

The Tartan



Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada

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Leslie Grahame MacDougall, Esq., R.S.A.

Last June our Chief lost her beloved husband and Clan MacDougall lost one of its staunchest supporters, Leslie Grahame MacDougall.

When Colonel Alexander James MacDougall of MacDougall and Dunollie, 29th Chief of the Clan, died on March 13, 1953, he left three daughters, and no sons. Of these Coline Helen Elizabeth MacDougall Grahame-Thomson was the eldest, married but without children. Jean MacDougall Hadfield, the second daughter, was married to Dr. Stephen Hadfield and they had two daughters. Hope MacDougall of MacDougall was the youngest, unmarried.

In direct line of succession, the Chiefship now passed to Mrs. Leslie Grahame-Thomson. In Clan matters, however, it was desirable to use her maiden name. So Leslie Grahame-Thomson offered to add MacDougall to his name, as is a not unusual custom in Scotland in cases of inheritance and the like, and became legally Leslie Grahame MacDougall, dropping the Thomson only because so many names seemed unwieldy. His wife then was confirmed in the arms and supporters by Lyon Court as Madam Coline MacDougall of MacDougall, baroness of Dunollie, when she became the 30th Chief of Clan MacDougall.

Of his 77 years, Leslie Grahame MacDougall actively devoted much of his last 25 years to clan interests. He was a most gracious host alongside Madam MacDougall to countless clan members from Canada, the United States, Australia, England and all parts of the world who visited Dunollie. He attended clan rallies in Scotland, and came to North Carolina where the MacDougalls were guests of honor at the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games, and where he charmed everyone who met him. He took pride in the Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada was on hand when it was organized in Chicago. He researched clan history, working with other members of the family who were chronicling it for future generations.



Madam MacDougall and Mr. MacDougall at Grandfather Mountain Highland Games, 1969.



Madam MacDougall of MacDougall and Mr. Leslie Grahame MacDougall receiving at the Tartan Ball, 1969.

His interest and influence in clan affairs stemmed from an intellectually very broad base. He was recognized as one of Scotland's leading architects, especially noted for his beautiful church designs. He was a full academician of the Royal Scottish Academy and past president of the Royal Incorporation of Architects in Scotland. He had a tremendous knowledge of architectural history and was an earnest student of Scottish history in general. This made his services particularly valuable as Chairman of the Architectural Committee of the Scottish National Trust. In later years he was generous with help and advice to young architects. He did much voluntary work advising on church building and repairs. He was an Elder of the Church of Scotland.

He never lost his love and appreciation of music, or his rich voice that had been opera-trained in younger days. He travelled the world extensively, beginning with a sojourn in Egypt where he was sent by the Army in World War I. And he always travelled with a keen eye and the ability to make exquisite sketches of what he saw and liked.

Leslie Grahame MacDougall, tall, slim, good looking, kilted, personified the finest of Scottish gentlemen. His sense of humor, like his charm, was infallible.

Lest one of such stature, and proud of his own ancestors, seem to be cast in the shadow of MacDougall, it should be remarked that, though he became very much a part of the clan and devoted much time to it, he maintained a characteristic balance. During the daytime the kilt, which he almost always wore, was usually his own Grahame tartan. At clan events and evening functions, he wore the MacDougall. He was proud of both.

When he died, his coffin was covered with a MacDougall plaid. At the graveside a piper played "Amazing Grace", a very old tune. "We did not have the traditional lament, 'The Flowers of the Forest'," Madam MacDougall was speaking from her heart with a deep understanding of the man she loved, "I felt sadness was quite out of keeping with Leslie."

McDougalls of the Plains

In the heart of the city of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, surrounded by highrise business buildings, stands a tiny old church. It is the George McDougall Memorial Church, a museum now. Beside it is the large modern McDougall United Church. It was in this building, incidentally, that graduation exercises were held when Society Director George E. McDougall and his wife, then Barbara Gillman, received their sheepskins.

In the heart of the city, too, until April 1947, stood a stately historical mansion known as the McDougall House. The struggle to preserve the house as a historical site under the Alberta Heritage Act was reported to us by member Allen M. McDougall from its inception to the sad day when the wrecking ball made way for a new YWCA building.

In its central position overlooking the city there is McDougall Hill, long a favorite spot for sightseeing. And in the Centennial Library's Edmonton room is a granite and bronze statue of John Alexander McDougall trading furs for goods with an Indian.

The name McDougall, it would seem, made a memorable impression on the city of Edmonton. And so it did, though the so-named places and things do not stem from one man, or even one family. Edmonton, itself, in the elapse of a hundred years, has some difficulty in sorting out which McDougall did what, but they know the name is synonymous with the hardships of pioneer days on the plains. They know the McDougall men with their families made difficult, often hazardous, treks from east to west across Canada travelling by steamboat, by stagecoach, by barge with a homemade tent set up on deck, by horseback and by dogsled. And they know their lives as fur traders and advocates of Christianity were inextricably tied to those of the Plains Indians.

Of the McDougall pioneers, George Millward McDougall was the first to arrive in Alberta. He made the perilous journey, along with his son John, then about 19 years old and eldest of seven children, arriving in 1861. The next year he returned to bring out his family to the mission he planned to establish at Victoria. Though he had served in the militia and had briefly engaged in trade, his goal had always been to become an ordained minister and missionary to the Indians.

For the next several years the mission flourished and George was happy in the zeal which sent him far afield to visit Indian encampments. But in 1870 disaster struck. In his own words:

August 16, 1870

Surrounded by circumstances that cannot be described I sit down to pen a few lines . . . Two days after I arrived home John was taken very ill, and is now in critical state . . . On Saturday our most beloved local preacher died . . . The Blackfoot, driven to desperation by the awful scourge which has cut off more than one half of their tribe, have sought to propitiate their deities by murder and robbery. They have stolen our horses and killed our cattle; articles of clothing and human hair, infected with the smallpox, have been left in our village . . . Sad news has reached us



Tiny original George McDougall Church, over 100 years old, beside modern McDougall United Church in downtown Edmonton.

from the Mountain Stonies. The Blackfoot left clothing in their neighborhood; the thoughtless Stonies took up the blankets, little thinking that one half of their nation would pay the price.

September 25, 1870

The disease first appeared in our own family, and on the 13th our youngest daughter (Florrie) aged eleven died.

October 23, 1870

We are now passing through deep waters, all prostrate with the fearful disease except Mrs. McDougall and she is exhausted watching.

October 28, 1870

This morning I buried our Anna. My son-in-law, Mr. (Richard) Hardisty, dug her grave at the foot of Florrie's.

November 1, 1870

At five o'clock this afternoon our Georgiana breathed her last . . .

Writing in THE BEAVER magazine of the Hudson's Bay Company, Iris Allan, author of "Boy in Buckskins", quoted these excerpts from George McDougall's journals and letters in an excellent article about the missionary family.

It is a story of deprivation in a land where buffalo, which they hunted for meat, was often scarce and they lived on berries supplemented occasionally by fish. Dedicated as he was to serving the Indians, George could not help writing, "My wife says it is better not to think of bread while we cannot have it . . . but judging from my feelings this morning the sight of a four pound loaf would produce in my heart the liveliest gratitude."

Following the terrible days of the smallpox, Reverend George McDougall and his gentle wife Elizabeth moved their family to palisaded Fort Edmonton. Here they built the church which still stands, though moved from its original site.

After the church was finished, however, George plunged again into his work with the Plains Indians. He advocated so strongly against the whiskey traders' traffic and the devastation it caused among the tribes that his influence went far toward inducing the federal authorities to organize the Mounted Police and send them out into the west. He even journeyed once to

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CLAN MAC DOUGALL'S SECOND PARTY

by Marshall McDougale

When your Directors decided three years ago it would be a good idea to have a party just for MacDougalls and their guests on the Friday night preceding the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games, no one knew how many would attend. We were happy that first year when forty-four came, and all asked for a repeat performance in 1974. This time eighty-eight signed up in advance.

It is too long a guest list to include here but among those for special note, I believe, were new members, the John R. McDougall family with their four children who had journeyed the farthest, from Toronto, Canada; the Lowell Leonard party from Hendersonville, N. C., long time members who had not been able to attend lately; Donald A. McDougall, Jr., and his family of Muscoda, Wisconsin, our popular former Secretary-Treasurer whom we had not seen since business forced him to resign; and John McD. Moore with his family from Lexington, N. C., who should be named official clan photographer for the beautiful pictures he took at our party and on the meadow.

We had the party again at Sugar Mountain Lodge and it started off with cocktails and a friendship hour. Harvey Ritch, our official piper, then piped the haggis into the dining room — a beautiful haggis on a huge silver platter. It tasted as good as it looked, we found out when we were all given a portion, because this was a special haggis made for the occasion and donated by Mrs. Harvey Ritch herself. Simms McDowell gave the "Ode to the Haggis" and, using his dirk, made the first cut in it. Then I presented the silver quaich I was carrying, filled with Macdougall's Oil of Joy, to Harvey Ritch who quaffed it off, in the custom known as "paying the piper".

Howard MacDougall gave the Robert Burns grace and everyone was seated for a delicious dinner. Between courses young Karen Swanson of Ft. Pierce, Florida, presented our President with a cleverly designed bottle holder she had made, and her brother Scott, a talented young piper, played for us an old Scottish tune called "Mrs. McDougall".



Barbara McDougall with Jean Hiatt and Betsy Farnsworth in special performance of Scottish songs.

Then it was time for the treat we had been waiting for — Barbara (Mrs. George E.) McDougall with her Tartan Trio in a superb performance of Scottish songs. The trio, besides Barbara, consists of Jean Hiatt and Betsy Farnsworth, with Sophie Meares as accompanist. But these lovely ladies from Greenville, S. C., had been nice enough to bring along their equally attractive husbands, Bill Hiatt, Jim Farnsworth and Ed Meares. And to keep the record straight, Barbara's husband George had flown non-stop from Belgium to get there in time for the party.

After the formal program, song sheets were passed around and we had a grand singalong before joining hands for Auld Lang Syne.



Simms McDowell recites Ode to the Haggis as John McDougall holds it aloft and Marshall McDougale carries quaich from which to "pay the piper", Harvey Ritch, in background.

An old Gaelic benediction seems to me to express the way we MacDougalls feel as we part each year:

*May the road rise to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back,
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
May the rains fall soft upon your fields,
And until we meet again
May God hold you in the hollow of his hand.*



Scott Swanson, talented young piper and son of member Ed Swanson, plays "Mrs. McDougall" for MacDougall party.

BACKGROUND BITS



In Society Director John Wellen McDougall's immediate background is his marriage to Sara Child Houston on August 24th in Louisville, Kentucky. A multitude of friends came to be with Sally and John for the busy weekend crowded with delightful parties. Our High Commissioner and Mrs. McDougall feted the young couple with a rehearsal dinner party at the Pendennis Club. The wedding service was solemnized at the Church of the Ascension and, immediately following, guests were entertained at a beautiful reception by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew O. Houston, at the Louisville Country Club. After a honeymoon in the Virgin Islands, the newlyweds have returned to Nashville where they have bought a home.

John was born August 8, 1938, son of John Walton and Elizabeth Wellen McDougall, in Nashville, Tennessee. He is the

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President's Message

Our Society was organized ten years ago last spring. We now have members in 42 states and the District of Columbia. In Canada we have members in Ontario, Quebec, Alberta, Nova Scotia and British Columbia. Abroad we have members in Ireland, England, Laos and Tanzania. The states where we do not have members are Alaska, Nevada, Oklahoma, Oregon, Nebraska, South Dakota, Wyoming and West Virginia. I will send a bound copy of all the issues of THE TARTAN (except a few early issues which are out of print) to the first one who finds a member for us in one of these states, or in the "missing" provinces of Canada.

In looking through our membership list to get the above data, I found we have members who spell their name nine different ways. They are MacDougall, McDougall, MacDougal, McDougal, MacDougald, McDougald, McDougle, McDugall, and Dugall. Then we have a member who spells his name McDoual which is close, and also close to McDowell, a very important sept of our clan. Members McDole and Dole, who have written me interestingly about their genealogy and the spelling of their names, do not fall as easily into the pattern. However, according to an article in "Scotland's Magazine" entitled "The McDouall's" if we go back far enough we find they must have been originally MacDougalls.

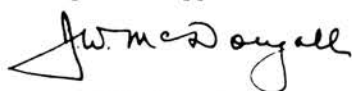
Such variations in spelling run through most clans. Though our ancestors for obvious reasons took care to see that crest, armorial bearings and other visual paraphernalia identified their family background correctly, the earlier ones at least did not have much use for reading, or writing. So they wrote as it sounded to them. And they did not bother to write it the same way every time. Establishing identity was all that mattered. Uniformity came along much later and, by then, spelling of proper names had gone off in many directions.

The name of our Society, for instance, is spelled MacDougall because several generations of our Chiefs settled on that spelling and it is the one Madam MacDougall uses. In a single letter written to one of our former Chiefs, however, MacDougall was spelled three different ways, and in a proclamation dated September 15, 1723, by George Wade, Major General and Commander in Chief of all His Majesties Forces, Castles, Forts and Barracks in North Britain called Scotland: "Proclaimed to all and every of the Clan and Tribes of *McDougall* and all their followers. Require and command you on or before Friday, the 8th of October next, to bring or send all your broadswords, targets, poyrnards, durks, side pistols, guns or any other weapons".

In later days, of course, many times brothers or relatives had differences which made them want to change, or in large families spellings were changed to avoid confusion, or people were just lazy and left off a "l" or a "Mac".

Spelling aside, I know that all of you agree it is important to preserve Dunollie Castle as a shrine for future generations of MacDougalls and I am sure you would be interested in an article I came across recently, written by Sir Walter Scott in the early 1800s entitled "Notes to the Lords of the Isles". He says: "Nothing could be more wildly beautiful than the situation of Dunolly. The ruins are situated upon a bold and precipitous promontory distant about a mile from the village and Port of Oban . . . Upon the whole a more delightful and romantic spot can scarce be conceived, and it receives a moral interest from the consideration attached to the residence of a family once powerful enough to confront and defeat Robert Bruce and now sunk in the shade of private life. It is at present possessed by Patrick MacDougall, Esq. (the 21st Chief of the Clan MacDougall), the lineal and undisputed representative of the ancient Lords of Lorn. The heir of Dunolly (Alexander MacDougall, killed at Ciudad Rodrigo in A.D. 1812), fell lately in Spain fighting under the Duke of Wellington, a death well becoming his ancestry."

If Sir Walter Scott were alive today I am sure he would be glad that Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada shares his reverence for the site and has contributed what it could during the last ten years toward the preservation of Dunollie. This year we sent a check for \$300. Madam MacDougall has written a letter to express her appreciation.



High Commissioner

McDOUGALLS OF THE PLAINS (Continued from Page 2)

Great Britain to carry the cause of his Indians. Returning from this trip, he made his ninth tedious crossing of the prairies. In the land of the Mountain Stonies where he established his last mission, at Morleyville, he died in 1875 during a hunting trip to provision the mission. When he failed to return to camp, the search for him was hampered by a raging blizzard and it was ten days before his frozen body was found.

His wife lived on, nursing and trying to lighten burdens where she could, until 1904. The church her husband had built was thronged for the funeral. As her coffin was being lifted by white settlers, six Indian chiefs quietly came forward and reverently carried it into the church.

Their son, John C. McDougall, having worked closely with his father throughout the years, carried on after his death and bears an honored name in Edmonton history. And it is the Reverend John C. McDougall who has been sometimes confused with John A. MacDougall in later years. They were more or less contemporary, though not related.

John Alexander was also about 19 when he began his westward trek, opening a small grocery store in Winnipeg. He travelled to Indian camps as far away as the Edmonton area to trade and made the long return trip to Winnipeg when his goods dwindled. In 1879 he moved to Edmonton with his young wife and established what was to become a very successful trading store there.

Eighteen years later he was elected mayor of the city, and was returned for a second term. During this time he was instrumental in the construction of the high and low level bridges that are still used to connect north and south Edmonton. He promoted the city's first Electric Light and Power Company. In 1909 he ran for Edmonton MLA, and won.

It was in 1899 that John Alexander McDougall began construction of his three-story Victorian mansion, complete with gables, arches and chimneys, the most luxurious house in Edmonton which soon became the center for entertaining dignitaries. On the edge of town, set in sweeping lawns and gardens, with a brick stable where the team of black carriage horses was kept, the house and gardens were the scene of the major social events of the time. After John's death in 1928, his wife, then his youngest son Ed, and his wife, continued to live in the house for eighteen years.

Now the McDougall mansion is gone, and John Alexander is portrayed to future generations by a granite and bronze statue. The Reverend John C. McDougall is a prominent figure in a large mural in the main lobby of the airport in Calgary. And the memorial to George Millward McDougall is a very small church in the shadow of its towering neighbors.

In trying to trace a connection between Society Director George E. McDougall's family in Alberta, and either of the others, which seems not to exist, a mind boggling inheritance story came to light. It seems that George's great, great, great grandfather, Matthew McDougall, brought his wife and five children to Canada in 1830 on an ocean crossing that was very bad even for those times. So bad, in fact, that when an uncle, a surgeon in the Indian Army, died and left his estate of 60,000 pounds sterling to his nephew, Matthew would not take the trip back to Scotland to claim it. If the original principal sum was not claimed, it would have gone to the crown. If the story is true, says George McDougall, and if the validity of the claim could be proved, the interest might be due and payable even though the principal sum would not be available. At 6% compounded interest, the amount would be approximately 137 million dollars. When he has time, George comments, he may check into the matter.

SCOTTISH BOOKSHELF

by Margaret MacDougall Allen

Now that I have retired from teaching, I won't be writing this column in the study hall anymore. So far I have not had time to think about whether I am missing school or not.

My serious reading this summer was "AFTER THE FORTY-FIVE" by A. J. Youngson, published in 1973 by the Edinburgh University Press. It tells of the economic impact on the Scottish Highlands, with particular emphasis on the fact that not everything significant in Scottish history occurred before 1746. A description of the Highlands from early times, its clan system and its strong influence on life is most interesting. The continuation after the "45" and attempts to develop new economic ways are similar problems today. It explains in a way why so many Scots emigrated. It is a book one reads slowly because of the many facets it deals with.

For a bit of nostalgia, how about re-reading "THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS" by Jane Porter, one of the classics? This story of William Wallace and the struggle to unite Scotland and the hope for Robert the Bruce's return is one that younger readers might enjoy. A bit romantic but easy to read. The copy edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin is the one I read. I really liked it.

Marie MacDougall recommends for reading at a time when you are not looking for a "cause" and just want to relax, "I CAME TO THE HIGHLANDS" by Velda Johnston, published in 1974 by Dodd, Mead & Co. It is a pleasant story of life in the Highlands following Prince Charlie's defeat at Culloden. The writing rather reminds me of novels written when I was younger — a nice clean story with a little mystery added. The heroine, born on Long Island in the 1700s, returns with her father to his home in Scotland, north of Inverness. She had been brought up to believe she was related to the Lairds of Bowain Castle. Her descent to housemaid and rise to wealthy ward make a very readable story. I found particularly interesting the descriptions of Long Island and Highland life of that period.

Not about Scotland, but written by a Scot, "ALL CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL" by James Herriot has been discovered by many delighted readers. A beautifully written autobiography of a veterinarian doctor who, after his graduation in Glasgow, went to Yorkshire and started practice with a most unusual man, it has moments of tenderness, amusing anecdotes and an almost poetic picturing of the countryside in which the veterinarian tended his creatures.

Would you like for your library the "BOOK OF KELLS", one of the world's most important and beautiful works of art? The original, kept at Trinity College in Dublin, is beyond price and of course not for sale, but a London publishing firm is bringing out an amazing reproduction based on a Swiss photographic process which gives the pages the look and feel of those that nearly 1200 years ago the monks of Iona began writing and illustrating on sheets of parchment made from skins of the abbey sheep. The reproductions will cost over 29 pounds each and the publishers, Thames & Hudson, are reported already to have orders for 20,000 copies.

For readers who want to delve into authenticity on the various subjects, the Scottish Tartans Society of Broughty Castle Museum, Dundee, has a list of a dozen volumes for sale dealing with clans, septs, regiments, and tartans, many of which are written or revised by Sir Thomas Innes of Learney, Lord Lyon King of Arms, now deceased, whose word on the Scottish Law of Arms might be said to be exceptionally authoritative.

Keep writing to me, please, and tell me what you are reading: Mrs. Don E. Allen, 323 Walnut, Allegan, Michigan 49010.

WORDS OF THANKS —

From Etta-Marie and Howard D. MacDougall

To the Members of the Clan MacDougall Society,

Truly, words fail us in trying to express our appreciation for the beautiful silver Quaich and Resolution that were presented to us at the annual meeting in Linville. Our most sincere thanks go to each and everyone for these honors.

Over the past seven years while Howard was secretary-treasurer and I was 'secretary-to-the-secretary-treasurer', we have had the privilege of meeting many of you at the Grandfather Mountain Games and many others I have had the occasion to write to; my correspondence has been pleasant and interesting and I regretfully pass on our records. I am sure John and Marie McDougall of Florida will find the office very rewarding, too.

The Society offers us a wonderful opportunity to keep alive the heritage that we share — an excellent way to help our children know more about the land of their fathers through the interesting issues of THE TARTAN and the good fellowship when we meet at the Games each year. The longer we are members of the Society, the more it seems to mean to us.

Someone said "half of the world is Scottish, and the other half wants to be" — guess I was pretty clever to have married a Scot!

We are deeply grateful for your thoughts of us and the Quaich shall have a place of honor in our home with the very beautiful Resolution.

Most sincerely,

Etta-Marie MacDougall
Howard D. MacDougall



Deborah, Douglas and Marcia McDougall
discover McDougal, Arkansas.

ROAMIN' MEMBERS —

James B. McDougall, eldest son of former Vice President Donald McDougall, on a recent motor trip with his family, found another town named McDougal. This one is in Arkansas. Its population about matches the one in New York and Ontario. The McDougalls took time out for a picture. They report a most interesting and pleasant trip.

Peggy (Mrs. Don E.) Allen postcards from Switzerland on her way to Austria and Italy that her trip is being exciting and fun and that she hasn't missed teaching school a bit.

BLESSED EVENTS —

Daughter ALLISON ELIZABETH ROCHE was born December 30, 1973, to Jean MacDougall Roche and husband Myles. The proud grandparents are Director Donald A. and Barbara MacDougall of Akron, Ohio.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER MACDOUGALL came on April 26, 1974, to Director Neil A. and Wynne MacDougall in Charlottesville, Va., where Neil has received his M.B.A. and started a new job. This made a double blessing, and within four months, for grandparents Donald and Barbara MacDougall.

Son CHRISTIE MCDUGALL PREVOST arrived in June, 1974, to Dianne McDougall Prevost and her husband Earl. Grandparents are Director George E. and Barbara McDougall of Greenville, S. C.

WEDDING BELLS —

THE REVEREND DR. DOUGALD LACHLAN MACLEAN was married August 21, 1974, to Mary Weeks Patterson of Huntington, Long Island. The wedding took place in Winchester, England, in the Chapel of St. Swithun upon Kingsgate, with the Reverend Roy Chamberlain, canon of Winchester, performing the ceremony. Dr. Maclean is known and loved as rector of St. George's Episcopal Church in Flushing, Queens. He is also known and loved as Chaplain of the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games where his countless friends look forward to meeting and welcoming his bride.



Member the Rev. Dougald Lachlan Maclean is almost as famous for giving the address "To a Haggis" as Burns is for writing it.

BACKGROUND BITS (Continued from Page 3)

second of their three children. His early schooling was at Montgomery Bell Academy of Nashville and The Baylor School at Chattanooga. He finished at Virginia Military Institute.

After a short military service in the Army, in 1961 he joined his father and brother in the John W. McDougall Company of Nashville. Three years ago he was elected a Vice-President of the firm and made a member of the Board.

He is President of the Nashville District Sheetmetal Contractors Association, is on the Board of Directors of Nashville's Cumberland Club, and is a member of the Belle Meade Country Club.

Like his brother Wylie, he ardently loves the outdoors and, luckily, his bride does too. Sally and John enjoy sailing, swimming, snorkelling, fishing and wing shooting and have both travelled extensively in pursuit of these pleasures.

John has not missed a meeting of the Society since it was formed, or a meeting of the Board since he was elected to it. He is deeply interested in Clan MacDougall affairs and hopes he may be able to carry on the family tradition of service in the Society.

MEMBERSHIP —

Since the first of this year, the Society has been proud to welcome thirty new members:

Mrs. Jennie McDougall Love Calgary, Alberta	Mrs. Monroe A. Major Herndon, Virginia
Mr. Ronald McDole Indianola, Iowa	Mr. James R. McDougall Minnetonka, Minnesota
Mrs. Marguerite Leonard McAdams Hendersonville, North Carolina	Mr. & Mrs. John Alexander Hampton, Jr. Lanham, Maryland
Miss B. Diane Dayton Atlanta, Georgia	Kent Ernest Andrews Kansas City, Missouri
Mr. Walter Foster Wilmington, North Carolina	Mr. David Hale Wayt Rome, Georgia
Henry N. Carmichael Knoxville, Tennessee	Mr. Stanley Walter McDougall Memphis, Tennessee
Mr. John Wesley McDougall Milton, Ontario	Philip Conacher Wilmington, Delaware
Agnes Ann McDougall Springfield, Illinois	Agnes C. McDougall Indianapolis, Indiana
Donald Earl MacDougall Cullowee, North Carolina	Mrs. Frank B. Williams, Sr. Johnson City, Tennessee
Mr. Alex McDougall Ledbetter Bristol, Tennessee	Ms. Janet Beckington McDougall Ann Arbor, Michigan
Mrs. Richard R. Lehtonen Saline, Michigan	Mrs. Thomas Lee Combs Manitowoc, Wisconsin
Mr. & Mrs. William L. McAdams Greenville, South Carolina	Miss Jeanne McAdams Hendersonville, North Carolina
Miss Carol McAdams Hendersonville, North Carolina	Jean Elizabeth Dunn Sarnia, Ontario
Adda Pauline Mueller Palatine, Illinois	Mr. & Mrs. Doug Newton Milton, Ontario
Larry A. McDougall Milton, Ontario	John R. McDougall Milton, Ontario

And we have one new Life Member:

Mr. Donald Outland McDougall
Statesboro, Georgia

It is a pleasure to have them with us, and is especially encouraging to our President who had privately set his hopes on a total of 325 memberships by the end of this year, a goal which should soon be surpassed.

If 325 appears a small number of MacDougalls, we should remember this is not a "head count". Many, many memberships are for husband and wife, with the off-partner as dedicated and interested in Society affairs as the one bearing the name. To cite a few: our former Secretary-Treasurer's wife, Marie MacDougall; our present Secretary-Treasurer's helpmate, Marie McDougall; our President's wife, Elizabeth; and the distaff side of the editors of THE TARTAN, Mary. There are many others.

Not to be discounted either are the children of family memberships, many of whom will carry the name MacDougall, who have grown up in the last ten years, and will continue to do so, with a knowledge of their heritage.

So while Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada can be said to be 325 strong in membership, that number must be multiplied several times to find its true strength in members.

CLAN MAC DOUGALL SOCIETY

President:	Mr. John W. McDougall P. O. Box 90207 Nashville, Tenn. 37209
Secretary-Treasurer:	Mr. John A. McDougall 5318 Palmetto Point Drive Palmetto, Fla. 33561
Tartan Editors & Publishers:	Mr. & Mrs. A. Wylie McDougall 816 Governor Nicholls St. New Orleans, La. 70116