

Hugh McMillan

February 13, 1928 - December 15, 2002

Member of The Rotary Club of Calgary South from May 13, 1960



Hugh McMillan was a member of our Club for 42 years. He was a good Rotarian, a good citizen and a good architect. In fact he was an excellent architect. He graduated from the University of Manitoba in Architecture in 1951. Hugh designed several prominent buildings in the Province of Alberta. His professional excellence was recognized when he was awarded the Governor-General's Medal in Architecture in 1986.

As a volunteer in his community Hugh was involved with the University of Calgary Faculty of Environmental Design, the Fraser Highlanders Regiment, and the Calgary Stampede to mention a few.

Hugh's passions were tracing his Scottish heritage, skiing, hiking and sailing with his family. His Gaelic name was Eoghan Macghillehmaol Aberach.

His fellow Rotarians remember Hugh for his wit and humor as Bulletin Editor, and his resplendence in his kilt carrying in the haggis for many of our Robbie Burns Day celebrations. We'll miss Hugh's talents as a Bulletin wordsmith and his dedication to Burns Day.

Here are a few excerpts from Hugh's Bulletins of the past:

As Carrier of the Haggis and Tradition

Hugh McMillan, piped in by John Whitelock, carried in the 40-gram haggis, as he wrote, "with trembling overladen difficulty". Graham Underwood addressed the haggis in the rounded

undecipherable Doric of Burns' Ode before ruthlessly cutting into it. (Highlanders usually anoint the wounded haggis with a dram of single-malt balm afterwards, but Underwood and Whitelock anointed their own throats instead, so McMillan followed suit. Not a bad idea...)

Not a bad meal today: rubber pork to go with the leather haggis! ...

President John McColl opened the programme with a Burnsian toast to Her Majesty, then called upon Don McNeill who brought a quiet tear to the eyes of many present in **toasting our Absent Friends** Ron Jenkins, Harry Cleven, Jack Hulbert, Jack Hall, Harvey Greenway, Peter Harrison, Bill Purdy, Norm Dutton, Jack Harty, Art Tame, Alex Kyle, Jack Barberie, John Cummings, Archie Campbell, and Jim Rankin.

President John then turned the meeting over to Bob Watson for the **bilingual** part of the programme (English and Lallans. No Gaelic...) commemorating Robert Burns' birthday on 25 January. Bob introduced the head table: Piper John Whitelock, Bob Ferrier, himself, Dr. Sandy Morrison, Graham Underwood, and your **burly handsome, witty, and charming reporter**. Missed President John!

Bob Ferrier opened with a sensitively beautiful a capella rendition of "The Star O' Rabbie Burns." Watson, noting that Scotland is known for Whisky, Thrift and Burns, reminded us that 'A Man's a Man for A' That' and proposed a toast to the Immortal Memory of Robbie Burns. (If Burns was the poet of the Common Man, as Watson says, why were so many of his poems involved with the Lassies?) Robert Watson III went on to discuss the wit of Robert Watson V, the Aberdeen Angus cattle of Robert Watson IV, and the veracity of Scots grannies, illustrating the latter by recounting a tale told by a Scots grannie about the perfidy of two Scots (Highlanders, in this case) who ambushed a whole English army by treacherously leading the English to believe there was only one of them! Bob concluded with the words of Bruce's address to his troops before the Battle of Bannockburn, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled..."

Bob Ferrier followed, again a capella and movingly, with Burns' "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose," and Bob introduced Dr. Sandy Morrison who, with true Burnsian spirit and verity, provoked considerable mirth with his partly autobiographical, partly topical discourse, building to his quoting of three of Burns' poems, "Flow Gently Sweet Afton", "Mary Morrison", and "Ae Fond Kiss" in proffering his Toast to the (Absent) Lassies. [\[1\]](#)

Two years later he indulged in what he called "a **partisan shot** or two from the editor," all from Robbie Burns, of course:

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,

I rede you tent it:

A cheil's amang you takin' notes,

And faith he'll prent it."

(And even though my own name seems to be in this issue all too often,)

"I'll winna blaw about mysel'

As ill I like my fauts to tell."

(And about the COLD HAGGIS:)

"Man's inhumanity to man

Makes countless thousands mourn!" ^[2]

When Bulletin Editor (1986-87) – what he *prented!*

SERGEANT-At-Arms GLENN NELSON made the same mistake as your editor in observing in June how nice it was not to have to continue doing the same Rotary job for a while. But Glenn could at least show some originality; after clipping Past President KEN COPITHORNE for a sawbuck for the two fines levied against Glenn from the Chair last year, and after taxing the greater number of members sitting near DON TAYLOR a buck apiece for the honour of such close proximity to True Greatness, Glenn hit **HUGH McMILLAN (me) yet another time for receiving the Governor General's Medal in Architecture**. Just because another renowned architect teaching at McGill University and I were rewarded for the application of our talents, creativity, devotion, and unstinting effort by one of ten medals issued since 1982! (If I get caught with any more fines you'll hear even more about it!)^[3]

DON TAYLOR [probably as part of the ongoing 'I hate Taylor' campaign] delivered a somewhat evangelical harangue on the merit of Don Taylor as Sergeant-at-Arms. Taking aim at those who have allowed this execrable office to degenerate into an object of scorn and ridicule since he vacated the position after his year of hysterical purges, he promised vengeful pursuit of those members indulging in nepotism, deviance, soliciting, poor neighbouring, and other heinous behavioural dalliance, as well of pipe smokers at the luncheon table. Who needs a guest speaker when TAYLOR seizes the podium? ^[4]

^[1] Bulletin, 27/28 (January 21/82)

^[2] Bulletin, 29/28 (January 19/84)

^[3] Bulletin, 32/1 (July 17/86)

^[4] Bulletin, 32/3 (July 31/86)