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Ashley MacIsaac's Reel Brenda Stubbert 'tr A Reel for Kate David Greenberg m
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Tunes from Brenda Stubbert's new CD/tape IN JIG TIME; Puirt a Baroque's BACH
MEETS CAPE BRETON; and Carl MacKenzie's CAPE BRETON FIDDLE MEDLEYS.
Transcriptions by Paul Cranford. More about Fr. Donald MacPherson (also MARY
ANN MacEACHERN pages 37-52) From "Lofty" MacMillan's new book THE BOY
FROM PORT HOOD FATHER DONALD MacPHERSON was our parish priest at St.
Peter's in Port Hood. He had been a cha? plain in the First World War. He was the
only clergy? man of any denomination not to wear a khaki shirt and tie. He had
permission to wear the Roman collar, and he was with the Nova Scotia Twenty-Fifth
Batta? lion as chaplain. In the Nova Scotia War Book, there's a picture of him on the
battiefield. It says, "Reverend Donald MacPherson, chaplain, Twenty-Fifth battal-
lion, crawling under shot and shell administering to the dying." The soldiers who
served with him said he was the most fearless man whom they had ever met. There
was no fear in him at all.... He was very much anti-alcohol, tremendously so.... They
claimed it came about because he administered as a young priest to a dying drunk,
and they say whatever took place at the time resulted in his hatred of liquor. If
there's such a thing as a relationship between the Holy Spirit and all the rest that
goes about it there, it led him to that hatred.... Father MacPherson had such a great
influence on everybody. He was a joke-ster as well. He loved stories. He loved to
create something. In one week he would gather all the old people in one house on
the shore road or in other areas for a mass and communion and then breakfast.
He'd sit around with them and he was in his glory. When everything was over, the
stories would be told, and he'd put the twist on them himself later on. If he had
heard a good one, he'd dress it up and make it much better. It was a great place to
go for the old peo? ple in those days. If you hit Port Hood around five o'clock, you
were sure to get supper at Father MacPherson's.... People from home living in
Boston and New York would send him money to wrm have him come and spend a
vacation with them. When Prohibition ended in Nova Scotia, each community had to
vote whether it wanted to go wet or dry. He was going on one of these trips to visit
Port Hooders away in the States. The vote in Port Hood was go? ing to be taken
when he was away. Be? fore leaving, he said, "If the vote goes wet, I won't be
back." Ninety-seven percent "dry" when the vote was taken. They all voted dry!
They didn't want to lose him, the old fellow!... He was very close with the
Protestants. He used to know a minister by the name of Reverend Wright who was
the leader of the Temperance League in Nova Scotia, and they used to travel
together. They were sort of hquor inspectors, and they could do anything, seize
liquor and stills. Over in Glendale, when he first got out of the army, he was parish
priest there. They had a name for him in Gaelic, 'The Protestant Priest,' be? cause
he was going around with this other minister.... When he celebrated his 50th
anniversary, the Protestant people gave him a gold coal hod and shovel.... I think



that was Christianity at its best. Published by New Ireland Press, THE BOY FROM PORT HOOD: The Autobiography of John Francis "Lofty" MacMillan is available in stores everywhere, or with the Order Form on the next page. 194 pages • \$15.95 (plus GST and shipping) ??hii.c ORDER FORM AND MORE GOOD BOOKS on next page.