



CLAN MACMILLAN SOCIETY (Victoria)

Newsletter No 10, April 1987

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

Scotland, and the Scots have had an influence on world events far in excess of their numbers. One area in particular in which this is so is education.

It is not just a co-incidence that I write this from Scotch College — or that there are Scotch (or Scots) Colleges or Schools in Sydney, Adelaide, Perth, Albury, Bathurst and Launceston - and that many other schools throughout Australia have been founded by Scots. There are other schools such as the many P.L.C.'s in various towns and cities throughout Australia, and others such as Geelong College, Ballarat College, Knox Grammar School and Morongo P.G.C. to name but a few.

The Scots saw education as vital in society and devised a system of education which is recognised as an excellent model on which many of the newer 'colonies' based their plans. I heard the Vice-Chancellor elect of Monash University, Professor Martin speak at a speech day last November. In his address, Professor Martin compared the narrow, highly specialised rather narrower education of England with the broadly based system of Scotland, which produced both scientists and classicists who were very capable in their respective areas, but who were well rounded scholars with an appreciation of all aspects of learning.

In making his comparison, Professor Martin supported that our present planners should be looking to Scotland even today, for a system which produced a host of brilliant scientists, doctors, engineers, writers, artists and musicians far out of proportion to the population of Scotland. Countless inventions of world significance came from Scotland — including the invention of the bicycle by Kirkpatrick Macmillan, Blacksmith of Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, Scotland.

With such a background, the Scots have good reason to be proud of their origins - and we as MacMillans, Macmillans, McMillans, etc belong to a clan which has played its part in Scottish history. A study of some of the achievements of the clan would make very interesting reading, any volunteers?

Best wishes to you all

Donald Macmillan

President

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NEW MEMBER

We welcome Mrs J E Murphy from Asburton, Victoria as our latest new Clan Society Member, and hope that she enjoys our newsletters and kinship.

At the same time we have lost another member. Julianne Rauert has decided to discontinue membership with the society as she is soon to be married and will be moving interstate. Our best wishes go with you Julianne from all of us.

AGM and BARBECUE

Sunday 11th October 1987 is our next AGM and Barbecue - keep the day free. More details in our next newsletter.

NEWSLETTERS

Our financial position at the moment, plus available information, allows us to produce at least three newsletters per year instead of the usual two. We may even be able to manage a fourth issue this year. The next issue should be out in June.

GENERAL INTEREST

Jim McMillan, a committee member, and his wife recently represented our clan society at a Scottish Gathering at Kryal Castle in Ballarat. A few words and maybe some photos will be included in our next newsletter.

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Bob McMillan-Kay
Archivist and Editor

RESPONSE

I received an interesting note along with a fee payment recently which I thought was worthy of inclusion in our newsletter. It is a letter written to me from one of our members, and as you read you will find it even more appropriate considering the name of the club - F.M. Macmillan. It reads:

My father, John Duncan Ferguson Macmillan was born in the 1890's on McMillan's Hand, Tarbet, Scotland. He migrated here before WW1 and fought at Gallipoli. He was buried by a mine explosion and was rescued 24 hours later. His sister, Margaret migrated in the 1940's. She often visited their cousin, Harold Macmillan and Lady Dorothy. Both are now deceased. My father married twice - the two children from the first being Nancy, now married and living in Queens and and John, he was a Bombardier in WW2. He was shot down over the channel and awarded the DFC posthumous.

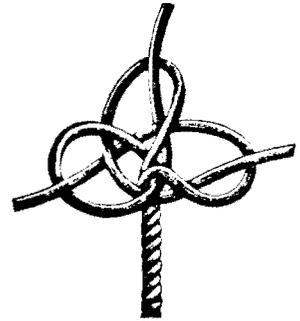
I am the only child of his second marriage. My full name is Marian Margaret Crawford Macmillan. I am a senior teacher at Thornbury High School, recently divorced so I have reverted to my maiden name.

About Christmas time I received an informative card from our Clan Chief, George MacMillan and his wife, Jane. Rather than type it again I have included a reduced size copy of part of the card for all to read.

Bob McMillan-Kay
Archivist and Editor

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Happy Christmas
and 1987

George and Jane

For us the year began inauspiciously. We'd not recovered from Richard's fatal crash in October 1985, when Pa was taken from us just as suddenly, soon after his eighty-ninth birthday. As with Richard, we were most grateful for the support of many friends. Berta was very badly injured in Rome. After emerging from three weeks of coma, she is making painfully slow, but apparently steady, recovery. The car, for all its advantages, has much to answer for.

But it's not all been gloom. At Christmas Arthur revealed his engagement to marry Karen Dykins, whose parents, Philip and Carolin, live near Durban. They'd met in London, while Arthur was penetrating the arcana of accountancy and Karen was studying interior design. We were all spending Christmas ski-ing in North Italy; and we marvelled at the skill and courage with which Karen, a total novice to the sport, tackled slopes that challenged even Arthur's experience.

The Day was fixed for 27 September in Durban. There was plenty to do before that. Arthur and Karen had to pass their exams - and did. The end of August saw the start of festivities - a sunny party at Finlaystone, a misty, but highly enjoyable, two-day voyage up the Sound of Mull, and a party at Blockley. Philip and Carolin, and Carolin's mother Peggy, joined this merry-go-round, and seemed at the end of it to be amazingly unconfused, after meeting at least four hundred strangers in a week. They flew at once to South Africa to put the final touches to a further fortnight of festive hospitality. Contrary to custom, they sheltered not only Karen and their two boys, Jonathan and Roderick, but also the bridegroom, his parents, his brother (Malcolm) and cousin (Gordon) and best man (Guy Liddle), as well as preparing for the wedding itself. After the wedding, they took all the camp followers to their charming cottage on a sparsely peopled estate where the zebra roams free; then to an intimate Zululand game reserve where we saw lots of animals; and finally to the heart of the Drakonsberg mountains.

Arthur plans to work for two years with Hill Samuels in Johannesburg. Malcolm is starting a three-year Classics course in Durham, the city of his birth, after a year away from school filled with two terms teaching at Aysgarth (his old preparatory school). That was to be followed by a summer as a courier in Greece; but a mild dose of glandular fever foiled that. He ended up in London sifting through documents for a big financial fraud case, and a quick trip to South Africa for Arthur's wedding, and much else besides.

Liv and David visited the antipodes early this year; Michael and Hilary hit the U.S. fall. Jane and I are busy joining forces with my Ma downstairs. Otherwise all branches of the family are based exactly as last year.

This has been a literary year. In November, Clare launched her autobiography (My Journey) with characteristic eclat. Jane and I sneaked in first by attending the launch of Winning Tales from Sportish Houses, of which Finlaystone occupies about 7%.



... news within

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VALE MACMILLANS

As you would have read or heard of the death of the former Prime Minister of Britain, Harold Macmillan. A copy of one of the newspaper articles about him is shown below.

We also wish to notify all members of the death of one of our clan society members, namely Edith MacMillan. I have personally met Edith and her sister, Betty Garrett (nee MacMillan), both lovely ladies. They were most helpful in providing me with some information on the Isle of Arran where my ancestors came from. Their father spent some time on Arran himself after leaving mainland Scotland. Betty also provided me with a copy of the Clan MacMillan Family Tree which was prepared for her by the Clan MacMillan Historian, Rev. Somerled MacMillan. That chart is now part of our archive collection.

On behalf of the committee and members we wish to pass on our belated sympathy to Betty and her family.



Mr Macmillan

Death Notice -
Edith MacMillan

MACMILLAN. — Edith Margaret, at Freemasons Hospital, on Dec. 21, after a short illness. Daughter of Thomas Orr and Eva Amelia (both dec.). Sister of Betty (Mrs Garrett), Alan (dec.) and Joyce (Mrs Robison). Aunt of John, Kathleen, Janet and Gary Thomas and Jenny and Andrew. Great Aunt of Samantha and Jesse.
Founder and Proprietress of The Primrose Pottery Shop.

Macmillan, empire's last PM, dies

From BRUCE WILSON

LONDON, Mon. — Former British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, Earl of Stockton, died tonight aged 92.

He was, arguably, the last survivor of the Empire.

In his day, as Prime Minister from 1957 until he was brought down by scandal in the early 1960s, Mr Macmillan was once so popular he was known as "SuperMac".

He had the imperious manner of Empire, was the confidante of Royalty, and the close friend of many overseas contemporary leaders. One political enemy, but personal friend, said of him: "Harold was far too decent for his own good yet he is a tough politician."

He died at his home in West Sussex and Buckingham Palace press secretary Michael Shea said the Queen heard the news "with great sadness" and sent a personal message to Lord Stockton's family.

Mrs Thatcher paid tribute to Lord Stockton's fortitude, wit, erudition and compassion.

Macmillan had refused to accept the normal honor of a peerage when he retired as Prime Minister until his 90th birthday in 1984, when he was created the Earl of Stockton.

A year later, his reputation was dealt a severe blow by charges in a book that while Britain's Minister-resident in the central Mediterranean in 1945, he was primarily responsible for the deaths of 70,000 people at the end of World War 2.

The book, *The Minister and the Massacres*, was written by a refugee Russian count, Nikolai Tolstoy, and accused Macmillan of making a decision to return 40,000 White Russians and Cossacks to the Soviet Union and 30,000 Yugoslavs to the Tito Government.

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ARCHIVES AND MEMBERSHIP FEES

In our December 1986 Newsletter we asked for payment of our 1986/87 fees which were due in October. Several were forthcoming, but 25 members are still unfinancial. A reminder notice is included in this newsletter for those concerned who have forgotten.

Only three members responded to the request for family information for our archives, one of those being an amendment to existing details. As I have mentioned previously, the intention is to prepare a map of Scotland showing the ancestral locations of our members. So if anyone has forgotten I would still appreciate any further ancestral information.

While on the subject of archives, if anyone can obtain a copy of the History of the Clan MacMillan by Somerled MacMillan for our library, or donate a copy of the same, it would be greatly appreciated by the committee.

Bob McMillan-Kay
Archivist and Editor



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“FINLAYSTONE” - SCOTLAND - 2nd and 3rd AUGUST 1986

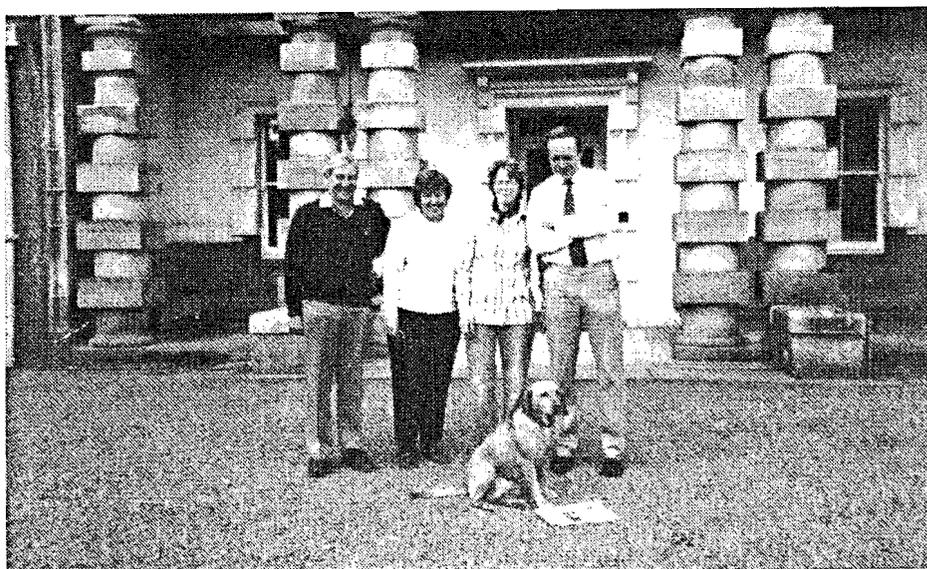
by John and Helen Macmillan

“Finlaystone” comprises some 500 acres on the south bank of the Firth of Clyde, twenty minutes west of Glasgow on the road to Greenoch. On the estate live George and Jane, George’s mother Lady MacMillan, his brother David and his sister Judy and their families. Behind the estate are the remains of a Roman road, one of the most northerly points the Romans reached.

After leaving Edinburgh early on 2nd August and visiting Bannockburn Historical Centre and Stirling Castle we arrived at “Finlaystone” Langbank in cool and overcast conditions. After a guided tour of the gardens (not at their best at this time of the year but still expansive and quite beautiful) we had a late dinner including raspberries we had picked from the commercial venture on the estate run by George’s brother David. Supper with Lady MacMillan concluded one of the most eventful days of our Scottish tour.

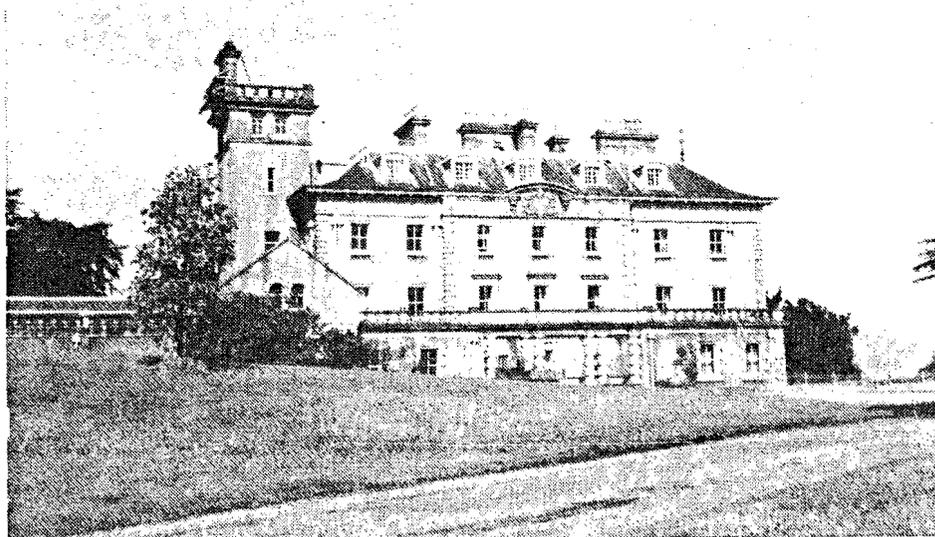
Sunday morning saw George and Jane show us some woodland walks, play areas, tea rooms, picnic sites and the doll museum and Victoriana exhibition in the centuries old building on the third floor of which George and Jane reside.

George and Jane are continuing to restore and develop “Finlaystone” as a tourist attraction and on occasions have had 200 visitors on the one day. George and Jane have had numerous visits from Australian Macmillans over the past few years and are vitally interested in the continuance of our clan society. They send their warm greetings to all.



Above: John and Helen Macmillan with Jane and George MacMillan

Below: View of Finlaystone



SPECIAL NOTE

While on the subject, John and Helen Macmillan are going to present a talk about their trip to Scotland and ‘Finlaystone’, accompanied with a lot of photographs I understand.

The presentation will be at Scotch College in the Boarders Annex, which is the first building on the left through the main entrance at Callantina Rd, Hawthorn. Date: Thursday June 4th at 8.00pm. Please bring along a plate of supper. Tea and Coffee will be provided. Help make John and Helen’s effort worthwhile and come along.

THE LIFE OF ANGUS McMILLAN (continued)

Angus found that James McFarlane was informed both as to his history and ability. McFarlane was different to Macallister, like McMillan, he was stocky in stature and lacked the burning ambition of his partner Macallister at Clifton.

He was content to graze his cattle on the cold plain country, and while he desired a comfortable living, he found his satisfaction more in the independent life of a free settler than in adding to his substance by the domination and harsh usage of his fellow men.

In this area McMillan noted the marked change in attitude towards the assigned servants. McFarlane acted fairly towards the men, and in McMillan he detected a similar attitude towards the convicts.

McFarlane said "The irony of it is that the only way to get on in this country is to cheat and steal, that is why I shall never succeed. You will find that history will remember the Macarthurs and Macallisters when you and I will be forgotten". With these few words McFarlane told Angus how he had fallen in with George McKillop, a wealthy squatter from Van Dieman's Land who had selected country in the south of Monaro in 1834.

McKillop, after many attempts, finally found a gap which led them to the green and extensive table-land of Omeo. Here, a fine outstation was developed. From here their way was effectively barred. Crossing the Snowy River had been a difficult undertaking, forming with its rapid current after the melting snows, an impossible barrier which defied all their efforts.

From the moment of his arrival, McMillan was fascinated by the country. His boyhood memories welled up again as he stuffed bread into his pocket and set off through the corrie to the coolins. The same feeling captured him as his eyes dwelled on the brown country rolling away to the Zingaring Mountains.

McFarlane allowed him ample time to become acquainted with the country, and by April McMillan had traced the Snowy River from its tributary, Currawong Creek past the Currawong Falls to Bulli Look-Out, to a higher range from where he caught a glimpse of the sea.

The entry in his diary reads as follows: "This unlooked for pleasure quite overcame me as I was never more than six miles from the sea before I left home. I sat there till the sun was nearly out of sight, and on looking at Flinder's chart of the coast which showed the ranges about 30 miles back from the long beach, I at once made up my mind on a future date to penetrate through these unknown regions.

To the north north-east were the Monaro Plains, to the north north-west and west, the Australian Alps. With an anxious wish I looked to the south-west and thought, here is a noble work for a bold determined mountaineer thinking all the time how I could accomplish the object in view, I arrived at the station at 10 p.m.

McMillan had purchased a copy of Matthew Flinder's chart in Glasgow. At the same time he bought a compass. Whilst on the ship he had poured over the finely drawn map with all its exciting prospects of discovering new places. McMillan had realised that much of the continent was a blank on which the rivers and mountains were to be inscribed by newcomers thirsting for adventure and knowledge.

It became obvious to McMillan that the people who would give him first hand information on the country in which he wanted to explore were the aboriginals. His attitude towards them was different to other explorers. A confrontation with them usually led to violence. The aboriginals resented the intrusion of white men into their areas. The white man's law of property and crime was irrelevant to them. The white man treated the aboriginals with little regard. Any interference by the aboriginals on white man's property and possessions normally resulted in violence.

McMillan had no property except that given to him by his employer. But he resolved that he would extend the hand of friendship to them. This resolution continued for the rest of his life. McMillan questioned McFarlane regarding the aboriginals and became acquainted with the history of conflicts between whites and blacks. McFarlane's attitude was essentially pragmatic. Had the blacks been trustworthy he would have given them employment. But since they stole and killed, were lazy and irresponsible, they were to be kept at a distance, although he did not become a party to wilful slaughter. McMillan did not say much but resolved that their friendship was worth a trial, particularly since he desired to test the natives' knowledge of the country to the south.

The first difficulty was language. Most Australians insisted on aboriginals learning English. In three months work round campfires at night, he had gained sufficient knowledge to understand their dialect. He became familiar with the journey to Omeo and the trek south along the Tambo River. He learnt about a large plain to the south. McMillan resolved to overcome all obstacles in his goal to seek out and explore to the south. (To be continued)

Extracted from 'Angus McMillan Pathfinder' written by Kenneth Cox. I have copies of the book priced at \$6.00.

Steven McMillan
Secretary

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