



CLAN MACMILLAN SOCIETY (Victoria)

Newsletter No. 16, March 1989

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.*

Office Bearers:

President - June Senior 41 Lincoln Ave.,
Glen Waverley, 3150. 560 8746
Secretary - Steven McMillan 126 Morack Rd,
Vermont Sth, 3133. 801 5223
Treasurer - Bob McMillan—Kay 37 Trafalgar St,
Ferntree Gully, 3156 758 5823
Archivist - Bob McMillan—Kay 37 Trafalgar St.
& Editor Ferntree Gully, 3156. 758 5823

Committee Members:

Don jinnette 3 Buvelot Wynd,
Doncaster East, 3109. 842 6945
Bruce A McMillan 38 Parkhill Rd,
Kew, 3101. 817 4303



MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

My best wishes to all for the coming year. I trust it will be a happy and healthy year for each one of you. Our reunion and Annual General Meeting was held at Ferntree Gully on 23rd October 1988. The attendance was very small but those present had a pleasant time. We were so pleased to see our South Australian members, Colin Macmillan from Ballarat and local members of the Clan.

One suggestion from the meeting was to attend one of the Highland Gatherings, so we are making our debut at the Ringwood Highland Carnival at Jubilee Park, Ringwood on Sunday 2nd April 1989. (Melway Ref. Map 49 H11, Greenwood Ave. entrance)

It should be most enjoyable and entertaining with Pipe Bands, Scottish Dancing and Highland Games all day. We will have a tent site allocated for the MacMillan Clan in the area reserved for the Clans.

We do hope that you will be able to come and enjoy the Carnival and please do call in and see us at the MacMillan tent. Looking forward to seeing you there,

Very Sincerely
June Senior
President

HELP WANTED

Should there be afloat any descendants of Colin Campbell Macmillan, who resided at Lake Boga during 1860, would he or she kindly communicate with Colin Campbell Macmillan of 159 Lower Heidelberg Road, East Ivanhoe, Telephone (03) 497 1887.

SCOTTISH SHIPPING RECORDS

It was brought to my attention at our last AGM that some Scottish Shipping Records existed in private ownership. Beth Blackhall has in her possession Embarkation and Landing details from the west of Scotland from 1852-1857. If anyone has ancestors from that part of Scotland who embarked for Australia about that period, they can contact Beth via 2 Travellyn Crt. Blackburn South, 3130 or Telephone No. 878 5947.

Bob McMillan-Kay
Archivist/Editor/Treasurer



DEATH OF CLAN MEMBER

I wish to bring it to the attention of all members of the death of one our Clan Society Members. Rachel (Rae) Mathers (nee McMillan) passed away late last year after a short illness and complications from a bad cold.

Her passing affected me personally as she was also my aunt and my deceased father's half-sister.

ANNUAL FEES

Once again it's time to remind members to pay their annual subscription of \$5.00 per individual or family. Fees were due in October 1988 so those who have as yet not renewed their fees, payment as soon as possible would be appreciated. Although our financial situation is good at this stage we still need to keep on top of this aspect to allow the Society to purchase additional archival and library facilities.

CORRESPONDENCE

Internal correspondence has been on the quiet side since our last newsletter. A request came for assistance from one member and some details on the MacMillan Clan from another, apart from the usual notes included with fee renewals.

A letter of importance arrived only this week from George and Jane MacMillan, our Clan Chief and his wife. It was actually a Christmas Card and I have included a reduced copy of it on Page 3 for all members to read.

I also received a copy of the December 1988 issue of the newsletter of the Clan MacMillan Society of North America from John B McMillan of Canada. Mentioned in the notice of recent publications is a book titled 'The Clan Endeavour' - a History of the Clan by Christopher W McMullen. It has been highly praised by our own Clan Chief and after reading about it, the committee decided to purchase a copy of the book in the near future for our Society library.

Bob McMillan-Kay
Archivist/Editor/Treasurer

You may not feel that a two-handed sword has much to do with the season of goodwill. But please remember the caption indicates that in MacMillan hands it may be used only in defence of the unfortunate.

Battles and Clan MacMillan have loomed large in our 1988. The Sealed Knot (a society which re-enacts Civil War battles) mustered here on a beautiful Easter week-end, and returned for a bigger battle in July. In the interval, some Celtic warriors put on a blood-curdling display of combat, which suggested that early fighters were more individualistic.

Clan activity surfaced twice. On a brilliant June week-end, about sixty MacMillans met on the shores of Loch Fyne to install their Chief. Next day we held a short, but sweet, service in Kilmory Chapel in Knapdale, which houses the MacMillan Cross. In October, we set off for Atlanta (Georgia) to attend the Stone Mountain Highland Games, after which there was another impressive investiture of the MacMillan Chief. Each ceremony reflected great credit on those who took part - particularly the two Seannachaidhs (or Sennachies).

Not to be out-classed, John was installed as Governor of Edinburgh Castle (a job held by Pa nearly forty years ago) before a huge crowd. The Lord Lyon (son of Pa's one) officiated with a splendid retinue of heralds; and 2nd-Lieutenant Gordon MacMillan slow-marched down the esplanade bearing the Castle's key to his father.

After Atlanta, Jane (who had had a cataract operation in January) drove us through brilliant fall colours to North Carolina. The climax of our visit was a service of Kirking of the Tartan in Fayetteville (where Scotsmen abound) at which the new MacMillan Chief gave an address. Everything else was tremendous fun. Throughout our visit we were given a wonderfully warm welcome by many old friends and new-found Clan 'cousins'.

Other things have happened this year.

In the spring, Arthur and Karen returned from Johannesburg to London, where Arthur works for a merchant bank and Karen has transformed Jane's old flat. Malcolm spent the British summer in Australia, and has returned to Durham University for his third year. Ma had an operation on her feet in the autumn, and is pleased with the result. To finish the year with a flourish, Alice plans to marry Captain David Harrison (Devon & Dorset Regiment) - and he her - on 29th December.

Aunty Bill celebrated her 89th birthday here in May, and plans to return here for Christmas. She joins us in sending Christmas greetings to all friends.



**MC MILLAN
HOLIDAY VILLAGE**

Telephone (051) 56 2283. P.O. Box 66, Metung, Victoria, 3904.

Telephone (03) 817 5151



House of Scotland

**FINEST SCOTTISH PRODUCTS
AUTHENTIC CLAN KILTS**

- ★ KILTS
- ★ TWEEDS
- ★ POTTERY
- ★ PIPE BAND EQUIPMENT
- ★ DANCERS ACCESSORIES
- ★ JEWELLERY
- ★ CLAN PLAQUES
- ★ SCOTTISH CRAFTS
- ★ RECORDS
- ★ AUTHENTIC CLAN TARTANS

**115 WHITEHORSE ROAD,
BALWYN/DEEPDENE, 3103, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.**

ANGUS McMILLAN — PATHFINDER (Continued)

Food became a problem; Angus tried to persuade Cobone Johnny to look for possums but the native refused. His excuse was that if he marked a tree with a tomahawk, the wild blacks would find their tracks and attack. Like Jimmy Gibber before him, Kangaroos and Emu scattered in all directions at their approach, and the grass was up to the horses' bellies. The course brought them past Providence Ponds.

On 20th January 1840, the party reached a large lake which appeared to be a continuation of Lake Victoria. This was actually Lake Wellington, named in 1841 by W.A. Brodribb after the Duke of Wellington. While at dinner, the blacks crowded in large numbers near the party. The white men mounted their horses and the natives took to their heels, set fire to their camps, and hid themselves in the scrub and morasses, leaving their possum rugs and spears behind. Cobone Johnny, at first in deadly fear, later became bold when the tribe ran and wanted to steal their rugs. Afraid of reprisal, McMillan told Johnny to leave the property undisturbed. In the afternoon, they tried, without success, to communicate with the blacks.

The River Avon was discovered and named (after the Scottish stream), and on 21st January, they followed its course north-west, passing through magnificent country which thrilled McMillan. He described it as the most delightful country I ever saw, well adapted for sheep or cultivation.

The mountains enthralled him and he named several, including the most prominent, Mount Wellington, 5363 feet high. It was then he resolved that this would be the location of his station. Without the clear insight of his mother, McMillan could not look for long into the future to see the path of his triumphs and disasters. Not far north-east was the site of his tragic death.

More immediate problems claimed his attention. The tea and sugar were almost depleted. McMillan began to suspect Old Bath, who had charge of the provisions, of helping himself surreptitiously during his hours of watch.

On the 22nd January, the party reached the Macalister River, a deep swift flowing stream forty yards wide, at a point not far from the town of Maffra. After crossing the fertile Macarthur Plains, McMillan was proud to name the river after his employer, who had been the means of sending him to Gippsland where he was to find fame as an explorer.

Here the last of the flour was used for damper, efforts to catch fish in the stream were unsuccessful. The next day, the party reached the junction of the Macalister and La Trobe Rivers, near the site of the City of Sale. There were extensive morasses on both sides of the river.

A large tribe of blacks was encountered. Seeing the white men, they set fire to their camps and retreated. The party surrounded one lame man in the morass and made signs that they wanted to reach the sea. The native at once took up his foot and pointed to the direction from which the party had come, made signs to them to go back. He had four dried human hands around his neck, beautifully preserved. After a gift of a pocket knife and a pair of trousers, the whites realised they could obtain no more information and left him. His manner of farewell amused them. After having shaken hands with the party, he thought it necessary to go through the same form with their horses and shook the bridles very heartily.

(to be continued)

Steven McMillan
Secretary