

Douglas Gordon Patrick McGregor

Douglas McGregor died on 10 July last, aged 77. He had a distinguished legal career. He was admitted to the Bar of this State in 1948 after service in the British Army and in the AIF and, after considerable work preparatory to the conduct of the War Crimes Trials in the Pacific area. He took silk in 1964 and was appointed to the Federal Court of Australia in 1977. For a period he served full time as a judge of the Supreme Court of the Australian Capital Territory where he and his wife, Gwenda, lived for several years. He was an indomitable advocate and an indefatigable worker. On his retirement from the Bench on 14 June 1985 he lectured at the University of NSW and at the Bond University. He visited Fiji twice on work connected with the preparation for publication of decisions of the Supreme Court of Fiji. He also worked at the Redfern Legal Centre and was engaged there two days before he died.

His work on the Bar Council and as its president and vice-president placed the Bar in his debt. He was in this respect also a tireless worker. He had a high regard for judicial office and took an austere view of the responsibilities it entailed. Nonetheless he enjoyed the office and was meticulous in discharging its duties.

He was a man who believed that one should live as the dictates of conscience required and that is how he behaved. He was nevertheless an hospitable and convivial man with a vast cellar which he enjoyed sharing with his guests. Few things gave him greater pleasure than presiding at a table of friends over one of Gwen's dinners. He will be sadly missed.

He is survived by his wife Gwenda, in whose presence he died, and their eight children. Sheila and Eve are practising lawyers and Lisa, while qualified, prefers to work with the ABC for which Gwen also worked for a number of years. Richard is the Tokyo correspondent for *The Australian*, Alexander is a freelance journalist based in Los Angeles and Peter and Fiona are a painter and a writer respectively. Michael is studying Mandarin in Tai-Pei.

Our sympathy is extended to them upon their loss. □ Sir Maurice H Byers CBE QC

John Hartigan

John Hartigan died on Tuesday 11 August 1992. He was 56 years young.

Every one of those 56 years was lived to the full, and if ever a man left the world a better place for his having been in it, that man was Jack Hartigan.

He was born in 1936 in Tamworth and, even though he always comported himself like a wild Irishman, he was in fact of Scottish descent. At an early age his family moved to Muswellbrook and he attended the High School there. As a school student, he was a NSW age champion in sprinting and the long jump; and when he moved to Newcastle University to study engineering he achieved a measure of fame as a rugby winger.

Upon completion of his studies in Newcastle he found work in Victoria, and in 1959 he represented that State against the touring 1959 British Lions XV.

The following year he gained selection in a Combined Victorian and South Australian team which played the All Blacks in, of all places, Orange. The famous New Zealand rugby historian, T P McLean, said of his performance in that match: "Among the opposition the wing Hartigan made such an impression as to rank among the better three-quarters the All Blacks met on their entire tour."

In 1962 Jack came back to NSW to pursue his rugby with Sydney University and Gordon and hone his burgeoning skiing skills at Thredbo. At the same time he put his head down long enough to graduate in law.

He was admitted to the Bar in 1968, floated on the 5th floor of Wentworth for a time, took his own room at Forbes Chambers, and ultimately in about 1972 joined the 10th floor of Selborne. He remained there for eight years and in 1980 moved to Edmund Barton Chambers, being one of the founding members of the Fighting 43rd.

Over the next decade he developed a substantial practice in Canberra, but he remained an active member of the 43rd to the date of his untimely death.



J C Hartigan

His forte was the rough and tumble of the common law and he became one of the most respected and able practitioners in that field. By the 1980s he was performing like the fine old clarets which he enjoyed so much after work. By the 1990s he was a Chateau Latour. His dedication to the Bar was not confined to advocacy in the court room. He played cricket and golf regularly in the various annual fixtures, never missed a 15 Bobber or a dinner, and generally enjoyed the companionship of his fellow counsel at every opportunity.

It is fair to say that he enlivened every company which was fortunate enough to count him among its number.

He told very good jokes very poorly; he laughed endlessly with a rippling smile at the slightest provocation, and he utterly charmed everyone who ever met him.

While he loved the Bar and he loved his sport and he loved his wine and he loved his skiing, he reserved his primary devotion for his wife Sally and their two girls Phoebe and Georgia. One of the tragedies of his death is that it happened when they were all so young.

The greatest tragedy was that the world lost a man of such vitality and spirit and affection for his fellow man.

We are the poorer for his passing. □ C.P. Crittle