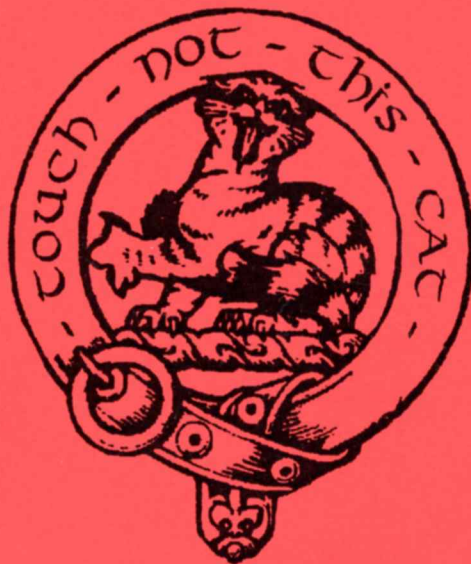


CLAN MACGILLIVRAY



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Members Please Note –

Annual Membership Fees

\$15 family - \$12 single - \$A17 overseas

Five Year Membership

\$60 family - \$48 single - \$A68 overseas

Membership Fees are due on 31st October 2011

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PO Box 223 SEAFORD Victoria 3198 AUSTRALIA

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

by Jill McGillivray

2010 was a very different year to 2009 and unfortunately work commitments prevented me from undertaking as many Clan activities as I would have hoped.

It remains an enormous privilege to serve as president of the Clan MacGillivray Society of Australia, the first such Society in the world, and I often think of the outstanding work of our founders, John D McGillivray and his wife, Enid, and Ian MacGillivray Elder and his wife, Simone.

They, together with our inaugural president, Peter McGillivray, and other founding members, have left us a great legacy and it is incumbent on all of us to try to build on that.

Interest seems to have been dwindling in recent years and, whilst disappointing, it happens in many organisations. Members grow older and the new generation doesn't have the same interest. We must make every effort to ensure our Society continues to grow into the future.

While I was unable to attend the Daylesford Games last year, I did get the Ringwood Highland Games with my sister Sue McGillivray Jordan, catching up with Australian Commissioner and past president, Peter McGillivray, who was accompanied by Robert McIntosh, of Clan Chattan Australia, who had hand crafted a wonderful traditional 'walking' stick or cromag for me, from 'found wood' – a

limb of lemon scented gum. What a wonderful surprise.

Of course our secretary David McGillivray, and his wife, Heather our genealogist and archivist, were there, having erected our clan tent in the new Clan Village area the previous day, and treasurer Ted Foster, who was looking much better after his bout of ill health and his wife, Pat, our newsletter editor, and Clan Journal editor, Euan McGillivray and his wife, Ann.

Robin and his wife Dianne, and, visited the Clan Tent, along with a number of clansmen and women.

It provided a great opportunity to hold a Society meeting.

We haven't held a Clan Gathering for some years now, and despite several calls, not one member has contacted me with ideas on how we might invigorate our Society. I put up a number of alternatives last year, trying to get some debate going. Would members prefer a dinner to our annual gathering, should it be held in conjunction with another event – such as the Ringwood Games – or should it be entirely different.

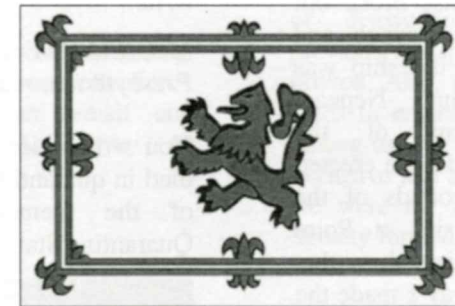
I have gained enormous pleasure from attending Society and family gatherings in Australia and in Scotland and have made friends with many Clansmen and women around the world since 1976 and I hope that future generations of Australian MacGillivrays have the same opportunity.

There is a saying that you don't value something until it is gone, and hearing from Clan Chattan clansmen and women how they envied us having our own Clan Society, made me realise just how lucky, and how vulnerable, we are. What a shame it would be if we were to lose our Society simply through apathy. Many thanks to David and Heather, Ted and Pat, Euan, vice-president, Janette and all those clansmen and women who strive so hard to keep our society going.

Also, thanks to my mother Rome, and sister, Sue, for their ongoing support for what I do.

I would like to extend best wishes to all Society members for the coming year and look forward to hearing from you on your thoughts on how we move into the future.

Jill McGillivray



Message from the Australian Clan Commissioner, Peter McGillivray

After a year or so of not the best health I was very pleased to spend a few hours at the Clan MacGillivray tent in its new position at the recent Ringwood Highland Games in Melbourne.

My chance to be there was largely due to Rob McIntosh and especially his wife who kindly provided me with splendid car travel. It was especially good to catch up with almost of all the Victorian folk who are involved with

the management of our successful clan society. In particular it was pleasing to see Ted Foster in better health and Euan McGillivray who has settled in so well in his important role of Journal Editor.

Other members who are not currently involved in society management were also very welcome at our clan tent. My best wishes to all members.

I have been doing some historical research for the Point Nepean Quarantine Station at Portsea, Victoria. This work left me to the most notable ship to be quarantined in 1852. Ships and passengers coming to the colony of Victoria at this time were unprecedented. In 1852-3 almost 1200 ships came into Port Phillip. The Ticonderoga ship was one of them and left Liverpool in 1852 with 814 'souls' on board. Disease broke out and 100 died on the voyage and another 70 died while the ship was quarantined at Point Nepean. Descendants of many of the passengers that perished have erected a memorial on the grounds of the nationally significant site at Point Nepean. The shipping lists show that the following McGillivray's made the journey on the Ticonderoga.

McGILLVRAY Mary (24); Inverness, domestic servant, Presbyterian, read

McGILLVRAY John (22); died in quarantine

McGILLVRAY Donald (48); Inverness, ag. laborer, Presbyterian, read & write

McGILLVRAY Janet (40); died in quarantine

McGILLVRAY, Amelia (21), Inverness, domestic servant, Presbyterian, read & write

McGILLVRAY Duncan (16); Inverness, shepherd, Presbyterian, read & write

McGILLVRAY Jessie (9); Inverness, Presbyterian

McGILLVRAY William (5); Inverness, Presbyterian

McGILLVRAY Dugald (24); Renfrew, ag. laborer, Presbyterian, read & write

McGILLVRAY Jane (23); Renfrew, Presbyterian, read & write

You will notice that John and Janet died in quarantine. Below is a picture of the memorial stone at the Quarantine Station.



There is obviously a great story to be told about this family. The clan Journal would like to publish more stories of McGillivray's (of any sort of spelling). In this issue there are some wonderful stories by clan members about ancestors. Please keep them coming.

We are currently collecting information on McGillivray family histories (of various spellings) in an effort to create a data base collection to share with others around the world to assist with present and future genealogy research. At this stage we have over 4,000 families on record.

Did you know that there are 64 known anglicized versions of spelling the Gaelic clan name?

We would be most interested in adding your information to our vast collection. For further information, email our Genealogist Heather McGillivray at clanmacg@telstra.com

About Our Society

In 1975 a small group of dedicated enthusiasts in N.S.W. set about forming the Clan MacGillivray Society, based on the fact that electoral rolls showed in excess of 800 adults of the name scattered throughout Australia, with the largest concentration in Victoria and New South Wales. The project was approached with some trepidation because it was know other Clan Societies established here and in other countries have been relatively short lived.

Our first Clan Gathering in 1976 in Sydney was a complete success, and since then there have been equally enjoyable well attended functions in Albury, Melbourne, Sydney and Wingham N.S.W. - now the pattern appears to be that our National

Gatherings will take place in the October/November period, alternating between Victoria and New South Wales. A welcome addition to these have been the move by several large McGillivray family groups to hold their own local reunions, bringing together in friendship the descendants of specific pioneer couples.

The fact that we are a relatively small Clan has some advantages; the chance of discovering family links not previously suspected, has already been proved. Also, our numerical smallness tends to enhance the sense of kinship among us. We are, in fact, a somewhat exclusive and rather unique Society, as we were the first Clan MacGillivray Society formed in the world.

A brief look at our Clan's history

It is important to remember that the Gaelic-speaking Highlanders had their origins in the ancient Irish kingdom of Dalriada, whence, in the third and fourth centuries they came in waves to settle on the western shores of Scotland, naming their new settlement also Dalriada.

History records that the MacGillivrays came with these earliest Dalriadic invasions, setting themselves up in the regions of Morven, Lochaber and Ardgor in considerable strength.

In 1153, the Clan took part in the ill-fated rebellion against the Scottish crown, under Somerled, the progenitor of the McDonalds. The rebellion was

put down by Alexander 11, and the clans participating were scattered far and wide. Many MacGillivrays settled in Mull, Skye, and the Western Isles, but a large proportion of the Clan threw in their lot with the Campbells of Cawdor, an Alliance that did not endure. Later they took the protection of Farquard, fifth Chief of Clan MacIntosh, an alliance under which they prospered, and which has endured to today.

The Clan took a prominent part in the Jacobite risings of 1715 and 1745, and at the Battle of Culloden in 1746, the Clan Chattan Regiment, the only regiment to break through the English lines, was led into battle by the Chief, Alexander McGillivray. The Regiment's onslaught almost wiped out the left wing of the Hanoverian army, but Alexander was killed in battle along with many of his clansmen. The Highlanders paid dearly for their defeat.

Several years were to pass before the MacGillivrays regained possession of their forfeited lands, but lot by lot, the lands had to be sold to pay off debts. Several clansmen migrated to Canada and the United States of America. Among the more colourful of these exiles was Lachlan MacGillivray of Georgia, whose son, Alexander, became High Chief of the Creek Indians in Alabama and William MacGillivray of Dalscoil, who became superintendent of the North West Trading Company of Montreal, after whom Fort William in Ontario was named.

The main inflow of our Clansmen to Australia took place in the mid 1800s, following the Highland Clearance, and the great famine of 1840.

The last Chief, John Farquhar, died without issue in 1942, and since then the Clan has been chiefless. In 1989, Colonel George B. Macgillivray of Thunder Bay, Ontario, Canada, the joint author of 'A History of The Clan MacGillivray', was appointed Commander of the Honourable Clan MacGillivray by Lord Lyon, but since his death in 1994, the Clans affairs have been in the hands of the five National Commissioners whom he appointed.

It must be emphasised that our Society upholds only those aspects of the ancient clan system which are relevant today. We are not in the business of perpetuating old inter-clan feuds, or to see only (in the words of the Cultoquhey Litany) "greed in the Campbells, ire in the Drummonds, pride in the Grahams and wind in the Murrays." Our ancestors wisely left such thoughts behind in Scotland along with their dirks and broadswords.

Membership

Full membership is open to all MacGillivrays - however spelt - their descendants and spouses. Associate membership is open to all persons belonging to families within the Clan Chattan Confederation, ie:- Mackintosh, MacPherson, Shaw, MacBean, Davidson, Farquharson, MacQueen, MacThomas, MacPhail, MacLeans of Dochgarroch and MacIntyre of Badenoch. At the present time membership of the Society exceeds 350, and covers all states.

Structure

The Society is governed by a council, with provision for a Patron to be appointed. Other members of the council are The Chief, Chieftain, Secretary, Assistant Secretary, Treasurer, Archivist, a regional representative for each state and six ordinary members. At each Annual General Meeting, all positions, except that of Patron are declared vacant.

Objectives

- To keep alive and to pass onto future generations, an appreciation of the history, language, culture and traditions of our ancestors fatherland.
- To promote pride in the part played by Scots in the history of Australia.
- To come together at regular intervals in that very special spirit of kinship, which is perhaps one of the most worthy features of the ancient Highland way of life.
- To establish a registry of MacGillivray families in Australia and their histories as an aid to present and future genealogical research, which might otherwise be lost forever.
- To work side-by-side with the Clan Chattan Association, bearing in mind the important part played by the MacGillivrays in the great confederation of Clans.
- To promote the welfare of the Clan MacGillivray and its members.

In Conclusion

If your senses are excited by the music, dancing, literature and historical traditions of Scotland, if you delight in the tartan and its pageantry, if you thrill to the sound of the pipes - then come and join your very own Society, and enjoy the kinship conferred upon us by our Clan MacGillivray heritage.

Our motto - "touch not this cat"

In its complete rendering the Motto has existed for 300 years or more as "TOUCH NOT THE CAT BOT (But) A GLOVE". This is often understood as meaning, "Touch not the cat unless you are wearing a glove" - however, the ancient interpretation is that the word "Bot", meaning "without", relates solely to the cat and not to the person so warned. A cat is said to be without a glove when the claws are extended beyond the soft under part of the paw.

The cat is then on the defensive and dangerous to tackle, so the meaning would be "Touch not the ungloved or unsheathed cat", or "Don't try to tackle a MacGillivray with his claws showing".

It is unfortunate that no MacGillivray Chief, despite the well documented charges in the 16th century seals and the 18th century headstones, bothered to matriculate with Lyon Court. In fact, there were very few matriculations for the Clan Chattan tribes before the end of the 17th century. In 1967, when arms were matriculated in the name of Farquhar MacGillivray of Dunmaghla, VI Chief, c.1672, the attitude of Lord Lyon was to limit the complete motto to

the Chiefly line of Mackintosh and Macpherson, and he ruled that our MacGillivray Motto would be "Touch Not This Cat".



This wording fits well with the favourite type of Highland Motto which is a warning or cautioning, such as "Tak" care, be mindful, touch not, all being synonymous with the well known Latin motto on the Royal Arms of Scotland "Nemo me impune lacessit", or it's more earthly equivalent "Wha duar meddle wi me".

VARIOUS SPELLINGS OF THE NAME MacGILLIVRAY

There are 64 known anglicized versions of spelling the Gaelic Clan Name. The list is by no means complete.

- | | | | |
|---------------|-------------|----------------|--------------|
| MacGillivray | McGillivray | McGilveray | MacGilroy |
| Macgillivray | Mcgillivray | McGillvery | McGiluoray |
| Macgillivary | McGillivary | McGilvery | McGillawee |
| MacGillivary | McGillivery | McGilvrey | McGilloway |
| MacGillivaray | McGillivrae | McGillivai | McGillivraid |
| MacGillavry | McGillivrie | McGilwary | MacAlavy |
| MacGillivry | McGillevray | McGillawray | Mcllivray |
| MacGillvray | McGillviray | McGillawrey | Mcllvray |
| MacGilvary | McGillveray | McGillwray | Mcllvray |
| MacGilvery | McGillvary | McGillywray | MacIlbraie |
| MacGilvray | McGillvray | McGilliewray | Mclloy |
| Macgilvray | McGilvray | McGilliewrayes | MacIlroy |
| MacGilvra | Mcgilvray | McGillwrea | Mcllra |
| MacGilliuray | McGilvra | McIlivray | McElroy |
| MacGillrey | McGillvra | McIlivrey | Gilroy |
| MacGilfrey | McGilvray | McGilveray | |
| | McGilveary | | |

Gathering 2009

by Christie Harrison

President, Council of Scottish Clans & Associations

The Scottish government last week released a summary of their inquiry into the evolution of The Gathering 2009. As some of you know, it was not ultimately a financial success. On the other hand, how many of the Highland Games that we put on in the U.S. actually make money? The press release can be seen at the following link:

[http://www.scottish.parliament.uk/nmC
entre/news/news-comm-11/cpac11-s3-
004.htm](http://www.scottish.parliament.uk/nmCentre/news/news-comm-11/cpac11-s3-004.htm)

If you want the full detail, there is a link in the press release to the entire 32-page summary report. It's fascinating reading, actually.

For those of us who were lucky enough to attend The Gathering 2009, and for those who missed it and are planning to attend the next Gathering, I suggest you watch the following video to reminisce about just how incredibly special the whole event was:

[http://video.stv.tv/bc/scotland-
gathering-20090725-gathering-colour](http://video.stv.tv/bc/scotland-gathering-20090725-gathering-colour)

Let's not forget the wonderful - in some cases, life-changing - experiences we had.

The Scottish Government has announced that another Homecoming year will be held over the course of

2014, in honor of the 700th anniversary of Bannockburn. I've been told that this has created a flurry of internet activity amongst the international clan network, with the majority of us wondering if and where and when the next Clan Gathering will take place. To get a feel of what is being said, go to www.panalba.com, and look at the Forums.

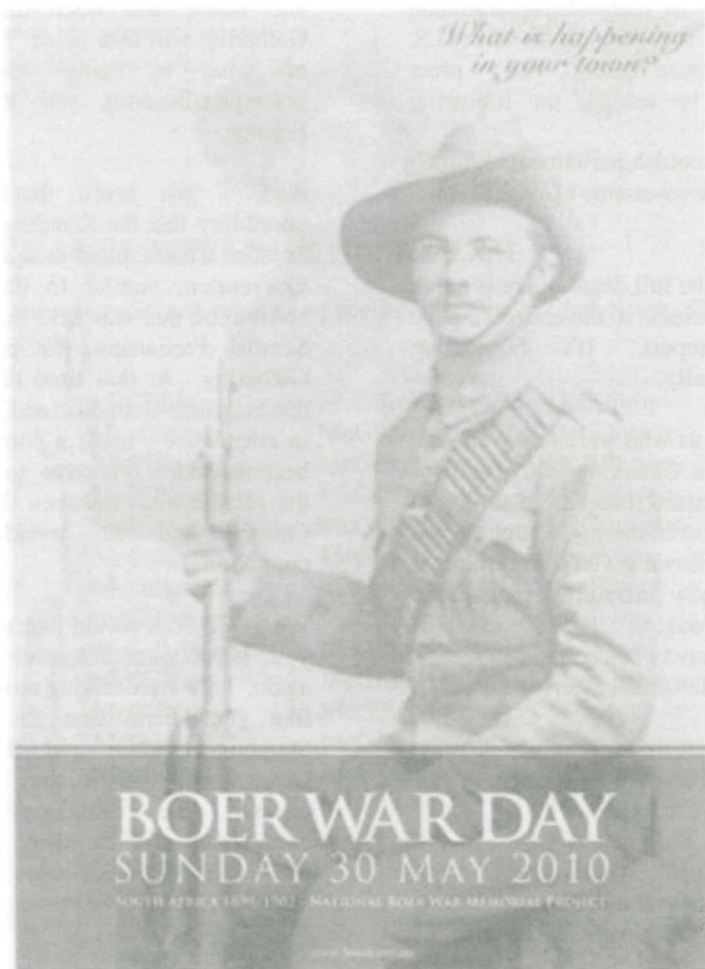
And, I just heard that there is a possibility that the Standing Council of Scottish Chiefs might host another Clan Convention, similar to the inaugural convention that was held in 2009 at the Scottish Parliament, just prior to The Gathering. At that time the chiefs of the Standing Council - and those of us in attendance - made a commitment to become more proactive to strengthen the relationships between the Standing Council and the worldwide clan community.

We at COSCA would like to hear from you. If you want these events to happen again, let's start talking now. I would like your permission to assure the Standing Council and the Scottish Government that if they host these events, the American Scottish community will be there to support them, with thousands more people than attended in 2009.

Boer War Day Poster

Clan member Mervyn Williamson is the great nephew of Trooper Farquhar George Williamson, C Sqn 1st Bn Australian Commonwealth Horse. This picture of him was used on a poster to commemorate Boer War Day 2010

Mervyn's Clan connection is that his great grandmother was Ann (Nancy) McGilvray who settled in Quirindi NSW. She married John Williamson.



Source: Monumentally Speaking is the occasional newsletter issued by the National Boer War Memorial Association—NSW. No.6 May 2010

My MacGillivray Story

By Murray Parker

Murray Parker's family connections to MacGillivray go back to his great grandmother Sophia MacGillivray who married Frank Spencer on the 31st Jan 1911 in Adelaide.

Our Father, Neil Parker, died when we were little kids and due to economic circumstances we only moved as far as the next town. This meant that we were geographically distant from my father's side of the family, which led to us not knowing too much about him, or them. It's not that we didn't see them; in fact, we used to enjoy our family get-togethers every second or third Xmas or other occasion.

Our two great aunts, Val and Rome (who were both really great!), would tell stories about our Scots relatives who lived on sheep stations down in South Australia somewhere. It all sounded mystical and romantic to us, but of course as little kids, we didn't pay attention to names, dates or places. So as we grew, these 'MacGillivrays from SA' were relegated to the status of 'memory, myth and legend'.

About 20 years ago, I started to get interested in Dad's side of the family. Rome started to fill in some of the blanks for me, but this was long before computers, so I didn't get very far. Many years passed before I was in a better position to continue, but unfortunately, Rome had passed away by this time. So Val took up the challenge. Via my aunty and cousins we organised a big family gathering and

with a few wines under our belts, we got down to recording some of the details from the stories. This proved to be an hilarious process which led to some of the details being disputed, corrected and counter-corrected among those attending, while I tried frantically to capture it all on my computer! It was more difficult than I expected and required several of these sessions over a few years before the information started to look like a real family tree.

After Val passed away, two things happened. In a pile of old family photographs we found one of a group of soldiers, in a classic pose of the 'olde days', sporting handlebar moustaches. The names of the soldiers had been pencilled on the back and one of them was 'James MacIntosh MacGillivray'. Being an ex-soldier myself, my interest was pricked! Secondly, my aunt found a copy of an article written about a James MacIntosh MacGillivray who'd gone off to the Boer War and didn't come home. Surely this was the same man? The story contained many family names that helped clarify some details in the family tree. It turns out that James was my great-great grandfather on my Dad's Mum's side. He'd already served one tour of the Boer War with the SA Mounted Rifles (1899 - 1900) and was back on his second tour as the Regimental Sergeant Major of the 5th SA Contingent, when he was killed in action 21 July 1901. James' wife Sophia Campbell Patterson was left to raise nine kids, one being my great grandmother Sophia Grace MacG.

The author of the story was M.M. Riquier. Not knowing who this person was or how they came by all the information, on spec, I wrote a letter and explained who I was and what I was doing re the family tree. The person turned out to be Mrs Margaret MacGillivray Riquier, James' grand-daughter. Phone numbers were exchanged and before long we were chatting and sharing all sorts of family information. Margaret informed me that there was another family of Scots, the Pattersons, who'd come to Australia around the same time as the MacGillivrays in 1853 and eventually settled in the same area of SA. The two families grew quite close and several marriages occurred in the years following. Via the information Margaret provided, I was able to contact Don Patterson (great great nephew), Alister MacGillivray (grandson) and Leith MacGillivray (another grand-daughter). Much information was exchanged in the numerous telephone conversations that followed with these kind folk.

With all this data, I just had to make a trip to visit them, which I did in October 2009. At each venue I was made to feel most welcome, fed way too well and treated like a long lost relative.....which I was! We shared lots more information and exchanged many photos. I went to the old cemetery at Penola and took photos of the family gravestones. All the gathered information helped to further clarify and grow the family tree back to 1755! I was also made aware of the 'Clan MacGillivray' website, which proved to be a fantastic source for research. Through this site I contacted Roy MacG in Canada, Jane MacG in France (both

genealogists!) and Catherine MacG on Mull. I also discovered the Australian Society and had many discussions with David and Heather (hence this story).

Fortunately in mid 2010, I was invited to help some friends with their tour business in France. This provided the ideal opportunity to go to Scotland. I spent time with Catherine and her brother Kenny on Mull (where the Pattersons originated), who made me feel very welcome. I stayed in the Carrbridge/Duthil area near Aviemore (the towns where our line of MacGs came from), visiting nearby cemeteries and the big Clan one at Dunlichity. I also visited the Highlands Archive & Registration Centre in Inverness (a fantastic resource), that contains much MacG information. Incidentally, the Manager of the Centre had MacGs in her own line, so she was keen to learn where we fitted in. I visited Culloden, which was incredible and helped greatly in cementing my understanding of what went on there and how it fitted in with world events of the time. My arrival at Culloden was heralded by an RAF Tornado jet fighter at low level over the battlefield - very spectacular and perhaps a tribute paid by pilots on a regular basis?

I was lucky enough to meet and have lunch with Ishbel MacG (the President of the Clan in Scotland), and her husband John McGregor. They were both lovely and told me all the stories associated with establishing the International Association. John had been the Commander of the 5th (Angus) Battalion of the Black Watch Highland Regiment during World War 2. Naturally, some interesting discussions ensued about that! He'd written a book

about the time and kindly signed and gave me a copy.

All too soon, my time in Scotland came to an end. My trip was focused primarily on family history, so I didn't do any specific sightseeing, although I did see some amazing things just travelling around. I would like to go back at a more leisurely pace some day. I have learnt so much about our MacG

family links in such a short time that it makes my head spin. I have collected so much information that it will take me ages to sort, but its all for a good cause and those I've met along the way are in full support of the mission. If you're reading this and know something that might help, please don't hesitate to contact me. My details are in the back of this Journal.



James MacIntosh MacGillivray (middle row, second from left)
I found this in a cupboard at my great aunt's.

The diary of John William MacGillivray (1882)

John William was the son of John MacGillivray, 1821-1867, naturalist, who came to Australia on the HMS Rattlesnake commanded by captain Owen Stanley. The Australian Dictionary of Biography entry for John notes him as being a gifted and energetic field worker who gained the confidence of Aboriginal people and took a great interest in them.

While this diary mostly chronicles every-day events and many are not monumental, dairies such as these provide us with 'first hand' knowledge about the times and rhythms of life over 100 years ago .

State Library of New South Wales

Call No. MLMSS 6186

Issue Copy: Microfilm - CY 3610
(frames 1-162: Original diary at
MLMSS 6186; frames 163-355:
typescript transcript of diary)

SLNSW Record:

John William MacGillivray was born in 1853, the son of John MacGillivray and Williamina Paton, nee Gray. His father, a naturalist and son of the eminent British ornithologist William MacGillivray, was naturalist on the surveying voyage of HMS Rattlesnake which left England for Australia in December 1846.

John William MacGillivray and his wife Mary had several children: the eldest, William Henry (Harry) was born in 1873, Hannah (died prior to 1882), Walter (died September 1882), Minnie, Bessie, and Elsie who was born in June 1883. When the diary begins (1 Jan.

1882) he was employed by the Australian Joint Stock Bank in George Street, Sydney, until poor health forced him to resign; after a period spent living in the country, he returned to Sydney and was given a job at the Australian Museum by E.P.Ramsay, who had known his father. During the three years covered by the diary the family lived mainly at Petersham and Summer Hill in Sydney and at Murrumbatemann, near Yass, NSW.

1 Jan. 1882 - 31 Dec. 1884; John William MacGillivray's diary contains detailed daily entries of the duties he performed at work, the friends and relatives he visited, letters sent and received, the state of his health, the weather. He records his search for accommodation for his family mainly in Sydney's inner west; the illness and subsequent death of his son Walter; items purchased; significant events of the time. The diary has an index, and a typescript transcription. There are a few loose pages of manuscript notes made at a later date, presumably by a descendant of John William MacGillivray. (Call No.: Z MLMSS 6186)

Below are a few entries from the hundreds that have been transcribed. Some have been edited.

12 July 1882

News came through that admiral Seymour commenced bombarding Alexandria at 5 o'clock yesterday morning. Special editions of the evening news and Ecks were sold in the streets today. Latest cable messages report that two forts had ben blown up.

It is the general opinion that this is but the commencement of hostilities which will terminate in a general European war.

21 August 1882

Our landlord gave us notice yesterday of his intention to raise our rent one shilling a week, making it 14 shillings which is too much for these cottages and we must look out for something else. When taxed for an excuse the landlord said that he had to raise the rent because the water was being laid on.

7 March 1883 (Protest against the mission of Redmond brothers)

The meeting at the Protestant Hall last night was a very stormy one and several fights occurred. Chairs, sticks and fists were freely used and a crowd of several thousand mustered outside and was very excited. Sir Henry Parkes moved the first resolution and when he came out of the hall and got into a cab some of the mob endeavoured to drag him out. Inspector Anderson was knocked down and kicked by the mob and was

seriously hurt. Mr and Mrs Marr paid us a visit tis evening.

13 December 1883

Yesterday was a terrible day all over the colony. The thermometer in the shade at Grafton and Dubbo was 108 and 107. There was a tornado in Newcastle which did a lot of damage.

William left work at the bank to take up a position at the Australian Museum in Sydney.

4 June 1883

Spent the morning down in the spirit room emptying a lot of drums in search for frogs. Found 15, all of them being Island specimens. This afternoon I pulled out the contents of the spirit cask containing reptiles and was rewarded by finding one more frog. My cold is still very bad and my back and head ache very much.

21 August 1883

Took list of birds. Made up a parcel of ferns and flowers for Baron von Mueller, Melbourne, which I left at the railway station on my way home.

Just for fun

Bono, lead singer of the rock band U2, is famous throughout the entertainment industry for being more than just a little self-righteous.

At a recent U2 concert in Glasgow, he asked the audience for total quiet. Then, in the silence, he started to slowly clap his hands, once every few seconds.

Holding the audience in total silence, he said into the microphone, "Every time I clap my hand, a child in Africa dies".

From the front of the crowd a voice with a broad Scottish accent pierced the quiet ...
"Well stop doin it then, ya evil bastard!!"

WW1 Soldiers Finally Laid To Rest

By Jim & Lynne Moore

Lynne and Jim visited Fromelles in France in 2010. The reason for our trip was to attend the ceremony at Fromelles for the "lost" soldiers of WW1. The following is an account of their experience.

On July 19th 2010, the last World War I soldier who had been buried in a mass grave by the Germans at Fromelles in France, was at last interred in his own grave. It was exactly ninety four years from the day he was killed on the battle field to the day he was finally buried. We were privileged to be present at the ceremony for this soldier's burial, as one of the soldiers who had been interred earlier in the year was William Moore, a relative. William had been identified through DNA testing which matched his DNA to that of Jimmy Moore and other relatives. For William's parents it had been a double tragedy for another son also lost his life on the Western Front during this world war. Neither son's body had been found. It is bad enough to lose someone, but if there is no body and no burial, it is hard to come to terms with the death as there is the suggestion of a doubt as to whether it really is so.

William's grandmother was born Emily Macdonald, and her mother was Catherine McGilvray. Catherine and her husband Alexander McDonald along with their eight children came to Australia on the "George Fyffe" arriving on the 23rd January 1840. William Moore was their great grandson.

We were fortunate enough to be billeted for this occasion, with a wonderful French family who lived three kilometres from the cemetery on a small farm. From the time they met us at the Lille Flanders station on the 17th July until we left Fromelles on the 20th, they could not do too much for us. We were well and truly spoiled by them. We were also able to gain a better understanding of what happened and where everything was that related to that fateful evening of the 19th July 1916 when "one of the bleakest days of Australia's military history" occurred. (speech by G.G.Quentin Bryce)

As the roads going into the Fromelles village were closed on the morning of the 19th, our host went out of his way to make sure that we were taken to the closest point to the village so we didn't have to walk too far. Later on his wife and daughter walked the three kilometres to attend. One daughter was already there early, as she was part of the media contingent at the cemetery.

The ceremony was attended by their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales (Prince Charles) and his wife the Duchess of Cornwall, our Governor-General Quentin Bryce and her husband Michael Bryce, the French Minister of State for Defence and Veterans, and HRH The Duke of Kent, as well as many relatives of the soldiers and families from Fromelles. It was a deeply moving ceremony, commencing with the reading of letters from some soldiers to their families at home, and from some parents to the army asking about their sons. As they were being

read, you could hear the clip clop of horses' hooves as they brought the last soldier from the Pheasant Wood site, where the boys were found, to his last resting place in the new cemetery. I doubt if there was a dry eye in the assembly.

Following the formal speeches and the burial, there was the Gun Salute, the Last Post, one minute silence and then the Reveille. Wreaths were laid, tributes were made and then the cemetery was dedicated. When the French, Australian and English Anthems were sung, if there had been a roof over the cemetery, it would have come off. Everyone there unitedly seemed to put their hearts and feelings into each and every Anthem. It certainly made you proud and privileged to have been part of this sad but wonderful ceremony. The boys are certainly no longer lost, and they rest in a cemetery that is surrounded by the wonderful inhabitants of Fromelles.

For the relatives of the named soldiers, there was a reception with the royals and dignitaries at the "Cobbers" school in the village after the Dedication of the

Cemetery. At the school there are two clocks over the entrance, one shows French time and the other Australian time. The weather vane on the roof is in the shape of a kangaroo. There is a wonderful relationship here between Australians and the people of Fromelles. Our boys will be well looked after.

Following the reception, there was the opportunity to participate in an Australian ceremony at the cemetery with Quentin Bryce our Governor-General. During this time, we could visit our soldier's grave and have a small ceremony for him. We were fortunate enough to be able to visit our William with another relative and then later on with our French hosts. It was at the second visit that we were able to have him blessed by the priest, who also blessed the Unknown Soldier next to William for a friend whose DNA did not match that of her soldier whose name had been on the German list of those buried.

Our day ended with an evening at a restaurant outside the village of Amiens that had been organised by the Mayor of Fromelles, Monsieur Hubert

Huchette. The Fromelles hosts and their Australian visitors enjoyed a wonderful evening together which truly cemented a new relationship between Australia and Fromelles.

When we left Fromelles the next morning, we felt that we were leaving part of us behind with William and our new friends.



William Joseph McGilvray

by Mervyn Williamson

When World War 1 broke out, William Joseph McGilvray offered his services to the Army immediately enlistments were called for. On 18th August 1914, he attended a recruitment centre at South Melbourne. In an interview there, he named his birthplace as Port Augusta, South Australia.

He gave his age as 27, religion Church of England, occupation insurance agent, his address as 2 Sydney Street, Collingwood Victoria. William nominated his father as his Next of Kin - Archibald D McGilvray, of Rose Street, Mile End SA.

He told of previous Army experience - how he had served for 1-114 years in the Indian Railway Volunteer Corps.

During a medical examination, William was described as being 5 feet 5-112 inches tall, with a weight of 11 stone 1. He owned a medium complexion, light brown hair, and grey eyes. William was accepted into the 5th Infantry Battalion as a Private. He was allocated the service number 178 and given a job as a signaller.

After some training, William went overseas. He arrived in the Dardanelles in time to take part in the landing on Gallipoli on 25th April 1915 William joined in a lot of fierce fighting against the Turks, in attack and in defence. He remained in action for about ten days. Wounded then, he suffered a gunshot injury to the right side and a burst eardrum. The Army took him to a hospital in Malta.

For his actions at Gallipoli, William was mentioned in dispatches -

30 June 1915 Special mention for acts of conspicuous gallantry or valuable service Gallipoli April 25 - May 5 1915 William Joseph McGilvray 178 5th 1B (Australian Military Orders No 570 of 1915)

William remained in Malta for about three months, and was then sent to England for further medical treatment. He was shipped home to Australia late in 1915 and was given a discharge from the army on 30 March 1916. While at Malta, William wrote to his parents. His first letter, 'No Surrender, No Retreat' was written on 9 June 1915. It described activities on April 25. This letter was published in the Adelaide Advertiser on 27 July 1915, and gained a lot of attention.

'Held at All Costs' followed on 6 August 1915, 'How the French Laid a Trap' on 11 August 1915. Then, on 24 November 1915, the Advertiser used a brief note from him, written earlier at the Australian Hospital at Harefield in England. He commented on Army discipline - comparing English/Australian Officers/men.

William's Army Department records show that he was awarded the 1915 Star, the British War Medal and the Victory Medal. These were delivered in 1967 to his brother, Stanley McGilvray, of Mt Evelyn, Victoria.

The records also contain the note that William Joseph McGilvray died on 17 November 1951.

Private McGilvray's letter in the Adelaide Advertiser on 6 August 1915

No Retreat and No Surrender - Refuse to Abandon Wounded-Desperate Fight for Life; How a party of South Australian soldiers on the historic 25th of April refused to abandon their wounded comrades in the face of considerable danger is simply related by Private W J McGilvray in a letter to his parents at Mile End.

Private McGilvray was wounded, and writes from the hospital at Malta, under date June 9:

"We got ashore, he says, at 8 0 'clock, and we went up to reinforce the firing line. When we got up there the lads who were there were dead anxious to get at the Turks again.

So, instead of stopping to fire, we went after them with the bayonet, and didn't they run. We went on to a ridge, and when we looked over we found ourselves with a pass in front of us, 100 yards wide, about 400 yards long, and about 85 feet (indistinct) deep.

Each side was a steep gully about a couple of hundred feet deep. There was a Turkish machine gun on the pass above halfway across, 50 yards in front of us. That was our objective. We wanted that gun. With a cheer, we went over the ridge. Our friends did not wait, but took to their heels and got for all they were worth. On we went the other 50 yards and took possession of the other ridge, and here we took up our positions, got our firing line together, and we got to work with the rifles at our back. Two machine guns were doing good work.

About an hour later we saw the enemy advancing in large numbers on the left. On they came, and instead of stopping, they came up till they were level with

us, the nearest Turks being about a quarter of a mile to our left. Then the truth dawned on us, and we found we had come too far and were in danger of being cut off.

Standing by the Wounded

There was nothing to do but go back, and that as quickly as possible. It was 100 yards across the pass, and away we went. There were about 300 of us, I was on the left.

While we were on the way, we heard groans coming from the shed where the Turkish mountain gun was over the trenches. They had two places rigged up with posts and branches of trees, so that they resembled at couple of sheds.

A few of us went to investigate, and to our amazement, we found seven wounded men. To go away and leave them would have been too cruel to think of so we went out to tell our mates, but they by this time, had gone over the ridge. When we caught up, we found that there were four officers and nine men, or with the wounded, 20 in all.

So we decided to hang on - no retreat and no surrender, and we meant to sell our lives pretty dearly if need be. We gave ourselves at the most half an hour to live, but it never came to that.

An hour after, about another 20 lads cut off came over the ridge, and we decided to get our position as strong as we could. Not that we had any hope of getting out of it, but we wanted to get as many Turks as possible. From our position on the pass we could see the enemy coming down the steep gully on our left, and going up the other side, reinforcing their firing line.

I suppose they were a great target and the temptation to fire on them was not small.

But we decided to await developments from our extreme front. I was sent out with seven men and told to take charge of the right and report if we were threatened there. So, off we went, with no idea of coming back.

This was at 2 0 'clock. We only shot where we saw a target, and as the Ridge was only 50 yards away, if a Turk put his head up it was a hard thing to miss. If they rushed, of course, we would all be goners in about 30 minutes.

There was a sniper who had got in between the two lines, and we could not get him. He was going too close to us for comfort. One of our lads said, 'I'll get that chap', and he kept bobbing up. We begged him to keep down. At last he must have seen him, because he stood right up and fired. He must have got the sniper, all right, because he did not trouble us again. But he, poor chap, paid for it with his life, because he was hailed with a shower of bullets and he was shot dead.

In a Mess

There was an awful lot of firing going on on our right, so I went down to see who it was. I hoped against hope that it was our boys. I crept to the side of the pass and looked over, and there on the ridge, 50 yards in our rear, was the enemy.

We were cut off, and no mistake. It was an awful discovery. I went back. The lads wanted to know who they were, and I had not the heart to say they were Turks. So I told them they were our boys.

This cheered them up. I told them I would go back and see if I could get a couple of more men. What will they think at home? 'Back I went. I had to crawl all the way. To stand up or kneel up would have been suicide. It was a real hell. I got back, but the strain was telling. It seemed as if we were only dodging what was certain death.

I was not afraid. But the strain! I asked the officer for a few more men, explaining the whole position. I felt confident that he would give them. He listened and then told me he could not give me any.

Just three I begged.

No, lad, I cannot give you one.

That settled me - It is no good, sir. We can't hold them out there, the way we are. He looked at me. There was no anger in his eyes. He did not blow off, but said, Look, laddie, there is a paper comes out in Australia tomorrow. Your people and mine will read it. That will mean me and you. It's hard, but we must hang on. The battle may depend on us. Go out now and do your best. He spoke quietly and without fear. That settled it. Out I went, more eager, and better off.

The afternoon wore on. Evening came, then sunset, and then night. Darkness came, and with it the order to retire to the given position. When I got back there, I got an awful shock. About 60 more men had come up.

A Forlorn Hope

Then I started to get our wounded back. We had no stretchers, so we used blankets that had belonged to the Turks. They must have slept there. They waited an hour to start.

There were two machine guns there, which had been left by our men. These were got into action, and we prepared to get ready to cover our own retreat onto our main body, which we reckoned was about two miles in the rear.

The left of the pass was impregnable, owing to its steepness, and our right would not hold water. We were hoping the Turks would not find that out and trusted to a direct frontal attack. We had not too long to wait before they started, and about 60 rifles and two deadly machine guns gave them Limerick and held them with ease.

They dared not look over the ridge, It was bright moonlight by now - as light as day. The first line was just going to move when we got word from the observers that the enemy was concentrating on the right. Instantly we went there with one of the machine guns, leaving enough men to protect our front.

But now the Turk found he had been fooled all the afternoon, and he was very angry, and made a rush. It was a mad one. With the machine gun putting out 400 a minute, and our rifles, we repulsed him.

Again and again he came. His side of the pass was not impregnable, because it was easily surmounted from the bottom of the gully. Again and again the Turks tried, but each time was futile. At last we got word from the observers to get ready the first line of retreat.

Orderly Retreat

They say there is no discipline in the Australian Army. If I am spared to get back and any say that to me, he will find a tough customer to argue with.

No wounded were left, each party covered the other with his fire, No running. We walked all the way.

The Turk - we learned a lot of him. They say it is his religion and glory to die on the battlefield at the hand of a Christian. I can quite believe it. They walked right up to within 20 yards of us and we shot them down. A bullet would not frighten them. But if it is in the Turks religion to die of a bullet, it is certainly against it to do so from the bayonet, because when you charge him with that he runs away squealing like a pig.

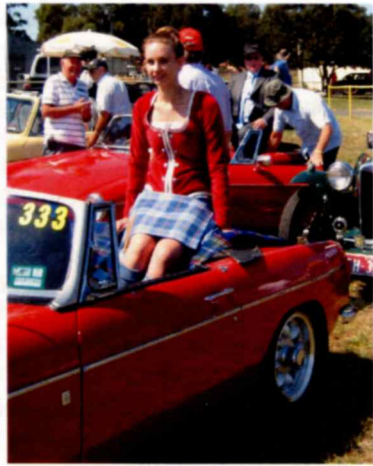
But we went, fighting all the way, but we were never hard pressed, and we must have got an awful lot of Turks. We got past the enemy's line and right back into our own, and there all night we dug trenches and fought turn about. All night long the Turks fired, but did no damage.

We had to dig lying on our stomachs with the bullets whizzing over our heads. However a man could go through a day like that, with shells and bullets everywhere, and not get hit, beats me.

I had blood all over my face and hands, caused by pieces of explosive bullets, which are about the size of a pin's-head, and draw a small trickle of blood. They sting like a bee.

We had done our bit but so far we had got a footing and we were determined to hold it. The lads kept going all night. Each knew that in the morning the Turks would start to throw shells about.

We thanked God for our deliverance, in the words of an old soldier who has had four campaigns, it was the tightest and worst corner he had seen or heard of".



Dunmaglass Lodge

Dunmaglass Estate, Inverness-shire, Scotland

While we do not usually place advertisements, we thought Clan members might be interested in this particular place.

Seat of the Clan MacGillivray, this traditional shooting lodge occupies a secluded position on the renowned 13,000 acre Dunmaglass Estate. It is situated about forty minutes drive south-west of Inverness in an area steeped in Clan history in the heart of the Scottish Highlands.

The lodge, with its three reception rooms, billiard room and nine bedrooms (and four bathrooms), not only offers great comfort but also an ideal base for families wishing to explore the Highlands and nearby Loch Ness. Both Inverness and Fort Augustus are within an hour's drive and Aviemore is just over an hour.

There are plenty of walks to enjoy on the Estate whether heading for the hill tops or alongside Loch Conagleann where trout fishing is available. The countryside abounds with wildlife; red, sika and roe deer can often be seen, there is also an interesting variety of bird life. Further afield there are several golf courses to choose from including the championship course at Nairn. Around the lodge the well tended walled garden provides further interest along with the all weather tennis court.

<http://georgegoldsmith2.stage.purrmedia.com/properties/dunmaglass-lodge>

Editors Note: The Scottish government approved in early 2011 the Dunmaglass windfarm in the Monadh Liath. Scottish Energy Minister Jim Mather approved the 33-turbine scheme in January. Each turbine will stand 120m/394ft tall on a mountain estate just south of Inverness. Over 1500 people objected to the proposal and there were also objections from the RSPB, the John Muir Trust, the Cairngorms National Park board and four of the neighbouring estates including that of Sigrid Rausing who has been successfully operating her estate on an environmentally sustainable basis.

But now some hill-walkers have decided to publicly vent their opposition to the continual destruction of wild land in the highlands by organizing a mock funeral on the Dunmaglass Estate. The organizer is regular TGO Challenger Alan Sloman who has described the Dunmaglass decision as "industrialisation on a massive scale".

He said: "I am trying to gather quite a few walkers together to walk a 'coffin' past Dunmaglass Lodge's windows and on to the site of the highest proposed turbine, where we would set it on a funeral pyre while holding a wake for the wilderness.



Lodge at Dunmaglass Estate
Why not rent it for a week next school holidays?!
(cook and housekeeper are included)

New Clan Chattan Contact in Australia

The Clan Chattan announced in May 2010 that Rob McIntosh will continue Peter McGillivray's work as representative in Australia. Rob says he has been involved in various Scottish activities, showing a keen interest in all things Scottish and still enjoying attending Highland games throughout the region. "with the Clan McIntosh in recess I've been kindly welcomed into the MacGillivray fold and thanks everyone, especially David and Heather McGillivray for their hospitality and Peter McGillivray for his support in my new role as Clan Chattan Association membership contact here in Australia"



Commissioner Peter McGillivray and Rob McIntosh, Clan Chattan representative, at Highland Games

Fighting poverty through education

By Roma Wilson

Clan correspondent from WA, Roma Wilson has sent this inspiring story about her adventures helping out with teacher and student sponsorship in Tanzania. Roma is a descendant of Red John who was one of the children of Charles and Mary McGillivray from Skye.

Teacher Gemma Sisia from New South Wales, O.A and recorded on Australian Story, may be known to you. I was stimulated to do something for her project when she had a Book Launch at UWA a few years ago. Her great achievement is the setting up of a free school for the brightest child in the poorest home located in the outskirts of Arusha, Tanzania. Since 2002, with the beginning of 3 children, there are now over 1,300 students in Primary and Secondary schools, two campuses, Moshono and Usa, and two boarding schools associated. A remarkable record over the past eight years. The need for sponsorship is obvious and Rotary is a big assistant in this regard. My sponsorship relates to one student and one teacher.

Since the Visitors' accommodation was completed, tours have been ongoing in June, July and October, and are superb. The tour begins in Nairobi, Kenya for two days and incorporates a visit to a bead necklace factory which employs 340 single mothers. The feeding and antics of baby elephants was hilarious. In addition, the hand feeding of huge giraffes at the David Sheldrick Wildlife Trust, gave the visitors a close-up

encounter. Have you ever kissed a giraffe?

After a long drive over the border into Tanzania we finally arrived at The School of St. Jude at the end of Day 3. Our group consisted of 13 people. We enjoyed a stimulating time by eating lunch with the student population, inspected classrooms, including the Computer room, listened to the students answering questions in the Music room, observed the action in the Art Class, enjoyed the dancing and singing on stage, and were surprised by the play-acting in "Joseph and His Coat of Many Colours". In the Library we assisted with covering and identifying books, and watched the children at games.

The highlight of the travel, of course, was the meeting of our sponsored ones, which included a visit to their home. Fortunately, my teacher acted as the interpreter for the mother and sister of Judith, the bright 12 year old who writes to me and wins many prizes including being DUX of her class. She is aiming to become a teacher. Later my suggestion was that we really needed more time to spend with our students in order to get to know them better. It was such a joy to connect with Judith and Coletha. The motto on the stage wall of each building is "FIGHTING POVERTY THROUGH EDUCATION".

Many other activities are included apart from St. Jude's School. For comparison we visited a Government School, an Orphanage, Cultural Centre,

Maasai Boma where a guard of the school invited us to visit, Monduli Maasai Market, Arusha city for lunch and an unusual dinner served across the road from the kitchen!

Day 11-14 encompassed a Wildlife Safari which was spectacular. It involved the Ngorongoro Crater, Serengeti N.P, Rift Valley and the exciting animal life within the boundaries. The most spectacular sighting up close was the leopard who missed catching the impala, and wandered over to the road to drink from a large puddle next to our three vans. What a magnificent animal to behold! Many other events kept us enthralled.

We returned to St. Jude's School and visited a local workshop which employs physical and intellectually impaired people. This was located on the Burka Coffee Estate, so we had a talk on the development of the coffee bean as we wandered around the area prior to selecting craft items and jewellery.

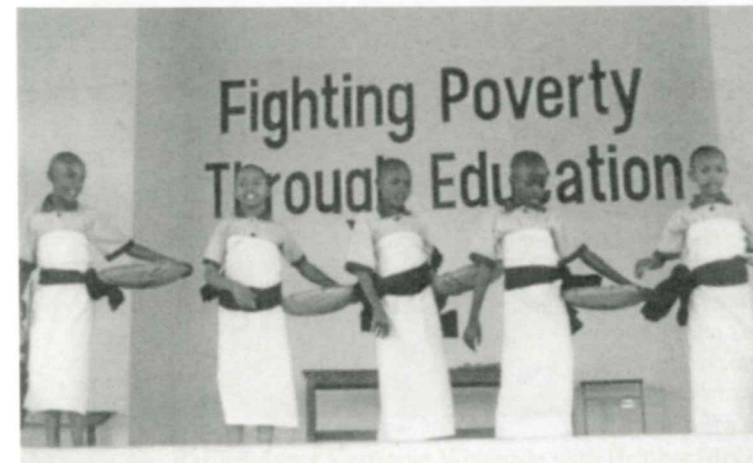
The final four days were spent on the Spice Island, ZANZIBAR. We flew from Arusha on Day 16 and enjoyed

staying two days at Kendwa beachside, with swimming in the warm, clear, turquoise water, after an initial visit through the spice plantation. This was followed by two days in Stone Town, historical area which incorporates the Old Slave Market and many other sites.

For three weeks of selective enjoyment, this adventure really takes top priority in my book. I do hope that some of you have the enthusiasm and ability to check into it for next year, and that you can also assist in the worthwhile project of The School of St. Jude, for the benefit of the people of Tanzania.



From left, Judith, Roma's sponsored student, her mother and sister



School performance at St Jude, Anusha, Tanzania. East Africa

Robert Burns Statue Appeal

The National Trust of Australia has launched an appeal to restore a significant statue of Robert Burns and his dog Luath. The Trust seeks donations to support the Camperdown community in their efforts to restore this internationally important statue.

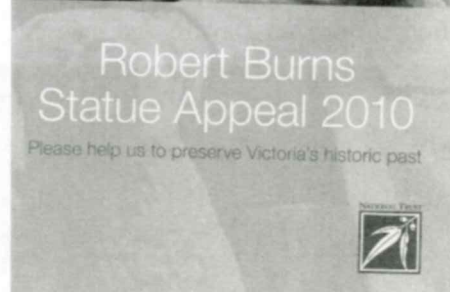
Eminent sculptor John Greenshields in Scotland created the statue in 1830. William Taylor who was an early settler of the Western District in Victoria inherited the statue. He gifted the outstanding artwork to the community of Camperdown in 1883. It was erected in the Camperdown Public Park where it remained for over 125 years. However present day vandalism has caused the statue to be removed for restoration.

This is an extract from *The Twa Dogs*, Robbie Burns, 1786; written when his favourite dog Luath was killed.

*“ ..a ploughman’s collie
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend an’ comrade had
him,
And in freak had Luath ca’d him,
After same dog in Highland Sang,
Was made lang syne,- Lord known how
long.*

*He was a gash an’ faithfu’ tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, baws’nt face
Aye gat him friends in ilka place;
His breast was white, his touzie back
Wee l clad wi’ coat o’ glossy black;
His gawsie tail, wi’ upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdie’s wi’ a swirl.”*

To make donations call the Trust on 03 9656 9838 or contact the Trust at - info@natrust.com.au



Clan MacGillivray Novice Piper Award

Alastair Grant

I am sixteen years old and am currently undergoing year 11 studies at Scotch College, Melbourne. I am also playing with the Scotch College pipe band and have been since I started bagpipes in June 2008. I took up pipes as many of my friends were already in the band and it looked like great fun. None of my family members are playing pipes however my father did when he was younger. And who knows what the future will hold.

I am grateful and thank you for the support that you give to the solos each year; it is an honour to have my name on your shield.



Raffle winner Stephanie Whiteside with Heather McGillivray

Discovering Skye

by Ann Brown

Mary Adeline McGillivray, my maternal grandmother, was adamant that her grandchildren knew of their Scottish heritage. She told us with pride and sadness, that her grandfather (Donald 1793/1802-1853) was born in Skye but died on the journey out to Australia. Implicitly she had taught me that Skye was significant but without any further explanation.

She had successfully sown the seeds of curiosity in my heart. In memory of her some years ago I celebrated the milestone of my 50th birthday by having fabric woven in Scotland in the Ancient Hunting MacGillivray Tartan and made into a kilt. I was wearing this kilt in May 2010 when visiting Skye with Ralph, my husband. We had hired a car, he was driving and I was the navigator. Our exploration was hugely facilitated by the thorough genealogical research already completed by Ray Wilson and clearly set out in his book 'Clear off to the Colonies'. Ray is descended from Donald Bertram, a brother of Mary Adeline.

Mary Adeline and Donald Bertram were grandchildren of Donald and Christina MacGillivray (née MacDonald). The croft where Christina and Donald had lived in Skye is on a hill and overlooks the Point of Sleat. The geographical significance of the croft was explained to us. The ancient MacGillivrays who leased this land from Lord MacDonald, not only crofted the land but had the additional role of keeping a look out for invaders. There was a system in place. In the event of a threat they were to light a beacon to

alert their nearest neighbour of approaching danger. Each neighbour would in turn light their beacon resulting in a relay of beacons ultimately informing the MacDonalds and the rest of the community of the impending danger.

Sleat is rugged country but it has a powerful beauty. The land is hilly and rocky. Today the farming is traditional and non-intensive. The terrain, despite its stunning scenery, has a seeming emptiness, leanness and frailty. There is grassland, some heath, bog, ferns, mosses and a little scrubby woodland. We saw small paddocks in which there were occasional black-eared sheep grazing. There are some traditional white houses with brown roofs. Fences are made of stones. It was late spring and in places we could see a random sprinkling of mauve wildflowers. Some of the rocks near the water's edge were covered with a tawny creeper.

Beauty however cannot withstand social change. History tells us that from the 1800s onwards the clan chiefs had become landlords and the clan lands were divided into crofts and the crofters were not only expected to be self supporting but also to make a profit for their landlord. As the population in Skye was increasing the size of the crofts was decreasing. In 1852 there were three generations living on the one croft; Donald, Christina, their six children, Donald's mother and his brother. They were mainly reliant on what they could cultivate from the soil and the land and its people were still

recovering from the effects of a potato blight in 1835. Even today the croft cannot independently support a farmer and his family. The highland crofters were encouraged to leave because the English wanted to use the land for sheep farming which was more economical. In 1852 this dire poverty was a compelling reason to leave the Aird.

The road leading from the Aird to Armadale is narrow. It is believed that Donald, Christina and their children travelled on this road to Armadale Castle where they stayed the night before they left Skye. Armadale castle belonged to Lord MacDonald. (Today Armadale Castle is a ruin but it is owned and maintained by the Clan Donald Lands Trust, a charitable organisation. The castle is surrounded by a 40 acre woodland garden, and there is a Museum. These are well kept.)

The next morning Christina, Donald and their children assembled outside the front of Armadale Castle. They were escorted to Lord MacDonald's private jetty and left Armadale on a cutter called the 'Celt'. The 'Celt' took them to Campbeltown and from there they boarded the "Hercules" beginning the first leg of their journey to Australia

There was an outbreak of smallpox on the Hercules and the ship docked at Queenstown. Donald died as a result of this disease. However in spite of offers to return to Skye, Christina stayed at Queenstown and five months later she and her six children completed their journey to Australia on the 'Poitiers'.

In Skye, the journey from Armadale to the Church of Scotland at Kilmore is

approximately 15 kilometres. In the churchyard there are lairs. Lairs are unmarked graves that are used and reused. There are six lairs alongside each other under the shade of a majestic Ash. We learnt that the first two of these six are MacGillivray lairs. The churchyard looks out to the ocean and has an extraordinarily peaceful aspect.

I have been informed that Christina MacGillivray spoke Gaelic and that my grandmother Mary Adeline often repeated a few Gaelic words that Christina had taught her. Each time I attend the Ringwood Highland Gathering I attempt to learn some Gaelic phrases. I practise these phrases during the year and my progress is very slow.

However on our arrival and departure from Skye Ralph and I stopped at a café for morning tea. I took a chance and uttered my Gaelic phrases to the ladies serving us behind the counter and to my absolute shock they understood what I was saying! They were really thrilled that I was trying to speak the native tongue and they helped me with my pronunciation.

It was difficult to leave Skye – and we had only been there for a couple of days! As a parent I can see that the situation for Christina and Donald must have been absolutely desperate for them to leave and expose their precious children to the risks of the unknown.

In the face of adversity and challenge, these McGillivrays dug deep and held fast to courage. They did not give in to fear but they looked change in the eye, kept their wits about them and moved on.



Mary Adeline in 1949 at the wedding of her second daughter, Beryl Cameron (Ann Brown's mother).



Outside MacDonal Castle, where Christina, Donald and their six children assembled on the morning of their departure from Skye



The MacDonal Private Jetty



A line of six lairs under an Ash tree



Churchyard at Kilmore, Skye

Married under old gum tree

By Sue McGillivray-Jordan

The marriage of Rowena [Ro] and Greg McGillivray was celebrated under an old gum tree in a paddock at Wannovale, Barnawartha North, Victoria, on April 16 2010.

Greg, the son of Marlene and John McGillivray, of Western Australia, was resplendent in a McGillivray tartan kilt, hired from Don Ormiston, of Melbourne. [John McGillivray was born on January 3 1932 in Glen Clova, Kirrie Muir, Angus, Scotland, and Marlene, nee Richardson, was born in January 3m 1943, in Sauchie, near Alloa, in Clackmannanshire.]

Ro, the daughter of Pamella Krause and Neale Lechmere, made her own gown, finishing it on the morning of the wedding. The strapless, panelled, white silk dupion gown with full skirt and modest train, was inspired by 1940s Dior couture. Her mother made the tulle underskirt with 50 metres of tulle.

The bride's sister, Karina Lechmere was bridesmaid and best man was Stewart Teale. Ro arrived for the wedding ceremony in an old Citroen car and she had pinned her grandfather's double set of Queen's Commendation for Bravery medals to the stem of her posy of white roses and cream lizzies, highlighted with a touch of bright yellow roses

The ceremony was followed by a French-inspired 'high tea' reception at The Albury Club ballroom, built in the late 1800s.

Guests were served all the 'little' food particularly liked by Greg and Ro and tea was served in antique tea cups and saucers, collected by Rowena's great aunt, Laurel Clemson, with thanks to the ladies of Junee who generously donated some of their treasured crockery to the cause.

A wire 'Eiffel Tower' was covered in luggage tags for guests to write a note for the bride and groom.

The reception had a black and white colour scheme, with accent colours of either yellow, orange, red, pink, purple or royal blue, for each table.

After honeymooning on the south coast of New South Wales, they are now living in their 1930s home in Albury.



Ross McGillivray by Allan McGillivray
15th January 1919 – 17th January 2011

This is an edited version of a talk at the Charlton Senior Citizens Afternoon January 29th 2009.

Richard Ross McGillivray was born on the 15th January 1919 at Charlton to Donald Bertram and Elsie May McGillivray, nee Ross, but is known as Ross to everyone. Then followed Ian, May and Margaret, all in four years. They grew up on the family farm at Yeungroon.

Ross went to the Yeungroon school when 6, with Ian aged 5. They walked to Bennetts and went in their gig with Jim and Margaret who were in the higher grades. This continued for a couple of years until Ross could drive the gig to school. Ross went to grade 8 at school and left at age 15. He came home to the family farm, doing all sorts of farm work; fencing, which still stands today along the front of the farm, all the holes dug by hand and the posts and droppers cut from timber on the farm. Cutting chaff and carting hay, milking 2 to 3 cows each day and feeding pigs as well as about 20 horses to care for were some of the jobs that Ross did. He started harvesting with a 6 ft McKay harvester and 5 horse team. When he was about 17 -18 years old he progressed to a Robinson Big E with a 9 ft cut and 6 horse team.

When Ross was about 20, they got chooks – 600 day old chickens, which were kept warm by having a drum in

the ground, fire burning all day and night to keep the ground warm for the chickens. Eggs were sold to Sodings in Charlton, they were washed and packed to take to Sodings to be graded.

Ross met Joyce Stewart at the Charlton show and were married on the 23rd February 1944 in Bendigo. They lived at Yeungroon until March 1948 when they moved to Dooboobetic. Glenyse was born in 1947 and Allan in 1951.

Ross McGillivray passed away on the 17th of Jan



Merran Adams by Mary Schoorman

Mum's McGillivray connection was her great great grandmother Janet Shaw (nee McGillivray). Mum's great grandmother - Elizabeth Shaw - The daughter of Hugh & Janet Shaw, arrived in Australia 24 Feb 1860 on the ship 'Prince Of The Seas' with her sisters Catherine & Margaret. Elizabeth married August Shrader 14 May 1867

In 1874 Mum's grandfather Donald Angus Shrader was born. He married Janet Booth 29 May 1900. Mum's father Keith Irvine Shrader was born 11 Jul 1907. He married Euphemia Marion McInnes 10 Nov 1943.

When we reflect on Merran's life there are two dominant memories, but both are connected.

Firstly, she was one of the most generous, thoughtful and selfless people any of us knew. Merran packed more into her life than almost anybody. She had a daunting list of tasks to achieve every day because she never said 'no' to anyone. She always had time for everyone and everything and she could not be hurried. Which brings up the second memory...Merran was always late...very late!

We all have 'Merran late' stories and many have been revisited in the past few days. A common theme being... getting madder as we waited, she would finally arrive having taken extra time to pick you a bucket of roses from her garden or make you a cake.

Merran was born in Korumburra, the first child of Keith and Marion Shrader. From her Primary school days at Birchip, through teenage years at Allansford, Warrnambool High School, Geelong Teacher's College, family holidays at Walkerville, wherever Merran went she made life long friends and she always kept in touch.

When Merran married Hughie Adams she embraced Wangoom and farm life but with five daughters, community involvement and teaching piano and singing there was little time for farming. That came later. Wangoom residents remember that green Kombi flying in and out of Warrnambool several times daily in an era when farm people only ever went to town on Wednesdays.

Merran's love of music began early. Her mother used to tell the story... determined to pass on a love of singing to her new baby daughter, Merran was sung to constantly...while being fed, when put to sleep, at every opportunity. So, as a little girl, Merran took up the challenge. After being put to bed she would begin singing nursery rhymes....and sing, and sing! Refusing to stop until, her mother, totally exasperated, would smack her. She would cry for a minute, then begin singing again.

It wasn't surprising that Merran made a career of teaching music and that her sisters were not taught to sing.

Nothing was ever too much trouble for Merran, everything could always be fitted in. Ros recalls a time when she was going to Melbourne from Wangoom.... she went via Swan Hill, towing the trailer... transporting a large stainless steel table (bought on a whim, as she thought it might be useful for Kevin). After going on to Melbourne she returned again via Swan Hill to pick up the trailer.

When the girls were young Merran made all their clothes. If eBay had been around then she wouldn't have needed to...even their play clothes would have been designer labels...as her grandchildren's are. Merran, the eBay queen! With her laptop in hospital, she was still checking eBay in her last week. We all thought it was a pity she didn't learn how to sell as well as buy.

In her last two weeks Merran was given hope that organ transplant may be a possibility for her. When discussing this, her family made the decision that if

they were prepared to accept a gift such as this for Merran, then they should also be prepared to register as donors themselves. For this reason, her girls have taken action. You will notice that there are donor forms in the foyer in the hope that others will also follow this lead in memory of Merran...a beautiful person, whose generosity and kindness knew no bounds.



Inez Coulsell by Paul Coulsell

Her parents were Malcolm & Lucy (nee McLean) McGillivray (of the Lethbridge/Gunbower family). Her Grandparents were John (Black John) & Margaret (nee Plummer) McGillivray

Her great grandparents Charles & Mary (nee Matheson) McGillivray came from the Isle of Skye. Leaving in dec1852 on the ill fated ship The Hercules which was stricken with disease off the coast

of Ireland – where they were moored for some time in the harbour of Queenstown (now called Cork) before the sick were taken ashore. Charles died in the February.

Editors note:
I share great, great grandparents with Inez. Her grandfather was my great grandfather's brother.