FROM SCOTS TO AUSTRALIANS

THE CARMENT AND INGLIS FAMILIES 1672-1976

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CONTENTS

PREFACE 6

PART A THE CARMENT FAMILY

1. Carment Beginnings 12

2. David Carment and Margaret Stormonth 20

3. James Carment and Elizabeth Charlotte Maxwell 43

4. David Carment and Elizabeth Shallard 59

5. David Shallard Carment and Ida Marion Arbuckle Mackie 80

PART B THE INGLIS FAMILY

6. William Inglis and Mary Ann Ferguson 111

7. Violet Louise Inglis 151

CONCLUSION

Scottish-Australian Lives 180
The eminent Australian historian Graeme Davison observes that in ‘family history, even more than other forms of history, the journey matters as much [as] the arrival’. My own research on the Carment and Inglis families’ histories represents one such journey that began about half a century ago. As a boy in Sydney, I was curious about my mainly Scottish ancestry and asked my parents and other relations about it. Although I was Australian-born and never travelled outside Australia until I was an adult, Scottish associations and influences were prominent during my childhood. My Carment and Inglis grandmothers were born in Scotland, while my Carment grandfather received his university education and worked there. Scotland was often mentioned in family conversations. My Carment grandparents’ and great aunt’s homes in the northern Sydney suburbs of Cremorne and North Sydney, ‘Cragievar’ and ‘Strathearn’, had much old Scottish furniture and memorabilia, some of which my parents and I acquired. The local Presbyterian church that my family attended was Scots Kirk in nearby Mosman. I heard numerous stories about my Inglis great grandfather’s long service as a soldier in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and quite often visited his still very Scottish widow at her house, ‘Argyll’ in Kogarah, a suburb in Sydney’s south. When I first travelled to Scotland in 1976, it was not at all like a foreign country. I felt at home there. My search for family history information was rather sporadically conducted over the following 36 years; a period that included four further visits to
Scotland. In common with the journey Davison discusses, I frequently learned ‘from seemingly irrelevant scraps of information’ accumulated along the way.

After retiring from paid employment in 2008, I decided to write about what I had discovered regarding my ancestry. The period covered by the book begins with my first known Scottish ancestors in the late seventeenth century and ends with the death of my Carment grandfather, the last of my close relations who lived in Scotland, in 1976. Its first versions were self-published as two short volumes in small print runs during 2008 and 2009 that were distributed to family members, friends and libraries. This version brings the two earlier volumes together, includes additional information and ideas, and corrects errors.

As with many family histories, the research and writing commenced as a personal and probably self-indulgent response to long-standing curiosity. There are, however, other reasons why it is useful to record and understand my Scottish ancestors’ lives. They illuminate various aspects of Scottish and Australian history from the late seventeenth century onwards, including class, education, gender, economic changes, identity, religion, war and work. They explore periods, places, individual personalities and personal relationships. Five of my direct Scottish ancestors, in common with so many of their compatriots, migrated to Australia. Other relations settled in North America. The prominent Scottish historian T. M. Devine points to the ‘extraordinary numerical scale’ of emigration from Scotland, which ‘was sustained without interruption not only over decades and generations but across
centuries’. The principal historian of the Scots in Australia, Malcolm D. Prentis, notes that Scotland was ‘a land of limited resources and opportunity’, which resulted in both unsuccessful and successful Scots emigrating in such large numbers. Through their quite frequent journeys between Australia and Scotland and sometimes to other countries, many of the people discussed in this book led what is now described in historical scholarship as transnational lives. Their experiences and mobility reflect the fact that neither Scotland nor Australia during most of the period that I cover ever existed in isolation from events elsewhere. Finally, researching my ancestors’ stories disrupted many assumptions that I had about them. Along with the historian Tanya Evans, I found that the techniques and outcomes of family history often uncover ‘secrets and lies’. Illegitimacy, mental illness, violence and divorce were all often omitted from the earlier accounts of my ancestors that I encountered.

Sources used include a wide range of primary and secondary written materials, numerous conversations over a long period, and my visits to almost all the places in Scotland and Australia where my Carment and Inglis ancestors lived. While I tried hard to ensure that women received as much attention as possible, the information on my female ancestors before the late nineteenth century is, unfortunately but not surprisingly, much sparser than it is for the males. As this book is principally aimed at readers who are not historians and many of its sources are uncatalogued and privately held, I reluctantly decided to exclude footnotes. Each chapter, however, is followed by a full list of the
sources on which it is based. Unless otherwise indicated, my relations or I hold all unpublished source materials, collections of newspaper cuttings, images and printouts from websites (some of which no longer exist) that I used. Readers seeking further information regarding sources are welcome to contact me.

I accumulated many debts in researching this history, far too many to completely list here. I must, though, gratefully acknowledge the assistance received from various relations in Australia, Canada, Great Britain, New Zealand and the United States. These include: my grandfathers the late David Carment and the late Tom Sulman; my parents the late Max Carment and the late Diana Carment; my brother Tom Carment; my sister Annie Carment; my great aunt the late Irene Inglis; my uncle the late David Wood; my aunt Marion Wood; my cousins the late Barbara Ash, the late Bill Carment, David Carment, Laura Carment, the late Paul Carment, Tom Carment, Robin Coello Peek, Sue George, Candace Guite, Malcolm Guite, Shiona Guite, David Inglis, Libby Kalucy, Robert McAlpine, Robyn McAlpine, David Maxwell, Sandra Murray, Jack Shallard, Libby Shallard, Beth Snedden, Meryn Stranahan and Di Wood Conroy. I also acknowledge the expert advice and/or assistance on vital points of Baiba Berzins, Nicole Cama, Mickey Dewar, Zeny Edwards, Tanya Evans, Bill Gammage, June Hart, the late Peter Loveday, Christine Pittman and Jenny Rowland.

Sources


PART A

THE CARMENT FAMILY
1

CARMENT BEGINNINGS

The Scottish surname Carment possibly has a French origin as there are numerous Carments currently residing in France. The name or a variation of it may have been brought into Scotland following the Norman invasion of England in 1066. There were many Scottish variations of the surname during the seventeenth century in the Dumfries and Galloway region, which covers an area in Scotland’s southwest stretching northwards from the Solway Firth into the Galloway Hills and including the former counties of Dumfries, Wigtown and Kirkudbright. (Scottish counties were once, and still often are, called shires with ‘shire’ frequently being added to a county name, such as in Kirkudbrightshire.) Carment is almost certainly part of the locational group of surnames ‘of Cairmount’ in nearby Roxburgh county. These also include Carement, Cairemont, Cairemount, Cairmont, Cairmunt, Carmont and Kermount. It was not until the nineteenth century that the spelling of many Scottish surnames was standardised. In seventeenth and eighteenth century documents it is frequently difficult to distinguish ‘e’ from ‘o’. The earliest surviving Scottish record of the name Carment appears to be Patrick Carment marrying Janet Skaibby in the Parish of Holyroodhouse, Edinburgh, the Scottish capital, in 1565.

The oldest official record from Dumfries and Galloway using Carment is of Agnes Carment, baptised in the town of Dumfries in 1698. In 1702, James Carment, a merchant in
Dumfries, married Marion Simsone. In 1721, Margaret, Berthia and Helen, daughters of the deceased John Carment, a writer (lawyer) in Edinburgh, inherited his land in Galloway. Reasonably comprehensive records of births, deaths and marriages in Scotland do not survive for many periods and places before the early nineteenth century.

The first surviving English record is probably for Abigell Carment, baptised at Saint Tudy, Cornwall, in 1613. There are also nineteenth century records of the name in Cumberland and Hampshire in England and in Northern Ireland, which attracted large numbers of Scottish settlers from the seventeenth century onwards.

It is believed that the parents of my direct ancestor John Carment (1672-1733) were small farmers or crofters (tenant farmers). Both he and his wife Jean Anderson (1676-1750) were born in Irongray parish, situated close to and northwest of Dumfries. Their birth and death dates cannot be located in official records but are from various family sources. Irongray is a rural area of considerable beauty, with gently rolling hills and picturesque villages. John’s parents were Covenan ters, members of a movement that resisted crown control of the Church of Scotland and emphasized the importance of the Church’s Calvinist traditions. At the time of John’s birth, the movement was illegal but it was especially strong in Dumfries and Galloway, where ‘outed’ ministers held services in the hills. Referring to John’s baptism, possibly conducted by Irongray’s famous outed minister John Welsh (or Welch), his grandson David Carment
recalled in 1843:

*My father has told me that in carrying the infant, under the cloud of night, they had to pass the curate’s house, and that they were greatly alarmed lest it should cry in the passing, and bring out the curate on them. But it kept quiet, and they regarded the thing as a special providence.*

There is little further available information about John Carment and his wife other than she was also baptised in the hills. Their childhood was during a period of continuing government persecution of the Covenanters, culminating in the ‘Killing Times’ of 1685 in which almost a hundred Covenanters were summarily executed. Six of these were caught at Lochenkit in Irongray, where their grave can be visited. It is likely that John, Jean and their parents went to the Communion Stones on Skeoch Hill, where the outed ministers conducted services. Some of these services were possibly in the Gaelic language, which was still being spoken in parts of Dumfries and Galloway. No less than seven monarchs reigned in Scotland during John and Jean’s lives. The union of the Scottish and English parliaments occurred in 1707. In 1715 James Edward, son of the deposed James VII, led an unsuccessful Scottish rebellion to restore the Stuart dynasty. There is no record, though, of the extent to which all this had an impact on John and Jean or even of what they did for a living although it is possible that they were farmers. Their son James Carment, writing in 1810, recalled:
They were both respected in their lives and much lamented at their death, and were both buried in the same grave in Lochrutton churchyard, west end of the church, just under the bell.

Lochrutton is a parish immediately adjoining Irongray to the southwest of Dumfries. The fact John and Jean were buried there indicates that they lived in the southern part of Irongray, perhaps near Shawhead village. Lochrutton churchyard is on a hill with a wonderful view of Lochrutton Loch but the present church is an early nineteenth century structure and no trace of the Carment grave can be found. An almost illegible Old Parochial Register entry shows that Jannat, the daughter of a John Caremont, Carment or Carmont, was baptised in Lochrutton on 26 March 1699.

James Carment (?-1812), a son of John and Jean, was born in Irongray and was a schoolteacher in various parts of Scotland, including the small coastal village of Keiss in the far north Caithness county, and Fochabers and Enzie Chapel in the county of Moray. While at Keiss he married Elizabeth Dunnet (about 1730-?), the daughter of Malcolm Dunnet (about 1690-about 1730) from the nearby town of Wick and a member of an extensive Caithness family. Dunnet Head in Caithness is the most northerly point on the Scottish mainland. Among Elizabeth’s ancestors were Sinclairs, also well established in northern Scotland. In the early eighteenth century, Sir William Sinclair purchased the lands around Keiss, building a new Keiss Castle in
1755 a short distance from the original and founding Scotland’s first Baptist church. James and Elizabeth had at least three children: John Carment, a schoolteacher at Carron in Moray and probably also in Edinburgh, as a teacher of the same name there married Janet Allan of New Abbey in Kirkudbright county in 1791; Jean Carment (about 1761-?), who was baptised at Thurso, Caithness, in 1761; and David Carment (1772-1856), born at Keiss on 21 September 1772. James was, David remembered, a good Latin scholar but very little else is known about his career, which seems to have entirely been at small village schools. Jean and David’s birth dates demonstrate that he was in Keiss for much, probably all, of the 1760s and 1770s. There is no indication of where he was or what his sympathies were during the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745-1746. He died on 28 July 1812 and is buried at Rathven Old Kirkyard in Moray, where David erected a headstone for him in 1842. While his exact age at death is now unknown, he was, given his parents’ life spans, at least in his early 80s, one of many long-lived Carments.

Sources


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Scotland in 1794
Lochrutton Churchyard in 1997
Photographed by the author

Keiss in 1997. The cemetery is in the foreground.
As mentioned in Chapter One, David Carment was born at Keiss on 21 September 1772. He was educated by his father and at the parish school in nearby Canisbay. Following in his father’s footsteps, at the age of 17 he was appointed parochial schoolmaster of Kincardine, a small village on the south shore of Dornoch Firth, where he was paid the meagre amount of five Pounds a year with board in the manse. After staying for a year, in 1790 he walked for over a hundred kilometres through rugged country to Carron in Moray to assist his brother John at a school there. Later described in the *Annals of the Free Church of Scotland* as ‘a man of large bodily presence and almost Herculean strength’, when on a visit to his father in Fochabers his appearance and background apparently so impressed the Duke of Gordon that he was offered an officer’s commission in the Gordon Highlanders. Instead of accepting this, he decided to enrol as a student in King’s College, Aberdeen, from where he graduated as Master of Arts in 1795. To finance his studies he worked as a tutor in the family of the parish minister of South Uist, in Scotland’s remote Western Isles, where he first learned Gaelic. After graduating, he was employed for four years as parish schoolmaster at Strath, in the rugged southern part of the island of Skye, and attended sessions at the Church of Scotland’s Divinity Hall in Aberdeen. The Presbytery of Skye licensed him
to preach in 1799.

In the same year, he gave up the parish school to become tutor to the family of a Mr. Macdonald, the tacksman (or tenant) of Scalpa, a small island near Skye. He later recalled this as being one of the happiest times of his life. In March 1803, he became the assistant to Rev. Hugh Calder, Minister of the parish of Croy, very close to Inverness. As Calder was in poor health, David assumed most of his duties, which involved preaching in both Gaelic and English. His preaching soon proved so attractive that many people from neighbouring parishes came to hear him. The *Annals of the Free Church of Scotland* claim that his voice ‘had a compass which enabled him, without strain or effort, to make himself heard in the largest open air gatherings’.

In January 1810, he was chosen Minister of the Duke Street Gaelic Chapel, Glasgow, established in 1798 to serve the needs of the rapidly growing population of that city’s Gaelic speaking Highlanders. His son James later wrote that the 12 years he spent there were particularly busy:

> Besides two Gaelic services, he had an English sermon on the Sabbath evening, which was largely attended by many who were not Highlanders. He took an active part in the management of the various religious and charitable institutions of the city; and formed the friendship of Dr Love, Dr Balfour, Dr [William] Hamilton of Strathblane, and Dr [Thomas] Chalmers [prominent Church of Scotland Ministers].
As the historian Ian R. MacDonald also explains, however, the ‘entertaining and hugely popular David Carment’ was implacably opposed to the then strengthening movement for political reforms in Britain:

_In those days, when the whiff of revolution wafting from across the English Channel was very much in the air, there were some who identified radicalism with infidelity and impiety. To be a radical was to be an infidel and some churchmen saw it as their duty to oppose the radical movement. Carment, a man with a highly developed instinct for battle, was one of those. His pamphleteering so incensed the supporters of the new movement that his life was threatened and for his own safety he had to leave Glasgow until tempers cooled._

This episode appears to have done nothing to reduce his popularity. So many people attended his services in a building with 1263 seats that boards were placed across the aisles to increase the capacity. His conservative political views did not prevent him from showing compassion for those in need as he was instrumental in forming a charitable organisation in Glasgow called the Highland Strangers Society.

In Dundee on 30 May 1815, David married Margaret Stormonth (1795-1874), who was born in Airlie, Forfar county, on 15 February 1795. She was the daughter of Rev. James Stormonth (1753-1809), and his wife Isabella (or Isobel/Issobel) Wedderburn (1753-1795). James Stormonth was the Minister of
the parish of Airlie from 1780 until his death and the owner of the nearby Kinclune estate. His wife Isabella’s family was both distinguished and controversial. Her grandfather Sir Alexander Wedderburn (1765-1744), a baronet (a hereditary knight), was from 1696 until 1717, when he was deposed as a Stuart supporter, the Clerk of Dundee. He was also Governor of nearby Broughty Ferry (or Broughty) Castle. An uncle, Sir John Wedderburn, was executed for treason following his involvement in the Jacobite rebellion of 1745-1746. A cousin, Alexander Wedderburn, Earl of Rosslyn, was Lord Chancellor of Great Britain. Isabella’s father Robert Wedderburn (1708-1786), a writer (lawyer), augmented the family’s fortunes by marrying Isobel Edward (1718-1788), heiress to the barony (or estate) of Pearsie in Forfar, which remained in the Wedderburns’ hands until 1950. Margaret’s sister Elizabeth, known as Betsy, Stormonth (1788-1854) became the mother in law of Margaret’s son James. As was the norm in Scotland until the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, Margaret retained her surname after marriage. She was, James Carment writes, ‘a woman of very superior mind and eminent piety’. A family friend, Dr. Alexander Beith, later described her as ‘gentle, quiet, tender-hearted…a lover of good men’. He also remembered the warm hospitality at the Carments’ family home in Richmond Street, Glasgow, where ‘there were wont to meet the best ministers in town and country’.

Margaret and David had 10 children, most of whom died far too young: James Carment (1816-1880), the subject of the next chapter; John Carment (1817-1901); David Carment (1819-
1839); Isabella Carment (1821-1835); Elizabeth Carment (1823-1873); Samuel Carment (1825-1834); Malcolm Carment (1827-1842); Margaret Carment (1830-1834); Joseph Carment (1832-?); and Jane Carment (1834-?). Dr. John Carment was a prominent Solicitor before the Supreme Court in Edinburgh, senior partner in the firm of Carment, Wedderburn and Watson, and an active churchman. Carment Drive in Glasgow is named after him. He married Marion Anderson, with whom he had no children. Before then, however, with Catherine McDowell (or McDonnell) he had the ‘illegitimate’ child later to become Rev. John Urquhart (1836 or 1837-1914) of the Baptist Church and a leading biblical fundamentalist. Urquhart’s son Rev. Carment Urquhart (1888-1945) founded the Perth Bible Institute in Western Australia. Although John Carment gave his son some financial help, he does not appear to have acknowledged him otherwise. He ensured that any potential scandal likely to blemish his upright reputation was well concealed. Only when his great great granddaughter Elizabeth, known as Beth, Urquhart (later Snedden), who lived in Sydney, contacted my father in 2000 did I learn that he had a child. Joseph Carment was a civil servant in India who married Caroline Anderson. They had nine children, some of whose descendants are now in North America.

In March 1822, David Carment and his family moved to the parish of Rosskeen in Ross as assistant and successor to the incumbent Minister. He became sole Minister two years later. In a picturesque setting bordering Cromarty Firth and including three villages, the largest of which was Invergordon, Rosskeen had a
population of about 2600, most of which was Gaelic speaking.

The parish was in a run down state. Education facilities were rudimentary and many people did not have bibles. Before long David had established five new schools and obtained large numbers of Gaelic and English bibles for distribution. His preaching made a great impression. He had, as he explained before leaving Glasgow, a very direct view of his evangelical role that implied criticism of some other Ministers:

*I treat contemptuously that learned ignorance of Christ and of the human heart which tempts men to trick poor souls with tinsel, and who spend the precious time allotted for the service of God in attending to trifles, while the great object of Paul’s teaching, to win souls to Christ, seems totally forgotten or lost sight of.*

As a member of the Church of Scotland’s General Assembly, he condemned the appointment to a Highland parish of a Minister who did not speak Gaelic and the system of ‘pluralities’ that allowed Professors of Theology to also be Ministers of parishes.

By the early 1840s, there was a considerable religious revival in Rosskeen that was attributed to his combative and energetic approach. The ‘clerical patriarch Carment’, the *Witness* newspaper noted in 1840, ‘looks like a man able and willing to meet a malignant on a hillside with a word or a blow’. In 1841, his parishioners presented him with a silver salver and a magnificent set of English and Gaelic pulpit books, which still belong to the Carment family in Australia, as a ‘token of their
respect for him’.

Not all observers, though, were so impressed. A colleague from another Highland parish, Rev. Donald Sage, conceded that David was a powerful speaker but alleged that:

*he unhappily disturbed the gravity of his hearers by indulging no ordinary powers of humour and drollery in his public orations. His sermons and speeches teemed with anecdotes and quaint and ludicrous expressions, and whether he mounted the pulpit or stood on the platform, this was exactly what his audience expected. A broad grin settled down on the face of every one of them, plainly intimating that they had made up their minds, so long as Carment was speaking, to have some fun.*

Rosskeen’s improved fortunes resulted in the building of a commodious and handsome new manse in 1825 and in 1832 the largest church in northern Scotland, which seated 1600 people. The manse, which I visited in 1976 but was demolished shortly after then, was, James Carment recalls:

*situated in a lovely spot, with a lawn in front, fringed by a small stream, which in those early days contained wondrous trout. There was a sweet garden, which had all been laid out under his [David’s] own superintendence. The churchyard was within a few hundred yards of the manse. Six of Mr Carment’s children lay buried there. They were the flower of his flock. Often, as the twilight drew on, the old man stole out to the churchyard to visit*
the graves of his loved ones. Their very dust was dear to him.

While the stone church is no longer in use, it is an ‘A’ listed heritage building and in reasonable condition. The Carment monument in the churchyard, though, is so covered with thick branches that its inscriptions are impossible to see.

In 1838, David compiled a detailed description of his parish for the *New Statistical Account of Scotland*. Now a valuable historical source, it covers topography, natural history, civil history, population, industry and parochial economy. The Duke of Sutherland, it notes, was the principal landowner. The rural population had decreased while that of the villages had increased. This was because of the ‘doing away of the middle class of tenants, and merging their small into large farms’. Almost all residents were within six kilometres of the parish church, ‘which to the hardy Highlander is only a pleasant walk’. Attendance at the three church services each Sunday was 1200 to 1400. Most preaching was in Gaelic but there were also regular English sermons.

While David felt that the parish’s fortunes had improved over the previous 40 years, he used the *New Statistical Account* to strongly deplore the destruction of an ‘independent peasantry’. The ‘morals of the people’, he writes, ‘are deteriorated by the loss of independence, and their spirits embittered by what they deem oppression’. The changes that he condemned were also then occurring in many other parts of rural Scotland, with the notorious Highland Clearances resulting in large numbers of crofters being
evicted from their lands. In Rosskeen, the Clearances were partly responsible for the population declining from 3222 in 1841 to 2699 10 years later. According to the historian David Paton, David Carment presented perhaps the most forceful argument among Church of Scotland ministers who discussed the Clearances, which he saw as ‘evil in principle, disastrous in effect and, as regards those responsible, sinful in origin’. This formula was not, Paton notes, a ‘common perception’ but ‘as a form of prophetic witness it compels respect’. David’s discussion in the New Statistical Account, which draws on his parishioners’ memories, of riots in 1792 against sheep farming also receives attention from historians of the Clearances. One of them, Eric Richards, calls the riots the ‘Ross-shire insurrection’. David’s assessment, which Richards quotes, includes praise for the rioters’ ‘high moral principles, even when excited and roused by oppression to an illegal act’. David’s first-hand observations of the Clearances and their impact led him away from his earlier conservative political inclinations.

During the 1830s tensions between church and state in Scotland worsened as the Evangelicals in the Church of Scotland, of whom David Carment was prominent, strongly asserted the rights of congregations to choose their own Ministers. A key factor was hostility to aristocratic privilege as embodied in the widespread exercise of patronage in ministerial appointments. The crisis came to a head with the Disruption in May 1843, when most of the Evangelical wing in the Church’s General Assembly, led by Dr. Thomas Chalmers, walked out to form the new Free Church
of Scotland. Over two fifths of clergy and about 40 per cent of the laity seceded. Among them were David Carment and his family. In the Highlands, an overwhelming majority of Church of Scotland adherents joined the Free Church. The refusal of many Highlands landlords, who viewed the Disruption as a dangerous challenge to the existing social order, to release building sites for the new denomination forced congregations to worship in the open air. The Disruption is often described as the single most momentous event in nineteenth century Scotland. Stewart J. Brown argues in *The Oxford Companion to Scottish History* that in their rejection of aristocratic privilege and crown patronage, the outgoing clergy and laity ultimately ‘contributed to the development of a more pluralistic, more liberal, and more democratic Scotland’.

As a member of the Church of Scotland’s General Assembly, David took an active role in these events and, in spite of his belief that the Evangelicals should have fought longer in the civil courts, he saw no option other than to join the Free Church. The Rosskeen congregation actively resisted attempts to replace him with a new Church of Scotland Minister. Police and soldiers were summoned to disperse what the local newspaper described as ‘a lawless mob armed with sticks, reaping hooks and stones’. His decision also involved sacrificing an income of between 300 and 400 Pounds a year and leaving the large manse. His son John later recalled some of the trauma that involved for the Carment family:
To leave such a place, and to leave the church-yard where more than half their children lay buried, was a trial which none but those who have passed through it can rightly understand.... My father never faltered in his allegiance to the good cause but, although a house was taken in Invergordon to which they were to remove, he seemed to be putting off the removal from day to day. One day he went in the morning to attend a meeting.... My noble mother seized the opportunity, got carts, and flitted to Invergordon a mile away. When the good old man came back in the evening, he found the house locked, and had to jog on in his little pony cart the other mile, and take up his abode in the Free Church Manse.

All but about 50 of his congregation moved with him to the Free Church. After the Disruption, he initially held two Sabbath services, one in a small chapel in Invergordon and another on a moor. Within two years, a large church seating 1100 people was built in a central location and was regularly filled. It was later demolished to make way for the present church, still in use, completed in 1900.

In addition to working in his own parish, David travelled widely to advance the Free Church cause. He was horrified at the ways in which landowners attempted to prevent the Church from operating. On 15 October 1843, he went south to Comrie in the county of Perth, where his son James was Free Church Minister, to baptise his newly born grandson, another David Carment. The ceremony took place on a bare hillside and it occurred to him that
the circumstances were not new:

And so I said to the people before I began, here am I in persecuting times going to baptize my grandson in the open-air, on the bare hill-side, I whose grandfather and grandmother were baptized in the open-air, on the bare hill-side, in the times of the last great persecution.

Hugh Miller, the well-known Scottish writer and Evangelical, describes the occasion at some length in an 1844 article: ‘it is an element of strength in our present struggle that many a hereditary cord links it with all that our fathers deemed worth contending for in the past’. David Paton observes while commenting on David Carment’s pride in his Covenanter ancestry that the Covenanting tradition ‘became a method of validation of the actions and beliefs of the Disruption generation of ministers; the Free Church was identified with the Covenanters and the Established Church with the discredited Restoration settlement’.

A visitor to Rosskeen and David’s companion on some of his journeys was his Free Church friend and colleague Dr. Thomas Guthrie, who recalled David’s fluency in Gaelic and good humour. While staying at the Carment home, on a Saturday evening he asked his host whether he could have some warm water the following morning. ‘Whist, whist!’, Carment replied with a twinkle in his eye, ‘Speak of shaving on the Lord’s Day in Ross-shire, and you never need preach here more!’ The twentieth century travel writer H. V. Morton also discusses the incident in
his best selling *In Search of Scotland*.

Age finally caught up with David when in July 1852 a Free Church successor in Rosskeen was appointed. He continued, though, to preach every Sunday until 1855. He died, according to his death certificate of ‘old age’, on 26 May 1856, leaving an estate valued at 965 Pounds, six Shillings and six Pence. In one of many tributes, his close friend Rev. Andrew Gray referred to his ‘great sagacity, his decision of character, his public spirit, intelligence, extensive information, and uprightness’ that gave him much influence in northern Scotland. Another friend, Dr. Gustavus Aird, wrote of David’s impressive expertise in Latin and history and of how his sermons were always memorable due to their ‘striking anecdotes and illustrations’.

The much younger Margaret Stormonth survived him for many years, moving to the resort town and ferry port of Largs in the county of Ayr, where she lived with her unmarried daughter Elizabeth until the latter’s death in 1873. Their ‘very nice, beautiful’ house, her grandson John remarked after a visit in 1863, was close to the quay with a view of the steamers coming from Glasgow. Margaret’s surviving letters show her as having a wide range of interests, being an avid reader and sharing her late husband’s strong Christian beliefs. ‘There are’, she writes about a visit to Melrose in Roxburgh county in the early 1860s:

> several good books in the parish library here. I had some very good ones out of it. The life of Martin Moor [?] among the best – it is a remarkable book. Many of the volumes were extremely
dirty. The people get a years reading for one shilling...

When you have so much leisure you have ample opportunity for attending to the Great concern. You were sent into the World for a noble end and even to Glorify and enjoy also the great Being who created us – and who is not willing that we should perish. God knows this.

She died of paralysis in Edinburgh on 24 October 1874.

Sources


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David Carment in about 1840
Print from an oil painting by an unknown artist
Margaret Stormonth in about 1860
Former Strath Church in 2008
Photographed by the author

The Wedderburn residence at Pearsie, completed in 1805, in 1936
Photographed by David (Shallard) Carment
John Carment in about 1870
Carment headstones at Grange Cemetery in Edinburgh in 1999
Photographed by the author
Silver salver presented to David Carment in 1841
Photographed by the author in 2007

Former Rosskeen Church in 1999
Photographed by the author
Former Rosskeen Manse in 1976
Photographed by the author
James Carment, the eldest child of David Carment and Margaret Stormonth, was born in Glasgow on 23 March 1816, during the period in which his father was Minister of the Duke Street Gaelic Chapel. In 1822, he moved with the rest of his family to Rosskeen. Following an early education there, at the age of 13 he and his brother John entered King’s College, Aberdeen, where he did well academically, was an enthusiastic debater and graduated as a Master of Arts. He acted for some months in 1834 as tutor to a family in the Island of Mull and in autumn that year enrolled in Divinity at the University of Glasgow. He was a student of Dr. Thomas Chalmers, later a leading figure in the Disruption of 1843. In giving the usual certificate, Chalmers wrote in a postscript that James ‘made a very distinguished appearance’ and wrote an ‘essay of great merit’.

At the 1834 session’s close, James was appointed tutor to the family of Rev. Finlay McRae, a Minister on Vallay Island, North Uist. It was there that in 1838 he received a license to preach. While a probationer, he assisted a number of other Ministers in various parts of Scotland and took a walking tour in Scotland’s far north, during which he expressed his disgust at the Highland Clearances, which he described as ‘an evil of no common magnitude’. He had already in an 1836 poem written during a visit to Sligachan in Skye, ‘The Skye Emigrants’
Farewell’, proclaimed:

\begin{quote}
Ah! Were it not for dire constraint,
Our father’s land we ne’er should leave –
That favoured land of Heaven-born light;
Well may we truly, deeply grieve
\end{quote}

In 1840, he was appointed assistant to the Minister of Saint Clement’s Parish in Dundee, where he was instrumental in establishing a library and wrote a tract about the disputes in the Church of Scotland that led to the Disruption a few years later.

In 1841, while touring southern Scotland, he was informed that he had been appointed Minister of the parish of Comrie in Perth county. Located in beautiful country on the southern edge of the Highlands, the parish was 25 kilometres long and 19 kilometres wide. It contained extensive archaeological remains dating back to the area’s Roman occupation and had a population of about 2500 people, which declined to about 1800 in 1880. Gaelic was still quite widely spoken but English was gradually replacing it as the dominant language. His church and manse were in Comrie village, which has changed little since he lived there.

On 17 September 1842 in Dundee, James married his first cousin Elizabeth Charlotte Maxwell (1821-1917). Born in Dundee on 9 February 1821, she was the daughter of Dr. John Maxwell (1764-1859) and his wife Elizabeth, known as Betsy, Stormonth (1788-1854), the daughter of Rev. James Stormonth and Isabella Wedderburn (see Chapter Two). The Maxwells were a well-
known Dundee family. Elizabeth’s great great grandfather, David Maxwell (1657-1727), and her great grandfather, Patrick Maxwell (his birth and death dates are unknown but he married in 1719), were both merchants who served as Provost, the highest civic post, of Dundee. Other family members were active in various professions such as medicine and law. Her grandparents, William Maxwell (1726-1785) and Ann Ogilvy (about 1726-1814), lived on the property of Coull near Dundee, which Ann brought into the family.

John Maxwell was a medical practitioner in Jamaica, where he also owned a property and some Negro slaves. After selling his Jamaican assets in 1817, he returned to a comfortable life in Dundee. His granddaughter Mary Ogilvie recounts what happened next:

*Dr. John Maxwell, my grandfather, after nearly 30 years in Jamaica came home at the age of 52 with a small fortune.... He naturally wanted a wife and applied to his cousins, Miss Annie and Miss Lily Maxwell, to find him one. They advised him to try one of the Miss Stormonths. These were the daughters of the late Minister of Airlie, their mother being Isabella Wedderburn of Pearsie.... Dr. Maxwell as was right and proper addressed himself in the first instance to the eldest sister Isabella, known to a later generation as Aunt Stormonth. She refused him point blank and when he, like a more famous suitor, thinking her ‘daft to refuse’ such an eligible offer, asked if she were pre-engaged she replied that she was neither pre-engaged nor pre-possessed. To*
soften this cruel blow she suggested that he might ‘try Betsy’ [Elizabeth Stormonth]. Betsy it appeared was ‘willing’, and so they were married and became the father and mother of many children.

Married on 1 July 1818, John and Betsy had eight children born in rapid succession. One of them was Isabella Maxwell (1819-1910), who with her husband Dr. John Ferguson was a pioneer in the new colony of Western Australia. John was the Colonial Surgeon there for over 25 years. Isabella and John also developed and produced the first commercial vintage of wine from the famous Houghton vineyards near Perth in the colony, which John purchased in 1859 and his family owned until 1950. Another child was Lieutenant Colonel James Maxwell (1824-1874), a Companion of the Order of the Bath, who served in the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny and the Third Ashanti War, and was acting Administrator of the Gold Coast (now Ghana) in Africa. Isabella’s biographer Prue Joske observes that John and Betsy’s marriage was unhappy and that ‘differences in age, temperament and personality caused friction and some degree of estrangement between husband and wife and, later, parent and child’. Even so, the children appear to have enjoyably spent much of their time in homes in Dundee’s South Tay Street, moving to the still standing house at number 23 in that street in 1830. Elizabeth Maxwell attended Miss Crymble’s school in Edinburgh. Her well-written surviving letters show that she had many interests.

James Carment and his wife Elizabeth had 10 children.
David Carment (1843-1934), who migrated to Australia, is the subject of Chapter Four. John Carment (1845-1933) was a publisher and bookseller who married Mary Allan Buncle and had children. James Carment (1847-1931) found it difficult to get satisfactory employment but worked for a time with Canadian Pacific Railways in Canada before returning to Scotland. Samuel, known as Sam, Carment (1848-1921) was an author, the biographer of his father and grandfather, an insurance agent, and a fervent temperance advocate. Elizabeth Carment (1850-1913) was a nurse. Margaret, known as Maggie, Carment (1852-1869) died before reaching adulthood. William Maxwell, known as Willie, Carment (1854-1929) married Anne Jane Watson, with whom he had seven sons and three daughters. They were the first ‘white’ settlers in the Kamsack district, Saskatchewan (then the North West Territories), Canada, where they raised cattle and horses. Willie’s great granddaughter Laura Carment observes that the family’s life in such an isolated area was ‘brutally difficult… and it is surprising to me that they survived so well’. Although Willie’s children were largely self-educated, their descendants included well-known American and Canadian university professors in accounting, international relations and psychology. Malcolm Carment (1856-1936) was a Free Church Minister at Yarrow in Selkirk county who married Christian Drummond. Isabella Anne, known as Bella, Carment (1859-1927) seems to have stayed with her parents until their deaths. Joseph, known as Joe, Carment (1864-1945) was an accountant.

James Carment was present at the Convocation of
Ministers held in Edinburgh between 17 and 24 November 1842 that led to the Disruption and the foundation of the Free Church of Scotland the following year. Expelled from his church and manse, as a Free Church Minister he held his first services in the open air. By the end of 1843, though, a new church was built in Comrie village and, a few years later, a manse was also completed. These events took a long-term toll on Elizabeth, who had to feed and clothe her large family on James’ small salary of 100 Pounds a year. She was, Prue Joske notes, ‘poor and busy and tired’.

In his Comrie ministry, which extended for the rest of his life, James conducted English and Gaelic services each Sunday, presided over a Sunday school, and ran regular prayer meetings. He often assisted other Free Church Ministers and undertook tours to enlist support for the Free Church. Gaelic speaking assistants preached in the more remote parts of his parish. He also gave lectures on subjects such as ‘Luther’ and ‘Scotland’ in Comrie’s Free Church school, which, with other schools, he was instrumental in establishing.

His doctrinal views were strictly orthodox and he was dogmatic and uncompromising in his opposition to beliefs that did not accord with his own. As his colleague Rev. Andrew Donald later wrote, ‘He was loyal to the truth and fearless in expressing it…the smoothness of some men he had not’. His hostility to Catholicism was well revealed when describing the congregation of Antwerp Cathedral while on a visit to Belgium in 1850:

*It was enough to make one sorry; how gross is the darkness which*
involves them, how much need of the Son of Righteousness to arise with healing in his wings. I could not help thinking that perhaps amidst these poor worshippers there might be some who, amidst such ignorance and superstition, possessed a portion of the immortal seed.

A keen debater on theological subjects, he was a stern denouncer of what he saw as wrongdoing, a habit that extended to dealings with his family. In a May 1868 letter to his son David, then living in Edinburgh, James accused him of associating with ‘vicious companions’, something that if persisted in would ‘end in misery and ruin’.

He was, however, also a man with wide ranging interests and a strong social conscience. His disapproval of the Highland Clearances made him a trenchant and politically radical critic of Scotland’s large landowners and of the Conservative (Tory) Party, and a supporter of the Liberal Party. In a letter to David of March 1874, he reports that:

*We had a keen contest last month in reference to the election of a Member of Parliament. I am sorry to say that the Tories beat us [the Liberals] by a considerable majority.... However I believe the country to be substantially even strongly Liberal. The Tories in the main must govern on Liberal principles. I do not believe that D’Israeli [Benjamin Disraeli, the new Prime Minister] will have a very long tenure in office.*
He had a great love of ships and the sea, was an imaginative storyteller, was fond of dogs, and was keenly interested in music. He possessed a large library, reading widely on biography, history, theology and travel. Fluent in five languages, he enjoyed fiction and poetry in German. He was also a published poet. Although he made several trips to the European continent, he held the highest esteem for the natural scenery of his own land. His favourite holiday place was Lochgoilhead on the shore of Loch Dyne in Argyll. In spite of his sternness, he loved his children deeply and missed them as they left home.

On 24 September 1879, he presided at the laying of the foundation stone for a large new church in Comrie. He did not, though, see it completed. In December that year, his family noticed a sudden and worrying change in his behaviour. Following expert medical advice, he was moved to Staughton Hall in Edinburgh, an institution for the mentally ill. On 23 January 1880, he was officially certified as being ‘of an unsound mind, unfit to manage his own affairs, or to give directions for their management’. One of his doctors observed on the same day that James was ‘extremely taciturn & obstinate, and I fancy almost never converses’. He died at Staughton Hall of melancholia and congestion of the lungs on 29 January 1880, being buried on 3 February that year in the New Cemetery, Comrie. The inscription on his monument, which also later commemorated the deaths of his wife Elizabeth and some other family members, partly reads:
A gifted and faithful minister of Jesus Christ; a lover of truth and a good conscience; an affectionate husband and father; a sure friend; a watchful pastor; honoured to be a successful winner of souls.

Elizabeth outlived James for almost four decades. Retiring to Broughty Ferry near Dundee and later the resort town of Blairgowrie in Perth county, she kept in close contact with her large family through letters and visits. Letters to her son David are filled with descriptions of her domestic activities, travels and the doings of various relations. A letter of July 1893, for instance, begins with a long description of a visit to Brittany in France with son Joe and daughter Bella:

I can look back upon it with pleasure altho I did feel the heat a good deal, & fear your Australian climate would not suit me...St Malo is a strongly fortified old town, with a walk all round the ramparts & the sea coming up quite close to the hotel where we were. In olden times, the English & Bretons were often at war, & St Malo must have been a rather difficult place to take. It was the first place where we heard French spoken as Guernsey & Jersey are both English. We managed pretty well, especially as one of the ladies connected with the hotel knew English.

Almost until her death, a newspaper obituary remarked, she had ‘a very fresh, youthful outlook on life’ and ‘took the greatest interest in everything that was going on’. She died on 1 January 1917,
aged almost 96, of ‘senile decay’ at her Blairgowrie home and was buried with her husband in Comrie.

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James Carment in about 1870
Elizabeth Carment (also Maxwell) in about 1910
Joseph Carment in 1936
Photographed by David (Shallard) Carment

Malcolm Carment in 1936
Photographed by David (Shallard) Carment
James Carment’s church in Comrie after 1843 in 1997. The tall spire of the Free Church completed in 1881 is in the background.
Photographed by the author

Laying the foundation stone of the new Free Church at Comrie on 24 September 1879. James Carment is on the left of the front row.
Carment monument in Comrie’s New Cemetery in 1999
Photographed by the author
DAVID CARMENT AND ELIZABETH SHALLARD

David Carment was born in Comrie on 30 August 1843 and, as described in Chapter Two, was baptised by his grandfather in the open air on 15 October that year. Initially educated at the Comrie Free Church School, the ‘industrious “laddie with the big curly prow”’, as *The Scottish Australasian* magazine later described him, ‘imbibed knowledge’ and was sent to complete his studies at the prestigious Edinburgh Institution in Queen Street, Edinburgh, between 1857 and 1859. Founded in 1832 by Rev. Robert Cunningham, the school later became Melville College and is now Stewart’s Melville College. There he studied English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Practical Mathematics and Writing. He made highly creditable progress in all these areas, was well behaved and won a number of prizes. While in Edinburgh he lived with his uncle and aunt, Dr. John Carment and Marion Anderson. In spite of his exemplary work and conduct at school, family correspondence indicates that his father and relations were sometimes concerned that he was associating with people with whom they disapproved and that his religious beliefs were not sufficiently strong.

In 1859, he was admitted to the University of Edinburgh, studying Latin under Professor James Pillans and Greek under the world-famous Professor John Blackie. Their written statements testify to his considerable progress, with Blackie describing him
as ‘a most excellent student’. He did not, however, continue his university course. While the reasons are unclear, his father may have been unable to provide the necessary funds given the many other demands on his small income as a Free Church Minister. Instead, in 1860, David became an articled clerk with the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company in Edinburgh, where he worked until 1872 in the areas of fire and life insurance and applied himself diligently to the difficult studies required to be an actuary. These included advanced mathematics and statistics, especially as they related to mortality, sickness, retirement and unemployment. In 1866, he passed first in the order of merit in the final examination for the Faculty of Actuaries in Scotland, of which was elected a Fellow in 1871. Later that year he was made a Fellow of the Institute of Actuaries of Great Britain and Ireland and subsequently became a Fellow of the Actuarial Society of America. He also served as a Serjeant in the First Edinburgh Rifle Volunteer Brigade.

In 1872, the Scottish-born Morrice Black, Actuary to the Australian Mutual Provident (A.M.P.) Society in Sydney, New South Wales, was on a business trip to Britain. There he met David, and attracted by his frank manner and conscientious ways, offered him an actuarial position in the A.M.P. with a most attractive salary of 300 Pounds a year. ‘There are’, Black wrote to David, ’14 or 15 clerks [a term that often then encompassed senior professional employees] including the Accountant & Cashier…you would I believe rank second’. Following careful consideration’, David later wrote, ‘and a thorough examination of
the recent reports of the Society’, he accepted the offer. While the salary was a strong attraction, he obviously possessed, like many other enterprising Scots who went all over the world during the nineteenth century, a sense of adventure and a desire to explore new opportunities. David was, however, also offered good employment at London in England. His grandson Max Carment later argued that a deciding factor in making him take the A.M.P. position was the good reputation of the Australian weather. In spite of being ‘6 feet tall and well built’, David was ‘reputed to have a “weak chest” and it was considered that it would be advisable for him to get away from Edinburgh’s difficult climate’.

David Carment sailed from London on 14 September 1872:

in the good ship “Agnes Rose” of 953 tons register belonging to the firm of Donaldson, Ross and Co., Aberdeen. After a moderate passage of 93 days, we reached Sydney on the morning of the 16th December, 1872, in typical summer weather, and anchored in Neutral Bay, where we looked upon dense masses of primeval bush.... Landing by a waterman’s boat at the Circular Quay, I proceeded to the [A.M.P.] Society’s office which was then located...on the eastern side of Pitt Street.

He stopped shaving during the voyage, growing the curly and luxuriant beard that he retained for the rest of his life, even after such beards were long out of fashion.

Sydney in 1872 was very much smaller than it is now. Its
population in 1871, including suburbs, was only 134,657. It was, though, growing fast with the 1881 population rising to 224,211. David quickly felt at home there, appreciating Sydney’s natural beauty. He initially lived at Strawberry Hills, near Surry Hills, where he had a pleasant view of the Parramatta River.

On 27 January 1876, David was married at Saint Philip’s Church of England, Church Hill, Sydney to Elizabeth Shallard, known as Lizzy or Lizzie, (1847-1931). Born in the village of Alvechurch, Worcestershire, England on 13 April 1847, she was the daughter of Joseph Shallard (about 1804-?), a tailor of French Huguenot ancestry, and his wife Elizabeth Holliday (about 1808-?). There is very little information on her early life although her letters reveal that she received a sound education. Her older brother Joseph Thomas Shallard (?-1893) migrated to Melbourne, Victoria, around the middle of the 1840s. A qualified and experienced printer, he and a partner established a printing business. He subsequently moved to Sydney, becoming partner in the well-known printing and publishing firm of Gibbs, Shallard and Company, which went out of business after a huge fire destroyed its Pitt Street premises. His wife Jane died in 1871 when their son Major (his actual name, not a military title) Shallard was still very young. Family information indicates that Lizzy then travelled from England to be with her brother and help look after Major, who became a most successful apiarist (or beekeeper). Lizzy’s death certificate, however, states that she arrived in Victoria in about 1855 and moved to New South Wales 12 years later. Max Carment remembered Major well as he often
stayed with David and Lizzy and because ‘in an accident with a circular saw he had cut off all the fingers and the thumb on his right hand’. Major’s son Dr. Bruce Shallard, a leading heart specialist in Australia and Canada, married my maternal great aunt Joan Sulman.

In 1880, after living in central Sydney’s Bligh Street for a few years, David and Lizzy Carment built a substantial home, ‘Strathearn’, named after the valley in which Comrie is located, at 4 Whaling Road, North Sydney. Later extended, it had two storeys, solid cedar woodwork, large grounds, its own well, a lawn tennis court and a harbour view. ‘Strathearn’ remained their home until they died. The house was filled with books, art works and good quality furniture, some of which was acquired during overseas travels. The Carments also employed domestic servants.

David and Lizzy had five children, three of whom, David Carment (1876), Ernest James Carment (1879-1884) and Joseph Maxwell, known as Maxwell, Carment (1880-1885) died very young. The other children were Elizabeth Edith, known as Bessie, Carment (1877-1970) and David Shallard Carment (1884-1976), whose life is discussed in the next chapter. The early deaths of three of the children had a lasting impact. David kept two of the boys’ photos in a locket on his watch chain for the rest of his life. Lizzy, whom Max Carment recalled as ‘a sad old lady’, and Bessie never fully recovered from the tragedy.

Surviving letters show that David remained deeply in love with Lizzy and greatly missed her when he was away from home on his frequent business trips or Lizzy and the children took
holidays at Major Shallard’s apiary at Glenbrook in the Blue Mountains. Lizzy’s feelings for him, however, were sometimes cooler and David quite often complained about her failure to write more regularly, especially as he wrote to her daily. He ‘could hardly believe’ on 14 March 1885 to see a letter from her ‘commence “Dear David”, not even “My Dear David”, and it made [me] wonder what could be the matter with you and made, me so miserable for the rest of the afternoon’. An undated letter written at much the same time grumbles that Lizzy ‘liked to be without me – the longer the better I suppose’.

Bessie had broad interests and travelled widely, studying music in Dresden, Germany, from which she had to hurriedly escape when war started in 1914. She was a generous supporter of various charities and the Presbyterian Church, loved animals (especially cats), and enjoyed reading aloud to young children. Her niece Marion Wood believes that Bessie’s parents, wanting to keep her at home, actively prevented her from marrying. She became argumentative and eccentric, remaining in ‘Strathearn’ until she was over 90. The house as I remember it was very rarely cleaned or maintained and had no modern appliances. It steadily fell apart around her and was demolished after her death. Her great niece Libby Kalucy recalls that ‘Auntie’, as she was known to most of her Australian relations, ‘had a profound impact’:

*She was present throughout our childhood, reading endless stories, providing liberal supplies of gold wrapped caramels, iced vovo biscuits, and other delights...but as well the best fruit...*
We heard many stories of life in this family house ['Strathearn'] from my mother Marion. The perspective we heard was that Auntie was a woman of very considerable intelligence and talent, whose survival as a girl when the beautiful boys died led to unfair treatment, little parental love, little formal education, a lost lover who was discouraged by her parents, and much frustration and disappointment. As her parents aged, she treated them as she felt she was treated, so life was pretty unhappy for all. However, there were joyful events as well, such as Auntie’s insistence on having a tall real Christmas tree at 4 Whaling Road, with real candles – with Grandpa [David Shallard Carment] standing by to extinguish the highly probable fire.

Established in 1849, the A.M.P. Society by the early 1880s had an imposing building in Sydney as its head office and branches in other parts of Australia. Its total annual income was nearing a million Pounds and was growing rapidly. At the time of his appointment, David Carment was an actuarial assistant to Morrice Black. In 1887, he became Chief Clerk and in 1890 Assistant Actuary, both positions placing him among the A.M.P.’s top four senior managers. The Assistant Actuary’s post was ranked immediately after the General Manager and the Secretary. He retired on 30 August 1913. ‘Having regard to the fact that the then General Manager, Richard Teece, was an actuary’, K.W. Steel, a later A.M.P. General Manager wrote in 1976, ‘and retained the title Actuary for himself…David Carment was in practice largely responsible for the actuarial aspects of the
Society’s business for a quarter of a century’. The historian Geoffrey Blainey describes him as ‘the intellectual in the Society’s upper ranks’. A leading figure in the wider actuarial profession, he was President of the Actuarial Society of New South Wales, the Actuarial Society of Australasia and the Insurance Institute of New South Wales, and wrote learned papers on actuarial science. His advice was frequently sought on superannuation and widows’ fund schemes.

He travelled widely for work and pleasure, visiting various parts of Australia and New Zealand and many other countries. His diaries and letters indicate that wherever he went he took a keen interest in his surroundings, writing at length about the scenery, the weather, his countless visits to museums and galleries, and minute details of the smallest incidents on board the ships in which he travelled. Less, though, is said about the people he met. In 1894 and 1895, he and his family took a tour extending over the greater part of a year to Japan, Canada, the United States, Britain, where he saw his relations, and the European continent. In 1903, accompanied by Lizzy, he attended the International Congress of Actuaries in New York, returning by way of Britain and Europe. In 1912, with Lizzy and Bessie, he again visited Britain and was present at the International Actuarial Congress in Amsterdam, the Netherlands. In discussing David Carment’s voluminous diary for the 1894-1895 trip, Max Carment writes:

*He was very much a man of his time in his racial attitudes. He was a firm believer in the supremacy of the white race and in*
particular of British people. (It is interesting to read of Japanese described as “Natives”.) He also had very quickly become an Australian and the diary makes many favourable references to Australia...

He displays a great interest in painting and sculpture and a considerable knowledge of classical art and architecture. It is also touching to read of the close companionship between him and his young son.

In an address given on returning home from this trip, David Carment concludes:

we were glad to be home in Australia once more, and were satisfied that no other place we had seen in our wanderings round the globe was better after all as a permanent residence than Sydney and no spot more charming than our beautiful harbour.

His public activities were extensive and impressive. For over 40 years, he was a member of the Treasureship Committee of the Presbyterian Church of New South Wales and he was for 47 years on management board of Saint Peter’s Presbyterian Church, North Sydney, where he regularly worshipped on Sunday nights. He was Honorary Treasurer of the Royal Society of New South Wales and of the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science, whose conferences he usually attended. He was a member and strong supporter of the Highland Society and the Philharmonic Society. In 1879, he sang in concerts during the
Sydney Exhibition. Among his friends were public figures such as the scientist Sir Edgeworth David, and the Premier of New South Wales and Prime Minister of Australia Sir George Reid.

In 1905, he had a yacht built. Called *Athene* and constructed of New Zealand Kauri, she was, according to Max Carment, ‘fast and wet, 34 feet length, 8 feet 6 inches beam, and 6 foot draught, and with over 1 ton of lead external ballast’. *Athene* remained in the family’s ownership until 1950 and was in 2008 still afloat. With either David or his son as skipper, *Athene* won many trophies. Rear Commodore and Vice Commodore of the Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club, David also belonged to the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club and the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron. Describing a typical weekend’s sailing to his son David, then working in Scotland, in December 1913 he writes:

*On Saturday I took the boat down the harbour with a crew of three…. We had a good sail in a fresh nor’easter, and had a great view of the numerous open boat races. On Sunday it blew pretty nearly a “black nor’easter” in the afternoon…we went to North Harbour and had a truly great sail home round by Shark Island carrying full mainsail and jib. You see the lapse of years has not abated my love of a good breeze. I wonder if you’ll take to sailing again when you come back…or whether you are tired of the finest sport in the world.*

‘It is almost as if’, the maritime historian Nicole Cama notes, ‘from the moment David started sailing, he stopped aging’. He
also made many cruises to Broken Bay. Max Carment recalls that
during the 1920s and early 1930s *Athene* raced every Saturday
and that on each Sunday his father David Shallard Carment
walked from his Neutral Bay home to meet David Carment at
‘Strathearn’:

*There Dad picked up a straw basket containing a lunch for
themselves, guests and crew. One half of this basket is currently
in use as our grandchildren’s toy box. Dad and his father walked
to Sandeman’s boatshed at the head of Careening Cove where they launched their dinghy...*

*Grandfather (Marion and I called him “Papa”) usually
had a crew of 4 or 5, including guests. If the wind was from the
north east he sailed to Store Beach at Quarantine Bay. As soon as
the anchor had been dropped, cushions were laid out on the
cockpit seats and a folding table set up for lunch. Lunch was
always the same – cold beef, potatoes boiled in their jackets in
sea water, pickles, bread, butter and jam. If it was hot an awning
was set up over the cockpit. After lunch Grandfather went down to
one of the two bunks in the cabin for a nap, and most of the others
rowed ashore for a walk on the beach, or in summer, a swim...
We usually returned to the moorings in Careening Cove about 5
pm.*

Following his retirement, David Carment took a particular
interest in helping his son David pursue a career in naval
architecture although the latter’s lack of drive peeved him. In
December 1913, for example, he spoke to Sir George Reid, then Australian High Commissioner in London, about David getting one of the openings for young Australians in British shipyards with Reid asking the younger David to write to him as soon as possible. ‘Now’, the elder David wrote to his son, ‘don’t forget. I may have to jog your memory again’.

Once the younger David and his new wife were back in Australia from 1916, David assisted them financially. He and Lizzy were fond of their two grandchildren born in 1917 and 1918. ‘We are delighted’, Lizzy wrote while on holiday in Hobart to her daughter in law in February 1918, ‘to hear about Tiny Tot [granddaughter Marion Carment, also known as Maisie]…kisses to Maisie’. David shrewdly invested in property and shares. In old age, he became a diabetic, with his granddaughter Marion remembering the insulin injections that he self-administered. He attributed his long life and vitality, Major Shallard’s wife Amy recalled, ‘to regular habits. Cold plunge bath at 7.30 every morning, breakfast at 9 sharp... Coffee at 11 and then off to town’. Lizzy died of myocarditis in North Sydney on 1 April 1931. Bessie, though, continued to live at ‘Strathearn’ with her father until his death there of bronchitis and myocarditis on 29 April 1934. His last cruise in Athene was only a few weeks before then.

He was widely mourned. Numerous obituaries were published. The Moderator of the Presbyterian Church’s General Assembly of Australia and four other Ministers were present at the funeral at Saint Peter’s Church on 1 May 1934, which over 400 people attended. The Governor of New South Wales, Air
Vice Marshal Sir Philip Game, expressed the views of many when he wrote on the same day:

I always admired him so much in all the various roles in which I came across him and was amazed at the way in which he handled a boat in any and every weather.

I did not know that he was over 90 and it makes his activity till so short a time ago all the more remarkable.

David, Lizzy and Bessie are buried together at Sydney’s Gore Hill Cemetery.

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David Carment in about 1890
Lizzy Carment (formerly Shallard) in about 1900
‘Strathearn’ in about 1900. Its tennis court is on the right.

Carment headstone in Gore Hill Cemetery in 1991
Photographed by Barbara Ash
Bessie Carment in about 1900
Lizzy Carment and David Carment (far right) at a garden party in about 1910. Sir George Reid is immediately to Lizzy’s left near the centre of the photograph.

_Athene_ in about 1910 with David Carment, wearing a yachting cap, at the helm
Max Carment, David Carment and David (Shallard) Carment in about 1923

Carment headstone in Gore Hill Cemetery in 1991
Photographed by Barbara Ash
David Shallard Carment was born in North Sydney on 9 September 1884. As David and Lizzy’s only surviving son, he was, Max Carment comments, ‘rather spoiled, particularly by his mother’ and had ‘a leisured and very expensive education’. Until he was about 10 years old, his mother made him wear his hair in very long curls, something he strongly resented. The extensive world trip he undertook with his family in 1894 and 1895 interrupted his early schooling. On his return to Sydney, he attended Sydney Grammar School, a prestigious non-denominational secondary college with high academic standards located, as it still is, in College Street on the edge of the central business district. He later had fond memories of ‘Grammar’ but, curiously, did not send his own son there. Powerfully built, David grew to 190 centimetres.

After leaving school in 1902, he entered the University of Sydney, where he studied for two years in the Faculties of Arts and Science. Good in scientific subjects, he decided, most unusually for a young Australian at the time, to become a naval architect. As there were no naval architecture courses in Australia, he went to the United States, stopping at Honolulu and San Francisco before travelling to Boston, where he lived at the Boston Athletics Club, in order to study at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (M.I.T.). He was a keen reader of
American technical publications and an admirer of American scientific achievements. Not long after arriving in Boston, however, he discovered that he could not complete the M.I.T. course because of the practical work it required at Boston’s naval shipyard, which was closed to him as an alien. He was in Boston long enough to enjoy some yachting on Chesapeake Bay.

David then resolved to enrol at the University of Glasgow in Scotland, where he arrived in 1906 and from which he eventually graduated as a Bachelor of Science in Naval Architecture and with a Certificate of Proficiency in Engineering Science in 1916. The unusually long period he took to complete his studies indicates that at least some of them may have been part-time and that he had the odd year off. He also spent time in France. His practical work was undertaken in various shipyards on the Clyde River, including his future father-in-law’s Mackie and Thomson and the well-known John Brown and Company. He attempted to enlist in the British army at the beginning of the First World War but because he was in a ‘reserved occupation’ was transferred to the Army Reserve until he might be required for service, which he never was. While at John Brown, he worked on large warships and submarines. On graduation, he obtained membership of the Institution (later the Royal Institution) of Naval Architects, of which he later became a Fellow, and the Institute of Marine Engineers. He retained very fond memories of Glasgow:

When I first set foot in Glasgow...I was at once struck by the fact
that many of the students came from poorer homes that I had previously experienced at a university.... The students are not leading a cloistered life, insulated from the hard facts of life, but are in daily contact with the great commercial and manufacturing city...

In my time, the Naval Architecture Department had a very international character. There were English, Scottish, Irish, German, Italian, Swedish, Norwegian, Dutch, Russian, Peruvian, Siamese, Americans and Australians...

My impressions of Glasgow were of a hard-working place relieved for a foreigner by the kindness of the people and the way in which they entertained in their own homes.

As an illustration of this Scottish kindness; although my father was Scottish and I have many relatives in Scotland, I had no friends in Glasgow. Just before my first Christmas there, there was a knock on the door of my ‘digs’ and I found a tall and well-dressed stranger on the mat. He said ‘are you Mr. Carment?’ and I said I was. He said ‘My name is [Mr.] Dick. I hear from friends that you were here alone and I would be glad if you would have Christmas Dinner with my wife and myself’. He remained my friend during all my time at Glasgow.

David also took the opportunity to visit various Scottish relations, especially his grandmother in Blairgowrie.

In order to qualify for entry to the University of Glasgow, he had to take an admission examination. He was coached for this by his future sister in law Janetta Inglis Wyllie, known as Netta
(or later Aunt Jintie), Mackie (1883-1957), who was a Master of Arts with First Class Honours from the University of Glasgow, and an author, historian, poet and teacher. Through her, he met the Mackie family. Her father, William Arbuckle Mackie (1848-1919), was a naval architect and shipbuilder originally from Ayr. He was the son of John Mackie, a carrier and contractor in nearby Kilmarnock, and his wife Marion Arbuckle. Educated at Kilmarnock Academy, William Mackie worked in various shipyards. In 1888, he entered a partnership with R. H. B. Thomson to establish the highly successful business of Mackie and Thomson, which operated from the Govan Shipbuilding Yard on the Clyde River. Until his retirement to become a consultant in 1909, the company built over 400 vessels. Many were steam trawlers but the best known was the beautiful four masted barque Olivebank. Letters reveal him as a man of considerable ability and charm who deeply loved his wife and family. He was twice married, first in 1876 to the 23-year old Jane Stewart, who died in 1880. His second marriage was in 1882 to Jessie Inglis Wyllie (1853-1945), the daughter of James Wyllie, a prominent cloth manufacturer and a Justice of the Peace, and his wife Janet Inglis. William and Jessie had two daughters, the first being the already mentioned Netta, who married John Murray, an Inspector of Schools, in 1916, had a son and a daughter, and for many years following John’s death lived with her mother. The second child was Ida Marion Arbuckle Mackie, born in Partick, Glasgow on 4 January 1887, and married to David Shallard Carment in the city’s Claremont Street Wesleyan Church on 5 April 1916.
Ida had a privileged upbringing. After a school education in Glasgow, she spent a year in Normandy in France, living with a local family and speaking only French, a language in which she remained fluent for the rest of her life. She then studied at the Glasgow School of Art and the Glasgow School of Cookery. She was, according to Max Carment, ‘a fine craftswoman, and a wonderful cook’ with a ‘wonderfully quick wit’. Unlike her future husband, she was very short in stature, only being 152 centimetres tall. Her engagement to David extended for six years as they delayed their marriage until he qualified for his degree.

Ida’s letters to David during their long engagement frequently illustrate her lively personality. One reads:

_Dearest Lamb,_

_I have just been called in to arbitrate on the subject of father’s dress tonight and mother says it must be a tail coat. So you had better do likewise and your wee girl has told dad to buy a white tie for you in case you haven’t one and you will get it when you come._

_We are the guests of honour evidently as Mr & Mrs Luke had the same inscription on their invitations to meet us. Do let’s enjoy being lions while we can. Every dog has his day._

_I wont detain you from your devotions in performing which don’t burn any more clothes. [David was hopeless at domestic tasks like ironing clothes.]_  

_Your own wee girl always_  

_Ida May_
Not long after their marriage, David and Ida sailed to Sydney, where David had obtained a Ship Draughtsman position at the Australian Commonwealth Shipping Board’s Cockatoo Dockyard on Cockatoo Island in Sydney Harbour. In this role, he supervised the extensive reconditioning of vessels. Promoted to Estimator and Supervisor of Repairs and Refits in 1922, in 1925 he was further promoted to the executive staff as Assistant Hull Superintendent, supervising the re-conditioning of many vessels as well as extensive refits, repairs and dockings. He developed particular expertise in estimating the value of labour and materials and handled industrial relations situations that often required tact and firmness. According to Cockatoo Island’s historian, John Jeremy, he played a major role in the Australian shipbuilding industry’s development.

Ida brought with her to Sydney a large trousseau, including linen sheets and crockery. Regular long and affectionate letters from her parents and other relations kept her in touch with what was happening in her former home. Australia was, though, in some respects an unpleasant shock. Apart from David and Bessie, who attended her wedding but with whom she never got on particularly well, she initially knew no one there. After living with David’s parents at ‘Strathearn’ for over two years, they rented a house at Huntleys Point, not far from Cockatoo Island. Their first child, Marion Carment, known within the family as Maisie but as Marion to almost everyone else, was born on 26 February 1917. A son, David Maxwell Carment, usually known as
Boy within the family and Max or Maxwell outside it, was born on 31 August 1918. Ida did not like living at Huntleys Point. It was then very close to the bush and she became nervous and lonely. She and David moved in 1919 to a new bungalow at 5 Phillips Street, Neutral Bay that they named ‘Cove’ after the small Loch Long town where they spent their honeymoon, and which they rented from David’s father. Max Carment recalls that:

*I often think how very difficult it must have been for Mother... Dad worked very hard and for very long hours.... In addition during term time, he taught the Shipbuilding Trades Course at Sydney Technical College in Harris Street in Ultimo on three nights.... Therefore Mother had many lonely nights with two babies.*

‘Cove’ was, Max notes, ‘quite small’:

*It had faced brickwork on the front wall and common bricks on the others. There was a small front verandah, and a central hall. On one side of the hall were a small dining room with sliding doors opening on to a small lounge with a fireplace. On the other side were two bedrooms, a double room in front and a smaller second bedroom. There was a small bathroom and toilet. Hot water came from a gas heater on one end of the bath. The hand basin had only a cold tap. The hall led into the kitchen which had a gas stove, and a sink and draining board. There was a table and a small pantry. There was no hot water supply, water was heated on the stove. Opening from the kitchen was a little laundry with a*
Following William Mackie’s death in 1919, his widow Jessie joined Ida and the family at ‘Cove’, where she lived for six years until returning to Scotland to be with her recently widowed elder daughter. In preparation for her stay, an open verandah and an extra bedroom were added. She brought with her some fine furniture and ornaments that family members in Australia still own, including a German piano with ebony and ivory keys, an early Victorian bureau, and ‘shell back’ chairs. Jessie’s presence did much to alleviate Ida’s loneliness. Marion and Max got on well with her.

Ida gradually made women friends and she was a keen bridge player. Although brought up as a Methodist, she had no hesitation in becoming a Presbyterian so that she could belong to the same denomination as her husband. Money, though, was a continuing problem, as David was not especially well paid, had no superannuation and was careful with his spending. There were arguments between them when monthly accounts arrived from department stores. Over the years, Ida sold many gold and silver items that were part of her dowry. Ida sometimes accused David of neglecting her, complaining, for example, while on she was on holiday in the Blue Mountains in about 1920, that she was ‘very sore’ with him about his failure to write to her enough. ‘I suppose’, she went on, ‘I must just forgive you and be content with what letter I get’. It was a great sadness to Ida, with her
expertise in preparing the finest cuisine and love of the ‘occasion’ of family meals, that David would only tolerate very plain cooking in large quantities and had such coarse table manners. Marion remembers Ida’s careful attention during the 1920s to the aesthetics of food presentation:

*Mother was so particular about setting the table – we always had finger bowls at each corner of the table for eating fruit, and she had a passion for different table mats, crocheted, embroidered, appliquéd. I remember a wonderful flower arrangement she did for the table centre: it was in a little silver basket with a glass inside for the flowers – yellow daisies and primulas – it was exquisite. She always used to send us children out before dinner to find coloured leaves off a hedge down the road to put around the green Wedgwood fruit dish.*

The house was immaculate. Ida set high standards of behaviour and dress. Grace was said before meals and prayers before going to bed.

She pursued her love of embroidery, perfecting the skills learned at the Glasgow School of Art. For the rest of her life Ida did much beautiful handiwork, to which Jennifer Isaacs gives considerable attention in *The Gentle Arts: 200 Years of Australian Women’s Domestic and Decorative Arts*. Examples of Ida’s work in this book include wool embroidery on table napkins, woolen embroidered roses, an embroidered girl’s dress, embroidered handbags, commemorative embroidery made for Queen Elizabeth
II’s coronation, an embroidered and appliqued picture of Queen Elizabeth I using fragments of Ida’s own, her mother’s and her grandmother’s wedding dresses, and a sewing basket and a wallet both made of cane.

The family always had an annual holiday. The first that Max remembered was at a boarding house near Jenolan Caves in the Blue Mountains. David bought a car, a Nash tourer, in 1926. During the 1920s and 1930s, journeys were made to Kurrajong Heights, Bundanoon, Canberra and Mount Kosciusko. Holiday activities included golf and horse riding.

Things changed rather badly during the Great Depression of the early 1930s. In 1933, the Commonwealth transferred Cockatoo Dockyard to a private company. There were large reductions in staff. David did not lose his job but had to take a considerable salary cut. He sold his car, using the proceeds to buy the family’s first refrigerator. On the authoritarian right of the political spectrum and blaming Labor governments for Australia’s economic difficulties, he believed that the franchise should be restricted and admired aspects of Fascism. Marion and Max continued their educations at private schools, Wenona and Sydney Church of Grammar School, known as Shore, respectively, but in 1934, David made the extraordinary decision that Max, following just one poor report, ought to leave school immediately to become a messenger boy with the Perpetual Trustee Company. ‘Much as I loved my father’, Max writes, ‘I cannot understand… with his leisured education, his reason for denying me one’. By this stage, moreover, David had just inherited ‘Cove’, Athene and some
money from his father, and was much better off. As the 1930s went on, the family’s situation gradually became happier. Max studied for and passed his Intermediate Certificate at night school and became an articled clerk in a chartered accountant’s firm. Marion matriculated at Wenona and began studying Medicine at the University of Sydney. In the late 1930s David purchased the red V8 Buick car that he owned for many years.

Like his father, David was an able and enthusiastic yachtsman, winning many races in *Athene*. Max and Marion often sailed with him but Ida did so very rarely. He followed his father’s example as Rear Commodore and Vice Commodore of the Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club, and as a member of the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron and the Sydney Amateur Sailing Club. He was also a foundation member of the Royal Prince Edward Yacht Club. The honorary measurer for all Sydney’s major yacht clubs, he was a highly respected expert on yacht design rules. ‘With the growing interest in interstate and championship contests, and the consequent demands upon technical knowledge and accuracy in the rating of competing yachts’, P. R. Stephensen writes in his history of the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, David’s measuring work ‘was becoming of increasing importance’. He ‘gave, and continued to give, yeoman service to the Squadron, and to the sport of yachting’. Ida was a foundation Lady Associate Member of the Yacht Squadron and for many years a member of the Associates Committee. Max was in the first batch of Junior Members elected in 1935.

In 1936, David was invited to participate in an
international naval architects’ conference at New York and Washington in the United States. Granted leave from Cockatoo, he travelled by sea with Ida and Marion to Britain, where they saw many of their Scottish relations before he went to the United States, returning to Britain on the new ocean liner *Queen Mary*.

Ida always disliked ‘Cove’. At one stage, there were possibilities of building a new home at Careening Cove but this did not happen. In 1941, David, with little support from Ida, bought a house at 41 Bennett Street, Cremorne, which they named ‘Cragievar’ after a Scottish castle of which Ida was very fond. Although it was an imposing building with a panoramic harbour view, Ida did not like it as it was poorly laid out internally, with the kitchen a long way from the dining room. The garden was mainly in steep terraces, which proved unsuitable for Ida, who ever since contracting rheumatic fever while young had a weak heart. ‘Cragievar’ had, Max observes, ‘a formal lounge room, a large panelled sitting room… 3 bedrooms with a large bathroom opening into the main bedroom, and a maid’s bedroom and small bathroom opening into the kitchen’. In spite of Ida’s reservations, David was very proud of the house.

The Second World War brought considerable changes. As the conflict intensified, David undertook important work at Cockatoo, becoming Associate Naval Architect and Repair Superintendent in charge of all the dockyard’s major repairs, reconstructions and modernisations of warships, and the conversion of vessels to troopships and hospital ships. Among the ships for which he was responsible were *Queen Mary* and some
United States cruisers. Marion married Sergeant (later Lieutenant) David Roy Vernon Wood (1916-2008), an Economics graduate from the University of Sydney, in 1940 shortly before he went with his Australian Imperial Force (A.I.F.) unit to the Middle East. Max also served as an A.I.F. Lieutenant, going with the Eighth Division to Malaya. Captured by the Japanese at the fall of Singapore in February 1942 and not released until September 1945, he spent most of his harsh captivity in north Borneo and was lucky to survive. It was not until 1943 that his very anxious parents knew where he was. ‘We have’, Ida wrote to him immediately after his release, ‘been suffering agonies…specially since the shocking accounts of the atrocities have been made public…I cannot tell you how proud of you I am’. After returning from the Middle East, David Wood saw active service in the South West Pacific. Before the end of the war, he and Marion had two daughters, Diana, known as Di, Wood born in 1944 and Elizabeth Carment, known as Libby, Wood in 1945, who lived with their mother at ‘Cragievar’. For part of the war, Marion taught at Loreto Convent in Kirribilli. In 1942, David, Ida and Marion witnessed the Japanese midget submarine attack on Sydney Harbour from their front windows.

David remained at Cockatoo Island until he finally retired in 1954. He helped others obtain knowledge in naval architecture and shipbuilding by serving as the head teacher for the Naval Architecture diploma course at Sydney Technical College and playing a part in the establishment of the degree course in naval architecture at the New South Wales University of Technology,
later the University of New South Wales. A naval architecture prize there is named after him. One of his students, Alan Payne, designed Australia’s first America’s Cup challenger, *Gretel*. He was also involved in the formation of the Australian Branch of the Royal Institution of Naval Architects, of which he was President. He was a director and Deputy Chairman of Sydney Ferries Limited, which operated services on Sydney Harbour until the New South Wales government took it over in 1951. He was a subsequently a conscientious Chairman of Harbour Lighterage Limited, which had a fleet of small tug boats, one of which David designed, and lighters as well as some waterfront land.

Marion, David Wood and their two girls moved out of ‘Cragievar’ in 1946 and Max did so in 1948 following his marriage to Diana Inglis Sulman (1927-2005), an Architecture student at the University of Sydney. Between 1948 and 1951, Max and Diana lived in a new house, ‘Domira’ (which they mistakenly believed was the Gaelic word for ‘home’), in what had been part of ‘Cragievar’’s garden. David Wood became a senior administrator at the University of Sydney while Max was a chartered accountant before becoming a chairman and director of numerous Australian and overseas companies. John Maxwell Wood was born in 1949 and Virginia Marion, known as Ginny, Wood in 1956. Max and Diana had me, David Sulman Carment, in 1949, Ann (later Annie Sulman) Carment in 1951 and Thomas Maxwell, known as Tom, Carment in 1954. David and Ida were delighted with their grandchildren, were especially interested in their education and regularly saw them at ‘Cragievar’, the Wood
home in Turramurra, the Carment home in Clifton Gardens (now part of Mosman), and the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron in Kirribilli. David Wood and Diana Carment were very fond of Ida, whom they called ‘Mater’.

After selling *Athene* in 1950, David continued his yachting interests as a measurer and was Chairman of the Election Committee at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, of which he was made a Life Member. In 1956, he was Head Measurer at the Melbourne Olympic Games and later measured the Squadron’s challengers for the America’s Cup. He regularly played bowls at the Mosman Bowling Club and, a bit less regularly, worshipped with Ida at Scots Kirk next door, where his friend and bowls companion Rev. John Gray Robertson was Minister. In 1958, he and Ida travelled to and from Britain by sea and took a bus tour on the European continent. Neither of them ever flew in an aeroplane.

Libby Kalucy (formerly Wood) has many clear memories of her grandparents from the late 1940s. She recalls ‘Grandpa’s large size, always associated with the strong smell of cigar and pipe smoke in the smoke room, and his red Buick car’. She felt close to them and well loved. ‘Grandpa used to encourage us by saying that Australia needed us, we had a contribution to make’. She liked staying with her grandparents:

*There was a sense of being special, of being allowed to take the cards from the carved card box to play Huff patience with Nanny [Ida. Max and Diana’s children called her Granny], or make*
cardhouses, of playing with the Mahjong tiles or trying to work out what the game meant. The leather-bound Rudyard Kipling books in the glass fronted bookcase in the smoke room had a particular smell, and I read Captains Courageous with pleasure. Mealtimes were also special and formal, with the glass decanter of Schweppes lemon that tasted different to what we had at home. I can’t remember what we ate. However, I do remember Nanny scolding Grandpa for being messy with his food, and soiling his tie. Nanny did not like to have thirteen at the table for dinner and if this was to happen when the family was visiting, Miss [Ethel] Holden [an English woman who often worked at ‘Cragievar’ and was the much loved baby sitter for Max and Diana’s children] was asked to join the family. Miss Holden was usually in the background, and used to take Di and I down to Balmoral on the tram, and would warn us against eating the cone of our ice creams as it was made of blotting paper. Other treats were going to the ‘Junction’ [the local shops] with Grandpa who would buy us an ice cream sundae in a glass dish, with our choice of syrup; going on the ferry with Grandpa and taking the tram up the hill from the Neutral Bay wharf; and going to the cinema with Grandpa. He took us to ‘town’ to see films like Cinerama, South Pacific, the Court Jester with Danny Kaye, after having lunch at David Jones [a department store]. Nanny and Grandpa would take us to the cinema in the evening at Cremorne – I can remember seeing the [Alfred] Hitchcock film The Trouble with Harry about a dead body, which Nanny thought very unsuitable for us.
Libby’s other recollections include watching fireworks displays from ‘Cragievar’, doing embroiderries and making plaster of Paris ornaments under Ida’s supervision, Ida’s great knowledge and love of Australian wildflowers, David taking her to see entries in the Sydney Opera House exhibition, the ‘special treat’ of attending Sunday evening buffet dinners at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, and when travelling on ferries with David always looking ‘down into the engine room from above to see the machinery working noisily’.

Early on the morning of 25 August 1961, David telephoned Marion and Max with the sad news that Ida had died in her sleep. The cause, according to her death certificate, was an immediate coronary occlusion but it was also noted that she had suffered from heart disease for some years. David Wood writes that he and Marion went to Bennett Street immediately:

*Maxwell and Diana were already there. Mater looked very peaceful in her bed. Marion did what she could to comfort her Father. Marion said afterwards ‘that’s not my Mother: she’s gone’. She also said Mater had a very strong faith that something wonderful was going to happen to her when she died because she had had an operation in her youth and when afterwards she was very ill she had what is now called ‘a near death experience’. This had had a lasting effect on Mater.*

Max was not surprised at the death as he noticed that Ida had recently become very breathless after exercise. ‘Not long before
she died’, he adds, ‘she told me that she was getting to be a sick old lady and that she did not want to live as one’. She was ‘a wonderful mother, very strict in matters of behaviour, but abundant in love’. Ida was cremated at the Northern Suburbs Crematorium on 26 August 1961 with Rev. John Gray Robertson conducting the funeral service.

David never spent another night at ‘Cragievar’, moving to live with Max and Diana at 26 Iluka Road, Clifton Gardens and some years later to the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron. He continued an active life, playing bowls, attending meetings, reading widely, keeping up to date with financial, political and scientific issues, lunching at the Union Club in the city, enjoying his grandchildren’s company, and frequently expressing strong opinions to them. A typical letter to me while I was on a family holiday in Canberra in 1966 asserts, ‘The War Memorial is an interesting place, “TRADITION IS NOT BUNK”’. He quite often took me to ‘town’ to visit bookshops and have lunch at the Coles cafeteria or Adams Hotel’s Silver Grill. I spent many hours with him at Iluka Road discussing history and politics. It was largely due to him that I began collecting family history information. His grandsons were often addressed as ‘boy’, but there were various terms of endearment used for his granddaughters, such as ‘miserable prawn’ for Di and ‘pet lamb’ for Ann. Di and Libby accompanied him on several driving holidays in his gold automatic Holden. One trip, Libby remembers, ‘was dominated by discussions about the quality of the motels, and the mileage of the car’. There were, though, also tensions. David visited the
Woods at Turramurra each Sunday:

and expected (and got) a proper meal – no casual sandwich spread, it had to be the full roast dinner. He always started eating as soon as his plate was in front of him, not waiting until everyone else was served as we were accustomed to doing. He used to start arguments with Dad... He was rather overbearing, and talked more than he listened. He was well informed from his extensive reading of the newspaper and talks with friends at the Union Club, but was rather prejudiced against people who were not white and anglo.

Tom Carment also has a mixture of memories from this period:

He treated me with amused benevolence and would pat down my coxcomb hairdo as he walked past. It was not so pleasant for my father. Grandpa continually attempted to provoke and humiliate him. He always called him ‘boy’, in front of us and in front of his peers...

Quite often we took him sailing in our twenty-six foot wooden Folkboat. In later years he outgrew our small dinghy and so we usually picked him up from a ferry wharf. He was never late and did not sit down while he waited. He always wore an old blue blazer and white cap. We would see him from a long way off standing solid at the end of the jetty...

He liked to rub shoulders with powerful men, and although he himself was not particularly famous or influential, his
age, weight and memory commanded respect... Grandpa kept up with news, politics and stock prices; and read books by Earl Stanley Gardner, [Georges] Simenon and Ross MacDonald. He would watch the evening television news wearing dark sunglasses, with a whisky to one side in a cut crystal glass.

One of the few times I remember my father’s respect for him breaking down was when Grandpa declared at dinner, out of the blue, ‘That Mao-tse-tung’s doing a good job in China boy!’.... ’How can you possibly say such a thing!’ shouted my father... He stormed out of the room... I think Grandpa had recently seen footage of ant-like workers in China changing the course of rivers and flattening mountains, ‘No trouble there... terrific discipline.’...

Cigar smoke filled his rooms, until one day without fuss, he gave them up. He had green Chinese jars of preserved ginger into which he would dip, and [a] wooden chest full of old French curves – scores of different shaped wooden templates – which he would let me play with. His glass-fronted bookshelves were lined with old bound journals such as ‘Yachting Monthly’ and ‘Rudder’ magazine...

When I was eleven he designed me a model yacht. He gave me a set of chisels and gouges, a solid block of Canadian Redwood and clamps to hold it down... I still use the tools...

A few times, at my parents’ prompting, I knocked on his door when I had a difficult Maths problem. He pulled his old slide-rule out of its leather case and covered pages in calculations, gleefully elaborating on the theme of the original
problem for more than an hour. I was overwhelmed, and left his room even more confused.

After Max and Diana moved in 1973 to ‘Burradoo House’ near Bowral in New South Wales’s Southern Highlands, at least once every month Max drove to the Yacht Squadron and brought David back for a stay of two or three days. He usually returned by train. He loved being at ‘Burradoo House’ with its large old-fashioned rooms and extensive landscaped grounds. He was there in early 1976 when, as Max recalls, he was discovered unconscious on the lounge room floor:

_We called an ambulance which took him to Bowral District Hospital, where it was found that in falling he had dislocated one shoulder. He was a very large and very heavy man. After a few days at Bowral Hospital they did not seem to have the facilities to cope with a man of his size and weight and…arrangements were made for him to be taken to Dalcross Private Hospital [in Killara, Sydney] where he had three shifts of private male nurses._

He never fully recovered, dying of acute myocardial failure and chronic renal failure on 3 June 1976. Marion and Max were with him. His funeral service took place four days later and he was buried at the General Lawn Cemetery, Northern Suburbs (now the Macquarie Park Cemetery).

_Sources_
Carment family photographs.

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Ida Carment (formerly Mackie) and David (Shallard) Carment immediately after their wedding in 1916
Jessie Mackie (formerly Wyllie) and William Mackie in about 1882

‘Cove’ in about 1925
Photographed by David (Shallard) Carment
Max Carment, Jessie Mackie and Marion Carment in about 1925
Embroidered screen made by Ida Carment. The screen’s wooden frame was constructed at Cockatoo Island.
Photographed by the author in 2012
George Wedderburn, his wife Dora Wedderburn, Marion Carment and Ida Carment at Pearsie in 1936
Photographed by David (Shallard) Carment

‘Cragievar’ in 1941
Photographed by David (Shallard) Carment
David (Shallard) Carment and Ida Carment at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron in about 1960
Photographed by Max Carment

Photographed by Max Carment
Libby Wood and Di Wood at ‘Cragievar’ in about 1950
Photographed by David (Shallard) Carment

Tom Carment and David (Shallard) Carment at 26 Iluka Road, Clifton Gardens, in about 1965
Photographed by Max Carment
PART B
THE INGLIS FAMILY
William Inglis was born in the Greenside district close to the centre of Edinburgh on 13 October 1873. He was the first child of William Inglis, a brass finisher (journeyman), and his wife Joan Inglis, formerly Sutherland. The place of birth on his birth certificate appears to be ’10 Simpstones Court’ but the writing is very difficult to read and no place resembling that name exists in maps of nineteenth century Greenside. His parents were married in Edinburgh on 24 January 1873. The surname Inglis was originally given in Scotland to distinguish the family of an English settler.

William Inglis senior would have been employed in a factory or workshop in which he sanded, buffed and polished brass products with the assistance of steam powered shafts, pulleys, belts, lathes and wheels. Working hours were generally long and fine dust, smoke and debris were often everywhere. In the 1881 Census he and Joan Inglis are recorded as being 29 and 31 years old respectively and living at 23 South Saint James Street in Greenside with three children: William, a scholar (that is at school) aged seven; Adam, a scholar aged four; and Marchall (in fact Marshall), aged one month. Joan is listed as ‘Jane’. William senior’s birthplace is shown as Edinburgh while Joan was born in Sunderland, Durham county, England.

The Saint James Square area, of which South Saint James Street was part, occupied a prominent position above the
northeastern corner of Edinburgh’s best known thoroughfare, Princes Street, lined with handsome shops and overlooked by the impressive Edinburgh Castle. It was, though, of low socio-economic status. An 1819 map shows South Saint James Street being dominated by tall housing blocks where large numbers of tenants resided. These were not demolished until the 1970s.

The young Willie or Will, as he was frequently called, grew up in Edinburgh but there is nothing further known of his life there until he joined the army on 20 July 1889. His first regiment was the 79th Queen’s Own Cameron Highlanders, based at Edinburgh Castle. On 30 August that year, he transferred to the Second Battalion, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, his regimental home for the next 24 years. The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders were formed in 1881 from an amalgamation of the 91st Argyllshire Highlanders raised in 1794 and the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders raised in 1799. The regimental headquarters was at Stirling Castle, ‘the gateway to the north’. The regiment’s men wore ‘government tartan’ kilts and distinctive sporrans (pouches hung on the fronts of kilts), each with six tassels.

In spite of its obvious dangers, an army career offered greater opportunities for advancement, adventure, glamour, travel and secure employment than were found in most other occupations open to a Scottish working class boy of Willie’s generation. There was also a strong martial tradition in Scotland of which he must have been very conscious. His two brothers, Adam and Marshall, later joined the Argyll and Sutherland
Highlanders, as did a number of his cousins.

The army encouraged Willie to further his education as in about 1890 he obtained his Second Class Military Leaving Certificate at Dr. Bell’s School, which occupied a prominent nineteenth century building in Great Junction Street in Edinburgh. Posted to the First Battalion of his regiment in the British colony of Hong Kong on 16 December 1890, he had his earliest experience of overseas living in a mainly Chinese community that could hardly have been more different from Edinburgh. Returning home in the following year, on 18 August 1892 he was promoted to Lance Corporal in Edinburgh and on 1 April 1894, still in Edinburgh, was made a Corporal. On 13 April 1896 at Aldershot in England, he became a Lance Sergeant, and on 8 December that year in Aldershot was promoted to Sergeant. As a Sergeant, he was second in command of a platoon of about 30 to 50 men.

On 26 October 1894, Corporal Inglis, based at North Camp in Aldershot, was married in a Presbyterian service in Edinburgh to Mary Ann Ferguson, who was born in that city on 12 October 1874. She was the daughter of Peter Ferguson (about 1854-1900), an illiterate labourer (he could not sign his name), and his wife Susan Ferguson, formerly Reilly or Riley (born in about 1855). In 1881, she had two brothers and a sister. She lived with her parents at 1 Fleshmarket Close, High Street, Edinburgh, one of the city’s most overcrowded and confined precincts. There are no other details of her upbringing but the shaky grammar in her later letters indicates a limited formal education. It must be assumed that she met her future husband before he moved to
Aldershot.

A diminutive, kindly, quiet and uncomplaining woman who was devoted to her husband, Mary spent much of the next two decades moving with him from one set of army married quarters to another. Their initial home together was in Aldershot but by September 1896, they were at the Maryhill barracks in Glasgow. On 9 September 1896, their first child, Mary Inglis, was born at the Fergusons’ home in Fleshmarket Close. Tragically for her parents, on 20 May 1897 at Maryhill she died of acute laryngitis aged only eight months. A year later, on 10 August 1898, their first son, William Anderson, known as Bill, Inglis was born at Maryhill.

Willie’s time with Mary and Bill was short lived. In August 1899, his battalion was warned to make ready for war in South Africa, where trouble was rapidly developing between the British and the Boers, the descendants of Dutch immigrants who in the late nineteenth century controlled the independent republics of Orange Free State and Transvaal. Together with his brothers Adam, a Lance Corporal, and Marshall, a bugler and drummer, Willie sailed from Queenstown (now Cobh) in Ireland on SS Orcana with the First Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Its 1,080 men arrived at Cape Town on 19 November. In the meantime, war erupted between Britain and the Boer republics on 12 October 1899. Within a week General Sir Redvers Buller was despatched to South Africa to command the British imperial forces there in what many wrongly believed would be a short and sharp conflict.
The Inglis brothers’ battalion was placed under Buller’s command as part of the Highland Brigade led by Major General Andrew Wauchope and the First Division under Lieutenant General Lord Methuen. The tactical situation was still very fluid, with the Boers besieging the towns of Mafeking and Ladysmith. To relieve both places, Methuen assigned the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders to a force on the Orange River that would advance along the Cape Town to Kimberley railway line. The battalion went into action against the Boers on 28 November 1899 at the point where the line crossed the Modder and Riet rivers. However, well-concealed artillery ambushed the British column and for 10 hours under blazing sun kept it pinned down. The Highlanders’ kilts provided them with little protection against the sun. Many got badly blistered legs. Among the battalion’s 112 casualties was Adam Inglis, who died on 28 November. The battle went on until late in the day the Boers were forced to retreat and the British crossed the Modder River.

Marshall and Willie had little time to mourn Adam as on 10 and 11 December the battalion was again in action at Magersfontein Kopje, a rocky outcrop that reminded the advancing British soldiers of the prow of a battleship. From the start, the poorly planned operation proved costly. The well-positioned Boers fired at close range into the British ranks, causing disorder and panic. Both Major General Wauchope and the First Battalion’s commanding officer were killed in the heavy rifle fire. The British position rapidly became hopeless. Their command structure collapsed and survivors were pinned down in
the hot sun, clearly exposed to Boer snipers. The Highland Brigade made a panic-stricken retreat to safety. Thirty-six Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders were killed in the debacle. Marshall and Willie were most fortunate to be among the survivors. Following the events from afar, Mary pasted news stories about the war into her cuttings book.

In early 1900, the British forces were expanded and regrouped under the new leadership of Field Marshal Lord Roberts and General Lord Kitchener. Major General Hector Macdonald, who had risen from the ranks and was known as ‘Fighting Mac’, replaced Wauchope in the Highland Brigade. The changes raised spirits and led to a string of British victories. In February, Kitchener defeated the Boers at Paardeberg in a fierce battle that extended for almost a week. Willie was among the Highland Brigade soldiers who made a frontal attack there on the Boer positions. During this fighting a further 23 members of his battalion were killed. On 16 March 1900, Willie was promoted to Colour Sergeant, a rank bestowed on Sergeants who distinguished themselves in battles. Paardeberg marked the turn of the tide. Before long, the British advanced into Orange Free State and Transvaal and by September, Pretoria and Johannesburg, the principal Boer cities, were occupied.

The Boers still, nevertheless, experienced some successes in their attacks on the British. In one of these, in June 1900, both Marshall and Willie were taken prisoner. They do not appear to have been badly treated and were released when the main Boer army surrendered in September. Mary carefully kept Willie’s
telegrams regarding his imprisonment and release. These are the only surviving communications from him during his Boer War service. Not long afterwards, she learned on 4 October of her father’s death. Although she was far removed from the fighting at Dublin in Ireland and later in Edinburgh, the war was a time of anxiety and grief for her.

Willie remained in South Africa until May 1902, being engaged in campaigns in Cape Colony and Transvaal against the approximately 30,000 Boer guerrillas who refused to give up. On 3 July 1901, a column under the command of Colonel G. E. Benson of which Willie was a member surprised the Boers at Vlakfontein, killing six of them and capturing large numbers of horses and cattle. For the rest of the war Willie took part in a series of drives in which Boers, including women and children, were rounded up and put in concentration camps. Their homes were burnt to the ground. Ultimately these brutal tactics worked but they received much criticism.

By the end of the South African conflict, Willie was an experienced and obviously valued member of his battalion and regiment. Although he was only about 167 centimetres tall, he appeared impressive in his uniform. In the fashion of the day, he curled and waxed the ends of his moustache. For his service, he received the Queen’s South African Medal with four clasps and the King’s South African Medal with two clasps, each clasp representing a battle or campaign that was felt worthy of commemoration. His return to Britain in 1902 after almost three dangerous and difficult years in South Africa allowed him to
resume a family life. Three-year-old Bill Inglis would not have remembered him.

On 19 February 1903, Willie was posted to the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders’ depot at Stirling Castle. His second daughter, Violet Louise Inglis, was born there in the Military Married Quarters at Kings Stables on 6 December 1903. On 24 November 1904, he was attached to the permanent military staff at Guernsey in the Channel Islands, and on 1 February 1906, he was transferred back to his battalion in Chatham in England. On 1 July 1907, he was posted to Thornliebank, near Glasgow, as an instructor on the permanent staff of the Third Volunteer Battalion of his regiment. His second son, Norman Argyll Inglis, was born in Thornliebank on 7 September 1907. The family moved to Paisley in Scotland when he was posted to the Sixth Territorial Battalion on 1 March 1908. Volunteers and Territorials were part-time soldiers with a similar function to the Army Reserve in Australia today. Each of their battalions had a small core of regular officers and non-commissioned officers like Willie. On 1 September 1909, he was promoted to Sergeant Major, the most senior non-commissioned officer rank in the British army at that time. In an unusual period of domestic stability, he and the family remained at Paisley for over five years. Eleven kilometres to the west of Glasgow, it was a large town with some handsome public buildings and was famous for its weaving industry. Violet and Norman commenced their schooling there.

A memorial at Stirling Castle unveiled by the Duchess of Montrose on 12 January 1907 commemorates the Argyll and
Sutherland Highlanders during the Boer War. It takes the form of a granite pedestal surmounted by the statue of a bareheaded, kilted soldier of the regiment with bandolier, blanket and water bottle hung across his shoulders, and his rifle at the ready. Names of the 149 men in the regiment who lost their lives in South Africa are listed on the pedestal, Adam Inglis among them. Hubert Paton was the sculptor. For many years within the Inglis family there was a strong belief that Willie was Paton’s model. While the face of the soldier in the statue closely resembles Willie’s, it seems that he was not the model for the Stirling Castle statue but a very similar one by Paton in nearby Falkirk.

Willie claimed his discharge from the army on 19 August 1913. He was at the time Regimental Sergeant Major, the most senior non-commissioned officer, in the Sixth Territorial Battalion at Paisley. He had added the Imperial Long Service and Good Conduct Medal and the King George V Coronation Medal to his other awards. His fellow senior non-commissioned officers and officers in the battalion presented him with inscribed silver cigarette cases.

His reasons for seeking a discharge are undocumented but his service was long enough to qualify for an army pension. It is also likely that he believed that in spite of all his experience, including attendance at various army schools of instruction, he would never at his age reach commissioned (that is officer) rank. Scottish soldiers from poor backgrounds and who started as Privates, the most notable of whom was Field Marshal Sir William Robertson, did very occasionally obtain commissions
before the First World War. However, it was rare and usually occurred well before the men concerned reached their fortieth birthdays.

Willie and his family decided to settle in Sydney, Australia, the home of many other emigrant Scots and a country that appeared to have a much less rigid social structure than Britain. The climate, which compared favourably with Britain’s, was also a possible attraction. Perhaps in response to an offer or an advertisement, he seems to have organised an appointment in the Permanent Australian Military Forces to take effect as soon as he arrived in his new country.

Willie was appointed a Staff Sergeant in the Permanent Australian Military Forces on 24 October 1913. Staff Sergeants’ roles were normally administrative, the rank being quite frequently given to senior non-commissioned officers responsible for equipment and stores. Following Field Marshal Lord Kitchener’s 1909 report, the Australian army at this time comprised a small core of Permanent, that is full-time, soldiers who provided organisational and training functions for a much larger Citizen, or part-time, component.

Willie and Mary purchased a house, which they named ‘Argyll’, at 57 Arthur Street, Kogarah (the street later became part of Carlton) in Sydney’s still raw and rapidly developing southern suburbs. With Hurstville and Rockdale, Kogarah was part of the Saint George District. The Kogarah Municipality’s population in 1911 was 6,533, growing to 18,226 in 1921 and 30,646 in 1933. Not one of Sydney’s fashionable or wealthier areas, Kogarah
could probably be best described in 1913 as lower middle class. Even so, it had many advantages. A railway line meant that its residents could travel easily and quickly to central Sydney, most of them lived in detached homes with gardens and the area was reasonably well provided with schools, shops and other services. Nearby Carss Park on the Georges River was a popular swimming place.

While it is unknown exactly when ‘Argyll’ was built, its brick construction and style indicate that it was not long before Willie acquired it. His granddaughter Robyn McAlpine clearly recalls the house:

_As you came up the front steps and into the hall there were two bedrooms on the left and one on the right. I remember Nanny [Mary] using the one on the left in her latter years. The hall led into the loungeroom but did not go through to the back verandah. On the left side of the loungeroom there was a door leading to the dining room and a door from the dining room into the kitchen. I’m not sure if I’m remembering correctly but I think there may have been a step down into the kitchen. Another door led from the kitchen to the closed in back verandah. There was a long central path in the backyard leading up to the laundry at the back on the right side._

My own rather hazy memory is that while there was a bathroom in the house, the toilet was located in the back garden. ‘Argyll’ remained Willie and Mary’s home until the latter’s death in 1958.
It still stands but has been very extensively modified.

Willie had only a short time to enjoy his new home as in August 1914 the British Empire, including Australia, entered the First World War. On the outbreak of war the British government asked Australia to take control of German New Guinea, a colony acquired in 1884 that comprised the northeastern quarter of New Guinea and a number of islands to the east, the largest of which were Bougainville and New Britain. The Australian Naval and Military Expeditionary Force, a motley and incompletely trained collection of naval reservists, infantry soldiers and machine gunners, was quickly raised under Colonel William Holmes’ command. Willie enlisted in this force on 9 August 1914 and on 18 August was promoted to Warrant Officer Class One, the highest non-commissioned rank in the Australian army. He sailed from Sydney with the force as a Regimental Sergeant Major and Assistant Provost Marshall, a post that dealt with disciplinary matters, on Berrima the following day. The warships *Australia* and *Sydney* provided an escort.

The force commenced landing at Kakabaul in New Britain on 11 September. After a short fight in which six Australians were killed, the wireless station at Bitapaka was destroyed and Rabaul, the capital of German New Guinea, capitulated two days later. Willie participated in a successful advance to nearby Toma, to which the German Governor had withdrawn, which surrendered on 17 September. Willie also took part in the subsequent occupation of Kieta on Bougainville and Kaiser Wilhelmsland on the New Guinea mainland before serving the military government
established to administer the former German territory. He remained there, based in Rabaul, until March the following year. His earliest surviving letter is a brief undated postcard sent to his son Norman from Rabaul.

As Assistant Provost Marshall, Willie was almost certainly involved in the single most contentious episode of Australia’s military administration. In retaliation for the flogging by drunken Germans of a British missionary, Colonel Holmes ordered that provosts (military policemen) in Rabaul publicly flog the four Germans concerned on 30 November 1914. The floggings caused international protests and demands were made for Holmes to be disciplined but the Australian government stood by him. It is hard to tell from grainy photographs of the event if Willie was present, but it is likely as the senior non-commissioned officer among the provosts that he was. He did not, for obvious reasons, discuss the event with his family nor is it mentioned in his service record or surviving papers.

On 15 December 1919, long after the New Guinea campaign, the French government awarded the Médaille Militaire (Military Medal) to Willie for his service with the Australian Naval and Military Expeditionary Force. It was a French decoration for bravery in action against an enemy force ranking immediately after the Légion d’honneur (Legion of Honour). He received the medal and its accompanying certificate in a ceremony, presumably in Sydney, on 22 July 1920. There was no citation and while this was the case with many other awards of the decoration, the Australian War Memorial file that includes some
recommendations for the *Médaille Militaire* does not mention him. The historian Bill Gammage suggests that the award of the decoration to him may have been as part of a ‘block allocation’ made at the end of the war. A French warship, *Montcalm*, was involved in operations in which he took part and Willie’s conduct possibly came to the attention of the ship’s officers. Whatever the reasons for its bestowal, the medal was an honour that he greatly valued.

On 27 March 1915, Willie was back in Sydney as an army instructor. His family was, no doubt, pleased to see him again. By August that year, nevertheless, he decided to join the Australian Imperial Force (A.I.F.), an expeditionary force entirely composed of volunteers that was raised for overseas service. From today’s perspective, it seems an odd decision. He was almost 42 years old, had done more than his fair share of dangerous soldiering and his three children were still at home. However, he loved the military life and, like many of his generation, had a strong and uncomplicated sense of loyalty to his King and the British Empire. On 12 August 1915, he finally reached commissioned rank when was appointed a Lieutenant in the A.I.F.’s 32\(^{nd}\) Battalion. According to his enlistment papers, he was 167 centimetres tall, weighed 71 kilograms, had a chest measurement of 95 to 104 centimetres and had good eyesight. He embarked for service abroad on 8 November 1915, arriving at Suez in Egypt on 18 December.

Shortly after his arrival at Suez, he visited an officer with whom he had served in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
When the officer initially failed to recognise Willie, the latter asked him if he still liked two glasses of port after dinner. His memory of Willie immediately returned. On 21 February 1916, he transferred to the Headquarters of the A.I.F.’s 12th Infantry Brigade in Egypt as a Temporary Staff Captain and he was promoted to Captain on 14 April 1916. His brigade commander and fellow Scot, Brigadier General Duncan Glasfurd, had previously served with him in the First Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in South Africa during 1900. Willie’s duties in Egypt mainly involved administration and training. As part of its training, the 12th Brigade participated in a particularly arduous march across the Egyptian desert. Again, he made a favourable impression, being Mentioned in Despatches on 25 September 1916 for his ‘continuous good work’ between March and June that year.

On 29 May 1916, he proceeded with his brigade to France, disembarking at Marseilles on 5 June and moving to the Western Front in northern France. During early July the 12th Brigade went into action against the Germans. The conditions were appalling, with soldiers spending much of their time in muddy trenches and suffering huge casualties when making attacks. They were also subjected to poison gas. As The Oxford Companion to Australian Military History explains the situation:

At the point that the Australians were to enter battle on the Western Front the problem of the attack in trench warfare had been reduced to a matter of artillery resources. The two weapons
that had prevented the infantry from gaining significant ground in all previous offensives were the machine-gun and the enemy’s artillery. Machine guns, firing about 600 rounds per minute, could destroy any formation of infantry once it had left the safety of its trenches and ventured into no man’s land. Such a slow-moving body could also be hit from long range by enemy artillery which could quite easily drop the shells into the relatively large space that no man’s land usually represented. The task of the attackers, therefore, was to annihilate these weapons or at least to suppress their fire for the period of time that its own infantry was exposed in no man’s land. As the foot-soldiers could not carry with them the implements to overcome the barbed-wire protected and entrenched machine-gunners (let alone the distant enemy guns) the tasks fell to their own artillery. In late July 1916, however, artillery was not present in such volume to accomplish these tasks.

Early in August the 12th Brigade moved to Pozieres Heights, near the French village of Pozieres that Australian forces captured in July. The Australians’ objective during the following six weeks was the high ground between the village and Mouquet Farm. Between the end of July and early September they launched nine separate attacks, most of which were very costly and gained little ground. As The Oxford Companion to Australian Military History further explains:

the guns supporting the Australians could not dominate the
German artillery; nor could they eliminate sufficient German machine-guns to allow the infantry to progress. Consequently the troops, not being bullet-proof, could only inch forward.

Around Pozieres and Mouquet Farm, about 23,000 Australians were killed or wounded in six weeks.

From 5 to 15 August and 29 August to 3 September, Willie was constantly at the advanced dumps (that is stores) superintending the supply of ammunition, tools, food and water to soldiers on the front line. The dumps were at times heavily shelled yet he stuck to his task. By constant hard work, he assured the forward flow of supplies and also collected and sorted out large quantities of valuable equipment for salvage. These actions resulted in Brigadier General Glasfurd, who was killed in action a month later, recommending on 10 October 1916 that Willie receive the Military Cross. The recommendation was for ‘devotion to duty near Pozieres’. ‘This officer’s cheerful energy’, Glasfurd wrote, ‘had the best effect on all who came in contact with him’. Created in 1914, the Military Cross was granted to commissioned officers of the substantive rank of Captain or below and for Warrant Officers who performed acts of gallantry. Its award to Willie was gazetted on 1 January 1917.

On 9 September 1916, Willie was admitted to hospital, suffering from colitis, a chronic digestive disease associated with inflammation of the colon. Ten days later, he was invalided to England but on 5 October was back with the 12th Brigade Headquarters in the field. He was promoted to Major in southern
Belgium on 1 November 1916. During the next few months, he experienced one of the most awful winters of the war. Frequent snow and freezing sleet created mud and slush. Trench foot and frostbite cases increased. In spite of the terrible conditions, he still managed to send cheerful short postcards back to his family at home. Early in 1917, for instance, he wrote to Violet warmly congratulating her on being admitted to a high school. In April 1917, his brigade was involved in a disastrous attempt to penetrate the Germans’ Hindenburg Line near the French village of Bullecourt, which resulted in more heavy casualties. All of this led to a complete breakdown in Willie’s health, forcing him to relinquish his appointment with the 12th Brigade on 29 April 1917 after being admitted to hospital suffering from myalgia, rheumatism and gas poisoning on 20 April. It was probably during this hospital stay that the diaries he was keeping were lost or taken from him. On 24 April 1917, he was transferred to England, where two days later he was admitted to the Fourth London General Hospital.

On 22 July 1917, Willie embarked for Australia, reaching Melbourne on 24 September and then travelling on to Sydney for what must have been a joyous reunion with his family. On 19 March 1918, his Australian Imperial Force appointment was terminated due to his disability. Among other problems, his gas poisoning meant that he experienced severe coughing fits for the rest of his life, which cannot have been helped by his heavy cigarette smoking. He received for his wartime service the Bronze Star of 1914-1915, the General Service Medal 1914-1918, the
Victory Medal with a bronze leaf for being Mentioned in Despatches, and the Commonwealth Meritorious Service Medal.

Able to transfer as a Major back to the Australian Military Forces, until his retirement on 20 April 1927 Willie served in Sydney as the adjutant, that is the senior administrative officer, of two citizen (militia) battalions, of the Central Training Depot and of various schools of instruction. At the time of his retirement, he was with the 45th Battalion, Saint George Regiment, Citizen Military Forces, which gave him a farewell dinner at Sydney’s Imperial Service Club on 27 June 1927.

Willie’s retirement was mainly spent with Mary and his family, which expanded to include grandchildren who knew their Inglis grandparents as Grandad and Nannie or Nanny. Violet, whose life is described in more detail later, married Thomas Noel, known as Tom, Sulman in 1926 and their only child, Diana Inglis Sulman, was born in 1927. Bill, a bookkeeper, married Florence Gwendoline Best in 1933 and they lived at Lindfield on Sydney’s north shore. Their two children, David William Inglis and Diana Barbara, known as Sue, Inglis were born in 1935 and 1938 respectively. Norman, an accountant, was unemployed for much of the economically depressed 1930s and lived with his parents until his marriage to Irene May Towers in 1937. He and Irene moved to a new home in Park Road, Kogarah, not far from ‘Argyll’. Both Bill and Norman served in the citizen forces, Bill becoming a Lance Sergeant and Norman receiving an officer’s commission.

As Willie received an Australian army pension in addition
to his British one, he and Mary resided comfortably at ‘Argyll’. Life in the Saint George district suited them well and both established local personal friendships. Diana could not, when I asked her, recall either of her Inglis grandparents ever expressing a wish to be back in Britain or move to another part of Sydney. It is, though, unlikely that they were more than modestly well off. They did not, for instance, own a motorcar.

In spite of heart trouble and his persistent bad cough, Willie enjoyed horse riding and participated in special military parades on occasions like the King’s Birthday. His grandson David remembers his fondness for whisky, his loud voice and the fact that he never swore. The loud voice may have been due to Mary’s increasing deafness. In common with many other Protestant men of his generation with service backgrounds, Willie was an active Freemason, being a member of the Prince of Wales Masonic Lodge.

The failure of Violet’s marriage, however, brought unexpected changes and anguish. She and Tom, in circumstances described in detail later, separated in 1931, came back together in England in 1932 and separated again in 1933. Violet returned to Australia with Diana in early February 1933, both staying at ‘Argyll’. She travelled to England without Diana at the end of that year, never to see her daughter again. After early 1934, both she and Tom lived separately in England. They were divorced in 1938 on the grounds of Violet’s adultery with Wallace Elvy. Violet and Wallace married shortly afterwards. Tom did not return to Australia until 1946. There appears to have been no
contact between Willie and Mary and their new son in law although they kept in touch with Violet. On the other hand, they remained fond of Tom and Willie wrote to him. Violet’s death in a London motor accident on 1 April 1939 was a terrible shock. Their granddaughter Sue recalls that the telegram with the bad news was kept thereafter on a table near ‘Argyll’’s front door.

Diana lived with Willie and Mary for long periods and she was officially placed in their care on 19 July 1937. She lovingly remembered her grandparents; quite frequently speaking of Willie’s warm sense of humour and the way he impressed others with his charm. When she was very young, Willie built her a wonderful dolls’ house and a puppets’ theatre. Between 1933 and 1936, Diana attended the new Danebank School in Hurstville, not far from Kogarah, and she started boarding at Presbyterian Ladies College in Pymble on Sydney’s north shore in 1937.

Even although after becoming a boarder Diana regularly saw Willie and Mary on weekends and holidays, she missed them dreadfully. In a 1937 poem entitled ‘Dreams’ from ‘D.I.S. to M.I. and W. Inglis’ she wrote:

The trees are green the grass is too
The sky blue overhead,
But none are like my dreams of you,
As I ly in my bed.

Homesickness does no good,
As I have found out now,
But try as you would,
You feel it by the hour.

Every thing I get thats new,
All my friends no matter who.
Everything I ever do,
Are nothing like my dreams for you.

Willie and Mary also visited Diana at Pymble. Willie’s charm impressed Diana’s normally formidable Headmistress, Dorothy Knox. At school functions, Miss Knox, as she was always known, would seek Willie out and ask him to sit with her.

He regularly posted photographs of Diana to her parents in England. On the back of each, he wrote a short humorous note describing her progress. One is of Diana sitting on a merry go round horse and is captioned ‘Diana on Phar-Lap [the famous Australian racehorse] at the [Royal Easter] Show with her mouth full of Barley Sugar.’ Another, of Diana and Mary both looking very serious, reads:

*Inglis Sulman Progress Photo.*

*Copyright?*

Dear Tom they say this Photo is not nice however it is natural. Diana says that Nannie has high heeled shoes. Diana is really slightly taller than Nannie.

The last surviving photograph before he died, taken by in October
1940, is a particularly happy one of him, Mary and Diana walking down a Sydney street after lunch together.

On the Second World War’s outbreak in 1939, Willie unsuccessfully offered himself for military duties. In a written document setting out his experience, he describes his occupation as ‘gentleman of leisure’ and notes that he suffered from ‘heart trouble’. ‘I will’, he continues, ‘tackle anything to be of use but under the circumstances administrative and sedentary duties might be preferable’.

The authorities were right to decline his offer. He died aged 67 at the Saint George District Intermediate Hospital in Kogarah on 10 January 1941 of pulmonary oedema, coronary thrombosis and cardio-vascular sclerosis. The death certificate recorded that he had suffered from the last condition for 13 years. Willie’s remains were cremated in a Presbyterian service at Woronora Crematorium on 11 January. It was in many respects a long distance from South Saint James Street in Edinburgh.

Following her husband’s death, Mary remained at ‘Argyll’ for most of the rest of her life. The fact that Norman and Irene lived so close was of considerable comfort to her and the birth of their only child, her last grandchild Robyn May, not long after Willie’s passing in 1941 would have been a happy occasion. Between 1942 and 1944, however, Norman was on active military service, much of which he spent in Queensland and New Guinea. For part of that time, Irene and Robyn were also in Queensland. Norman quickly reached the army rank of Major but his appointment was terminated on medical grounds in November
1944, allowing him to return home. He subsequently became a senior executive with General Motors Holden. Bill, unable to enlist because his position as a bookkeeper with the Maritime Services Board was designated as a reserved occupation, remained with his family at Lindfield. Diana boarded at Presbyterian Ladies College in Pymble until 1944, after which she studied Architecture at the University of Sydney and lived with her Sulman grandmother at McMahons Point in Sydney.

With the end of the war in 1945, Mary enjoyed her growing number of descendants. Following Tom Sulman’s return to Australia in 1946, Diana lived with him until she married Max Carment in 1948. She and Max subsequently produced three great grandchildren for Mary (see Chapter Five). Her various grandchildren and great grandchildren regularly visited ‘Argyll’. Robyn later recalled:

*My memory of the furniture is hazy but the lounge suite was one of those large Chesterfield types, brown, I think. I remember very clearly always playing with Grandad’s horse whip and switch. Also Nanny had a traymobile from where she always served the afternoon tea. I always wanted to have poached eggs at her place because she had one of those very modern egg poachers where eggs were in little containers with the water underneath and you ended up with a very neat poached egg unlike the ones that were just dropped in boiling water.*

My own recollections of Nan, as I called her, are of a kindly and
small old woman who was quite deaf (my sister Annie and I remember talking to her through an ear tube) living in an old fashioned house with a large backyard. Although ‘Argyll’ in those days was usually at the most an hour’s drive from our Clifton Gardens home, our car trips there often took longer as we had to stop from time to time due to my sister’s carsickness. Mary was not a woman who dwelt on the past. Only rarely did she mention Violet. Surviving letters from Mary to Diana show how pleased she was when each new great grandchild arrived. After Ann’s birth in 1951, she wrote:

Dear Diana,

Thanks for your welcome letter & I am so pleased that you have got a dear little girl & am longing to see it. If I felt up to it I would have been out to the hospital to see you both before now.

I am hoping Norman will do something about taking me out will just have to wait and see.

I dont know what to buy Diana for my Great Grand Daughter Can you give me some idea of what you need or would you accept the money to buy something for yourself

Well my dear I am so pleased its all over & you had not so bad a time after all your long wait & I do hope you have a longer time before you have another Get some strength build up a bit

Excuse me for saying this to you but its just how I feel & things are so bad these days for bringing up a big Family

I am glad Maxwell is pleased about his Daughter. Your Dad Rang me the day she was born & is so pleased it was a girl
Well my dear I wish you & Maxwell all the best
Lots of love & a big x [kiss] for Baby I like her name Ann
Its very nice & unusual
Keep well & get Strong again
Yours Loving Nan
xxx

Mary’s last years were not entirely happy. Robyn recalls that at some stage, although she cannot remember exactly when, her grandmother moved to a flat in the Lindfield area, with ‘Argyll’ being rented out for a year. After a few months, however, Mary decided to return to ‘Argyll’. Norman had to renegotiate the rent arrangements so that she could do so. Bill died suddenly of a heart attack in February 1953, meaning that she had outlived all but one of her four children. During the final few years of her life, she was increasingly disoriented and unwell. Norman paid a Miss Bates, who had helped Florence Inglis with housework, to live with his mother at ‘Argyll’. Not long before her death, Mary went to Villiers Hospital in Mosman, not far from Diana’s home. I was shocked at how small and emaciated she appeared when I visited her there.

She died at Villiers Hospital of a cerebral haemorrhage and cerebral arteriosclerosis on 23 August 1958 aged 83. According to the death certificate, she had suffered from the latter condition for over four years. She was cremated three days later following a Church of England service at the Woronora Crematorium in southern Sydney.
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Willie Inglis in about 1927. The Military Cross is the first medal on the left and the Médaille Militaire is the last medal on the right.
Mary Inglis (formerly Ferguson) in about 1941
Fleshmarket Close in 2010
Photographed by Robyn McAlpine
Willie Inglis in South Africa in about 1901
Boer War memorial at Stirling Castle in 1999
Photographed by the author

Willie Inglis in about 1913
Cigarette cases presented to Willie Inglis in 1913
Photographed by the author in 2008

Willie Inglis, postcard to Violet Inglis in about March 1917
Mary Inglis and Willie Inglis at ‘Argyll’ in about 1920

David Inglis, Florence Inglis, Sue Inglis and Bill Inglis in 1939
Irene Inglis, Norman Inglis, Mary Inglis and Diana Sulman at ‘Argyll’ in about 1937

Diana Sulman with her dolls’ house at ‘Argyll’ in about 1929
Willie Inglis, postcard to Tom Sulman, 22 October 1940. The picture is of Mary Inglis, Willie Inglis and Diana Sulman in a Sydney street.
Robyn Inglis in about 1942

David Carment, Ann Carment, Max Carment, Tom Carment and Diana Carment (formerly Sulman), at 26 Iluka Road, Clifton Gardens in 1954
VIOLET LOUISE INGLIS

Violet Louise Inglis, as previously mentioned, was born on 6 December 1903 at the Military Married Quarters, King’s Stables, Stirling. Her birthplace was just outside the walls of Stirling Castle but part of the castle precinct. Built in about 1870, the still standing Military Married Quarters comprise two stone blocks, one three storey and the other two storey. With her family, she later moved to Guernsey, Chatham and Thornliebank before they settled in Paisley for five years from 1908. Her early education was in Paisley. No information has been found about the school or schools she attended there.

Violet was almost 10 when the family migrated to Australia so she retained memories of Scotland. She and her brothers Bill and Norman quite quickly lost their Scottish accents. They did not, though, adopt noticeably Australian accents. Bill, aged 15 when he reached Sydney, initially found it difficult to adjust to Australia. Violet’s reactions are unknown but she was keen to return to Britain as an adult. Norman, being the youngest in the family, appears to have settled in the most easily.

Violet’s first school in Sydney was probably the Kogarah Superior School. This mainly functioned as an infants' and primary school but some of its students were doing secondary work. Its enrolment in 1909 was 1,500. From 1913, the school included a Girls Intermediate High School department, which broke away in 1916 to form Saint George
Girls High School.

Violet entered Saint George Girls High School in Kogarah on 5 February 1917 and left on 19 December 1919 aged 16. Her record from the admissions register indicates that she completed the first and second academic years there and, on leaving school, her intended profession or occupation was ‘At home’. She passed the Qualifying Certificate in order to be admitted to the school. Unlike some other girls pictured with her in a 1918 class photograph, including her future bridesmaid Kath Broome, she did not obtain an Intermediate Certificate. The school, opened in a period of quite rapidly increasing expectations regarding girls’ education in New South Wales, had high academic standards. In 1920, 16 of the 17 teachers were university graduates and there were 311 pupils. During Violet’s time as a pupil there, it had no uniform, most girls wearing blouses and skirts. School sports included tennis, swimming and hockey, and there was an active camera club.

Violet seems to have spent the next six years living at ‘Argyll’ with her parents and helping her mother. There is no record of her undertaking any further formal education or being employed. While by this time more New South Wales girls than in the past were completing a secondary education or engaging in further studies, the majority did not do so. During her immediate post school years, like so many other young Australian women during the era known as ‘the roaring twenties’ and ‘the jazz age’, she became interested in fashion and films. She loved going to the cinema and tried to dress as her favourite actresses did. Even as a girl, she had a lively sense of humour, which included hiding from her father...
in a home cupboard. Photographs show that, like her mother, she was short in stature. She was, though, physically attractive, her future sister in law Florence describing her as ‘a pretty little thing’. At some stage in about 1924, she attracted the attention of Thomas Noel, always called Tom, Sulman, a salesman with Thomas Gurdon Motors in Sydney. They were engaged on 10 January 1925 not long after Violet’s 21st birthday. It is unclear how they met although her daughter Diana later thought it may have been because Violet was a friend of Tom’s sister Joan.

Tom was the son of Sir John Sulman (1849-1934) and his second wife Annie Elizabeth (formerly Masefield), Lady Sulman (1865-1949), who lived in considerable comfort in their mansions ‘Burrangong’ on the harbour foreshore at McMahons Point in northern Sydney and ‘Kihilla’ at Lawson in the Blue Mountains near Sydney. The English-born Sir John was a distinguished and highly successful architect, town planner and patron of the arts who was knighted in 1924. The Australian-born Lady Sulman was the adopted sister of the very rich philanthropist Dame Eadith Walker and was quite well known as a photographer of Australian wildflowers. In spite of their prominence, neither Sulman came from particularly well to do families. Sir John was the son of a small retailer while his wife was the daughter of an insolvent schoolteacher who died in an asylum, and the granddaughter and great niece of Irish convicts. This may explain why the apparent difference between the social classes to which the Inglis and Sulman families belonged in Australia was not of concern to them. Sir John had three children with his first wife Sarah, who died in 1888, and four with Annie, of whom Tom, born at
Wentworth Falls in the Blue Mountains on 25 December 1899, was the second youngest.

Tom was educated at Woodford Academy in the Blue Mountains, and when still young developed an absorbing interest in motor vehicles. After studying fitting, turning and mechanical drawing at Sydney Technical College, with his father’s financial assistance he designed and built motorcars. He also raced cars and motorcycles, and repaired and sold motor vehicles. Tom’s autobiography devotes great attention to motor vehicles and his racing but says very little about Violet, who when mentioned is always ‘my wife’. While she never shared his obsession, there were other strong reasons why she was drawn to him. He was fun loving, popular, and from a wealthy and supportive family.

Their wedding was on 30 January 1926 at Scots Presbyterian Church on Church Hill in Sydney. Violet wore a veil of Brussels lace. Her gown, also of Brussels lace, was mounted over ivory satin. Rev. G. W. Willis officiated and Willie Inglis proudly gave the bride away. Tom’s school friend (and Lizzy Carment’s nephew) Dr. Bruce Shallard, a medical practitioner who married Joan Sulman in 1928, was the best man. The bridesmaid, Kath Broome, was Violet’s classmate from Saint George Girls High School. After the ceremony, Mary received the guests at the nearby Petty’s Hotel.

Tom and Violet’s first home together was ‘Euthella’, the holiday house, and after 1949 the home, of Tom’s sister Florrie in Collaroy, a suburb alongside one of Sydney’s northern surf beaches. Designed and built by Sir John Sulman in 1922, it was an idyllic residence
incorporating ‘Arts and Crafts’ elements on the slope of a hill. Facing northeast, it fanned out to take full advantage of the sun and coastal breezes, and had a huge garden with sweeping lawns, large trees and a tennis court. They often later returned there for enjoyable weekend visits.

Following their stay in ‘Euthella’, although the date is unclear, Tom and Violet moved to rented accommodation in Kurraba Road, Neutral Bay. Tom joined the distributors of Crossley vehicles as a salesman and promised Violet to give up racing for a year. He secretly, however, tested a friend’s racing car and almost had a bad accident. It was not a good omen for the future.

Towards the end of 1926, Tom had a row with the Crossley manager, ‘a pompous little Englishman, and it was unanimously decided that I would be there no longer’. Sir John Sulman suggested buying a service station in Cremorne and financed Tom to do so. By this stage, in spite of his earlier promise to Violet, he was openly and frequently racing. His autobiography is filled with details of the races in which he participated and the cars that he drove. By September 1927, he and Violet were living in a large modern rented apartment at ‘Florida Flats’, 36 Milson Road, Cremorne. Still standing and located on the Cremorne Point foreshore, it has magnificent harbour views. It remained their home for the next three and a half years.

On 6 September 1927, their daughter Diana Inglis Sulman was born at Cooinda Private Hospital in Cremorne, the same hospital in which her future husband Max Carment was born nine years earlier. Tom recalled that this came after ‘three false alarms’. Violet and Tom were
delighted with their new daughter. Diana spent her first few years in the Cremorne flat and joined her parents on frequent motor vehicle visits to their Inglis and Sulman relations. Diana was, as mentioned earlier, a first grandchild for Willie and Mary Inglis, who treated her with much affection. She was the second grandchild for Sir John and Lady Sulman and regularly went to ‘Burrangong’, as well as ‘Euthella’, which often provided a venue for Sulman family gatherings.

In 1928, Tom became unwell. He does not mention the name of his illness in his autobiography, but it affected his sight and hearing and required surgery with a long period of convalescence. As he could not work for several months, he sold the Cremorne service station. Once he returned to normal, he was appointed Sales Manager of New South Wales Motors, agents for the then popular Austin vehicles. He also participated in car trials.

In 1929, Violet informed Tom that she wanted to visit Britain to see her birthplace again. As he was making a good income, he arranged for her to do so with Diana. Violet and Diana arrived in London on Balranald on 17 May 1930 but were back in Fremantle en route to Sydney by the same ship on 8 July that year. The journeys were via Melbourne, Hobart, Adelaide, Fremantle, Colombo, Port Said, Malta and Plymouth. As Tom later wrote, ‘My father had warned me that he considered we were all living beyond our means and it could not last, but I am afraid I did not believe him. Unluckily he was right and I had to cable my wife to return immediately’.

The aborted holiday marked the beginning of the end of the
marriage. At about the time Violet and Diana returned, Tom took up a new job organising Standard motor vehicle sales in New South Wales but before long he was unemployed when, due to the Great Depression, the company for which he worked went into liquidation. For a while, Tom ran motor auctions but found it hard to get much business so he went back to repairing vehicles. In spite of the financial difficulties, he continued his racing. In early 1931, Violet asked Tom for a separation. ‘As’, he recalled, ‘there was just enough money coming in from investments to support her and Diana, I decided to try my luck overseas’. He arrived in Hull, England on Moreton Bay on 13 April 1931. One can only speculate about the reasons for the separation. Violet possibly met her future second husband Wallace Elvy on one of her 1930 voyages. While he does not appear in the Balranald passenger lists, he might have been a crewmember as he had qualified in 1922 as a Second Mate on ‘Foreign-Going Steamships’. It also seems that Violet and Tom were increasingly incompatible due to their differing interests and Tom’s insistence on continuing to race.

Tom found various temporary jobs in England, including repairing and driving vehicles, looking after an aeroplane, and operating a cinema projector, before being employed as a salesman at the Bedford truck agency at Hendon near London. In early 1932, Violet attempted to rescue the marriage when she and Diana sailed to England to join Tom there, arriving at London on Strathnaver on 22 April 1932. Tom got a new job at Maidenhead near London selling Hillman cars. The family lived at ‘Peace Cottage’, a traditional house with a thatched roof, in
Cookham Dean, a beautiful small village in the Thames Valley. Although Diana later said that she could scarcely recall her time in ‘Peace Cottage’, when I was a small boy she drew me a picture of it. It was from Cookham Dean that Violet wrote one of her few surviving letters. To her future sister in law Irene, on the back of an undated postcard depicting ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin’, a local inn, the short letter reads:

_Irene Dear A little inn in this quaint old village Do write again soon. I am better now but have had a rotten skin. Hope our Norman has something to do [illegible word] this. Master still hasn’t. Much love

Violet_

‘It was wonderful’, Tom writes, ‘having my daughter with me again but the marriage was still not a success’. Possibly the breaking point came for Violet when, in an argument over sales commissions, Tom angrily pushed his employer through a closed glass office door and lost his job. Although I remember Tom as a gentle person, his autobiography reveals several nasty instances in which he violently attacked people with whom he disagreed. Diana, in spite of loving him dearly, once noted without further comment that he was an unpleasant person when drunk. She said on another occasion that ‘Peace Cottage’ was ‘far from peaceful’. While the later divorce papers are not specific about when Violet commenced a relationship with Wallace Elvy, they suggest that it was while she and Tom were at ‘Peace Cottage’. ‘My wife and I’, Tom’s autobiography briefly records, ‘decided to part for good and she went back to Australia with my daughter’.
Violet and Diana arrived in Fremantle en route to Sydney on *Barrabool* on 20 February 1933. Diana, accompanied by a nurse, was unwell with whooping cough for most of the voyage. *The Sydney Morning Herald* of 3 April 1933 has a news item featuring Violet’s photograph which states:

*Mrs. Tom Sulman, who is out here on a visit, and is staying with her father, Major Inglis, of Arthur Street, Kogarah. Mrs. Sulman will be returning soon to England. Her husband is the son of Sir John Sulman.*

As earlier discussed, Diana commenced school at Danebank shortly after returning to Australia. Violet appears to have resumed contact with the Sulman family as there are photographs from this period of Diana and her at ‘Euthella’.

Violet’s return to Britain to be reunited with Wallace was not as rapid as she hoped. For whatever reasons, it was delayed until her departure on *Orsova* on 18 December 1933. It is clear from her mother in law’s diary that she left in some secrecy. She arranged to see Sir John and Lady Sulman on 10 January 1934 but by then she was well on her way to Britain, leaving Diana with Willie and Mary. Violet seems to have confided in her sister in law Joan, who on 5 January 1934 told Lady Sulman ‘of Violet going to England etc’. Sue George remembers family conversations indicating that her father Bill Inglis tried to prevent Violet from leaving Australia. Willie and Mary must have been aware of their daughter’s plan but their reactions to it are unknown. Violet never saw
Australia or her family there again.

Violet’s return voyage to England was a difficult time for her. While she no doubt looked forward to seeing Wallace Elvy once more, she also missed her six-year-old daughter. Diana told me on various occasions that she could not remember receiving any letters from Violet once she departed. After my mother’s death, however, I discovered that she had kept two letters from Violet in a small bag of important family papers that were carefully packed in the early 1970s. The first of these, an incomplete and undated note on the back of an Orsova card reads:

*My Darling Baby. I do hope you are cheerful and happy. I miss you dreadfully. Be a good little girl, remember to speak nicely and write to me often. I thought you would like this picture of a ship. Darling you wont be away from me any more than six months so be very happy and...*

Tom’s failed marriage caused great anguish for the Sulman family. For much of 1934 Diana lived with Joan and Bruce Shallard, attending Danebank with their daughter Barbara. Lady Sulman’s diary for the year records quite frequent contact with Diana, no doubt in an attempt to compensate for her parents’ absence. In a 2003 interview about her time at Danebank Diana said, ‘I didn’t have a mother’ and the school’s principal assumed that role for her. Even in her last years, she was most reluctant to discuss the trauma she must have experienced. Her cousin Barbara believed that Diana’s deliberately positive, ‘Pollyanna’ like, attitude to life originated as a response to separation from her parents. Lady Sulman’s 1934 diary includes some brief but revealing
entries regarding the marriage breakdown:

9 January

*Dad* [Sir John Sulman] ...*to see Major Inglis.*

19 April

*Major & Mrs Inglis here to tea.*

4 May

*Dad* excited over business re Tom & Violet.

21 August

*Joan came over with a letter from Tom under cover to her – a very worrying one.*

The diary also chronicles the last days of Sir John Sulman’s life until his death on 18 August 1934. Despite being very ill, he was, his biographer Zenaida S. Edwards observes of the diary, ‘more worried about his children’s well-being than his own’ and was particularly concerned about Tom’s failed marriage and the care of Diana. Shortly before his death, he carefully altered his will to ensure that it totally excluded Violet from receiving any benefits.

Wallace Hall Elvy, for whom Violet sacrificed so much, was born in South Stoneham, Hampshire, England in March 1903. His parents were Wallace John Elvy, a marine surveyor and later a civil servant who received the Imperial Service Order, and Ellen Mary Elvy. In 1911, he had three brothers and two sisters. Little further is known of his life before he met Violet and I was unable to locate any photographs of him.
As discussed, he and Violet may have met on one of her voyages between England and Australia and they appear to have developed their relationship in 1932. In Tom’s petition for a divorce of 21 May 1937, it is alleged that Violet ‘frequently committed adultery with Wallace Elvy’ and that ‘from the 11th day of May 1936 to the 12th day of July 1936 in the Old Star Inn, Collingham near Leeds in the County of York the Respondent [Violet] committed adultery with the said Wallace Elvy’.

Violet’s life between early 1934 and 1936 is largely unrecorded. She at least occasionally communicated with her parents and Diana and sent them two glamorous studio photographs. The second of her surviving letters to Diana is dated, in Lady Sulman’s handwriting, 11 October 1935. On the back of a postcard depicting a Norman church porch in Headingley, a suburb of Leeds, it says:

*This church is just near where I live & is one of the oldest in England. Thank you for the snaps [photographs] and your letter Darling but what a big girl you are. It has been terrible. It looks very like war here [the Italian invasion of Abyssinia started in October 1935]. Everyone expects it. It is very worrying as if that happens I must get you to me here even if I have to come & fetch you myself. Im saving up as much as I can so I might be able to soon. All my love my Darling, Mummy.*

Violet did not contest Tom’s divorce petition nor did she seek custody of Diana. On the last matter, the court ordered on 19 July 1937 that:
The child, issue of the marriage between the Petitioner and the Respondent, do remain in custody of the Petitioner until further order of the Court. And it appearing that such child is at present residing out of the jurisdiction of the Court and the Court giving leave it is further ordered that the said child be not removed from the care of the parents of the Respondent with whom she is at present residing at “Argyle” Arthur Street Kogarah New South Wales Australia until further order of the Court.

Violet is shown in the divorce papers as living at 78 Durham Road, Sheffield and Tom at 24B Clifton Gardens, Maida Vale, London. The addresses may have been mistaken, as 19B Clifton Gardens, a still standing block of flats in Paddington, which adjoins Maida Vale, was where Violet and Wallace lived after the divorce. The marriage was finally dissolved on 30 January 1938.

In the British world of the late 1930s, divorce still carried a moral stigma. It was a major barrier to social respectability. The legislation under which Tom initially sued Violet for divorce required proven evidence of adultery. King Edward VIII’s unsuccessful efforts in 1936 to obtain church and government approval to marry a divorced woman while remaining on the throne resulted in his abdication and exile. ‘No fault’ divorces in Australia and Britain did not emerge until well after the Second World War. Divorced individuals, particularly those judged the ‘guilty’ parties, were frequently seen as embarrassing their families. The
Inglis and Sulman families dealt with Tom and Violet’s divorce by hardly ever mentioning it. It was not until I was a teenager in the 1960s that I learned about the divorce.

It must be assumed that Violet did not seek custody of Diana because she knew that, as the ‘guilty’ party, she was most unlikely to receive it. She also wished to marry Wallace even if that meant not being with her daughter again. She obviously loved Diana but she either loved Wallace more or naively believed that she and Diana could one day be reunited. Her adultery with Wallace at Collingham in 1936 was probably deliberately arranged and made known to Tom’s solicitor to hasten the divorce. The legal system forced Violet to make at least a temporary choice between the man she wanted to marry and her daughter. Diana once told me that she had no letters from Violet after the divorce. That might be incorrect as she also failed to remember or chose not to reveal the letters she did receive in 1934 and 1935. The perception here, nevertheless, was as important as the reality. It was part of the inevitably complicated memory that she developed of her mother.

A few years before Diana died in December 2005, issues about Violet re-emerged when my sister Annie fostered a child, Johnson Lorenzo, whose mother no longer wanted to look after him. Annie later wrote:

She [Diana] often asked me about Johnson’s Mum [who was still living] and was very reluctant to criticise her – she really seemed to be searching for some understanding about why his Mum was not trying to
get her children back.

She told me that the hardest thing for her was not knowing whether her mother had been prevented from having her (by the Sulman family? by social convention?) or just didn’t want her.

She really wanted to know whether her mother was bonded to her and suffering from the loss or had never properly bonded.

Wallace, described as a sales manager, and Violet were married on 2 March 1938 at the Register Office in Leeds North. They were both then living at the Great Northern Hotel in Leeds. Before long, though, they were at Clifton Gardens and Wallace was working as a salesman based in London.

Shortly after 10 pm on 1 April 1939, Wallace was driving Violet in their small car at the junction of Tavistock Square and Bedford-way in central London. When they were about half way across the road junction they collided with a larger car. Neither driver sounded a horn. Violet suffered laceration of the pulmonary artery and other multiple injuries and died shortly after being admitted to the University College Hospital in Gower Street, London. At the inquest, Wallace, who was not seriously hurt, said that he saw the other car approaching some distance away but thought he had time to go across in front of it and went straight on. He was nearly across when Violet told him to look out, as the other car would hit them. ‘I turned and all I saw was headlights’, he added. The driver of the larger car claimed that he looked right and left before reaching the crossing but saw nothing coming. He was very much
surprised when the Elvys’ vehicle suddenly appeared. Although he braked immediately, it was impossible to avoid the collision.

The inquest jury decided that it was a case of ‘accidental death’ but both drivers should have exercised more care. Tom Sulman, coincidentally also killed in a car crash while racing in Australia in 1970, once told me that Violet was at the wheel yet the extensive documentation regarding her death shows that was not the case. English road rules were poorly enforced and there were no driving licence tests until 1934, and then only for new drivers. The number of people killed on English roads in the 1930s was greater than those killed 30 years later when the number of cars had increased six times.

Having never apparently been in a paid job and receiving nothing from Sir John Sulman’s will, Violet’s estate was very modest. She did not leave a will and her effects were valued at only 25 Pounds. Wallace, described in the probate records as a chemical products salesman, was named executor of the estate.

There is an intriguing postscript to the story of Violet’s untimely passing. Late in the Second World War, when Diana was living with Lady Sulman at ‘Burrangong’, Wallace visited Sydney as a Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve and attempted to contact his stepdaughter. He telephoned Bill Inglis who, after consulting his brother Norman, strongly advised against any such contact. Wallace must have persisted as he also tried to speak with Diana at ‘Burrangong’. My sister Annie remembers our mother saying that she overheard Lady Sulman telling Wallace on the telephone that he could not talk to her. It is impossible to know exactly
why Wallace was so keen to communicate with Diana, but he may well have had personal effects from Violet that he wanted to pass on to her.

Like Violet, Wallace was not destined for a long life. He died aged 48 on 17 March 1951 of cardiac failure, status asthmaticus and acute bronchitis. He was then living at Burton on Trent and employed as a personnel officer with Artificial Silk Manufacturers. He left Dorothy Mary Elvy (formerly Reeves), whom he married in 1941, as a widow. The causes of his death were similar to symptoms consistent with influenza and a very severe English winter in early 1951 caused an influenza epidemic with an unusually high death toll. I was unable to discover what happened to his widow. There is no record of any children.

My London friend Christine Pittman after researching some of Violet’s experiences in England for me perceptively commented, ‘It all sounds very sad. I feel as if Violet led a life that was fast and loose, because she had to fit all into such a short time’. Violet’s sudden and untimely death also largely explains why, in spite of our best efforts to uncover her story, there are so many unanswered and unanswerable questions. Although I now know a good deal more about her than I once did, the grandmother I never met remains a mysterious and shadowy figure.

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Violet Sulman (formerly Inglis) in about 1934
Violet Inglis in about 1914
Violet Inglis (back row, last on left) with her class at Saint George Girls High School in 1918. Kath Broome, bridesmaid at her wedding in 1926, is next to her in the same row.
Photograph from the records of St George Girls High School

Tom Sulman in about 1926
Violet Sulman immediately following her wedding in 1926
‘Euthella’ in 1922

The former ‘Florida Flats’ in 2009
Photographed by the author
Violet Sulman and Diana Sulman at ‘Argyll’ in 1927

Diana Sulman, Tom Sulman and Violet Sulman in 1928
Violet Sulman, undated postcard to Irene Towers (later Inglis) in about 1932

Violet Sulman and Diana Sulman at ‘Euthella’ in 1933
Violet Sulman, undated postcard to Diana Sulman in early 1934
19B Clifton Gardens in 2009
Photographed by Christine Pittman
CONCLUSION

SCOTTISH-AUSTRALIAN LIVES
In considering Scottish national characteristics, the historian of the Scots in Australia Malcolm Prentis lists ‘wanderers, thrifty, patriotic, clannish, family-minded, adaptable and possessed of a dry humour’. Many members of the Carment and Inglis families demonstrated these traits. They moved to and lived in various parts of Scotland and the British Empire. Most (although not all) appear to have been at least moderately thrifty. They were generally clannish and family-minded, even when separated by distance from close relations. Their adaptability in coping with new economic, emotional, geographic and religious circumstances was also often demonstrated. The first David Carment and Willie and Violet Inglis probably showed the greatest sense of humour but it was not absent from many of the others.

T. M. Devine’s recent arguments regarding the Scottish global diaspora are equally applicable. He writes that Scottish emigrants were usually ‘Protestant, literate, and often highly skilled or semi-skilled in the techniques and practices of an advanced industrial and agrarian economy’. They were, as the Carment and Inglis experiences reveal, usually dawn abroad ‘not by crisis or disaster, but by a desire to exploit opportunities and achieve aspirations not easily satisfied in the homeland’. The migrations to Australia of David Carment and Willie Inglis were part of what Devine describes as ‘the vitally important Scottish intellectual, professional and military diaspora’.

Like numerous other migrating Scots, all but one member of the Carment and Inglis families who went to Australia identified with their new country to the extent of not leaving it permanently. At the same
time, at least some shared what Prentis describes as the ‘strong sense of nostalgia’ that many Australian Scots retained and which coincided with what Devine calls the ‘re-invention of Scottish identity in the homeland’ from the early nineteenth century onwards. The British Empire, Devine suggests, ‘did not so much dilute the sense of Scottishness but strengthened it, by powerfully reinforcing a sense of national esteem and confirming that Scots had become equal partners with the English in the imperial mission’. As Prentis further observes, Scottish immigrants to Australia were both Scottish and British before their arrival. This ‘dual national identity’ allowed David Carment in the late nineteenth century and Willie Inglis and most of his family in the early twentieth century to move easily from being Scottish-British to Scottish-British-Australian. It also enabled Violet Inglis and, for a time, David Shallard Carment to move quickly in the opposite direction.

In the early twenty first century, the links with Scotland for the extended Carment and Inglis families in Australia are much weaker than even half a century ago but they are still present. Numerous family members have visited Scotland, seeking out places like Comrie and Stirling Castle where their ancestors lived. While their sense of belonging to Australia greatly exceeds feelings of Scottishness, most remain conscious of and curious about these.

Sources

INDEX

(Full names of family members are listed wherever they are known.)

Aberdeen 20, 61
Abyssinia (now Ethiopia) 162
Actuarial Science 60, 66
Actuarial Society of America 60
Actuarial Society of Australasia 66
Actuarial Society of New South Wales 66
Adams Hotel’s Silver Grill, Sydney 97
Adelaide 156
Agnes Rose 61
Aird, Gustavus 32
Airlie 22-23, 45
Aldershot 113-114
Algebra 51
Allan, Janet 16
Alvechurch 62
America’s Cup 93-94
Amsterdam 66
Anderson, Caroline 24
Anderson, Jean 13-15, 31
Anderson, Marion 24, 59
Annals of the Free Church of Scotland 20-21
Antwerp Cathedral 48
Arbuckle, Marion 83
Architecture 93, 134, 153, 155
‘Argyll’ 6, 120-121, 129, 131, 133-136, 148, 152, 163
Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders 6, 112, 114-116, 119, 124-125
Argyllshire Highlanders 112
Arithmetic 51
Army campaign and service medals 117, 119, 128-129
Army Reserve, Australia 118
Army Reserve, Great Britain 81
Arthur Street, Kogarah 120, 159, 163
Artificial Silk Manufacturers 167
Ash, Barbara Joan 9, 160
Ashanti War, Third 46
Athene 68-69, 78, 90, 94
Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science 67
Australia 6-9, 25, 46, 51, 61-63, 66-67, 120, 122, 128, 130, 151, 166, 181-182
Australian army 120, 129
Australian Commonwealth Shipping Board 85
Australian Imperial Force (A.I.F.) 92, 124-126, 128
Australian Military Forces 120, 129
Australian Mutual Provident Society (A.M.P.) 60-61, 65-66
Australian Naval and Military Expeditionary Force 122
Australian War Memorial 97, 123
Australians 126
Ayr 32, 83
Balfour, Dr. 21
Balmoral 95
Balanranald 156-157
Baptist Church 16, 24
Barrabool 159
Bates, Miss 136
Bedford-way, London 165
Beith, Alexander 23
Belgium 48, 127-128
Bennett Street, Cremorne 91, 96
Benson, G. E. 117
Berrima 122
Berzins, Baiba 9
Best, Florence Gwendoline: see Inglis, Florence Gwendoline
Birth 6, 13, 15-16, 20, 22, 30, 43, 44-46, 59, 62, 70, 80, 83, 85-86, 92-93, 111-114, 118, 129, 133, 135, 151, 153, 155, 161
Bitapaka 122
Black, Morrice 60, 65
Blackie, John 59
Blainey, Geoffrey 66
Blairgowrie 50, 82
Bligh Street, Sydney 63
Blue Mountains 64, 87, 89, 153-154
Boers 114-117
Boer War 114-117, 119
Bolton, Jane: see Shallard, Jane
Boomerang Cup 68
Borneo 92
Boston 80-81
Boston Athletics Club 80
Bougainville 122
Bowral District Hospital 100
Brass finishing 111
British 67, 182
British and Mercantile Insurance Company 60
British Empire 122, 124, 181-182
Brittany 51
Broken Bay 69
Broome, Kathleen (Kath) 152, 154, 173
Broughty Castle: see Broughty Ferry Castle
Broughty Ferry 51
Broughty Ferry Castle 23
Brown, Stewart J. 29
Bullecourt 128
Buller, Sir Redvers 114-115
Bunclue, Mary Allan 47
Bundanoon 89
‘Burradoo House’ 100
‘Burrangong’ 153, 156, 166
Burton on Trent 167
Caithness 15, 16
Calder, Hugh 21
Cama, Nicole 9, 68
Canada 9, 47
Canberra 89, 97
Cape Colony 117
Carement 12
Cairemont 12
Cairemount 12
Cairmont 12
Cairnmount 12
Cairmount 12
Calvinism 13
Canisbay 20
Cape Town 114-115
Cape Town to Kimberley railway line 115
Captains Courageous 95
Careening Cove 69, 91
Caremont, John 15
Carlton 120
Carment family 6, 12
Carment, Abigail 13
Carment, Agnes 13
Carment, Ann: see Carment, Annie Sulman
Carment, Anne Jane: see Watson, Anne Jane
Carment, Annie Sulman 9, 93, 95, 97, 108, 134-136, 150, 164-165-166
Carment, Bertha 13
Carment, Caroline: see Anderson, Carment
Carment, Christian: see Drummond, Christian
Carment, David (1772-1856) 14, 16, 20-32, 36, 43, 59
Carment, David (early nineteenth century) 23
Carment, David (1843-1934) 30, 46, 49, 51, 59-71, 74, 78-80, 185, 181-182
Carment, David (1876) 63
Carment, David B. 9
Carment, David Maxwell (Max) 9, 61-63, 66, 68-69, 79-80, 84-87, 89-90, 92-93, 95-100, 105, 134, 136, 150, 155
Carment, David Shallard 6-7, 9, 63, 65-70, 79-100, 103, 108-109, 182
Carment, David Sulman 6-9, 26, 64, 93, 95, 97, 108, 121, 130, 134-135, 150, 158, 160, 164
Carment, David William (Bill) 9
Carment Drive, Glasgow 24
Carment, Elizabeth: see Dunnet, Elizabeth
Carment, Elizabeth (1823-1873) 23, 32
Carment, Elizabeth (1850-1913) 47
Carment, Elizabeth (Lizzy or Lizzie) (1847-1931) 62-66, 70-71, 75, 78, 80, 85, 181
Carment, Elizabeth Charlotte: see Maxwell, Elizabeth Charlotte
Carment, Elizabeth Edith (Bessie) 6, 63-66, 70-71, 77, 85, 108
Carment, Ernest James 63
Carment, Helen 13
Carment, Ida Marion Arbuckle 6, 70, 83-97, 103, 105, 107-108
Carment, Isabella 24
Carment, Isabella Anne (Bella) 47, 51
Carment, James (early eighteenth century) 13
Carment, James (?-1812) 15-16, 20
Carment, James (1816-1880) 20, 21, 23, 26, 30, 43-44, 46, 48-51, 54, 56-60
Carment, James (1847-1931) 47
Carment, Jannat 15
Carment, Jane 24
Carment, Janet: see Allan, Janet
Carment, Jean: see Anderson, Jean
Carment, Jean 16
Carment, John: see Caremont, John
Carment, John (Carron, eighteenth century) 16, 20
Carment, John (Edinburgh, early eighteenth century) 13
Carment, John (1672-1733) 13, 14, 15, 31
Carment, John (1817-1901) 23-24, 29, 39, 43, 59
Carment, John (1845-1933) 32, 47
Carment, Joseph (1832-?) 24
Carment, Joseph (Joe) (1864-1945) 47, 51, 56
Carment, Joseph Maxwell (Maxwell) 63
Carment, Laura Mary 9, 47
Carment, Malcolm (1827-1842) 24
Carment, Malcolm (1856-1936) 47, 56
Carment, Margaret (early eighteenth century) 13
Carment, Margaret (1830-1834) 24
Carment, Margaret (Maggie) (1852-1869) 47
Carment, Margaret: see Stormonth, Margaret
Carment, Marion: see Anderson, Marion
Carment, Marion (early eighteenth century): see Simsone, Marion
Carment, Marion (1917-): see Wood, Marion Carment
Carment, Mary Allan: see Buncle, Mary Allan
Carment, Patrick 12
Carment, Paul Maxwell 9
Carment, Samuel (1825-1834) 23
Carment, Samuel (Sam) (1848-1921) 47
Carment, Thomas Maxwell (Tom) (1954-): 9, 93, 95, 98, 108-109, 134, 150
Carment, Thomas Maxwell (United States, twentieth century) 9
Carment, William Maxwell (Willie) 47
Carments 6, 12, 25, 181
Carmont 12
Carmont, John: see Caremont, John
Carron 16, 20
Carss Park 121
Central Training Depot, Sydney 129
Chalmers, Thomas 21, 28, 43
Channel Islands 118
Chartered accountancy 90, 93
Chatham 118, 151
Chesapeake Bay 81
China 99
Church Hill, Sydney 154
Church of England 136
Church of Scotland 13, 20, 25, 28-29, 31, 44
Church of Scotland Divinity Hall, Aberdeen 20
Church of Scotland General Assembly 25, 29
Cinerama 95
Circular Quay, Sydney 61
Citizen Military Forces 129
Citizen soldiers 120
Claremont Street Wesleyan Church 83
Class 7, 27, 112, 121, 153
Clifton Gardens, London 163, 165, 179
Clifton Gardens, Sydney 94, 97, 108, 135, 150
Clyde River 81, 83
Cobh: see Queenstown
Cockatoo Dockyard 85, 89, 91
Cockatoo Island 85, 92, 105
Coles cafeteria 97
Collaroy 154
College Street, Sydney 80
Collingham 162, 164
Colombo 156
Communion Stones, Skeoch Hills 14
Comrie 30, 44, 48, 50, 52, 57, 59, 63, 182
Comrie churches 48, 50, 56
Comrie Free Church School 48, 59
Comrie manse 48
Conservative (Tory) Party 48
Convocation of Ministers 47
Cooinda Private Hospital 155
Cookham Dean 155
Cornwall 13
Coull 45
Court Jester 95
Cove 86
‘Cove’ 86-88, 90-91, 104
Covenanter 13-14, 31
‘Cragievar’ 6, 91-97, 107
Cragievar Castle 91
Cremorne 6, 91, 95, 155-156
Cremorne Point 155
Crimean War 46
Cromarty Firth 24
Croy 21
Cumberland 13
Cunningham, Robert 59
Dalcross Private Hospital 100
Danebank School 131, 159-160
David, Sir Edgeworth 68
David Jones 95
Davison, Graeme 6-7
Devine, T. M. 7, 181-182
Dewar, Mickey 9
Dick, Mr. 82
Disraeli, Benjamin 49
Disruption, the 28-30, 43, 47
Divinity Hall, Aberdeen 20
Divorce 8, 130, 158, 162-165
‘Domira’ 93
Donaldson, Ross and Company 61
Dr. Bell’s School 113
Donald, Andrew 48
Dornoch Firth 20
‘Dreams’ 131-132
Dresden 64
Drummond, Christian 47
Dublin 117
Duke Street Gaelic Chapel 21, 22
Dumfries 12-13
Dumfries and Galloway 12, 14
Dundee 23, 44, 45, 46, 51
Dunnet, Elizabeth 15, 16
Dunnet, Malcolm 15
Dunnet Head 15
Durham 111
Durham Road, Sheffield 163
Dutch 114

Economic changes 7, 89, 112, 129, 181
Education 6-7, 25, 43, 59, 62, 65, 80, 84, 89, 90, 94, 113, 134, 151-152
Edinburgh 12-13, 16, 46-47, 49-50, 60-61, 111-114, 133
Edinburgh Castle 112
Edinburgh Institution 59
Edward, Isobel 23
Edward VII, King 163
Edwards, Zenaida S. (Zeny) 9, 161
Egypt 124-125
Eighth Division 92
Elizabeth I, Queen 89
Elizabeth II, Queen 89
Elvy, Dorothy Mary 167
Elvy, Ellen Mary 161
Elvy, Violet Louise 6, 118, 128-132, 135, 151-167, 171-174, 176-178, 181-182
Elvy, Wallace Hall 130, 157, 159-167
Elvy, Wallace John 161
Embroidery 88-89, 96, 106
England 12, 113, 118, 128, 130, 159-160
English 21, 25, 27, 44, 48, 59, 111

English Cannel 22
Enzie Chapel 15
Ethiopia: see Abyssinia
Europe 50, 66, 94
‘Euthella’ 154-156, 175
Evangelicals 28-29, 31
Evans, Tanya 8, 9
Faculty of Actuaries 60
Falkirk 119
Family history 7-8
Ferguson, Isabella 46
Ferguson, John 46
Ferguson, Mary Ann: see Inglis, Mary Ann
Ferguson, Peter 113-114, 117
Ferguson, Susan 113-114
Fire insurance 60
First Division 115
First Edinburgh Rifle Volunteer Brigade 60
First World War 81, 122-129
Fleshmarket Close, Edinburgh 113-114, 143
‘Florida Flats’ 155, 175
Fochabers 15, 20
Forfar 22-23
Fourth London General Hospital 128
France 12, 51, 84, 125
Free Church of Scotland 28-31, 44, 47, 60
Freemasonry 130
Fremantle 156, 159
French 51, 124, 16
French Government 123

Gaelic 14, 20-21, 25, 27, 31, 44,
Shallard, Elizabeth
Holmes, William 122-123
Holyroodhouse 12
Hong Kong 113
Honolulu 80
Houghton vineyards 46
Huguenot 62
Hull 157
Hunt, June 9
Huntleys Point 85-86
Hurstville 120, 131

Illegitimacy 8, 24
Iluka Road, Clifton Gardens 97, 108
Imperial Service Club 129
India 24
Indian Mutiny 46
Inglis, Adam 111-112, 114-115, 119
Inglis, David William 9, 129-130, 147
Inglis, Diana Barbara (Sue): see George, Diana Barbara (Sue)
Inglis, Florence Gwendoline 129, 136, 147, 153
Inglis, Irene May 9, 129, 133, 148, 158, 177
Inglis, Janet 83
Inglis, Joan 111
Inglis, Marshall 111-112, 114-116
Inglis, Mary 114
Inglis, Mary Ann 6, 113-114, 116-117, 120-121, 129-136, 142, 147-149, 153-154, 156, 159, 161
Inglis, Normal Argyll 118, 123, 129, 133-136, 148, 151, 158, 166
Inglis, Robyn May: see McAlpine, Robyn May
Inglis, Violet Louise: see Elvy Violet Louise
Inglis, William (about 1852-?) 114
Inglis, William (Willie) (1873-1941) 6, 111-134, 141, 144-147, 149, 152, 154, 156, 159, 161, 181-182
Inglis, William Anderson (Bill) 114, 118, 129, 134, 136, 147, 151, 159, 166
Inglis family 181
Institute of Actuaries of Great Britain and Ireland 60
Institute of Marine Engineers 81
Institution of Naval Architects: see Royal Institution of Naval Architects
International Congresses of Actuaries 66
Ireland 114, 117
Isaacs, Jennifer 88
Invergordon 24, 30
Inverness 21
Irongray 13, 14, 15

Jacobite rebellions 14, 23
Jamaica 45
Japan 66
Japanese 67
James Edward, Prince 14
James VII, King 14
Jenolan Caves 89
Jeremy, John 85
Jersey 51
Jesus Christ 25, 50
Johannesburg 116
John Brown and Company 81
Joske, Prue 46, 48

Kaiser Wilhelmsland 122
Kakabaul 122
Kalucy, Elizabeth Carment (Libby) 9, 64, 92-98, 108-109
Kamsack 47
Kauri 68
Kaye, Danny 95
Keiss 15-16, 19, 20
Keiss Castle 16
Kermount 12
Kieta 122
‘Kihilla’ 153
King’s Birthday 130
Kirribilli 92
Kirkudbright 12, 16
Kirkudbrightshire 12
‘Killing Times’ 14
Kilmarnock 83
Kilmarnock Academy 893
Kimberley 115
Kincardine 20
Kinclune 22
King’s College, Aberdeen 20, 43
Kipling, Rudyard 95
Kirribilli 92, 94
Kitchener, Earl (Lord) 116, 120
Knox, Dorothy 132
Kogarah 6, 120-121, 129, 131, 133, 151-152, 159, 163
Kogarah Superior School 151
Kurrajong Heights 89

Ladysmith 115
Largs 32
Latin 16, 59
Lawson 153
Leeds 162
Leeds North 165
Légion d’honneur 123
Liberal Party 48
Life Insurance 60
Lindfield 129, 136
Loch Long 86
Lochenkit 14
Lochgoilhead 50
Lochrutton 15, 19
Lochrutton Loch 15
London 61, 70, 128, 156-157, 163, 165
Lorenzo, Johnson 164
Loreto Convent, Kirribilli 92
Love, Dr. 21
Loveday, Peter 9
Luke, Mr. 84
Luke, Mrs 84

MacDonald, Ian R. 22
Macdonald, Mr. 21
Macdonald, Sir Hector 116
MacDonald, Ross 98
Mackie and Thomson 81, 83
Mackie, Ida Marion Arbuckle: see Carment, Ida Marion Arbuckle
Mackie, Jane: see Stewart, Jane
Mackie, Janetta Inglis Wyllie (Netta): see Murray, Janetta Inglis Wyllie (Netta)
Mackie, Jessie Inglis Wyllie 83, 87, 104-105
Mackie, John 83
Mackie, Marion: see Arbuckle, Marion
Mackie, William Arbuckle 81, 83-84, 87, 104
Macquarie Park Cemetery 100
Mafeking 115
Magersfontein Kopje 115
Maida Vale 163
Maidenhead 157
Malaya 92
Mao Tse-tung 99
Maritime Services Board 134
Marseilles 125
Maryhill barracks 114
Masefield, Annie Elizabeth: see Sulman, Annie Elizabeth
Massachusetts Institute of Technology (M.I.T.) 80-81
Mathematics 59-60, 99
Maxwell, Ann: see Ogilvy, Ann
Maxwell, Annie 45
Maxwell, David (1657-1727) 45
Maxwell, David (twentieth century) 9
Maxwell, Elizabeth (Betsy): see Stormonth, Elizabeth (Betsy)
Maxwell, Elizabeth Charlotte 44-46, 48, 50-52, 55, 82
Maxwell, Isabella: see Ferguson, Isabella
Maxwell, James 46
Maxwell, John 44-46
Maxwell, Lily 45
Maxwell, Patrick 45
Maxwell, William 45
Maxwells 44
McAlpine, Robert 9
McAlpine, Robyn May 9, 121, 133-134, 136, 150
McDonnell, Catherine: see McDowell, Catherine
McDowell, Catherine 24
McDowell, Catherine
McMahons Point 134, 153
McRae, Finlay 43
Médaille Militaire 123-124, 141
Medicine 90
Melbourne 62, 94, 128, 156
Melrose 32
Melville College 59
Methodist Church 87
Methuen, Lord 115
Middle East 92
Migration 7, 181-182
Miller, Hugh 31
Milson Road, Cremorne 155
Military Cross 127, 141
Military Married Quarters, Stirling Castle 118, 151
Miss Crymble’s school 46
Modder River 115
Montcalm 124
Montrose, Duchess of 118
Moor, Martin 32
Moray 15-16, 20
Moreton Bay 157
Morton, H. V. 31
Mosman 6, 94, 136
Mosman Bowling Club 94
Motor vehicles and motoring 89-90, 94, 97, 154-157, 165-166, 176
Mount Kosciusko 89
Mouquet Farm 126-127
Mull 43
Murray, Janetta Inglis Keith (Shiona): see Guite, Janetta 193
(Shiona)
Murray, Janetta Inglis Wyllie
(Netta) 82-83, 87
Murray, John 83
Murray, Sandra 9

National identity 6-8, 67, 151, 181-182
Naval architecture 69-70, 80-83, 91-93
Netherlands, The 48
Neutral Bay 61, 69, 86, 155
Neutral Bay wharf 96
New Abbey 16
New Britain 122
New Cemetery, Comrie 50, 56
New Guinea 122-123, 133
New South Wales 60, 62, 100, 152, 157
New South Wales University of Technology 93
New Statistical Account of Scotland 27-28
New York 66, 91
New Zealand 9, 66, 68
Norman invasion of England 12
Normandy 84
North America 24
North Harbour 68
North Sydney 6, 63, 70, 80
North Uist 43
North West Territories 47
Northern Ireland 13
Northern Suburbs Crematorium 97

Ogilvie, Mary 45
Ogilvy, Ann 45

Old Parochial Register 15
Old Star Inn 162
Olivebank 83
Olympic Games, Melbourne 94
Orange Free State 114, 116
Orange River 115
Oxford Companion to Australian Military History, The 125-126
Oxford Companion to Scottish History, The 29
Orsova, 159-160, 178

Paardeberg 116
Paddington 163
Paisley 118-119, 151
Park Road, Kogarah 129
Parramatta River 62
Partick 83
Paton, David 28, 31
Paton, Hubert 119
Paul 25
Payne, Alan 93
‘Peace Cottage’ 157-158
Pearsie 23, 38, 107
Peek, Robin Coello 9
Permanent Australian Military Forces 120
Perpetual Trustee Company 89
Perth, Australia 46
Perth, Scotland 30, 44, 51
Perth Bible Institute 24
Petty’s Hotel 154
Phar Lap 132
Philharmonic Society 67
Phillips Street, Neutral Bay 86
Pillans, James 59
Pitt Street, Sydney 62
Pittman, Christine 9, 167
Plymouth 156
Port Said 156
Pozieres 126-127
Pozieres Heights 126
Practical Mathematics 59
Prentis, Malcolm D. 8, 181-182
Presbyterian Church 64, 67, 87, 133
Presbyterian Church’s General Assembly of Australia 70
Presbyterian Ladies College, Pymble 131
Pretoria 116
Prince of Wales Masonic Lodge 130
Princes Street, Edinburgh 112
Pymble, 131-132

Quarantine Bay 69
Queen Mary 91-92
Queen Street, Edinburgh 59
Queen’s Own Cameron Highlanders 112
Queensland 133
Queenstown 114

Rabaul 122-123
Rathven Old Kirkyard 16
Reed, Virginia Marion (Ginny) 93, 108
Reeves, Dorothy Mary: see Elvy, Dorothy Mary
Reform movement, British 22
Reid, Sir George 68, 70, 78
Reilly, Susan: see Ferguson, Susan
Register Office, Leeds North 165
Richards, Eric 28
Richmond Street, Glasgow 23
Riet River 115
Riley, Susan: see Ferguson, Susan
Roberts, Earl (Lord) 116
Robertson, John Gray 94, 96
Robertson, Sir William 119
Rockdale 120
Roman occupation of Comrie 44
Ross 24, 28
‘Ross-shire insurrection’
Rosskeen 24-32, 41-42
Rosskeen churches 26, 27, 30, 41
Rosskeen manse 26, 42
Rosslyn, Earl of 23
Rowland, Jenny 9
Roxburgh 12, 32
Royal Institution of Naval Architects 81, 93
Royal Naval Reserve 16
Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club 68, 90
Royal Prince Edward Yacht Club 90
Royal Society of New South Wales 67
Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron 68, 90, 94, 96, 97, 100, 108

Sage, Donald 26
Sailing: see Yachting
Saint Clement’s Parish, Dundee 44
Saint George district 120, 130
Saint George District Intermediate Hospital 133
Saint George Girls High School 151-152, 173
Saint George Regiment 129
Saint James Square, Edinburgh 111
Saint Malo 51
Saint Peter’s Presbyterian Church 67, 70
Saint Philip’s Church of England 62
Saint Tudy 13
San Francisco 80
Sandeman’s boatshed 69
Saskatchewan 47
Scalpa 21
Scotland 6-8, 12-16, 26-27, 44, 60, 68, 81, 87, 118, 151, 181-182
Scots Kirk 6, 94
Scots Presbyterian Church 154
Scottish Australasian, The 59
Scottish identity 181-182
Second World War 91, 133, 166
Selkirk 47
Shallard, Amy 70
Shallard, Barbara Joan: see Ash, Barbara Joan
Shallard, Dorothy Joan (Joan) 63, 153-154, 159-161
Shallard, Elizabeth 62
Shallard, Elizabeth (Lizzy or Lizzie): see Carment, Elizabeth (Lizzy or Lizzie)
Shallard, Jack 9
Shallard, Jane 62
Shallard, Joseph 62
Shallard, Joseph Thomas 62
Shallard, Libby 9
Shallard, Major Adolphus 62-64, 71
Shallard, Major Thomas Bruce (Bruce) 63, 154, 160
Shallard, Meryn Ann: see Stranahan, Meryn Ann
Shark Island 68
Sheffield 163
Shore 89
Simenon, Georges 99
‘Simpsones Court’, Edinburgh 111
Simson, Marion 13
Sinclair, Sir William 16
Sinclairs 15
Skaibby, Janet 12
Skeoch Hill 14
Skye 20, 21, 43, 44
‘Skye Emigrants’ Farewell, The’ 43-44
Sligachan 43
Snedden, Elizabeth Christine (Beth) 9, 24
Solway Firth 12
South Africa 114
South African War: see Boer War
South Pacific 95
South Saint James Street, Greenside 111, 133
South Tay Street, Dundee 46
South Uist 20
South West Pacific 92
Southern Highlands, New South Wales 100
Statistics 60
Staughton Hall 50
Steel, K.W. 65
Stephensen, P. R. 90
Stewart, Jane 83
Stewart’s Melville College 59
Stirling Castle 112, 118, 145, 151, 182
Store Beach 69
Stormonth, Elizabeth (Betsy) 23, 44, 46
Stormonth, Isabella: see Wedderburn, Isabella
Stormonth, Isabella 45
Stormonth, James 22, 44, 45
Stormonth, Margaret 22, 30, 32-33, 37, 43
Strath 20, 38
Strathblane 21
‘Strathearn’ 6, 63-65, 70, 76, 85
Stranahan, Meryn Ann 9
Strathnaver 157
Strawberry Hills 62
Stuart dynasty 14, 23
Suez 124
Sulman, Annie Elizabeth, Lady 134, 153, 156, 159-162, 166
Sulman, Diana Inglis: see Carment, Diana Inglis
Sulman, Dorothy Joan (Joan): see Shallard, Dorothy Joan (Joan)
Sulman, Florence (Florrie) 154
Sulman, Sir John 153-156, 159, 161, 166
Sulman, Sarah 153
Sulman, Thomas Noel (Tom) 9, 129-132, 134-135, 149, 153-162, 166, 173, 176
Sulman, Violet Louise: see Elvy, Violet Louise
Sulmans 165
Sunderland 111
Surry Hills 62
Sutherland, Duke of 27
Sutherland Highlanders 112
Sutherland, Joan: see Inglis, Joan
Sydney 6, 60-63, 65, 68, 80, 85, 95, 100, 120-121, 124, 134, 159
Sydney Amateur Sailing Club 68, 90
Sydney Church of England Grammar School: see Shore
Sydney Ferries Limited 93
Sydney Grammar School 80
Sydney Harbour 67, 91-93, 155
Sydney Morning Herald, The 159
Sydney Opera House 96
Sydney Technical College 86, 92, 154
Tavistock Square, London 165
Teece, Richard 65
Territorials 118
Thames Valley 158
The Trouble with Harry 95
Thomas Gurdon Motors 153
Thomson, R. H. B. 83
Toma 122
Thornliebank 118, 151
Thurso 16
Towers, Irene May: see Inglis, Irene May
Transvaal 114, 116
Travel 6, 30-31, 50-51, 62-65, 66, 80, 85, 91, 94, 96, 112, 121, 128, 130
Treasureship Committee, Presbyterian Church of New South Wales 67
Trouble with Harry, The 95
Turramurra 94, 98

Ultimo 86
Union Club 97-98
Union of Scottish and English parliaments 14
United States of America 9, 66, 80, 91-92
University College Hospital 165
University of Edinburgh 59
University of Glasgow 43, 81-83
University of New South Wales 93
University of Sydney 80, 90, 93, 134
Urquhart, Carment 24
Urquhart, Elizabeth Christine (Beth): see Snedden, Elizabeth Christine (Beth)
Urquhart, John 24

Vallay Island 43
Victoria 62
Villiers Hospital 136
Vlakfontein 117
Volunteers 118

Walker, Dame Eadith 153
Washington 91
Watson, Anne Jane 47
Wauchope, Andrew 115-116
Wedderburn, Sir Alexander 23
Wedderburn, Alexander: see Rosslyn, Earl of
Wedderburn, Dora 107
Wedderburn, Elizabeth 23
Wedderburn, George 107
Wedderburn, Isabella 22, 44, 45
Wedderburn, Isobel: see Edward, Isobel
Wedderburn, Isabella
Wedderburn, Issobel: see Wedderburn, Isabella
Wedderburn, Sir John 23
Wedderburn, Robert 23
Wedderburns 23
Welch, John: see Welsh, John
Welsh, John 14
Wenona 89-90
Wentworth Falls 154
Western Front, The 125
Western Australia 46
Western Isles 20
Whaling Road, North Sydney 63, 65
Wick 15
Wigtown 12
Wills, G. W. 154
Witness 25
Wood, David Roy Vernon 9, 92-94, 96, 98, 108
Wood, Diana: see Wood Conroy, Diana (Di)
Wood, Elizabeth Carment (Libby): see Kalucy, Elizabeth Carment (Libby)
Wood, John Maxwell 93, 108
Wood, Marion Carment 9, 64-65, 69-70, 85-93, 96, 100, 105, 107-108
Wood, Virginia Marion (Ginny): 198
see Reed, Virginia Marion (Ginny)
Woods 98
Wood Conroy (formerly Wood), Diana (Di) 9, 92-93, 95, 97, 108-109
Woodford Academy 154
Worcestershire 62
Woronora Crematorium 133, 136
Writing 59
Wyllie, Janet: see Inglis, Janet
Wyllie, James 83

Wyllie, Jessie Inglis: see Mackie, Jessie Inglis Wyllie
Yachting 68-70, 90, 93-94, 98
Yarrow 47
York 162