

Leaders and Legacies

Patrice Pendell

Dedication

This paper is dedicated to Professor Katsumasa Shimizu who recently retired from Nagoya Gakuin University. Professor Shimizu taught English and with Nagoya Gakuin Kokusai Bunka Program promoted international cultural exchanges. His illustrious career exemplifies leadership in international communications, excellence in research and dedication to teaching and learning. Professor Shimizu studied in Edinburgh, Scotland and this narrative is set primarily in Scotland. While this paper cannot compare to the great career of Professor Shimizu, it is written in the spirit of his work. Leader and learner, Professor Shimizu's legacy of contributions and inspirations continue.

Inspired by pioneers, this is a narrative about my journey to research and follow in their footsteps. It is a story of history, adventure and an account of recent events woven through five cultural heritages and across three continents. But most of all, it is a story of the something much smaller in scale and infinitely grander in scope.

Mission driven, I traveled to the United Kingdom (UK) as a student escort, *insotsu*, for my university. Japanese university students had participated in a month study abroad program in Cheltenham, about two hours west of London in the Cotswolds' region. It required a professor to check on the students, meet the staff at the hosting university and escort the students back to Japan.

I prepared for the trip. This included both planning my visit to Cheltenham and adding a sojourn serving my research interests. While I am not an obsessive traveler, I am keen on value-added experiences. Travel to just go, see and be has always felt a bit self-indulgent to me. And in fact since I was a young college student independent and on the go, I have added purpose to my travels, which has persistently provided learning and memories remaining beyond snapshots. Consequently mission travel has made my excursions exclamation points of personal and lasting meaning. Who knew this trip would impart an epiphany on this opinion.

In looking for the right mission, I reviewed my research interests and topics deserving further investigation. In them lay such a story: a story about the history of teaching English in Japan; a story of a pioneer who



paved the way for others; a story of adventure; and a story with mysteries. It is the narrative of Ranald MacDonald (1824–1894) the first native English speaker who taught English in Japan from 1848–49. At this time Japan had been closed to foreigners for hundreds of years and anyone who entered faced certain death. Ranald was undeterred. He planned and executed a ruse as a lone shipwrecked sailor landing on Rishiri Island on the northwest coast of Hokkaido in June 1848. After one month Ranald was moved to a prison in Nagasaki and later deported in April 1849.

My motivation to study Ranald MacDonald (McDonald spelling variation) has several personal points of interest: I teach English in Japan; the proximity of Ranald's birth (Astoria, OR, USA) and grave (Toroda near Curlew, WA, USA) to my hometown, Spokane, WA USA and which I have both visited; I traveled to Rishiri where Ranald first landed in Japan and written about this trip (Pendell, 2009); and the remarkable people connected to my research.



Pendell at MacDonald monument in Rishiri.

The personal narrative of Ranald MacDonald is a mosaic of the world he knew and the adventure he lived. Ranald felt an undeniable urge to seek out the unknown-to boldly go where no one had before. Understanding Ranald's motivation is a mystery elucidated by examining the times and his family. This paper will clarify the historic record and explore the influence of his father's leadership.

Ranald was not a merchant or a mercenary or a missionary. So what was his mission? To understand this mystery, it seems clear his remarkable father played a key role both in modeling and developing Ranald's pioneering spirit. Ranald's father, Archibald MacDonald, was born in the Highlands of Scotland at Leacantuin in Glencoe. Solving Ranald's mystery meant a mission for me to visit Archibald's birthplace as the research leg of my UK trip.

Others have explored the story of Ranald MacDonald. Japanese textbooks describe a brave saga. There are children's books, scholarly books and a rather extensive article in the magazine, *The Economist* (2007). There is also an international organization called The Friends of MacDonald (FOM) operated by the Clatsop County Historical Society in Astoria OR, USA and the birthplace of Ranald MacDonald. The latter was the start of my inquiries for contacts to explore the Scottish roots of Ranald's father.

I emailed the FOM as to the possibility to visit the birthplace of Archibald and what I might be able to do and learn. I received a prompt reply and the name of a FOM member who could help and answer my questions in Japan. Additionally with kindness and joy it was suggested that there might be unexpected opportunities in making this connection.

Yuji Aisaki, a retired English professor living near Kyoto in Joyo City, is an interesting and active member of the FOM. Among his many excursions, he had traveled to Scotland and researched Ranald's father. Kindly offering his help, Aisaki also delivered an unforeseen invitation to an exhibition of the original drawings used in a children's book about Ranald MacDonald at the Joyo Cultural Center. Arrangements were made and I was to meet Aisaki along with others interested in the FOM in Joyo City.

Arriving on the last day of the exhibition, I met Aisaki along with some very prestigious people: Kayoko Kudo, former member of the Kyoto Prefectural Congress and her husband Kazushige; Masayoshi Okubo, Executive Officer of the Joyo International Exchange Association; Masanori Yoshikawa, Director of the Joyo Cultural Center; Maki Jimba, Curator of the Joyo City History & Folklore Center; and Hiroshi Fujimoto, reporter for the Kyoto Newspaper.



Friends at the Joyo Cultural Center.

We toured the Joyo Center, which was quite large and filled with many activities. At the exhibit, we viewed paintings by Mariko King used in the children's book, *Unsung Hero Ranald MacDonald Story*. The oil pastels were reminiscent of wood-block prints with King capturing a sense of adventure and connections mirroring Ranald's story. Ranald was imprisoned soon after arriving in Japan. But from the moment he landed, Ranald made friends as he learned Japanese and taught English. There were portraits of Ranald with Tangaro, (Tajiro spelling variation) a local official in Rishiri, and another painting of Ranald with Einosuke Moriyama in Nagasaki. In 1854, five years after Ranald left his Japanese friends, Japan opened its doors to the world. Moriyama, Ranald's most famous student, played an important role as the English translator in negotiations with Commodore Perry and the United States.

Aisaki provided a variety of materials. He presented me with copies of the English textbooks used in Japan that told the Ranald MacDonald story. He also had pictures and contacts useful to research Ranald's father in Canada and Scotland. Aisaki arranged another surprise. The Kyoto Shimbun (newspaper) published an article and photo on June 27, 2012 about my visit and asked about my interest in the FOM. Articulating my motivations, I said what attracts me is the essence of Ranald's story: the power of making friends. The FOM is means to meet people motivated by this spirit and in doing so make international connections. The threads of adventure, friendship and mystery embodied

in Ranald's story weave a bond between people in a very personal and lasting way. It is ironic this great power is achieved one by one. True to this legacy, Aisaki was one who helped and fostered wonderful friendships.

Research and introductions were facilitated through the Internet, yet face-to-face communications conveyed something more powerful. It was personal at the Joyo Center as we reviewed the paintings and chose the one we liked best and why. Afterward, we sat together as friends eating traditional Japanese treats at the museum. Later we viewed a special park in Joyo City. Because Joyo and Vancouver, WA are Sister Cities, the park is modeled after Fort Vancouver. It was a warm and personal tour.

In the afternoon, the Kudos were kind enough to give me a tour of Uji City, which is next to Joyo. Uji is famous for green tea, and is the location of a National Cultural Heritage Site, Byodo-In Temple built in 1053 CE. The temple's image is on Japanese ten-yen coins and the phoenixes, on the temple's cornices, are on 10,000-yen bills. The temple is located along the Uji River, which has traditional cormorant fishing demonstrations. Women do the fishing, and as Mrs. Kudo was a woman politician, we laughed and with pride acknowledged women in these roles-rare birds in Japan. The tour was heartfelt and personal.



Byodo-In Temple in Uji City.

Aisaki opened wonderful opportunities in Joyo, Japan and provided leads in Scotland and Canada. Through numerous emails, overseas telephone calls and thanks to my friends made through FOM, it was clear there was value to follow in the footsteps of Archibald MacDonald. The Highlands were added to my UK itinerary.

Although much has been written about Ranald's stay in Japan, facts have been distorted with fiction in order to explain the mystery of his motivations. Why did Ranald choose to enter Japan alone at a time when any foreigner would be executed? Some accounts have claimed Ranald's motivation is linked to his mother's Native American heritage and a chance meeting with some Japanese. In particular, his mother was a Chinook Princess, and Ranald, after meeting some Japanese shipwrecked sailors, was motivated to enter Japan in a phylogenetic quest. A careful re-examine indicates this is a myth reported by romantic biographers, which unfortunately tainted subsequent reports of Ranald's story.

The misnomer that Ranald became curious about Japan after meeting three Japanese ship wrecked

sailors is widespread. Correcting this myth has been difficult because the story was ‘documented’ early and the error proliferated. The first biography of Ranald written in 1906 by Eva Emery Dye firmly asserts Ranald had met some ship wrecked Japanese sailors. Additionally, Dye originates the romantic notion that Ranald was inspired to visit Japan after meeting the Japanese, and Ranald ‘sensing’ kinship from facial feature similarities, was motivated to enter Japan on a phylogenetic search as a result of this meeting.

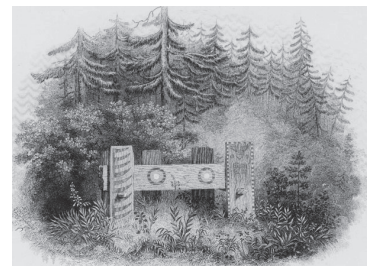
The correct information is as follows. The three Japanese sailors adrift for over a year, washed up on the Northwest coast of Washington State in 1833. Rescued by the Makah Nation, then held as slaves for a year, news arrived of their plight at the Hudson’s Bay Company (HBC) post at Fort Nisqually near modern day Tacoma, Washington State. On May 16, 1834 William McNeil, captain of the HBC ship the *Lama*, was ordered to proceed to Cape Flattery and rescue the sailors. The three survivors are known as the Three Kichis because their names—Otokichi, Iwakichi and Kyukichi. Sometime in late summer of 1834, the Three Kichis arrived at Fort Vancouver. Subsequently they went around the world via Hawaii, London and China. After finally returning to Japan, they were denied entrance due to Japan’s Seclusion Law. There have been numerous writings and dramas which recount the Three Kichi saga: in 1979 Akira Haruma published a book about their odyssey, *Nippon Otokichi Hyoryuki*; the story was serialized in the weekly *Asahi* magazine by Ayako Miura which was later made into a feature film called the *Three Kichis* that included the American singer Johnny Cash; and in 1995 CBC-TV in Nagoya produced a documentary, *Nippon Otokichi*.

While Ranald may have heard about the Japanese castaways (also reported as Chinese sailors) he could not have met them, as the Three Kichis were rescued after May 19, 1834 and reached Fort Vancouver later that summer. However, Ranald had left Fort Vancouver months earlier on his way to the Red River Settlement via Fort Colville to continue his education. The ten-year old Ranald left Fort Vancouver on March 19, 1834.

The possible phylogenetic search to explain Ranald’s motivation on entering Japan is another misnomer. Sprouting from the Three Kichi saga, even today idealistic stories persist including Ranald nursing the Japanese sailors back to health and Ranald’s heartfelt bond to them from an ancient kinship. This idea that Ranald entered Japan in search of his ancestors was detailed in Dye’s biography, where she also asserts (although accurate) that Native Americans were descendants of Asiatic



Three Kichi Monument at Fort Vancouver.

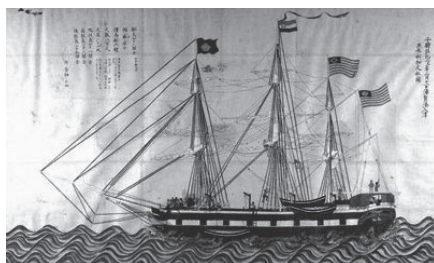


Chief Comcomly's tomb

ances. Another infamous incident happened in 1841. Meredith Gairdner, in the employ of HBC, robbed the grave of Chief Comcomly of the Chinook Nation who had died in 1837 and was Ranald's grandfather. Gairdner sent the skull to England for racial research. In 1972 the skull was finally returned to the Chinook Nation for reburial. Although others did search for racial fountainheads, importantly from Ranald's perspective, it did not fuel his motivation.

Ranald's natural mother, Princess Raven of the Chinook Nation and daughter of Chief Comcomly, died shortly after Ranald's birth. It is impossible to determine his biologic mother's genetic contributions to Ranald's adventurous spirit without sinking into more romantic stereotypes of Native American culture. When Ranald learned of his Native American heritage is unclear. He may have been adult his own account (Edgerton, 1969). Whether he did or not is inconsequential, because in this context, children of blended heritages were the norm. Ranald's stepmother, Jane Kyne, was a part Native American. In the wilderness of 19th century America and Canada, multi-racial families were the standard. From Ranald's eyes, to look *ethnic* was natural.

There are other obvious inspirations of Ranald's motivation: the times and his father's influence. The economic circumstances of whaling at the time opened a unique opportunity for an adventurous and educated Ranald. In the mid-1800s, the lucrative whale market drove hunters farther and farther, and far from friendly ports. The whalers, drawn to the rich hunting around Japan, were forced to resupply and overhaul in China or Hawaii (the Sandwich Island). Hawaii became a very busy whaling port in the mid-1800s with as many as 500 ships moored in Lahaina on the island of Maui. There were many reports in the Hawaiian local papers and from sailors about the lucrative whale hunts near Japan, as well as complaints about Japan's Seclusion Law. Driven by the times and whaling economics, these accounts fueled the mystery and dangerous reputation surrounding Japan. But to one person, it was an enticing opportunity. It was a 19th century logistics dilemma.



The Morrison, an 1845 whaling ship.

Enter Ranald. He had worked as a sailor on whaling vessels for five years. He was far more educated than his peers, being able to read and schooled in the classics as well as social decorum. Ranald was from multiethnic, polyglot pioneering family and had traveled extensively. He had the foresight to see an opportunity tailor-made for him. Ranald had a vision for the future, which enabled him to embrace what others could not and he led the way-quintessential leadership qualities.

In 1847 Ranald joined the whaling ship the *Plymouth*, and in June 1848 having made a bargain with the captain, set off alone in a tiny boat for Japan. His mission-to make friends. His strategy-to learn and teach. His goal-to prepare as an interpreter for when Japan opened its doors to the world.

Beyond the scope of this paper, it is compelling to consider Ranald's impact on Japan's future.

Although in Japan less than a year, Ranald's leadership helped set Japan on the path to sovereignty. Japan was able to negotiate in English with Western powers for equitable trade agreements rather than becoming a colony as many other nascent countries of the time. Ranald's contribution in Japan's transformation into a global power is worthy of further research.

Fearless and with a mission of friendship, Ranald's approach was personal. It is my opinion the source of Ranald's motivation can be explained by exploring the leadership displayed by Ranald's father, Archibald. Unfortunately often over-looked, Archibald MacDonald was an amazing person. Beyond Archibald's professional achievements and personal character, he was a family man who knew his own children as, "... my most precious possession" (Schodt, 2003). On closer examination, it is clear Archibald was a remarkable role model for his son.

Archibald MacDonald (1790–1853) was born in the valley of Glencoe at Leacantium near the shores of Loch Leaven in the Highlands of Scotland. Educated in Edinburgh, he joined Lord Selkirk's colony at Red River Canada in 1813. Archibald went to work for the HBC in 1820 and was posted to Astoria (OR, USA) in 1821. In 1824 Archibald was a new father and widower within a few months. He remarried Jane Kyne in 1825 and they had twelve children. Until his retirement in 1844, the MacDonald family moved throughout the Pacific Northwest territory including Fort Vancouver (Washington State, USA) and in 1933, he selected the Nisqually House site; both places would later figure in the 1834 Three Kichi saga.

Much is known about Archibald's work and his home life from his detailed journals and copious letters that have endured. It is an amazing account of life, exploration and development in the Pacific Northwest wilderness. Exemplifying Archibald's innovative nature, when the fur supplies declined, he salted salmon for the sea trade. He was the first to farm and raise livestock on a commercial scale and was said to have 5,000 acres of land under cultivation at Fort Colville (WA, USA). He also started a sawmill. During Archibald's many years in the Pacific Northwest he made fifteen trans-continental trips. Engineers in deciding the location of the Canadian Pacific Railway referenced his journals. Many correspondences exist that praise Archibald's character as both a most capable and likeable person. John McLean (1865) wrote, "... a most friendly reception from a warm hearted Gael, Mr. McDonald."

The MacDonald house was an egalitarian setting and engaging environment. Several reports tell of the lively debates that occurred at their house including Ranald's personal accounts of heated political discussions by his stepmother with visitors (McLeod, 1872). Friendly and lively discussions at meals with women and children participating, unique for the times, must have been exciting and instructive for a young Ranald.

Archibald pursued education throughout his life as well as for those around him. He set up a school for his wife and children with regular lessons. When Archibald reached his limit as a teacher he engaged a tutor



Archibald MacDonald

for Ranald at Fort Vancouver. In 1834, Ranald was sent to the Red River Settlement in Manitoba to complete his education under the charge of Ermatinger, a family friend, and to whom Archibald wrote, “I should like to give him (Ranald) a trial in the way of business, and with this in view, have him bound to yourself, as an apprentice. His success in the world must solely depend on his good conduct and exertions” (Schodt, 2003).

Part entrepreneur and part diplomat, Archibald was as bold and brave as he was kind and caring. Archibald was personally invested in his job, friends and family—a Renaissance man who met the challenge of the wilderness with aplomb and grace (Cole, 1998). Rich in adventure and full of friends with a premium on education, this was a family that framed Ranald’s future.

Archibald leadership is also evident in his powerful influence. Archibald praised his boyhood home, Glencoe, to such a degree to Donald Alexander Smith that Smith later settled in Glencoe establishing a huge estate and built Glencoe Mansion House in 1896. The estate included land where Archibald was raised. In Glencoe, Smith was titled Lord Strathcona. The titled name is



Glencoe Mansion

descriptive of Glencoe: *Strath* means a confluence of meadows and *cona* referring to river. Archibald never forgot his Glencoe roots. When he retired and built his home in 1846 on the Ottawa River in St Andrews, Canada he called it Glencoe Cottage.

In Glencoe, the last portion of the Strathcona Estate was sold in 2001. A member of the MacDonald clan (ancestors), Alistair MacDonald, raised the funds to purchase the estate, which included the remaining 130 acres with a large stretch on the River Coe; half a share of the historic Eilean Munde (traditional burial place of the MacDonalds of Glencoe); the Old Mill of Glencoe; the Crofters Common Grazing; the last remaining Ancient Woodlands of Glencoe; fishing rights on the Loch Triachtan; eight miles of salmon netting rights on the Loch Leven. Alistair then formed the not-for-profit Glencoe Heritage Trust (GHT) as owner and caretaker. Not only a keeper of the land, the GHT keeps historic records and assists researchers like myself. The GHT receives donations worldwide and the appeal continues to care for this treasure. The web site has complete information and directions how others can contribute.

Glencoe is the historic home of the MacDonald clan and the location of a monument commemorating an infamous event in the clan’s history: the Massacre at Glencoe. It is famous not so much in the numbers killed, but in the way it was carried out. In 1691 the English King William III fearing dissension ordered all the Scottish clan chiefs to sign an oath of allegiance by January 1, 1692. McLain

of Glencoe delayed signing because he was some distance from where it needed to be verified and difficult traveling meant that McLain did not sign the oath until January 6. McLain returned to Glencoe believing the oath had been accepted. Under the orders of King William, Campbell of Glenlyon led a group of 128 soldiers to Glencoe who stayed with the MacDonalds for twelve days. On the thirteenth day of their stay in the early morning of February 13, 1692, while their hosts slept, they killed 38 men, women and children and chased the few who tried to escape into the snowy mountains. It was a small clan and one that an example could be made. It would be luck that Archibald's grandfather, John MacDonald, would survive bludgeoning slaughter that morning. Called a *Murder Under Trust*, to this day there are signs at Glencoe pubs, *Campbells Not Welcome*. A monument to the fallen MacDonalds is in Glencoe and every year there is a clan event on the anniversary of the massacre.



Glencoe Massacre Monument

Armed with this background information and appointments with the Glencoe Heritage Trust and the Glencoe Folk Museum I had found my mission. I would travel to Glencoe in the Highlands of Scotland to seek out Archibald's birthplace and local historians who could impart insights. Following the footsteps of these pioneers, Ranald and his father Archibald, it would also affirm the power of personal investment.

Glencoe is located 170 kilometers northwest of Glasgow. Today the region offers myriad of outdoor activities drawing hundreds of hikers and cyclists to this remote place. Well known for its beauty it has served as the location for many movies including the latest 007 movie *Skyfall*, *Highlander*, *BraveHeart*, *Rob Roy*, and *Harry Potter the Prisoner of Azkaban* with Hagrid's house from the movie built just above Archibald MacDonald's childhood home.



The Scottish landscape near Glencoe.

I arrived in Glasgow and took the bus to Glencoe. A two and a half-hour trip, the narrow roads were at times just wide enough for one vehicle-strangely familiar to the off-the-beaten-path narrow roads in Japan. Bumpy and precariously near rock shoulders, I gasped and used my imaginary break to no avail. The bus driver was keen on making his timetable and did. Having passed through tight turns next to a large loch (lakes as well as salt-water bays are called lochs in Scotland) and villages where passengers boarded and disembarked, we approach another entirely different landscape at top of the

Glencoe Pass. The land was a tree-less wind-swept panorama: a geologic illustration of uplift and glacier carving. Passing through this stark landscape we descended along steep mountains into a 'U' shaped valley that was otherworldly. The Highlands are a place of rugged rock escarpments with patchworks of yellow-green grass, washes velvety purple-pinks heather and clear water. Along the steep mountain faces there were rivulets that looked like veins of gleaming silver charging to the valley below into fast rivers or disappearing in thick tufts of boggy peat.



Glencoe Pass and the road to Glencoe.

The quick decent put us into a narrow valley. An area inhabited for 3,500 years, the rich alluvial valley was now dotted with a few sheep and Scot-Highlander cattle. As luck would have it my first Highland view was picture perfect with clear skies and land charged with energy.

The bus pulled over at Glencoe. A small village of about forty buildings with many homes also functioning as Bed'n'Breakfast (B'n'B). There is a minimum of services, however the tourist trade is fully and graciously served. Glencoe is a scenic destination that does not disappoint. Bathed in the warm light of the late afternoon sun, I arrived to storybook views. A brilliant azure sky with a few whip cream puffs of clouds framed mountains looming above. Gleaming white cottages trimmed in bright blue or red were set back from the street by lush gardens



A cottage along the main street in Glencoe.

of flowers-cosmos, lilies, petunias-so many colors peaking as flowers do in the summer of late August. As I walked up the main street to my B'n'B, the Heatherlea, I passed an 18th century church sporting a sign 'Book Sale'. Passing through the gate and door I entered a small room with a self-serve sale. The sign said, "Hardbacks 1-£ & Paperbacks. 50-£." Prepared with a good read and stunning views it was a postcard perfect primer.

The Glencoe Heritage Trust secretary, Rosalin MacDonald and wife of the founder Alistair, called the morning after I arrived and offered to drive me to the house where Archibald MacDonald was born. A bit surprised by her kind offer, we were off in ten minutes. We drove up the glen (valley) about a kilometer and down a short drive was the 18th century house where Archibald had been born. While

there had been some minor changes to the house, everything was much the same as it was in 1790. The house sat above the narrow valley of the Coe River with steep mountains undulating like a dark ribbon. As we walked up and around the house, Rosalin told me of the MacDonalds who were the Tacksmen of Inveriggan, regional landowners. She pointed out where the massacre had taken place and mountain valley where the MacDonalds had fled on that snowy February morning in 1692.

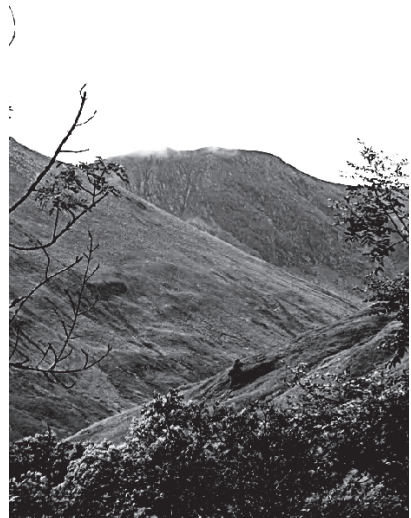


View to the boyhood home of Archibald MacDonald.

Rosalin told me of her ancestor, a Rankin, who had been killed as he crossed the river trying to warn the MacDonalds. Later Rankin was found in the loch and I shared Rosalin's grief and relief to know he had been given a proper burial.

We stood together connected to the past and observing the view. In this narrow green valley with steep soft slopes quickly ascending, there was a pairing of scale and intimacy generating a kind of beckoning. One could not help but feel an inspirational pulse. It washed over me like a mother's song. This was the home that launched Archibald's industrious adventures. I could see it. I could feel it.

Rosalin drove me up the glen and shared stories about local lore and of life in the highlands. We stopped midway up the valley. High on the mountain was a cave called Osslan, a place of myth and certainly inaccessibility. She told me stories of herding sheep, scaling mountains and bachelor brothers fighting like cats but inseparable throughout their lives. My own farm roots provided some surprising similarities: herding animals, killin' varmints and the rhythms of ranch life in eastern Washington State were



The smooth steep mountains undulate like rich ribbons.

not so different. We drove back down the valley and had lunch in the Glencoe Café—tasty lentil soup (maybe the lentils came from my home in Washington State which is famous for this field crop) and a 'toasty', which was a grilled cheese sandwich.

Walking back to the GHT, we happened to meet an older lady. Miss Henderson, age 92, wore a dark long skirt and matching tailored Chanel-style jacket. Rosalin greeted her and introduced me,

“*This is my friend, Patrice.*” A lively conversation, Miss Henderson was keen with a sharp wit and wry smile. Rosalin and I continued to the GHT office laughing at Miss Henderson’s wonderful spirit. We parted with the promise to meet the next afternoon at the GHT office. The simple phrase, “*This is my friend...*” however lingered unexpectedly in my thoughts.

The afternoon my own I set off on another travel adventure tradition-a bicycle ride. Cycling is a way to see sights and smells not possible any other way. One can really feel the surroundings and there are often unforeseen discoveries. Overcast and cool at 16° Celsius with an occasional spit and threat of rain, I was surprised as I met others who commented what a fine day it was and how lucky to cycle on such a great day. I nodded in agreement, but thinking... *fine day?* My goal was to reach Castle Stalker and Appin, about thirty-five kilometers west of Glencoe along the Loch Leven.



Pendell enjoying lovely cycle paths.

On the recommendation of Thea, owner of the Heatherlea B’n’B, I took a detour to Cuil Bay, a place made special from family swims and picnics with sausage sizzles. The one-lane road access felt more like a driveway. I crested the hill to see the narrow road end at a flat crescent cove. I rode down, and next to the lane a black horse rested on the ground, feet pulled up and head bobbing as it slept. As I got close, I blew my father’s horse whistle. The animal raised its head and neighed happily like a childhood friend meeting me for the first time in many years. It was a Harry Potter moment as the horse looked at me, then returned to its slumber. The beach was just fifty meters farther. Although no fence, not so long ago sheep and cows had been there. I picked my way through the short grass to a rocky clean beach. The clear water lapped gently on the shore revealed a shallow pebbly bay allowing a clear view some forty meters out. This natural feature warmed an otherwise dangerously cold sea creating one of the few swimming spots on the loch. Others were there to share this fine day. A couple snug in jackets sat reading on a large gnarly stump; the only thing bigger than a pebble on the beach. Near a stream a group of teenagers gathered near a small fire perhaps preparing a sausage sizzle.

I continued on the bike trail traveling near or next to the loch. One section had livestock gates where after passing through, I navigated through dirty white-fleeced sheep with shiny black faces. Farther on I came to Castle Stalker, a small tall fortress built in 1320 CE. It sat isolated on a stark island perch looking cold and forlorn. One could only imagine how bleak life must have been requiring such a place as a safe haven. Appin was just a bit farther. There the bike trail branched into an entire system of access. The area boasts of some of the best cycling in Scotland-a well-deserved reputation. Unfortunately, I was out of time and at my turn-around having felt I had just arrived.

My seventy-kilometer ride finished in the late afternoon and while the day had not been what I had

originally perceived as perfect—it had in fact been. Just the right temperature for cycling the overcast skies had been easy on my sun-sensitive skin. What I came to appreciate at the end was there had been no wind. This is a place where the open ocean funnels into three hundred kilometers of mountain-edged loch creating wind tunnel topography. But on this day there was only an echo of wind that had been with barely a ripple on the water. Approaching Glencoe, the reflection of the boats moored on the slate grey water gave way to a bulky Highland horizon. The late afternoon sun broke through and in its warm light, the rich panorama glowed—it was a fine day indeed.

The next day was to be my last in Glencoe. I spent the morning exploring the local shops buying just the right souvenirs. In a shop and café called ‘Craft and Things’ I ran into Miss Henderson. Quick to conversation she asked me my family name. On hearing it was Stuart and I was a descendent of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland she said, “*Yes, Stuarts—they’re good people—you’re OK.*” It was fun to feel her familiar chat and warm well wishes as we parted.

The Glencoe & North Lore Folk Museum was next on my research itinerary. Housed in two 18th century heather-thatched crofts (farm cottage), the museum was filled with memorabilia and historic pieces from the region including a 16th century chest with a patina best described by the Japanese term *shibui*, which implies both a feeling of reverence and an age-made luster. In my preparations for the trip, I had contacted the museum about their storyteller and was hoping to hear and perhaps even share some Japanese *kamishbai* that I perform. I was unable to arrange that. But imagine my surprise when I walked into the museum and who should be the docent that day—Lynn Carr, storyteller. A wealth of information, Lynn gave me a personal tour and told one tale of how a well-known saying



Castle Stalker from the cycle path.



The late afternoon view of Loch Leven looking towards Glencoe.

came to be. In the heather-thatched roofs mice often made their homes. But when it rained, the mice would run about and the cats and dogs fast behind, often jumping from the roofs in the chase. So when it's really raining some say, "*It's raining like cats and dogs!*" Personal and insightful the Glencoe Folk Museum transports one into the Highland heritage and spirit.

After a delightful lunch at the Glencoe Café I headed to the GHT offices located in another 18th century cottage. Alistair MacDonald warmly welcomed me and invited me in the office. The room was filled with books, papers and picture displays from a recent exhibit. Passionate about the GHT Alistair has had to curtail some of his activities as he was recently diagnosed with Parkinsonism. He showed me historic photos and shared their resources including Rosalin's hand-written history of Archibald MacDonald. He had prepared and gave me some materials including archival photographs and postcards of Archibald's ancestral home and the Glencoe Massacre.

Rosalin came in and invited me to join her in their house, which adjoins the GHT offices. Ducking through the low back door she beckoned me to, "... *come through.*" The sitting room was cozy and was the same room in which five generations of MacDonalds had been born.

We talked about the GHT and Alistair's and her work to preserve this history. It was unexpected to learn Rosalin and I shared the same opinion. We discussed the remarkable and under-rated Archibald MacDonald. Though other Scots might be more famous, we both agreed that few had done more or had a greater impact on society. Notwithstanding Archibald's work-related accomplishments, there are the friends he made and influenced including David Smith who became Lord Strathcona. In a piece for the GHT Rosalin wrote, "... it was ironic to think that Archibald had come from Glencoe where his father had possessed land and that Donald Alexander Smith had left Canada to purchase almost the same tract of land in Glencoe." There was also David Douglas the botanist for which the Douglas fir tree is named and many others who profited from Archibald's friendship and careful records. And there was of course a son who grew up watching and learning from his father. A Highlander born and bred, Archibald was a true gentleman-fearless with great personal integrity and honor. And by many accounts his likable character was accented by courtesy and kindness. We agreed Archibald was unique with an amazing story.



The Glencoe Folk Museum's heather thatched roof.

We enjoyed our shared admiration and coincidences. I told her Archibald MacDonald's travel trunk is in the collection at the Northwest Museum of Art and Culture located in Spokane, WA, USA and my hometown. I promised Rosalin to get her some photographs and other references on my next visit to Spokane. Talking about Ranald and Archibald MacDonald's life, the highlands, her life and mine I'm not sure where the afternoon went. We parted knowing more stories and making more in our friendship. It was personal.

My stay over too soon, on a windy and rainy morning Thea kindly gave me a ride to the bus stop. I was in Glencoe only three-and-half days. Like a pebble thrown in the water I disappeared soon but my memories linger like ripples on the loch.

My research trip regarding Archibald MacDonald revealed several salient themes. First, Archibald's Glencoe childhood roots are relevant. A man of courage and ambition, Archibald is called a *Highlander*. The meaning of this label is apparent on visiting Glencoe. Nothing can truly prepare one for the power that resonates in these massive mountains and deep valleys. It is only understood in a personal view. Only being in Glencoe can one sense the pervasive depth of passion and possibility. It fills your lungs and opens your heart. The power of this landscape cannot be under-estimated. Archibald's praise of his childhood home persuaded Lord Strathcona to visit and then establish his estate in Glencoe. Ranald MacDonald had traveled to Australia, Africa, Asia, Europe, North America, Hawaii and held his Japanese friends as the finest. But following his visit to Glencoe, he told titanic tales of this landscape and Highlanders as the zenith of valor (Roe, 1997).

Archibald's leadership can be characterized in one word—personal. Evidence enough found in the sheer volume of records and correspondence produced by Archibald. Add to this the many personal accolades he received. This was a man who cared deeply about his work and the people around him. This may seem a minor point, but I believe quite the opposite. Making one's work and relationships personal changes intentions, actions and outcomes. This striking feature of Archibald's character sets him apart.

Summarizing my opinion on the source of Ranald's motivation for his Japanese adventure, it is



A man walking his Scotty dog in front of the Glencoe Heritage Trust.

my assertion that it was his father's leadership and talent for making friends set against a wilderness adventure that most influenced Ranald. The frame of friends, adventure and diversity was the standard from which Ranald developed. Imagine Native Americans, pioneers, uneducated trappers, gentlemen, women, sea captains, roughnecks-a cornucopia of people and languages invited to, "... *come through.*" Into the bargain Ranald certainly heard his father introduce people with, "*This is my friend...*" and surely it lingered. The reality how friends were made and received in the context of this wilderness pioneer family was exciting, edifying and the status quo. Archibald's friendship model is evident in Ranald's actions. Ranald entered a forbidden country with the sole agenda to make friends. Arriving in Japan, his strategy was to learn and teach. It was personal. He did make friends and they never forgot him. Five years after Ranald left Japan, his most famous student Moriyama asked Commodore Perry (Schodt, 2008) about his friend and teacher, Ranald MacDonald.

A testament to the power of friendship one need only look at Ranald's legacy. He was in Japan less than a year, yet influence is still being felt. Friends are still being made. A small moment in time, yet Ranald's impact is even now creating ripples. Ranald's legacy is one that invites others to make friends, and in doing so, learn and teach. Making friends is not minor or mundane. Seemingly small in scale, the scope is huge.

This has been my story too. I followed the footsteps of these pioneers and in doing so authenticated my own leadership: lasting meaning in learning, but most of all, from friendships formed-a very personal experience. My legacy remains unknown but there is profound power in connections made with people. In Japanese tea ceremony, there is a saying, *ichigo ichie*-one meeting one moment. The motivations and meanings of these stories share just that-legacies may be a mystery, but meetings are quite personal and powerful.

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<http://www.flickr.com/photos/37338456@N08/3429137355>

Clan Donald Lands Trust
www.clandonald.com
Email: library@clandonald.com

Discover Glencoe

<http://www.discoverglencoe.com>

Friends of MacDonald (**FOM**)

<http://friendsofmacdonald.com>

Email: amm@friendsofMacdonald.com

Fort Vancouver

<http://www.nps.gov/fova/index.htm>

Glencoe Heritage Trust (**GHT**)

<http://www.glencoe-heritage-trust.com>

Email: glencoe-heritage@talk21.com

Glencoe & North Lorn Folk Museum

<http://www.glencoemuseum.com>

Email: admin@glencoemuseum.com

Joyo City

<http://www.city.joyo.kyoto.jp/english/english.html>

Joyo City History & Folklore Center

Email: curator-jima@city.joyp.ig.jp

Joyo International Exchange Association

Masayoshi Okubo, Executive Officer

<http://www.jiea.jp>

Email: office@jiea.jp