



The BANNER



CLAN MACLEAN ATLANTIC CANADA



WINTER 2017-2018



World War 1 Nurse - Rena Mclean



28th Chief of the Clan

*Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart & Morvern, Bt,
CVO, DL*

OUR PATRON

*Malcolm Maclean, Younger of Duart &
Morvern*

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Issue 1: Spring (March)

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Issue 2: Summer (June)

(Submission deadline: May 15)

Issue 3: Fall (September)

(Submission deadline: August 15)

Issue 4: Holiday/Winter (November)

(Submission deadline: October 15)

CMAC PRESIDENT'S DESK

Andrea MacLean-Holohan



Andrea MacLean-Holohan and our Patron,
Malcolm Maclean, Younger of Duart & Morvern

CMAC Members and Friends,

Welcome to our Maritime winter. So far, so good here in the Saint John area of New Brunswick. In the midst of an early spring thaw for mid-February, snow melting, and milder weather temperatures. Before we know it Spring will be here; Oh, the power of positive thinking.

Included with the thoughts of Spring, is the plan for our semi-annual CMAC meeting. Our meeting will be held on Saturday, April 7, 2018, in Truro at the Sobey's, Meeting Room upstairs. We start at 11:00am with our Board & Executive meeting at 11am-12 noon. A lunch break follows for a ½ hour.

We will resume with our general meeting from 12:30-1:30pm.

Please note the details regarding timing etc. in the official notice of meeting are included in the Banner.

We will have a special guest speaker, Katherine Dewar, from PEI, who will join us and share information on the plans for the special event in PEI in June. This event will recognize the 100th Anniversary of our Lt. Rena McLean Nursing Sister who served in WW1. This is a joint committee effort of CMAC Members and her PEI home community.

*Andrea MacLean-Holohan
CMAC President*



BREATHING LIFE BACK INTO OUR ANCESTORS

By Cynthia MacLean



Figure 1: Rena McLean

We all have memories of those who have passed on – but then we forget.

Little by little our memories become blurred – and we lose sight of who they were, what they stood for, and all that they accomplished.

So many historical facts lost in time.

Until now.

Prince Edward Island Author and committee member Katherine Dewar, Bonnie Townshend, and Nancy McLean Eveson, -2 family members, George, Gary, and Rob MacLean (PEI), Ian MacLean for the CMHT, and Shelley Lavie, the CAO of Souris have come together to honor an extraordinary woman.

Rena McLean.

On June 16th at 2:00 pm, at Matthew & McLean Historium, on 95 Main Street, Souris an event will be held to commemorate the 100th anniversary of WW 1 heroine, Rena McLean's death.

Here is just some of Rena's life and why we should celebrate this humanitarian:

She was the only PEI nurse who went overseas with the First Canadian Contingent in October of 1914.

She became attached to No.2 CSH at Le Touquet, France, and had the further distinction of helping to set up the first Canadian Hospital in France.

In recognition of her unique status, Rena was one of the 160 Canadians given the 1914 Star (Mons Star).

She was also awarded the 1914-1915 Star, The Royal Red Cross 2nd Class (ARRC), the first Island nurse to do so in WW1, and the British War and Victory Medals.

As well as serving in Hospitals in France and England, she served for a year in Salonika under the very worst of wartime conditions.

Rena served under Matron Pope at No. 16 CGH at Orpington, England in the fall of 1917.

She had five trips on a hospital ship, four of which were after Germany had declared unrestricted submarine warfare.

She had promised her father, who was a federal Senator with the Parliament of Canada, that this was her last trip to France.

Sadly, that last trip cost Rena her life when the Hospital Ship Llandovery Castle was sunk by a German submarine off Fasnet Rock, 27 June 1918.





Figure 2: Rena in France



Figure 3: Rena in Salonika

Rena McLean's contribution to her country, and to the people she nursed overseas is worth remembering.

She matters.

Come join us as we honour Rena at the unveiling of two storyboards about her life and accomplishments – and enjoy a light refreshment while you attend the event.
Hope to see you there!

Inquiries may be made to Ian MacLean at iantidnish@hotmail.com or George MacLean at gmaclean152@gmail.com



SUPERINTENDENT DON MACLEAN PROUD OF HIS HERITAGE(S)

BY IAN MACLEAN

Lately, there seem to have been quite a few stories of Macleans who have found themselves on the wrong side of the law. Joan McLean was featured on the Clan Maclean Heritage Trust Facebook page, having been charged, and then photographed for her crime of theft in 1874. At the 2017 Gathering, a book that recounts the story of The Gentleman Highwayman, The Life and Death of James MacLaine, 1724-1750 was being sold, and then, of course, we know about the Canadian McLean Gang, - although we are more proud of one of their descendants, - Private George McLean, hero of Vimy Ridge. No doubt they all had good reasons to be on the wrong side of the law, but before we get, or give, the wrong idea about Macleans, it was time to feature one of our own law enforcement Macleans.

Don MacLean was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on February 28, 1968, and grew up on Maynard St in Halifax. His mom, Stella MacLean was born in Guysborough and moved to Halifax just before he was born. Don did visit Guysborough when he was quite young, although his but his only memory of Guysborough was being chased by



an angry rooster, so not a fond memory! Growing up, it sounds like Don was a born leader, athletic, and bright. His Mom and his extended family knew, and passed on to him, the importance of learning, so with his own natural talents he did well enough in school to skip a grade, and later to be put in an “enrichment” class. His athletic skill was also evident quite early, and he shone, particularly, in basketball. As a Queen Elizabeth High school student, he was both an active participant, and a leader at the local Community YMCA. When his basketball coach moved on to a similar position at the University of Kings College in Halifax, it seemed a natural move for Don to apply for and be accepted at that University. There he not only did well academically but also as an athlete, being a two time all Canadian.

Don did not grow up with any aspirations to join the police force. A friend happened to tell him of an opportunity that he was interested in, that was being offered by the Halifax Police Department. The Chief at the time was very anxious to increase the diversity of the force and was instrumental in the development of a Halifax Police Department Visible Minority Cadet Class in 1993. So on the last day that applications were being accepted, he applied. He says he was just at the right place at the right time. Don was a graduate of that class and has never looked back. He has been an active proponent of diversity both within the force and in the community. In fact, he was Team Leader for the recruitment team from 2003-2007 and was appointed the first Halifax Regional Police Equity Diversity Officer in April 2004. In these roles, Don developed and delivered extensive training in diversity-related matters in the policing environment on a local, national and international basis. He has also had the opportunity to do both training, but also to be trained in fascinating places around the world, notably Israel (dealing with handling dangerous emergency situations), and The Gambia to carry to them the idea of Community-Based Policing and Restorative Justice. Don notes wryly that in fact, he learned more than he taught. Evidently, in Gambia they were told how the community meted out justice while trying to assist victims. Don figured the locals didn't have the full terminology down, - they just were already doing it right! In April 2015, Don was promoted to the rank of Superintendent in 2009, becoming the first black commissioned officer in the history of the Halifax Regional Police.



Don married Karen Ann Hayter on 4 December 1994 in Halifax, and they have two daughters named Morgan Jade MacLean and Madison Rae MacLean, - and a grandson, Caedon MacLean, who he clearly dotes on. Not only does Don take great pride in his MacLean, and his black roots, but he has passed this on to his daughters. He chuckled at the fact that he has a “Virtue Mine Honour” Maclean tattoo, but probably only because his daughter Morgan was getting one and asked him if he was going to join her. Of course I had to tell him about my battleaxe tattoo, and how it had been instigated by my son Brice. Don doesn't yet have a kilt but plans to do that in the near future. It would look great with his police dress uniform! He does have a Maclean tartan tie and scarf, and was able to spot me in the lobby as he saw my Maclean tartan hat. I had already been impressed with his knowledge of his roots, - Duart Castle is on his must-visit list; but of course was quite pleased when he told me he enjoyed single malts, and had a bottle of Tobermory. Also, he is a regular at Halifax, “The Scots” Burns nights, and I am hopeful may be a new recruit for our Association.

Don is a busy guy, and like many such, is involved in both community and policing volunteer work. He is a Trustee on the Africville Heritage Trust, and has been invested within the Order of St John, given his service to the Saint John Ambulance NS/PEI organization. He's also a member of the Board of Governors for Kings University, and was Honourary Aide -De-Camp to the Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia.

On the police side, he is an active member of the Canadian Association of Chiefs of Police and chairs the Professional Standards Committee.



So where did the Maclean connection come from? Don has traced both his MacLean and African Nova Scotian roots back to Guysborough. The first Maclean he can identify is Angus MacLean who was born in Nova Scotia in 1812. One of his sons Murdock James MacLean, born March 21, 1848, married Louisa Jane Ash (an African Nova Scotia name) on 30 June 1877. We do know from many sources that a large group (500) Kingairloch Macleans were brought over to Pictou County by their Chieftain in 1812 and that some at least moved to Guysborough, but as of yet, the connection has not been made. Interestingly both the Clan Gillean, (Alexander Maclean Sinclair) and A History of the Clan Maclean (J.P. MacLean) refer to a Murdoch Maclean, son of that Chieftain (Hector) who was, in the early 1800's, the Sheriff of the County of Guysborough. I am not suggesting that this was the same Murdoch, as the dates don't jibe, BUT we do know that names ran in Scottish families, and perhaps law enforcement does too!

Don, we are proud of you!



THE ROAD TO FREDERICTON

BY THE MCNAMEE BROTHERS, KEVIN, BRIAN, BERNIE, AND JOHN

Dedicated to the memory of Private John McNamee, Piper, 236th Overseas Battalion "The MacLean Kilties of New Brunswick"

Isn't it strange how the things that we take for granted, the things that sometimes lie dusty and dormant for years and even several decades, can suddenly take on new meaning, relevance, and significance? In our family, said item was an old weathered Great War era photograph of our grandfather's regimental pipe band, of which he was a member. The photograph was unusual in that it was long and rectangular in shape, having been spliced together so that all members of the band could be depicted in two long rows. The photo had hung in my Aunt Margaret's house, on Amulree Street in Glasgow Scotland, for over 70 years before being admired and copied by the backpacking author, in 1991, and brought home to Toronto. The photograph contains the members of a regimental pipe band, of which our grandfather, Pte. John McNamee, was a member. At the time of copying, the only information we had about the photo was that my grandfather, despite being born and raised in Scotland, had somehow joined up with the unknown Canadian regiment depicted in the photo.

Over the years we often wondered who these men were, what stories they could tell, what regiment they were part of, and, most importantly, how my grandfather, who had lived his entire life in Glasgow Scotland, could come to be part of a Canadian war regiment? (My grandfather died in the 1950s and apparently did not talk much of his war experiences). Eventually, after another 14 years, and with the aid of digital photography and e-mails to a Canadian military historian, we were able to determine my grandfather's regimental number and then, subsequently obtained his military records from Ottawa. Evidently, he had signed up in January of 1917 in Fredericton, New Brunswick, with The 236th Overseas Battalion, "The MacLean Kilties of New Brunswick". A trip to the Toronto reference library provided us with the regimental magazine, The Breath O' the Heather, which, lo and behold, contained the original photo from our Aunt Margaret's house. The regiment had apparently taken part in a recruitment campaign in the New England states of Maine and Massachusetts in an effort to sign up ex-pat Canadians living and working in the U.S. The photo was taken in Bangor Maine, and the regiment later went on to Boston Mass. Where they were feted by huge crowds upon arrival in Beantown. The pipe band reportedly played at Fenway Park during a game between the Red Sox and Tigers. The pitchers that day? Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb respectively.



The story seemed to be complete until early July of 2006. After watching a television program about the famous battle of Vimy Ridge, I was curious as to whether or not the Kilties had participated. After casually searching the internet for information on the MacLean Kilties of New Brunswick, I linked onto a website called Clan Maclean Atlantic. The site had a nice page of history regarding the regiment. I signed the guest book and left a short message thanking them for the information and explaining how my grandfather was a member of the pipe band.

The following day I received an e-mail from a woman named Karen MacLean who thanked me for signing the guest book. She also informed me that my grandfather's regiment would be recognized and honoured with the unveiling of a plaque at the residence of the Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick on July 28th, 2006. The plaque unveiling and reception would kick off the 25th annual New Brunswick Highland Games. As a direct descendant, I was cordially invited.

And so, at 4:30 in the morning on the 27th of July, with much excitement, little fanfare, and loads of Tim Horton's coffee, myself and my three big brothers left our respective families and departed from Toronto for the 14-hour road trip to Fredericton. You might think that fourteen hours is a long way to go, but the laughs and camaraderie we shared along the way made the trip almost too short.

Arriving in Fredericton, we checked in, had a beer or two, and proceeded to explore the pub life on a Thursday night, as four brothers on a road trip are wont to do. We are happy to say that we were not disappointed. Fredericton is a great place with great people. Friendly in a down-home way that's simply not on in Toronto. Our first stop was Dolan's, a packed place with a superb band playing Stan Rogers as we walked in the door. While looking for a table we were waved at by a bunch of university kids inviting us to sit with them. Now there's something you don't get in Toronto too often! After a few beers and a departing round of jello shots for the kids, the McNamee's searched for surroundings more suitable to their increasingly middle-aged tastes and found themselves in a karaoke bar called Bugaboo Creek. There we met a cast of characters unlike anything we had seen before. There was the former drug addict (but still alcoholic) former lesbian stripper with her "woman next door" lover. There was the aging crooner anxious to belt out Tony Bennett, Frank Sinatra, and Bobby Darren hits. There was the tall, leggy blond dressed in hotpants whose hands were easily twice the size of ours causing much debate over the technical sexuality of the statuesque item. There were friendly rockers with their toothless grins and the cool as a cucumber barmaid who could handle any situation with dignified aplomb. Everyone was extremely friendly towards us, but one person, in particular, stood out. A young woman on the eve of her 24th birthday seemed to think that the four pot-bellied brothers from Toronto were attractive for some reason. After hearing that my brother John was 53 years old, she exclaimed "53? You look way younger than that. That's RI-GOD-DAMN-DICULOUS!" And thus the catchphrase for the weekend was born.

The following day was Friday, the day of the reception and plaque unveiling. With time to kill before the 5:00pm reception, we decided upon a detour to the village of McNamee, New Brunswick. Outside of Bernie and Susan McNamee on the CBC, not many people are familiar with the surname McNamee, but there they were, the four McNamee brothers, on their way to an entire village bearing their name. The excitement was awesome.

On a beautiful sunny day, after a one hour drive, we found the village located on the banks of the Miramichi River. It was a small place with a few houses, a church, and a suspension bridge spanning the wide Miramichi river. While crossing the bridge, we were met by a group of women coming from the Priceville side of the river. They were quite impressed that the McNamee's from Ontario had come for a visit. As we were chatting on the



bridge over the water, one of the women, Esther, suggested we visit her 80-year-old father Perley Clowater who lived at 250 McNamee St. "He'll tell you everything you want to know about McNamee" she said.

Arriving at Perley's house, we knocked the door not knowing what to expect. Our apprehension was unfounded, however, as we were warmly welcomed by Perley and his wife, Phoebe. Perley told us of the history of McNamee and of Francis McNamee, the original settler in the area. He also told us of the great fire in 1824 and other anecdotes about the Miramichi Valley. He told us of floodwaters, treacherous winds that upset the suspension bridge causing the deaths of unwary travelers, of riding his bike as a child across the same rickety bridge at breakneck speeds (no one knew it was unsafe back then), of the tremendous amount of fish that populated the river as it flowed past McNamee (the fishing is still pretty good according to some reports). After leaving their house, we discovered the spring that Perley had talked about and filled our water bottles. Without question that was the coldest, sweetest, most refreshing water we had ever tasted.

With little time to spare, we headed back to our hotel in Fredericton to get dressed for the reception. After a short cab ride, we arrived at the residence of the Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick. The building, known as Old Government House, was an extremely impressive affair built in 1824. Some people were milling around outside dressed in formal highland regalia. At the doors stood two red-tunic soldiers wearing white pith helmets standing ramrod at attention. The whole atmosphere was formal and stately. Not being accustomed to attending such events, and not really knowing anyone there or what to expect, we all felt butterflies before heading towards the receiving line in the main foyer of the house.

Upon entering the house, however, we saw something beyond the receiving line that allayed our fears. On display, amongst an exhibition of the regiment's memorabilia, stood an enlarged picture of our grandfather, Private John McNamee. Despite the intimidating crystal chandeliers, classical music, marble fireplaces and vaulted ceilings of Old Government House, this picture had the same effect on myself as it did my brothers; it made us feel welcomed and also that we belonged here. Once inside and through the receiving line of dignitaries, we sought out Karen MacLean who had e-mailed us regarding the reception.

After finding Karen and her husband Doug MacLean, we were introduced to many of the Clan Maclean Atlantic members. These included Murray MacLean, the vice president of the association and Ian MacLean, the president. All of the MacLeans made us feel extremely welcome and thanked us for making the trip. The MacLeans told us that not only was Old Government House the official residence of the Lieutenant Governor, it was also used as the barracks for the MacLean Kilties during 1917. Knowing that my Grandfather, who had died long before I was born, had lived at Old Government House just made being there that much more special.

Ian MacLean then requested a representative from the four brothers to help unveil the plaque. My brothers unanimously elected myself as I had done the research for the trip. I can't tell you how proud I felt. The reception came to a close after some speeches regarding the regiment and all those attending were then piped out onto the grounds of Old Government House where a grandstand and stage had been set up in preparation for the pipe band tattoo.

And as we stood there on the grounds of my grandfather's old barracks, a grandfather who had lived in Scotland and had died long before any of us were born, goose bumps began to form. With the skirl of the pipes as a backdrop, we were overwhelmed by feelings of immense pride, respect, and connection. Connection to history, connection to country, and connection to family. I know our grandfather was smiling.



THE RETURN TO FREDERICTON

By KEVIN McNAMEE

Our most recent trip to Old Government House, in July of 2017, was part of a brilliant family vacation to Cape Breton Island (with plenty of MacLeans in the area we stayed in Margaree Harbour). We actually visited Fredericton on the way in from Ontario but it was a Sunday, and the building was unfortunately closed.



Figure 1 Kevin McNamee on the Governor House steps



Figure 2 The Plaque

I really wanted my wife Diane and 15-year-old daughter Deirdre McNamee to see the plaque and learn about our family history, particularly Deirdre's great-grandfather, Private John McNamee, who was a piper with the 236th Battalion.

Accordingly, we stopped on our way back to Ontario and enjoyed a lovely picnic lunch on the grounds of Old Government House underneath the giant tree out back. If you know the area, then you know the tree I am referring to as it must be hundreds of years old given its mammoth size. My brothers and I have photos from the same spot during the plaque unveiling weekend, and I can't help but think that my grandfather probably enjoyed the view from there too, while stationed there. We were assisted by the Commissioner on duty who initially had trouble locating the plaque, as there are quite a few in that magnificent building, but eventually, we found it and took the photo I sent you recently. Its something I am very proud of, and I thank your association for making it happen.



Figure 3 Deirdre and Kevin McNamee

Moving forward we are planning another family vacation, this time a 3-week vacation to England and Scotland to spend some time with relatives over there. I have tickets to the Edinburgh Military Tattoo on August 6, and I am looking forward to seeing the Black Watch whose Canadian regiment took on my grandfather following the breakup of the MacLean Kilties. They were part of the last action of WW1 in Mons Belgium, and the pipe band apparently marched into the newly liberated town on the morning of November 11, 1918, to the great delight of the local citizenry. We are also going by rail to the West Highlands and will be in Oban on Wednesday, August 15, and I am told that this is but a short ferry ride away from Duart Castle, the ancestral home of Clan Maclean. I am told that the regimental colours are there. Therefore, I think it might be worth a visit.

Since we are staying in an apartment above the Oban Distillery, I will definitely have a wee dram and raise a glass to my Clan MacLean buddies for sure though.



TARTAN COLORS AND THEIR MEANING

By LAURA MACLEAN FESTER

Roses and Red

Violets are Blue

Tartans are Multi-colored

But what does that mean to you?

Well, that depends!

Let's go back a few hundred years and see what we can find out.

The earliest tartans were most likely simple checks of two or three colors. The colors were determined by what natural dyes the weaver could find in the area. Nearby plants, roots, berries, trees, lichens, and seaweed were all used to dye the fabric. People in each district wore the tartans made by the local weaver.

The pattern or "sett" is the key, so weathered, ancient, etc. are all the same sett just different variants on the "hue".

It is believed by many that clan tartans were not in use at the time of the Battle of Culloden in 1746. The method of identifying friend from enemy was by the color of ribbon or a sprig being worn on the bonnet, not by the color of the tartans.

Soon after the Battle of Culloden, The Dress Act was introduced which made wearing "the Highland Dress", including tartans or kilts, illegal in Scotland unless you were in the army. This law was repealed in 1782, after tartans and kilts were no longer ordinary Highland wear.

Interest in tartans gained momentum in 1822, when George IV visited Edinburgh and suggested that people attending the official functions wear their respective tartans. The loss of the original patterns meant it was necessary for many "original" tartans to be reinvented.

Today, anyone can design and register a new tartan as long as the guidelines set out by the Scottish Register of Tartans are followed, and the appropriate fees are paid.



Maclean of Duart Modern Powerful, Determined, Strong

Red is the color of fire and blood, so it is associated with energy, war, danger, strength, power, determination as well as passion, desire, and love.

Maclean of Duart Ancient





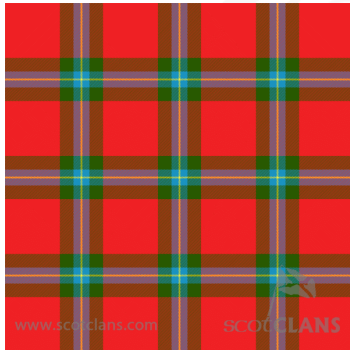
Maclean Hunting Tartan

Green is the color of nature. It symbolizes growth, harmony, freshness, and fertility. Green has strong emotional correspondence with safety. Dark green is also commonly associated with money.

In the case of hunting tartans, green is a practical color to use to blend in with the environment. This tartan is considered to be the oldest documented tartan.



Maclean Hunting Ancient



Maclaine of Lochbuie Modern



Maclean Dance Tartan

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<http://scotclans.com> (images)



KATHERINE DEWAR PRESENTATION: LT. RENA MCLEAN

By CYNTHIA MACLEAN

Award-winning Author and Lt. Rena McLean Celebration committee member, Katherine Dewar will be our guest speaker at our Spring meeting held in Moncton on April 7, 2018.



Figure 1 Book launch in Souris. Katherine Dewar (Right) dressed in the uniform of a First World War nurse

Katherine has a passion for breathing life into the past. Her novel, entitled *Those Splendid Girls*, gives a voice to the Prince Edward Island nurses who have never been heard – all 115 of them.

Fueled by her interest in both history and experience in teaching nursing for 22 years, Katherine is one of the cornerstones of the committee who was determined to create two storyboards in honour of Lt. MacLean of PEI.

This will be an interesting speech from a fascinating woman – and one we hope will draw you out of your wintry dens. Katherine will also have copies of her book available for purchase should you wish to take a piece of history home with you.

Come, have tea and be inspired.





The Spring CMAC Meeting

Mark Your Calendars!

Saturday, April 7, 2018, in
Truro NS, at the Sobey's,
Meeting Room upstairs.

Board & Executive Meeting:

11am-12pm.

General Meeting: 12:30-1:30pm



Come join the conversation on our Facebook page! www.ClanMacleanAtlantic.org

YOUR MEMBERSHIP EXPIRY DATE ON THE LOWER RIGHT CORNER OF THE ADDRESS LABEL ON THE ENVELOPE.