south had formed a kingdom of Scotland with a kingship, often bloodily disputed, creating a king of all the Scots. Our isolation from this kingdom was more or less geographical.

When Ranghildis' father, Olaf the Red, was murdered and his son took over his possessions, Somerled sought to put Dugall in his place as king of the Isles and Man. In 1156, in a naval battle, Somerled was only partially successful, seizing Kintyre and the islands south of Ardnamurchan. Two years later he reassembled his forces and captured Man.

Soon, though, he had to turn his attention to the kingdom of Scotland which had covetous eyes on our rugged coast and the western isles. Somerled, though mighty, could not wage war on so many fronts. At Renfrew in 1164 he and his son Gillecolum were slain in a battle with the king of Scotland.

After Somerled's death, Man was abandoned to the Norse. But Dugall held Coll, Tiree, Mull, Jura and the district of Lorn, with the castles of Dunollie and Dunstaffnage. He was called king of the Isles. He used the territorial name D'Ergadia (of Argyll).

Thus it was Dugall of Argyll, Lord of Lorn and king of the Isles, who founded and became the first Chief of Clan MacDougall.

His son Duncan, Lord of Lorn, succeeded to his father's possessions and in 1230, which was a fairly peaceful time, Duncan founded Ardchattan Priory on the shore of Loch Etive. It was a house of the Valliscaulians, a branch of the Carthusians, and many members of the MacDougall family were to hold office there. It became the MacDougall burial ground. A portion

of a stone cross dated 1240, and bearing the galley and supporters, is still there and is said to be the stone of Duncan.

In 1249 when King Hakon of Norway needed to shore up his position in the isles, which had fallen into a very unsettled state, he commissioned Duncan's son Ewan, Lord of Lorn, as regent to the Isles. This put Ewan in the position of holding half of his lands from Norway and half from the king of Scotland. It prompted the Scottish king, Alexander II, to offer Ewan of Lorn a trade of large grants of land on the mainland in exchange for surrendering the isles. Ewan refused the offer and Alexander set out to take the isles by force. The expedition had gotten as far as the island of Kerrera when Alexander took sick and died, for the time being leaving Ewan in possession of the isles.

Alexander III of Scotland in 1263 renewed the attempt and Hakon of Norway sailed with a large fleet to defend the isles. Hakon hoped that Ewan would join him against Alexander. However, in a meeting they are purported to have had, Ewan proffered the return to Hakon of all the lands he held from him but declined to do battle with the Scottish king. Thereupon Hakon took Ewan prisoner.

But within the year, Hakon had lost and the western isles were to revert to the Scottish. Ewan of Lorn was needed by both sides to act as mediator. Hakon released him and gave him gifts; Alexander III restored to him all his possessions.

(Continued on page 2)



Ardchattan Priory on Loch Etive, founded by Duncan, Lord of Lorn, in 1230. Many McDougalls were Priors there, and it became the MacDougall burial ground.

Sir Alexander MacDougall, fourth Lord of Lorn, was the first of the MacDougalls to actively enter into the internal politics of the kingdom of Scotland. He married a daughter of the first Red Comyn, which put him on the side of the Baliols. However, it was the murder of the Red Comyn by Robert Bruce which turned the MacDougalls into Bruce's bitter enemies.

The two battles between Bruce and Alexander's son John of Lorn are familiar MacDougall history. Bruce's forces were routed in the first and "The Brooch of Lorn" was torn from his shoulder; in the second, Bruce was victorious and Alexander had to surrender his castle of Dunstaffnage and his estates were forfeit to King Robert the first.

John, himself, died in England, having become Admiral of the Fleet in the Western Isles to Edward II after his defeat by Bruce.

His son, Ewan, became fifth Lord of Lorn when he married Joanna, a cousin of the Scottish king, and Lorn was restored to him in 1344. Ewan now lived at Dunollie. He had two daughters, co-heiresses, who both married Stewarts and thus took the lordship of Lorn from the MacDougalls and into the Stewart family.

The chiefship of the clan and the lands and castle of Dunollie now came to Ian, grandson of Duncan, the brother of Sir Alexander, and in the direct male line from Somerled.

From this point in clan history, Alexander James MacDougall of MacDougall, writing in "S.M.T. Magazine" and Scottish Country Life, skips to some of the later more historic events.

It was in 1645 that the MacDougalls joined Montrose in the campaign of Argyll, at the end of which about two hundred of them were besieged at Dunaverty castle. When they were finally forced to surrender, under a flag of truce, the whole garrison was massacred by Leslie's men, and the MacDougall lands were laid waste.

By 1686, however, they got most of them back by a charter signed by James II at Windsor, granting to Allan, 20th chief of the clan, the greater part of the land of Lorn. This was in appreciation for Allan's part in finally putting down the attempted rebellion of the Earl of Argyll.

Ian Ciar, the 21st chief, in 1715 fought under the Earl of Mar for the Jacobite cause. His wife Mary's successful defense of Dunollie castle while he was away with Mar's army is a story of courage; but the rising failed and MacDougall estates were once again forfeit. Ian Ciar had to go into hiding in France and Ireland until he was finally pardoned, at the end of twelve years.

The 22nd chief, Alexander, did not join the popular and tragic 1745 rising. Tradition says that his wife poured a pot of boiling water over his foot to prevent him from taking part in it. In any event, his abstinence resulted in the MacDougalls lands being restored to him.

The days of warlords were over. The kings of England, Scotland and Norway had drawn their countries' boundaries.

At Dunollie thenceforth the MacDougalls chiefs, still proudly bearing the arms with the dragon-headed galley of Alexander D'Ergadia's seal, the beacon on top of the mast for the Lordship of Lorn, and the crowned lions rampant for royal blood, served their country and tended their estates. They were: Patrick, Admiral Sir John, Captain Alexander John, Lt. Col. Charles Allan, Henry Robert Lawrence, familiar family names mostly, right down to Lt. Col. Alexander James MacDougall of MacDougall, to whom we are indebted for the resume of our clan history. And down to his eldest daughter, in direct descent from Somerled, our chief, Madam MacDougall of MacDougall, Maid of Lorn.



John A. McDougall, new Secretary-Treasurer, with his wife, Marie, chatting with incumbent Howard D. MacDougall at the Highland Games.

NEW SECRETARY-TREASURER

When John A. McDougall takes over the office of Secretary-Treasurer in July 1974, he will be the third member to assume this demanding position since the Society was formed.

Donald McDougal, Jr., one of the founding members, held it until 1968 when business matters forced him to resign. Fortunately for the Society, Howard D. MacDougall agreed to accept the office when asked by the Board to do so. By this time the Society had grown and its affairs become so complicated that it was almost impossible to operate it as a one-man job. Marie MacDougall pitched in and it has been a man-wife team in office ever since. Capable, tireless effort has produced the results we now have. Outside pressure, however, made it necessary for Howard to tender his resignation last July, to become effective in July 1974.

Fortune smiles on the Society again with the election of John A. McDougall, formerly of Atlanta, now of Florida, with his charming energetic wife, Marie, a built-in man-wife team with all the qualifications to carry on as Secretary-Treasurer.

John has been a Director since 1969 and thoroughly familiar with the mechanics of running the organization. His business career has been with Westinghouse Electric Corporation in the field of installing and servicing power generation equipment. His move from Atlanta to Florida was occasioned when he was made Service Manager for Florida Utilities.

All of us in the Society owe an immeasurable debt of gratitude to Howard and Marie MacDougall upon their retirement, and to Donald McDougal, Jr., who lead off in the exacting office. And we owe thoughtful allegiance to the John A. McDougalls, to make their tough day-in, day-out unpaid job easier. One of the ways to do this is to see that your change of address, your check for dues, or other matters properly belonging in the hands of the Secretary-Treasurer, is sent promptly and directly to them.

Their permanent address will be repeated in all forthcoming issues of THE TARTAN to make it easy for members to locate.

A SOLUTION FOR YOUR MEDICAL PROBLEMS?

by Joanne H. Harvey

The Scottish Genealogist, in its September 1969 issue, gives a very brief account of the O'Connachers of Lorn, for many generations hereditary doctors to the MacDougalls of Lorn. The written evidence for this family begins about 1560 and ends about 1781. They are known to have owned and written medical books in Gaelic, and there apparently were several generations of these physicians prosperous enough to own property.

Who has a personal physician today? The idea of maintaining one's own physician, secretary, librarian, chaplain, cook, for-ester, steward, is foreign to our scale of living as we do increasingly more for ourselves and see professionals by appointment, for a fee. In the time considered here, a clan chief would be the head of a whole community, all living on his estates, employing jewelers, archers, falconers, sauce makers — a specialist for every function. A patron was the only form of permanent security for many of these specialists though doctors, then as now, could maintain a private practice.

How would your personal physician care for you? Medicine in this time was rudimentary. The medical schools were still teaching the discoveries of the Greeks, and the belief, from Hippocrates, that the body was composed of four liquids or "humors": blood (sanguis), phlegm (pituita), yellow bile (chol-erus) and black bile (melanchole). An O'Connacher would have been taught that one's disposition was related to the various humors prevailing in the body, and would have diagnosed a patient as sanguine, phlegmatic, choleric, or melancholy.

It was believed that some diseases were caused by an excess of blood, and naturally the patient would improve if some of this "bad blood" were removed. Hence the treatment of leeching or bloodletting. We can only wonder how many people have been killed by this treatment — probably one of the best known is George Washington who is considered by modern medicine to have had an excellent change of recovery, if he had not been bled! The slower heart beat, drop in temperature and the perspiration seen on many patients after bloodletting would be considered shock by today's physician, rather than a healthy reaction to the removal of excess blood.

An O'Connacher would have been skilled in the management of wounds and hopefully aware of the works of Ambroise Pare of France who taught that bleeding after amputations and major surgery should be stopped not by use of a red hot cauterizing iron, but by tourniquet. Also that gunshot wounds should be treated with soothing lotions rather than with boiling oil. The reduction of fractures and sprains would have been well known.

Plague would have been a major concern for the O'Connachers and MacDougalls. The British Isles suffered from plague from 1590, with deaths estimated at over 68,000 in the Great Plague of London in 1665, out of a national population of around 2,000,000. Did the MacDougalls cherish their isolation from London and Edinburgh at this time, and were they inhospitable to strangers who might have been carrying the disease? Probably not, because the principles of contagion were unknown.

Witchcraft was deeply feared. Witches, considered powerful, were tried and executed. The death of the witch was supposed to bring an end to the harm she was causing, such as sudden strokes, severe skin disorders and other diseases attributed to "witches evil". James I of Scotland and England wrote a highly regarded book on witches and their ways which was often consulted in preference to medical texts.

DOGS AT DUNOLLIE —

Ever since I can remember, says Madam MacDougall of MacDougall, the top of the stairs at the mansion house of Dunollie has been guarded by a pair of wooden Pekingese dogs carved from tree roots. It was my delight to play with them as a child, which may be responsible for my affection for the breed.

Pekingese dogs seem rather unsuitable for a Highland home perhaps, but Dunollie had of course a strong connection with China and the Far East in the 1700 and 1800's. Many of the sons of the family were in Army or Navy and spent years in the East. We have a charter given by King George IV to a great-great-grandfather permitting him to capture pirates in the China Seas.

So it is not strange that the fascinating Royal Dogs of China found their way, with their owners, half way around the world to Dunollie which, for fifty years at least, has seldom been without one.

In residence now are Hwang Feng (Yellow Wind), a silvery brindle, and his nephew, Chen Yu (Jade), a lovely red gold with a black face. Chen Yu's magnificent coat and exuberant youth can be rather a disadvantage, as when he fell into the goldfish pond it took an entire morning and a mountain of towels to get him dry and clean again.

Although Madam MacDougall has so far only found one reference to dogs in the early Dunollie letters — this is when one of the boys writing to her great grandfather says, "Uncle Allan is very vexed at having shot the old dog by accident" — within living memory there have always been dogs at Dunollie, usually two or three. I can still picture, Madam MacDougall says, the big old stone flagged kitchen, built about 1600, with a huge black iron range and its coal fire, in front of which lay a large red Irish setter, a spaniel and a West Highland terrier. Also there was an assortment of cats. The stout cook somehow managed to pick her way among them to cook.

Comfortable and amiable as this kitchen floor assemblage was, it was the little Pekingese which were looked to as guard dogs, and also as family companions.

Hwang Feng and Chen Yu carry on in the tradition, happy companions on long walks or beside the easy chair, but ready to growl furiously and hurl themselves at any intruder. Dunollie may belong to purely Scottish history but, as they see it, guarding it is the function of a couple of very small Chinese fellows.

Our ancestor's diet caused many problems, not then known to be nutritional. During the summer berries, fruits and vegetables, fresh meat, fish and fowl were available. During autumn and early winter the results of harvest were still abundant. But by mid winter and early spring, our MacDougalls suffered what was known in colonial days as "the starving time", with only salted meats, grain and a few dried fruits or root vegetables.

It was a different world four hundred years ago. Today's acupuncture, fad health foods, and exorcism may not be much forwarder than bloodletting and witchcraft, however now we at least have other choices. Our death rate is lower, we live longer.

But will the O'Connachers and the MacDougalls 400 years from now, we wonder, be looking back with amazement at how rudimentary our medical knowledge was in 1974?

President's Message

This is the eighteenth issue of THE TARTAN and so for the eighteenth time I am thinking what I can pass on to you that will bring you up to date on the affairs of our Society.

I can report that the Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada has stability. As the word pertains to this Society, like any other organization, it means financial stability, not riches. This is due largely to the dues from the Life and Sustaining members being ably handled by our Treasurer, Howard D. MacDougall who, with his wife Marie, retire for a well-earned rest from the position next July when another great husband-wife team, John and Marie McDougall of Sanford, Florida, take over the Secretary-Treasurership.

But it is due, too, to the dues from the regular members who form the backbone of any organization. When anyone is in arrears, it doubles the work of the volunteer officers. Few in number though you may be, I'd like to put in an aside to you if you are reading this column and are what we might call delinquent, to mail your check today. Or, if you are not sending your dues, drop us a line. An unexplained Clan Society dropout bothers us. We want to know why. We want to know what we did, or failed to do, that would make you willing to relinquish your tie to the great and ancient Clan represented in this country by the Society.

Enthusiastic support of our Society is a force we can all take pride in. Did you know that mainly due to the efforts of one member, Jean McDougall Robinson (Mrs. John L.) of Manchester, Illinois, her family has twenty, yes count them, twenty members in the Society? They are descendants of Eugene Edward McDougall and Villia Murdick McDougall and geographic scattering — Hawaii, North Dakota, Iowa, Oregon, California and, of course, Illinois — such scattering does not keep them from uniting in membership dedicated to enriching their heritage.

I think this family holds the record, but if we have other family memberships that would beat, tie, or even come close to Mrs. Robinson's, do tell me. Or, if you have a large family not already members, how about joining the competition?

Our Society does need new members, constantly. As with any organization, growth is a positive factor. Not so long ago we almost ran out of membership application blanks and had to dole them out as if they were negotiable paper. This was not because we could not get our wee change purse open to pay for having more printed. It was because we wanted to have the old forms revised to give us more valuable information for permanent Clan records. Decisions about what was needed took longer than expected, but we have the new application forms now. One is enclosed for you. Do take time to look at it for two reasons. First, to see how far we've come in getting our Society information blank in usable form. Second, and most important, to familiarize yourself with the clincher to use in making a new member out of an interested party. No longer do you have to look up my address and write me to send an application to someone. Just help them fill in the application, and send it in with their check. We will see that they promptly get their membership card, a copy of the By-Laws, a booklet telling of the history of our Clan and Dunollie Castle and, later, their handsome membership certificate which takes longer because it has to be hand lettered.

All of us I know have relatives and meet MacDougalls, McDowells and members of the Septs whom we would be proud to introduce to our Society.

Personally, I have yet to meet a MacDougall I didn't like. I'd like to meet many, many more. I'd like it best to meet them as members. If we all get to work, we can double our membership this year.



High Commissioner



Director Richard Howard MacDougall

BACKGROUND BITS

Richard Howard MacDougall of New York City, a most eligible bachelor and one of the five recently elected young directors, attended the meeting last July in Linville. It was his first meeting because for much of the time he has been a member, the government required his presence elsewhere. His parents, Secretary-Treasurer Howard D. MacDougall and Marie, had passed on to him their enthusiasm for the Society and its members and he found it very rewarding to actively participate.

Dick was born in Freeport, New York, June 7, 1945, the younger of two brothers. He was educated in the Freeport schools and then went to Boston University where he received a BA in Economics in June 1968. He was a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity, of the International Students Society, and was active on the Boston University newspaper.

On graduating from the University, he enlisted in the United States Army and served in Viet Nam in a combat division of the First Air Cavalry. He separated as a sergeant. During his stint in Viet Nam he visited Hong Kong, courtesy of the Army, and also developed a love for Australia for its beautiful scenery, and because of the warm reception given him by the "Aussies" on his R & R there.

His sports are tennis, swimming, skiing and especially sailing. He owned his first sailboat, a Blue Jay, when he was 12 years old. He later crewed on racing Lightning on Long Island Sound — the top Lightning in the fleet. The last two years he has raced on a Shields and during the winter on an eleven foot catboat, getting frostbites.

He is a member of the St. Bartholomaeus Community Club, and of the St. Andrew's Society of New York. Currently studying at the Art Student League in New York City, he is also an Assistant Trust Officer of the Chemical Bank of that city.

SCOTTISH BOOKSHELF

By Margaret MacDougall Allen

I am in study hall where I am teacher for the seventh hour this semester. If the youngsters tend to their work, I'll tend to mine and get this column written.

It's wonderful to report that you have been writing and telling me about things I would not have known. For instance, Barbara MacDougall recommends Sara MacLeod Walker's "HIGHLAND FLING COOKBOOK", the delightful cookery of Scotland. The Scottish recipes are transformed for the American table. A very descriptive introduction tells of the sounds and smells of cooking in her grandmother's house in Scotland. Almost every recipe starts with a paragraph of background material. Even if you don't try anything, the reading is fun.

Barbara MacDougall writes, too, about "OVER THE SEA TO SKYE" by John Selby. The author is an English military historian who has filled his narrative of the Forty-five and the inter-related tragedy of Bonnie Prince Charlie with color and adventure. The book has a tremendous number of illustrations and its reasonable length contributes to its readability. It is fascinating Scottish history.

"THE WOMAN FROM THE GLENN" by Chloe Gartner is an 18th century tale of the adventures of Jennie MacAllan and her twin brother who pledge allegiance to the Prince, and she rides with the clans for him.

Victor Canning's "THE FLIGHT OF THE GRAY GOOSE" is laid in the Highlands where a young boy and a wounded gray goose find refuge on an island in the loch and are given a home there by the laird who tends all kinds of sick creatures. An exciting discovery of long hidden treasure adds spice to the story.

Topping the best seller list at this writing is Gore Vidal's "BURR", a book about the opinions, actions and peculiarities of the founding fathers of this country in which a Scotsman, General Alexander McDougall (THE TARTAN March 1966, and LIFE MAGAZINE February 23, 1968) appears often enough to be of special interest to us. Aaron Burr, according to Vidal, thought highly of General McDougall, an esteem he bestowed on few. As our new nation fumbled to establish its pattern, factions split fanatically on many issues. Surprisingly, one of the bitterest was on banks and banking. Until 1781 there was no bank at all in America.

To leave the book about Aaron Burr, but not General McDougall, we come to a book which probably would be found only on a banker's shelf, the "HISTORY OF THE BANK OF NEW YORK AND TRUST COMPANY" by Allan Nevins which gives such a humanizing description that it bears quoting: "It is a brisk day late in February, 1784, in a little town that sprawls across the tip of Manhattan Island. One of its 23,000-odd citizens sits at breakfast in his house on Queen Street before an open fire that gives the only available heat. He sips his tea, and unfolds the small crinkling sheets of the New York 'Packet', one of four newspapers then appearing in the city. This is General Alexander McDougall, brisk, decisive, a Scot by birth but an American now — merchant, former state senator, President of the Society of the Cincinnati. He glances through his paper and his eyes fall on a notice."

The notice was a brief advertisement inviting any gentlemen interested in establishing a bank to meet the next evening at six o'clock at the Merchant's Coffee House. General McDougall attended the meeting and the rest is Bank of New York history. After the required capitalization was subscribed, Aaron Burr being one of the shareholders incidentally, McDougall was chosen President and William Seton, another Scot, Cashier. For

fifteen years the Bank of New York was to stand alone, the center around which the financial life of the town revolved.

I seem to be spinning from one thing to another, not sticking to Scotland as I probably should. I might as well go one step further and let you read the poem my Irish friend, Kenneth O'Meara, sent me for my column with the wry comment: "Now we can see how deep the racial memories of the American clans go." He calls it "The Sassenach":

Since the renegade
Angle Lairds
Were used by Saxon wights
To destroy the Gaelic Bards
And clansman rights;
Stole their lands
Where crofters kept
Secure in Sept,
Replaced lads and lassies
With foreign sheep;
Haven't these Lairds lost
With blood we spilt
Rights to wear our kilt?

Keep writing to me, please. I am so grateful for your help. My address is the same: 323 Walnut St., Allegan, Mich. 49010.

1974 GATHERING

Linville, North Carolina
July 12, 13 & 14

This year there will be an innovation to delight the members at the MacDougall Scotch Treat Dinner Friday night, and at The Tartan Ball. Barbara McDougall (Mrs. George E.), donor of the banner last year, will lead a group of her friends from Greenville in a chorus of Scottish songs. Amateurs, because they are unpaid, their voices and arrangements are professional.

Marshall McDougall will again be in charge of the MacDougall Dinner, assisted by Rhetta McDowell, Barbara McDougall, and Neil MacDougall. They are looking for a large, enthusiastic turnout. They say it will be even better this year than last.

John A. McDougall is again Tent Chairman, and is looking for lots of MacDougalls on the meadow.

The program this year:

FRIDAY

- 4:00 p.m. Board of Directors of Clan MacDougall Society meet at Sugar Mountain Lodge
- 6:00 p.m. MacDougall Scotch Treat Cocktail and Dinner party at Sugar Mountain Lodge

SATURDAY

- 9:00 a.m. General Meeting of Clan MacDougall Society at Eseeola Lodge Pavillion
- Immediately following meeting, assemble at MacDougall tent on MacRae meadow to watch Grandfather Mountain Highland Games
- 9:00 p.m. The Tartan Ball (formal dress) seated at MacDougall tables

SUNDAY

- 11:00 a.m. Church services on the meadow
- 2:00 p.m. Men join the Parade of the Tartans, marching behind MacDougall banner



Hugh and Eleanore MacDougall with Mr. Pedro Baessa, member of the Portuguese National Assembly, in Nampula, Mozambique.

MEMBERS AT HAME AND AWA —

MARGARET and LOWELL LEONARD of Hendersonville, N. C., had their 53rd wedding anniversary last October 30th and were given a beautiful surprise party to celebrate it.

MR. & MRS. LESTER L. McDOWELL of Silver Spring, Maryland, announced the marriage of their widowed daughter, HEATHER McDOWELL KREUZBURG, to William Nelson Thrasher last October. All of Heather's friends in the Society are so happy that she and baby Jennifer have found a new life to go forward into.

HUGH and ELEANORE MacDOUGALL of the U.S. State Department have regretfully left Mozambique. They say of it: "We have come to love the xylophone music of the Chopi people of Savala, the Marabenta dance of the Ronga, and the fado singing of the Portuguese. We have sampled and practiced cooking from Portugal, from India, from China and from Africa. We have seen the city of Lourenco Marques growing up visibly all around us. And we have come to hope that this little known, and little appreciated, corner of the world will continue to develop as a melting pot of different races and cultures." (They comment, incidentally, that the Tweedle Dee, Tweedle Dum so popular at the MacDougall party last July must have originally come from Africa.) Their new assignment will be in Dar-es-Salaam, Tanzania, for which they are now taking a six months intensive Swahili language study.

BETTY and JOHN MacDOUGALL, our president and his lady, were guests of honor at the St. Andrew's Society of Florida 5th annual dinner. The attention of the Floridians was brought to Clan MacDougall Society and the Grandfather Mountain gathering by the official announcement that the McDougalls would attend the dinner.

TRUDIE and HUGH MacDOUGALL turned a cold shoulder on the energy crisis by spending a winter vacation in Guatemala.

PADMINI and BILL McDOUGAL, who were in Vientiane, Laos, with the Asia Foundation the last time THE TARTAN had word from them, are still there. They report that the last year has been relatively quiet, aside from an attempted coup d'etat and a threatened flood of the mighty Mekong, and that there is at least hope for a truly neutral state. Padmini and Bill stay busy with civic activities and interesting visits to nearby countries when their assignment permits.

EDWARD D. McDOUGAL's picture appeared in the Princeton Alumni Magazine, as clipped and sent in by WYNNE and NEIL MacDOUGALL. The picture was accompanied by a very bad poem which goes:

"He's Scotch, he's bright, and he's frugal
He lives on a hill
In Libertyville.
And he'll do the unusual."

Without commenting on Princetonian poetic talents, Wynne and Neil pointed out a truism. Ed McDougal seems to be as popular with his classmates as he is with all of us.

CONCERNING CHRISTMAS CARDS —

The personal Christmas greeting our Chief, Madam MacDougall of MacDougall, sends to Clan Society members could not be sent this last Christmas because, as she was starting to address them, Mr. MacDougall became ill and had to be hospitalized. She has asked several times that this be explained because the Christmas greeting is a cherished link between her and the members. Only a serious emergency could cause her to have missed sending them last year.

Mr. MacDougall's illness, from which he is just now recovering, also caused them to cancel plans for a Christmas gathering of the entire family at Dunollie, unusual because of the difficulty these days of getting such a large family together, and unusual last winter because due to fuel shortage the lovely old mansion would have been aglow with old fashioned oil lamps and wood fires.

Meanwhile from this country, our President sent a number of Christmas cards with a picture of "MacDougall of Lorne" and, imaginably, a galley and Dunollie castle in the background. Several people have asked where he got the cards. He is glad to tell any interested members that they came from: The Wee Piper, 1312 West 18th Court, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33315. The cards without printed Christmas message can be used for note paper.

THEY WILL BE MISSED —

MRS. DONALD (MARJORIE) McDOUGAL passed away suddenly on November 10th at their home in Whitewater, Wisconsin. She is remembered fondly by members who met her at the Highland Games the year our Chief came over as the guest of honor. More importantly, her ties to the Society were long and strong. The Donald McDougals had entertained Madam MacDougall and Mr. MacDougall on their first visit to the United States, before Clan MacDougall Society was formed. Their son, Donald, was the Society's first Secretary-Treasurer. The Society extends sympathy to father and son and the family in their loss.

HERBERT C. MURDAUGH of Jackson, Tennessee, a member of our Society and also a member of Clan Donald Society of Edinburgh, died on September 22nd after more than ten weeks in the hospital. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Ann Wall Murdaugh. Mr. Murdaugh had been with the G M & O and I C Gulf for 45 years. Former Railroad employees were named as honorary pallbearers, and numerous fraternal organizations to which he belonged mourned his passing. Clan MacDougall Society wishes to express sympathy to Mrs. Murdaugh.

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