

NEWSLETTER

DRINKING WITH THE ENEMY

Alastair Maclean

Head of Strategy at Publicis, Paris, France,

In this article Alastair tells us about his experience when asked to develop a new advertising campaign for Clan Campbell whisky. This took him to Inveraray Castle on the shores of Loch Fyne, the home of the Dukes of Argyll and the seat of Clan Campbell. Despite the historical bad blood between the two Clans, Alastair's presentation to the Chief of Clan Campbell sold the campaign. Editor.

Clan Campbell whisky is the fourth largest selling spirit in France, a source of great regret to French Macleans. Although it is essentially made in a warehouse in a run-down faubourg of Glasgow, the Clan Campbell name is actually owned and licensed by the Duke of Argyll. In fact, a percentage of every dram goes to his estate and castles. Last year, it was sold by Pernod Ricard to an Italian group, Stock Spirits, who naturally needed another advertising agency and campaign and so I found myself



pitching for a campaign for France, and also to new markets in central Europe, Germany and Italy. The strategy we developed was on the notion of *Clanship*, about values that bring people together as one. Clearly something we can all relate to and something that relates to the way young people connect anywhere. "Integrity drives the clan" & "Authenticity drives clan".

In my pitch I put a rather positive spin on the history of Clan Campbell (business is business after all). I said they were true to their clan and their religion, even at the expense of their King. Well, one thing led to another, we won the business and I found myself on the way to Inveraray with Adrien, a young strategist, to pitch in front of Stock Spirits; His Grace, the Duke of Argyll & his son the Marquess of Lorne. The link between whisky and the current duke, Torquhil Campbell, is more than social. As a young man he launched Clan Campbell whisky in the Nightclubs of France; he is the ambassador of the Pernod Ricard luxury whisky range (captaining their elephant polo team!) and he is also an active liveryman at the Worshipful Company of Distillers.

Naturally I wore my Maclean kilt to present to him. While giving the spiel on Clan Campbell I made light of the fact that the famous Campbell Clan was not always popular with its neighbours. To which the Duke replied “*well if you’re number one, every one wants to knock you off your perch*”. My response was that the strength of the Campbell name has crossed the seas and that in fact it is the fourth most important name in Jamaica for some reason. This embarrassed his Grace and subjected him to some fact-checking after the presentation. The brand’s new owner did not want his company to be on the wrong side of sombre plantation history. To be fair, the Duke took my teasing with good grace (pardon the pun). He cadged a roll-up cigarette from Adrien at the break and we chatted about mutual colleagues from our shared time on the more premium whisky brand Chivas Regal.

The day after, my colleague and I went to the Campbell archives to find more material. The former Duke housed them in the stables by Inveraray castle. He has an archivist who talked about (their version) of history surrounded by ledgers of their estates (including Mull) (see photos).

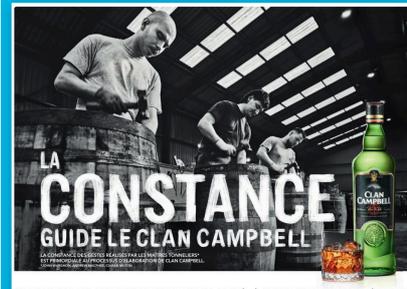
The daring of one Duke to build an Italianate Palladian castle just after two centuries of civil war in the highlands; another who was Governor General of Canada, and the TV mini-series “*A Very British Scandal*” about the Argyle divorce case.

I had to translate certain things to my colleague such as “*estate improvements*” meaning “*clearances*”, and explain that depopulation was forced and the elegance of the town of Inveraray was built on suffering.

We then visited Inveraray Castle which is admittedly impressive, and I was pleased to see that in the room devoted to the Chief’s family, among photos of Torquhil Campbell playing elephant polo, there is a formal, framed letter inviting him to be a page at the Royal Wedding of Charles and Diana, signed by none other than the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Maclean of Duart and Morvern. So if, by any chance you see a Clan Campbell Whisky poster or ad in Europe you will know that there is a bit of Clan Maclean in it. Slaintè.



Ledgers on the Mull Estate & Factory Accounts



Examples of the print campaign



VOYAGE EN ECOSSE ET A MULL

Jean-Loup Princelle

Jean-Loup, a Breton friend of ours and Honorary Piper of Clan Maclean Association France, writes to tell us about the voyage in Scotland he and his wife Chantal undertook last September. After enjoying the Highland Games in Braemar, where they saw King Charles pass by in his limousine, they travelled west to Oban, Mull and Iona. Whilst on Mull, they visited Duart Castle. The Chief welcomed them warmly and Jean-Loup was simply thrilled to be invited to play his bagpipes on the battlements. Editor.

Ce deuxième voyage a été un enchantement, malgré quelques réserves (politiques) dont je te ferai part de vive voix.

Mais : Paysages grandioses, couleurs sublimes, ciel bleu et températures idéales (réchauffement climatique ?)

Les personnes rencontrées : charmantes ; bon accueil et politesse partout (effet kilt ?)

Après les *Highlands Games* de Braemar, manifestation de très haute tenue, pipe-bands extraordinaires de qualité. C'est impressionnant de n'entendre qu'une seule note jouée, alors qu'il y a entre douze et vingt sonneurs... et partout de la gentillesse, de la bonne humeur, de la joie restant toujours digne, respectueuse... (nous avons vu le Roi Charles passer dans sa limousine).

Nous sommes enfin arrivés en l'île magique et majestueuse : Mull, aux reliefs si particuliers.

Après une bonne nuit à l'hôtel-spa de Craginure (*****) la route pour Iona et son histoire puissante et essentielle ! Découverte d'un impressionnant cercle de pierre (sujet d'un prochain bouquin) puis Fionnphort-Baile Mor pour les visites de la Nunnery et de l'Abbaye de Saint Columba. Quelques notes devant La Croix des Maclean sous quelques gouttes...

Puis retour à Mull où Chantal reprenant le volant m'a fait vivre (en tant que passager) la pire route de ma vie (celle de l'ouest) pour rejoindre... (avec une crampe dans le bras gauche à force de m'accrocher à la poignée haute)...la charmante et colorée Tobermory.

Instant partagée entre nuages, pluie, soleil et de ciels majestueux.

Chaque soir nous avons choisi le... fish & chips délicieux, accompagnée de pintes de « T », excellente bière locale.

Enfin, dernier jour... Duart Castle où, grâce à ton aide, j'ai eu l'honneur de rencontrer le malicieux et très accueillant honorable Sir Lachlan Charles Maclean of Duart and Morven. Moment impressionnant pour moi qui aime tant l'Histoire des Celtes.



Serrer la main du représentant actuel d'une lignée millénaire, descendante du légendaire *Gilleain na Tuaighe*, celle qui par sa fidèle présence a fait une belle partie de l'Histoire du grand peuple Caled, a été pour moi un moment incomparable et délicieux. Je pense que nous partageons ces sentiments.

Laird McLean m'a généreusement donné l'autorisation de sonner au sommet de la tour (sous un vent violent, mais un paysage unique).

Le retour vers An t-Oban, ça a été plus compliqué... trop de vent, ferry annulé. Aussi avons nous pris la route de Morven (territoire Maclean).

Vers Lochaline jusqu'à... Corran puis la route absolument magnifique jusqu'à Sterling et Linlithgow. Et l'avion de retour.

Une semaine bien remplie. Une semaine de belles rencontres aussi, dont un certain Steve McLean (piper) que j'ai reconnu dans le foule. Grace à son tartan (Hunting) à Braemar, avec une jeune joueuse de cornemuse dans une rue piétonne de Glas cow (écriture ancienne) avec qui j'ai eu le plaisir de partager quelques "tunes", une autre avec une fermière de Drumturk chez qui nous achetions du fromage local et qui m'a prié de lui jouer "Highland Cathedral" son air favori !

Une semaine bien trop courte pour un territoire aux paysages grandioses à peine abordés.

Maybe next time...

Nous aurons donc encore à raconter et chanter les magnifiques terres nobles de celtiques.

Avec notre reconnaissance et notre amitié.

Editor's Note. Jean-Loup has recently written a book "Enora" Fille-Druide Vénète published by yor-embanner.com

THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKING

(With apologies to Nancy Sinatra and Van Gogh)

The boots belong to Andrew Duart Maclean who last summer travelled to Europe from his home in Auckland to support his son, Oliver, who was competing in the Olympic Games in Paris under the flag of New Zealand as part of a rowing four.

Before the Games started, Andrew embarked on a pilgrimage walking 400 kms along the Camino de Santiago from St. Jean de Port in France to Burgos in Spain in temperatures reaching up to 40oC.

This was his second such pilgrimage, the first being in 2023 when he walked the other half of the route from Burgos to Santiago de Compostela, the end point, where a service is conducted in the cathedral in the main square to receive and bless the pilgrims who revere the statue of St. Jacques which is behind the High Altar.

Exhausted, he then got on a bus and travelled for 15 hours through the night to reach Nantes, in southern Brittany, from where he travelled by train to visit Alan and me in our house, Ker Gillean, in northern Brittany. During his short stay with us, we reminisced about previous get togethers on Mull and were delighted to show him a little bit of the Côtes-d'Armor before he packed his bags and headed off to Paris. Unfortunately, owing to an act of terrorism on SNCF railway lines, he had to endure another long bus journey to get there. But get there he did, and, reunited with Vikki, his wife, and other family members, he watched his youngest son compete in the Olympic Games 2024.....



A SILVER MEDAL FOR A MACLEAN



Ollie Maclean

Hearty congratulations to Oliver (Ollie) Maclean, the younger son of Andrew Duart Maclean who helped to win a SILVER MEDAL for team New Zealand in the Coxless Fours at the Olympic Games in Paris on 1st August 2024.

The team consisted of Ollie - Bow; Logan Ullrich in Seat 2; Tom Murray in Seat 3 and Matt Macdonald in Seat 4. (Note the Scottish surnames.....).

They completed the race in 5.49.88 minutes.

How proud he & family must have been, as indeed are we all.

Just for the record - the gold medal was won by the USA team in 5.49.03 and the bronze by the GB team in 5.52.42. Fine margins indeed.

Tír na nÓg THEO McLEAN



"Mon fils Théo vient de décéder d'un accident de moto à 23h49 le 8 mai 2024 à Paris" m'avait écrit par courriel son père Michel depuis le Quebec, où il vit depuis quelques temps après avoir quitté la France.

Théo avait alors seulement 36 anset était militaire engagé dans les sapeurs pompiers de Bretigny-sur-Orge. Au départ il était marin pompier à Marseille et j'avais pu représenter le Clan lors de la cérémonie de son admission dans le bataillon. En 2014 Théo avait reçu une lettre de félicitations de l'Amiral commandant les marins pompiers pour une acte de bravoure qui avait sauvé la vie de trois personnes menacées par le feu.

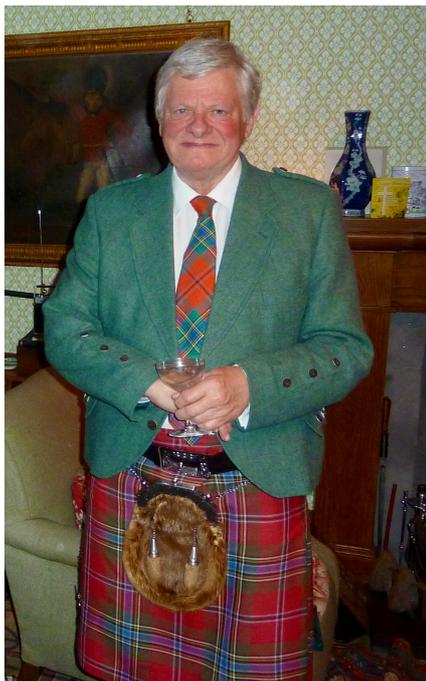
Les obsèques de Théo ont eu lieu au Père-Lachaise le 4 juin 2024 avec les honneurs de ses camarades des sapeurs pompiers en présence de son père Michel venu bien sûr du Quebec et de sa mère Patricia.

Je tiens à rappeler que Michel McLean, chanteur connu en France, est membre de notre Association depuis 1992 (encore maintenant même en étant au Quebec) et a très souvent chanté avec sa très belle voix lors de nos soirées, mais également au mariage de ma fille Helen et aux 25 ans de ma Société McLeans France.

Au nom du Clan je salue la mémoire de Théo - Vertu Mon Honneur - le Sien !

Alan McLean, Président.

Tír na nÓg



Andrew Ronald Macgavin
Maclean

Andrew Ronald Macgavin Maclean and his late wife Liz, were stalwart supporters of CMA France. They lived in Wales but had a pied à terre in Montmartre and followed a calendar of events in France such as the CMA France Ralliement of Highland Clans during the France Ecosse rugby weekend; the wine festival at Montmartre and the garden party in Fontainebleau.

They always attended the Burns Night of the Clan Maclean England & Wales Association at the Caledonian Club in London, which gave him a chance to wear his Maclean tartan finery. They also had some delightful holidays when all the family went up to Mull for the Maclean gatherings.

Born in Glasgow on 22nd October 1940 he was orphaned aged 7 years when his mother died, his father having been killed in the war before he was born. He was raised by an Aunt and Uncle who initiated him into Fly fishing at which he excelled. He went to the same school as his late father in Scotland, and read Commerce at Liverpool University.

After qualifying as a Chartered Accountant, he joined an Uncle's textile company "industries", and was sent to the Belfast subsidiary just before The Troubles. After learning about business and management first-hand, he moved onto the aerospace industry and then entered the world of finance where he discovered that he was rather good as a Fund Manager and was taken on by a Canadian Bank.

After a spell in Canada, he returned to the London market where he was spotted as a rising talent by Lord Marshall of Leeds, Chairman of Municipal Mutual Insurance. He had a high powered career, but managed to find urgent business in Glasgow in August so that he could extend his holiday in the Highlands for an extra week.

He married Liz, his second wife in true bohemian style in Mombassa, on the beach. After early retirement they travelled extensively visiting 5 of the 7 Continents together.

Always the entrepreneur, he made a business from his passion with "Just Fish". He opened shops in Covent Garden and Brick Lane selling tackle and fish themed gifts. He and Liz bought a rambling house in the Brecon Beacons, named Glanwysc which was the perfect place for open-ended parties, country weekends for friends and the annual ritual of the pre-Christmas Goose Dinner weekend.

Andrew sailed in Antigua, skied twice a year, and was an active member of the Harrier Club. He also kept up his activities with the Worshipful Company of Card Makers, where they celebrated his 50 years as a Liveryman.

Before his final illness Andrew moved down south to Ashted in Westfield, a very special place with great neighbours who along with family and friends cared for him until he died on 8th September 2024. Andrew and Liz are sadly missed as members of the Clan.

Ed. *Adapted from the eulogy given by Alastair at Andrew's funeral.*