



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.*

CLAN MACMILLAN SOCIETY

Newsletter No. 82 March 2011

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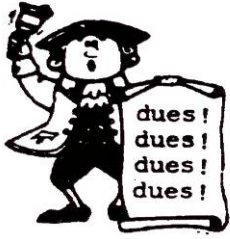
Ringwood Highland Games 2011



The Clan was again represented at the 'New Look' Ringwood Highland Games. The Clan tents were arranged in the form of a hollow square, so that there wasn't any 'End of Line' loneliness. The day started out like it did last year, fine at home but showers forecast, except that this time we'd had 20mm of rain overnight. We set up the tent with the expectation of showers, but thankfully they were few and far between. The positioning of the tents wasn't as good as in the past as we didn't have a direct view of proceedings on the oval and therefore felt a little isolated. It seemed that the numbers attending the Games were well down again this year and maybe the forecast good have been responsible again. But again it was good to catch up with those that did attend. We did have some pipers play a number of pieces in the middle of the 'Village Square' which was a nice touch.



SUBSCRIPTIONS



Subscriptions are now due and because of increased costs, have been increased to \$20.00 for 2011/2012. We only have 3 opportunities a year to remind members about their subscriptions, so please respond, and make the Treasurer's job that much easier. It would be appreciated if you could forward all monies to:

Mrs. J. Senior, 41 Lincoln Ave, Glen Waverley, Vic 3150.

Also, if you would like to receive this Newsletter by E-mail (a saving on postage costs), could you please include your E-mail address with your Subscription.

COMING EVENTS

TARTAN DAY CELEBRATIONS 2011

1. ANNUAL "KIRKIN' O' THE TARTAN"

Hosts: Scottish Clans and Associations Council
Date: **Sunday 3rd July 2011**
Venue: **Scots Church – Collins Street, Melbourne**
Service: 11.00am
Enquiries: Doug McLaughlin (03) 9836 4232

2. TARTAN DAY FESTIVAL

Hosts: Scots of Victoria Coordinating Group
Date: **Sunday 3rd July 2011**
Venue: **Federation Square Stage**
Time: 2.00 – 4.00pm
Cost: FREE!
Enquiries: Bill Schrank (03) 8361 0282

Featuring -

- * Pipe Bands
- * Scottish Gaelic Choir
- * Highland Dancers
- * Scottish Clans
- * Scottish Country Dancers
- * Scottish Fiddlers
- * Robert Burns Poetry
and more!

Annual General Meeting Sunday 16th October, 2011. South Yarra.

Our A.G.M. will again be held on Sunday 16th October, at Soroptimist House, 383 Toorak Rd., South Yarra from noon till 4 p.m. So bring your lunch and meet your fellow Clan members. Tea & Coffee will be provided. [Melways ref 2M, B6].

Scottish Resource Centre

The Resource Centre is situated on Level 2, Celtic Club – Cnr Queen & La Trobe Streets, Melbourne. The office is staffed by volunteers from the Scottish community between the hours of 10.00 and 12.00 Mon- Fri. Phone: 9670 6766 Contact outside these hours can be made by using the same telephone number. **Coordinator:** Ian Murdoch

Scots of Victoria Website

This website has been established for use by all members of the Scottish community. Are your Scottish group's details on the website? Do you need an event advertised? Would you like a brief history of your group placed on the website? If you answered yes to any of the above please make contact with the Scottish Resource Centre

[Thought I'd pass on this e-mail I received recently. Ed]

I find it amazing that this following photo, taken so many years ago, actually still exists! And now, someone has put it online for all of us to see. This INCREDIBLE picture was taken in 1918. It is 18,000 men preparing for war in a training camp at Camp Dodge, in Iowa.

EIGHTEEN THOUSAND MEN!!!! What a priceless gift from our grandfathers!



STANDING TALL Titled "Human Statue of Liberty," this image was taken at Camp Dodge in Iowa and used eighteen thousand men.

FACTS:	Base to Shoulder: 150 feet	Right Arm: 340 feet	Right thumb: 35 feet
	Widest part of arm holding torch: 12 1/2 feet	Thickest part of body: 29 feet	
	Left hand length: 30 feet	Face: 60 feet	Nose: 21 feet
	Longest spike of head piece: 70 feet	Torch and flame combined: 980 feet	
	Number of men in flame of torch: 12,000	Number of men in torch: 2,800	
	Number of men in right arm: 1,200		
	Number of men in body, head and balance of figure only: 2,000		
	Total men: 18,000		

Shona McMillan's – 'Celtic Reflections' & 'People and Songs of the Sea'

- Celebrating Scottish Culture around the world

I am writing to you as a McMillan from Edinburgh, Scotland who has been featured in previous Clan MacMillan Magazines. For example, when I won an international traditional music scholarship and was invited to travel around America and Canada attending a number of Clan gatherings – an experience which served me well in my career in cultural tourism. Then later, as Highland 2007 Project Manager/SCDI Highlands and Islands Manager, when I was featured in your publication as a "UK McMillan making the news in Scotland". Now most recently, through winning a number of international awards for my own cultural projects "*People and Songs of the Sea*" and "*Celtic Reflections*". I have had significant press coverage in Scotland and abroad. Through this press, MacMillan Clan members have contacted me suggesting that I bring my cultural work to the wider attention of your Association. Accordingly, I would like to invite you to enjoy my online multimedia projects which are all FREE to visit. I post material online because I am passionate about Scottish and Celtic culture, these subjects are my areas of career expertise and also because - I greatly enjoy building up new cultural connections with Scotland's Diaspora.

In writing, I invite you to have a look at my recent blog
<http://shonamcmillan.blogspot.com/2011/02/awards-in-news.html>

I hope you will join me on my Blog and also enjoy visiting my constantly updating material on my Facebook Page <http://www.facebook.com/shonamcmillan.celticreflections> plus my Youtube Channel <http://youtube.com/user/ShonaMcMillan>. In addition, by all means, do please feel welcome to invite others, who you think may also be interested, to visit my sites and share in my celebration of Scotland's rich cultural wealth of traditional music, songs and stories.

Kindest regards, Shona McMillan. [<http://www.shonamcmillan.co.uk>]



From Debra Vaughan's roaming on the internet come some poetical musings.

<http://www.familybackthroughtime.com/id87.html>

Our McMillans married into the McLean Clan as early as the 1840s, back in the Old Country, so thought you may enjoy some McLean poesy.

THE STRANGERS IN THE BOX

Come, look with me inside this drawer,
In this box I've often seen,
At the pictures, black and white,
Faces proud, still, serene.
I wish I knew the people,
These strangers in the box,
Their names and all their memories
Are lost among my socks.
I wonder what their lives were like,
How did they spend their days?
What about their special times?
I'll never know their ways.
If only someone had taken time
To tell who, what, where, or when,
These faces of my heritage
Would come to life again.
Could this become the fate
Of the pictures we take today?
The faces and the memories
Someday to be passed away?
Make time to save your stories,
Seize the opportunity when it knocks,
Or someday you and yours could be
The strangers in the box.



-Anonymous



Correspondence

[This is an extract of an e-mail sent to the Clan Webmaster requesting assistance. ed]

Hello Kaye,

I am Clem McMillan and have only just joined The Clan MacMillan Society of Australia having found the society's web page.....

“..... After about 20 years away from doing any family research, I have now returned to it. On my father's side I am third-generation Australian and am currently chasing a number of forebears born overseas. Amongst these is my great-grandfather.

The information I currently have on him follows:

Allan McMillan arrived in Australia on the "Aloe" either in Sydney or Newcastle in 1857. He went to Singleton in the Hunter Valley and married there in 1859. He spent the rest of his life there as a farmer/gardener, dying there in 1914 a short time prior his 80th birthday.

To date, using the LDS site, I believe I have traced his origin in Scotland. As children my brothers and sister and myself were told that he came from Inverness. I understood that he was in his early 20s when he arrived in Australia. The LDS site brought up an Allan McMillan, born 30 July 1834, Camdan, Kilmallie, Inverness. The LDS site gives his parents as being John McMillan and Mary McCalman. One of the problems in tracing Allan McMillan is the widespread use of "Allan" as a given name with the McMillans.

I have not yet exhausted my searches for either John McMillan or Mary McCalman but if anyone knows of them I would appreciate hearing of it.

Allan and his wife had a number of children with two sons and daughter pre-deceasing him. My grandfather, Mortimer Augustine McMillan, was their fourth child and third son.....

.....If I come across any further information I will pass it on.....”

Clement clemmc@gmail.com

ILLUMINATION BY FIRE

Late breaking very exciting news: the McMillans are featured in the inspirational backstory for the Portland sector, as part of *Illumination by Fire*, to be held end of June/early July 2011 by eleven artists and their communities around Victoria, including Federation Square. The artistic director is Donna Jackson, leading light of such events as the *Women's Circus*, *We Built This City*, *Dust* (the community story behind the James Hardie asbestos scandal).

The interest is due to the fact that the Portland event is based around the story of the *New Zealander* burning to the hull-line just before Christmas in 1853. The burning shall be replicated with artistic interpretations. This has great relevance to us and to me as my McMillan & MacDonald families came to Portland on that ship, settling around Hotspur, where brother Hector McDonald had the Rising Sun Hotel, before he had built Mac's Hotel in Portland (it still operates as a hotel). John McMillan married Margaret "Peggy" McDonald eleven years after their arrival. Another sibling married into one of the four other McDonald families who came out on that particular ship (the Branhholme McDonalds).

You may be aware of the wonderful bluestone walled bronze plaque installations on the reserve known as The Ploughed Field (Hentys), opposite the Portland Hospital. This is open still to anyone wishing to commemorate their ancestors' arrival at Portland. My mother's Beesons have a plaque, and there are other of my families represented, related by birth, marriage or ship.

So I would like to set in motion an invitation for the attendance of a group of related or interested parties - any takers? - to be at the Portland event. My McMillans married into the McDonald Clan, and Clan Donald's Australian Chief Norman McDonald & wife Jan have already agreed to attend in principal, in their official capacity. Please contact me on debonairdv@iinet.net.au or (03) 9397 6619 if you thought it a worthwhile trip to attend the Portland segment.

Debra Vaughan

SAMUEL & MARIA McMILLAN

Samuel McMillan had been stockman, drover, shepherd, coachman, bush-mailman, horse breaker, hotel proprietor and farmer and had many tales to tell. He went with his parents to a station at "Devil's River", now Delatite River, near Mansfield, when he was six. He spent his time cattle herding and bailing the cows for the milkers.

In 1852 came the gold rush and farm and shop were alike deserted for the diggings. At Malcolm's Station near Mansfield, not a man was left for seven months, all hands having gone in quest of fortune. Young McMillan and another boy were left in sole charge of 10,000 sheep. They had a task shifting hurdles every day to a different spot to hold the sheep, but life had its compensations. Kangaroos abounded in the neighbourhood and half a dozen fine horses had been left behind. With green-hide bridles and saddles of their own manufacture, the boys rode the horses to such a condition that when the disappointed gold seekers returned months later explanations were required. Some of the diggers "struck it rich" but not all returned with their wealth.

Riding with Mails

Sam lived a strenuous life. At fourteen he was riding, summer and winter, with the mails, from Benalla, round the "Devil's River", to the Mansfield district stations. In winter he had to swim his horse seven times on the day's journey - one river alone had to be crossed three times, sometimes at night. One lonely spot on the Benalla/Mansfield track, the one-time mail-man remembers with a shudder. In 1848 or 1849, several men were attacked by blacks there while travelling with sheep, and murdered. Only one man survived. He hid terror stricken in a hollow tree, with his dog. The dog attempted to bark, and the shepherd choked it with his hands in order to save his own life. Bush fires had scarred the trees, and the mailman, his imagination stirred by the ghost stories of an old bushman who lived in a shack nearby, scarcely ever dared to glance at the black and white trunks as he rode past.

Bailed Up in the Bush

One cloudy night, having just forded the backwater and come out on the track, his mount shied at the figure of a horseman. It proved to be "old Donald", who lived with his wife on the outskirts of one of the stations. He told how an armed man had burst into his hut and, in his presence, stolen a cheque for £ 63 and some silver from under the bedding on which Donald's wife was lying ill.

With this unwelcome news ringing in his ears, McMillan rode "like mad" over hill and flat for the nearest station. A few miles on his way he saw the glint of a gun barrel in the light of the moon, which had momentarily issued from the cloud. A voice cried, "Stand! Up with your hands and give me that mail bag!"

The mailman dug his spurs into his horse and rode for his life down the track, the bushranger in hot pursuit. He reached the station in safety. The bushranger was arrested next day when he presented a cheque at a store and was sent to gaol for seven years.

The Greatest Adventure

In 1865 young McMillan began coach-driving for Edward Poole between Plenty and Whittlesea. "Did you have any adventures at the business?" he was asked. "The biggest adventure of my life," he replied, chuckling. "The boss's step-daughter ran away with me". The lady was Maria Perkins, and they were married at the Plough Inn, Janefield, which was kept by Miss Perkin's brother. The elopement ended McMillan's coaching days.

A Lost Pipe

"I learned to smoke when I was 10 and I've smoked ever since," said McMillan contemplatively stroking his beard. "A pipe's a wonderful friend. I remember a meerschaum I had once that was raffled for £ 5." There was a note of regret in his voice as he recalled how in his mailman's days, he had been riding by night, meerschaum in mouth along a bush track with gold worth £83 in his belt. Suddenly a man dashed at his horse's head, and something caught him in the chest - a rope stretched from tree to tree across the track. He clung to the reins, and fear sped his horse on a mad gallop through the bush. He eluded the bushranger, but never recovered his precious pipe, which dropped from his mouth when the rope struck him. Bruised and bleeding from contact with the tree trunks, he reached his destination, but never carried gold again.

Mr. and Mrs. McMillan were both proud to be Australian natives and to have reached 80 years together.

(The above is an extract from an article given to me many years ago titled "When the Bush was in Bourke St.. -A story of Pioneers Who Eloped." Published in the "Weekly Times" in 1924)

"Searching For The Voice In My Heart"

The Census Taker

It was the first day of census, and all through the land
each pollster was ready ... a black book in hand.
He mounted his horse for a long dusty ride,
his book and some quills were tucked close by his side.
A long winding ride down a road barely there,
toward the smell of fresh bread wafting, up through the air.

The woman was tired, with lines on her face
and wisps of brown hair she tucked back into place.
She gave him some water ... as they sat at the table
and she answered his questions ... the best she was able.
He asked her of children. Yes, she had quite a few --
the oldest was twenty, the youngest not two.

She held up a toddler with cheeks round and red;
his sister, she whispered, was napping in bed.
She noted each person who lived there with pride,
and she felt the faint stirrings of the wee one inside.
He noted the sex, the color, the age...
the marks from the quill soon filled up the page.

At the number of children, she nodded her head
and saw her lips quiver for the three that were dead.
The places of birth she "never forgot"
was it Kansas? or Utah? or Oregon ... or not?
They came from Scotland, of that she was clear,
but she wasn't quite sure just how long they'd been here.

They spoke of employment, of schooling and such,
they could read some ... and write some ... though really not much.
When the questions were answered, his job there was done
so he mounted his horse and he rode toward the sun.
We can almost imagine his voice loud and clear,
"May God bless you all for another ten years."

Now picture a time warp ... its' now you and me
as we search for the people on our family tree.
We squint at the census and scroll down so slow
as we search for that entry from long, long ago.
Could they only imagine on that long ago day
that the entries they made would affect us this way?

If they knew would they wonder at the yearning we feel
and the searching that makes them so increasingly real.
We can hear if we listen the words they impart
through their blood in our veins
and their voice in our heart.

by [Darlene Stevens](#)

[Published in *Genealogy Bulletin* No. 39 page 28, Spokane, WA.]

[From our roving correspondent, Debra Vaughan, showing where some of our McMillans ended up.]

It has been a while since one, if one were very lucky, could search through Laverton's records, but the following may show one of us a connection.

INQUESTS LOCATED AT PRO: The following inquest was located and indexed on to cards by Helen Harris OAM, while researching at the Public Record Office, Laverton.

".... John McMILLAN died of heart disease, Homebush, 1887. Witnesses: Mary Gohor (daughter); John McMillan; Cons. Edmund Mulcahy, Dr. Shirley Roberts; John Nesbitt, Frederick Welch. No. 1395, Unit 521....."

[*Pyrenees Pioneers Avoca & District Historical Society (ADHS) Newsletter* No. 157, MARCH, 1998]

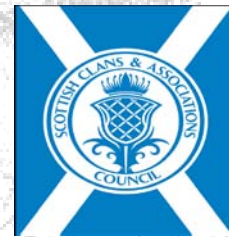


The Royal Melbourne Show 2010

Where is Clan MacMillan at the Show? MAP for The Farmyard FREE EVENTS <http://www.royalshow.com.au/animals-agriculture.asp>

 **CLAN MacMILLAN** 



SCOTTISH RESEARCH & QUIZZES



MacMillan Motto: Miseris succurrere disco - "I learn to succour the distressed"

 <http://home.vicnet.net.au/~mcmillan> 



 Findlaystone, ancestral seat of George MacMillan of MacMillan & Knap 

<http://www.clanmacmillan.org>

<http://www.scotlandspeople.gov.uk/>

Ships, Passenger records, Highland Emigration Schemes:

www.ballaratgenealogy.org.au/ships/

<http://www.tartansauthority.com/tartan>

Choosing your kilt: a free, fun history:

<http://clan.com/kiltsandtartan>

 **Clan MacMillan** 

2011 Annual General Meeting

Sunday 16th October at 12 noon

Speaker: To Be Advised

The meeting begins with a B.Y.O. lunch

Place: Soroptimist House, 383 Toorak Road, South Yarra

 **ALL VERY WELCOME!** 

<http://home.vicnet.net.au/~mcmillan/>

The Royal Melbourne Show 2010

Short MacMillan History

The MacMillans are one of the oldest clans in Scotland, being descended from a 12th century religious devotee called Gilchrist, who was a son of Cormac, bishop of Dunkeld, a great-great-grandson of the 11th century king Macbeth. The Gaelic *MacMhaolain* and *MacGhillemhaoil* has been transcribed phonetically by Scots and English speaking people in over 200 different ways, so there is no "correct" English version, though the majority use *Macmillan*, *MacMillan* or *McMillan*.

Clan MacMillan Society was formed in Glasgow in 1892. The present world chief, George MacMillan of MacMillan & Knap, is thought to be the 23rd generation after Gilchrist *Maolan* and the 12^x Great-Grandson of *Alexander MacMillan of Knap*, the 15th century Constable of Castle Sween who generated a famous Celtic Cross in the ruined church of Kilmory Knap. This MacMillan is also remembered in Knapdale for the tower he built at Castle Sween - often said to be the oldest stone castle in Scotland - which he held for the Lord of the Isles in the 1470s.

In addition to his line, there seem to be two other main branches of the clan with their own chiefs: those in Galloway, headed by the *McMillans of Brockloch* & *The Holm of Dalquhairn*, who probably branched off the main line sometime in the 14th century; and those in Lochaber, whose chiefs, the *Macmillans of Murlagan*, probably branched off from the Knapdale line sometime in the 16th century.

There are now probably more MacMillans living outside Scotland than in it, which has caused the proliferation of Clan MacMillan societies, branches and family groups around the world.

The MacMillans are one of a number of clans - including the MacKinnons, the MacQuarries, and the MacPhees - descended from Airbertach, a Hebridean prince of the old royal house of Moray who according to one account was the great-grandson of King Macbeth. The kin of Airbertach were closely associated with the Clann Somerhairle *Ri Innse Gall* ("Kings of the Hebrides"), the ancestors of the MacDougalls and the MacDonald "Lords of the Isles".

Airbertach's begat Bishop Cormac, whose son Gilchrist, the progenitor of the *Clann an Mhaoil*, was a religious man like his father; and so he wore a tonsure, giving him the nickname *Maolan* or *Gillemaol*. The church origins of the MacMillans are reflected in the connection of some of the earliest "children of Maolan" to two religiously based clan confederations: the *Clann GhilleFhaolain* ("Devotees of St. Fillan") in Perthshire and Galloway; and the *Clann GhilleChattain* ("Devotees of St. Catan") in Ulster, the Hebrides, and particularly Badenoch and Lochaber.

Half of all US Presidents have Scottish blood, and the huge international family of Scots and their descendants is estimated at 40 to 60 million around the globe. Once upon a time only families and clans had their own tartans: with one exception: the clergy. This was vital for neutrality in the days of warring clans, where to have worn a family plaid would have been alienating or even dangerous.

So vital to Scots' identity are tartan and the kilt, that the English once banned their wearing in Scotland by *The Dress Act of 1746*, criminalising such clothing in an effort to repress national identity and Bonnie Prince Charlie's followers after the Jacobite uprisings. When King George III repealed the *Act of Proscription of the Highland Garb* in 1782 and made it legal to wear tartan again in the Scottish Highlands, aristocrats soon revived and reinvented the Highland tradition. That's why we continue the ceremony of *The Kirkin' of the Tartan* today, every year bringing a tartan symbol of the family to be blessed in Church.

In modern days, celebrities like Samuel L. Jackson, Vin Diesel and Robbie Williams have picked up on 'kilt cool' and fallen over each other to be seen in one. Top designers like Burberry, Vivienne Westwood, Mulberry and SAS have all created their own interpretations. Alexander MacQueen of course used the MacQueen tartan.

As a final note:

Archeologists working from the 1980s near Taklar Makan, in the Tamir Basin, found 3,000 year old Caucasian mummies of blue/green eyed people with red gold hair, as mentioned in early Chinese texts. They and their textiles were remarkably well preserved; so we can trace tartan's journey with its people through the Mummies of Ürümchi in Southern China's desert sands, via recognition from the Greeks and Romans, to its appearance in Scotland.

<http://home.vicnet.net.au/~mcmillan/>

[Also from our roving correspondent, Debra Vaughan.]

A wonderful gravestone eulogy: - Epitaph To A Watchmaker: found in Lydford Churchyard, East Anglia:

"..... Here lies in a horizontal position the outside case of George Groutledge, Watchmaker. Integrity was the mainspring and prudence the regulator of all the actions of his life. Humane, generous and liberal, his hands never stopped 'till he had relieved distress'.

So nicely regulated were his movements that he never went wrong, except when set going by people who did not know the key. Even then he was easily set right again.

7

He had the art of disposing of his time so well, till his hours glided away, his pulse stopped beating. He ran down on November 14th, 1801, aged 57, in hopes of being taken in hand by his maker, thoroughly cleaned, repaired, wound up and set going in the world to come, when time shall be no more."

[From the Glamorgan Family History Society, Wales, as published in Newsletter No. 1 of 1997]

[The previous two pages are inserted to indicate the Clan's involvement in last years Royal Melbourne Show. ed]

If unclaimed, please return to:

CLAN MACMILLAN SOCIETY (AUSTRALIA)

41 Lincoln Ave, Glen Waverley Vic. 3150

