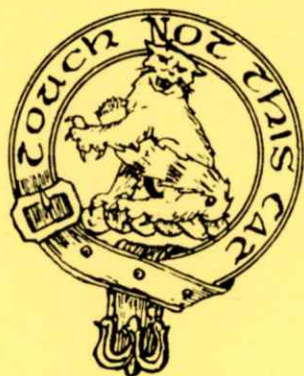


CLAN



MACGILLIVRAY

Journal of the
clan macgillivray
society - australia

Vol. 2, No. 6

1990

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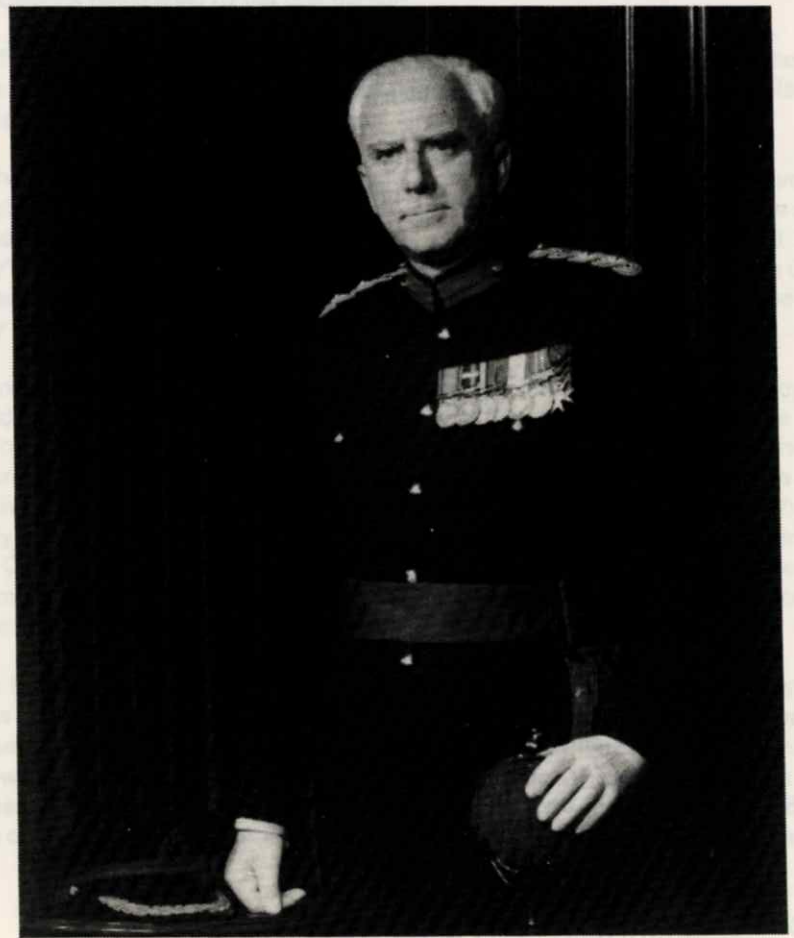
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CLAN MACGILLIVRAY

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Vol. 2, No. 6

1990



George B. Macgillivray
Commander of the Honourable Clan MacGillivray



THE CLAN MACGILLIVRAY

TO: All Clansmen and Clanswomen

This will announce the commissioning by Malcolm R. Innes of Edingight, Her Majesty's Lord Lyon King of Arms, on 27 July 1989 of **George Brown Macgillivray** as

*Ceann Cath or Commander
Of the Ancient and Honourable Clan MacGillivray*

The Commission states:

"As Commander with power and commission to him to do and perform all acts and functions proper to the Commander of the said Clan in the personal absence of the Hereditary Chief thereof, in the same manner and to the same effect as if he had been specially appointed and instructed by such Hereditary Chief.

"And we ordain that the said Clan MacGillivray and all persons belonging thereto shall honour and obey the said George Brown Macgillivray as Ceann Cath or Commander foresaid."

The Lord Lyon desires further that as a prime function the Commander rally the Clan, that he and his appointed Commissioners in the United Kingdom, the United States of America, in Canada, Australia and the Netherlands commence immediately through the medium of an autonomous Clan Society or Societies to give form to the honourable and ancient Clan MacGillivray by marshalling clan members wherever situate as is presently the case in Australia and Nova Scotia.

It is requested therefore that all Clansmen and Clanswomen and all extant Clan Associations and Societies declare their existence and composition direct to their pertinent Commissioner, giving:

NAME, ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBERS and FAMILY TREE (if any) and affiliations, if pertinent, with existing Clan Societies and Associations.

G. Macgillivray
George B. Macgillivray

COMMANDER OF THE HONOURABLE CLAN MACGILLIVRAY

EDITORIAL

This is an important issue in many respects, not the least being that it is the final issue, No. 6, in Volume 2 of the Journal of Clan MacGillivray of Australia, and twelve consecutive successful years of publication of a clan magazine is no small feat. Then too, it is the first one in that series which has come through its gestation period without the inspiration and guiding hand of foundation editor Ian MacG. Elder. Your Council had no hesitation in electing Ian to Honorary Life Membership of our Society in recognition of his invaluable service in many ways, but especially for his devotion to the establishment of this Journal as one of the most highly respected Clan publications. That leads me to the point that the absence of another nominee forces me to act in the role of editor for the second time, a role for which I have no training or attributes and in any case it is not healthy for our Society to have so many positions being filled by the one person.

In this issue, an innovation is the inclusion of a contents for Volume 2 and we hope that readers will find this a useful reference point in their reading and research. (A similar list for Vol. 1. is available on request from the Hon. Secretary.)

Without doubt, however, the major theme of the issue is the coverage we give to the celebration of an event of happy and historic significance to all of us who share the ancient highland heritage of the name MacGillivray... the commissioning in Scotland by Her Majesty's Lord Lyon King of Arms of Colonel George Brown Macgillivray as Ceann Cath, or Commander, of the Ancient and Honourable Clan MacGillivray. Thus after a period of over seventy years without a Chief, the Clan now has a leader!

In ancient times if a clan Chief was unable to lead his clan into battle due to age or illness he could appoint a "leader of the host" or War Leader for a limited time, and if there was no Chief, then this commander was appointed by a 'derbhfine' or quorum of the armigerous members of the clan and those who owned landed estates in Scotland. In the case of Clan MacGillivray there are at present not enough armigerous members to form a derbhfine, and uniquely Lord Lyon has himself made the appointment in order to provide a rallying point for the Clan. Hopefully, in the absence of the emergence of an hereditary Chief in the meantime, and with the appropriate support from clan members, our Commander will become Chief.

The formal "call to arms" from Commander George to all clansmen and clanswomen appears on the facing page, and elsewhere in this issue are his detailed 'curriculum vitae' and other contributions he has sent to help your editor. We in Australia are fortunate that we know George so well — he has been Patron of the Society since its inception and he came here for a memorable visit in 1977. He certainly has a deep passion for the ongoing welfare of the Clan, and we in Australia wish him continued good health and success in his task.

Peter McGillivray

GEORGE B. MACGILLIVRAY, B.A., CD, KCLJ,
Commander of the Clan MacGillivray

Residence: St. Joseph's Heritage, 63 Carrie Street, Thunder Bay, Ontario
(807) 767-0667
or P.O. Box 174, Thunder Bay, Ontario Cottage: (807) 926-5227
7632 East Minnezona Avenue, Scottsdale, AZ 85251 (602) 994-8335

Occupation: Daily Newspaper Publisher (retired)

Born: Port Arthur, Ontario 25 April 1914, son of the late Dr. Thomas Dow MacGillivray, B.A., M.D., C.M., and the late Mabelle Hunter Brown; grandson of the late The Very Reverend Malcolm Macgillivray, onetime Moderator of Presbyterian Churches in Canada.

Married: Nancy Porteous Bell, daughter of the late Lt. Col. John Kidd Bell and Georgina Drummond Bell of Winnipeg (the former was onetime commanding officer of the Royal Winnipeg Rifles).

Children: Charlotte Dow, born 21 August 1948 (Havergal College, Toronto, now registered nurse)
John Malcolm, born 11 November 1949

Church: Past Chairman, Board of Trustees, St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Fort William, Ontario, 1964-1969

Education:

1933-37 Honour B.A., Modern Languages, Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario
Permanent President - Arts '37, Queen's University

1937-38 German Exchange Scholarship, University of Bonn, Germany

1938 Interpreter for London Star - Godesberg Conference, Germany (Hitler, Chamberlain and Henderson)

1938-39 Post graduate studies Paris, in French and Spanish

Business History:

1939-40 Manager, Cable Department, Shell Oil of Canada

1945-47 Manager, Production and Purchasing, McGillivray Bros. Limited, Toronto

1947-50 Lever Bros. Limited, Toronto - Manager in succession of Market Research, Advertising and Sales

1950-53 Kenyon & Eckhart Limited, Account Executive, Toronto

1953-55 Leo Burnett Company of Canada, Toronto, Vice President and Manager Canadian Operations

1955-58 Kenyon & Eckhart Limited, Vice President and Director of Canadian Operations, with offices in Toronto and Montreal.

1959-72 President and Publisher, Times-Journal of Fort William Limited and Times-Journal Commercial Printers

1972-76 Publisher - The Chronicle-Journal and The Times-News in Thunder Bay, Ontario

1976 Retired

Civic and Professional Activities:

Director Fort William Hotels Limited

Past President & Director Fort William Sanitorium

Past Member Board of Governors, Lakehead University

Past Director Fort William Y.M.C.A.
1960 Chairman Red Cross Campaign

Memberships:

Member Canadian press

Past President & Director Canadian Daily Newspaper Publishers Association

Life Member The Clan Chattan Association (since mid-thirties), Edinburgh, Scotland

Advisory The Clan Chattan Association of the U.S.A.

Member Highland, National & Canadian Pony Societies

Playing Member Royal Scottish Pipers' Society, Edinburgh

Knight Commander The Military and Hospitaller order of Saint Lazarus of Jerusalem

Honorary Chief The Macgillivray Pipeband of Thunder Bay funded 1917 by the late Dr. T.D. Macgillivray

Patron The Clan MacGillivray Society of Australia

Militia Service:

1927-33 Lake Superior Regiment - Port Arthur
1939-40 Queen's York Rangers - Toronto

Active Military Service (October 1940 - February 1945)

1941-42 GS03 Int. (Capt.) HQ3 Cdn. Div. (England)

1942 Graduate #4 Cdn. War Staff Course, Kingston, Ontario (Feb - June '42)

1942 C.O. Int. - First Cdn. Planning Staff - War Office, London

1942-44 Major, GSO2 Int., HQ's 1 Cdn. Corps, First Cdn. Army, 2 Cdn. Corps

Feb 1944 Promoted to Lieut. Col. but cancelled when SOS Army in the Field and invalidated home

June 1944 -
Feb 1945 Chief Instructor Int. Wing, RMC Kingston, Ontario

Postwar Military Service:

1947-1949 Founder and Inaugural C.O. Canada's First Reserve Intelligence Unit - Toronto

1950-1951 Pres. Cdn. Military Intelligence Association

Sept 1966 to 1981 Hon. Colonel, Lakehead Service Btn., 18 (Thunder Bay) Service Btn.

Recreation and Hobbies:

Highland
Pony Breeder: Dalcrombie Stud (closed due to illness 1969)

Author:

December 1968 "A History of Fort William and Port Arthur Newspapers from 1875"

July 1970 "Our Heritage". A Brief History of Early Fort William and the Great North West Company.

March 1974 Co-author and Publisher, "A History of the Clan MacGillivray".

Petitioner: (1954, 1968, 1987) for Chiefship of the Clan Macgillivray.

28th July 1989: Commissioned by the Lord Lyon King of Arms, Edinburgh, as Commander of the ancient and honourable Clan MacGillivray

1947 Matriculated an Achievement of Arms with The Lord Lyon, King of Arms in Edinburgh, Scotland.



GEORGE B. MACGILLIVRAY, B.A., CD., KCLJ.
Commander of the Clan MacGillivray

- 1950 Was instrumental in obtaining, at the personal written request of the Commanding Officer, permission for the wearing of the MacGillivray tartan by the Lake Superior Scottish Regiment. Such was obtained from the Lord Lyon King of Arms, from Duncan Mackintosh of Mackintosh-Torcastle, Chief of Clan Chattan and from General Charles Foulkes, then Chief of the General Staff of the Canadian Army.
- 1960 Purchased fortuitously from Sotheby's in London the original North West Company Seal of the Achievement of Arms matriculated with the College of Arms in 1823 by the Hon. William MacGillivray, Chief Director, and his brother Simon.
- 1963 Named and baptized the mountain range to the south of Fort William "The Nor'westers" with the full approval of the Canadian Government. The range is now marked as such on Canadian maps.
- 1967 Gifted to the City of Fort William, Ontario the matriculation of a corporate municipal Achievement of Arms. This was a differenced version of the 1823 Achievement referred to above. It was considered most fitting since the Hon. William gave his name to this community in 1807.
- 1967 Was involved locally with Canada's Centennial Canoe Pageant including the presentation to the Chief Voyageur and Canoemen of the Ontario "William MacGillivray" canoe, on the original site of the old fort, of a replica of the North West Company flag. Such had not been flown in local waters since before 1820. Assisted in persuading the Province of Ontario to gift the William MacGillivray Canoe to the City of Fort William following the conclusion of the 3,500 mile trip from Rocky Mountain House, Alberta to Montreal.
- 1968 Since the Chiefs of the ancient Clan MacGillivray have never been armigerous in terms of registration of Arms with the Court of the Lord Lyon he did, in concert with the Lord Lyon and assisted by C. d'O Pilkington Jackson, the famous Scottish sculptor of the equestrian statue of Bruce at Bannockburn:
- i) Matriculate with Lyon Court an Achievement of Arms in the name of an ancient Chief Farquhar, circa 1672, using as model one of the coats on a MacGillivray chiefly headstone in the Dunlichity burial ground, near Inverness.
 - ii) Incorporate such Ensigns Armorial as a clan memorial on a handsome granite panel prepared on commission by C. d'O Pilkington Jackson. This panel also bears descriptive copy as an aid to identification of headstones.
 - iii) Commission a wrought iron transom from Thomas Hadden, the well known Edinburgh smith, to enhance the fine old gate to the burial enclosure.
 - iv) Restore completely the Chiefly Enclosure including gate, transom, walls and grounds.
- The culmination of this work was the panel dedication ceremony at Dunlichity on 9 August 1968 as a feature of the Clan Gathering and Highland Industries Exhibition at Moy.
- 1970 Created in concert with Lieutenant Colonel Arthur Evans on behalf of the Mayor and Council of the City of Thunder Bay a new Achievement of Arms for the City of Thunder Bay which were received from the College of Arms, London, England in July 1970.

INHERITANCE

Last year the anguish of yet another birthday was ameliorated by a considerate son, knowing his father's predilection for pipe music, giving me a present of a new tape of solo piping. The enjoyment of the fine recording was immensely heightened by the fact that the exponent was a young lady named Elspeth Macgillivray. Not having heard of Elspeth before I read the all too short description on the cover with great curiosity and saw that her father was someone I had met briefly many years ago. But more importantly, in a piping context and in explanation of her piping skill, I learned that she was the grand-daughter of Dr Kenneth Mackay (who died some two years ago) of Laggan, near Newtonmore and in the upper strath of the River Spey. From him Elspeth had received most of her tuition.

In recent decades one of the great strengths of piping on Speyside came from the school of piping that Kenneth Mackay had at Laggan. There he taught and encouraged the youth of the district in this art and it was always a pleasure to attend the Highland Games at Newtonmore and see how many youngsters were prepared to compete in the various piping competitions and to do so with such confidence and ability. It is not surprising therefore that his own grand-daughter too should fall under the spell which he cast and which produced such a flowering of talent for the world of piping.

Faithful to the tradition she has inherited Elspeth is now tutored by Neil Angus Macdonald, a contemporary of her late grandfather but from the Outer Hebrides, thus affording her the opportunity to broaden her knowledge and range of material.

This is, I think, the first commercial recording that Elspeth has made but surely others will follow. The tape, aptly titled 'Inheritance', carries a fine selection of tunes, all of which allow this talented artist to exhibit the fluency of her playing and the dexterity of her fingering. The crispness of gracenotes, doublings and taorluaths is of the highest order and the tape a joy to listen to. Already it has for me whiled away many otherwise weary miles of motoring. It is not perhaps for those with a superficial interest in the music of the pipes. There are few well-known, or "popular" tunes; although it does include 'The Bloody Field of Flanders' and 'Farewell to the Creeks'. It is more for the enthusiast who will appreciate the traditional airs and some of the great pipe marches of the old masters. More interesting are the modern tunes, some by her mentor Neil Angus Macdonald, and her own tune 'Dr Kenneth A. Mackay of Laggan', a very fitting tribute to a fine man who did so much to ensure that the piping tradition will carry on.

A few tracks include selections with the Ceilidh pipes accompanied by fiddle, harmonica, guitar and piano, a growing trend in pipe music; but these are less satisfying. The strength of the tape is in its intriguing selection of music, both old and new, and if on occasion the timing appears to be over strict and precise, the outstanding impression is the clarity of the complex fingerwork and the confidence of a young artist thoroughly at one with her music. The cover says "With traditional Gaelic influences in her style of playing, Elspeth Macgillivray preserves some of the richness of her Highland heritage." That is an understatement. I hope to enjoy many more hours listening to this tape, and to those that may follow. We will undoubtedly hear more of this talented young lady and isn't it a pleasure to write about someone of our name for this magazine.

The tape "Elspeth Macgillivray, Inheritance" is produced by the
'Norsound Recording Studio, 1988'.

Robert McGillivray
Edinburgh

Readers may recall an earlier article about this talented young musician that appeared in our 1986 issue and in the same Journal we were told of the piping achievements of James McGillivray in Canada and Duncan of Wigg in Scotland. Then too, I am reminded of another young girl, Rona McGillivray, who was solo piper at Moy Hall during the 1983 Clan Chattan Jubilee celebrations. What a pity that distance prevents us from getting them all together with our own Colin and Michelle to give us a real treat at one of our Australian gatherings!

Ed.

CLAN COMMISSIONERS APPOINTED

As stated in the formal announcement by Commander George to all MacGillivrays worldwide, he is in the process of appointing his Commissioners in those countries where a substantial number of clansfolk reside, and the Commissioners in turn are charged with the task of rallying the Clan and collecting family history data through the medium of autonomous Clan societies.

I have humbly accepted the invitation of our Commander and have the honour of being the first Commissioner of Clan MacGillivray in Australia. A brief biographical summary follows for those members who do not already know me. It is a credit to the founders of our Society in Australia that we are so far advanced in fulfilling the instructions of The Lord Lyon and the wishes of our Commander. Most of you have already submitted genealogical and other family data to the Secretary for inclusion in Clan records, but any who have not or who wish to submit additional information are asked to do so as soon as convenient. Pro forma pedigree charts are available on request.



Commissioner for Australia Peter McGillivray displays his new personal banner at Ringwood Highland Games

Other Commissioners already appointed are:

U.S.A.	—	Bruce P. McGillivray of Portland, Oregon.
CANADA	—	Commodore Darroch N. Macgillivray, RCN (Retd.) of Nova Scotia.
HOLLAND	—	Dr. Edward (Edwin) MacGillivray of Amsterdam.
UK	—	Mrs. Ishbel McGillivray of Inverness, Scotland.

Biographical sketches of the above will appear in future issues.

Peter McGillivray

COMMISSIONER FOR AUSTRALIA

Peter McGillivray, H.D.A., Mont Albert, Victoria.

A retired agriculturist, he is the senior male descendant of Alexander McGillivray who emigrated in 1880 from Forres, Morayshire, Scotland, where his family had farmed since at least 1700, and who became resident Manager of The Great Britain Tin Mining Company at Emmaville, NSW. The Commissioner's father, George, served as an officer in the Australian Light Horse on Gallipoli and in Palestine during World War I, and then gave a lifetime of public service in the NSW Department of Agriculture, retiring as Chief of the Division of Dairying and renowned worldwide as a judge of dairy cattle.

Peter was born in 1922 at Hawkesbury Agricultural College, 30 miles west of Sydney, spent much of his boyhood on the Far North Coast of NSW and returned to his birthplace for tertiary education, graduating with 2nd class honours in 1941. He then served the next 4 years in the A.I.F., firstly as a wireless operator in the 1st Aust. Armoured Division and then, after coming Dux of an army food technology course at Sydney University, he was appointed as Asst. Inspector of Supplies for South Australia.

On discharge from the army, Peter joined the Shell Group of Companies and spent almost 37 years with them, engaged in field research, marketing, and management in Australia and the Pacific Islands, and a three year assignment in London on international matters. During this latter posting he made several visits to Scotland and became a life member of the Clan Chattan Association. Both before and after retiring from Shell he served as a member of the Victorian Government's Advisory Committee on Agricultural Education.

Upon his return from the U.K. in 1974, Peter was invited to become the inaugural Honorary Chief of the newly formed Clan MacGillivray Society of Australia, a position he still holds as well as being Treasurer of that organisation. On 15th April, 1989, he matriculated an Achievement of Arms with the Lord Lyon, King of Arms, in Edinburgh, Scotland, the only Australian member of Clan MacGillivray to have achieved this honour.

Other positions held include:

Australian Corresponding Secretary for Clan Chattan Assn. since 1975

Member of Scottish Australian Heritage Council

Member of Company of Armigers

Member of Scottish Gaelic Soc. of Victoria, and a student of Scots Gaelic.

Honorary Life Member, Royal Agricultural Society of Victoria, for 25 years of voluntary service.

Peter and his wife Leila (nee Scott) have three children, Alex (married to Ruth), Jane and John, and 2 granddaughters.

*Clansmen, the peats are burning bright
Sit round in a ring
And I shall tell of the great night
I danced before the King.
For as a dancer in my youth
So great was my renown
The King himself invited me
To come to London town.
My brand new presentation kilt
And ornaments I wore
And with my Sgian dubh
I rapped upon the palace door.
And soon I heard a Lord or Duke
Come running down the stair
To the keyhole put his mouth
Demanding — who was there?
Open the door I firmly cried
As quickly as you can
Is this the way that you receive
A Highland Gentleman?
The door was opened
Word went round MacAllister is here
And with the news the palace rang
With one tremendous cheer.
The King was seated on his throne
But down the steps he came*

*Immediately the waiting Lord
Announced my magic name.
The lovely ladies of the Court
With pearls and jewels decked
All blushed and trembled as I bowed
To them with great respect.
Slowly at first with hands on hips
I danced with ease and grace
Then, with my hands above my head
Much faster grew my pace
Until no human eye could see
My step so light and quick
And from the floor great clouds of dust
Came rising fast and thick.
The King was greatly moved
And took my hand in friendship true
Alas he said, although a King,
I cannot dance like you.
And then the gracious Queen herself
Came shyly out to me
She pinned a medal on my breast
For all the world to see.
Her whisper I shall ne'er forget
Nor how her eye grew dim
Oh, where were you MacAllister
The day I married him*

EXCITING DEVELOPMENT — WE DISCOVER A LINK WITH JOHN, THE NATURALIST (1817-67)

We have had numerous references in past years to the two distinguished naturalist brothers, Dr. Paul Howard and John, both sons of Professor William of Aberdeen University. One of our longstanding members, Carol Tebbutt is a granddaughter of Paul, but until recently we were not aware that John had any descendants in Australia because his wife, Williamina, was known to have returned to London, where their second child William, was born in 1853 — he was baptized John William at St. Pancras, Regent Square, London on 25th January, 1853.

It was a great delight, therefore, to hear from Mrs Kay Barnett of South Kempsey, NSW, a new member, that she is a great granddaughter of John, and as a result of her careful research she has provide our Society with much family tree detail, back to 1721 on John's mother's side.

Obviously, Williamina returned to Australia in about 1856, but where she was at the time of John's death in 1867, or subsequently, is not clear, as his death certificate shows no details of family whatsoever.

Young William married Mary Jane Jones on 1st May, 1873 in Yass, NSW, and the couple lived at Murrumbateman, nearby, where he was listed as a clerk until his death in 1885 at the very early age of 32 years, leaving his widow with a young family of seven, 2 boys and 5 girls - the eldest girl, Wilhelmina Marion, was Kay Barnett's grandmother. This opens up another field of interest for research — do any of our readers know what became of William's sons, William Henry and John Walter and their descendants? All we know at this stage is that William Henry, known as Harry, married a girl named Hettie and they also had 7 children, Walter, Florrie, Eva, Mathew, Raymond, Alec and Allan — this would have been approximately during the first decade or two of the present century, so it would be surprising if some of their families were not amongst our membership?

A second exciting discovery to come our way recently in connection with John MacGillivray is an appreciation written by his brother in law, the Rev'd. P.C. Beaton of Harrogate, Yorks., who was married to John's younger sister, Anne Dorothea. Fortunately for us, he included substantial extracts from some of John's letters describing his adventures in various Pacific Islands and in Australia, and these give us a great insight to his character.

This article was published originally in "GOOD WORDS" on July 1st, 1868, and we are grateful to Dr. Bob Ralph, a present day Aberdeen University scientist, for unearthing this gem, which is substantially reproduced hereunder with it's original title - "A Martyr to Science".

A MARTYR TO SCIENCE

John Macgillivray, the distinguished naturalist whose life we propose briefly to sketch, died suddenly at Sydney, on the 6th June 1867. He was the eldest son of William Macgillivray, LL.D., and was born at Aberdeen, but spent his childhood in Edinburgh. In 1841 he returned to Aberdeen, when his father was appointed by the crown to the professorship of Natural History in the Marischal College and University — an appointment due to his acknowledged merits as a naturalist, he had no influence with the Government, and justified by the zeal, ability and success with which he discharged his duties till his death; on the 5th of September, 1852. His pupils are to be found in every quarter of the globe; and all retain a grateful remembrance of his memory and his labours.

Bon chien chasse de race; John Macgillivray was born a naturalist. Like his father, he was intended for the medical profession, and attended various classes in Edinburgh and Aberdeen; but the natural bent of his genius could not be repressed. He never took the degree of M.D., nor entered on the practice of his profession; but the time spent in the study of medicine was not lost, for the knowledge he thus acquired of physiology and anatomy proved highly useful in after life. Many anecdotes of his boyhood are retained among the surviving members of his family; all tend to show that he was a wild, impulsive, warm-hearted lad, ready to lead others into mischief, ready, also, to bear more than his own share of the punishment. Before he was ten, he was entrusted with a gun, and spent much of his time in shooting birds, which he afterwards dissected and preserved; he was thus occasionally brought into contact with the keepers around Edinburgh, who seem to have treated the young trespasser with much leniency. In his sixteenth year he delivered a series of lectures on natural history in different parochial schools in Fife.

On his removal to Aberdeen in 1841, he continued his studies in medicine, but was too restless to settle down to the sober practice of his profession. Meantime his fame as a naturalist had steadily increased, and when little more than twenty years of age, he received



John Macgillivray

the appointment of naturalist to the late Earl of Derby, and embarked on board H.M.S. *Fly*, which was about to make the voyage round the world. He had thus an opportunity of visiting many of the islands in the South Pacific and was indefatigable in carrying out the views of his employer. He often ventured into the woods alone in quest of specimens, though he knew that they were swarming with savages who regarded every stranger as a natural enemy. On one occasion he had wandered many miles into the bush, and shot several specimens of tropical birds; the rustling of the fallen leaves told him that the natives were watching his movements, but he merely kept his rifle on full cock, and went fearlessly on. On reaching a fountain in the midst of the forest, he stooped down to drink; before his lips had touched the water he saw reflected on its surface the figure of a savage with his lance poised prepared to strike. Quick as lightning he wheeled round, brought his rifle to bear, and shot him dead on the spot. It was no time for sentiment or indecision; his own life was still in danger. He loaded his rifle and began to retrace his steps towards the shore. He had a long and weary march of eight hours before he saw the mast of the *Fly* tapering on the horizon, and had repeatedly to keep the savages at bay by presenting his rifle; while he was so exhausted with thirst that he plucked the birds he had shot with his teeth and drunk the blood. It is to be regretted that he never published any account of this voyage, and his letters have been lost.

Soon after his return to England, he was appointed naturalist on board H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, employed on the Government survey, and visited a second time the islands of the South Pacific. In Captain Owen Stanley, a brother of the present Dean of Westminster, he found a commander ready to assist him on every occasion in his scientific pursuits, and the "Voyage of the *Rattlesnake*", published after his return, elicited the favourable notice of the press, and may still be read with interest by those who have a taste for natural history, or the description of foreign lands.

In 1850 he was appointed Government Naturalist on board H.M.S. *Herald*, which had been fitted out to complete the exploration of the Eastern Archipelago and South Pacific, and the letters which he published in the *Sydney Herald* have added much to our knowledge of that part of the world.

In 1851 the prominent Sydney merchant, Benjamin Boyd of Twofold Bay and whaling fame, was murdered by natives of Guadalcanal in the Solomons, and the skipper of an island trader, the cutter *Oberon*, was sent back in 1854 unsuccessfully to investigate rumours that

Boyd was still alive. H.M.S. *Herald* which visited Guadalcanal soon afterwards, also tried to solve the mystery.

John Macgillivray entered ardently into these researches, which were the more interesting to him from Boyd having been his intimate friend. The result is given in a letter from his pen, which appeared in the *Sydney Herald* of January 31, 1855:—

"On the 20th of December, the *Herald* anchored off a village immediately westward of Cape Hunter, on the island of Guadalcanal. The chief of the village came on board, and informed Captain Denham that the skull of Mr Boyd had been sold to the captain of the *Oberon* for twenty tomahawks, and that it has been stolen from the canoe-house belonging to the chief of a neighbouring tribe, named Bosakau, by whose hand it was positively stated Mr Boyd fell.

Every inquiry was made, and large rewards were offered for any further relic belonging to Mr Boyd, but they were unavailing, it being represented that Bosakau had appropriated to himself the whole of Mr Boyd's effects. They then inquired if they could obtain any of his bones, or portions of his dress or body, by which his identity could be established and next morning the natives brought off a canoe-load of bones and skulls, evidently belonging to various races. One of the native chiefs, named Supe, was purposely detained on board, with the intention of identifying the chief Bosakau, and for piloting the ship to a safe anchorage off Waua, situated seven or eight miles along the coast to the north-west. Supe was said to have been a witness of Mr Boyd's murder, and he stated that Mr Boyd was first speared and then cut down with an axe; but the period of Mr Boyd's death, whether on the moment of landing or otherwise, could not be ascertained. On the 23rd, the *Herald* anchored off Waua, and a large number of the natives came on board and freely communicated with the vessel. A message was sent ashore to induce Bosakau to come, but nothing could induce him to come up the ship's side, and an attempt to capture him was made, which failed owing to the swiftness of his canoe, which was pursued by the *Herald's* boats and was capsized in the surf. He succeeded in reaching the shore, and several shots were fired at him; and the following day it was reported he had died of his wounds. The next day a large armed party was landed, which, under the cover of the pinnace with a twelve-pounder in it, proceeded to examine the woods in the various bays, but found no trees marked with Mr Boyd's initials. The huts all along were searched, but they had been deserted by their inhabitants, and everything carried out of them. The boats then went to Wanderer's Bay, the place where Mr Boyd had landed, and found the features of the spot to correspond with the description given by the crew of the *Wanderer*. A tomahawk was obtained from a native marked B.B., which it was stated had been purchased from Basakau; but whether procured from the *Wanderer* or not could not be ascertained."

The tomahawk alluded to above was probably one which Mr Boyd had given to the natives the day before he landed. His death still remains a mystery. The general belief is that he was murdered on landing, and his body consumed with fire, and that the natives reported that he was still alive in order to escape punishment, and then that he was dead in order to secure a reward for recovering his skull. In a letter dated Sydney, February 28th, 1855, John Macgillivray thus alludes to the above affair:—

"Talking of war, even we, during the last eight months' cruise, have been doing a little soldiering at the Solomon Islands, as well as at the Fijis, among that amiable class of beings called cannibals. Of course, I volunteered for all the shore armed parties. Somehow or other, I cannot help it — when there is any fighting going, I must always go in for my share.

"During our eight months' cruise, I was more exposed on shore among the natives than all the rest put together, especially at the Fijis, where I went about alone, and lived for weeks

together at a distance of twenty-five miles from the ship, the only white man in a town invested by land and blockaded by sea by the King of Fiji — for civil war was raging. Fancy its being proposed to kill me as a spy, and the whole matter being discussed in an open council of three hundred armed men; but my hour had not yet come. Little do the people at home know the fearful risks I have run to enrich the national collection with specimens, and make observations on the language and manners of the people."

The truth is, he had a wonderful power of gaining the confidence and securing the goodwill of these savage islanders. He was a stranger to fear; and in this, perhaps, lay the secret of his safety. It is not every man who has the command of nerve to appear impassive when three hundred armed savages are discussing his fate; but, at such a moment, any symptom of terror might have led to his instant death. He had learned much of the manners and something of the language of these islanders during the previous voyage. When the *Herald* was leaving England, his skill in dealing with them was so well known that the wife of an officer of the *Rattlesnake* comforted her friend, who had a relative on board the *Herald*, and was rather afraid the Fijians might eat him, by saying "I assure you he is quite safe, for Mr. Macgillivray will be there." Whether her assurance was well grounded appears to us rather questionable: it is certain, however, that he possessed the secret of disarming the hostility and removing the suspicions of cannibal tribes, who look upon every stranger as an enemy.

He left the *Herald* at Sydney in 1855, and soon after sailed for the islands of the South Pacific to explore and collect specimens on his own account. The specimens thus collected were sent to England or Australia as opportunity occurred, for there was no regular communication, and his friends were often left in suspense regarding his fate. He often lived for months among the natives in places where a white man had never forced his way before, shooting and botanizing; the savages, far from molesting him, were won over to aid him in his scientific pursuits. He healed their diseases; he supplied them with tobacco, of which they are passionately fond. If he saw an armed savage approaching him with doubtful intentions, he advanced with a smile, and presented him with a plug of negro-head; the savage was disarmed at once, and welcomed him to his home. If he wife or children were sick, he healed them. His fame spread through those remote islands, where he came to be known as Bilbo Baccy, the Polynesian (we believe) for Dr. Tobacco, a very good travelling name among savages. He was a frequent and always a welcome guest with the missionaries, to whom he thus alludes in one of his letters: "Do you ever see Dr. Selwyn? I met him on two occasions, in Melanesia and at Eramanga. In the first place, I fitted up an unfurnished store of Captain P—'s for him to hold the first Protestant service in that part of the world. Mr Campbell, chaplain of the *Iris*, who was with him on this occasion, told me that the bishop said he had never preached in a more 'respectable' place not specially devoted to public worship. Some months after, when I went to Aneiteum, my old friend, the missionary there, told me that the report of my good deeds had gone before me."

He afterwards met Dr. Selwyn, and Dr. Patterson, now Bishop of Melanesia, at Eramanga, where he was the guest of Mr and Mrs Gordon, who were afterwards murdered by the natives from the superstitious belief that they were the cause of an epidemic which was then raging in the island.

He thus writes from Sydney in April, 1863: "I leave in a few weeks for the South-west Pacific islands on a second collecting expedition. Perhaps I may combine gold-finding with other things, because while visiting the Australian gold-fields, I kept both eyes open, and picked up a deal of practical knowledge, which will probably be of service to me in New Caledonia if I live, as I believe from what I have lately seen, that there is a large unexplored gold-field there."

After a residence of nearly two years, spent in collecting specimens and transmitting them to England and Australia, he returned to Sydney in 1865. It is to be regretted that he kept no journal of his adventures; the only information we possess is derived from an occasional letter in the *Sydney Herald*. It appears that he still retained his influence over the natives; two hundred of them were under his charge at one time, employed in collecting sandal-wood and specimens of natural history. Through living so long among savages, the restraints of civilisation had become irksome to him, and he found himself more at home in the bush than in the crowded streets of Sydney.

Our next letter from him is dated Grafton, New South Wales, August 20, 1865: "Lately I sent you a newspaper giving some account of my doings here a fortnight in the bush collecting specimens of kangaroos, and the lectures I delivered in the town-hall. I gave them one on fishes the night before last; two-thirds of my audience, as usual, were women. So you can find no snails in Auckland, though you have been fifteen months there. Before I had been there as many hours, I had got many specimens of several species; some I got on the top of a conical hill behind the town like the crater of an extinct volcano, or, perhaps, an old pa, under stones and about the roots of grass and ferns... I like warm weather, and can stand any amount of heat. I did not like the cold weather in the bush when the water in the pannikin at my feet was found frozen in the morning. However, even that was once a good thing, for it woke me one morning very early, so I got up and stood in the ashes near the fire till my feet got warm. Meanwhile, I bolted a pot of tea: so after warming myself, I went out alone, all the rest being asleep. Within half-an-hour I actually came upon a big wallaroo asleep, about as difficult and unusual a thing to do, even for a black-fellow, with his noiseless tread, as catching a weasel in the same state. She was a perfect beauty, with the first rays of the morning sun falling upon the spur where she was lying. In shooting for specimens you take all chances, but for once I thought I would give her a chance, so I whistled, to allow her to take a last look at the gum trees and sandstone formation, when bang — and all grew dim and faded away to *Madame Osphranter robustus*."

From time to time we received a Grafton paper, containing flattering accounts of the lectures he delivered (gratuitously), and of the excursions he made into the bush. His next letter is dated February 10th, 1866: "Since I last wrote I was away for three months on a collecting trip to the Richmond River, nearly a hundred miles from this towards Queensland. I started with a very bad cold, which freshened up every now and then, and, though now going away, is occasionally troublesome, but the lungs, I believe, are all right, and I am doctoring myself at last. It is all nonsense for me to try to take care of myself; for example, the other day I went out to a place ten miles off, where I heard there were some geese, of which I wanted a specimen of an old male. I meant to take care of myself, but the sight of some birds made me forget my good resolution so I plunged into the mud and water up to the middle, and continued mostly on horseback for the rest of the day in remarkably wet clothes. I had on white trousers too, so that I must have looked a pretty figure. However, I got the things I wanted, including a glorious old gander, which by dint of scrubbing with a brush and soap and water, made a very fine specimen. During my three months on the Richmond, I never slept in a house... I was very successful, though at times nearly fagged to death, chasing rifle birds in the dense bushes; but then this is part of the business. We made a fine collection, which we brought back in good condition. The sale of the things, however, goes on very slowly. It is by no means a money-making game."

It was from no mercenary motive that he exposed himself to all these privations and hardships in the bush, and continued his labours amid many indications that his strong constitution was breaking up; he was actuated by a passionate love of his favourite pursuit,

and found true happiness where most men would have been miserable. His next letter is dated Grafton, May 10th, 1866: "I told you, I think, that I had a very bad cold of six or seven months' standing. Well, at last I have got quit of it, and by a mode of treatment not recommended by the faculty: namely, by sleeping out in the bush for a few nights in succession. I had long entertained the idea that this would have the desired effect. I wanted a few specimens of our freshwater cod, the same which the Victorians boast of so much — the far-famed Murray River cod — to send with our other things as a contribution to the Inter-Colonial Exhibition at Melbourne. Our things will be exhibited in the school of arts, Grafton, before being sent to the exhibition. A squatter, a friend of mine, about thirty miles from this, knowing of my intention, three of us rode to his place on the Wymboida River one afternoon, and next day fixed our camp at a good fishing-place six miles down the river. We caught (there were eight of us) twenty-five cod, one of which, believed to weigh about fifty pounds, I skinned, and on my return stuffed. It is a very good specimen, about four feet long, and I feel proud of it. We had a tent, but I would not sleep in it, preferring the open air, where I could see the Southern Cross over my head when ever I chose to open my eyes, and the cough went away. We had dogs with us, and had some fine kangarooing. Murray-River cod is by far the finest Australian fish I ever tasted, and my experience in this way had been pretty extensive, ranging from that downwards or upwards. Of course I do not include whale, which I have eaten, and not only eaten but enjoyed, although I must say it was by no means so palatable as the plate of turbot with lobster-sauce which was once handed to me by the famous M. Soyer in his Symposium in 1851. As soon as the Exhibition business is disposed of — in about a fortnight now — I shall have to make a trip to the Wara Mountains to get kangaroos, as we want some just now for the Adelaide Museum and the New South Wales Paris Exhibition. Last time we were away on a similar errand we killed forty-one kangaroos of six different species, nineteen of which we stuffed, keeping the feet, skins, and skulls of the rest. I never shot better in my life, though I was mostly employed in skinning at the camp. On the last morning, I turned out alone for a shot while the rest were asleep, and within twenty minutes came upon a big wallaroo as big as myself, and half an hour afterwards put up two in a hollow place, on a ridge, and killed both with right and left shots while running. So I had three specimens of this very noble animal with very little trouble. The fur is long and fine, quite different from that of the Kangaroo. A few days before we bagged a fine specimen of the latter, standing six feet two inches high. Yesterday I skinned one of my finest birds — the jabiru, or gigantic crow, measuring about seven feet in length. Curiously enough, only a few days before, the Curator of the Adelaide Museum had written to me, expressing a strong desire to obtain a specimen of this bird, which is not only rare, but extremely wary and difficult of approach. I shall be sending to the Melbourne Museum a small collection of shells from this district and the Richmond, of about fifty species; one of which is three inches in length, the biggest Australia land-shell — *Helix Falconari*. In a book now on my table — Pfeiffer's *Monographia Heliciorum Viventium*, not less than 2,080 species of *Helix* are described. I have found here, and described and published nearly a dozen new species. There are nearly 100 New Zealand species, and I myself picked up upwards of a dozen different kinds in an hour or two at the Falls of Kiri Kiri, Bay of Islands."

The last letter received from him was dated Grafton, 10th December, 1866: "As I leave this part of the world tomorrow without the slightest expectation of ever returning to it, I think I had better at once inform you of my change of address. I leave for Sydney tomorrow, and after a stay of two months or so, I shall start either for Cape York or the New Hebrides, for a lengthened stay — collecting of course."

Here we must stop. He had remained two years and a half in the Grafton and Richmond

district, and before leaving he was presented with an address, beautifully engrossed on parchment, by the inhabitants, among whom he was very popular. He reached Sydney, and he was destined never to leave it; all his plans of future travel and research were overturned by the hand of death. An insidious disease, the result of hardship and exposure, had gradually undermined his strong constitution, and he died suddenly at Sydney on the 6th of June, 1867. After twenty-five years of wandering in every quarter of the globe, he found a resting place at last; a few devoted friends accompanied him to his grave.

No tombstone as yet marks the spot, but the most permanent monument to his memory is to be found in the Natural History department of our National Museum, where the fruits of his industry and research are to be seen on every side. Like most naturalists, he was enthusiastic, simple-minded, and unworldly, and his chequered life, with all its hardships and privations, was, on the whole, a happy one.

P.C. BEATON

"BRIGHT'S OWN LIVING TREASURE"

Don McGillivray of Bright in north-east Victoria has served on the Council of Clan MacGillivray Society ever since its inception, and on several occasions he has thrilled us at our annual gatherings with his talented playing of a musical saw. The following article, which appeared in a local newspaper recently under the above headline, is a fine tribute to Don and his expertise in at least two fields of endeavour.

Don McGillivray was 14 or 15 and living in Tallangatta when he first heard someone playing a saw.

So intrigued was he that he decided he too would like to be a saw player, purchased a musical saw from Allan's Music Store in Melbourne and taught himself to play.

Don is now 82 years young and is one of only three Australians who still play this unique instrument. During the intervening years he has owned four musical saws and still has three in his possession.

His first was stolen in 1935 and it wasn't until 1945 that he managed to get his hands on another. This he borrowed from a friend who later died and left it to him.

The next one he purchased from Beardmore's in Wangaratta, who imported it from Switzerland for him, and the one he plays now he purchased from the U.S.A.

Over the years Mr McGillivray has brought enjoyment to many people.

He played the saw for the first trial of TV in Albury in 1954, has played on ABC radio and appeared on Bert Newton's New Faces on Channel nine in 1980 where he scored a very creditable 80 points - the winner that night scored 84.

More recently he appeared at the Australian National Bicentennial Exhibition at Wodonga in 1988 and last Friday he stopped the show when he appeared in the Old Time Music Hall at the Rotary Conference in Bright.

Recently, Dr. Patrick Giddings wrote to the National Library and Sound Archives in Canberra regarding Mr. McGillivray.

As a result, a field officer came to Bright and recorded Mr McGillivray and his musical saw on both video and audio tape which are now lodged in the National Archives.

Apart from his musical expertise, Mr McGillivray, an ex-baker and pastry cook, is still renowned for his scones and sugar rolls and makes dozens for local charities as well as his family and friends.

75TH ANZAC DAY

I cannot let 1990 pass without reference to the 75th anniversary of the ANZAC landing at Gallipoli on April 25th, 1915, as I am sure that none of our readers could fail to have been moved by the stirring ceremonies held to commemorate this historic event in our nation's history. Many MacGillivrays served with distinction in the Anzac forces in all theatres of war (including my own father on Gallipoli and in Mesopotamia) but three are recorded as having paid the supreme sacrifice on Gallipoli, all being buried at Lone Pine Cemetery.

These were:

Sgt. Ivor Eric MacGillivray
Nº 407 - 10th Battalion

Tpr. James Alexander
McGillivray
Nº. 312 - 9th ALH Regt.

Pte. James McGillivray
Nº. 247 - 7th Bn.



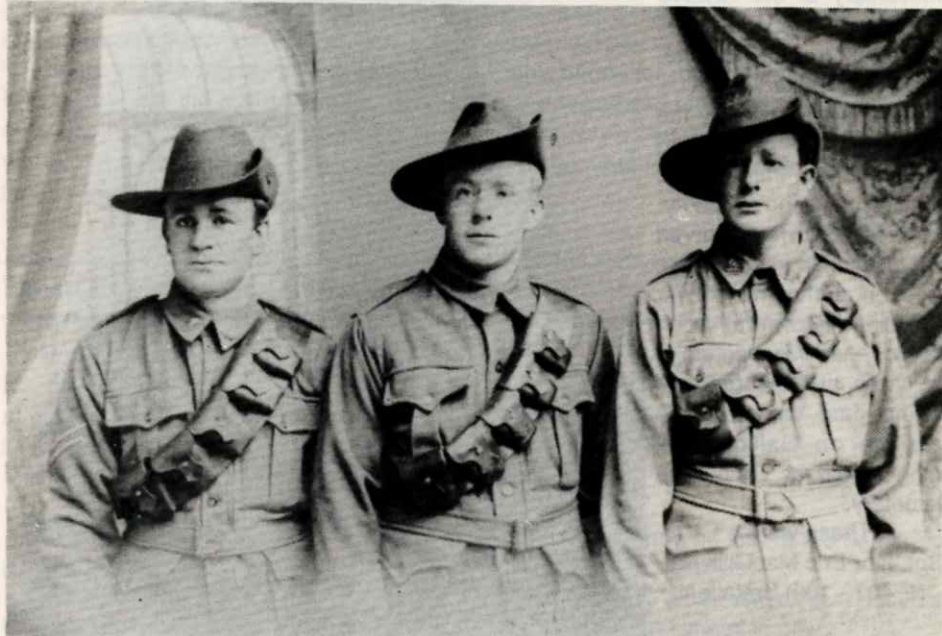
Private James McGillivray, killed on Gallipoli, 25th April, 1915

Perhaps a reader can tell us something about the first two in a future issue — indeed there is scope for interesting research into all of our name who served in World War I. For example, I wonder if any of them actually travelled on the ship Clan MacGillivray?

My story this time, however, is about Private James McGillivray, Nº 247 (refer photo) who was killed in action on the beach on the first day of the landing at the age of 22.

Donald McGillivray of Yea, Victoria (son of migrants John and Sarah from Dunmaglas) and Caroline Bryce Burns were married at Donnybrook in 1880 and had 11 children - 4 girls and 7 boys. Of these seven boys, six fought in World War I, James, John and William at Gallipoli, the latter two going on to France, plus Archibald (father of our secretary David), Andrew and Alfred in France - only Donald, married with a young family, was not involved. What a fine family record!

Army records reveal that at one stage in May 1916, Archibald, William and John were actually all together at Tel-el-Kebir in Egypt in the 5th Field Bakery Unit and one can't help wondering whether the eldest boy, Arch., having just won his corporal's stripes, did his best to take "under his wing" for a time his two much younger brothers as they came out from the horrors of Gallipoli.



Archibald, William and John McGillivray

Photo believed taken in Scotland whilst on leave in 1919 awaiting repatriation.

HAROLD IVAN "KIWI" MCGILVARY O.A.M. — "Sea a final resting place".

Last year in Vol. 2 N^o 5 we briefly announced the award of the Medal of the Order of Australia to Harold McGillivary of Dianella, W.A. and promised you a longer story of his life and achievements. Sadly, this fine member of Clan MacGillivray lost a battle with cancer in October, 1989, and we wish to honour his memory in this issue and to offer the sympathy of our Society and it's members to his widow Pamela, daughter Pam of ACT, and his brother Alexander of Brisbane, Qld. We also thank them for their assistance in providing data for this article.

This story starts with the birth of Harold's great grandfather Angus John at Inverness in 1843 and his migration to Nova Scotia, Canada, with his parents in 1850. In 1868 Angus moved on to New Zealand, settling at Saddle Hill via Green Island in Otago province and becoming a butcher. He married in 1872 Catherine Black, who had been born on the Isle of Iona, off Mull, and who had arrived in New Zealand on the sailing ship "Timaru". The couple had 6 children and one of the sons, also Angus, born in 1875 at Saddle Hill became a Mine Manager and married Elizabeth Montgomery Cooper, her parents having come from Lanarkshire, Scotland, on the "Nelson".

In 1898, still at Saddle Hill, Alexander John McGillivary was born to this couple - he saw active service in World War I and then had a lifetime career as a cook in the RNZAF. He married in 1920 Florence Wilson, a Melbourne, Vic., girl, the couple having a family of 3 boys and 5 girls, amongst them being Harold and Alexander and he died in 1962 at the age of 64.

Harold himself was born on 19th February 1925 and we know little of his early life, other than that he left home at the age of 14 after an altercation with his father, joining the Merchant Navy as a cabin boy, and during the 1939-45 war he was twice sunk at sea, once being at the evacuation of Dunkirk. His brother, Alexander of Brisbane, last saw him in Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1945 and was so looking forward to a planned visit by Harold to Queensland in April of 1990, a reunion which, sadly, was not to take place.

As Quartermaster on the M.V. Dorsetshire, bringing migrants to Australia in August, 1949, Harold met Pamela Winifred Smart from Nuneaton in Warwickshire, and after he completed his service, they were married in Perth in April, 1952. Children of the marriage are Pamela, who works in Canberra as a Sergeant in the Training Section of the Australian Protective Service and David, recently returned from Scotland but intending to return there next year to work on North Sea oil rigs.

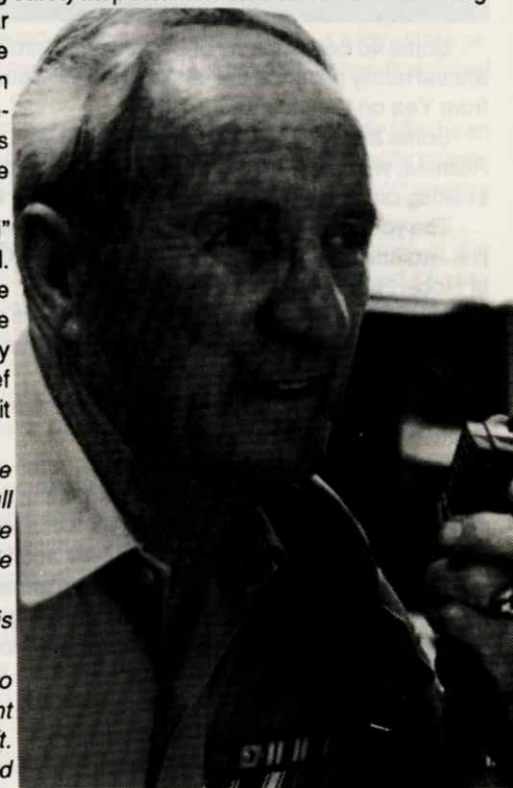
From 1952 to 1955 the family lived in Carnavon, W.A. where Harold went whaling, and then in a similar occupation at Albany. In 1958 he joined the Pilot boat at Albany as a coxswain with what was to become the Dept. of Marine and Harbours, beginning the life that he will be best remembered for — search and rescue. He was transferred to Fremantle in 1961 as Western Australia's first ever boating safety inspector and was credited with having saved hundreds of lives during rescues near Rottneest, Carnac and Garden islands. He also co-ordinated major boating events in WA., among these being the Fremantle defence of The Americas Cup, the Tall Ships project in 1988 and the welcome for lone round the world sailor, Jon Sanders.

The multitude of tributes paid to "Kiwi" McGillivary when he was awarded the O.A.M. and again on the occasion of his death leave no doubt that he was an exceptionally fine man of high qualities, held in great esteem by all who knew and worked with him. A few brief extracts from the many press clippings tell it all:

"More than 200 people and 20 sea rescue boats yesterday paid tribute to WA' first full time boating inspector as his ashes were sprinkled into the calm waters off Fremantle from the rescue vessel Vigilant."

"Kiwi McGillivary became a legend in his own lifetime."

"Inspector McGillivary is no stranger to trouble — over the past 30 years he has spent most of his time getting other people out of it. And when he says casually that he has saved several lives, he means several hundreds!"



Harold Ivan McGillivary

FAMILY PICNIC AT SEYMOUR



Some 40 descendants of Donald and Caroline McGillivray of Yea, Victoria, held their bi-annual family picnic on the banks of the Goulburn River in Seymour which is just a few miles from Yea on the 4th march, 1990.

Some attended for the first time and it was especially good to meet James and his wife Asimina, who had recently made their first contact with James' extended family. He is now seeking out other family members and we do wish him well.

The youngest ones in attendance were Jacinta Ormiston, daughter of Michelle and Don, just two and a half months and Samantha McGaffin, daughter of Joy and Colin, and sister of Robert and Ellen.

My side of the family was late in arrival, as usual, and David was quick to point out that there was "no show without Punch". Whether he was referring to Roma, Sue, me or the children, we didn't attempt to clarify.

Michelle and Don, with Jacinta, were leaving within a few weeks for a short visit to Scotland — wouldn't it be marvellous!

Roma is due to leave on August 1, after a brief stay in hospital, for 8 weeks touring England, Scotland, Ireland and the Continent, and Kerrie and Kieth Scott leave the following day for the same places and Egypt as well. We wished them all well.

It was a wonderful family day — the adults caught up on family news — the children enjoyed swimming in the river and playing games. Everyone bought their own picnic lunch, drinks, etc. Some came well prepared by bringing food for tea. Most were reluctant to leave at dusk and had to force themselves to get moving as most had a two hour drive, or even longer, to reach home.

Jillian McGillivray

DO OTHERS HAVE SUCH FAMILY PICNICS? IF SO, WE WOULD BE PLEASED TO HEAR ABOUT THEM.

(Ed.)

MULL — A VISIT

Last year, Stewart McGillvray gave us a brief insight to his sentimental pilgrimage to the Ross of Mull where he finally located the stone cottage that had been the home of his great grandparents Malcolm and Margaret McGillvray prior to their 1852 emigration to Australia.

Now he allows us to join him on a leisurely drive right around the Island of Mull, picking out some scenic and historic highlights of that lovely island which was once the homeland for a significant part of Clan MacGillivray for several centuries.

Ed

Off the west coast of Scotland are more than 500 islands known collectively as the Hebrides or Western Islands. One of the largest is Mull-of the Isles the fairest.

Mull is a triangular-shaped island about 60 kilometres long and 30 kilometres wide, the central area of the island consisting of a series of comparatively high mountains over 70 metres, the highest being Ben More (966 metres). Several long narrow sea lochs and steep glens make for spectacular scenery everywhere on the island. The 2000 or so Muileachs (locals) get their living from fishing, timber, cattle, sheep and tourism. A breed of black faced sheep are best able to cope with Highland conditions and are to be seen frequently on the flatter terrain.

To reach Mull you travel northwest from Glasgow or Edinburgh to Oban, the mainland take-off point for Mull. The MacBrayne Ferry Company provides a car-ferry service between Oban and Craignure on Mull, the crossing taking about 45 minutes. There is a love/hate relationship between the Islanders and MacBraynes. It is said that the only things that travel free on MacBraynes are the seagulls in the rigging.

As the ferry travels across the Firth of Lorn passing Lady Rock, where an early MacLean tied an unwanted wife to a high-tide covered reef, the brooding mass of Duart Castle comes into view. The castle was sited on the most easterly point of Mull to keep a watch on anyone approaching from the mainland.

An elderly Campbell living on Mull told me the story of how the early chief of the MacLeans obtained the land for the Castle. It seems that the land was owned by one MacFadgen who was asked by MacLean for as much land as could be contained in a cowhide. MacFadgen agreed to the bargain and MacLean with a sharp knife cut the hide into a strip long enough to contain the site of Duart Castle!!

After landing at Craignure village the visitor can take the road to the north or to the west. We took the road to the west along the Ross of Mull; where MacGilvrays were in strength 150 years ago.

Our first stop is at Torosay Castle, erected about 1860, for a Campbell, in the Scottish Baronial style and it now features an extensive expanse of gardens with some 20 statues brought from Italy earlier this century. Portion of the interior is open to visitors and features documents and artefacts collected by the family of the current owners depicting naval and island history.

Across the Bay from Torosay is Duart Castle. After being in ruins during most of the 18th and 19th centuries the Castle was restored by the MacLeans in 1912. The walls of the Castle are up to 3 metres thick, but the openings and the ramparts provide magnificent views of the Mull coast, Loch Linnhe, and Morven. The interior of the Castle contains trophies of the Spanish Armada, Crimean War, Scouting (the present MacLean of Duart was a former Chief Scout) and the Clan MacLean. The Castle tea room is recommended for its home cooking.

Continuing west towards Fionnphort through Glen More we skirt Loch Spelve, and about 20 kilometres from Craignure we come to the river flats at the head of Loch Scridain, the northern sea boundary of the Ross of Mull, where many of the MacGilvrays lived before the Clearances and the early 19th century famine.

Soon, we pass Pennyghael, a property owned by the MacGilvrays from early in the 16th century until 1857 (see the Clan History).

A left turn soon after passing Pennyghael takes us to Carsaig along a narrow road which requires careful driving. Strong footwear is required to walk along the various tracks and shoreline to view the rugged beauty of the rocks, cliffs, arches and caves.

Back on the road to Fionnphort we skirt Loch Scridain and travel towards Bunessan. The road is narrow so laybys, marked by white posts, are provided to enable vehicles travelling in opposite directions to pass. A cheery wave is the usual response to your courtesy when travellers meet.

Bunessan is the main village for the Ross of Mull and contains a store, post office, hotel and tea rooms. The owners of the tea rooms were most helpful in contacting bed and breakfast (B + B) accommodation for us.

Turning South at Bunessan the road leads to Uisken, a small village on the southern coast with views across the firth to Tiree, Scarba, Luing and the hills of Lorn. Our visit to Uisken was to obtain photographs of properties in the district for a fellow Clan member whose forebears lived nearby. The present owner of Knocknafenaig could only wonder why anyone would travel so far to photograph their house; but she was English!

In the western area of the Ross of Mull we notice the first of the "Standing Stones". These are rough-hewn squared columns set in the ground and rising 2 or 3 metres above ground level. They are believed to have been erected about 5,000 years ago. Many of these stones are on ley lines pointing to locations of religious significance.

Fionnphort is the most westerly village on the Isle of Mull and is the departure point for the ferry to Iona (the Holy Isle). One of the village homes has been converted to a small restaurant. A speciality of the house is baked potatoes with various fillings, mince, cheese, etc. Each potato is about 12 to 14 centimetres across, so one is a meal. Visit the Keel Row if you want a satisfying meal. A variety of beers, wines and whiskies are also available.

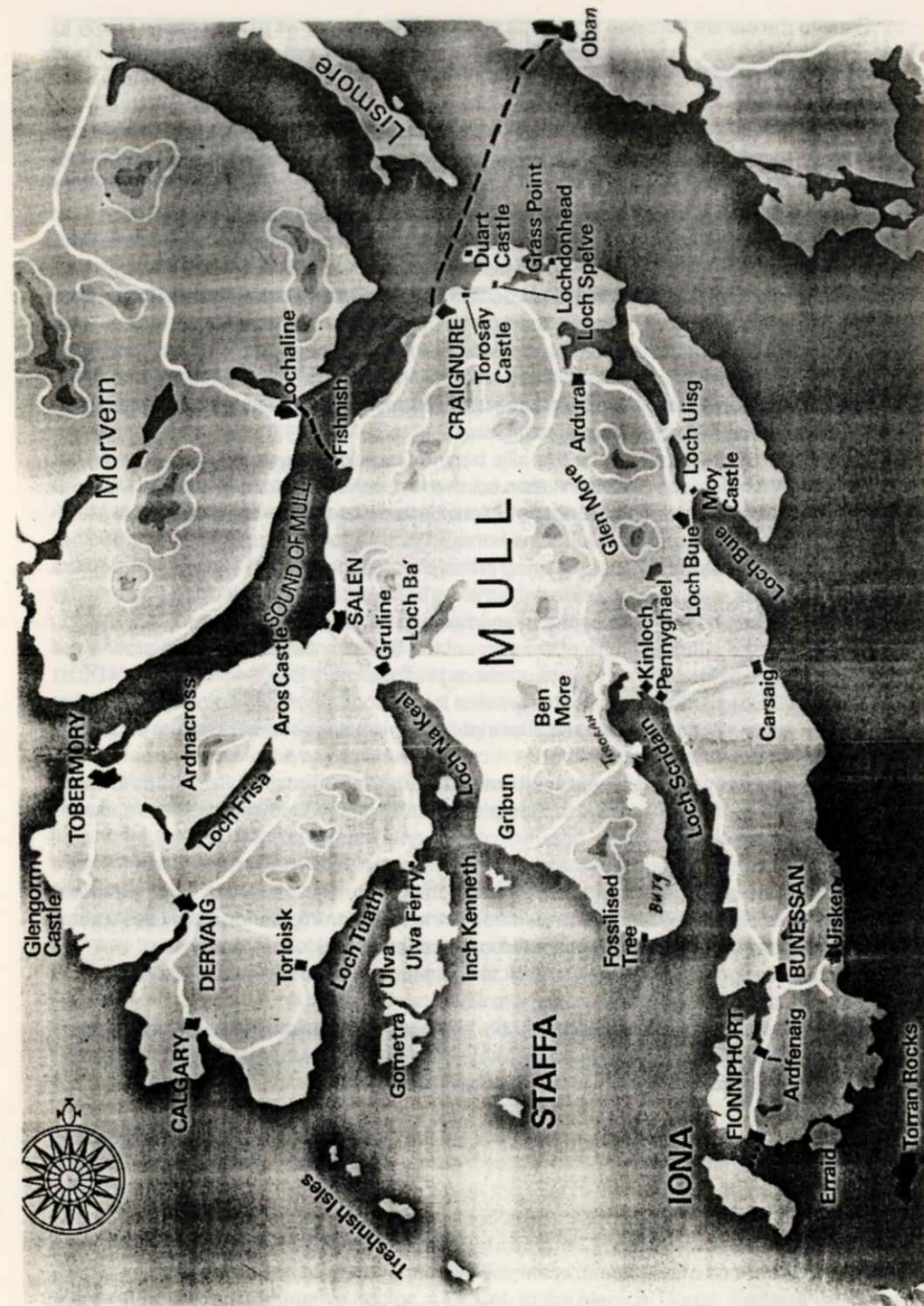
Fionnphort is a base for exploring the district. To the south is Fidden, a Campbell homestead with crest moulded above the entrance. Further south is Erraid, an island accessible at low tide, where seals can be seen in the narrow sound. This is the scene that R.L. Stevenson used as the setting for "Kidnapped".

To the north is Kintra, a former fishing village where my ancestors lived at one time. To the east of the road is Creich, a property containing many crofts, now in ruins, but interesting to examine the method of construction, the walls being formed in a similar way to the stone walls on properties in Western Victoria.

We now leave this spiritual home of the MacGilvrays and return easterly toward the head of Loch Scridain and turn north to travel along the western side of the Isle of Mull. After about 10 kilometres we stop at Tiroran on the way to Burg and the Wilderness, an area of sheer cliffs, jumbled rocks and a fossil tree about 50 million years old. Now the bad news — it is an 8 kilometre walk to Burg!

Burg and the surrounding area is under the control of the National Trust of Scotland. The ranger who lives at Burg farm is 90 years old, Miss Chrissee MacGillivray, whose family have lived in the area for four generations.

(We regret that this grand old lady died late in 1989. Ed.)



Back to the car we continue north with more spectacular views of the smaller island to the west; Staffa, Ulva, Treshnishes, and Inch Kenneth, where some of the Scottish kings are buried., and then we enter the waist of Mull. The island is less than four kilometres wide at this point.

Near Gruline we turn off the main road and travel around a corner and we are back in Australia. Yes, this small area is administered by the National Trust of Scotland on behalf of the National Trust of Australia. It is the MacQuarie Mausoleum; the last resting place of Lachlan MacQuarie who was Governor of New South Wales 1809-1821. He was born near Gruline in 1761 and died on the property in 1824 after his distinguished career as soldier and administrator.

Now the road follows the shoreline of Loch Na Keal through Kilmore towards Ensay, both names of areas rather than villages, then on to Calgary, the finest beach in Mull, a wide sweep of white sand below green hills. Leaving Calgary the main road turns east and goes cross country to Dervaig; a village with an unusual church tower, a little theatre that has a capacity of 45 people where two actors perform various plays, a heritage centre and craft shops, all of which make for an interesting stay.

The road to Tobermory climbs the hills behind Dervaig through the timber forests of Quinish and Mishnish with mountain views south over Loch Frisna to the Sound of Mull and Morven on the mainland. The growing of exotic timber is a controversial subject in Mull.

Tobermory is the 'capital' of Mull. One hundred years ago the population was 2,000 but now there are only about 600 people living in this picturesque village. The main street has the shops, offices, etc., one one side, with the harbour and fishing fleet on the other side, and on the hill behind the town centre is an imposing hotel.

Three hundred years ago one of the ships of the Spanish Armada, chased around the north of Scotland by Drake and Howard, anchored in Tobermory Bay, and MacLean of Duart borrowed 100 Spaniards to help in an inter-clan feud. Soon after, an explosion resulted in the galleon sinking in the harbour and ever since, people have been seeking the supposed \$500,000 treasure chest it carried.

Out of Tobermory the road turns south and parallels the Sound of Mull as it runs towards Salen. Salen is on the eastern side of the waist of Mull and has good eating places and craft shops; well worth a visit.

Leaving Salen we again skirt the mountains of central Mull as we near Fishnish. Here a ferry carries passengers and vehicles to Lochaline on the mainland. For travellers intending to visit Fort William, Skye, Inverness or the Northern Highlands it provides a short cut and an interesting alternative route through mountain and loch scenery.

Another 10 kilometres and we are back to Craignure and complete our circuit of Mull. A quick visit to the souvenir shop and back to MacBraynes" ferry.

The greens and browns of Mull gradually turn blue as we follow the same watery track that the MacGillvrays took 150 years ago. They were leaving home, we are going home. Did we hear the gulls say "Will ye na"e come back again?"

Stewart McGilvray

COMMANDER'S ADDRESS FOR AUSTRALIA

Clansmen and Clanswomen, Honorary Chief of the Society and Commissioner for Australia, Peter, wife Leila and sister Robin, Chieftain David, Hon. Secretary David, my very dear friends Ian MacGillivray-Elder and his wife Simone, their daughter Astrid, sons Keith and Bruce and families.

I am very pleased and proud to be able to address you in this splendid little journal as the Commander of the Ancient and Honourable Clan MacGillivray. To begin at the beginning I must tell you that I love Australia and our Aussie Family. I haven't been Down Under since 1977, but what a time I had then — never a welcome in my life to match that one — six weeks of your warm climate and hospitality that knew no bounds.

When I returned to my winter home in Arizona just before Christmas I made myself a promise to write a travelogue on my Australian exploits as I moved from Sydney through Canberra, Cooma, Melbourne, Inverloch, a town called Alice, Ayers Rock, Cairns, Mackay, Lindeman Island and the Great Barrier Reef, Brisbane and the Old Coast and back to Sydney.

Unfortunately this rapturous tale never did unfold until this moment for, with a North American domicile in three places at that time my extremely detailed diary was mislaid and to-date is still missing. I still mourn its loss for there was never a quarter-hour passed on my motor trip with Chief Peter enroute to Melbourne and Inverloch that I was not out of the car with my wee book making copious notes on birds, animals, flowers, trees and all other items of interest. However, in march of this year when stripping files in Arizona I stumbled across the letters which I had written to my dear deceased wife, Nancy, during my Australian trek.

Rather than bore you with a step-by-step accounting of daily experiences, permit me to dwell on the many highlights. Once again, starting at the very beginning as all good stories should, I was met upon arrival at the aircraft by six Clansmen all in the Kilt — Ian, Peter, Bob and Allan, all MacGillivrays, Bill Shaw and your splendid Pipemajor James Jackson who played MacGillivray's March as I stumbled down the gangplank. I was pooped, 16 hours in the air not counting airtime Scottsdale to Los Angeles. It was not a good trip, every seat was full and adults and children formed long lines to the John. I was hosted immediately by Ian and Simone, a marvellous cook who introduced me to many fruits, vegetables and varied omelettes I had not otherwise known. Of special memory was a beaten copper replica of my personal Coat of Arms mounted over the doorway to my bedroom. I still have it over the doorway to my home in Scottsdale. It is beautiful and is the work of Margery Morris.

Another outstanding memory in my initial introduction to Sydney was the Harbord Diggers Memorial Club. Ian and others had arranged for me to have a guest membership while in Sydney and I was privileged to have a drink in the Board Room with Ian and other Clansmen and with two Directors of the Club. And speaking of Clubs I had a fine dinner also at the Balgowlah Club. A few days later a big dinner was given in my honour at the Harbord Diggers Club with 35 Clansmen and Clanswomen in attendance. All Clansmen except two were in the Kilt. This was followed by the big Clan Gathering at the late Jack MacGillivray's attractive home. It was the Gathering of the Century — 120 of the Name and about 30 kids from 2 p.m. to 11 p.m. I gave a speech which may not have been completely understood. I am convinced my jokes were not understood at all. The programme was splendid and included operatic singing enhanced by much drinking, hugging and pinching. As a result of the gathering I was invited to attend a local Militia Mess dinner and to spend two days later in the country with an attractive doctor, a Lt. Col. in the Medical Corps. Barbara Grahame

was a wonderful hostess.

After all this wonderful partying it was somewhat of a welcome relief to leave the next day with Chief Peter for Wollongong and points south. I remember well the delicious lunch on the first day with Leila's brother Cecil Scott, wife Rose, daughter Louise and the Canadian son-in-law from Edmonton. Every time I met a Clanswoman I was asked very solicitously of the whereabouts of my wife, Nancy. Just prior to the trip I had purchased a new home and Nancy just could not tear herself away. On this occasion, when I was asked this question I said "Outside watching the car". They cursed me jointly for such a frivolous reply.

At this juncture I think I should make reference to Chief Peter's splendid new Volvo Station Wagon. Close to the beginning of our motor trip I had to put something into the tailgate of the vehicle. I pulled it down, placed the item inside, took my hands off the back flap and it sprang forward with one hell of a crash, which made Chief Peter turn apoplectic with rage — give a galvanic leap into the air — and utter several shocking blasphemies, all directed at me for ostensibly damaging irreparably his pride and joy. My only question is — why do they put these extra springs in Australian wagons and not in Canadian ones.

Canberra has left a strong memory of a visit to its marvellous War Memorial Museum, a dekho at the National Mint, a drink at the Burns Club, and a good dinner and evening at Cooma. The next day we spent driving through the Snowy Mountains where we saw beside the road a very large and very dead Wombat and a big grey Kangaroo. The birds were an enchanting variety and included Black Swans, Ibis, Pelicans, Cockatoos, Kookaburra, Willy Wagtails, Magpies, Hawks, Crows, Parrots and ducks.

Then came a marvellous dinner party in the lovely town of Bright, at the home of our generous hosts Don and Rene McGillivray and with other members of the North East Victorian Sept, Bob and Roma, Max and Lyn, Sue, Carrie Brown, three children, etc. I was interviewed for the Press and in my letter to Nancy I said I hoped the results would be better than they were in Sydney, where I was quoted as saying "Prince Charlie was a Mug." This was unfortunately precisely coincidental with the arrival of young Prince Charles in New South Wales.

Enroute we visited a wild life sanctuary and saw many Marsupials including Koalas and Tree Kangaroos. The latter were a revelation to me. Arriving at Peter's home in Melbourne we repacked and within the hour we were on the way to Peter's and Leila's lovely weekender at Inverloch on the south coast. Driving with Peter and Leila the next morning along the seacoast a dog-sized animal ran across the road in front of us. I said, "My God, that's a queer looking dog with stripes on its flanks and such a funny tail." So I leaped out of the car with my camera and into the gorse alongside the road to try for a picture, but had no luck. When I described it later, the description seemed to fit what is known as the Tasmanian Wolf, or Tiger, or to use its scientific name, the Thylacine. This elusive creature was supposed to have been extinct many years ago, but Peter's son Alex said that an old forester of his acquaintance has claimed one or more sightings. In support of my belief that I had seen a Thylacine, Chief Peter sent me a newspaper clipping several months later of a reported sighting in the very same area on the south coast. So I was vindicated.

After the splendid holiday with Peter and Leila I went to Melbourne to be the guest of Jo Cowan, the attractive widow of the late Ronald William Trafford Cowan, M.A., who had been seconded from the Australian Army for a period and attached to my staff of the School of Military Intelligence, Royal Military college, Kingston, Ontario. He was a marvellous wit with a very entertaining gift for Aboriginal/English dialectic. When he returned from the service and was virtually unknown after a four year absence he ran for Member of Parliament and was only marginally defeated. Following this he became Third Warden of Trinity college at

the University of Melbourne (1946-64). I was taken there for lunch and admired his large oil portrait. He was rudely taken from his family by a very rare disease. He had been an usher at my wedding in Winnipeg, September, 1944. His wife kindly gave me a copy of his description of my wedding which was hilarious even if a bit rude. He is sorely missed. In Melbourne also I had another taste of club life with an introduction to a very well-appointed businessman's club as a guest of a lawyer friend of the Cowan family.

This mention of the Aborigines reminds me of two quite unrelated events. The first was when I was taken by Peter's Leila and Jo Cowan to an engrossing artistic plantation full of outstanding stone/clay sculptures of Aboriginal heads and torsos, particularly of women and children. The sculptor, an eccentric artist, dressed in outlandish costume, and middle aged, lived and had his studio in this wooded oasis. He had in fact done a romantic sculpture of himself as a young man surrounded by the partial forms of girls and children to demonstrate his love of, and sympathy for, Australia's native people. I must say that I could not resist having my picture taken with the prettiest and bustiest statuary in the area.

The other occurrence was during a day's bus run through an Abo reservation in Central Australia. On the way home in late afternoon we stopped, still on the reserve at a small refreshment shop. In no time at all 17 black children, all girls from about 3 years to 15 years, lined up outside the bus and looked curiously and pleadingly (I felt) at all of us inside. So we took up a collection and bought them all ice-cream. There were only 17 kids but there were a multitude of smiles.

I might mention at this point that I have been tremendously impressed at the quality and flavour of Australian wines. It was an eye-opener to me, as a Canadian, with not an especially good word to say for Canadian domestic wines, that the wine consumption per family is generally much greater than in Canada and much enjoyed by what would seem to be a majority of families in Australia. Although not a beer drinker particularly I was also impressed with its Australian consumption and could easily therefore accept the Australian maxim "There is no bad beer — just better beer."

From Melbourne I flew direct to Alice Springs, a very pleasant and restful place. It was the springboard for a quick flight to Ayers Rock where a Dingo Bitch and three pups crossed the road in front of the bus going to our little hotel. I was very excited but the bus driver told me in a rather bored fashion that the Dingo made the trip every day to the hotel garbage pail — a reminder of the Polar Bears in northern Canada. Ayers Rock reminded me of the Papago Buttes in Scottsdale and Pheonix. a guided tour at Ayers Rock involved caves containing Aboriginal rock engravings and paintings, very similar to the Ojibway Indian pictographs on rocks in my own country at the head of Lake Superior. They both included totemic animals, snakes, humans, natural features of land, sea and sky and hunting and fishing activities.

From there I flew to the mining community of Mt. Isa and then on to Cairns, Mackay, and Lindeman Island. This was a splendid week with good food, good wine, a well-kept hut on the beach and a flight by small aircraft over the Great Barrier Reef., Every night was dance night with the dance hall well supplied with handsome and healthy young women who functioned during the days as housekeepers and waitresses. One evening I summoned up enough courage to ask a young matron to dance. She declined gracefully, but said she was sure her mother would love it. Her mother was enthusiastic. We were alone on the floor and she whirled me around like a pump handle gone wrong. The two young bartenders were Canadian, one from Vancouver and one from Toronto. It was trippers' heaven, with a few oldsters like me and a lot of newlyweds in bikinis.

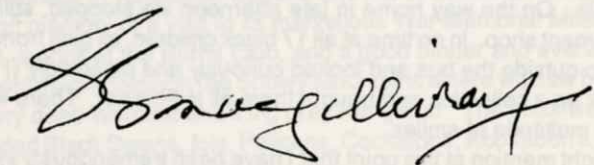
Thence to Brisbane and the Gold Coast, a most relaxing sun-filled stretch of sand, and

Australian bonhomie and smashing girls. Then back to homebase — Sydney, and another warm reception by Ian MacGillivray-Elder, and his family.

As I said earlier, there has never been and never will be another trip to equal this one. I was enveloped from the time I arrived until the time I left in the warm embrace of Australian hospitality, even down to the sweetness of a young woman in Alice Springs who insisted doing my laundry and refusing any reward.

Simone drove me everywhere and I have seldom if ever seen her equal behind the wheel, while strong, dedicated, hard-working, erudite Ian, kept me so busy talking Clanship that I learned very quickly that he was better informed than I on my own Clan History. What a man, what a historian, what a pal.

Finally in conclusion, my sincere thanks to all of those others who made my visit so complete and so happy. Such good Clansmen and Clanswomen must include Robin Nichols who was my companion on several forays introducing me to the delicious Australian inland oyster beds.



CLAN MacGILLIVRAY SOUVENIR ITEMS FOR SALE — all with Clan Crest

Christmas Cards with envelope	\$1.00 each
Teaspoons	\$5.50
Key Fobs (leather backed)	\$8.00
Charms	\$3.00
Lapel Badges	\$5.00

Please add \$1.50 per order to help cover postage
- order from Secretary.

14TH NATIONAL GATHERING



Our Piper Colin MacGillivray showing his pipes to Margaret Andrews, who decorated the hall, and her Grandson, Zac Whalen.

“Great to hear the sounds of the pipes on the Killabakh again.”

That was the Comment repeated again and again at our 1989 gathering, held at Killabakh Creek, NSW.

A highlight of the gathering was the piping in, with great ceremony, of the traditional haggis, with the Ode to the Haggis rendered in fine style.

Clan Piper, Colin MacGillivray was piper for the ceremony and the haggis was supplied, I believe, by a specialist butcher in Ryamond Terrace.

(By the way, my hosts at Port Macquarie were divided about the merits of the haggis — Monte thought it was just terrific, Maurie was a bit more cautious. Thank you Kevin for allowing me to take them a sample.)

Hon. Chief Peter was unfortunately unable to be with us due to a period of hospitalisation, and we are pleased to note that he is now getting back to full activities again after several major operations.

However, tribute must be paid to our Secretary, David and his valued assistant, Heather, who with our clan musicians, Colin and Michelle, drove virtually non-stop from Melbourne to attend our gathering and then with very little sleep, turned around and drove straight back again.

They did take time to visit Ian and Simone McG Elder, near Gosford and it was good to have news of them. Hope to welcome both to the next gathering.



Dennis Sinclair and David McGillivray sampling a bottle of 'Clan MacGillivray Whisky' at Killabakh.

The non-stop travelling could not have been too comfortable for Michelle, who has since presented David and Heather with their first Grandchild — a beautiful little redhead, Jacinta.

An offer was made by Norman McGilvray to host the 1991 gathering on the Hawkesbury. This should be a delightful spot.

Although our numbers were slightly down on last year, the gathering was a great social success and full tribute should be made to Gloria, Kevin, Dennis and all who contributed to its organisation and success. I know there are many more I should have mentioned individually, and I ask that they forgive me.

The doll raffle, which raised \$300 was drawn on the day and won by Mrs. Cheryl Milne. Heather does a marvellous job of dressing the doll each year for our major raffle.

Jillian MacGillivray

AND NOW — A MACGILLIVRAY TARTAN RUG!

You ladies will recall that the 1989 issue, Vol. 2 No. 5, contained the instructions for crocheting a tartan rug, submitted by our member Joyce Mathews of Laurieton, NSW. I am told on good authority that the finished article is very close to, if not exactly, a Royal Stewart tartan.

Now, our diligent Secretary, David, has unearthed another tartan enthusiast, Mrs. Kathleen Baker of 27 Monroe Street, Boronia, Vic. 3155, whom we were delighted to welcome at our Clan tent at the 1990 Ringwood Highland Games in March.

Kathleen Baker has already completed the detailed patterns for no less than 128 different tartans, including the Dress MacGillivray, and hopes eventually to publish these in a special tartan rug book. In the meantime the July 1990 issue of "Hand-made", a craft magazine published by the Womens Weekly organisation, will feature two of these, the MacGregor and the Hunting MacLeod (Mrs. Baker's husband is a MacLeod descendant). Kathleen has kindly permitted us to provide you with an advance copy of the MacGillivray pattern, for which we thank her most sincerely. In her own words, "it is a delightful tartan — I derived much pleasure in drafting it and in making the rug. Best wishes and success to all who make it."

MACGILLIVRAY TARTAN RUG

MATERIALS

8 ply, 100 gram balls, Acrylic yarn or Wool/
Acrylic mix
6 - Red
2 - Blue
2 - Green
1 - Light Blue
1 - 4.00mm Crochet Hook
1 - 5.50mm Crochet Hook
1 - Wool needle
Size: approx. 137cm x 137 cm.

73 Red - 22 Blue - 20 Green - 12 Light Blue
= 127 Chains

Allow 6 cm thread at ends. Beginning at end row of spaces, follow the chart and thread Chain vertically until all spaces are filled. Sew in and trim all ends.

EDGING — With 5.50mm hook and Red yarn work 2 rows DC around rug, making extra DC's for curving at corners.

DIRECTIONS — Using 4.00 mm Hook and red yard, make 258 chains.

ROW 1 — 1 treble into 6th Chain, * 1 CH, miss 1 CH, 1 TR into next CH, repeat * to end. 127 spaces

ROW 2 — 4 CH, *1 TR into top of TR, 1 CH, repeat* to end
1 TR into 2nd turning Chain.

Repeat row 2 for whole rug and follow the crochet chart twice, plus 3 rows Red. 127 Rows.

WEAVING — With 4.00mm hook make Chains 152 cms long in the following colours:-

TARTAN COLOUR CHART

Rows	Colour	Rows	Colour
3	Red	1	Blue
1	Light blue	2	Red
1	Blue	1	Light blue
10	Red	2	Red
1	Light blue	5	Green
1	Red	1	Red
4	Blue	4	Blue
1	Red	1	Red
5	Green	1	Light blue
2	Red	10	Red
1	Light blue	1	blue
2	Red	1	Light blue

CONGRATULATIONS to David and Nan on their 60th Wedding Anniversary



Foundation Chieftan of our Society, David MacGillivray, and his wife Nan, who have been such regular and keen participants at our annual gatherings in both NSW and Victoria, celebrated their Diamond Wedding on 16th October, 1989, at a party given by 36 of their family and friends at the Bomaderry Bowling Club. Amongst those present were all four of the couple's great grandchildren, the youngest, Peta, 14 months old, having travelled all the way from Rockhampton with her father. Our picture shows Nan and David (with his MacGillivray tartan tie) and the four children - Peta, Matthew (7), Alyce (2) and Lisa (10), taken at the party.

David and Nan's daughter, Nancy, wrote to say that a really great evening was had by all and that "Dad loved dancing - even in his wheelchair". The couple were very pleased with all the messages of goodwill received from members of the Clan, not to mention letters of congratulations from the Governor General, Prime Minister, Premier and local M.P.s.

Nan (nee Kirkpatrick) arrived in Australia with her widowed mother in 1928 to start a new life, and David, (who had known Nan in Glasgow) followed her in 1929, their marriage taking place in Sydney on 16th October, 1929. These were depression times and the couple experienced many problems and hardships before settling into their own home in Guildford in 1939.

From 1939 to 1945 David served with the A.I.F. and saw action in Egypt with the 6th Division. Both of them have been involved with Scottish Societies and Pipe bands for over 50 years. David was Chief of Auburn Caledonian Society for 8 years and then served as Chief of Granville (the oldest Caledonian Society in Australia for 17 years).

They retired to Bomaderry on the south coast of NSW, but since the party David has unfortunately been admitted to a palliative care unit at Berry. We extend our best wishes from all clan members to Nan and David.

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO STUDENT BLOOPERS

by Richard Lederer, St. Paul's School

Spring 1987, Verbatim, The Language Quarterly, Vol. XIII, N^o 4.

One of the fringe benefits of being an English or History teacher is receiving the occasional jewel of a student blooper in an essay. I have pasted together the following 'history' of the world from certifiably genuine student bloopers collected by teachers throughout the United States from eighth grade through college level. Read carefully, and you will learn a lot.

The inhabitants of ancient Egypt were called mummies. They lived in the Sarah Dessert and travelled by Camelot. The climate of the Sarah is such that the inhabitants have to live elsewhere, so certain areas of the dessert are cultivated by irritation. The Egyptians built the Pyramids in the shape of a hugh triangular cube. The Pramids are a range of mountains between France and Spain.

The Bible is full of interesting caricatures. In the first book of the Bible, Guinnesses, Adam and Eve were created from an apple tree. One of their children, Cain, once asked, "am I my brother's son?" God asked Abraham to sacrifice Isaac on Mount Montezuma. Jacob, son of Isaac, stole his brother's birth mark. Jacob was a patriarch who brought up his twelve sons to be patriarchs, but they did not take to it. One of Jacob's sons, Joseph, gave refuse to the Israelites.

Pharoah forced the Neebrew slaves to make bread without straw. Moses led them to the Red Sea, where they made unleavened bread, which is bread made without any ingredients. Afterwards, Moses went up on Mount Cyanide to get the ten commandments. David was a Hebrew king skilled at playing the liar. He fought with the Philatelists, a race of people who lived in Biblical times. Solomon, one of David's son, had 500 wives and 500 porcupines.

Without the Greeks we couldn't have history. The Greeks invented three kinds of columns — Corinthian, Doric, and Ironic. They also had myths. a myth is a female moth. One myth says that the mother of Achilles dipped him in the River Stynx until he became intollerable. Achilles appears in the Illiad, by Homer. Homer also wrote the Oddity, in which Penelope was the last hardship that Olysses endured on his journey. Actually, Homer was not written by Homer but by another man of that name.

Socrates was a famous Greek teacher who went around giving people advice. They killed him. Socrates died from an overdose of wedlock.

In the Olympic Games, Greeks ran races, jumped, hurled the biscuits and threw the java. The reward to the victory was a coral wreath. The government of Athens was democratic because people took the law into their own hands. There were no wars in Greece, as the mountains were so high that they couldn't climb over to see what their neighbours were doing. When they fought with the Persians, the Greeks were outnumbered because the Persians had more men.

Eventually, the Ramons conquered the Greeks. History calls people romans because they never stayed in one place for very long. At Roman banquets, the quests wore garlics in their hair. Julius Caesar extinguished himself on the battlefields of Gaul. The Ides of March murdered him because they thought he was going to be made king. Nero was a cruel tyranny who would torture his poor subjects by playing the fiddle to them.

Then came the Middle Ages. King Alfred conquered the Domes, King Arthur lived in the Age of Shivery, King Harold mustarded his troops before the Battle of Hastings, Joan of Arc was cannonized by Bernard Shaw, and victims of the black Death grew boobs on their necks. Finally the Magna Carta provided that no free man should be hanged twice for the same offense.

In midevil times most of the people were alliterate. The greatest writer of the time was Chaucer, who wrote many poems and verses and also wrote literature. Another tale tells of William Tell, who shot an arrow through an apple while standing on his son's head.

The Renaissance was an age in which more individuals felt the value of their human being. Martin Luther was nailed to the church door at Wittenburg for selling papal indulgences. He died a horrible death, being excommunicated by a bull. It was the painter Donatello's interest in the female nude that made him the father of the Renaissance. It was an age of great inventions and discoveries. Gutenberg invented the Bible. Sir Walter Raleigh is a historical figure because he invented cigarettes. Another important invention was the circulation of blood. Sir Francis Drake circumcised the world with a 100-foot clipper.

The government of England was a limited mockery. Henry VIII found walking difficult because he had an abess on his knoe. Queen Elizabeth was the "Virgin Queen". As a queen she was a success. When Elizabeth exposed herself before her troops, they all shouted, "hurrah". Then her navy went out and defeated the Spanish Armadillo.

The greatest writer of the Renaissance was William Shakespear. Shakespear never made much money and is famous only because of his plays. He lived at Windsor with his merry wives, writing tragedies, comedies, and errors. In one of Shakespear's famous plays, Hamlet rations out his situation by relieving himself in a long soliloquy. In another, Lady Macbeth tries to convince Macbeth to kill the King by attacking his manhood. Romeo and Juliet are an example of a heroic couplet. Writing at the same time as Shapespear was Miguel Cervantes. He wrote Donkey Hote, The next great author was John Milton. Milton wrote Paradise Lost. Then his wife died and he wrote Paradise Regained.

During the Renaissance America began. Christopher Columbus was a great navigator who discovered America while cursing about the Atlantic. His ships were called the Nina, the Pinta, and the Santa Fe. Later, the Pilgrims crossed the Ocean, and this was known as Pilgrims Progress. When they landed at Plymouth Rock, they were greeted by the Indians, who came down the hill rolling their war hoops before them. The Indian squabs carried porpoises on their back. Many of the Indian heroes were killed, along with their cabooses which proved very fatal to them. The winter of 1620 was a hard one for the settlers. Many people died and many babies were born. Captain John Smith was responsible for all this.

One of the causes of the Revolutionary Wars was the English put tacks in their tea. Also, the colonists would send their parcels through the post without stamps. During the War, the Red Coats and Paul Revere was throwing balls over stone walls. The dogs were barking and the peacocks were crowing. Finally, the colonists won the War and no longer has to pay for taxis.

Delegates from the original thirteen states formed the Contented Congress. Thomas Jefferson, a Virgin, and Benjamin Franklin were two singers of the Declaration of Independence. Franklin had gone to Boston carrying all his clothes in his pocket and a loaf of bread under each arm. He invented electricity by rubbing cats backwards and declared, "A horse divided against itself cannot stand." Franklin died in 1790 and is still dead.

George Washington married Martha Curtis and in due time became the Father of Our country. Then the Constitution of the United States was adopted to secure domestic hostility. Under the Constitution the people enjoyed the right to keep bare arms.

Abraham Lincoln became America's greatest Precedent. Lincoln's mother died in infancy, and he was born in a log cabin which he built with his own hands. When Lincoln was President, he wore only a tall silk hat. He said "In onion there is strength." Abraham Lincoln wrote the Gettysburg Address while travelling from Washington to Gettysburgh on the back of an envelope. He also freed the slaves by signing the Emasculation Proclamation, and the Fourteenth Amendment gave the ex-Negroes citizenship. But the Clue Clux Clan would torcher and lynch the ex-Negroes and other innocent victims. It claimed it represented law and odor. On the night of April 14, 1865, Lincoln went to the theater and got shot in his seat by one of the actors in a moving picture show. They belive the assinator was John Wilkes Booth, a supposingly insane actor. This ruined Booth's career.

Meanwhile, in Europe, the enlightenment was a reasonable time. Voltare invented electricity and also wrote a book called Candy. Gravity was invented by Isaac Walton. It is chiefly noticeable in the Autumn, when the apples are falling off the trees.

Each was the most famous composer in the world and so was Handel. Handel was half German, half Italian, and half English. He was very large. Bach died from 1750 to the present. Beethoven wrote music even though he was deaf. He was so deaf he wrote loud music. He took long walks in the forest even when everyone was calling for him. Beethoven expired in 1827 and later died for this.

France was in a very serious state. The French Revolution was accomplished before it happened. The Marseillaise was the theme song of the French Revolution, and it catapulted into Napoleon. During the Napoleonic Wars, the crowned heads of Europe were trembling in their shoes. The the Spanish gorillas came down from the hills and nipped at Napoleon's flanks. Napoleon became ill with bladder problems, and was very tense and unrestrained. He wanted an heir to inherit his power, but since Josephine was a baroness, she couldn't bear children.

The sun never set on the British Empire because the British Empire is in the East and the sun sets in the West. Queen Victoria was the longest queen. She sat on a thorn for 63 years. Her reclining year and finally the end of her life were exemplary of a great personality. Her death was the final event which ended her reign.

The nineteenth century was a time of many great inventions and thoughts. The invention of the steamboat caused a network of rivers to spring up. Cyrus McCormick invented the McCormick raper, which did the work of a hundred men. Samuel Morse invented a code of telepathy. Louis Pasteur discovered a cure for rabbis. Charles Darwin was a naturalist who wrote the Organ of the Species. Madman Curie discovered radium. And Karl Marx became one of the Marx brothers.

The First World War, caused by the assignation of the Arch-Duck by a surf, ushered in a new error in the anals of human history.

KERR FAMILY ASSOCIATION

A keen member of Clan MacGillivray is Dorothy Mathews of 17 Bonney Street, Nambour, Queensland 4560, but through the other side of her family she has an interest in the name KERR.

Anyone of our readers who knows a Kerr, Carr, Ker or Carre should mention that a Kerr Family Association is being formed and for further information please contact Dorothy. (With SAE for reply.)

SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME

The most frustrating consequence of advancing years has been for me the deterioration of that part of the brain which controls memory. The events of even the last few months are apt to become increasingly blurred as each year passes. Yet strangely enough, the events of my earliest childhood have remained as vividly as if they happened but yesterday.

When I was a mere babe in arms, my mother would sing me to sleep with such songs as "Comin' through the Rye", "The Skye Boat Song" and "Annie Laurie", and I can recall this with complete clarity. In fact it was a talking point in our family for years that I could hum these tunes long before I could walk or talk.

As I grew older, these Highland airs became almost part of me, but it was not until the passage of many years that I learned the stories behind these melodies. I discovered, for instance, that "The Skye Boat Song" as I knew it was written by an Englishman, Sir Harold Boulton. The air is a traditional Gaelic one, centuries old. The original words were in fact a wistful little love song written by the Gaelic poet William Ross, and entitled "Cuachag nan Craobh" — in English, "The Cuckoo of the Trees".

When I first visited Scotland I looked across the narrow stretch of water which separates the Isle of Skye from the mainland, and wondered why so much drama was made about Prince Charles's epic boat journey. Though not a strong swimmer, at his age I could have swam the distance. Later I learned that the Prince did not travel west to Skye, but east from Benbecula in the outer Hebrides, which was about as far as he could have gone to evade his pursuers. He had embarked at Loch Nan Uamh on April 26, 1746 and travelled in the Western Isles until June 28, when he left Lochmaddy for Skye.

There is a strange legend, and even a ballad written which suggests that for six weeks the Prince skulked in Country Donegal, Ireland. Although that story is well documented by the Irish, the Scottish tradition tends to discount it.

After landing in Syke, the Prince crossed the island dressed as a woman, referred to as Betty Burke, Flora MacDonald's Irish maid. I have seen many contemporary portraits of the Prince, and formed the opinion that he presented a rather effeminate appearance. Be that as it may, the locals were not long deceived, so he changed into Highland garb and took refuge with the MacKinnons of Elgol who had Jacobite sympathies. The journey back to the mainland was led by John MacKinnon, a veteran of the '45, who, after many adventures, delivered him over to the 'Eight Men of Glenmoriston' who protected him in the heather until he was able to board the French frigate 'L'Heureux' at Borrodale on the mainland.

Now I come to "Annie Laurie", which I had always been led to believe to have been composed by a Jacobite soldier facing execution and paying a last farewell to his beloved. Of course, this was a confusion with "Loch Lomond", but there is a similarity in the stories behind both songs, each of which concerns a Jacobite soldier declaring his love to a lady.

In the case of "Annie Laurie", the soldier was Captain William Douglas, and he might well have suffered execution had Annie's dad, Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwelton, a staunch royalist

and relentless hunter of Covenanters and Jacobites been able to capture him. However, Captain Douglas took off for Edinburgh and then, very wisely, went abroad.

His love for Annie lasted like snow on the desert sands. On his return to Scotland he married one Elizabeth Clerk of Lanarkshire. Not to worry — Annie met and married a neighbouring laird, a much nicer and more handsome lad, Alexander Ferguson of Craigdarroch. The marriage was a happy one lasting 40 years until Alexander's death in 1749. Annie lived on for another 15 years and died in 1764 at the age of 82.

When Captain Douglas penned his poetic tribute to Annie, he was a man on the run and in a hurry, which probably explains why his ardour is not matched by elegance and literary merit. The original version is markedly different to the words we sing today:

*'She's backit like a peacock,
She's breastit like a swan,
She's jimp around the middle,
Her waist ye weill may span,
Her waist ye weill may span,
And she has a rollin' eye,
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay down my head and die.'*

This somewhat unpolished verse by Annie's suitor has, however, been re-written several times over the years and become eventually transformed into the song of poetic imagery and haunting melody we know today.

I. MacG.E.

CHIEF OF CLAN SHAW TO VISIT AUSTRALIA IN 1990

One of the two invited guests for Sydney's Scottish Week festivities at the end of November 1990 will be John Shaw of Tordarroch, M.A., 22nd Chief of Clan Shaw and 17th Chief of Clan Ay, accompanied by his wife Sylvia. The Shaws and MacGillivrays have been closely linked for centuries in the Confederation of Clan Chattan and Tordarroch is an active Vice-President of the Clan Chattan Association along with our new Commander.

Commissioner Peter and his wife Leila, plan to be in Sydney for Scottish Week this year to meet the Shaws, and any MacGillivrays who can should plan to join them for a picnic lunch in The Domain on the last Sunday in November, and for the march of the Clans to the Opera House.

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MEMBERS PLEASE NOTE:

**ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP FEES (for 1991)
ARE DUE IN ADVANCE,
BY 30th NOVEMBER, 1990.**

Please send your cheque or postal order to our
Honorary Secretary :

**DAVID MCGILLIVRAY
BOX 223, SEAFORD
VIC 3198**

We do our utmost to keep costs down but increases of
\$1 in each category are unavoidable this year — thus
annual fees are now:
\$7 for individuals
\$10 for families (including all children under 18 years)

MEMBERSHIP CONCESSIONS

1. In an effort to encourage members of your family to become members of the Society in their own right when they turn 18 years of age, the Council has decided to offer one year's membership free to those concerned.

For your family to take advantage of this offer we must rely on you to inform the Secretary when they are turning 18.

2. Members may now pay their fees in advance for up to three years. We offer this in the hope that it will reduce the number of reminders that need to be sent out each year to those who often forget to pay fees on time!

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GOVERNOR MACQUARIE'S BIRTHDAY

For the last two years, Lachlan Macquarie (MacQuarrie) has been commemorated by the Scottish fraternity in Sydney, at a ceremony held at his statue in Macquarie Street on 31st January. Representatives of both the SAHC and the Council for Scottish Gaelic are there, appropriate speeches are made in Gaelic, and a wreath of pine is laid to honour the man who restored order to the lawless regime in New South Wales, caused to be built schools, hospitals, churches and roads, and introduced Australia's first coinage, the "Holey Dollar" and the "Dump", resourcefully getting more than the full value from a supply of imported Spanish dollars.

Macquarie saw that the future of the colony lay in a progressive policy of emancipation of the ex-convicts. Those who had shown that they were worthy of readmittance to society were received at Government House, to the outrage of the "good society" of the time. Macquarie encouraged the small farmers and had a vision of a progressive and equitable society.

A stone from Macquarie's native isle of Ulva crowns the Scotland-Australia Cairn in Mosman, Sydney, and Macquarie University has matriculated his Arms at Lyon Court as a memorial to him.

The ceremony at Macquarie's statue (erected not by a heritage-conscious government but by an appreciative private individual's initiative) is now an annual event in the streets of Sydney, where the pibroch "An t-Arm Breac Dearg" (The Red Tartaned Army), the slogan of Clan Macquarie, echoes over the gardens in front of the State Library and the NSW Parliament House precinct.

CLAN MACGILLIVRAY SOCIETY 15th ANNUAL GATHERING 1990

WILL BE HELD ON

SUNDAY 18th NOVEMBER

AT

GREENSBOROUGH, VICTORIA

WHERE: Apollo Parkways Primary School

TIME:

12.30 p.m.	School Hall will open
1.00 p.m.	AGM — All welcome
2.00 p.m.	OFFICIAL OPENING
2.20 p.m.	Entertainment PLUS Activities for all.
5.25 p.m.	Major Raffle Drawing
5.30 p.m.	Smorgasbord Tea.
7.00 p.m.	Evening Activities & Entertainment.

CATERING: All families are requested to bring along a contribution towards the SMORGASBORD TEA (salads, casseroles, cold meats, sponges, etc., etc.) Tea and Coffee will be supplied. BYO liquor and mixers, AND please don't forget the kiddies and THEIR DRINKS.

IMPORTANT: Please advise as EARLY as possible BILL & JULIE MCGILLIVRAY of the numbers expected in your party.

DROP A LINE TO: 8 JARRAH COURT
GREENSBOROUGH, VIC. 3088

OR RING: 03 435 9264

TRANSPORT: Train from the CITY to GREENSBOROUGH
Taxi from GREENSBOROUGH to
APOLLO PARKWAYS PRIMARY SCHOOL

Obituaries

ALAN JACKSON

Clan MacGillivray extends sympathy to our member Joan Jackson of Manly, N.S.W., in the loss of her husband, Alan, on 26th October, 1989.

Born on 24th January, 1931, at the village of Gamblesby in the Lakes district of England, quite close to the Scottish border, Alan, already a member of the Institute of Electrical Engineering, came to Australia in 1960 to join the Email organisation. Until his unexpected death in service, he held various senior positions in quality control and marketing with Email in NSW and Victoria, and the electrical industry generally has been greatly saddened by his passing.

Alan and Joan married in 1969 and he became the loving and devoted father to her young family,

ESMA SHOESMITH

Society member Esma Shoosmith of Taree, N.S.W., died on 10th October 1989, after a long fight with cancer, and we offer condolences to her husband, Ernest and to other family members.

GEORGE WILLIAM THOM

George Thom, 4th generation descendant of John and Sarah McGillivray and much loved husband of Lorna, father of Greg, Nancy and Jennifer, grandfather of Graham and father-in-law of Bill, passed away suddenly on 17th February, 1990. and his funeral was held on 21/2/90. On 21st April his ashes were spread on the peaceful waters of the River Murray at Echuca in a brief and emotional ceremony.

This spot was chosen in recognition of George's love for the beautiful Murray region and his deep enjoyment in fishing. The day was fittingly overcast and dismal but cheered by the surroundings and by the thoughtful gift from a loved family friend of a home-grown rose for each family member to cast into the waters in honour of a man respected and loved by family and beloved friends whose hearts he touched in his 64 years among us. The family wish to thank Leonie Lee of Albury for the roses and all concerned for their attendance and support.

MARGARET MCGILLIVRAY

The death took place in October, 1989, of Margaret, much loved wife of James of Reservoir, Vic., sister in law of Ronald and uncle of Robert.

MRS. GLADYS MANWARING - PASSED AWAY 7/12/89

Gladys Isabella MacGillivray, Born 15.8.01 at Yass, married Sydney Manwaring (Born 7.6.89 Died 3.8.67) at Binalong N.S.W. on 17.8.21. They had three children, Nancy, Joyce and William.

Gladys was a daughter of William MacGillivray and Annie (Nee Woodland) of Yass N.S.W.

Her Grandfather, Donald was born 26.12.1832, Isle Ornsay, Sleat, Skye, died at Mooroopna, Vic.

Gladys was most interested in her family history and spent many hours researching the family and branches. Gladys had been a keen supporter of the Society since she joined in 1981.