

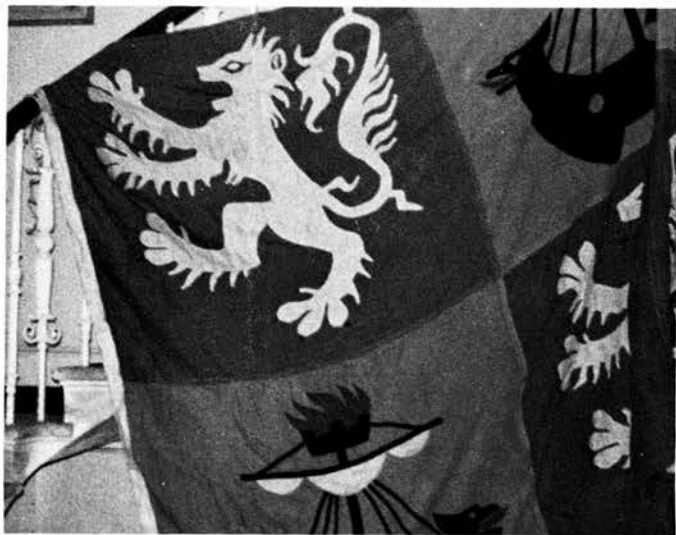
The Tartan



Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada

VOLUME NO. 25

FALL, 1977



Chief's banner on Dunollie stairway at Clan MacDougall luncheon.

Yon Bonnie Banks

This was Scotland's year. She hosted the Queen in Silver Jubilee celebration, and she hosted the International Gathering of the Clans. Also an unusual number of tourists who were attracted by the events.

Of the Clan Gathering last May it could be said that the Scottish Tourist Board used the clan system and its colorful panoply to "sell" Scotland to visitors.

A historic precedent, some 155 years ago, was set when King George IV made his trip to Scotland. That Gathering for the King's viewing was stage-managed with more or less the same object. The "selling" on that occasion succeeded in several ways. It reintroduced the wearing of the tartan, and possibly influenced survival of the clan system as it is presently preserved.

Of the project last May, reports vary. From the inside looking out, some of the Scottish Chiefs incline to feel a tourist board should leave clan societies and Chiefs to run their own gatherings, and not treat the clan system as a tourist attraction. From the outside looking in, the event apparently gave pleasure to many people, created interest in the land and the customs of the country, and likely will increase tourism to Scotland, as was intended.

People like members Dr. and Mrs. (Alice McDougall) Russell M. Jensen felt there was just too much going on over too wide a territory and too long a time. They were staying in a hotel in Kirkcaldy, north and across the Fifth of Forth from Edinburgh, and commuted to the city by train every day.

"So many of the events took place at night," Alice Jensen writes in a most interesting letter which is liberally quoted. "In a strange city and not knowing where to go to get there, as well as being on the go all day, we missed most of them."

"When we first arrived in Edinburgh, we were directed to the Assembly Hall. In one large room on the ground level they had set up booths, two clans sharing each one. The MacDougall one was the very first inside the room and our Chief, Madam MacDougall of MacDougall, was right there to greet all who came."

For overseas wayfarers who, unlike the Jensens, did not know exactly which booth they were looking for or whom they hoped to see when they got there, an ingenious device had been set up in the Scottish Tartans Society booth. As Dr. Micheil MacDonald pointed out, "We are going to be faced with many Scots who are not sure of their clan associations. With our Retrieval Unit, which we have programmed with some 8,000 names that have clan or tartan association, we can provide an enquirer a print-out of his associated clan or family tartan in five seconds."

When everyone was sorted out, the process reversed itself and all clans intermingled for the opening ceremony at Edinburgh's Meadow Park Stadium. Clansmen simply marched under the flag of the country they came from. The U.S. delegation was lead by former mayor Lindsey of New York, dressed in a kilt. Consensus was that everyone who marched should have been wearing a kilt, and many were not.

According to Mrs. Jensen: "It was a terribly cold day and even in the shelter of the covered bleachers those of us who just watched were thoroughly chilled by the time it was over. There was a bagpipe and drum band and a group of the military band. After the opening speeches and presentations, a troop of folk dancers entertained. It was all very colorful and exciting — if we just hadn't been so COLD!"

This explains Madam MacDougall's misfortune in coming down with a very bad case of flu and being confined to bed in Edinburgh instead of going to Dunollie for the Clan Lunch, for which she had made many preparations and which she had been looking forward to.

"The highlight of the trip was of course our visit and luncheon at Dunollie," Mrs. Jensen writes. "The duties of hostess and host were ably and graciously taken care of by Madam MacDougall's sister, Hope MacDougall of MacDougall, and by her cousin Duncan MacDougall. There must have been thirty or more of us from overseas. We toasted the Queen, the Chief, the Clan and the Gathering. Madam MacDougall called on the phone from Edinburgh while we were all there to convey her greetings and regrets. A delicious luncheon was served buffet in the dining room of the Manor House. Afterwards we climbed the stairs, whose banister was draped with the Chief's own banner, to see the historical Clan exhibit.

"We all, of course, trudged up the narrow trail to the old castle to marvel at the structure, admire the breathtaking view, and picture what life must have been like for our long gone ancestors who lived, fought and died there. It was an awesome experience for all of us."

It is a pity they could not have been standing on the same spot one evening a short time later to watch the lighting of the beacon fires to celebrate the Queen's Silver Jubilee. From Castle Rock where the MacDougall fire burned brightly could be seen the MacLean fire on the

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Isle of Mull, the fire on Kirrera, and the one the town of Oban had lighted on the hill. A sight not to be forgotten.

The Jensen's further adventures in Scotland included a visit to Peebles and Kelso to get some family information. "But we found out," Mrs. Jensen writes, "that all Parish records prior to 1850 had been sent to the Hall of Records in Edinburgh. So we saved our last day in Scotland to return to Edinburgh, only to find out that to have access to the records we would have to have an appointment for a "chair" in the library. None was available for two weeks. We did have a wonderful time though," Mrs. Jensen concludes, "and we will never forget it."

Member Barbara (Mrs. Howard E.) Ellis of Wichita, Kansas visited Oban soon after the Gathering. "It was the thrill of a lifetime," she writes, "to be in Oban and see Dunollie Castle and, particularly, to meet Madam MacDougall. She is a most gracious lovely lady who is steeped in her family history. I had written her and, even though our arrival hour was indefinite, she was most hospitable and even invited us for tea, which we declined as we heard she had recently been ill. Nothing could stop the flavor of Dunollie Castle and its beautiful setting, or the manor house with its gardens in full bloom. Madam MacDougall is maintaining a family historic shrine of various items — clothing, paintings, tartans and memorabilia — displayed with pride. And she is maintaining the handsome historic home and grounds."



Madam MacDougall chats with TV star Iain Cuthbertson at unveiling of plaque.

Had Mrs. Ellis come across a current issue of the Oban Times, she would have noted that Madam MacDougall was also maintaining family tradition when unveiling a plaque in the Corran Brae area of the town. This marked the completion of what in the U.S. would be called a low cost housing development on ground which Madam MacDougall and her late husband, Leslie Grahame MacDougall, had donated for the purpose. The first two sections are named MacDougall Court and Grahame Court. Among the guests for the unveiling was TV star Iain Cuthbertson who in 1976 had played a part by cutting the first turf for Grahame Court. "He had to drive a bulldozer in the pouring rain," Madam MacDougall confides. "Luckily I had a lovely day for my part."

Shirley Cain Peterson of West Hartford, Connecticut is another member who "had the lovely pleasure late in May of visiting Scotland and stopping in Oban for a brief but very interesting visit with Madam MacDougall at Dunollie. This was one of the high points of a delightful tour."

"We also visited Comrie," Mrs. Peterson continues, "where my own MacDougall ancestor, a great-grandfather, was born. In Comrie we had the pleasure of a personally guided tour of the Museum of Tartans with Dr. MacDonald who recognized the MacDougall emblem I was wearing and spoke very glowingly of his association with the "American MacDougalls" and the Society. I heartily recommend a visit to this museum."

We are glad to have had a report on her visit to Comrie from Mrs. Peterson. She is the only member we know to have had face to face contact with the Scottish Tartans Society, to which Clan MacDougall Society belongs as do

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SCOTTISH BOOKSHELF

By Margaret MacDougall Allen

Summer is over. It's a gorgeous day at my lake cottage. Even the water is delightful. I am listening to voices on the beach as I write to you about books.

I am really grateful for the suggestions that have been sent to me this summer. The most important, because it should be of special interest to clan members, is from Donald A. MacDougall. It is "A BIOGRAPHY OF GENERAL ALEXANDER MCDUGALL", written by William L. MacDougall, Senior Editor of U.S. News & World Report. From the author's detailed and well documented work, Alexander McDougall emerges equally important with Samuel Adams and Thomas Paine in forming public opinion. Without his prolific writing and influence, the colony of New York could have been lost to the patriots' cause.

Donald was particularly interested to find Stephen McDougall, father-in-law of Alexander, mentioned in the book as a surveyor. "He then is the one," Donald says, "who issued the map of Islay, a survey made in the years 1749-51 showing in great detail the parishes and farms which I was able to locate and visit when tracing my ancestors on Islay."

Linda McDowell Major offers a wonderful and varied array of reading suggestions. She is an avid reader of mysteries, she says, and reminds us the Scots have a wealth of native mystery writers, as well as those writers who find Scotland a good setting. Who can forget the author of Sherlock Holmes was born in Edinburgh!

Josephine Tey's "THE SINGING SANDS", with familiar Inspector Grant, is set in Scotland. And Dorothy L. Sayers once sent Lord Peter Wimsey to Kirkcudbright, where she herself summered for many years, in "FIVE RED HER-RINGS".

Linda finds Bill Knox an entertaining writer, with a series of books to his credit, alternating his Glasgow-based police detectives Thane and Moss with his amateur detective Webb Carrick who cruises the Hebrides with the Fisheries Protective Service.

Scottish poet-novelist William McIlvanney, who lives and teaches in Glasgow, has just written his first mystery called just that, "THIS FIRST MYSTERY — LAIDLAW", which may be the beginning of an absorbing new series.

For younger readers, Linda recommends "THE GHOSTS OF GLENCOE" by Mollie Hunter. And for the more serious historical reader, "JOURNAL OF A LADY OF QUALITY: BEING THE NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY FROM SCOTLAND TO THE WEST INDIES, NORTH CAROLINA, AND THE PORTUGAL, IN THE YEARS 1774 to 1776". The book was edited by Evangeline and Charles Andrews, Yale University Press, 1921.

Linda promises us more when she gets back to work at George Mason University Library. As you can see, Linda should be writing this column instead of me.

For my own summer reading, I have enjoyed "WITNESS TO TREASON" by Miles J. Ragosta, published 1977 by Doubleday. It is the story of a child who, as a ward of Edward I of England and Queen Eleanor, is sent to be travelling companion of the Little Maid of Norway on her way to marry the king's son. On the voyage she is a witness to the Little Maid's murder. This puts her own life in jeopardy, but the plot gives her comparatively safe years in the care of the Robert Bruce family culminating in her betrothal to William Wallace.

"CALL HOME THE HEART" by Jessica Stirling is the second book of the saga, following "STRATHMORE" set in Scotland of 1875. The second continues the life of Mirrim and her struggle to get away from the colliery and somehow achieve a better life.

Allistair MacLean has a new book "SEAWITCH" with a mobile oil rig anchored off the Gulfcoast for its setting. And James Herriot is back on the Best Seller List with his third book "ALL THINGS WISE AND WONDERFUL".

Alice Jensen wrote that, after being in Scotland, she and her husband found "THE SCOTTISH HIGHLAND CLEARANCES" by John Preble a most instructive book, explaining the very good reason for the migration of so many Scots.

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VIRGINIA SCOTTISH GAMES

Alexandria, Virginia

By Linda McDowell Major

As readers of the WASHINGTON POST Virginia Section were well aware this year, the Virginia Scottish Games' pipers and athletes had to share top billing with actress Elizabeth Taylor. She with her husband John Warner had been invited to open the Children's Games. It must be admitted that our MacDougall interest, as well as most of the crowd's, merely took the form of discreet strolling past the tent where Ms. Taylor ensconced herself, once her public stint was done, announcing that she was "just another Scot".

One gentleman who managed to make it evident that he absolutely reveled in the limelight, without losing one ounce of that masterly cool so many clan chiefs seem to possess, was the Games' honor guest, Andrew MacThomas of Finegand, nineteenth chief of Clan MacThomas. He announced he was actively laying a "second siege" to America, trying to get an American Clan MacThomas established. His ebullience might be explained by the fact that the biggest winner in athletic events was Ed McComas (McComas being a sept of MacThomas).

Clan MacDougall tent had a prime location, just as it does at Grandfather Mountain, directly across from the athletic field, making it an increasingly popular viewing spot as the afternoon wore on. My husband Alex and I were once again honored to be the representatives of our president, John W. McDougall, and were happy to greet both familiar faces from Grandfather Mountain and from last year's Virginia Games. But we certainly could not have managed without the stalwart help given to us by DeWitt MacDougall Patterson and his wife Nancy Jane. We were particularly delighted to see Hugh MacDougall and his daughter Mary Ann, and to welcome newer members William McDowell Carruthers and his daughter Karen, Irene MacDougall Light, and Alan Miles MacDougall.

The prize for long distance has to go to Ann MacCuish who was happy not only to find that someone knew where Oban, Argyll, Scotland was but even to be able to point out to her American relatives a harbor view of Oban that we had on display with some other MacDougall sites.

In the Society it has been remarked that in Virginia there seem to be a good number of McDowells. We do seem prolific. For us personally, the day was a literal as well as a wider "family reunion" with my mother Jerry McDowell and brother Donald coming up from Norfolk, Virginia. Unfortunately my sister Robin and her husband Manuel Willis were not able to come and thus introduce their new daughter Anne Elizabeth to more of her "kin".

In answer to Bunch Griffin's query in an earlier TARTAN about the Alexander Major's ladies seamstress, my mother Jerry usually takes that title. As well as outfitting me and my daughter Leah, she sews for herself, my sister Robin and even the men. She made my brother Donald's kilt as well as both of my son Christopher's.

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DeWitt MacDougall Patterson with Andrew MacThomas, 19th Chief of Clan MacThomas, at Virginia Scottish Games

CLAN MACDOUGALL SOCIETY

GENEALOGY REPORT

1976 - 1977

During the past 12 months, 60 new members have joined our Society. A most interesting observation is the number of families that have been encouraged to join by a relative, thus presenting a family tree of their Scottish ancestor. Allan McDougald of Ottawa, Canada and five of his relatives trace their early ancestry to Donald B. McDougald, born in 1765 on the Isle of Eigg, who migrated to Glengarry county, Ontario. Howard D. MacDougall of Charleston, S.C. accounted for three new members and they list their ancestor as Daniel MacDougall born in Edinburgh.

There were 30 new members with sufficient genealogical information that made it possible for them to list town names in Argyll, Perth and the city of Edinburgh. Knowing the exact location where an ancestor lived is of great importance for tracing abroad.

41 new members could track their ancestor to "the water's edge", listing ports of entry or first places of residence in North America. Ontario and Pennsylvania were most popular with six each. Nova Scotia and Virginia each were shown by four. Following the tradition of their Celtic ancestors few, if any, remained long in the area where their early ancestors first settled. Now they are in 6 provinces of Canada and 41 of the 50 states and the District of Columbia. Areas of first settlement such as Ontario and North Carolina can be traced to the desire to be with Gaelic speaking friends and the availability of Crown land at little or no cost but with much hard work in making the virgin land tenable.

Mr. John D. Morrell, a Life member of our Society, will again spend some time in Edinburgh researching more parish records for MacDougalls. Mr. Morrell is retired and for some years was assistant librarian of the Long Island Historical Society. He is a member of a number of historical and genealogical societies here and abroad and I am certain the most knowledgeable person on the subject of early MacDougall families.

On his trip to Scotland last year, Mr. Morrell became intrigued and sidetracked by research on the Isles and did not quite understand how so many MacDougalls drifted to the Isles. My own explanation, which he believes reasonable, is that when the Campbells ran the MacDonalds out of Jura and Islay in 1615, they wished to settle the Isles with MacDougalls and other Highlanders from areas on the mainland under Campbell control.

Supposition turns to fact from an old Privy Council record I was fortunate to find which reads as follows: "27th July 1620, Hector McNeil of Taynish made complaint to the Privy Council that he had been employed by friends of the House of Argyll who were acting for the young Lord Lorn to plant the Isle of Jura with good tenants and see them suitably settled; that he was interrupted in the work by Charles MacLean, brother of Hector MacLean of Duart who came to the island with a number of Mastiff dogs, chased away the cattle and terrified the new tenants, and that the said Charles MacLean had threatened to return with a large force." It was not an

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Scottish Bookshelf (Continued from pg. 2)

Betty MacDougall suggests getting "THE FIRES OF GLENLOCHY" by Constance Heaven, a Signet book, for a bit of good reading.

And Mary MacDougall has been trying to get me to read "THE MAGNIFICENT GAEL" by Reginald B. Hale, the story of twelve men and a helmsman who set sail in an open boat and transformed history. The helmsman was St. Columba (521 - 597 A.D.). He succeeded in binding together in a common faith the warring Picts, Britons and Scots. It is said he gave Scotland a soul before it had a name. To understand our heritage we should know something about the life of St. Columba. This book sounds to me like a good way to find out, and I will save it for winter reading.

Meanwhile, please keep your suggestions coming. I am sure many of them give pleasure to many members. My address is 323 Walnut Street, Allegan, Michigan 49010.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

In the fall of 1965, I used THE TARTAN to say Ceud Mile Failte "one thousand welcomes" to the members who had joined the Society since its founding a few months earlier.

I have used THE TARTAN ever since to send "messages" — to chat with you, to try to keep you informed about things within the Society, and outside things of interest to the Society.

In my last two messages, as you may have noticed, I gave whole-hearted credit to the capable elected officers and board members, and to others outside the official family who do so much for us. And I tried to transmit to you my enthusiasm for the way the Society has stabilized as a sound, growing organization.

Some of you, I should think, must wonder how it happens that I have held the office of president since we were first organized. Our By-Laws set out that officers are to be elected by the Board of Directors from among its members for terms of three years, and until a successor is elected. Such an election has been held every three years and I have been elected up to my present term.

It is a personal and perhaps selfish wish, if my health and ability don't falter, to remain at my post as long as the directors and the Society want me. I do want you to know that I thank all of you for the privilege.

It takes many hours of work, with or without secretarial help, to enlist new members and to hold us together. A younger man, still active in business, would be hard pressed to find time.

However, some of your officers are reaching, or have reached, a stage in their business affairs when they could devote as much time as I do to the Society. And you need not doubt their capability or their dedication.

I regret to tell you that Edward D. McDougall, Jr., has felt it necessary to resign as vice-president of the Society, due to moving to California this year. He has held office since he helped form the Society and became Registered Agent in Illinois for the Corporation. In gratitude for his untiring work, your Board commissioned a resolution of appreciation to be sent to him. He arranged to be replaced as Registered Agent by Edward T. McDougall of Winnetka, Illinois, to whom the Society is most grateful. Although no longer a vice-president, Ed will remain on the Board of Directors, and he and Kate promise to come from California to join us for meetings when they can.

Another item of news is that Mrs. A. Wylie McDougall was nominated to membership on the Board. Mary had agreed to continue to serve as editor of THE TARTAN, a position she has shared with her husband Wylie since the first issues of our newsletter. It was agreed by all directors that Mary deserved a seat on the Board in recognition of her work, and that her good judgment would be a definite asset. She was unanimously elected.

In the 1977 Roster you receive with this issue, if you take time to tally it, you will find we have 390 members from 43 states and 6 Canadian provinces, and three foreign countries. Credit is due Marie McDougall for the arduous job of bringing this roster up to date. Should you find a mistake has been made in your name or address, please let me know.

Incidentally, when your Board voted a year ago to increase our dues from \$5.00 to \$7.50, it was with some hesitation even though we felt it necessary. Much to our gratification, we believe we have not lost a single member because of the increase in dues. It is a great source of satisfaction to know that our members enjoy and value their membership in Clan MacDougall Society.

We were included in greetings to the Queen on her Silver Jubilee when Madam MacDougall sent a card from herself, as Chief, and Clan MacDougall at home and overseas. The card was beautifully designed with the clan crest on the outside, greetings in Celtic letters and a lovely photo of the castle on the inside.

Madam MacDougall never lets one of our meetings go by without sending us best wishes. Read aloud this year as always, it closed with the sincere words, "My thoughts are with you today."

John W. McDougall
High Commissioner

A. WYLIE MCDOUGALL MEMORIAL AWARD

By action of the Board of Directors at the July 1977 meeting a memorial fund was created in honor of A. Wylie McDougall, deceased co-founder and vice president of the Society. Contributions were also made by friends who wished to, and by members of his immediate family.

The purpose of the fund is to present an award in the name of A. Wylie McDougall each year to a member of Clan MacDougall who has done something outstanding for the benefit of the Society.

Heretofore "honorable mention" was the best that could be done for the distinguished service of those who make themselves an integral part of the Society by campaigning for it, thinking of ideas to further it, and journeying long distances to attend its meetings. The Memorial Award is intended to give substantial recognition to such members in the form of a Life Membership, or its equivalent.

The recipient will be chosen annually by a committee, and the committee asks for nominations from the members. Look around you and see who is doing what that is noteworthy. Send names, and facts, to THE TARTAN editor. Officers and Directors are not eligible for the award.

GALIE MCDOUGALL'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

On September 11th all friends of Miss Galie McDougall were invited to a reception and open house given in her honor. The occasion was to mark her 80th birthday. The reception was held in Susannah Wesley Hall of the Petersburg Methodist Church, in Petersburg, Illinois.

Miss Galie McDougall has been a Life member of the Society for a number of years. In commenting on the birthday party, Miss McDougall says, "Living in a small town (less than 5000 people), has many advantages." She comments further, "My grandparents moved to Petersburg from New York state when my father was 11 years old. He practiced dentistry here for fifty years, until he died in 1952."

Clan MacDougall Society wants to join the town of Petersburg in wishing Galie McDougall many happy returns.

MCDOWELL TROPHY

The family of the late Augustus Lee McDowell, father of Linda McDowell Major, has presented a trophy in his memory for the North American Cabar Toss Championship of the Tidewater Highland Games. The trophy was presented to the Games by his wife, Geraldine McDowell, formerly of Ashland, Kentucky, now of Norfolk, Virginia.

Incidentally, this talented lady, affectionately known as Jerry McDowell, besides being the family's skilled kilt maker, is currently writing a series of Scottish ghost stories for the Tidewater Society News Letter. She will be gathering additional material for the series on a six week trip to Scotland this fall.

THEY WILL BE MISSED

Mrs. John B. Bennett of Start, Louisiana, lost her uncle James Calvin McDougall following a stroke on June 7, 1977. Mr. McDougall had been a resident of Hollywood, California, since 1943 and he had a master's degree in Library Science, Art and Journalism. He is buried at Camp Creek Cemetery, near Bernice, Louisiana.

Yon Bonnie Banks (Continued from page 2)

several individual members. Since its first mention in THE TARTAN in 1969, our admiration has kept growing for the work the Scottish Tartans Society is doing, for its audacity in acquiring Comrie headquarters on a shoestring, and for more personal reasons such as Dr. MacDonald's quick wit and the empathy of Captain T. Stuart Davidson who did the research for us on MacDougall tartan in our Fall 1976 issue. Scotland's year, from personal accounts, was a good one. Dreams were realized, and Scottish hospitality shone at its gracious best.

FLASHBACKS FROM GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN 1977

MACDOUGALLS OVER EIGHTY STRONG are on hand Friday, July 8, our day of annual meeting, cocktail and dinner party.

BACK AND BETTER the annual meeting is shifted to where many early meetings were held, Eseeola Lodge Pavillion.

NOT STRANGERS but first-timers are here from Dearborn Heights, Michigan — Sue and Jimmy Earl; from Milwaukee, Wisconsin — Mr. & Mrs. Frederick J. MacDougall; from St. Paul, Minnesota — Tom M. McDougall and daughter Pamela; from Greenwood, South Carolina — Frederick W. and Susan MacDougall; from Cape Coral, Florida — the Robert Nixon family, Bob and Margaret, Bobby and Philip; from New Jersey and New York, Richard A. MacDougall with his bride, Anita, and his brother Bob and wife Bonnie, with their two little girls, Carlin and Margaret.



Very Important Persons in their private dining room at MacDougall dinner party.

A HOP AND SKIP from the well attended meeting, members repair to the Linville Country Club for their annual gala. Because the day is unusually hot many of the MacDougall men, who are noted for their sortorial luster in the Parade of the Tartans, at the Tartan Ball, and wherever it is correct to be kilted, jacketed, tied, socked and sgian dubhed — many of them peel down to shirtsleeves.

FASHION PLATES IN MINIATURE are getting most of the attention anyway. Such display of tartan on Wynne and Neil MacDougall's Smiling Willy and infant Whitney. On Bonnie and Bob MacDougall's small Carlin and tiny Margaret. On Shawn Ray and Rodney Steele, all of the MacDougall youngsters of whom Todd Bramalile, Marie and John A. MacDougall's grandson, is the dean, being the eldest. In his new kilt, white shirt and tartan tie and new leather sporran he marshalls his juniors into their special private dining room where a young lady from Eseeola Lodge helps with dinner. Except for an occasional escapee, this innovation allows mothers a respite to enjoy the party.

GOOD FELLOWSHIP, GOOD FOOD, GOOD DRINK enhance the moment when Simms McDowell gives his unforgettable rendition of "Ode to a Haggis". For the first time in



Howard D. MacDougall family, with son Robert, and left to right seated Mrs. Richard MacDougall, Carlin, Marie, Margaret and Mrs. Robert. Richard not shown in picture.



Nancy and John McDowell, Jr., ready for The Tartan Ball.

memory Harvey Ritch is unable to be there to pipe in the haggis. But it is no matter with Scott Swanson waiting in the wings. Masterfully Scott pipes in the steaming platter and ceremonial group, and manfully he quaffs off the potion that "pays the piper".

A SING-ALONG TO CLOSE THE PARTY is led by talented Barbara MacDougall who had entertained us without benefit of live accompaniment. What makes the singer of Scottish songs able to just stand and sing without hiding behind a microphone, thumping a guitar, or having an orchestra backup?

TAKING THE TORTURE OUT OF TORTUOUS, an increased bus service to MacRae Meadow where the Games are held makes getting up the winding mountain road and back down again easier. It eases parking problems too.

RAINBOW OF TARTANS, 59 clan tents elbow to elbow, banners flying under an azure sky, marching pipe bands, make this show by the Scots and for the Scots truly one of the world's great ones. Saturday on MacRae Meadow offers the utmost in Highland Games.

THE TARTAN BALL Saturday night reaches a new high in dazzling evening attire and superb entertainers, all presided over suavely by our own Simms McDowell, Jr.

HOW DO YOU SAY "ALOHA" IN SCOTTISH? We have been on the meadow since morning on Sunday when the beautiful church service and kirkin' of the tartans holds the crowd of some thirty thousand in quiet reverence. The Parade of the Tartans is over, the last dried out sandwich is eaten, ice runs low in the cooler, Harvey Ritch has marched the Grandfather Mountain Highlander pipe band to the MacDougall tent for the traditional private tattoo, and the sun is slanting across the treetops. We gather up our bonnets, our unused umbrellas, our children and our camp stools and head down the mountain saying to clansmen and friends, "Greatest ever, isn't it? See you again next year."

Genealogy Report (Continued from page 3)

easy transition for the MacDougalls as the northern half of Jura had long been under the control of the MacLeans and on the southern portion earlier settlers had their old loyalty to the MacDonalds of Islay.

This ends my actual report but because Alex Haley's book "Roots" and also the Bicentennial have triggered such an interest in researching ancestry that it is said to be currently more popular than stamp or coin collecting, I would like to add a word about getting enjoyment from genealogical research.

First, do it yourself. And start with yourself. You need not be able to go back many generations. Start to chart your family tree with parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins, etc. Your questions start with members of the older generations where you record as much about each as possible. As memories are not always reliable, your records should be substantiated with facts.

My suggestions for this, and for continuing steps after one becomes more deeply involved in genealogical research, will be forthcoming in another issue.

Donald A. MacDougall
Clan Society Genealogist

THE GATHERING AT ANTIGONISH

By Walter A. MacDougall

The landscape seemed remarkably like Maine, and we wondered if we would find the setting of Antigonish as "Highland" as we had hoped. Then the road descended into a true glen between hillsides brushed with mist.

The countryside was Highland. I suppose one ought to check his imagination lest it run away upon a romantic tour de force, but one can't be too far afield in comparing the character of eastern Nova Scotia — especially Cape Breton — to Scotland. According to the continental drift theory, the Hebrides were not always separated from Nova Scotia by "a waste of seas."

One finds the Scot at home in his new Scotland. In a very literal sense he has become part of the very soil. We saw many churchyards where the roll of stones read like the last gathering of the clans. The proof of his habitation abounds — in his music, his weaving, his language, and his place names (though Antigonish is of Indian derivation).

For one hundred and fourteen years these Scots have come to the games at Antigonish to try their muscles on the cabar and the hammer and their lungs on the track. This July another generation filled with living energy came to dance over the swords and flash their fingers over the chanter in the piper's glen.

It was in this glen, beneath the elms which shade the river bank, that I met our clansman, Charles MacDougall, who this year was in charge of the piping and band competition. It is fun to meet another Scot and good to shake the hand of a fellow clansman, but it is a privilege to meet a MacDougall like Charles. One grips a solid hand and looks into the face of a gentleman.

With Charles were two of his eight sons, Martin and Neil, the latter in charge of the field events. Later came the opportunity of meeting two more sons, Donald and Paul, along with Charles's beautiful wife and lovely sister.

Charles's great, great grandfather, Lauchlan MacDougall, came to Nova Scotia as one of the first pioneers from Moidart, Scotland. Charles in true bardic tradition can reiterate his line back seven generations — and in the Gaelic!

We found other MacDougalls taking prominent rolls in the games. D. Howard MacDougall was Marshall, Greg MacDougall was in charge of publicity advertising, while John MacDougall was in charge of the parade.

We were asked by many how the games at Antigonish compared with those at Grandfather Mountain. There is less emphasis upon individual clans at Antigonish. In times past it may have been wise not to stress "clan," for I was told that not too many years ago the day would not have passed without a few smacking good fights. We saw no signs of such antagonism

this year, and clan tents are coming to Antigonish. There were two pitched on the river bank. Charles is considering setting up a MacDougall tent next year.

Whatever trends may develop, it is to be hoped that the games at Antigonish will retain their genuine countryside participation and their atmosphere of an indigenous heritage.

For us, a choice between the two American "Braemars," between Grandfather Mountain and Antigonish, would be impossible. We only regret that these two events come so close on the calendar and so far apart on the map. It is the people we met at Grandfather Mountain and at the gathering of our Clan Society which are so memorable, and so it is with Antigonish.

So to our High Commissioner and to the MacDougall Clan Society, I send my thanks for allowing me to be your representative at Antigonish and report that the MacDougalls of Nova Scotia made a brave sight. The MacDougalls from Maine were also "over the Border" in force for besides my wife, Judith Ann, and my sons Malcolm and George, my father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Arthur MacDougall, my sister Nellie and her husband Warren, and my sister Jean along with her husband Ken and daughter Martha joined the expedition. If life consisted of nothing less enjoyable than attending the highland games at Grandfather Mountain and Antigonish, it would be little short of Heaven.

Scottish Games (Continued from page 3)

Christopher, like my husband, being both MacDougall/MacDonald has a split kilt personality.

After the tent was folded this year, Alex and I made it on to the ceilidh which, like the more formal Grand Reception the night before, presented music and dancing of the Games. This ceilidh was a spontaneous and eventually joyous affair that went on (though we didn't) for most of the night.

On Sunday at the special Scottish Church service at Fairlington Presbyterian Church of Alexandria, the Reverend Dr. W. Graham Smith preached a very informative sermon on the life and convictions of John Knox, who did so much to shape what modern Scotland became. And finally there was the Council Brunch, held in the lovingly restored Olde Towne section of Alexandria where we were surrounded by constant reminders of that city's Scottish founders and heritage.

Alex and I thoroughly enjoyed bearing the Clan MacDougall tartan to Virginia but we hope that next year many other MacDougalls can come to be with us at the Virginia Scottish Games.

COMMEMORATION OF SOCIETY FOUNDING

Clan Society Historian, Neil A. MacDougall of Charlottesville, Virginia, had an idea. It was that we needed a record, in some distinct form, of the founding of Clan MacDougall Society of the U.S. and Canada for the Society's permanent archives, as well as for current enjoyable reading.

He brought his idea to fruit by writing the story of the founding simply and beautifully and putting it in an artistically attractive booklet. And he made a present to the Society of the initial printing of these booklets. While there are not enough of them for distribution to the entire membership, those attending the annual meetings will always find a copy to read.

The Society is grateful for the work and thought our Historian put into this commemorative booklet, a valuable addition to Clan annals.



MacDougall Girls Pipe Band at Antigonish

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