

CLAN



MACGILLIVRAY

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EDITORIAL

"To see ourselves as others see us!" . . .

The Scots lady in the Club where I spend a fair amount of time, said, in answer to my question: "No, I dinna speak the Gaelic. Nor did my parents or grandparents. Ye see, ours was a respectable lowland Scottish family, and we had nae truck with those highland savages. In-bred, low-moralled, murderous thieves - the lot of them'."

Well! What could I say to an opinion like that? I suppose it is some indication of the way things have changed that my hand made no involuntary movement towards where, four or five generations back, a dirk might have hung; and indeed, I was able to find some amusement in the lady's remarks - even overstated as they were.

Come to think of it, our highland forefathers gave the lowlanders little cause to love them!

Browsing through my bookshelves the other day, I came across an old geography text-book entitled 'This World of Ours' by H.O. Arnold-Forster. The date on the flyleaf was 1895. It was the second last chapter of this book which caught my attention because the author seems to have given the answer to the question: Why are the Highlanders different to the Lowlanders? He says -

'It is a rule that dwellers in a mountainous country owe something of their character to the surroundings among which they live.

'We need not go outside our own island (Britain) for an example of this rule. On the west side of England and on the north of Scotland we have two great mountainous districts - the mountains of Wales and the Highlands of Scotland. Now it will be found that wherever a mountainous district exists, it is for a long time more or less inaccessible to those who live in the plains outside it. The passes by which it is approached are narrow, and capable of being defended against an enemy. The glens and valleys of the mountains form secure retreats for those who wish to escape pursuit, and the absence of roads makes it difficult for an invader to overtake the inhabitants who know the mountain paths and are accustomed to climbing. All these things contribute towards ensuring for a time the independence of those who dwell in the mountain country.

THE MCGILLIVRAY MEMORIAL CHURCH, LIVERPOOL, NSW, 1894-1964

The present Presbyterian Church at Liverpool reflects the modern trend in ecclesiastical architecture, the pews arranged in almost a complete circle around the pulpit, thus giving a general feeling of proximity to the minister, and the very best use is made of natural lighting. In all, a very pleasant departure from the sombre dinginess so characteristic of so many earlier churches.

In a sort of annex is a separate chapel, modern as the rest of the building except for a stone built into the wall bearing the inscription 'MCGILLIVRAY MEMORIAL CHURCH'. The chapel is referred to as 'The McGillivray Memorial Chapel' and the stone used to be the lintel of the main doorway of the church which was demolished in 1964.

The foundation of this earlier church was laid in 1894 by Mrs. P.F.MacKenzie, a daughter of the Rev. Dr. J. Dunmore Lang of Scots Church Sydney fame, and the church was named the McGillivray Memorial Church, because the contract price of its construction (718 pounds) was met in part by the legacy of a Mr. McGillivray. The silver trowel used in the stone-laying ceremony, suitably engraved, is still preserved at the Presbyterian Church Library in Sydney, but, strangely, very little is known today of Mr McGillivray or of his family.



The McGillivray Memorial Church, Liverpool, consecrated 1894, demolished 1964.

So far, all we have been able to find is a death certificate of one Catherine McGillivray who was buried at Liverpool on 30th December, 1880, aged 76, and she may have been related to the church's benefactor.

Perhaps one of our members may be able to throw some further light on this pioneer family.

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THE MCGILLIVRAY JUNIOR DANCERS

Since our last Journal, in which we recorded the outstanding accomplishments of our junior dancers, Cathy and Andrew Savage of Belrose, NSW, and their cousins, Mellanie and Naomi Iarace of Davidson, NSW, all four have gone from success to success. The Scottish Dancing Association has awarded Cathy 5 first prizes (gold medals) and a trophy; and to Mellanie also 5 first prizes and a trophy, at the City of Parramatta Eisteddford. At Birrong, NSW, Andrew (10) and still in the 'pre-open division, nevertheless scored the highest points for a boy dancer

(cont'd p.21)

BIOGRAPHY

IVOR MCGILLIVRAY

1840 - 1939

'Let us now praise distinguished men,
Our forefathers before us . . .'
- Ecclesiasticus 44.1

Ivor MacGillivray was born at Lossiemouth, Scotland, in 1840, and at the age of 11 started work on a farm for five shillings per month and his lodgings. After four years of farming, he went to sea as an apprentice in the barque 'Lady Agnes Duff', engaged mainly in the China trade, but occasionally visiting Australia, a country which so impressed him that, at the age of 18, he left his ship and signed on the ship 'Ocean Chief', bound for Australia. He received one shilling per month!

On arrival in Melbourne, the gold rush was at its height, and Ivor went to Bendigo where he was 'fairly successful'. He later went prospecting in New Zealand; then returned to Melbourne, went on a visit to Scotland, and was in Western Australian for a period.

Coming to Port Adelaide in 1875, when ten shillings was the wage for a 10-hour day, he joined the Working Men's Association, of which he was chairman for 16 years and trustee for 30 years. He worked on the wharves until he entered Parliament - one of the first Labor men to be elected to the State Legislature.



Ivor represented the seat of Port Adelaide in the Assembly from 1893 to 1918. He missed only two days from the sittings during his 25 years in Parliament - and then he was absent on government business. He lost his seat through differences with his party over the conscription issue during the war. His only son was killed at Gallipoli.

In 1932, living in retirement at Rosewater, South Australia, he was interviewed by the press on his 92nd birthday.

'It is the national viewpoint that we need now,' he is reported to have said, 'The Labor movement is wrecking itself through internal dissension. Greater breadth of vision is needed.'

'When I was an MP, Labor ran the wages up. The country could afford it then. But times have changed and all sections of the workers have to accept less wages. It is not what we want, but what can be given. That is the truth of the position.'

He urged fewer members of Parliament and a cut in their salaries. 'I do not see why a compact district like Port Adelaide needs two members,' he said. 'I think 350 pounds is a high enough salary for any member. My salary was 200 pounds. I thought it was excellent and was able to bring up my family on it and to provide for old age.'

Ivor MacGillivray died at the age of 98 in the Adelaide Hospital, after a fall when he broke a thigh.

He left two daughters - a Mrs Florence Waye of Glossop, and Mrs Irene Moon of Queenstown.

This Society would like to hear from descendants of this grand old parliamentarian.

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SQUADRON-LEADER

HARRY DONALD MCGILVERY (AFC) 1897-1961

A curious thing one notices about our Clansmen from Skye and the Hebrides is the infinite variation of spelling of the surname. Thus, although Harry McGilvery was the grandson of Donald McGilvray of Skye, he chose to spell his name differently - other members of the same family chose other spellings!

Harry was born at Raymond Terrace in the Hunter River Valley of New South Wales, in 1897 and started his working life as a telegraph messenger in 1912. In 1917 he enlisted in the AIF and left for England as Wireless Operator, but was selected for pilot training with the RFC. After only three hours' instruction, and at the end of his first solo flight, a large hangar got in the way of his landing aircraft. Harry told me that the hangar was only slightly damaged!

A few crashes later, he qualified as a service pilot and was posted to the original No.3 Squadron, AFC, France, flying REB (Reconnaissance Experimental No.8) aircraft.

During one sortie, his aircraft suddenly lost its propeller, necessitating his first parachute descent. It was found later that all of the 16 bolts holding the propeller in place had sheared off, possibly because one of them had not been adequately tightened. (Harry was always suspicious of helicopters because he believed that the same thing happening to a wingless aircraft would be a mighty hairy experience!)

Returning to Australia in 1919, he returned to the Commonwealth Government as a telegraphist, and was for a time the Divisional Returning Officer for the electorate of Eden-Monaro.

When the RAAF was newly formed, Harry rejoined as an instructor flying Avro 504K's and DH9A's.

One one occasion in 1925 he was rammed at 300 feet by another aircraft and had to make a landing without an undercarriage. In 1926 with other junior officers, including the now Air Marshal Sir Frederick Scherger, he was making safety demonstrations of parachuting at Point Cook RAAF base, when his 'brolly' failed to open until the very last minute, landing him hard on his 'blunt end'.

In 1927 Harry went to New Guinea, where fortunes were reputed to be made by experienced pilots. He joined the company which later became Guinea Airways. Their service from Lae to the goldfields of Edie Creek was an intrepid pioneering effort and rapidly developed into the world's heaviest airlift. The company employed 3-engined Fokker all-metal aircraft which were about 20 years ahead of time at least.

The enormous gold-dredge at Edie Creek was transported there in sections by these aircraft. The airline was considered at the time to be the best training school anywhere for overseas airline pilots.



About a year later Harry left New Guinea 'for good' (first time), and spent a year in Australia, flying 'The Sun' newspaper Moth and instructing with the South Australian Aero Club, then he returned to New Guinea and married (1930) Jean, daughter of the one-and-only Bill Mitchell, Burns Philp's manager at Salamaua.

In 1932, he 'gave up flying for good' and opened a store at Edie Creek, but was soon flying again with Stephens Aviation and then Mandated Airlines until 1940 when, as Harry so typically expressed it: 'The Airforce became terribly short of aeroplane drivers and decided to call me up'.

Harry was chosen to reform No.33 Squadron for service in New Guinea and was promoted to Squadron Leader.

Based at Port Moresby, this squadron was engaged in transporting supplies and personnel to and from forward aerodromes. In spite of the low performance and tactical disadvantages of the aircraft employed by the squadron, it operated unescorted over areas continually subject to the possibility of interference by enemy aircraft in large numbers.

As Commanding Officer, Harry himself carried out all the more difficult tasks allotted to the squadron, and completed 60 missions winning the Air Force Cross 'for outstanding leadership, courage and devotion to duty'.

A spell back in Australia as CO Cootamundra and Mascot, and then back to New Guinea to relieve Jerry Portland as CO, 8 Communications Unit at Madang.

On 2nd August, 1945, one dark night, flying into Lae with two generals and a faulty altimeter, Harry's aircraft hit the water with such force that the two engines tore themselves from the wing, thus lightening the plane and making it much more buoyant. Apart from a broken nose sustained by one of the generals, no serious consequences.

After the war, Harry returned to New Guinea - first with Commonwealth Disposals, then with W.R.Carpenters at Madang, then a spell at shopkeeping in Sydney and - back to New Guinea!

In 1961 Harry came to Sydney for medical treatment, and after surgery, died of cancer. Although he had no illusions about the terminal nature of his illness, he kept up his spirits to the end, making jokes with his visitors.

New Guinea, no longer an Australian territory but an independent state, might well look strange to Harry, could he return to the land he helped to open up. But, whenever you encounter an old 'Territorian' and, wherever airmen gather, the name of Harry McGilvery is bound to be mentioned. He was in fact, a legend in his own life-time.

THE RHYMING BAKER OF PAISLEY

Scotland is blessed in having a rich and extensive poetic heritage. The giants who served their country so well spring readily to mind and include such as Rob Donn and Duncan Ban MacIntyre in the Gaelic tongue, Scott and Stevenson in English, Burns and Hogg in the old Scots and McDiarmid in Lallans. Alongside are others and beneath them a vast array of talent extending to that excruciating poet and tragedian, McGonagall, for whom the Scots retain a peculiar affection.

Where then does our kinsman, Alexander McGilvray, the 'Rhyming Baker of Paisley' fit into this canvas?

His description, which may or may not have been self-imposed, is itself explanatory. Rhymers by inclination, baker by profession, and resident in a town not many miles from Glasgow and only a few more from the land of Burns, which for a time revelled in a reputation for its bards who included Alexander Wilson (1766-1813) and Robert Tannahill (1774-1810). But why look further when we have the rhyming baker's own account of who he was, and his own description of himself:

*Upon the eighteen hundredth year,
When corn was scarce, and meal was dear,
About the middle of the dearth,
Paisley was honoured by my birth.
This great event took place at noon
In Prussia Street, the fifth of June.
Thus, on a question of great weight
At once I put my readers straight,
And likely, some disputes may save
When I lie mould'ring in my grave.*

His date and place of birth having been established, what did he look like? Again we can do no better than turn to his own words:

*In person I was formed by nature
A model, both in shape and stature;
I'm not too short, nor yet too tall,
Nor am I either stout or small;
But moulded to the net degree
That every perfect man should be.
I stand exactly five feet seven,
And netly weigh twelve stones eleven
With fourteen pounds to every stone
And nothing but my trowsers on.
My walk is neither fast nor slow,
But just as every man should go;
My hair is fair; and for my eyes,
My head, its bumps, its shape and size,
My cheeks, and chin, and mouth and nose,
And spacious brow, I here propose
To pass them o'er, as you can see
A portrait or a bust of me,
Where you can all partic'lars trace
Connected with my head and face.*

Alexander belonged to the branch of the Clan in Islay, that lovely flat island in the Inner Hebrides to the south of Jura and opposite the Kintyre Peninsula.

His father, Alexander McGilvray (1770-1850) had left the island early in life and settled in Paisley where he met and married the poet's mother, Mary Darroch from Kintyre. After some 50 years of contented married life they died in the same year and were buried in the Gaelic Church, Oakshaw Street, in the town which had become their home. They left a sizeable family, and perhaps male descendants are still to be found.

It is of special interest to us that in one of the poet's epistles to a friend, the closing verse clearly indicates the pronunciation of the name at that time:

*'Tho' my right hand forget its cunning'
Tho' I forget life's lease is running,
The hair upon my head is thinning
And getting silvery;
I'll ne'er forget my friend Buchanan,
Whilst I'm McGilvray.*

This Lowland pronunciation*, which is still commonly used, contrasts with that of the Gaelic speaker in Strathnairn at that same time, who invariably put the stress on the final syllable and not, as in this case, on the second. It is also worth noting the poet's familiarity with the Bible, the first line of the verse being a quotation from Psalm 137, Verse 5.

From an early age he had had an ability for rhyming and over the years he employed it frequently in a spirit of fun, but also as a weapon of satire in community affairs and local politics. But cruel he never was, and none was more satirised in his works than himself:

*And in the first place, I may show -
That millions yet unborn may know -
How very strangely I was led
To prosecute the rhyming trade.*

'Twas neither with a view to pelf
 Nor to amusement to myself;
 I merely wished to have my name
 Enrolled among the sons of fame.
 'Twas fame, a love for fame alone
 That led, that spurred, and cheer'd me on.

Local characters (and there appeared to be many in those days), the clergy, elders of the kirk, political candidates and the members of the Paisley Town Council, were all targets for his pen. Many of those worthies would long since have been forgotten had they not been thus recorded on paper and encaptured in caricature form if nothing else.

More amusing perhaps are the epigrams and songs connected with his numerous friends, and his wife - his 'gudewife'; and, gentlemen - how many of us would dare write as he did to his wife away on holiday with the family at Gourrock:

Your better half this letter sen's,
 Informing you how weel he fen's;
 A happier man, as heaven kens,
 Is not in life;
 I'm clear, once more of yaumering weans
 And scolding wife!

But blithe and merry be ye a',
 Healthy and hale without a flaw;
 May none down bye appear mair braw,
 Or yet contenter;
 Only, I hope, ye'll stay awa'
 Till once you're sent for.

'Tis sweet, when wife and weans are gane,
 To eat and drink, and sleep alane;
 Or read, or write, when told by nane,
 With sulky looks,
 'Ye occupy the whole hearth-stane,
 You and your books.

Then, after another eight stanzas in like vein, perhaps repenting, desirous to turn away the inevitable wrath, or at last revealing his true feelings, he concludes:

If all things here be right and tight,
 Expect me down tomorrow night.
 Although you sometimes frown and flyte
 At my behaviour,
 I am, dear Isabella Wight,
 Your slave forever.

Alas, the outpourings of his muse, which were extensive, have not all survived. A great pile of manuscripts, including what he described as his long epic poem, 'The Battle of Londonderry', appear to have been destroyed just as they were about to be published when his home was burned to the ground.

Later he did publish (in 1851) an edition of his poems. It was severely criticised in a number of Glasgow papers, but these reviews only served as a spur to the public to buy, and within six weeks the edition was sold out.

In 1862, when following a trip to the United States, he had retired to Glasgow, he published a substantial second edition with the lengthy title, 'Poems and Songs, Satirical and Descriptive, bearing on the Political, Moral, and Religious Character of Man in this Country at the Present Day'. It provides diverting reading and it is easy to imagine the popularity of this delightful extrovert among his daily customers who would be well acquainted with the subjects of his works.

In an era long before the mass entertainment media, his approach was immediate and significant in a local context. Despite his seeming protestations to the contrary, he has no delusions of grandeur, and his humour was very much tongue-in-cheek. Only on rare occasions, such as the death of friends, does he reveal his more serious side and attempt to make the tragic occasion fittingly with his art. But we should not take him too seriously, and we can simply enjoy his words for what they are. In doing so, we perpetuate the memory of a kindly kinsman, as he himself said we would:

True, I will soon be dead and rotten,
 But heaven be thanked, not forgotten!
 A towering monument, I trust,
 With many a portrait, many a bust,
 Along with my unrivalled pages,
 Shall bear my name to future ages.

Well, there it is. A brief glimpse of a whimsical, ebullient character with a fine feeling for fun who, in an age much harsher than we can imagine, provided much needed diversion and can still afford us a fair measure of entertainment.

Perhaps we will give more of his lines in future issues. Meantime, let him have the last word with a favourite verse which spills over with his kindly humour:

That all my readers will peruse
 The bright effusions of my muse,
 And study them, recite and quote them,
 With the pleasure I have wrote them,
 In the fond hope, and aye will be,
 Of their immortal author - ME.

- Robert McGillivray, Edinburgh.

* Lowland pronunciation! I object'. The good citizens of Mull and Skye have made McGillivray rhyme with silvery for centuries! - Ed.

NOTE FOR DO-IT-YOURSELF BREWERS

We have received from Grahame, our Queensland representative, whom you will remember from our last Journal, as the founder of the Australian Hibiscus Society, a most enlightening article on the brewing of beer. Seems that when Grahame is not busy with his hibiscus, he dabbles in other hobbies!

It would appear that he has perfected what he calls 'The McGillivray Brew', and if you want to know how it is done, I'm sure he'll oblige with the recipe and full instructions if you drop him a line at -

53 Chamberlain Street,
 Tarringindi, Queensland, 4121.

McGILVARY CLAN REUNION
ATTRACTS GOOD GATHERING



Involved in the Official Opening of the McGilvray Clan reunion on Saturday were Dr Iain Sutherland, Clan Chieftain Dave MacGillivray, Dr B. Patterson and Pipe Major Jimmy Jackson.

The first gathering of the descendants of Alexander and Lousia McGilvray was held at Wingham Showground (NSW) on Saturday, March 7.

Chief of the Taree Burns Society, Dr Bruce Paterson welcomed some three hundred descendants and friends from all parts of New South Wales and Victoria. He spoke briefly on Clan MacGillivray and its links with Clan Chatton Confederation and on the Clan or family system.

Dr Iain Sutherland spoke on specific incidents in the history of the Clan, including its role in the Battle of Culloden - when the MacGillivrays and the Sutherlands were on opposing sides.

Chieftain of the Clan MacGillivray Society in Australia, David MacGillivray (Guildford, NSW), outlined the history of the Society in Australia which since formation less than six years ago has grown to one of the largest single name societies in Australia.

Alexander McGilvray and his brother Dugold bought land at Wingham on September 4, 1854. Alexander bought 46 acres (lot 25) for fifty-seven pounds ten shillings and Dugold forty-five acres (lot 26) for fifty-eight pounds ten shillings.

They were sons of Alexander (Senior) and Sarah McGilvray who came to Australia from Ardnamurchan Scotland on the George Fyffe. The George Fyffe left Tobermory Isle of Mull on September 16, 1839 and arrived in Australia, January 23, 1840.

Alexander (Senior) aged 49, worked on Hannabel Macarthur's Hunter Valley vineyard for forty-five pounds per annum, plus grain. Sarah was then aged 48, Alexander was 15 and Dugold 12.

Other McGilvrays on the George Fyffe, thought to be Alexander's brothers and sisters were:

Ann 20, housemaid; Mary 26, laundress; Donald 22, shepherd; Lachland 25, ploughman; Duncan 33, ploughman.

Alexander (Junior) and Louisa's children were:

John, born 1853-; Alexander 1855-1936; James, 1861-1922; Sarah (Worthing), 1863 -; Duncan, 1865 -; William, 1869 -; Louisa (Bird), 1872 -; Rachel (Ross), 1875 -; Ellen (Griffiths) 1877 -; Joseph, 1878.

Duncan and Lachlan worked with Alexander Snr at the Macarthur vineyard.

Duncan was murdered at the Paterson Arms Hotel, Paterson in 1843 when riots broke out as a result of excitement regarding the first Legislative Council elections. Although many were not eligible to vote, election fever grew as the election came nearer.

On the momentous day tempers frayed as the men drank. Hand-to-hand fighting started in the bar. Licensee, Mr D. Cook drove the assailants outside where they began throwing stones at one another. Hit on the head by a stone when he went to order the two groups to stop, Mr Cook sent for Major Johnstone who quelled the riot.

Duncan's body was found bruised, battered and bleeding and one Michael Kelly was arrested and committed for trial for murder.

Clan MacGillivray Society piper, Pipe Major Jimmy Jackson was among those who travelled from Sydney for the gathering.

Entertainment was provided by the MacGillivray Highland Dancers, Andrew and Catherine Savage and piano-accordionist, Susie Gohl. Scottish dancing and ball games were also enjoyed.

The gathering was organised by Gwen McBean of Cundletown, a descendant of James.

- JILLIAN MCGILLIVRAY

AN ALPINE ADVENTURER

I have to confess that, up to the date of our 1980 Gathering at Albury, I had not even heard of our invited guest speaker, Mr. Tom Mitchell, which I suppose only goes to show how the people of NSW can sometimes become quite insular towards a neighbouring state. 'WHO is Tom Mitchell?' I asked in my ignorance; and was informed that he was a most prominent Victorian parliamentarian. I sought further details and was given a typewritten 'rundown' which read:

'MITCHELL - the Hon. Thomas Walter, MA. Attorney-General and Solicitor-General of Victoria, 1950-52. War Historian. Son of W.E. Mitchell of Towong Hill Station, Corryong, Victoria. Born 11th November, 1906, at Towong Hill Station. Educated at Cranbrook

School, Sydney; Cambridge; Inner Temple, London; Harvard, USA. Barrister, Grazier. AIF 1940-1945. Prisoner of War, Malaya. President of the Shire of Upper Murray, 1937 and 1946. Publication, 'Ski-Hell' 1937. Married 4th November, 1937 to Elyne, celebrated authoress and daughter of General Sir Harry Chauvel. Two sons, two daughters. Recreations: Skiing, riding.'

Well! And I have not heard of him.

As I listened to his address, the full power of his personality became more and more evident. His knowledge of Scottish history went back to the time when the various European tribes crossed into Britain by the land-bridges which joined Britain to the Continent during the last Ice Age.

He had information about Clan Chattan of which I, who have studied the subject not inconsiderably, was quite unaware, and he had been on familiar terms with most of the latter-day Chiefs by whom he had been often entertained during his many sojourns in Scotland, and whose personal archives he had studied with the true zeal of an historian. He delighted his audience with many amusing anecdotes concerning his Highland hosts.

It had been my intention to present a transcript of Tom's address, but since most of you were present and heard it first hand, I decided instead to pass on some of the information I learned about Tom's life, which is an incredible chronicle of achievement and adventure.

Tom was honoured at a luncheon held at Wodonga last February, 50 years after he had been Australia's representative at a meeting in Switzerland which formed the world's first ski body.

Having completed his Bar examinations and having been called to the English Bar, he decided to celebrate by going on a skiing holiday in Switzerland. A group of skiers in Melbourne, learning that plans were afoot for the first ski meeting, wrote asking him to represent Australia.

Returning to Australia later that year, Tom won the Victorian, the NSW and the Australian Ski Championships; and it was his influence which contributed so largely to the enormous popularity of the sport today.

Overseas readers are sometimes surprised to learn that the Australian climate and geography allows the sport to have such a large local following, until they learn that the snowfields of Australia, though only covered in winter, have an area in access of that of the whole of Switzerland.

The view from the two-storey station homestead at Towong Hill near Corryong where Tom was born, is dominated by the western face of the Snowy Mountains. Wild country indeed in those days and still majestic, it was the habitat of a breed of mountaineer now almost extinct. This was the same territory immortalised by A.B. (Banjo) Paterson's poem, 'The Man From Snowy River' - who was in fact, one Jack Riley, well known to the Mitchells, and who died in 1914 and is buried in the Corryong cemetery.

The Mitchells, related by marriage to the explorer, Hamilton Hume, and descended from the Huon de Kerilleaus, the aristocratic Bretons who pioneered the Upper Murray - fitted well into this scenery.

Tom's father taught him to ski almost as soon as he had learned to walk, on miniature skis which he made himself. In his youth, Tom spent many winters in the Snowy Mountains searching for trapped herds of cattle and horses. He also discovered the joy of mountain trekking.

In 1935 he undertook a most hazardous three-day trek from the Dargal Range in Victoria to Charlotte Pass at the foot of Mt. Kosciusko, mostly over snow unseen by any previous explorer. His written account of that trek is as breathtaking as is his poetic prose when he beheld for the first time the almost-unbearable beauty of the scenery. He made many more astounding treks into the mountains, including the pioneering journey with his wife, Elyne, from Geehi to Charlotte Pass, the first time anyone had crossed the western face of the Snowy Mountains in winter. He took part in the first descent of the Northcote Canyon and made the first winter ascent of the Dargals and Mount Pinnabar.

Tom has skied in 16 countries and has adventurous stories to tell of all of them, but perhaps his most dangerous project was his attempt in 1939 to rescue his old Austrian friend and champion skier, Hannes Schneider, who had been placed under house arrest by the Nazis at St. Anton. The plan was for Tom to go into Switzerland and come up the Silvretta Glacier, where he would meet Hannes on the Bavarian side, and smuggle him back into Switzerland. However, the Germans released Hannes at the last moment. Tom and his friends smuggled Hannes across Switzerland and eventually on to a ship for the USA.

With the outbreak of World War II only a few weeks ahead, Tom and his wife made their exit from Europe and returned to Australia. He joined the AIF and became a captain in Divisional HQ under General Gordon Bennett in Malaya. He was made officer-in-charge of bomb disposal. ('If ever you want to test your nerves, sit on a Japanese bomb and remove the fuse with a bike spanner', he advises). He was eventually captured by the Japanese and spent 3½ years in the infamous Changi prison.

Space does not permit more than passing mention of the life of Elyne, Tom's wife, which is about as adventurous as Tom's, and illuminated by her beautiful poetic prose in the several books which she has written.

This is truly a couple who have lived life to the full and never spurned danger'.

- I. MacG.E.

SUPPLY OF CLAN MACGILLIVRAY TARTAN CLOTH

Since our last Journal was distributed, in which it was announced that negotiations were under way with the firm of John Vicars and Company Ltd for the supply of MacGillivray tartan, our members have responded enthusiastically with requests for kilt and skirt lengths - so enthusiastically in fact that our supply will soon be exhausted.

As this offer cannot be repeated, those who require tartan cloth should lose no time in lodging their orders with our Secretary-Treasurer, together with payment at \$15.00 per yard, plus registered postage in cases where it cannot be collected personally.

Regretably, our order is limited, so it will have to be a case of 'first-in, first-served' - and tough luck for the tardy!



OUR ROOTS AND BRANCHES

In our last Journal we dealt with the several MacGillivray families who disembarked at the port of Sydney. This issue devotes itself to the large numbers who arrived at Melbourne, and especially those ancestors of David McGillivray of Frankston, Victoria, who, with his wife, Heather, has researched, compiled and written for their posterity what must be the best individual family history we have so far seen, and from which the following has been extracted:

THE MCGILLIVRAY STORY

Sarah McGillivray, the wife of John McGillivray, was born in Dunmaglas, Inverness-shire, in 1824. She was the daughter of Jane and Peter Forbes, Tacksman of the Estate of Culloden and kinsman of Lord President Duncan Forbes, Laird of Culloden, cadet branch of the Clan Forbes of Aberdeen-shire.

In 1848, John, Sarah and their son, William, aged two years, travelled from their farm at Dunmaglas to Plymouth to join the ship 'Cheapside' for their voyage to Australia. On 20th May, the day they boarded, their second child, Janes, was born. On 21st May, they set sail.

The 'Cheapside', 620 tons, had earlier set sail from London on 11th May. The master was David Lewis, who was to receive two shillings for every person landed alive. The surgeon was George Mottley (who was to be congratulated by officials on arrival at Port Phillip for keeping his passengers and crew in good health).

Most passengers were like John and Sarah, assisted, but a few did pay their fare. During the voyage five deaths occurred, all children under the age of ten months. Four births were recorded, of whom two died.

After 87 days they arrived at Port Phillip on 18th August, 1848. There were 232 passengers, including 55 married couples, 19 single females, 35 single males, 56 children aged one to fourteen years, and 10 children under twelve months old.

John was able to read and write English, but Sarah was able to read and write Gaelic only. Their religion was Episcopalian. To complete the contract which they had entered in for their assisted passage, they went to work for Mr William Anderson, who had 2410 acres at Doogalook, near Yea, Victoria, for one year. They received thirty-two pounds and their keep.

They then moved to Bald Hills, Keilor Plains where their third child was born in 1850. By 1854 they had moved to Yan Yean where John leased some land, and their fifth child, Annie, was born. It was in this area that they met the Drysdale family who also came from Scotland, and it is here that John's brother, William, his wife, Catherine, and their children, Donald and Marjory, come into the picture for the first time. They had sailed from Scotland in 1853, but not much is known of William and Catherine before 1853.

By this time John and Sarah wanted to move on again, so William took over the lease of the land. In 1857 we find them at Diamond Creek, Victoria, where Donald was born. Meanwhile, back at Yan Yean, William's

daughter, Marjory, married James Drysdale. By 1859 we assume that John and Sarah were back at Yan Yean (Whittlesea area) as it is said that their seventh child, Sarah, was born there.

After leaving Whittlesea they made a 14-day journey over the range to Yea, the final stages of this quite hazardous trip involving crossing and recrossing the King Parrot Creek and several smaller streams with such steep banks that the bullocks had to be double-banked. On some slopes the wheels were locked and logs dragged behind as brakes. It was here in Yea that the rest of the family were born: Peterana in 1862; John in 1864; and Duncan in 1871. At some time during these years they bought land and built a home in the main street of Yea, where the Masonic Hall now stands.

Sarah was a trained nurse and in the absence of doctors helped many children into the world and attended the sick of the district. In later years her daughter, Jane, was present at many family births.

Jane, while working as a general servant at the Murrindindi Station, met and married James Rivett, a station hand at a nearby property, on 5th April, 1866.

Margery married William Fisk in 1872, Annie married John Drysdale (brother of James) in 1878. Donald married Caroline Burns in 1880; Sarah married William Stillman in 1884, and John married Frances Trevaskin in 1900.

Donald, after marrying Caroline, kept the Doogalook Hotel, which was also a post office, and stopping place for the coach.

John (Snr) died in 1886 and his wife, Sarah, in 1892, and both are buried in the Yea cemetery, but their graves cannot be found as a fire swept through the cemetery in 1901 destroying all wooden grave markings as well as the cemetery records which were kept in a shed on the grounds.

In 1891, Donald, Caroline and their family of six children moved to Boneo (now called Rosebud), where they bought a small property about two miles from the town. The stone and weatherboard cottage still stands. In their first year here, they lost their eldest child, Charlotte, who died of blood poisoning at just ten years of age. While in this small home they produced a further five children.

Donald's sister, Jane Rivett and her family, moved to the Dromana area around 1901, and lived there for the rest of her life.

In 1912 Donald and family moved to Brunswick where they bought a sweets shop. At the outbreak of war, all Donald's sons enlisted; Andrew joined the Navy, the rest joined the Army - with the exception of Donald Jnr who did not go to the war because he had a young family needing his support.

James was killed at Gallipoli on 25th April, 1915. The other brothers survived to return home.

Donald Snr died in 1921, his wife, Caroline, in 1919. Both are buried in Fawkner cemetery.

While it seems that most of our Victorian membership descends from John and Sarah who arrived by the 'Cheapside', there were many other MacGillivrays who arrived in Melbourne by other ships.

Our energetic member, Mrs Lilian Irwin of Hawthorn, Victoria, who is also a member of the Victorian Genealogical Society, has provided us with the fruits of her researches into early shipping records for the port of Melbourne.

The ship, "SEA" sailed from Liverpool, 10th February, 1853, and arrived at Melbourne, 15th May, 1853. On the passenger list we find:

McGILLIVRAY, John, 35 years - from Fife
 McGILLIVRAY, Agnes, 37 years
 McGILLIVRAY, Isabel
 McGILLIVRAY, John, 11 years
 McGILLIVRAY, James

(The handwriting on the photocopies of this ship's passenger lists is very faint and hard to read. John's profession is shown as if it might be 'hairdresser' or 'plasterer', and in the column 'By Whom Engaged' is something which seems to read: 'Came on own acct. Canvas' and a word which might be Bendigo.)

McGILLIVRAY, Agnes, 15 years, with parents, above
 McGILLIVRAY, Mary, infant, died 13.2.53, Scarletina.

The ship, "HERCULES" sailed from Queenstown, 14.4.1853, arrived Melbourne, 3.8.53.

McGILLIVRAY, John, 16 years, Ag. Labourer, Inverness
 McGILLIVRAY, Margaret, 28 years, sister of above. Went with friends

McGILLIVRAY, Catherine, 21 years (possibly another sister)
 Engaged by Mrs Marne, St. Kilda

The ship, "AUSTRALIA" sailed Liverpool, 21.6.53, arrived Melbourne 20.9.53.

McGILLIVRAY, Mary, 46 years, widow. Skye
 McGILLIVRAY, Angus, 10 years
 McGILLIVRAY, Malvolm, 8 years
 McGILLIVRAY, John, 19 years, shoemaker
 McGILLIVRAY, John, 16 years, labourer
 McGILLIVRAY, Margaret, 17 years
 McGILLIVRAY, Mary, 16 years

All to Mrs. Chirnside, in Geelong District.

McGILLIVRAY, Donald, 19 years. Died of Typhus Fever
 24.9.53.

The ship, "CHARLES", sailed Liverpool, 21.6.53, arrived Melbourne 3.10.53.

McGILLIVRAY, John. Ag. Labourer, 34 years. Skye
 McGILLIVRAY, Ann, 27 years
 McGILLIVRAY, Angus, 6 years
 McGILLIVRAY, Margaret, 3 years

To Mrs. Chirnside, Geelong District

McGILLIVRAY, Isabella, 26 years, Domestic Servant,
 Inverness. To Mrs. Liddle of Albion.

The Ship, "POICTIERS", sailed Southampton, 22.9.53, arrived Melbourne, 6.1.54.

McGILLIVRAY, Christina, 47 years, Isle of Sky, Widow

McGILLIVRAY, Charles, 11 years
 McGILLIVRAY, Rachel, 6 years, to Mrs. Clarke, Moorabbin
 McGILLIVRAY, Donald, 19 years, Ag. Labourer, to E. Melbourne
 McGILLIVRAY, Cecil, 16 years. Ag. Labourer, with mother above
 McGILLIVRAY, Farquhar, 14 years. Ag. Labourer, with mother

The ship, "BOOMERANG", sailed Liverpool, 5.11.53, arrived Melbourne, 22.1.54.

McGILLIVRAY, Margaret, 33 years. Domestic Servant,
 Inverness. To Mrs. McFarland, St. Kilda
 McGILLIVRAY, Rebecca, 25 years. Domestic Servant, sister of above. To Mrs. McPherson, Darebin Creek

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Back in the days of sail, a 'ship' was not so called unless it was 'ship rigged' - that is, having square sails on all masts, and having no less than three masts. The vessels referred to above may have been barques, brigs, barquentines or brigantines or whatever, but having no records of the rigs, I have followed the modern practice of referring to them as 'ships'.

The McGillivray name also appears on the passenger lists of vessels on the shipping index of arrivals. This index is not very informative because it merely gives the name of the vessel and the date of arrival in Melbourne, without stating the port from which the vessel departed. It may be possible to research this at a later date, but it is possible that the vessels referred to may have been from other Australian ports, and therefore the passengers listed may not have been newly arrived from overseas.

"MERLIN". Arrived 25.10.1860

McGILLIVRAY, Anne

"FREDERICK". Arrived 11.4.55

McGILLIVRAY, John
 McGILLIVRAY, Ann (Mrs)
 McGILLIVRAY, Ann
 McGILLIVRAY, Catherine
 McGILLIVRAY, Mary
 McGILLIVRAY, Margaret
 McGILLIVRAY, Duncan
 McGILLIVRAY, William

"BANKER'S DAUGHTER", Arrived Geelong, 3.9.53

McGILLIVRAY, Alan
 McGILLIVRAY, Mary (Mrs)

"JOHN DAVIES". Arrived 9.1.52

McGILLIVRAY, George
 McGILLIVRAY, Janet (Mrs)

"SHACKAMAXON". Arrived 29.1.1861

McGILLIVRAY, Donald
McGILLIVRAY, Christy
McGILLIVRAY, William

"THEODORE". Arrived 8.12.52

McGILLIVRAY, Ewen
McGILLIVRAY, Jane

"CADUCEUS". Arrived 1.7.63

McGILLIVRAY, Jessie.

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Just in case it may tend to create an inferiority complex to know that most of our forebears arrived as lowly servants, please note that on the shipping lists there is a Mr W. MacGillivray who employed a whole family of McIntyres as domestic servants! He lived at 25 Collins Street, Melbourne - which even in those days must have been pretty good real estate!

STORIES FROM THE PAST

I cannot remember my great-grandparents, both having passed on before I was born; nor can I remember their son, James MacGillivray, but it is known that he was an excellent shot with both rifle and gun, and used to shoot competitively in Melbourne and other Victorian centres under the name of 'Mac', as old James, his father, did not approve of him taking so much time off from looking after the property (Aberfoyle), some 25 miles from the home place, Manoupe Park.

Apparently, young James used to slip off unbeknown to anyone apart from his wife and family, and the first old James would know of it would be when he read that 'Mac' had shot very successfully in some competition. This deception went on for years, but finally the old man found out the true identity of the mysterious 'Mac', and was most upset, as he had been a great admirer of 'Mac's' shooting prowess.

James enlisted and fought in the Boer War, and it was said that he was shot in the back and killed by a Boer woman. Some of his sons used to say that the statue of the mounted horseman on the South African Memorial bore a striking resemblance to him.

He had married my father's eldest sister, Sophia, and had a family of five sons and four daughters, of whom only one daughter remains and is now over eighty years of age.

Donald, my grandfather, was the celebrated horseman known as 'Professor' MacGillivray, of whom much has been written, including a lengthy article in 1980 edition of Clan Chattan Journal. He was the author of a book on horse handling, entitled 'Australian Horses from Paddock to Park'. He managed various stations, mainly in N.S.W.

He enlisted and was wounded in the First World War, rising to officer's rank. On discharge, he bought a small property near Mount Gambier, South Australia, from whence he took hundreds of horses to

Adelaide to be shipped as remounts for the British Army in India.

John, known to us 'Big Uncle Jack', was the youngest of the three brothers. A most genial and lovable man respected by all, he used to amuse us with his stories which, until we grew older, we accepted as gospel truth. He was also an excellent shot with a gun, and I remember one little shooting story which went something like this:

'I crept up on this little swamp and found it to be black with ducks. I slipped two cartridges in and gave them both barrels - and not one duck rose from the water. When I collected them there were over four hundred ...' When anyone expressed some doubt, he would remark: 'No, I didn't shoot them all, but just as I fired there was a huge flash of lightning which struck them all dead!!'

Another good story he used to tell was about when the three brothers were in their teens. Great-Grandfather had several tracts of land, fairly well scattered, and these lads used to drove sheep from one to the other, travelling to and from by horseback. These properties had rough huts on them where they used to camp overnight. On one of these occasions, they had gone into one the numerous swamps, swan-nesting, and had arrived back soaking wet.

There was only an earth floor in the hut, and it was customary to drag a big log into the open fire, and keep pushing it forward as it burnt away.

For want of a better place, and no doubt in order to dry them, Donald (my grandfather), put his trousers on the end of the log. Big Uncle Jack said to him, 'You had better shift your trousers before you go to sleep, or you'll only have the buttons in the morning'.

However, he neglected to shift them, and fell slepp, and, sure enough, his trousers were burnt, and he did have only the buttons!

He had no alternative but to ride to the homestead some 10 or 12 miles away in his 'birthday suit', much to the amusement of the other brothers. On their arrival, there were visitors at Manoupe Park, and they had to ride on ahead to get him fresh clothes before he could put in an appearance.

Fortunately, in those days, the country was sparsely settled and they had encountered nobody on their way!

- Alexander MacGillivray Patterson
(South Australian Representative)

(cont'd from p.4)

in both the pre-open and open competitions and was awarded the Set of Swords trophy, which he holds for one year. However, his progress has been so remarkable that nobody will be surprised if he gets to hold the trophy much longer!

Meanwhile, Naomi, who has also won several first prizes, has been awarded Honours in ballet by the British Ballet Association.

Well done, youngsters! We are all mighty proud of you!

BIOGRAPHY

P. H. MacGILLIVRAY, F.R.C.S.

President, Bendigo Institute of Technology ** 1888-1894

Readers of our Clan History with an interest in bird life will recall the item about Professor William MacGillivray, the famous naturalist of Aberdeen University, who was a prolific author of works in natural science, and a close friend and collaborator with Audubon, the American artist-naturalist. It is mentioned that two of his sons, John and Paul, also became eminent in Australia, and then in the sub-chapter headed 'Australia', their achievements are briefly recorded.

The younger of the two, Paul Howard (1834-1995), is the subject of this article. Having studied at his father's college in Aberdeen, graduating M.A. at the age of 17, Paul turned to medicine and in 1855 he became a surgeon (F.R.C.S.) before embarking for Australia. He settled in the mining township of Sandhurst, now the city of Bendigo, where he filled the position of surgeon-superintendent of the local hospital until his death in 1895.

In addition to his skill as a surgeon and physician, and as an author of medical treatises, Paul also devoted time to his first love of natural history - his large collection of specimens eventually found its place in the Museum of Natural History in Melbourne, and in 1874 he was President of the Royal Society of Victoria. He was also a member of the Linnean Society, and a friend of Professor Huxley.

As a member of the Victorian Advisory Council on Agricultural Education, I recently visited the Bendigo Technical College in connection with their agricultural apprenticeship scheme, and found to my delight that our Clan name is well known and recorded there to this day as a result of the efforts of the same Paul Howard MacGillivray in advancing this institution of learning. The acting-principal presented to me a copy of 'Canvas to Campus' (Frank Cusack - Hawthorn Press), a bound history of the Bendigo Institute of Technology in all its forms since a 'Mechanics Institute' was opened in 1856.

This book is an absorbing record of the trials and tribulations of an educational institution through times of affluence and poverty, and it provides many an insight into the character of Dr. Paul MacGillivray as he strove for 28 years in an honorary capacity to influence its development, until his death in 1895.

- Paul MacGillivray went on to the Committee of the Sandhurst Mechanics Institute in February, 1867, and represented that body on the original governing Council of the School of Mines on 1st July, 1872.
- He was instrumental in starting a Science Society, which, by 1888, had over 200 members - it sent exhibits to the Colonial and

Indian Exhibition in London and to the Amsterdam Exhibition, where a Diploma was gained.

- In 1883 his brother-in-law, R.L.J. Ellery, CMG, FRS, the Government Astronomer, transferred the official weather observatory to the School of Mines.
 - In the 1880's, there were many problems of finance and staff relationships - salaries were 'miserably meagre' and the Council members tended to interfere on academic matters.
 - 'An instance of the over-zealousness of Council in academic matters was the decision in November, 1887 to set up a Classes Committee. It consisted of the President (MacGillivray), the Vice-President and one other whose task was to visit all the classes at least once a week. It was a resolution hardly likely to endear the Committee to the lecturing staff'.
 - In 1887 he headed a sub-committee to investigate a clash between the Registrar and a member of his office staff.
 - In 1888 he clashed with the Academic Director - another Scot, Mackay.
 - 'MacGillivray, whose deep concern for the welfare of the School may have led him at times to become unwittingly a busybody, began agitating for the abolition of the directorship, to which he had been strongly opposed throughout.'
 - Throughout the greater part of 1890, the Council debated what came to be known as 'The Mackay Issue'. MacGillivray moved the abolition of the Directorship, designed to get rid of Mackay, and he won this battle, but he was described as 'Brutus-like'.
 - 'No man had been more closely associated with the development of the School than Paul Howard MacGillivray and, in 1893, in recognition of his services to science and education, the University of Aberdeen, whence he had graduated, conferred on him an Honorary Doctorate of Laws. He had been its guiding light and now, his association with it was nearly at an end. Only 18 months later, in July, 1895, he died suddenly at the age of 61. His erstwhile adversary and fellow-Scot, James Bunyan Lillie Mackay, had predeceased him by just twelve months.'
 - What had been proudly known as the MacGillivray Museum in the 1890's began to suffer from public apathy, neglect and internal disinterest, and it was little more than a shadow of its former self when it finally closed in 1944. A collection of minerals remained at the school, but the rest of the collection was transferred to the National Museum in Melbourne in 1949 or disposed of less ceremoniously.
 - 'At least, the Doctor was not wholly forgotten. The MacGillivray Museum may have disappeared but the tablet in the Entrance Hall erected to his memory by members of the Bendigo Science Society which he founded, remained, and in November, 1954, Council named MacGillivray Hall in his honour.'
- Do any of our Society members know whether Dr. Paul H. MacGillivray had children, and if so, are any of his descendants among our members?

- PETER MCGILLIVRAY

WESTERN AUSTRALIAN FAMILY GATHERING

One of the problems facing us as a Clan Society is that of not being able to hold a gathering at which all our members can attend. Being scattered over a continent of nearly three million square miles, no matter where we meet, the distance will prevent many from being present.

However, our Western Australian families solved this problem by holding their own gathering on 12th October, 1980. About 55 turned up, ranging in age from Margaret Jane (born 1895) to Duncan Ross (born 1980) - the oldest and the youngest.

All were descendants of Charles Evans McGillivray and Jess (nee Hossack), who settled first in Queensland before moving to the West in 1895. This family consisted of 18 children, of who 13 are still with us.

Family photos going back to the turn of the century were brought along and displayed on boards with the MacGillivray tartan. An instant atmosphere of togetherness was evident as people recalled old faces and occasions recorded in the photos, and introductions between cousins who had never met were made easy by the name badges which identified them as being related to one of the 18 immediate descendants of Charles and Jesse.

I am surprised to learn that there was a notable absence of Scotch, a taste for which we are all expected to inherit. However, ample supplies of the famous 'Swan' and 'Emu' brews, with a blending of gold reminded all of their associations with their gold-mining backgrounds. A barbeque lunch, complemented by stacks of salad, cakes and other delicacies assured that none would perish.

The last were leaving as the sun was setting, thankful of the Monday holiday in which to recuperate.

As Peter McGillivray of Lathlain was heard to remark. 'It was a ripper show!'

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THE LAST WOLF IN SCOTLAND ?

Whilst several other claims have been made as to who killed the last wolf in Scotland, the most persistent story has it that our Clan can claim the honour.

The good wife of MacGillivray of Dalcrombie went to a neighbour's house on a winter's day about the year 1700 to borrow a gridle to bake scones. On setting out on her return, she noticed in the snow the tracks of a wolf which must have followed her on her outward journey. When the wolf suddenly appeared and sprang at her, she was ready and, swinging the gridle, smote the animal a mighty blow which cracked the jawbone and killed it instantly.

I have been shown the spot where this is reputed to have happened - by the south shore of Loch Duntelchaig, about ten miles south of Inverness - by a highland gentleman who assures me that no wolves have been sighted in Scotland ever since.

Some More Bits and Pieces

JAPS WHA HAE

It appears that Scottish country and ballroom dancing has taken on in Japan, and a Japanese has been formed, and has even designed its own tartan! Well, after all, why not? Suntory Whiskey is advertised as the whiskey which never saw a tartan, so I suppose it can be said that the Jap tartan is one that never saw Scotland!

The costume for men is white shirt, plain tie, kilt, beige socks and black soft-soled shoes; for the ladies, white dress with tartan sash pinned to the shoulder, and black slippers.

The dancing is somewhat more sedate than we are used to, and the music is retaped at slower than normal speed. Nevertheless, it is still lively fun when white dresses and kilts swirl through more than 200 dancers.

Incidentally, no mention is made of sporrans, and another dimension has been given to the old Sassenach query as to what is worn under the kilt! Ah, so!

- ANGUS MacIMOTO

GLOBETROTTER RETURNS HOME

A recent addition to our membership, Pamela McGillivray of Gunbower, Victoria, is back in Australia after spending 12 months touring the USA, Europe, and, of course, Scotland where she encountered the MacGillivray name in Inverness, Mull and Skye. Pam, who teaches physical education at Shepparton, is, as one might expect, in top physical condition and was able to do most of her tour by bicycle.

Since her return she has been busy getting back her form in her two favourite sports, basketball and netball - in fact, having a record as a winner in both, her sporting activities are what Pam missed most whilst away.

As a basketballer she has played in title-winning teams at Kerang, Swan Hill and Shepparton. She was also a member of the Shepparton team that won the A Grade Country Netball Championship at Royal Park in 1979. Pam won the Weekly Times Award for the most valuable player at the 1977 Country Championships at Horsham, and played on the Kerang team that won the third division title that year.

'I would love to have a team full of players like Pam McGillivray', said one of her former coaches, George Munro, of Swan Hill.

Pam plays for Dragons at Shepparton, and we are likely to hear a good deal more of her successes in the future.

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GENEALOGICAL RECORDS

One of our Society's objects is the collection of genealogical data, and members have been asked to submit any information about their family history which they might have. Many 'family-tree' charts have been received - and obviously a lot of work has gone into their compilation - and these have been duly filed for future reference.

However, it is now felt that a uniform-sized chart would be better for filing into book form. With this issue, you will find a form designed for this purpose, and it would be appreciated if members would complete them and forward them to our Research Officer -

Ian MacGillivray-Elder,
21 Daintrey St., Fairlight, NSW, 2094.

It is intended in due course to duplicate the book into which they will be bound, and forward a copy to the Society of Australian Genealogists to file in their archives to assist future generations seeking to trace their family lineage.

The co-operation of our members in this project would be most appreciated. Extra forms, if required, are available on application.

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OBITUARY

We have all been shocked and saddened by the tragic loss of two of our most esteemed members; JEFFERY, REGINALD MCGILVRAY, and his sister, BARBARA LILLIAN TETLEY, who died as a result of carbon monoxide poisoning in an old mine shaft near Orange, NSW, on 6th January of this year.

Jeffery was a skilled plate-glass cutter, who entered the Presbyterian Ministry in 1973, in the Home Missionaries Department, whilst training to become an ordained minister. After completing his initial training, firstly in the Blacktown area, and later under the Rev. MacIntyre at Penrith Church, where he delivered most of the Sunday services, he was sent to Ashford in the north-west of NSW, where he was in charge of the local church and also four smaller outlying churches.

After two years he was sent to Nimbin on the NSW north coast. This was a challenge, as the town had become almost a 'hippie' community, and the church had suffered a decline. For two years he worked to restore the church to its former strength, during which time he established remarkable rapport with the 'alternate lifestyle' people, and worked with them in various projects.

He was then sent to Blayney, NSW, where seemingly, the local folk had become apathetic to religion of any form, and had actually succeeded in getting rid of five previous ministers. Jeffery worked there for one year before he too was ousted.

He then moved to Mandurama, NSW, with his family, taking any work available. He loved to fossick in old goldmine workings, but never lost interest in his religious vocation and never ceased to help those in need. He fed, clothed and cared for people off the street, often taking them into his own home.

In fact, it was his readiness to help others which led to his death. His fossicking mate became overwhelmed by the exhaust of a small petrol engine being used to pump water from the old mine. Jeffery went to his assistance and also was overcome by the noxious fumes.

Barbara then went down the shaft in a vain effort to assist but also was overcome.

Barbara was a most gentle and loving sister with much the same nature as Jeffery; always giving, helping and caring for the less fortunate.

Jeffery was 41 years old and Barbara 45. Since the tragedy, our thoughts have constantly been with our members Reginald and Daphne McGilvray of Doonside, NSW, parents of Jeffery and Barbara, and with Peter of Wyoming, NSW, their brother; also with Mary, Jeffery's wife, and their five children.

Our Society has suffered an irreparable loss with the passing of these fine members.

OUR NEXT GATHERING

ATTENTION ALL MEMBERS! Our Sixth Annual Gathering will take place on **SUNDAY, 1st NOVEMBER, 1981**. On this occasion we are departing from our usual practice by hiring an excellent venue, The Beacon Hill Memorial Community Centre, situated on the Willandra Reserve, Beacon Hill Road and Willandra Road, Beacon Hill, NSW, which overlooks Brookvale. Festivities will begin at 2.00 pm.

All members are invited, but please advise our Hon. Secretary/Treasurer, John MacGillivray, 17 Wandella Rd., North Manly (phone (02) 93 5315) of your intention to attend, and the number in your party.

Catering: The usual catering arrangements of previous gatherings: ladies to bring a plate and gents to supply the liquid refreshments. If, because of travel distance, this arrangement is not convenient, a cash donation would be acceptable.

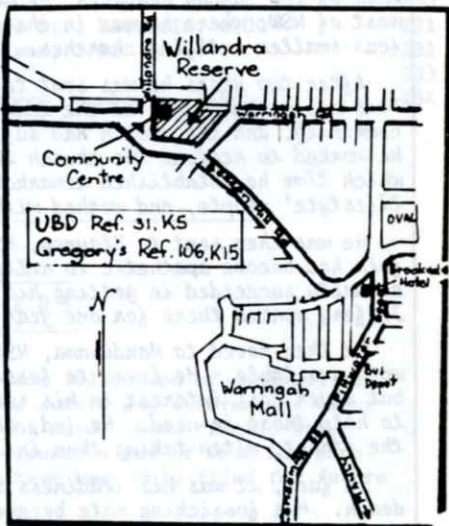
Anyone wishing to assist in the catering and tidying up of the hall after the gathering will earn the the undying gratitude of the Committee!

ACCOMMODATION: Local hotel & motel accommodation is of generally high standard, but prior booking is advised. There are several hotels and motels in the Manly area listed in the NRMA guide, and a few selected at random are listed as follows:

BROOKVALE HOTEL: 509 Pittwater Rd., Brookvale, phone 93 0217.
Bed & Breakfast, twin \$25, single \$20.
MANLY VALE : 250 Condamine St., Manly Vale, phone 94 7151
MOTOR HOTEL : Bed & Breakfast, twin \$25, single \$20
BOMBORA MOTEL : 46 Malvern Ave., Manly, phone 977 5461
Bed & Breakfast, twin \$24-\$26, single \$16-\$18
PINES MOTEL : 2-4 Pine St., Manly, phone 977 3445
Bed & Breakfast, twin \$28-\$32, single \$25-\$28

RAIL SERVICE FROM MELBOURNE:

'The Spirit of Progress' departs Melbourne nightly at 6.45 pm and arrives Sydney at 8.45 am. It leaves Sydney nightly at 8.10 pm and arrives in Melbourne 9.55 am. 'The Southern Aurora' (sleeping cars only) leaves Melbourne nightly at 8.00 pm and arrives Sydney 9.00 a.m. It leaves Sydney nightly at 8.00 pm and arrives Melbourne at 9.00 a.m.



MEMBERS PLEASE NOTE THAT ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP FEES ARE DUE ON THE DATE OF OUR ANNUAL GATHERING.

(\$6.00 for family membership which includes children up to the age of 18; \$4.00 for individual membership.)

NOMINATIONS FOR COUNCIL

Members are reminded that on the day of the Annual General Meeting (which is the same day as our Annual Gathering), ALL POSITIONS ON THE SOCIETY'S COUNCIL ARE DECLARED VACANT AND NOMINATIONS FOR SUCH POSITIONS ARE NOW OPEN AND SHOULD BE LODGED WITH THE HONORARY SECRETARY/TREASURER AT LEAST THREE WEEKS BEFORE THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

It is a fact that since the Society began not a single nomination has been received, and therefore no ballot has ever been held for an elected Council, and the original steering committee has had to consider itself 'elected' as an interim Council.

So - all members - particularly the younger ones - are urged to give some thought to the idea of nominating themselves for any positions on the properly-elected Council.

PLEASE REMEMBER THAT THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING IS HELD ONE HOUR BEFORE OUR ANNUAL GATHERING GETS UNDER WAY, AND

ALL MEMBERS ARE ENTITLED TO BE PRESENT.

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