

DOUGLAS FAMILY

ANNIE V. DOUGLAS

Genealogy

SUBJECT FILES

2303.24

Box 6

File 23

Re Robert Pearson
Mary Ann Lee

KISSIMMEE, FLA.
MAR 13
8 - PM
1935



Miss Douglas

4193 Sherbrooke St. W.
Father's family - Jav.
Westmount
Canada
Montreal
P. Q.

From
Mrs. Heber Hamilton
The Gables
Piscessee Florida
— U.S.A.

Missinence

Mar 13 55-

Dear Alice:-

I was just - about
to take my pen in hand
to write to you, when
something, stopped
me & then your letter
came, so now I'm
able to answer it -
Uncle Heber says "I'll
forgive his dear lady
for what she has
said" - "For women
will talk" &c. he
leaves you to finish
the rest. He thinks you
are much to nice
minded to remember
the rest, of the classic!

So perhaps George
could help you out!
Now as to our fore-
bears - The date
1809 would be 20
yrs before my Mother
was born (who was 2
years to the day, 12th
Sep. older than your
grandmother. Their
father Robert Pearson
used to call them
his "twins") So this
birthdate must date
from when she was
Mary Ann Lee, Mother
Name was Elizabeth Ann
I have heard my Mother
say what a very

2. handsome man
her father was &
what a large soft
hand, with such
a warm grasp when
he shook hands
He was really driven
out of Ireland for
his Protestant faith
though the best friend
he had was a ^{Priest}
father ~~Spencer~~
who often ^{changed} took
him to his horses with
him, this was a white
one, & he knew his
life was in danger.
One night coming home
late, on crossing

a bridge, he heard
some ~~of~~ men
talking under the
bridge, evidently
talking low for him,
& they said "here
he is on the priest hole"
which accounted
for priest Spellman
so flew offering to
lead him in horse
which being white
was easily distinguished
He used to slip hot-
punch with weather
in his breech & called
her his "little wife".
He was down to the
ship to see them off
& so probably protected
them until they departed

3. In facing much
better for the change
& sunshine. I'm
beginning to write
letters & P.C. which
Uncle Haber thinks
a good sign. Glad
you can keep in
touch with Barbara
I'm sure she, & I know
Pete & Danie, will
appreciate your kind-
ness very much.
I hope she is joining
in for more than the
social round!
There may be a certain
element in it; as I
heard it said that

in the R.C. circles ^{that}
in ^(confessional) ~~for out~~ there, was
not much. To be found

I was much touched
in reading your letter
as I had always dreaded
this day for you, trusting
that in the course of
nature, it must come.
The blessing is surely
yours dear & the joy &
comfort of the old place
will help to keep you
from being lonely &
you will be able to
comfort others lonely here -
if there are plenty of such.
I be ~~farmed~~ ^{very} where.
I'm so glad you had
such a happy visit
with George & Olga

4. I have a feeling that
this is a very happy
family life & I'm
sure you will always
feel that you are
within its circles too.
Uncle Peter enjoyed
meeting George & Olga
I wish we could all
see more of each other
there are so few you
left; Nina was the
last link of our family
for me, I don't know
any one left of the
Spence connection.

We have taken a dear
little furnished house
available, until ^{from May} ~~at~~ which
will give us time to

look about for
something more per-
manent, a down stairs
duplet, which we can
look up, & go our
way, & have our own
bits of things round
us, & what we hope
to be able to find.

Bessie is on the look
out & is a good Scout
much love & yourself
dear & to Geo. & Ed
When you write in
all justice Uncle
Heber gives his full
consent & forgiveness!
Affection

Aunt Mamma

My E. Lather
3 Langem St

Fort Chambly

Feb 13' 57

dear allie

Florence has not been well enough to write & give you the information you asked for about Uncle John Vibert & his family - she has asked me to tell you as much as I can, from my own memory -

I remembered that Thoma Pountree had asked her Uncle Arthur to write out for their collection of papers about the Vibert family - He did some of it & I had Thoma give me a copy for our papers on my mother's family - I am sorry I have not got it with me here - The first

If time I go back to Uthawa I will
look it up & send you a copy -
I do remember that the Vester
House was an aristocratic one
in the annals of Jersey families -
I am sorry that your Aunt Maud
Poretree, the only one left in her
Vester family will not consent
to sending their histories unless
you ask her directly - Her
2nd daughter, Aileen, is still
living in London doing work with
the "Save the Children Organisations"
and Refugee work - she was
a Major during the War -
She is a Mrs. Henderson - Her
husband, was a Captain but has
deserted her for a divorced
person with children - Aileen had
no children, forunately -
Now for my few remarks -
Your Father's mother - My

uncle of John or as uncle John's key
called her Ribella was the beauty
of the Shaw family of which key
neither was the youngest of the
3 sisters & 3 brothers - She &
her husband travelled together
on his ships for 3 years after their
marriage to Rome, Spain, Lisbon
& many other European countries.
How uncle John's ship was held
up for the winter in Holland, at
Amsterdam & by spring he
had learned to speak that etc
quite fluently. He was a natural
linguist for he knew how to
speak in Spanish - Italian & Port-
uguese when he traded in Brazil
& the West Indies -

He was a registered Captain at
20-22 years of age - When he went
to Cape Basin with his own ship

4 after his marriage & the 3 years
he and Aunt Rachel spent abroad
they had 8 children who all grew
up and married - your father,
whom we all loved so he was one
of the nobles of race, Cousin
Arthur & Joe were all educated
at a very fine school in St.
Helier, Jersey - It was rather
like an English public school
& when they were there had a very
~~well~~ well known headmaster -
your father, Arthur & Joe spent
many Christmases with us in
Alderney - It was the joy of our
young lives to have them from
up Cousin visits -

I have heard my father &
mother tell of a visit from two
ladies belonging to the family
in Jersey who had a girls school
to which Margaret V. went -
mother & father said they

were two of the most charming &
well educated ladies they ever
met.

This is all very rambling
& disconnected & may not be what
Patrick wants at all - Perhaps if
he wrote to Mrs. Meredith Coe at
4010 @ her brook St. West
Montreal. P. Q. Canada,
he would get a more authentic
account.

March 31 / 59

P. S. dear Albie

I am deeply ashamed not to
have sent this very incomplete
memoir to you but as much has
transpired in this lively family
of & since I wrote that I can
only say I am sorry -

I go to Ottawa to-morrow
and will try and find the
copy of Arthur Roberts account
if his father - I know it is

b. my papers but I myself could not find it & Florence was not well enough to go up to my room on the 3rd floor -

my American friend in Conyn- calls this winter's flue "The Echo Virus" & certainly has come back to its victims very often. This family has had one or two in bed at intervals of a week or so -

Florence & Hazel are both on the mend - Floy had a slight stroke but is recovering but to the

was of her arm & leg. It was very slight but not even at that a nice thing to happen -

Very sincerely yours

Byrd R -

I was so glad to have seen & talked to George when he was in the city. My heart goes out to you. My brother meant so much to me & I am so

How glad for the last year
years to get what we had.

187 Fourth Ave.
Ottawa Dec. 11 /61

Dear Allie

I try to wish you a happy birthday
and all possible blessings for Christmas and
the New Year. I am enclosing a bit about
Jennette Rapalje and her connection with
our family history. We have found a treasure-
trove in Grandfather Shaw's fine old writing desk
(portable) in the form of many letters written during
several years by cousin Nellie Straw Montgomery, who
made it a hobby to trace the families, mainly in
Nova Scotia and New England. Some time, before
too long, I wish you would come to Ottawa and
we could go over them together. I may say the
letters were written to us and placed in the desk for
safe keeping. I do wish I had vigor for a long time
would love to hear of you & ~~your~~ family. I did not

notice This was really double - Helen
gave me a box on my birthday. She is
now 16 and head of her class, silver
medallist for two years - Margaret has
planned to attend Carleton University (79½ %
in Grade 12) but the University could not
arrange the science subjects she wanted in view
of her plans so she is attending our old
Collegiate whose principal has been most kind
and given her the course she needs. They
are very strong and athletic, belonging to a
canoe club and Alpine Club - next it will
be skiing! Eugene busier than ever but
is darling and attentive to us
Yours lovingly
Florence

Jennette Lefferts Rapalje, ^(widow) married Stephen
Thorne, U. S. Loyalist as his second wife.

His son by his first wife Sybil Sands married
his step-sister Jennette Rapalje, thus continuing
the connection beyond Stephen down through
the descendants to our day of these fine old
Holland and Huguenot families.

From the Shaw
Sanity Bible

Eugene Torrey

FAMILY RECORD.

MARRIAGES.

Joseph Shaw
and
Mary Thorne
married
in Granville by
the Rev. George Best
February 21st 1825.

Letitia Norton Shaw
and
William Cochrane Bowles
married in Gaspé Basin
July 28th 1869
by Rev A. Drennan

MARRIAGES.

Margaret Shaw married
to Joseph Salter August 1846.
Phebe A Shaw married to
James A James Oct 1848

FAMILY RECORD.

BIRTHS.

BIRTHS.

Joseph Shaw
 borne in Wilnot N.S.
 March 14th AD 1802
 Baptized by the Rev. M. Dickles 1802

Joseph Edward Shaw
 borne in Granville N.S.
 Friday Augth 31st AD 1827
 Baptized by the Rev. A. Desbross

Mary Thorne borne
 in Granville Nov. Scotia
 Sept 21st AD 1801

James Thorne Shaw
 borne in Granville N.S.
 Wednesday Novth 1st AD 1829
 Baptized by the Rev. A. Desbross

Children

Phibe Anna Shaw
 borne at Sepreau N.S.
 Septth 7th AD 1823
 Baptized by the Rev. S. Busby

Moses Albert Shaw
 borne in Granville N.S.
 Saturday Nov 26th AD 1831
 Baptized by the Rev. M. Dickles

Margaret Sinden Shaw
 borne in Granville N.S.
 Janth 28th AD 1826
 Baptized by the Rev. S. Busby

Mary Thorne Shaw
 borne in Granville N.S.
 Saturday Decth 28th AD 1833
 Baptized by the Rev. A. Desbross

Sidd, Rebecca Shaw
 borne in Granville N.S.
 Sunday April 23rd AD 1836
 Baptized by the Rev. S. Busby

Saturday
 Sunday
 Saturday
 Sunday

FAMILY RECORD.

BIRTHS.

BIRTHS.

Alexandrina Victoria Shaw

Born in Granville N.H.

Friday Sept. 14th A.D. 1838.

Baptized by the Rev. G. Miller

Felicia Hemans Shaw

Born in Granville N.H. Sunday

August 12th A.D. 1840

Baptized by the Rev. W. Smith

Sarah Jane Shaw

Born in Granville N.H. Friday

August 1st A.D. 1842

Baptized by the Rev. W. Smith

Leticia Norton Shaw

Born on Sunday in Granville

N.H. Sept. 16th 1844

Baptized by the Rev. George Johnson

on Sunday the 12th day of July 1846

FAMILY RECORD.

DEATHS.

DEATHS.

Joseph Shaw
died July 25-1867

Mary Thome Shaw
died January 3rd 1894

JOSEPH SHAW ET JOHN VIBERT A GASPE

Eugène Forsey

Mon arrière-grand-père, Joseph Shaw, est né à Wilmot, Nouvelle-Ecosse, le 14 mars 1802, d'une famille d'origine anglaise, qui s'était installée au Massachusetts vers 1634 et en Nouvelle-Ecosse peu après 1760. Son épouse, Mary Thorne, née à Granville, Nouvelle-Ecosse, le 21 septembre 1801, était d'une famille loyaliste new-yorkaise, dont les ancêtres s'étaient installés au Massachusetts et à New Amsterdam dans les années 1630.

Joseph Shaw habitait Granville Ferry, près d'Annapolis, jusqu'en 1851, lorsque son frère, Alfred, lui dit que, pendant ses nombreux voyages, il avait vu en Gaspésie des forêts superbes, qui pourraient faire la fortune d'un entrepreneur forestier comme Joseph. Joseph, donc, quitta Granville Ferry en 1851. La plupart de sa nombreuse famille (trois fils, huit filles) le suivirent en 1852. L'une de ses filles, Sibell Rebecca, née à Granville le 23 avril 1836, épousa à Gaspé le 9 août 1858, John Arthur Vibert, capitaine de vaisseau, né en Jersey, le 4 février 1828, et qui vint à Gaspé vers 1847.

Joseph Shaw construisit à Gaspé Bassin une scierie et une grande maison (que j'ai vue pendant une visite à Gaspé en 1941). Il avait aussi, avec un monsieur Collas, un magasin, "sur la Pointe", en face de sa maison. A propos de deux petits garçons qui venaient d'acheter des bottes neuves chez "Collas and Shaw", on disait:

"No matter what old hen hatches duck eggs,
they go to the water as soon as they have
legs."

Avant 1881, il y avait plusieurs magasins à Gaspé, dont, au Bassin, "C. and S. Lowndes Bros.", et, de l'autre côté du fleuve, "John Le Boutillier and Co.". Au magasin Lowndes, ma cousine-germaine, madame Rountree, se souvient de trois frères, James, Harry et Scott, dont Scott avait plus tard son propre magasin. Au magasin Le Boutillier se trouvaient John Le Boutillier et Fred Dumaresq. Un écriteau disait:

"Poor Trust is Dead. Bad Pay killed him."

James Beatty était le forgeron, Will Fingleton le barbier. Dr. Moody, médecin et, plus tard, son successeur, Dr. Wakeham, demeurait chez les John Vibert. A la mort de madame Vibert mère, le 2 février 1878, il n'y avait pas d'entrepreneur de pompes funèbres.

Une grande entreprise de pêche de l'époque était celle de John et Elias Collas, de Jersey. Les employés venaient tous de Jersey, pour une période de deux ans; chaque automne, les Collas les renvoyaient en Jersey pour passer Noël avec leurs familles: on ne permettait pas aux épouses d'aller à Gaspé!

John Shaw habitait Gaspé jusqu'à sa mort, le 25 juillet 1867. Il est enterré à Gaspé, dans le cimetière méthodiste. Sa veuve demeurait à Gaspé jusqu'en 1892 environ; elle mourut à Ottawa, chez mes grands-parents, le 3 janvier 1894 et est enterrée à Gaspé, à côté de son mari. Ma mère, mon oncle et mes tantes passaient leurs vacances à Gaspé tous les ans jusqu'en 1895.

John Vibert commença sa carrière marine à l'âge de 14 ans. Il faisait des voyages en Angleterre, en Allemagne, en Norvège, en Turquie, en Italie, à Malte, en Espagne, au Portugal, à Terre-Neuve, aux Antilles, au Brésil, aux Etats-Unis, à Anticosti. C'était une vie ardue, pleine d'épreuves. En 1843, par exemple, le vaisseau où il travaillait, avait été chassé, aux Antilles, par des pirates. En 1869, près de Baltimore, l'équipe de son propre vaisseau, le "Brothers" (brick), se mutinèrent et l'abandonnèrent sur une île inhabitée. Il se sauva, trouva ses quatre marins, les captura, et reprit son voyage aux Antilles avec la même équipe!

John Vibert continuait ses voyages jusqu'en 1890, quand il quitta Gaspé pour Montréal, où il devint fonctionnaire supérieur du havre. Son épouse est décédée à Montréal en 1899, et John Vibert lui-même en 1900. J'ai de vifs souvenirs de lui: un vieillard très spirituel, bien que partiellement paralysé vers la fin de sa vie. Sa fille, madame Rountree, possède son journal, de quelques-uns de ses voyages, de 1845 à 1887 (j'en ai une copie pour les années 1845 à 1872). Ce document écrit dans un style très vif, vaut, à mon avis, qu'il soit recopié pour les archives de Gaspé.

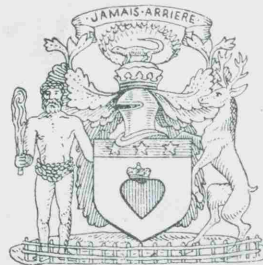
John et Sibell Vibert avaient huit enfants: Arthur, John, Margaret, Joseph, Sybil, Mary Thorne, George et Bert. Mary Thorne Vibert (madame Meredith Rountree), née à Gaspé, le 6 août 1873, habite actuellement Montréal. Elle est en bonne santé, d'une intelligence toujours vive et pétillante. Elle m'a fourni de nombreux souvenirs, et la plupart de la documentation sur laquelle est basée ce récit.

CLAN DOUGLAS

NOBODY COULD ACQUIRE EVEN A SUPERFICIAL knowledge of Scots history without discovering the importance of the house of Douglas. On every page of Scotland's story the Douglasses feature grandly — Black and Red, heroes and villains, they are always there. The list of peerages accumulated by them is longer than the tally of sept names attached to most of the larger clans! As late as the second half of the twentieth century, a Douglas chief became the Queen's prime minister; it was by no means the first time that one of his family had exercised the supreme power in the state, short of the crown itself.

The name Douglas derives from the Border dale owned by William de Douglas who lived there at the end of the twelfth century. His son, Sir Archibald, left two offspring: Sir William, who carried on the main Douglas line, and Sir Andrew of Hermiston, who was ancestor of the Earls of Morton. Sir William de Douglas, nicknamed 'Long-leg', adhered to the pro-English faction among the Scots nobility, probably because he held lands in Northumberland as well as Douglasdale, and died about 1274. His son and heir, Sir William le Hardi, provoked the rage of Edward I of England by abducting an English heiress, Eleanor de Ferrers, whom he married. For this crime he underwent a brief imprisonment in Leeds Castle. Soon afterwards, he became embroiled with Edward in a more serious quarrel: Douglas supported Wallace in his struggle against English domination and ended his days a prisoner again, dying in the Tower of London in 1298.

It was the eldest son of Sir William le Hardi who first made the Douglas name glorious in the annals of Scotland. Known as 'The Good Sir James', his story is inseparable from that of Bruce, whose faithful lieutenant he became. After fighting under Bruce at the Battle of Methven in 1306, James Douglas made a daring raid the following year on his confiscated estate in Douglasdale. Disguised as peasants, he and his men surprised and massacred the English garrison as they attended the Palm Sunday Mass; then Douglas's band calmly ate the Englishmen's dinner before destroying their supplies, beheading the prisoners and burning Douglas Castle. This bloodthirsty revenge was called the 'Douglas Larder'. Other exploits in which Sir James Douglas played a notable part were the defeat of a Highland army at the Pass of Brander, the capture of Roxburgh Castle and, of course, Bannockburn. By now 'The Good Sir James' was more commonly nicknamed 'The Black Douglas'. In 1316 he defeated an English force which had ridden across the border, hoping to surprise Douglas at Lintalee, near Jedburgh, where he was building a castle; it was Douglas, however, who ambushed the English and routed them. After the victory of the Scots in the War of Independence, Douglas not only recovered his father's estates, but was also given Balliol's lands in Galloway. The Black Douglas's last adventure, however, was his most famous. King Robert Bruce, who died of leprosy in 1329, charged him to remove his heart from his body after death and carry it to Jerusalem, since he had never had time to redeem his vow to go on a crusade. Douglas got as far as Granada, in Spain, where he died in battle against the Moors, his king's heart hung round his neck in a silver casket. Bruce's heart was brought back home and buried in Melrose Abbey; the body of Douglas was interred beneath a splendid tomb in the church of St Bride.



DOUGLAS

CLANSMEN'S CREST: *On a chap-eau a salamander, vert, in fire, proper.*

MOTTO: *Jamais arriere (Never behind).*

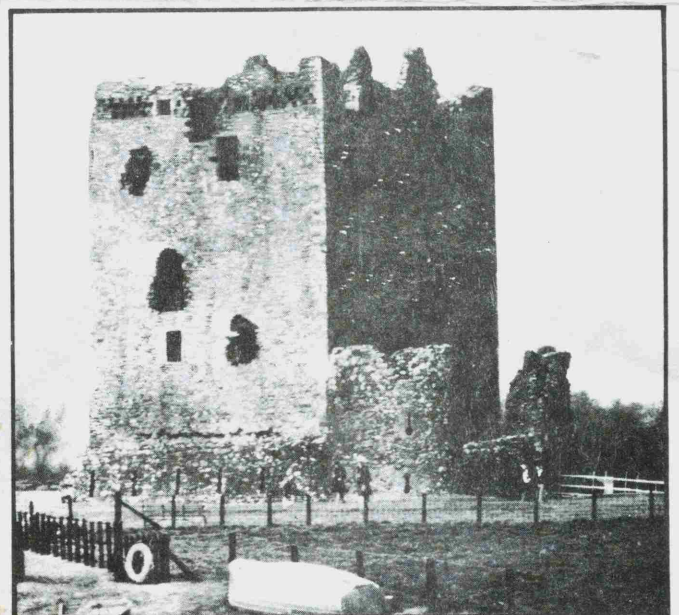
Gaelic NAME: *Dubhghlas.*

THE origin of this, one of the most powerful families in Scotland, and rivals of Royalty, is unknown. Of them it was said, "Men have seen the stream, but what eye ever beheld its source?" In the 12th century they are found in Lanarkshire.

William, of Douglas, who lived in the 12th century, had six sons, five of whom were associated with the Province of Moray. The Douglasses were prominent in the struggle for Scotland's independence in the days of Wallace and Bruce, and "the Good Sir James," while carrying Bruce's heart, was killed fighting against the Moors in Spain in 1330. His nephew, William, was created Earl of Douglas in 1357, and also Earl of Mar by his marriage with Margaret, sister of the 13th Earl of Mar. James, 2nd Earl, was killed at Otterburn in 1388, and from him was descended the Queensberry branch. James's half-brother George became Earl of Angus. The Earldom of Douglas was forfeited in 1455 while held by James, 9th Earl.

George Douglas obtained a grant of the Earldom of Angus in 1389 when his mother resigned it in his favour. He married Mary, daughter of Robert III. Archibald, 5th Earl, was known as "Bell the Cat" because at a secret meeting of Scottish nobles to discuss means of ridding the Court of the favourites of James III, Lord Gray likened those in conference to mice and asked who had courage to bell the cat. Archibald exclaimed, "I shall bell the cat." Archibald, 6th Earl, was for a long period in rebellion against James V, and kept the young king a prisoner for over three years. William, 11th Earl of Angus, was created Marquis of Douglas in 1633.

Archibald, 3rd Marquis, was created Duke of Douglas in 1703. He died without heir, in 1761, and his titles, except the Dukedom, passed to the Duke of Hamilton.



Threave Castle, on an island in the River Dee in Galloway, was built by a bastard son of the Black Douglas known as 'Archibald the Grim'.

To properly write the history of the Douglasses would be to write the history of Scotland from the beginning of the 12th century till the Union of the Crowns; and for reason of space, we may only glance at it. First of all the reader is asked to forget all the romantic tales about the origin of the Douglasses, which the R. S. Crocketts' have so manfully striven to popularise. The first Douglas was not a "black grey man" who sprang miraculously from nowhere to assist a King in difficulties; he was a Flemish mercenary and adventurer, called Theobald, who was given lands on Douglas Water in 1147 by the Abbot of Kelso. The Abbot badly wanted a watch-dog in these troublous times, and Theobald was as serviceable as any. Theobald's descendants in course of time signed themselves "of Douglas," and when in 1270 the then Abbot parted with farther land to them, they were firmly fixed as a "noble" family. The early Douglasses married themselves carefully into neighbouring estates, and never parted with an acre once they had got their hands on it. Theobald himself, being somehow related to Freskyn, the land pirate mentioned in previous papers, this grasping tendency is understandable; and in time the family became a bye-word even among professional and titled rascality.

"As of Henry VIII. it may be said of Douglas the first Earl, that he never spared man in his anger or woman in his lust."

The "Good Sir James"—if all histories are to be believed—a valourous and honest sort of man, rose with the success of Robert the Bruce. Under Bruce, they over-ran the South country, and under David they over-ran the West, simply by accumulation of grants of forfeited estates. They held practically a Royal Court, created knights and rendered themselves objects of suspicion and jealousy to the Stuarts. Finally, after a long combat with the Crown that had enriched them, they were evicted and their estates forfeited in 1455. The old stock of "Black" Douglasses however reappeared in the "Red" in the person of the Earl of Angus, who received the estates, and finally in 1859 the remainder of their lands were swallowed up by the Earl of Home when he married the daughter and heir of Lady Douglas Montagu.



Chief : Douglas of Douglas.

Patronymic : The Douglas.

Clan Seats : Douglas Castle, Lanarkshire ; Tantallon Castle, East Lothian.

Slogan : A Douglas ! A Douglas !

Memorials : St. Bryde's Kirk, Douglas.

Music : Dumbarton's Drums.



DOUGLAS

CREST BADGE: *On a chapeau a salamander, vert, in fire, proper.*

MOTTO: *Jamais arriere (Never behind).*

GAELIC NAME: *Dubhghlas.*

Salamander.—A fabulous monster, generally depicted *passant*, surrounded by flames. A golden Salamander is the crest of JAMES, EARL DOUGLAS, K.G., the first Scottish noble who was elected into the Order of the Garter, and who died A.D. 1483;

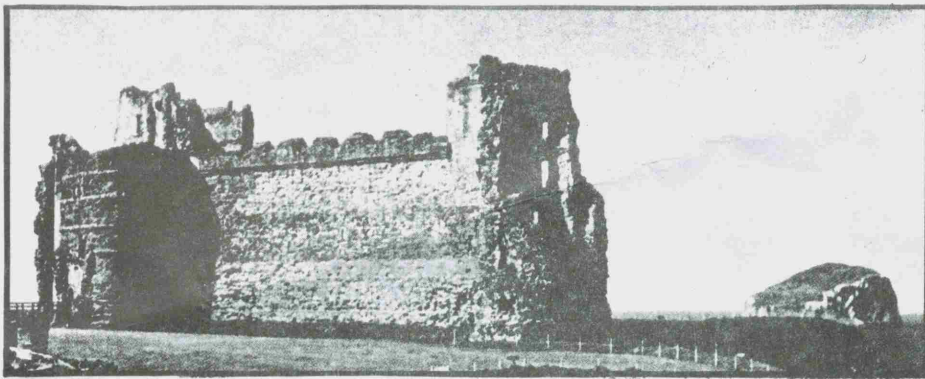
Chapeau, the name given by the French to the cap of dignity.

THE DOUGLAS FAMILY

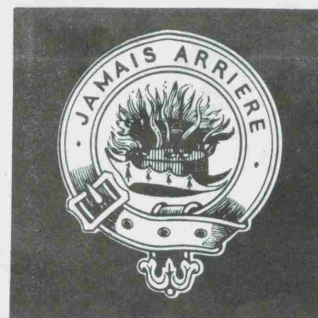
War Cry :—"A Douglas ! A Douglas !"

This surname is territorial, from the wild pastoral dale possessed by William de Douglas, living 1174 to 1199. His eldest son, Sir Archibald, left two sons—Sir William, and Andrew, ancestor of the Morton family. Sir William died about 1274. His son was Sir William *le Hardi*, whose son, "the Good Sir James," the greatest of Bruce's captains in the War of Independence, was killed fighting against the Moors in Spain, 1330. Hugh, brother of Lord James, settled the family estates on his nephew, Sir William, in 1343.

In 1357 this Sir William was made Earl Douglas, and by marriage became Earl of Mar. He died 1384. His son, James, 2nd Earl of Douglas and Mar, fell at Otterburn, 1388. His own natural son became progenitor of the Marquesses of Queensberry, whilst he was succeeded under entail by Archibald "the Grim," 3rd Earl, natural son of "Good Sir James." The 4th Earl was created Duke of Touraine in France, and married Princess Margaret, daughter of Robert III. William, 6th Earl and 2nd Duke, was finally slain by Chancellor Crichton at the "Black Dinner" at Edinburgh Castle, 1440. William, 8th Earl, who married the "Fair Maid of Galloway," maintained magnificent sway at Threave Castle, and was killed at Stirling Castle by James II. in 1452. The earldom was forfeited when James, 9th Earl, was defeated at Arkinholm, 1455. The chiefship of this great family then fell to the Earls of Angus, of whom the 5th is celebrated as "Bell the Cat," leader of the rude barons who opposed the cultured court of James III. William, 11th Earl of Angus, was created Marquis of Douglas, 1633. A Dukedom of Douglas followed, 1703, but expired, 1761, when the "Douglas Cause" arose over succession to the vast estates. The Duke of Hamilton (paternally a Douglas) then became Earl of Angus and heir-male of the House of Douglas. He is Chief of the Hamiltons. The estates, after the great litigation known as "The Douglas Cause," devolved on the heir-female who was as Representative of the House of Douglas awarded the arms of Douglas of Douglas, and was later created Lord Douglas of Douglas, and awarded the chief Arms of the House of Douglas, whose daughter and eventual senior co-heiress married the 11th Earl of Home.

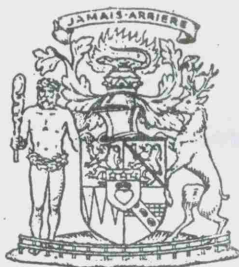


Tantallon Castle, perched on a cliff east of North Berwick, was a stronghold of the Earls of Angus — the Red Douglases.



DOUGLAS

Slogan :—“ A Douglas ! A Douglas ! ”



THIS surname is territorial, from the wild pastoral dale possessed by William de Douglas, living 1174 and 1199. His eldest son, Sir Archibald, left two sons—Sir William, and Andrew, ancestor of the Morton family. Sir William died about 1274. His son was Sir William *le Hardi*, whose son, “the Good Sir James,” the greatest of Bruce’s captains in the War of Independence, was killed fighting against the Moors in Spain, 1330. Hugh, brother of Lord James, settled the family estates on his nephew, Sir William, in 1343.

In 1357 this Sir William was made Earl of Douglas, and by marriage became Earl of Mar. He died 1384. His son, James, 2nd Earl of Douglas and Mar, fell at Otterburn, 1388. His own natural son became progenitor of the Marquesses of Queensberry, while he was succeeded under entail by Archibald “the Grim,” 3rd Earl, natural son of “Good Sir James.” The 4th Earl was created Duke of Touraine in France, and married Princess Margaret, daughter of Robert III. The earldom was forfeited when James, 9th Earl, was defeated at Arkinholm, 1455. The chiefship of this great family then devolved upon the Earls of Angus in the person of George, 4th Earl, who received a grant of the ancient inheritance of Douglasdale in reward for having supported the Crown. His son, Archibald, 5th Earl, celebrated as Bell-the-Cat, led the insurgent nobles against James III., and survived Flodden Field. Archibald, 6th Earl, married the widowed Queen Margaret Tudor, but dying without issue the earldom passed subsequently to the Houses of Pittendreich and Glenbervie, and William, 11th Earl, was in 1633 created Marquis of Douglas. Archibald, 3rd Marquis, was created Duke of Douglas, 1703, but dying without issue, 1774, his marquisate and the earldom of Angus devolved on the Duke of Hamilton, whilst the Douglas estates, in consequence of the celebrated lawsuit, “The Douglas Cause,” passed to his nephew and heir of line, Archibald Stewart Douglas of Douglas, to whom the armorial bearings and the Douglas chiefship were awarded by Lyon Decree 1771, and he was created Lord Douglas of Douglas 1790. On the death of the 4th Lord Douglas, 1857, the Douglas estates devolved upon his niece, Lucy Elizabeth Douglas of Douglas, Countess of Home, whose grandson, Charles, 13th Earl of Home, is feudal Baron of Douglas. It is difficult to say who is now chief of the name and family of Douglas, as the arms and estate are at present merged in the Earldom of Home, and the Duke of Hamilton, although paternally a Douglas, became by marriage with the Hamilton heiress, on taking her name and arms, by the law and custom of Scotland, chief of the name and house of Hamilton. If Douglasdale were settled, with the name and arms of Douglas, upon a younger son of Lord Home, he would thereupon as next of blood bearing the name be chief of the House of Douglas, failing which that position may pass to the next brother of the House of Hamilton resuming the name and arms of Douglas of Douglas.

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Note:— Mr Douglas who commissioned the Coat of Arms, like most of us could only trace his history back about 200 years. That is why he commissioned the most ancient and original Coat of Arms for the Clan Douglas.

DOUGLAS

DOUGLAS is a name that resounds through Scottish history like the call of a trumpet. The services of the 'doughty Douglasses' in Scotland's struggle for independence were second only to those of Wallace and Bruce, and in later times the formidable power which they acquired, added to their military skill and daring, made them the family 'whose coronet so often counterpoised the crown'. And behind every Douglas magnate one could name there must always have been a strong group of kinsmen and a host of Douglas followers.

William de Douglas flourished in the last quarter of the 12th century, but the rise of the family began with lavish grants of lands and powers to the 'good Sir James', one of Bruce's chief lieutenants and trusted councillors. Said to have loved better to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak, he won renown by exploits such as the thrice-repeated attack on his own castle of Douglas while it was held by the English, and the capture of Roxburgh by disguising his men as black oxen. His nephew was made Earl of Douglas and added the earldom of Mar by marriage; the second earl was the dead man who won a fight at Otterburn, through his death being concealed from the Scottish army; and the fourth played a leading part in warfare with England, both on the Border and in France, where he was made Duke of Touraine. At the height of their power the Earls of Douglas held the whole of south-west Scotland as well as lands in the north and east, and it was said they could call on 30,000 to 40,000 men. 'None durst strive against a Douglas nor yet a Douglas man'. The 'black dinner' at Edinburgh castle when the young earl and his brother were beheaded in 1440, and the assassination of a Douglas by the king himself at Stirling in 1452, were deeds of shame; but the forfeiture of their title and estates in 1455 were acts of policy against an 'over-mighty subject' who threatened the peace of the kingdom.

But another Douglas rose to power on the ruins, for the man who led the royal forces against the last Earl of Douglas was his kinsman of a junior branch, George Earl of Angus. Because one line was swarthy and the other fair, it was said that 'the Red Douglas had put down the Black', and as reward Angus was granted the Douglas estates. Archibald, the earl known as 'Bell-the-Car', was a leading man among the nobles who opposed James III; his two sons fell at Flodden with 200 other Douglasses; and his grandson married James IV's widow Margaret Tudor and virtually ruled Scotland until the 'Red' Douglasses were forfeited in their turn. The fame of the family so impressed James VI's youthful mind (perhaps thanks to his Douglas grandmother) that he persuaded the tenth earl to undertake a family history based on record evidence and tradition, which was written by David Hume of Godscroft.

The head of the Douglasses in Dumfries-shire was created Earl of Morton in 1458. The fourth earl, who was in command of operations against Queen Mary's partisans during the so-called 'Douglas wars', was Regent of Scotland for eight years during her son's minority. He was executed in 1581, when the earldom of Morton passed to Douglas of Lochleven, and the earldom of Angus (after some opposition from James VI as heir of line) to Douglas of Glenbervie. Power such as they once knew had passed from the Douglasses, but honours still accumulated: the Douglas Laird of Drumlanrig was advanced to Earl (1633), Marquess (1682) and Duke (1683) of Queensberry, and Angus to Marquess (1633) and Duke (1703) of Douglas. The glamour of the name had something to do with the intense excitement over the 'Douglas cause' to decide the fate of the vast family possessions after the death of the Duke of Douglas without immediate heirs in 1761. When the Court of Session's decision against his young nephew (and in favour of the house of Hamilton) was reversed by the House of Lords in 1769 the news was received with public rejoicing and windows in Edinburgh were illuminated, while a mob broke those of the judges who had been hostile to the young man.

After seven centuries and more than twenty generations, Douglasdale still remains in the family. The Douglasses and the Homes, who had many encounters in the old Border times, are united in a line which has produced a Prime Minister of Great Britain. If the cry 'A Douglas! A Douglas!' is heard no longer, there can be few places in the south of Scotland at least where some bearers of that mighty name are not to be found.



FIG. 96.—Seal of Archibald Douglas, sixth Earl of Angus, 1514-1556 (16th cent. fancy style of shield).



Scottish book-plate



The escape of Mary Queen of Scots from Lochleven Castle, where her gaoler had been the Earl of Morton, a Douglas of Dalkeith.

RIO TINTO, LONDON and NORTHERN RHODESIA

1926 - 1932

When George and Olga arrived in Rio Tinto a bungalow was assigned to them on the longer of the two rows of company houses for the English engineers and office personnel. This house was built around a little paved court and everything was whitewashed. Behind the row ran the road lined on its far side with tall eucalyptus trees. Along this road passed peasants with laden donkeys, often the man astride the load while the wife plodded along behind, usually with a load upon her back. Some were peddlers of brassware or lace and embroidery, some with citrus fruits and vegetables. Each morning came the milkman with his goats, stopping if hailed by a little Spanish maid into whose pitcher he would milk a goat on the spot.

In about fifteen minutes one could walk to the Spanish town where the miners lived and where a few shops were clustered including a dairy where Olga bought clean goats milk. There was no T. B. testing of cows, so many of the foreigners thought it safer to use the goat milk. To the little square of the town came the bus from Sevilla and from this square it departed every day for the fifty or so mile drive southeast through the Sierra Morena. A railway line ran down the Rio Tinto valley to the busy port of Huelva, some forty miles to the south where the ore was loaded into the holds of the vessels at the long company wharves.

George was at once captivated by the complexity of the ore-bodies in this famous region where several types of deposit existed side by side. From one hillside the ore could be leached out into long holding tanks in the valley into which chunks of iron were thrown and gradually the copper in the water replaced the iron. From huge terraced open-casts ore could be mined and sent to the smelters whose tall smoke stacks rose starkly above treeless hill tops. Yet another ore body was so enriched with gold and silver that it was shipped directly from Huelva to the Netherlands where the extraction process separated out the different constituents. Both George and Olga soon learned enough Spanish to enable them to converse at least in a limited way with the workers around them. Most of the little maids who did the housework for the English families spoke a little English.

Early that first autumn Olga was expecting her second child. Would it be Patrick or Mary? If a boy he would be registered as a Spanish citizen if born in Spain, and whether a girl or a boy a Spanish birthplace might complicate the matter of visas, etc., in future years. (some years ago I was greatly concerned about a scholarly English woman who accepted a post at Harvard but was denied an entry to the U.S.A., being told that she must wait her turn to be admitted on the Indian quota because she had been born in India where her English Mother was living for a few years while the Admiral father was in charge of the Indian Ocean Fleet of the Royal Navy. Almost unbelievable, but true.) So in October Olga and George journeyed to England whence George returned at once to Rio Tinto and Olga crossed over to Dublin to Brian's home. Here Mary was born on November 2nd, 1926.

Before very long the bungalow at Rio Tinto housed Father, Mother, Toddler, Baby and an energetic, devoted young English Nanny. George put in a request for one of the larger houses on the row facing the tennis court at the far corner of which stood the spacious Manager's House. A vacancy did not occur until the following mid-summer when they were able to move to the more commodious quarters.

All winter George mapped the geological features, studied the structure and theorized over the intrusives, especially an elaborate stockwork on the rock face of one of the opencast terraces. Was this the pathway up which had welled the ore-rich molten liquid which accounted for the vast deposits? If so, should there not be another deposit below the bank of a little stream which ran down a fold in the hills not far away? Winter ran into spring and George and Olga wrote urging Aunt Mina and me to come over and visit them in the summer.

We were both anxious to see the little family in Rio Tinto and also something more of Spain so we began planning at once and my old bank book for March, 1927, shows a withdrawal of \$260 marked "Passages French Line". When my McGill work was completed at the end of May, we very soon went to New York and embarked for Vigo on La Bourdonais of the Compagnie General Transatlantique. This was a delightful passage. We had a small deck cabin on this one-class ship and I still remember with pleasure the bottles of red and white wine placed on our table for four every lunch and dinner. Early one morning we steamed out of a coastal fog, barely missing a small fishing craft on our starboard, and into the sunshine of the long lovely ria far on the south shore of which lies the picturesque town of Vigo. We stayed two days exploring the markets and little streets. We went to the fish auction hall where every buyer had an electric bell connection on his desk. The fisherman displayed his catch, the auctioneer named a high price and lowered it little by little until some buyer pressed his bell. Thus the fisherman got the best price possible for the night's labours.

George had told us not to miss seeing Santiago de Compostella with its great Cathedral dedicated to the Apostle James, a shrine for thousands of pilgrims, especially at festivals when the great censer suspended from the vault of the nave between the transepts is lowered and caused to swing from one transept in a long arc up into the other. We went on to Corunna, thinking of General Sir John Moore buried there in 1809 when, in the dead of night, "Not a drum was heard As his corpse to the ramparts was carried." I had not Aunt Mina's sense of history, but I think she too found it a disappointing visit. We took the night train to Madrid. Two memories of our three days in that great city are dominant: the Prado with its powerful Goyas, its Velasques and its Murillos, especially his paintings of little street urchins; and the Royal Palace where King Alphonso was in residence and the palace guard were performing a stiff goose-step drill in the forecourt.

We had one memorable day in Toledo, that ancient little walled City high above the Tagus, "dominated by its wide double aisled Cathedral and immortalized by El Greco. Then south to Cordoba, where we first encountered the rich heritage of Moorish learning and architecture - the lovely mosque so ruthlessly desecrated by the conquerors, Isabella and Ferdinand. Looking into the holiest prayer alcove, the Mirhab, with its exquisite honeycomb vaulting, I realized the universality of the human need for prayer, whether to Allah or Ra, to Brahma, to the Great White Spirit or to Jehova and I thought of the Psalmists words, "O thou who hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come". Thence to Sevilla where George met us and took us by car to Rio Tinto. Olga with two-year-old Elizabeth by the hand and Nanny with Mary in her arms came out to greet us.

As the bungalow had no spare room, Olga had arranged with a neighbour to let us sleep in her two-storey house. Our hostess was a native of Cornwall who boasted that she had the evil eye. We took good care not to impose upon her hospitality and were indeed grateful to her and her engineer husband. Every morning we were awakened by the young Spanish maids singing haunting but illusive little songs as they did the washing beneath our window which overlooked the courtyard, the road and the eucalyptus trees. Seeing the various aspects of the mine with George was a revelation to me, and listening to his theories and problems was a privilege, reminiscent of the old McGill days when he always claimed that my questions made out of complete ignorance, helped him to clarify his own thinking. He was mulling over the problems associated with drilling, just where to set up the rig and at what angle to bore and at about what depth they might expect to enter the mineralized zone which he felt confident must lie below. Drilling began and anxious days followed as core after core was brought up and placed in the long rows of wooden grooves. Then one happy day a core showed mineralization and the next length and the next. A new ore body was indeed revealed and everyone was jubilant.

The Rio Tinto Company owned a strip of the long sandy beach west of the mouth of the Rio Tinto and had built a series of smaller and larger wooden bungalows, all set up on stilts four or five feet above the sand in case of exceptionally high spring tides. In the summer these were occupied by the families of the staff people. George and Olga were able to get a three-bedroom cottage which with its living room and little kitchen gave ample accommodation for us all. Everything was of the simplest. To escape the heat of July and August, the whole family went down to Huelva in the coach car attached to the ore train, were ferried across a deep inlet of the sea and walked through the little village of Punta Arenas to the beach cottages. George came down for week ends until his holiday began. The swimming was a joy and the sand was fine and clean. Small translucent shells and sturdier scollop shells abounded. A colorful annual festival took place soon after our arrival. The statue of the Madonna was carried out of the village church in procession with chanting.

It passed through the village down to the water where it was put in a boat and given a little tour of the sea front before being solemnly returned to her pedestal in the church. This was the ritual Blessing of the Waters, after which the mothers would permit their smaller children to go in bathing.

Aunt Mina and I went up to Sevilla for a few days to see the Moorish Alcazar; the great Cathedral with its high double aisles, its huge mural of St. Christopher on the west wall of the south transept and its bell tower; the smaller churches with their works of art; the cork market and so much else in that lovely city. Then Aunt Mina took the bus back to Huelva and I took the bus to Rio Tinto for it was July 11th when George and I liked to be together on the anniversary of our Father's death in far off Denver, twenty-three long years before.

One week end we went to Huelva and down the east shore of the estuary to La Rabida, the Franciscan Monastery where Columbus stayed the last night before setting sail to discover the New World. His three little ships Santa Maria, Pinta and Nina lay at anchor that August night in 1492 in the Rio Tinto just above the convent, and here he dropped anchor again in March 1493 on his triumphant return.

Leaving the children with Nanny and Aunt Mina, Olga and I set off for Granada. From the valley of the Guadalquivir the train slowly made its way eastward. At Sevilla large numbers of soldiers had come on. They were on leave from the war in Algeria and full of high spirits. At every stop some got off to be almost smothered in the embraces of semi-hysterical mothers and then greeted by stoical fathers and noisy younger relatives. The heat was almost intolerable and I got very indignant with an army officer who planted himself in front of our open window while he stared and stared at Olga. Twice he returned to block our air in spite of my reiterating "Mucho calor" and motioning him away from the window. At length he left us in peace as we traversed the long Vega to the hill city of Granada crowned by the Alhambra. Here we stayed three or four days, marvelling at the intricate beauty of Moorish art and architecture. We stood in the great hall where Ferdinand and Isabella accepted the surrender of the last Moorish Commander and a year later welcomed Columbus on his return from the New World. Washington Irving's Conquest of Granada made the historic scenes come alive. In a second-hand shop in the city I bought the beautifully wrought iron broiler-toasting fork which hangs by my fireplace as I write these words. In a large pottery works in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada, Olga bought all the bowls and dishes which she could carry home to Rio Tinto.

Soon after our return to Punta, George and Aunt Mina set off together to Granada. A few days later came a card telling us that they were going south to the spectacular old town of Ronda and then on such a day to Algecires and then Gibraltar. This seemed an

opportunity which might never recur, so I packed a small bag and went to Sevilla for one night. I remember spending that evening in the Hotel Inglaterra writing the beginning of what became a year later my second article in the Atlantic, "The Energy of Starlight". Very early next morning I took the bus to Jerez where there was just time for coffee and a roll before the departure of the bus for Algecires. The road ran through forests of cork oak, up the spiral road to the little hill top city of Medina Sidonia whose ruler in 1588 was the Admiral in command of the Spanish Armada, on and on until suddenly across the water there was the crouching lion -- the great Rock of Gibraltar. When I boarded the ferry that forenoon I fully expected to find George and Aunt Mina but they did not turn up and I assumed they had been delayed and would cross on the evening ferry. So on arrival in Gibraltar I set out to find rooms for us for that night. This accomplished I walked around the base of the Rock to Catalan Bay where I waded in the Mediterranean and then sat in the shadow of the Rock to read. The beach was deserted save for one coast guard who came over to warn me not to go swimming because the flag on the pole at his station indicated that sharks had been sighted. Returning to the town I got some tea and then went down to the pier to await the ferry. A heavy sea was running, the wind was rising to a howling gale and rain began to fall. The ferry was not expected for an hour, then another hour. Darkness fell and the rain pelted down. People hoping to return to Algecires crowded into the waiting room. At last word came that no ferry would come until next day. People streamed out of the waiting room and I suddenly came face to face with George and Aunt Mina looking utterly tired and exhausted. Amazement came upon all three faces. Where had I come from! Where had they been all day! They had come a day early to Algecires, had spent the night there and crossed the bay on the very early morning ferry and they had been touring the Rock fortifications on the go all day long. When I said I had rooms for us at a nice hotel near the harbour, the relief on George's face I can still see. We were a happy trio in the hotel that night. Next morning they took me where they had been the previous day. The storm had died down, and we returned that afternoon to Algecires and continued homeward to Punta.

When the time came for our return to Vigo and La Bourdonnais George and Olga accompanied us to Lisbon for two days of sightseeing after which they returned to Punta and very soon moved back to the mines. A visit from Professor Gratton of Harvard gave George great satisfaction. To take an experienced economic geologist all over the mines and discuss its problems with him was very stimulating. It was there in Rio Tinto that Gratton amused Elizabeth and Mary with the story of the engine pulling a heavy train up a hill - I think I can, I think I can About this time George acquired an assistant to help with the mapping, a young Spanish geologist, Rosa da Luma. He charmed Olga with his piano playing and in particular with a lovely little composition which he wrote out in notes so that Olga could learn to play its very tricky opening bar.

Two years and more went by and then George was told to return to London where he set up an office, with a draftsman - typist, in a large bare room on or near St. Swithen's Lane, just a few minutes walk from the Head Office of the Rio Tinto Company near the Mansion House. He bought a house in Holmbury St. Mary, that lovely part of Surrey between Dorking and Guildford, a short bicycle ride south of the little railway station at Gomshall. This was a large house set in a hillside garden of rhododendron and azalias, a tulip tree and others. It looked across the road to the grey parish church and the deeply wooded hill on the other side of the little valley. Up the hill behind their house stretched the common land where ardent amateur archaeologists were digging out the site of what they thought had been a Roman encampment.

Olga had a wonderful time visiting second hand furniture stores in Guildford and Dorking to furnish the two sitting rooms, dining room and four bedrooms, while George commuted five days a week between Gomshall and Cannon St. Station. But before they were really settled in their new home, Sir Auckland asked George to go to Northern Rhodesia to look over the copper prospects there. Olga invited her Aunt Beatrice and Uncle (a dentist on Wimpole Street) to stay with her. George sailed to Cape Town where his brother-in-law, Dr. Eric Crichton, and his wife made him welcome before he took the train for the long journey northward. At N'Kana he found his former McGill professor, Bancroft and his wife, who insisted that he stay with them. Here he bought his first motorcar, had one driving lesson from the garage owner, and then drove off to the Bancroft house to invite Mrs. Bancroft to go for a drive with him! He took her all over the town and next day set off for his own destination, N'Changa. Here the possibilities of the area seemed to be very great and he returned to London to put in a strong recommendation in favour of developing the area.

The Company were also interested in a property in Norway, north of the circle, and sent George to look it over. He took Olga with him and while he went inland to examine the area, she stayed at the coastal town, walked up a hillside and picked wild strawberries in October. George was not enthusiastic about the property and I do not think Rio Tinto acquired it. In the late winter of 1930 they decided to go ahead in N'Changa and to send George there to take charge of the development, the prospecting, mapping and planning. He wrote to us urging us to come over for the two or three weeks before they were to sail to Cape Town. After some red-tape delay, I got permission to leave a little before the actual end of term and we sailed to Southampton in May. How beautiful it was in the Surrey hills that spring with all the gardens ablaze with rhododendrons, azalias and gay flowerbeds.

Elizabeth and Mary, now almost five and three and a half years respectively, were darling little sprites with extremely English accents. George and I cycled each morning to Gomshall to get the London train to Canongate. Then we would get a cup of coffee at a convenient Lyons before going to his office by about 9:45 A.M. His draftsman would already be at work and while George was busy with his maps and reports

or gone off to the Head Office to see Sir Auckland, I would sit on a high stool at a high desk and write letters or work on an article for Discovery or the Atlantic. I loved those days and the late afternoon journey home to the family. One Saturday George, Olga, Aunt Mina and I went up to London to Covent Gardens where "Parsifal" was being given. When I had gone for tickets I found everything sold out except a few seats in the next to back row of the "gods". The slope was so steep that Aunt Mina became dizzy. George took her back to the wall behind the rear aisle and hoistered her onto the window ledge where they sat for the entire three parts. Between each part an hour or more allowed everyone to leave the hall for nearby restaurants for dinner or other refreshments. What a marvellous evening that was, the music, the acting, the solemnity and the splendid staging.

Another day Olga joined me in the afternoon and I took her to the meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society at the R.A.S. rooms in Burlington House. There she met my genial friends, Dr. W. M. Smart and Sir Arthur Eddington. I think that was the meeting when Dr. J. S. Plaskett gave an address on Rotation of the Galaxy, presenting convincing evidence from the spectrograms taken by the 72-inch reflector at the Dominion Astrophysical Observatory at Victoria, B.C. of which he was the Director; work for which he received the Gold Medal of the R.A.S.

The day of their departure came. We drove up to London and went directly to the docks. Elizabeth and Mary were very excited and they chanted over and over again "I am so happy tomorrow, I am so happy today". They went on board, slept on board that night and sailed very early the next morning for the long journey to Cape Town. Aunt Mina and I returned to Clereholt to stay with Beatrice and Edgar for two or three weeks.

After a brief stay in Eric Crichton's hospitable home they took the long journey north to N'Changa where they lived for a happy and interesting year. On one occasion the Governor General of Southern Rhodesia and his wife, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, came to N'Changa. George gave him a tour of the region while Olga was delegated to show the more local points of interest to Princess Alice.

On the 19th of April, 1931, Patrick was born in N'Changa with the skillful and kindly assistance of a nurse sent up to Olga by her brother Eric. Not long after this event, the bottom fell out of the world's copper market and a bombshell came from London: they were to return to England after which George would be no longer on the Rio Tinto staff. This was indeed a blow and there was no alternative but to return to London, then deposit the family at Carrowgarry after selling Clereholt. To find another job in the midst of the depression presented George with a bleak prospect.