



CLAN MACMILLAN SOCIETY (Australia)

NEWSLETTER NO.43 MARCH 1998

MACMILLAN

CREST BADGE: A dexter and a sinister hand brandishing a two-handed sword, proper.
MOTTO: Miseris succurrere disco
(I learn to succour the distressed)
GAELIC NAME: MacGhille-Mhaolain.

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Message from the President

We are continuing to reflect on the Gathering of the Clan MacMillan Society of Australia on the 2 November 1997 as a memorable event for all those who attended. Welcoming the Chief of the Clan, George MacMillan of MacMillan and Knap and his wife Jane to Melbourne and to our Gathering was a great honour for us all. Having some members in kilts and members of other Clans in kilts certainly added atmosphere, as did the bag-pipes and the Scottish Country dancers. June Senior's honour - being awarded the *Companion of the Community of the Tonsured Servant, honoris causa* for distinguished service to the Clan MacMillan Society of Australia - was a most moving moment and an appropriate tribute to someone who has contributed so much to the Clan Society over the years. June undertakes many routine and tedious tasks, behind the scenes. She always downplays her contribution, but there is no doubt that without her active role, the Clan MacMillan Society of Australia would struggle to continue. June adds a personal note in her managing of the subscriptions and in all her communications with members. Her tireless work on the Newsletter is much appreciated and many members have said that they belong so that they can receive the Newsletter.

The Clan MacMillan Centre is a major advantage for our Clan and should be recognised by members as an advantage and link when they are seeking to undertake genealogy research. The role of the Centre is varied and can be quite extensive, providing a paid service if you would prefer to have an expert undertake the research on your behalf. As you would imagine, the Clan Centre is seeking donations and support from members who can take out a subscription to the Clan Centre. Further information can be provided through any of our Committee members.

Membership of our Clan Society is an issue considered often by our Committee. To enable the Society to continue and undertake the responsibilities on behalf of the membership, we need to develop a core of members who are prepared to undertake some of the volunteer roles. Obviously Committee membership is an important role, but not really an arduous role in itself. Our Committee members keep in touch throughout the year, with phone, fax and email messages. We keep our meetings to a minimum and we seek to support each other as much as we can. June plays a pivotal role with the production of the Newsletter and I know that she would welcome any articles and other contributions for the Newsletter from members. We are a low key volunteer organisation with most members seeming to be motivated to belong to receive their Newsletter and to retain a connection to the Clan, receive news of the Chief of the Clan and the Clan Centre. Many of our Clan members who visit Scotland take time to visit Fin laystone and have a wonderful time there.

CLAN MACMILLAN SOCIETY (Australia)
Message from the President Cont'd...

Perhaps you may be interested in taking a more active role in the Society. Please let us know if you are interested. Our next AGM should be an interesting meeting and lunch as we will have a lot to talk about, and pictures to share, in relation to the Chief's visit to Melbourne. Our AGM's are friendly and relaxed - we keep the meeting part to a minimum - and we spend the time talking and relaxing together. SO do set aside the time. We would welcome some new faces - you don't have to worry about being dragged into a 'job' - we would just be pleased to see you. Our next AGM is scheduled for **Sunday 18th October 1998**, and the actual time and location will be publicised in the next Newsletter - so circle the day in your diary now.

NEWS FROM THE CLAN CENTRE

I received The Clan MacMillan Centre Newsletter (No 9 Nov '97) in December with the news of the **Memorial Garden** opening planned for 20th June 1998.

Work on the Clan MacMillan Memorial Garden is progressing well; largely constructed by George and Jane themselves. Plaques will be in five possible sizes, with inscriptions and artwork entirely at the discretion of the relatives of the deceased who purchase them (in aid of the Clan Centre)

A plaque for Sir Gordon MacMillan will be unveiled on June 20th.

Also on that day Graeme Mckenzie is hoping to launch his new Clan History "The Origins and Early History of the M'millans and Related Kindreds". Later Graeme will have a little promotional tour in North America in July.

We will keep you informed about Graeme's book as news comes to hand as it will be of great interest to all MacMillans.

CHIEF'S YOUNGER SON BACK NORTH

Following his appointment as Advertising Manager for the Glasgow Evening Times, George and Jane's younger son Malcolm has moved back to Scotland with wife Amanda. They are renting accommodation not far from Finlaystone.

I have had news from Jane that Malcolm and Amanda's daughter Emily Kate arrived on 4th December 1997 - all well and happy.

We send our warmest greetings to them all for this very happy event.

ADVANCE AUSTRALIA FAIR

Australians all let us rejoice
For we are young and free
We've golden soils and wealth for toil
Our home is girt by sea
Our land abounds in nature's gifts
Of beauty rich and rare
In history's page let every stage
Advance Australia Fair

CHORUS:

In joyful strains then let us sing
Advance Australia Fair.

At left I have printed the first verse of our National Anthem. You may be interested to know it was composed in 1878 by Scotsman Peter Dodds McCormick under the pen name Amicus, and first performed in public in Sydney the same year. Little is known about him and mystery surrounds why the song was written and at whose instigation. Although one of Australia's favourite national songs ever since, it did not become our national anthem until 1984, when it was officially gazetted by the Governor-General Sir Ninian Stephen.

NEW MEMBERS

A very warm welcome to Mrs Beryl McMillan of Frankston, Judie MacMillan of Ocean Grove, Mrs Norma McMillan of Rye, Clyde and Elizabeth McMillan of East St. Kilda-all from Victoria- and Anne Archer of Lawrence, New South Wales. We do trust you will all enjoy our kinship & Newsletters.

SOCIETY FEES NOW DUE

Thank you to members who have already paid their 1997/1998 subscriptions. I will put a 'reminder sticker' on those who have not yet paid. The yearly subscription is \$10.00. Please send to Treasurer June Senior, 41 Lincoln Ave, Glen Waverley, Vic 3150.

CORRESPONDENCE

Thank you for the many letters I have received. I will reply to any queries when I send your newsletter.

Clan member Colin Bell advised me recently that he had obtained a copy of "Your Clan Heritage"- CLAN MACMILLAN. The book consists of about 35 pages, including sepia illustrations and costs \$10.00 plus postage of \$2.10c. It may be obtained from:

Antiquariat,
Hume Highway Balaclava,
NORTH MITTAGONG N.S.W. 2575.

Clan member Val Gaskell received an excellent review in "The Melbourne Weekly" January 20-26th 1998 edition on her excellent Ice-cream at her shop Rickett's Point Fine Foods at 257 Bluff Road, Sandringham. There are 15-20 flavours available, one of the most popular is her lemon delicious. It is well worth the drive to sample her wares.

BALLARAT RESEARCH GROUP

I recently had contact with Val McCallum, President of The Scottish Historical & Genealogical Research Group of Ballarat, Inc. They are holding an OPEN DAY on Saturday 28th March 1998 at Ballarat West Church Hall, C/r Sturt and Elliott Sts, Ballarat 10 am - 4 pm. Features include: Genealogical advice and assistance, Historical displays and information, Highland dancing and bagpipe music, Children's activities and Scottish cuisine. Admission Adults \$2.00 Children free with an adult. Admission charge includes light refreshments.

COMING EVENTS

The Victorian Scottish Regiment Picnic, Wattle Park, 22nd March 1998.
Scottish Display, Eastland Shopping Centre 27 & 28th March.
Ceilidh-28th March at Wilkins Lodge Scout Hall, Ringwood at 7.30 pm.
Ringwood Highland Gathering 29th March, Jubilee Park, Ringwood.
Maffra Scotfest-18th April 1998.
National Celtic Folk Festival 5-8th June 1998 Geelong.
Kirkin o' the Tartan, Scots Church Melbourne 5th July 1998.
St. Andrew's Day Service at the Shrine 22nd November 1998.

Any members interested in attending any of the events listed above could contact me for more details. June Senior, Editor.

CLAN NEWSLETTERS

Thank you to the Clans who send us their Newsletters. These are read with great interest and we are able to copy-with their permission-items of interest.

OUR CLAN CHIEF'S ANNUAL MESSAGE



We've passed the feast of brave St. Michael;
And now the Church's annual cycle
Begins another lap.
So, while we try to find our balance,
Let's celebrate th' inventive talents
Of that Kirkpatrick chap.

Upon his bike we purr or hum
In perfect equilibrium
On healthy forest tracks,
Polluting neither earth nor air:
The breezes tangle with our hair
And every nerve relax.

Today, of course, it's no big deal
To balance on a spinning wheel;
But then - oh ! what a feat !
That was a smith of great resource
Put pedals on his hobby-horse
And leapt astride the seat.

Note: In 1839, it's said, the blacksmith Kirkpatrick Macmillan fitted pedals to a scooter / hobby-horse and dared to sever all links with the ground.

With Best Wishes
for Christmas
and the New Year

Happy 1998

from

*Garry
and Jane*



Advent 1997

It's difficult to decide whether this year was the year of the Bike or of Air Travel.

Before leaving his job with D.H.L. in London, Malcolm set the pace by flying round the world in a week, transmitting breakfast radio programmes from a different place each day. He's now achieved his dream, and come to Glasgow as Marketing Manager of the Evening Times ('The Life and Soul of Glasgow'). He and Tadpole are renting a flat near here while they look for a house to buy. By the time this reaches you, they may have a baby to put in it.

Though less eye-catching, Arthur's air miles may well be more numerous. His work with Clyde Shipping takes him to London and Shetland, with occasional trips to Germany, Florida and Chicago. He and Barbara and their two boys are well settled into their Kilbarchan home. Rory (2) runs everywhere: Hugo lurched a couple of yards on his first birthday.

We too have been on the move, frequently with a Clan MacMillan focus. In July we attended a big gathering in Ottawa, followed by a visit to the 50th Maxville Games - a most impressive affair. It was a real pleasure to catch up with many old friends from the '60's (our Toronto year), and to see the Clan Society being reborn in Ontario, with support from members of other branches. In October we set off again - this time to New Zealand and Australia, taking in the 25th Stone Mountain Highland Games (Atlanta, Georgia) more or less en route. Though the Games are huge, they're also very relaxed; and, of course we had our own more intimate clan base. One of the trophies for teams entering for the Kilted Mile was awarded not for speed but for the numbers completing the course at a leisurely pace. So I found myself participating. We won. I found the experience very agreeable.

While in New Zealand, we attended three very interesting and enjoyable gatherings, which gave us the feel for what it must have been like to be an early settler - not so very long ago. We had the bonus of driving around with Michael and Hilary, who had arranged their trip to overlap ours. Jane and Michael much enjoyed flying round Mount Cook; and we all took delight in the spring countryside.

Finally, we spent a few days consorting with the educational elite of Victoria and the judicial cream of Adelaide - with a generous dash of MacMillan hospitality in both places. The Melbourne gathering reminded us once again what a privilege it is to belong to a ready-made 'family' network; and it was a pleasure to see that net being extended by the forging of new contacts and the discovery of real relations. The relaxation of Adelaide helped us to endure the 27 hour flight home. One may groan about such travails; but they could be preferable to spending six months tossing on the ocean in a small home-made boat, heading for an unknown land.

Gordon (John & Blinder's son) had a very serious accident just after last Christmas. To everybody's delight, he's made an amazing recovery, and is now engaged to be married to Susanna Rose.

Then what about the bike? Our sculptor friend, George Wyllie, felt inspired to celebrate the bicycle by staging a three month exhibition of wooden bikes, which he tethered around the estate. The picture shows his flag-bike, a 10 foot high wooden creation, floating on our pond, with me poised on our replica of Kirkpatrick MacMillan's original bike, and George paddling about in the foreground. For him the bike is not only a very 'green' mode of transport, but a symbol of equilibrium.

We find that twenty-six members of our close family now live within reasonable pedalling distance of us.

May you and yours enjoy perfect equilibrium in 1998.

Happy Christmas.

Anzac Day tears shed half a world away

Thank you to *The Canberra Times* for allowing this article, which appeared in 1997, to be reprinted.

HEC McMILLAN recalls an unexpected tribute movingly paid by proud Scots high on the esplanade of a castle.

WHEN the northern spring of 1956 finally arrived the McMillan family had been in England for just over a year. My job as an interviewing and selection officer for the Department of Immigration involved travelling all over the United Kingdom, so time spent with my wife and family was minimal to say the least.

This particular assignment saw me north of the Tartan Curtain in Scotland, the land of my forebears and, after a week in Glasgow spent in talking to people seeking to emigrate to Australia under the £10 assisted passage scheme, I moved on to Stirling.

It was, for once, a glorious spring morning and as I walked from the railway station to my temporary work space in the local Ministry of Labour office, time seemed to recede. Across the valley the monument to William Wallace stood stark against the background of the Ochil Hills, while high above the town crouched the grim old pile of Stirling Castle.

Now let me confess at once that I am an absolute sucker for castles — the older, the better, and there is no shortage of them up and down Britain. Fortunately my case-load had been a light one — only two families to be interviewed and, as each had turned up punctually, I was finished, files posted back to Australia House, London, and on my way up to the castle entrance by about 11am.

At this point I should explain that I was still, technically at least, a serving officer of the Citizen Military Force as a member of the Werriwa Regiment, the headquarters of which was here in Canberra.

As a "citizen soldier" the only times I ever bothered to mention my military rank was in cases such as this where there was a British regiment in occupation. Stirling Castle was at the time, and as far as I am aware, still is the headquarters of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the 91st of foot, so I duly signed the visitors book with my name, rank, regiment and home town — Canberra.



Hec McMillan, left, and a comrade at last year's Anzac march.

This done, I wandered into the castle itself and was soon lost in history. There were the usual appurtenances — banners recalling the nobility of times long past and the campaigns in which they had fought.

Suits of armour abounded, together with enough weaponry to equip a sizeable force — at least with pikes, battleaxes, claymores and the like, as well as with flint and matchlock firearms. At the western end of the main building in a small cell-like room I found the Douglas Window, bearing on its central pane in stained glass a bleeding heart.

Scottish history records that in 1330, while carrying in a small casket the heart of Robert the Bruce to the Holy Land, the "Good Sir James" Douglas became involved in fighting with the Moors in Spain. He was mortally wounded and his dying act, so we are informed, was to hurl the casket containing the heart towards the East with the words "lead on brave heart, the Douglas will follow".

THE HEART never did reach the Holy Land but was returned to Scotland where it was buried in Melrose Abbey. I understand that some time later it was dug up and reburied somewhere else — whereabouts I know not.

As I stood there contemplating the legend, I became aware of a very large corporal of the Argylls, in full uniform, who to my great surprise saluted. "Excuse me sorr," he said "but I am seeking a sairtain Major McMillan. Would ye by any chance be he, sorr?" I owned that I was, whereupon he saluted mightily once more and said "The adjutant's compliments, sorr, and would ye be good

enough tae accompany me tae the Orderly Room?"

Now habit dies hard and being an old soldier my immediate reaction was "What the hell have I done now?". But to the Orderly Room it was, where I met the adjutant whose name I blush to confess, I can no longer recall.

He greeted me most cordially and apologised for the fact that the Commanding Officer had been called away to a conference at Edinburg Castle. But, he assured me, I would be most welcome as the guest of the Officers Mess at lunch.

In the meantime, he went on, if I cared to join him on the castle esplanade, there was to be a short ceremony at 12 noon in which he was sure I would be interested.

It was by this time a few minutes to midday and as we joined the group of onlookers on the esplanade I was intrigued to see a full regimental guard commanded by a subaltern, in ceremonial order facing three flagpoles from which flew the Union Jack and the Scottish national flag while in pride of place in the centre fluttered our own Southern Cross.

Then the penny dropped — it was the 25th day of April — the one day of the year, and here in ancient Stirling, some 20,000km removed, the Argylls had remembered.

The ceremony was brief and to the point; at noon precisely the standards were lowered to half mast, the guard presented arms and, instead of the Last Post and Reveille which we here are used to, a lone piper played *The Flowers of the Forest* while we stood in silence. The flags were then raised to full mast, the guard sloped arms and

OUR HERITAGE



COMPILED BY
ROBERT MACKLIN

marched off, and life went on as before.

There had been no speeches — the silent tribute and the lament had said it all.

In the mess I was soon put at ease with a glass of excellent highland malt to soothe the heart. We toasted in silence the regiment's dead in all the wars; we toasted Anzac and all it stood for, and then we toasted each other, somewhat more noisily, for the sheer thankfulness of being alive.

THE FAREWELLS taken, I wandered slowly down the hill to the railway station and I was feeling no pain. During lunch I had learned that the Colonel of the Regiment was none other than General Sir Gordon McMillan of McMillan, our clan chief.

I had the pleasure of meeting him a few years later at the first gathering of the Clan McMillan in living memory — but that is another story.

In due course the train arrived to take me on to Perth and I was lucky enough to find an empty compartment in which I could reflect upon the events of what had been a memorable day indeed. As the train wound slowly through the rolling Ochils in the gloaming of a perfect spring day my thoughts went a-wandering.

In my mind's eye I saw my own-loved ones, my wife and three small daughters in our borrowed house in Caterham. I saw, back in Aussie, the silent crowds at the dawn services — around the Cenotaph in Sydney and at our own War Memorial in Canberra. I saw also the survivors of two world wars marching proudly up Anzac Parade and I saw for a fleeting instant the faces of some of the blokes I had known who would never march again.

And quietly, and very privately, I wept.

Joan Lang Alpine Shire Citizen of the Year

"Joan Lang is an exceptional Australian who reaches out to all with her tireless community service. She achieves all with a warm smile and open heart, whilst herself having suffered arthritis and cancer, and being over 80 years of age."

The letters of support from residents, health professionals, community organisations and welfare groups that accompanied the nomination of Joan for this award, was nothing short of staggering. The same message was reiterated time and time again from all that she has either helped or sought assistance from for those in need. That message is that this extraordinary volunteer has an insurmountable amount of energy and drive to give so much care and compassion to those people in the community who need assistance more than anyone — the sick, the disabled and the dying.

For years Joan has assisted and touched the hearts of so many with her driving involvement in various groups and projects, which have included, but are not limited to, cancer, disability, post polio and arthritis support groups. She has taught literacy and counselled the unwell, and provided emotional and practical support for their families.

Testimony to Joan's dedication to the causes that she Champions is when she was informed by one of our Council Officers that she is to be awarded the Citizen of the Year for 1998, her initial response was "I'd rather a donation for the Cancer Group."

There is no doubt that the Alpine Shire community is the richer for having a citizen of the calibre of Joan Lang; a wonderful woman well deserving of such recognition for all she has put into the community and the Shire is proud to join with the Shire community in congratulating her upon being chosen as the Alpine Shire's 1998 Citizen of the Year.


Alpine Shire Council

Joan, the Clan would like to congratulate you on your award. *Editor*



Our Clan Chief George MacMillan of MacMillan and Knap, and his wife Jane at the MacMillan Clan Gathering in Melbourne on the 2nd November 1997.

If unclaimed, please return to:
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