

**CLAN CHISHOLM SOCIETY INC.
AUSTRALIAN BRANCH
NEWSLETTER
June 2020**





Hello fellow Clan folk

What an awful year we have experienced in Australia! Firstly, we witnessed the immense devastation caused by bushfires around our country and now we have the COVID-19 pandemic. I do hope you and your families are safe and remain that way.

Your Clan Journal, CCS Australia Branch AGM Minutes, Clan Chisholm Society 68th AGM Annual Report and a membership form are **coming your way**. The Journal cannot be sent via email so will be posted. Could you please advise me if you change your address or have a new email address?

It was decided at our AGM in Ballarat in March this year that **our next AGM and Gathering** in 2021 should be held in Queensland. I believe we should adopt a cautious approach towards planning the event at this stage. As soon as we know more about the likely timeline of the pandemic and implications for travel, we will make an announcement. A similar 'wait and see' approach is being adopted towards the staging of a CCS International Gathering in Inverness, Scotland next year. **If you have any suggestions for where the gathering in Queensland could be held in 2021 or 2022 I would love to hear!**

If you have omitted to **renew your membership** please contact our Treasurer Alistair Thompson. His details are on page 32. Also, we received some **membership payments but no names were attached**. Alistair would love to hear from you too.

Take care and stay safe everyone.

Kim Polley (Secretary)

Photo: (front cover) Our Clan Dinner at Oscars, Ballarat 7 March 2020

Clan Chisholm in Ballarat 2020 – by *President Tony Morrison*

Ballaarat, Golden City. Balla meaning place. Arat meaning place. Drop an 'a'. And there you have it, Ballarat, some say Australia's most famous city. Certainly, the locals do. A city with a history steeped in gold, blood and industry. A city which is now a charming, busy beautiful place and home to a population of 100,000, nestled around Lake Windouree. This was the destination for Clan Chisholm's annual pilgrimage and 2020 AGM. A place with strong Chisholm history.



We arrived separately by plane, train or car on Friday and settled into the beautifully restored 18th century "Premier Apartments". A quick briefing of our itinerary; we met Heather Boyd, 7th generation local, who did so much to make our stay the success it was. Heather's father was Jack Chisholm, four times Mayor of Ballarat, historian, genealogist

and much more. Dinner at The Thai Sala Pavilion. (Photo above).

The next morning, we headed out to Maldon. What a surprise; a step back in time. Late 1800's maybe; a winding main street, classic shops, awnings over the footpath, full of antiques, ceramics, art work, nostalgic 50's posters, for those who can remember back that far, furniture etc.



Beautiful. A quick cuppa and we dashed off to Maryborough in time for lunch at the railway station (photo at left). Out in the sticks and the season not so flash;

seemingly the centre of nowhere, is the most imposing grandest station you have ever seen, that wouldn't look out of place in the heart of London. Planned to be the centre of Victoria's railway system in the 1890's it now runs just two trains a day. White elephant or not, it is very well preserved. We enjoyed a

relaxing lunch, served up by a very enthusiastic young crew in these historic surroundings before leaving for The Maryborough and Midlands Historical Society.

The society's buildings are skilfully preserved along with a fabulously restored slab hut complete with wooden shingles. Simply beautiful. Barbara Nielsen, our hostess, gave us some wonderful insights, complete with photographs of Alec Chisholm, who incidentally was Heather's uncle. What a handsome young man he was, as you would expect, being a Chisholm!! And, a very good AFL footballer to boot. Born in Maryborough, he loved the bush but having had an unhappy time at school, he left in his early 'teens for the outdoors which led to his miraculous life as Australia's leading ornithologist, author of a dozen books and Australia's first animal activist. He campaigned against the use of Lyrebird feathers in the fashion industry, particularly in women's hats. The museum is full of Ballarat's interesting history. After a visit to the cemetery and resting place of many of the town's previous leaders, we returned to Ballarat and dinner at the nearby pub.

**Alec
Chisholm's
OBE medal**



**Our group visited the Alec Chisholm Flora Reserve
in Maryborough**



Sunday, we visited

Ballarat's famed Botanic Gardens and the Begonia festival. The gardens are brilliant. Flower beds out in full bloom; lamb's tongue borders with beds of begonia, salvia, dahlias, delphinium etc. in a dazzling display of colour amongst the tall trees from everywhere around the world and the lush grassy parkland.

Taking pride of place is a commemorative elm in honour of John Allan Chisholm MBE, for service to his country and his beloved Ballarat. We bought mementos, walked The Prime Minister's walk, admired the ex POW memorial and the magnificent marble statues imported from Italy at great expense and donated

by miners, Thomas Stoddart and James Russel Thompson amongst others; an indication of Ballarat's enormous gold wealth at the time. The thing that strikes you about Ballarat and the gardens and as I discovered later on, everywhere else, apart from their sheer scale, variety and beauty is the effort, a lot of it voluntary, that goes into it all. A reflection of Ballarat's, and I think also, regional Australia's, ageless community spirit.



Begonia pavilion in the Botanical Gardens in Ballarat



One of the many statues in the Statuary Pavilion and around the gardens

At the kind invitation of Heather and Geoff Boyd we held the AGM in comfortable surrounds in their home and met members of their family who looked after us and provided arvo tea. We were also delighted to welcome Malcolm and Judy Buchanan to the AGM. Malcolm is the convenor for The Oceania region of The Clan Buchanan and Judy herself has Chisholm links, but more about the AGM later.

That evening we had a nice private dinner where we were reacquainted with more of Heather's family at Oscars. [Editor: See photo on front cover]. It was a wonderful evening and we all enjoyed catching up with Heather and Geoff's family and hope we may catch up with them at a later date. Maybe at another Clan meet. Our timing was also great; we pulled up stumps just after The Australian women pulled off a win to defeat India in The Cricket World Cup. Aussie, Aussie, Aussie. Oi, Oi, Oi.

Monday was a to Lambley nursery, among and thence to wool shop and was shut so there.



free day. Half went Gardens and pictured left, Australia's best The Creswick Mills' a cuppa. Clunes not much to see

The other half Hill. A working acres; you the miners

went to Sovereign attraction on 50 could just see how were drawn to it by

gold fever, enthusiasm and the hope of striking it 'rich', from Australia, Britain and all over the world, which some did and many didn't. The diggings were not for the fainthearted. Sovereign Hill is a brilliant living reconstruction of the whole gambit of life on the goldfields. The timber and canvas cottages had just the basic comforts and living conditions were primitive. The main street was a bustling community of shops, hotels, restaurants, newspaper publishers, banks, council buildings and the local hall etc. all imaginatively recreated.

The early miners panned the streams for gold and sank shallow shafts in the hope of striking it rich. Later on companies sank shafts 1000 feet deep, installed huge crushers and refined the abundant gold.

Ballarat became known throughout the world for its gold but more significantly for The Eureka affair. The fight for the right to vote. The fight against taxation without representation. A watershed for democracy throughout the colony

The gold fields were central to a rich economy and a thriving community. Sovereign Hill history is re-enacted daily with entertaining pageantry and gusto. As well there is gold refining together with things we all take for granted such as cart wheels for instance and their automated manufacture. The history is fascinating. Cartwheels were expensive and handcrafted; it took months to make a pair, but when the system was automated it was possible for wheelwrights to make a couple of wheels in a few days. While they may not have invented the process it shows how innovative, imaginative, and adaptable they were on the goldfields. So, it's all on show: steam driven belts and pulleys and machines turning out precision made wheels for a fraction of the cost, making wheeled transport affordable to a much wider cross section

of the community. Wheelwrights scoff at Ford being the first example of the assembly line and it not hard to see why. This was a significant development in the industrial revolution.

There was so much more at Sovereign Hill. Suffice to say it is a great living example of colonial Australia's early history and was well worth the visit.

Tuesday is our last day. Once again, we all did our own thing. Sue and I together with Bruce and Kerrie Chisholm went on a sightseeing mystery tour to Daylesford in a search for one of Kerrie's relatives of long ago, alas without success. But we did enjoy the lush countryside, the gardens, shopping in Daylesford, the museum and lunch in a quaint little restaurant in beautiful Wombat gardens. Bruce and I worked it off climbing up the tower on top of the hill which enabled us to see the rich countryside spread out below.

However, I believe we missed more than we saw. Daylesford, Castlemaine and Creswick are a in a rich wine comfortable as luxury hotels based on the mineral springs. spend weeks only had a day some other



gourmet's paradise region with destinations such and health spas, region's extensive I believe you could there, but sadly we to spare. Maybe time?

Despite having had a very enjoyable stay in Ballarat, we left with heavy hearts because Donald and Valerie Chisholm were unable to be there with us, despite their determination. Sadly, as we all know, Donald passed away the following week.

We said our farewells the next morning, Wednesday, after a very enjoyable four days or so. Our thanks go out to our hosts, Heather and Geoff Boyd and also to Kim and Michael Polley, who made our stay in Ballarat such a memorable and enjoyable one.

Secretary's Comment on Gathering in Ballarat - Kim Polley

Thank you to everyone who made our time together so special. Our itinerary reflected the feedback I had received. Many of us had our personal interests we wished to pursue whilst in Ballarat and surrounding areas. Dinners were fun occasions where we shared our day's adventures. Dinner on our last night was held in an old English-style pub called The North Britain. The same chef has been in residence for 15+ years. Tripe, pork ribs, brains and lambs fry were devoured. One member commented "I have never had brains!" Being a much less adventurous diner, I chose salmon which was delicious.

Thank you, Heather, for your assistance over many months in planning the gathering. Upon arrival Heather presented us with welcome bags which included all sorts of information to ensure we saw everything there was available in Ballarat that long weekend. We also found plastic drink bottles and Scottish shortbread in our bags! Heather made Clan Chisholm tartan placemats and coasters for our official dinner. We all came home with a copy of 'Ballarat Golden City A Pictorial History' co-written by Heather's father. You made our stay a memorable one. You are a treasure, Heather!

Our final meal together was at the North Britain Hotel in Ballarat



I could not believe my eyes! A peacock in the hallway of the pub.

Report on St James Anglican Church, Kippilaw

Chis Maxwell (December 2019)

For the interest of Australian Clan members, further conservation work is ongoing at St James Anglican Church cemetery, at Kippilaw. When the last Clan meeting was held in Goulburn, those members attending were able to see the excellent work on clearing vegetation around graves and restoring the church building that had been completed by Neville Rudd and Ian Weatherstone under the able direction of Tony Morrison. In 2019, we started stabilising and conserving some of the Chisholm gravestones that have been, for some years, in a precarious state. The work has been done by Brian Doyle, stonemason from Crookwell, and funded by generous donations from a number of Clan members. The graves attended to have been as follows:

1. The headstone of Arthur Bowman and Elizabeth Mattie Chisholm, which was toppling over, has been returned to the vertical and the grave area re-filled with gravel (Figure 1).
2. The headstone and grave of William Alexander and Dame Alice Chisholm, which was undermined by rabbits, has been repaired (Figure 2).
3. The headstone of Major Richard Morphy (father of Dame Alice Chisholm) has been cleaned and re-lettered (Figure 3).
4. The headstone of Charles Church, long-term factotum to William Alexander Chisholm, which was lying in pieces on the ground, has been reconstructed. Interestingly, this is the only grave in the cemetery that faces North-South, rather than the conventional East-West. Perhaps this is message about the life of the incorrigible Mr Church. The headstone on the ground in front of Church's (see Figure 4) is only marked "H.C. 1873". If anyone can identify "H.C." I would be grateful.
5. The main Chisholm vault, containing the remains of James Chisholm Jnr, his wife Elizabeth Margaret (née Kinghorne) and their children has been cleaned, and chemically sealed to retard the weathering of the engraved inscriptions.

During the coming year (2020), it is planned to perform the same cleaning and re-lettering exercise as can be seen in Figure 3, on other headstones. First to be restored will be those of Capt. William Kinghorne, his sister Isabella, and nephew Alexander, which are in particularly bad repair (Figure 5).

In addition to the graves, the Anglican diocese of Canberra-Goulburn has agreed to the erection of a plaque in the church porch, containing a brief explanation of the origins of the church (Figure 6). This should be in place early in 2020.

I would like to offer sincere thanks to those who have donated funds to allow this conservation work to be undertaken. Moreover, despite the terrible drought, Neville and Ian have continued to keep the Kippilaw Cemetery in tip-top order, including regular watering of the struggling young trees, which form an avenue from the main gate to the church. Their constant care is very much appreciated.



Left - Figure 1
Right – Figure 2



Top left – Figure 3
 Top right – Figure 4
 Centre left – Figure 5
 Below – Figure 6 (transcription only)

ST JAMES ANGLICAN CHURCH, KIPPILAW

THE LAND UPON WHICH THIS CHURCH IS BUILT WAS DONATED TO THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND BY HON. JAMES CHISHOLM MLC (1806-1888) AND HIS WIFE ELIZABETH MARGARET CHISHOLM (NEE KINGHORNE; 1808-1894) OF KIPPILAW. JAMES CHISHOLM LAID THE FOUNDATION STONE FOR THE CHURCH ON 15 DECEMBER 1859.

THE BUILDING, DESIGNED BY LOCAL ARCHITECT HOULTON HARRIES VOS AND BUILT BY EDWARD OSWALD EVANS (CARPENTER) AND MR DAY (MASON), WAS OPENED FOR DIVINE WORSHIP ON 15 NOVEMBER 1860 BY REV. WILLIAM SOWERBY.

THE CHURCH WAS PAID FOR BY SUBSCRIPTIONS OF LOCAL PARISHIONERS, OF WHICH HALF WAS CONTRIBUTED BY JAMES CHISHOLM.

Donald Michael Chisholm's Funeral Service 21 March 2020

at The Holy Catholic Church, Parkes *by Tony Morrison*

Roughly 100 of Donald's family and close friends gathered to say farewell to Donald in a covid induced outdoors service. It was fortuitous. We were so lucky. It was just before the lockdowns, which would have prevented many of us from saying our farewells. It was a perfect day in a perfect setting. The weather was beautiful, sunny, not a puff of wind, temperature in the low 20's with sweeping views stretching out over Parkes into the distant countryside. Donald would have approved. It was a far better setting for us to say farewell to him rather than in a cold, albeit beautiful Church.

Valerie was simply magnificent. Cheerful and smiling, she welcomed us all in Chisholm attire and her favourite hat, which she wore to many, if not all Chisholm functions, bedecked with roses. Just as Donald would have wished. He would have been proud.

The day before, we who had to travel stayed at The Astro Dish Motor Inn as guests of Donald and Valerie. It was very nice to have the opportunity to not only commiserate with Valerie, but also to catch up with other members of their immediate family, some of whom we had never met and share stories and memories of lives lived and of Donald's extraordinary life.

Donald was an extraordinary man. His goodwill, belief and unflinching strength and optimism were reflected in a lifetime of service to all that he held dear, of which The Clan Chisholm was but one beneficiary. We will forever treasure his contribution and memory.

Anna Kovaks and Philip Chisholm delivered quite brilliant eulogies which, separately, captured Donald's life, loves, faith and commitment.

We were all privileged to have known Donald. Indeed when I rang him to, I suppose, to have a few words with him before he went to his maker, I told him how much I would miss him. And he said 'I will miss you too Tony, but I will be waiting for you'. Such was his faith.

Donald, may you rest in peace.

Eulogy delivered by Philip Chisholm at the funeral of his brother Michael Donald Chisholm in Parkes, New South Wales

I am Philip, the younger of Donald's two brothers. Our other brother, Rory, is also here today and I am sure you will meet him sometime during today's celebration. This is our brother's funeral, your father's funeral, your grandfather's funeral, your great grandfather's funeral, your good friend's funeral and, of course, your husband's funeral.

On the occasion of Donald's 80th birthday in 2016, I gave Donald the nickname "before". He was born before WW2 in July 1936. Rory was "during" and I was "after". As for everybody at that time, that tragic war was a major influence on our family. Mum, Elsie May, and Dad, Roderick, were ordinary South Australians struggling after the Great Depression which began in 1929 and continued through until around 1932. In many ways, that Depression had a significant long-term effect on our family and, of course, most families that had struggled through it. Donald remained frugal all of his life, no doubt as a result of Mum's fairly strict household management - only a few weeks ago in December, Donald had a shot at Angus, my younger son, for not eating all the food on his plate.

But Donald only had a few short years with his small family before Dad was shipped off to war in the Middle East with the AIF 2/27th Battalion. Donald's memories of his Dad in that pre-war period were very slim. On the way from the Middle East in 1942 Dad had some home leave. As well as arranging for Rory, Donald and Dad were able to renew their relationship before Dad was shipped off again to New Guinea and the Kokoda Track.

After the war, Donald as the older brother to Rory and later to me, began to have an influence on our young lives. Dad had come back from the war with some mental health issues and a drinking problem and Mum, no doubt, needed some help. In fact, Donald was only young when he got his first experience in the world of sales and marketing. To help bring in some badly needed extra cash, Mum sent him out once a week with a heavy box filled with bunches of flowers that she had grown. He was not to come home until he had sold them all door to door in the neighborhood. And he never did disappoint Mum.

But Donald had his own life too and thrived on the fellowship and sporting emphasis at Sacred Heart College in South Australia - he made many lifelong friends at school. Unfortunately for Donald and, later, Rory, Mum felt that part of her role was to make sure the children were set up in careers. So, one Friday when he arrived home from school having turned 14 or 15, Donald was told that he had finished school and would be beginning a carpentry apprenticeship on the following Monday. All completely without Donald's input. A few years later, Rory was signed up for a teaching scholarship which committed him to that profession for many years. By the time my turn came up, Mum had had enough and I, as the black sheep, didn't warrant such special treatment.

I'm not sure that Donald thrived in the carpentry business, but he continued on through to completion and worked away at it until he could move on to something better. There followed a range of interesting jobs which began with a firm called Brown and Dureau in their Adelaide office. It was a firm which represented various overseas manufacturers' products in the Australian market. Pretty soon Adelaide, at Brown and Dureau, was too small for Donald so he moved to their office in Melbourne.

Before I outline Donald's various career moves, I should comment on his sporting career. Sport was always a big part of his life. At school, of course, he played cricket and football. When school finished, he played Australian football with Glenelg and later in Melbourne had a few games with Richmond.

In Adelaide he was the goalkeeper with the local water polo team and moved up to the state team and ultimately was first reserve goalie for the Australian team in the Olympics. He took up skiing at Mt Bulla once the kids came along and became quite the accomplished and competitive skier. His cricket career continued right up until he was in his 70's. All those who knew him in those roles remember how competitive he was but also what a great team player he was. After moving to Melbourne, Donald re-ignited his relationship with Jenny, a girl he had met in Adelaide, and together they had four children – Scott, Anna, Roderick and Marcus. Donald and Jenny had a theory on getting ahead in business which was to change jobs fairly often and to move up a step with each new job if possible. Ultimately,

they tried to sell the same idea to me but I disagreed feeling that it was too disruptive. But they thrived and I can't remember the order of the jobs but at one stage or another Donald worked with N B Love a flour miller, Breedon a foundry I think, SPC canned fruits, ISS an industrial safety firm. At one stage he was even a funeral director! He tried to patent a papier mache coffin. There may be other jobs that I can't recall but the last one on that cycle I think was at the Pioneer Settlement at Swan Hill. So that was a big move for the family. By all accounts the job went very well but unfortunately Jenny and Donald's marriage broke down during the Swan Hill period. Jenny moved with the kids up to Maryborough in Queensland and Donald moved back to Adelaide to take on the running of the National Motor Museum at the Birdwood Mill. And my observation was that he transformed that museum from a backwoods sideshow into a truly great motor museum. During his period at Birdwood, Donald married again to Wendy but that marriage was fairly short-lived and Wendy returned to NSW, I think.

Donald, unlike his two brothers, had strong faith and practised his religion diligently. At one of his attendances at church, he met Valerie and his future was sealed. Pretty soon, Donald and Valerie and Anna and John Watson, Anna's beau at the time, decided to get into the hospitality business and found a hotel/motel in Cowra, NSW that fit the bill. I am not sure of their history in Cowra but perhaps the inevitable problem of families in business together reared its ugly head. I know it had happened with Donald and me some years before and kept us apart for about ten years. So the family partnership in Cowra broke up and Anna and John moved their own ways and Valerie and Donald moved on to managing a small hotel in Wellington also in NSW. I'm not sure of how the next step came about but they moved to take up the managership of the Astro Dish Motor Inn in Parkes, ultimately Donald's last resting place. By all accounts the Valerie-Donald team did a great job at the Astro. Occupancy rates were way up as was restaurant turnover. They were keen to stay on right through to their retirement although I suspect that Donald followed the Rupert Murdoch plan for retirement i.e. never retire. They loved Parkes, they had a wonderful boss in John, and they were devoted to the Astro Dish Motor Inn.

Donald was very proud of his Chisholm heritage and had been member of Clan Chisholm Society for many years. He held the role of president until 2019. As he had done in other places that he lived, he joined Rotary and Freemasonry and he was very keen to get on and succeed in those endeavours. I don't think I have ever heard, through my years with him, anybody comment that he did not pull his weight. He was generous to a T – always willing to offer his help when asked and provide support where needed.

He and I made up some years ago and during a period of illness and treatment I endured a few years back, he was on the phone every week to see how I was and how the treatment was progressing. Over the years it was mostly telephone calls because we lived in different parts of the country. The last half hour or more of those telephone conversations always ended with each of us boasting about our kids. I always knew what Scott and Anna were doing in their careers. I knew about Marcus' tremendous situation with Woolworths. And even Roderick's adventures. I know about the grandchildren as well. The important thing is that it was always all about the kids. He loved you all equally and I am sure he will continue to look down over you all with pride.

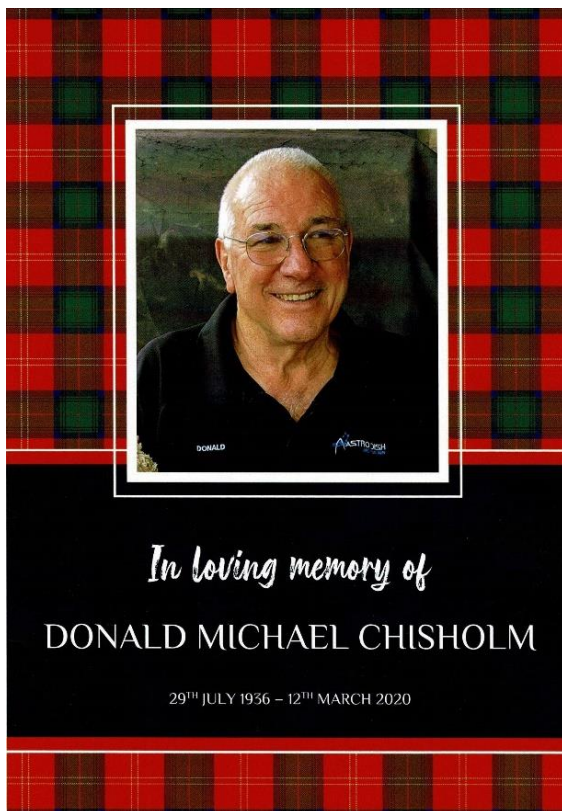
And so it came to pass that five months or so ago, Donald was diagnosed with a nasty cancer and was given only a short time to live. We spoke often in Donald's final few months. I am certain that it was not bravado when he told me that he was ready for the next life. As I mentioned earlier, he had a strong faith and said he was ready. He had had a very full and busy life and his years with Valerie were more than he could have hoped for. They travelled more than he had done all through the rest of his life. They made lots of friends in Parkes and the other towns where they had lived.

In December something Donald said suggested to me that I should visit as soon as possible. So Angus, my youngest, and I came to Parkes for four or five days. The whole time was spent speaking with each other - about everything. I'm glad I did that then. Donald was slowing down and fairly weak but he was mentally with me the whole time. As usual he gave me plenty of advice but that's ok - I am the baby of the family.

Donald and my father and I had a brief flirtation with spiritualism about 50 years ago. I think Dad always wanted a message from his long-deceased Mother but it never came.

However, I can feel Donald with us today. He knows it has not been easy for many of us to get here for his send off and I am sure he appreciates that. I will miss him very much and I feel sure that you all will too. He has made a big impression on our lives and that will continue forever.

Thank you all for coming to what Donald referred to as his ultimate "hump and dump".





Donald loved football. Look at that stride! Last year at the Clan Gathering in Adelaide I found his name on the Glenelg Football Club Wall of Fame as representing the Club at League level in 1945.

Top right photo - Donald pictured right with brothers Philip left and Rory centre.

Valerie and Donald were a wonderful couple. I first met them in Glen Innes in 2013 and proudly joined them in the Parade at the Celtic Festival. They have been wonderful friends ever since.



Donald always made the most of our Clan functions. It was great to see his family join us at the Adelaide Clan Gathering last year.

The bottom two photos are my favourite ones of Donald. I believe he loved his Valerie, her hat and ice cream in that order.



It is with sadness that I record the passing of two our Clan stalwarts

CUMMINS. — James Thomas FRCS, FRACS

Died peacefully on Sunday 23rd February 2020

Dearly loved husband of Anne. Cherished father to Jillian, Gabrielle, Clare and James. Loved and respected father-in-law to Peter, Luke and Fiona. Adored Grandad to Katherine, Nicholas, Edmund, Zeesha, Coco, Mink, Asabi, Xas, Ayumi and Orlo.

An extraordinary man of humility and kindness who dedicated his life to helping others.

Forever in our hearts. May you rest in peace.

Jim Cummins was a retired neurosurgeon. He passionately searched for his Chisholm roots. We spent many hours together looking for the source of our common DNA. As his death notice stated, he was an extraordinary man of humility and kindness. He was a true gentleman and wonderful friend.

BOTT: Joyce Nee - Chisholm

Late of Maryborough. Passed away on Friday, 3rd April 2020. Aged 86 years. Dearly loved wife of Wilfred. Much loved mother and mother-in-law of Robert & Cathy, Wendy & Brandon and Max & Tasia. Loved sister of Donald and Marjorie. Adored grandma of Ashleigh and Rebecca. "Always in our Hearts" Due to Covid-19 restrictions of 10 people only in attendance, live streaming will be made available for those who wish to join Joyce's funeral service. (Ross Funerals website is rossfunerals.com.au)

Sadly, I never knew Joyce. I found an amazing video about her which you might like <https://www.facebook.com/FraserCoastCouncil/posts/2710130602445776> to view

Joyce was always an enthusiastic supporter of the Society, although attendance in past years was limited by age. Online community comments – 'We have lost a great friend and talented artist. 'What a wonderful and inspiring legacy we have been blessed with.' 'I feel so blessed to have been one of her many friends.' RIP Joyce.

From Bracadale to Barrington – Kenneth Chisholm and his descendants - *by Kerry and Bruce Chisholm*

In the 1830s, John Dunmore Lang was the first Presbyterian minister to come to Australia. He became aware of the great need for settlers in NSW, particularly in the Hunter River region where his brother Andrew had extensive holdings.

Eighteen shiploads of Highlanders were transported to Australia at the expense of the Lang Fund. Most of these Highlanders arrived in Sydney between 1837 and 1840; the others were taken to Melbourne.

The second vessel to leave was the “Midlothian” which departed from Snizort, Isle of Skye on 8th August, 1837. On board were Angus Bethune (Beaton), his wife Marion (nee Chisholm) and their children, Christina aged 6 years, Catherine 4, Angus 3 and Malcolm 15 months. More will follow about Christina when in 1857 she married Kenneth Chisholm.

Marion’s parents were Donald Chisholm of Fisherage and Christian Chisholm (nee Douglas) of Fernilea, both in the Isle of Skye. Aboard the “Midlothian” the government provided a doctor, who spoke Gaelic, and the Church of Scotland supplied a bilingual minister, the Rev William McIntyre.

Meanwhile, in 1855, Farquhar Chisholm, who was a crofter from Bracadale, Isle of Skye, arrived in South Australia on the “Switzerland” together with his family. They were at sea for three months, leaving from Liverpool in June 1855 and arriving in South Australia in September. It was the twenty-sixth and third last ship used by the Highland and Island Emigration Society. On board were about 260 passengers, of which 160 were sponsored by the HIES. Altogether, this Society assisted almost 5,000 Highland Scots to come to Australia.

The Chisholm family consisted of Farquhar aged 54, Marion (nee MacDonald) 54 and their children Anne 29, John Snr 27, Angus 24, Donald 22 and John Jnr 19, together with Farquhar’s sister Isabella 38. These ages were taken from the shipping list. Their death certificates show that the parents were older (perhaps they pretended to be younger to qualify for the emigration scheme).

Farquhar Chisholm and his family walked overland to Geelong in Victoria from South Australia, a distance of almost 750 kilometres in all. History has it that many emigrants disembarked at Adelaide to avoid paying the landing charges in Victoria. They settled in Geelong and most of the family are buried in the family plot in East Geelong Cemetery.

A few years later Angus and Donald followed the gold rush to Otago in New

Zealand. Later, Donald returned to Geelong, Victoria, where he died in 1880. Angus remained in New Zealand.

The eldest son of the family, Kenneth Chisholm (born 1823), apparently arrived in Australia earlier but no records of his arrival can be found. There is a reference to “Ken Chisholm, come from the Crimea” in a book belonging to a distant relative of the family which may provide a clue.

In 1854 Kenneth, accompanied by Angus Bethune Jnr and Charles Shaw, went to the gold diggings in Victoria, where it is said they did fairly well. How long he spent in the gold fields is unknown. The next record is of Kenneth’s marriage to Christina, daughter of Angus Bethune Snr and his wife Marion (nee Chisholm). They were married in 1857 at the Williams River, near what is now known as Seaham in the Hunter Valley, where the Bethune family then lived.

After their marriage, Kenneth and Christina journeyed to Geelong, Victoria, where they joined Kenneth’s parents and the rest of the family.

In 1855, land gradually became available for settlement to the north of the Hunter and Williams Rivers area, in the picturesque Barrington Valley. This area consisted of fertile river flats, rolling hills and higher ranges.

In 1856 three Skye families moved to Barrington and, during the next four or five years, other families including the Bethunes (who by now had adopted the English spelling “Beaton”) followed.

Kenneth and Christina returned to New South Wales in 1861 and took up their own land directly across the Barrington River from Christina’s parents. In that year, there were nineteen properties along the Barrington River occupied by members of eleven families from the Isle of Skye. Two other Highland families joined this community a few years later.

Kenneth and Christina’s property was originally known as “Gowan Brae.” This land consisted of rich river flats which were covered with dense brush and ran to low flat ridges. Kenneth built a slab house on the ridge and cleared the brush on the river flats. The land was ploughed with bullock teams and a wooden plough that had an iron share.

Wheat was grown and cut with a reaping hook, stacked to dry and threshed by hand. It was then taken 70 miles to Raymond Terrace, by bullock team and wagon, to the flour mill where it was ground into flour. A year’s supply was brought back home for their own use and the remainder sold.

Kenneth and Christina had eight children: Marion (who died as a baby while

they lived in Geelong), Sarah, Ann, Angus, Farquhar, Donald, John and Kenneth.

They soon prospered and a new house was erected. It was of local red cedar which was sawn into wide boards with a pit saw. The flooring was of native pine which grew along the Barrington River.

Life was challenging. Almost everything they ate, they produced themselves. The nearest township was Stroud, 60 kilometres to the south. Occasionally the stores in Stroud or Dungog would send wagons with supplies such as flour, sugar and tea, and payment was by bartering.

By 1863 the Barrington community felt the need for a school and requested that the government establish one. The Australian Agricultural Company owned two buildings that were suitable for a school and a teacher's residence and so approval was given. On 2nd May, 1864 the government opened the school with one teacher, 17 boys and 13 girls. The teacher's first task was to teach the children to speak English, as the community there still mainly spoke Gaelic.

This poor teacher must have had a difficult time as there is some correspondence surviving showing that he pleaded with the authorities to send him to a different school. Not only did the majority of the residents speak Gaelic, but they were an extremely tight little community and the teacher felt himself to be very much an outsider. It seems that the local Patrons were making life so difficult for him that the School Inspector had to speak to them about interfering in the way the teacher conducted the school.

The school continues to this day, although it was transported from its original location when a village became established a few miles away from the original school. Two descendants of Kenneth and Christina Chisholm are currently pupils at the school, being the fifth generation of Chisholms to attend.

The original Barrington families followed the Free Presbyterian Church, now known as the Presbyterian Church of Eastern Australia. To this day, the only church buildings ever built at Barrington were those of the "Free Church" and services were held there until a few years ago, although long ago English replaced the Gaelic tongue, as the older generation passed on. The church building still stands and is currently being transformed into a boutique bed and breakfast establishment.

The pioneering life at Barrington progressed peacefully; the community was law abiding, honest, co-operative and self-sufficient. In 1872, changes came to the district when gold was discovered 12 kilometres west of the Barrington

settlement. How much gold the locals found is not known, but they did benefit in other ways.

The diggings soon became a town with up to 1,200 people, known as Copeland, with eight hotels, shops, banks, offices etc. The original settlers now had a local market for their farm produce and they were no longer an isolated community. In 1880, the building of the bridge over the Barrington River was an additional advantage.

Sadly, after the bridge was opened in July 1880, the first use was for the occasion of the funeral of Marion Beaton (nee Chisholm), the matriarch of the Chisholm and Beaton families.

Regarding Kenneth Senior's children, John died as a young man, Sarah and Farquhar never married and lived in the family home until their deaths. Donald and Angus went to live in Western Australia and both married over there.

Ann married Alexander Grant and had four children, Christina May, Hugh Alexander, Mary Adeline and Sarah.

Kenneth Junior inherited the homestead property when Kenneth Senior died on 24th September, 1895. He married Catherine Penfold (known as Kate) on 26th July 1905 and they had a family of three children: Edna May (known as Maisie), Joseph Kenneth (known as Ken) and Donald Laurie (known as Laurie).

Kenneth Junior built a new home in 1915 which is still the Chisholm family home today. He died at home on 7th March 1945, at the age of 71 years.

Edna May married Roy James Watson at Gloucester in 1929 and they had one son, Kenneth George, born in 1930, who is a long-serving former president of the Australian Branch of the Clan Chisholm Society.

Joseph Kenneth married but he had no children.

During the 1930s, Laurie established a dairy stud on the family property, and it was at this time that the name was changed to "Skyeburn" because the name "Gowan Brae" had already been registered by another stud.

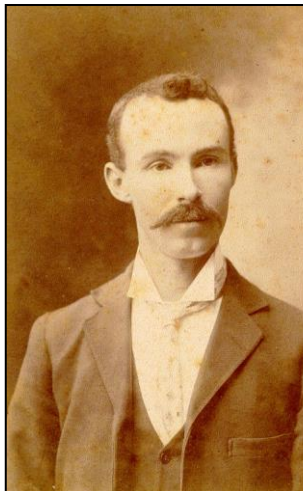
Donald Laurie married Mary Beatrice Mackie on 14th February, 1948 and they lived with Kate in the family home until her death on 18th August, 1953 at the age of 75. Laurie and Mary's only child, Bruce Kenneth, was born on 3rd June, 1949. They operated a dairy on the property until after Laurie's death on 21st September, 1964.

Bruce Kenneth married Kerry Ellen Lawrence on 1st September, 1973, and they

had three children, Catherine Rachel, Alison Elizabeth and Jennifer Lee.

Bruce and Kerry still live in the family home today and operate a beef cattle property.

Bruce took part in the Clan's DNA Project some years ago and found he is related to several other Chisholms whose origins are in Strathglass.



Top left: A Skye crofter's cottage from the 1800s, similar to the one Kenneth Chisholm's family would have lived in

Centre: Christina Chisholm, wife of Kenneth Chisholm Snr (nee Beaton)

Bottom left: Kenneth Chisholm Jnr

Duncan Chisholm

Famous Scottish Fiddle player and Composer

I am sure that many of you would have been feeling like I did at the outset of this pandemic. This new lifestyle, which was suddenly forced upon us, has been a rather strange, disturbing and alienating experience. Having been isolated at home for an extended time, I began to search for things to take my mind away from the endless, depressing television news and absence of loved ones dropping in. Fortunately, I came across a CD of Duncan Chisholm's music on my shelf. It took me to a happy place. Duncan's music is truly inspirational. I asked him to share his story with us. Thank you so much Duncan!

My name is Duncan Chisholm and I am a fiddle player and composer from the Highlands of Scotland.

My music is inspired very much by the natural world around me. What I attempt to do is paint musical pictures of what I see and feel in certain places, to attempt to give the listener an understanding of a place, it's landscape, it's light and weather on any particular day without the use of words - perhaps even aiming to describe what words cannot.

While a painter will paint on a canvas, my work involves painting on silence. I imagine a melody and build the musical parts layer upon layer adding colour, using harmony and differing instrumentation until the musical picture is complete.

My heritage, my family, the history of the Chisholm's and the landscapes they lived in are hugely important to me, as I am sure they are to all of the Chisholm diaspora.

Our clan name extends across the world and most of us are connected through the glens of Strathglass, Strathfarrar, Cannich and Affric. These places are not just our ancestral home, they are special and undoubtedly some of the most beautiful landscapes in Scotland.

In 2008, I embarked on a 6 year project to create three soundscape recordings inspired by our ancestral clan lands of Glen Strathfarrar, Glen Cannich and Glen Affric. A project which would bring forth in music what I felt about these valleys that have been home to my own paternal line for over 600 years and have been a huge part of my own life since I was a boy.

The Strathglass Trilogy was a real labour of love for me. The paternal line of my own family had lived in all three glens over time and their story will always been a part of mine. My father Archie was brought up at Erchless, his father

Duncan was born at Athnamullach, west of Loch Affric. My great grandfather Archie Chisholm and his wife Margaret MacLennan made their home there in 1900. The stories passed down from just these few people and the places they lived in formed the basis of what would become The Strathglass Trilogy.

The three albums, 'Farrar' (2008), 'Canaich'1 (2010) and 'Affric' (2012) were to be very different in structure and feel, just as the glens are themselves. Imagined journeys were the starting point with each album and I created soundtracks to these journeys. This helped set a flow and pace to each album that I felt was incredibly important.

The slow dark pace of 'Farrar' was set from a journey to the top of Beinn Bha'ach Ard which stands 860 metres high, looming over the entrance to Glen Strathfarrar.

The darkness of 'Farrar' was an important statement for me. Glen Strathfarrar is beautiful, to my mind the most beautiful of the three valleys. My feelings are always mixed however when I go there because the place is so empty. Where once families lived and worked there is now just a scattering of a few houses. The 'Canaich' album followed in 2010. The album has mixed textures, there is a combination of light and dark within it. My father was born in Glen Cannich at a place called Cozac Lodge. It was home to my great grandmother and great grandfather for 20 years. In 1951, Loch Mullardoch was dammed to generate hydro electric power and the house at Cozac was submerged. From that time until her death in 1967 my great grandmother couldn't bring herself to return to Glen Cannich and to Mullardoch.

Stories from my great grandmother played a part also on my 'Affric' album. When she married Archie Chisholm in 1900, they moved to Athnamullach, a very remote house on the old drove road to Kintail, 1 mile west of Loch Affric and 6 miles from Affric Lodge. The first winter they spent there was very bad and they found themselves snowed in for 6 weeks with no contact to the outside world. At the end of the six weeks came a heavy rain and a very quick thaw which resulted in the River Affric breaking its banks and flooding the meadow around the house. Archie managed to put turf to the inside of the door to keep the water out but despite being dry inside the house they found themselves completely marooned in the middle of a loch for days. My great grandmother Margaret used to say that at night she would look out of the window and see the moonlight reflecting on the flooded water around the house and think how terrifying it was yet how beautiful it was also.

It is incredibly inspirational stories like these along with my own memories that fuel the music inside of me. The way I feel about these places spark something which eventually, somehow, seems to make sense of the place itself.

I think of this as the magic of music, what words cannot say you must leave to music, the language of humanity.

My journey has continued subsequent to my 6 years working on the trilogy. My latest studio album 'Sandwood' focussed my attention on Sandwood Bay in north west Sutherland. I spent 18 months capturing musical thoughts on this wonderful arc of sand, a place where the picts made their home and where the vikings would drag their longships across the sand. Sandwood Bay is the remotest beach in the Scotland.

To the North lie the cliffs of Cape Wrath, rising 350 metres out of the sea. To the South a magnificent sea stack called Am Buachaille (The Herdsman) that stands 90 metres high and is the colour of dried blood. Sandwood Bay is home to some of the oldest rock on Earth, 3 billion year old Lewisian Gneiss, red, black and stunning green feldspar. They say Sandwood is a place of whales, of mermaids and ghost sailors. The ancient pagan Celts used to call places like Sandwood, 'thin places' where they felt the distance between Heaven and Earth was very short. The music that came from those 18 months travelling back and forth to Sandwood Bay is my own personal soundscape to the place, a human response to my time there and I am very proud it.

Touring my music has been one of the great joys of my thirty years as a professional musician. I think that connecting with people from other countries and cultures is the real privilege of the touring musician. The sharing of stories, thoughts and ideas is something that runs deep in Highland culture. As well as listening and learning from other cultures we are also given a precious opportunity to tell our own story, to say 'This is who I am and this is where I am from' and that is very important to me.

I continue to enjoy regular tours of the US, and Europe. Recently we made our first visit to Australia where we played the National Celtic Festival in Victoria. Sadly due to the pandemic the festival, like many others around the globe, had to cancel this year. With no live music performances, it is a very different time for audiences and performers alike. It is a timely reminder of how important music is to us all.

I am always excited by what comes next, it is why I love what I do, it is why I will never stop. Strathglass, my family and our collective heritage has played a

huge part in moulding my creative path until now and I'm sure it will carry on doing so as long as I can pull a bow across a string.

Please check out Duncan's website.

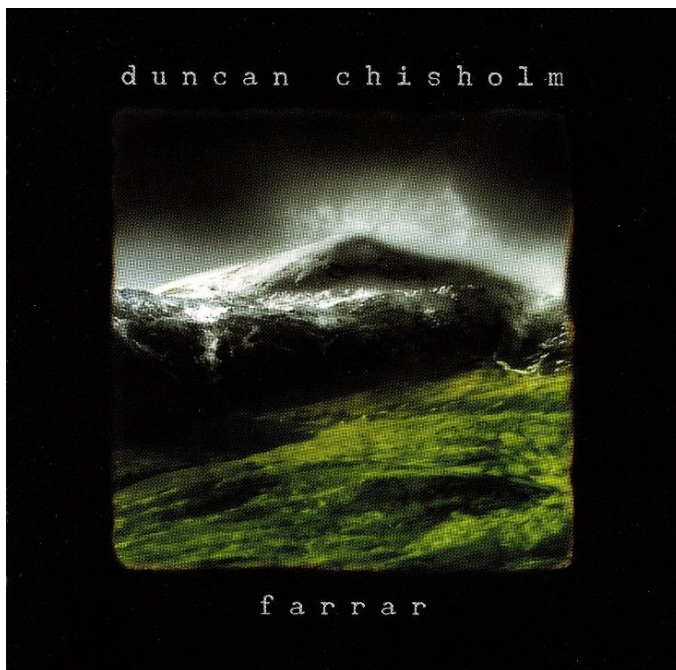
www.duncanchisholm.com

Twitter: @DuncanWChisholm

Facebook: @DuncanChisholmFiddle

Instagram: duncanchisholm

1: Canaich - is Scottish Gaelic for Bog Cotton



Cover of the Farrar CD
Photography by Colin and Linda Campbell

Did isolation send you crazy? This landed in my inbox.

Just be careful everybody because people are starting to go crazy from being in lock down! I've just been talking about this with the microwave and the toaster and all of us agreed that things are getting really bad. I didn't mention anything to the washing machine as she always puts a different spin on everything. And certainly not to the fridge as he's been acting pretty cold and distant lately. In the end the iron straightened me out - she said everything will be fine, no situation is too pressing. The vacuum cleaner was unsympathetic... told me to just suck it up. The fan was more optimistic - she thinks it will all soon blow over! The toilet looked a bit flushed when I asked its opinion and didn't really say anything, but the doorknob told me to get a grip!! Then the front door said I was unhinged, and the curtains told me to pull myself together!

Can you help please?

Does anyone have a pattern for crocheting a woollen Chisholm Tartan rug please in 8 ply wool? The red dress tartan is the preferred pattern for the rug. If you can assist, please contact me. My contact details are on page 32.

Have you had difficulty in accessing our Clan Chisholm Society Australia Branch Genealogy Database?

Our usual manner of accessing the database

(<http://clanchisholm.org.au>) has not been working. Until it can be restored, please use this link instead

(<http://clanchisholm.net.au.s3-website-ap-southeast-2.amazonaws.com/>)

Thank you to those wonderful members who contributed to this newsletter: Tony Morrison, Chis Maxwell, Kerry and Bruce Chisholm, Judy and Malcolm Buchanan, Philip Chisholm, Max Bott and Duncan Chisholm

Sydney Morning Herald
Thursday, 23 April 2020



**CHISHOLM,
John Charles**

Our beloved JC passed away on April 18 2020 in Dunedin NZ aged 68 years after loosing his battle with Alzheimer's. JC was a bigger than life character who left a mark on all he met.

Born August 17th 1951 in NZ. JC is the loving big brother to Alan and Joanne Chisholm and is preceded by his beloved mother Gabriel Joy Chisholm (d. 2003). In 1972 he married Sue Chisholm (divorced 1990), and together they had 4 children, Nicole, Caine, Bree and Grant. John was re-married to Jill Chisholm in 1993 and together they had 2 children, Jessica and Jenna. John is also the beloved Grandfather to Jeremy, Conor, James, Pippa, Maddison, Victoria and Axle.

JC will be greatly missed and forever loved by all he shone his light on.

A private ceremony and a Memorial Service to celebrate John's life will be held at a later date. Messages to The Chisholm Family, c/- Hope and Sons, DX Box YX15-033, Dunedin NZ or leave a message on John's page at www.tributes.co.nz

How can I help you?

- Discuss with you how to use your DNA to help grow your family tree
- Seek help for you about your brick walls through this newsletter
- Provide stories which interest you about the Clan and its folk in Australia and Scotland
- If you would like your autosomal DNA added to the CCS Genealogies site so you can find matches, please let me know

How can you help me?

By providing articles, photos, memories, clippings, recipes, trees, queries etc for the next newsletter before 30 October 2020.



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Clan Chisholm Society Genealogy Database:

www.chisholmgenealogy.com/DB/ (Secretary can provide password)

Australian CCS Database: please see note on page 30 (Secretary can provide password)

CCS Forum: <http://www.chisholmgenealogy.com/cgi-bin/yabb2/YaBB.p>

CUIMHNICHAIBH AIR NA DAOINE O 'N D'THAINIG SIBH

**REMEMBER THE PEOPLE FROM WHOM YOU HAVE
COME**