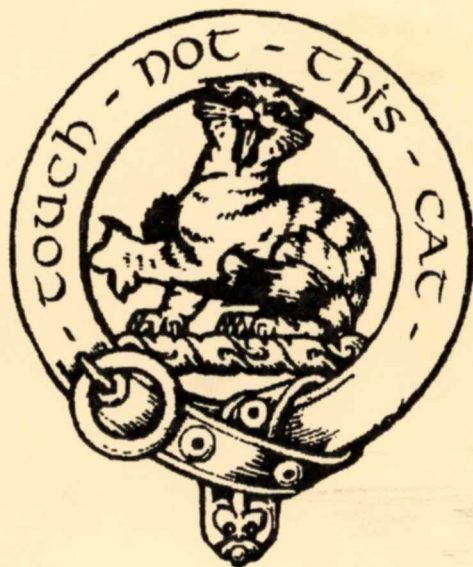


CLAN MACGILLIVRAY



JOURNAL OF THE
CLAN MACGILLIVRAY
SOCIETY - AUSTRALIA

ISSN-1038-5533

Vol. 5, No. 6, 2008

CLAN MACGILLIVRAY SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA

Honorary Chief & Treasurer.....	Commissioner for Australia Peter McGillivray, HDA	
Honorary Secretary.....	David McGillivray PO Box 223 SEAFORD, Victoria, 3198 (03) 9786 5218 clanmacg@bigpond.com	
Newsletter Editor.....	Pat Foster	
Assistant Hon. Secretary	Ted Foster 4 Funston Street BERWICK, Victoria, 3806 (03) 9707 1523	
Journal Editor	Peter McGillivray 1/27 Trafalgar Street MONT ALBERT, Victoria, 3127 (03) 9898 6105 petermcg@tpg.com.au	
Area Representatives	W.A.	Cass Coupland 0421 248 575
.....	S.A.	vacant
.....	QLD	Jan MacGillivray (07) 5456 2501
.....	NSW	Raymond Wilson (02) 6621 2057
Archivist.....	Mrs Heather McGillivray (03) 9786 5218	
Clan Piper.....	Colin McGillivray (03) 9766 5797	
Councillors	Miss Jillian McGillivray	(03) 5727 3282
.....	Mrs Yvonne Jones	(02) 9558 3406
.....	Stewart McGilvray	(03) 5248 1062
.....	Euan McGillivray	(03) 9429 5496
Honorary Members.....	Robert McGillivray BSc, FCI, WEM, Edinburgh Debbie Weinlich Simone Elder	

The views expressed in this journal are not necessarily those of the editors
or the Clan MacGillivray Society of Australia.

© *Clan MacGillivray Society of Australia* – 2008

Permission to reproduce material from this journal is freely given as long as it is fully acknowledged.

Table of Contents

EDITORIAL 2008	2
How It All Began - Our Clan Society	3
From The Chairman of Clan Chattan Association	4
McGs on the Scottish OPRs.....	5
Tales From Mull – 5	6
Tales From Mull – 6	6
Tales From Mull – 7	7
Tales From Mull – 8	8
The Davidson Collection (Continued)	9
Elgin Cathedral, Morayshire, Scotland	9
Colonel Anne Of The '45.....	10
The Highland Wildcat.....	11
Our Life and Conditions in the Early 1900s	12
Reflections On A Return To Dunmaglass.....	15
Dunmaglas Golf Links.....	18
New Culloden Visitors Centre	19
Clan MacGillivray Junior Piping Award	22
Raschelle MacGillivray	24
Sporran Wearers May Need Licence	26
Caledonia Kilt Hire.....	26
Donation to the MacGillivray Organ	27
MacGillivray First in New Zealand	28
The Boston Marathon's Dave McGillivray.....	30
Soraidh.....	31
James D Scarlett MBE	31
Graeme Kenneth (Sar) McGillivray.....	32
Herbert William McGillivray.....	34
James Donald McGilvery.....	35
Arthur MacGillivray Fartch	36
Margot Rosalie Walker	36
John McGillivray	36
Members List 2008	37

Members Please Note –

Annual Membership Fees

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

Five Year Membership

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

Membership Fees are due on 1st October 2008

Please send details and cheque or postal note to

Hon Sec. David McGillivray

PO Box 223

SEAFORD Victoria 3198 AUSTRALIA

MY LAST ONE ??

I shall commence this editorial by clarifying the position of several of our committee positions.

Firstly it should be realised that the title of Commissioner is a Clan title for someone appointed by a Clan Chief, or in our case by the Clan Commander, the late Colonel George McGillivray. Two of the 5 Commissioners whom he appointed, for Canada and Holland, have also died.

No new Commissioners can be appointed unless some Clan member can prove descent from a past Clan Chief, and his claim is accepted by Lord Lyon; King of Arms. Unfortunately this is now considered to be most unlikely to occur.

As far as Australia is concerned my position as Clan Commissioner will continue for my lifetime, but now aged 86 I feel the necessity to resign as Clan Society President. Journal Editor and Treasurer because of my recent severe heart attack. My resignation should be finalised not later than the end of October 2008, so I appeal for candidates for each of those positions to contact our Hon. Secretary as soon as possible.

My thanks to council member Jillian for her willing help in putting together the soriadh section of this edition.

It may now be appropriate to notify members of changes to Scottish functions of importance in Victoria and New South Wales.

As far as Victorian members are concerned, the Ringwood Highland Games have been the main event for members of our Clan for many years, having been held in the last week of March. Please note that in 2009, the Ringwood event will be held on the first Sunday in April, which unfortunately means that it clashes with the big Bundanoon event in NSW, but this will probably not affect the majority of attendees.

There is taking place in New South Wales an even greater change, with the Scottish Australian Heritage Council having moved the majority of their Scottish week to 24th of June to 1st of July, the weather at this time providing better conditions for balls and dinners etc. However, the traditional Gathering in Hyde Park will still take place on 30th November 2008, this year, to be known as the St Andrews Day Gathering.

Separately in this Journal we reproduce in full a detailed message from the Chairman of the Clan Chattan Association, Alan Maclean of Dochgarroch, telling you all about the important gathering in and around Inverness for 4 days, commencing 6th August 2009.

Also, our regular enthusiastic supporter in Edinburgh, Robert, has provided a detailed report on the recent opening ceremony of the newly completed revised layout of the 1745 battleground on Culloden Moor. A visit to this site is a must for any MacGillivray when visiting Scotland.

I wonder how many of our Australian members today have any knowledge of the early activities in Sydney that lead to the subsequent formation and subsequent success of what I believe to be the first Clan MacGillivray Society in the world.

It all started in 1966 when Yvonne Jones began organising "mini-gatherings" at her Hurlestone Park home. These were usually referred to as 'Gatherings of the Clan Barnett', because Yvonne's grandmother Margaret MvGilvray had married David Barnett. Yet all those there were descendants of the McGilvrays.

The first of these gatherings to be referred to as "McGilvray Gatherings" was held on June 5, 1976, but before that event Yvonne had contacted Alex McGillivray, a cousin, who, when he learned that she was compiling family history, suggested she visit Ian (MacGillivray) Elder, the son of Eileen (Iainie) Elder who was, in her time a

foremost teacher of Highland dancing and also an accomplished piper – reportedly Australia's first lady piper. Iainie and Margaret (McGilvray) Barnett were cousins.

At the time, Ian was in hospital, but when he was convalescing at home in Fairlight, Yvonne, with another cousin Mervyn Williamson, (a descendant of Anne McGillvray,) made their historic visit. Many thanks to Mervyn for sending us a snapshot taken at that first meeting showing at back Ian, Yvonne Jones, Ian, and Mervyn, and in front are Ian's mother and father.

When the aforementioned McGillvray Gathering was held on June 5, 1976 Ian took with him John Duncan MacGillivray and his family.- That day could well be called the Clan Society's birthday, as soon afterwards Ian and Jack got together and set the wheels turning that eventually led to The Clan MacGillivray Society of Australia.



Early gatherings... (from left) Ian Elder, Yvonne, Ian's daughter and Mervyn, with Ian's mother & father sitting down in front

From The Chairman of Clan Chattan Association

2009 is to be a special year in the life of the Clan Chattan, and I hope that everyone in the Association will have a part in it.

We, who are members of the Clan Chattan, do not need to be reminded that the Clan Chattan is a confederacy of clans, unique because each of its constituent clans retained their own name and identity. It has been termed by the historian, the late R.W. Munro, as the only 'super-clan' and consisted of 16 different clans, along with several other tribes and families.

The high point in the life of the Clan Confederacy, and perhaps its most significant act, came in 1609 with the signing, at Termit near Inverness, of the great Clan Chattan Band of Union.

2009 is the 400th anniversary of this Band of Union, and your Clan Council is arranging a special celebration, in which we hope that all members will be able to participate, in one way or another.

The date of the main celebration is Thursday 6th August 2009, when a special memorial will be unveiled near Termit. This will be followed, in Inverness, by the signing of a new Band of Union, which should prove to be a particularly memorable and significant event. The signing will be headed by many of the present chiefs, but all members of the Clan Chattan clans will be able to participate. However, it is also intended that members of the constituent clans, around the world, unable to be present, will have the opportunity that day, by the use of the internet, to add their signatures to the

document. This will be a ground breaking exercise.

The signing ceremony will be in the presence of, and witnessed by, the Provost of the City of Inverness and he has graciously invited members of the Clan Chattan Association to a full Civic Dinner in the historic Town Hall of Inverness that night. There is no doubt that this will be a most memorable day, and we hope that as many members as possible will make their way to Inverness for the occasion.

This is the highpoint of four days of celebrations, starting on the Wednesday with a special visit to Culloden to see the new Visitor Centre, a description of the Clan Chattan's involvement in the Jacobite campaign and battle [on both sides], and the laying of a wreath. In the evening there will be a ceilidh.

On the Friday we will be at Moy, and the Highland Field Sports, for a Clan March, historical tours and a historical display in the Clan tent, where we will learn about the Clan's links with the area. In the evening we will be having a Gala Dinner in Inverness.

On the Saturday we will be having a tour of some of the clan lands, especially Strath Dearn and Strath Spey, concluding with a visit to the award-winning Macpherson Museum.

The celebrations are considered by your Council to be of the greatest significance, and the costs involved will be extremely reasonable, probably under £90 for the whole week, including the Gala Dinner.

There are also other events of interest during Summer 2009, including our own participation in the Inverness Highland Games on July 18th, and the Clan Macpherson weekend at Newtonmore on 1st August.

On 25/26th July, we, along with some of the Clan Chattan constituent clans, will have a clan tent in Holyrood Park in Edinburgh, for what is hoped by the organisers will be one of the largest clan gatherings in history. It will include a a united Clan March and Pageant at Edinburgh Castle. This should prove to be another memorable occasion, but I must warn you that it looks as though it will be extremely expensive, being a commercial exercise and part of visitScotland [formerly the Scottish Tourist Board] and the Scottish Parliament's 'Year of Homecoming' to mark the 250th anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns. To participate in the

March, it seems that the cost will be £100 each, and no children under 16 will be encouraged to participate. Furthermore it is based in Edinburgh, Scotland's most expensive location, at its most expensive time of year! Obviously, however, many people will wish to participate in everything on offer, and why not, when the chance exists, but from the point of view of Clan Chattan, if a choice has to be made, come to the Highlands, and in particular Inverness on 6th August and participate in our one-off event. It has all the ingredients to make our clan come alive in the 21st century.

Full details and Booking Forms will be available on our website, www.clanchattan.org.uk.

Allan Maclean of Dochgarroch,
Chairman

McGs on the Scottish OPRs

If ever you have been 'surfing the net' trying to trace some of our Clan genealogy, you will know how time consuming and difficult it can be.



Well, Roy McGilvray of Canada has spent some time scowling the archives and has collated a wonderful registry of names from the Scottish Old Parish Registers and Government Civil Registrations and has invited MacGillivrays worldwide to use this information for free.

Members can access Roy's website at www.magma.ca/~mkort/oprnames.htm

MACGILVRAY OF GLENCANNEL - again

Lachlan Cattanach Maclean features in this well known story. Lachlan and his wife, a sister of John Campbell, first of Calder, did not get on at all. One day the lady was seized by a party of Maclean's men who cast her onto a rock in the sea near Lismore, known to this day as the ' lady Rock'. The intention was that she would be drowned by the rising tide so that no one would be able to attribute her death directly to Maclean's hand. Fortunately, or by design, she was rescued in the nick of time, by a passing boat. Meanwhile the abductors had returned to Duart Castle to find there the lady's nephew, a boy of 3 or 4 years of age. They kindled a large fire in the main hall, formed a tight circle around the fire, stripped the boy and caused him to

run round inside the ring in a desperate attempt to escape the heat. As he passed they each rubbed his naked body with hot toasted apples, causing blue spots to appear on his skin. Ever afterwards he was called Iain Gorm ("Blue John"). His nurse was distraught, but unable to reach her charge until one of the men with more humanity than the rest, MacGilvray of Glencannel, opened his legs a little so that she was able to dart through, collect the boy and make for the shore where they escaped in a small boat. John Campbell was so incensed at this infamous affair that when he later met Maclean in Edinburgh he thrust his sword, sheath and all, through his body and killed him.

Tales From Mull – 6

A FURTHER MACGILVRAY OF GLENCANNEL

The MacGilvrays of Glencannel continued to be on the best of terms with the Macleans of Duart. At the Battle of Bachdach Chearrara (on Kerrera off Oban), fought in the second half of the 16th century, the MacGilvrays supported the Macleans, and in the action MacGilvray of Glencannel was killed. After the conflict Glencannel's body was put into Maclean's birrinn and taken home to Mull where a large crowd had gathered at the landing place anxious to know the

outcome. "Which hand was the bravest in the battle today?" they asked. Lachlan Mor Maclean, the Chief, pointed to MacGilvray's hand. "That is it", he said. To the next question, "Which hand was the next bravest in the battle?", he replied "There it is!" pointing to Macgilvray's other hand. The body of the Laird of Glencannel was then lifted reverently from the boat and given an honorable burial.

THE LOSS OF GLENCANNEL

The manner in which the MacGilvrays severed their connection with Glencannel is contained in the following tale. MacGilvray, although a good friend of Maclean of Duart, was not exactly loved by Maclean of Aros. Aros plotted to kill MacGilvray and invited him to dinner. MacGilvray had no knowledge of Aros' intention and willingly accepted. After the meal Maclean's wife began to make advances to MacGilvray and Maclean, in mock jealousy, attacked his guest with his sword. Taken completely by surprise MacGilvray received a vicious sword stroke that took off part of his skull, but his attendants were able to come to his rescue and get him out of the house and safely home. The local physician, Known as the "Mull Doctor", was sent for. His examination revealed that MacGilvray had only a thin membrane left over his brain, yet such was the skill of the Physician that MacGilvray slowly began to recover.

On his next visit to his patient the doctor first picked a stalk of rye grass. His casual enquiry into MacGilvray's condition was met with an assurance that the patient was very well indeed. Undoing the bandage and inspecting the wound he began to rub the membrane with the stalk of grass until he had made a hole in it. Too late, MacGilvray realised what was taking place. He reached for his sword but the doctor avoided the stroke at him, a stroke delivered with such force that the sword nearly cut the plank of the bed in two. The effort however was too much for the invalid who collapsed and died..

MacGilvray's brother discovered the body. He realised how vulnerable his own position was so he collected his family and left Mull, moving northwards and eventually settling at a place called Dunglass. Maclean of Aros took over the lands of Glencannel and the Mull doctor moved into Pennycross.

Maclean of Aros met the doctor shortly afterwards and enquired how the patient was progressing. He was infuriated to learn that his victim was on the mend and insisted that MacGilvray be killed, adding that if the doctor would not do it he would finish the job off himself. The doctor was against it but eventually, when he was offered the lands of Pennycross as reward, he agreed. Insisting however on having the agreement in writing.



A FRIENDLY SENTINEL

Early in the 17th century a MacGilvray was on duty as a gatekeeper at Duart Castle, at a time when there was a plot to assassinate Macphee of Colonsay. Knowing nothing of it, Macphee arrived on a casual visit. As he was about to enter the castle, the MacGilvray guard asked him in an offhand manner which way he had come.

Macphee replied that he had come down Glencannel. MacGilvray's next question appeared to be "am facu tu m'eich-sa, agus d'eich fhein?" (have you seen my horses, and your own horses?), but by a very slight change in inflexion the last part of the sentence was rendered as "agus teich thien" (and escape yourself). Macphee, an alert, quick witted man, immediately took the hint and making some excuse he turned about and made good his escape

With this little anecdote we conclude the series of folk tales purporting to tell of the MacGilvrays of Mull in earlier times. From the mid 17th century it is possible to trace the leading family, the

MacGilvrays of Pennyghael. The family of Glencannel had disappeared from sight and Glencannel is now a remote, desolate area devoid of people. How this came about is not recorded although it may well be that the family suffered badly, as suggested in the tales, in one of the many interclan fights, or from envious neighbours. The MacGilvrays of Pennyghael came to the fore and continued as followers of the Macleans of the Macleans of Duart for several generations. They then fell into decline and Pennyghael and their other properties were finally sold in 1802. In 1819 Pennyghael was purchased by the Hon. William MacGillivray of Montreal, the "Lord of the North West" whose name was commemorated in Fort William, Ontario. He was a Strathnairn clansman and not of the Mull branch of the Clan. Having no son to succeed him, only two daughters, Pennyghael passed to his son-in-law and was eventually sold in 1857. In the difficult economic times and conditions on the island, the MacGilvrays just drifted away.

We would like to thank our regular contributor and Honorary Member, Robert, for this, the final instalment in this interesting history.

-Ed



In 2006 we reported the outstanding results of the first sale of books from this collection and forecast that the second sale would include John MacGillivray's "Narrative of the Voyage of HMS Rattlesnake" which was published in 1852. In fact, however, the sale concluded with items that were published in 1850.

What did appear in the March sale was a "Narrative of the Surveying Voyage of HMS Fly" which was written by Joseph Beete Jukes, the official naturalist on the 4 year expedition to the Great Barrier Reef, Torres Strait and

New Guinea. John MacGillivray was indeed on that voyage also, but as a private collector for the Earl of Derby, so he was not involved in that official report. The Jukes book was expected to fetch \$3000-5000 but actually sold for \$5592. By comparison, the top price of this second sale was a new world record of \$932,000 for a rare 1831 edition of Hume and Hovell's epoch making expedition to Port Phillip.

We have now learned that John MacGillivray's famous narrative about the Fly voyage was actually never part of the Davidson Collection!

Elgin Cathedral, Morayshire, Scotland

If you visited Elgin Cathedral anytime between 1944 and 1976, you probably met Robert Simpson MacGillivray, who was its custodian throughout that time. This long service and dedication to his role (Mr MacGillivray was famous for an encyclopaedic knowledge of the Cathedral's history) was posthumously recognised when 'Toaster', as he was known, was made a Companion of the Imperial Service Order.

The medal has now gone on display in the visitor centre, by kind permission of Mr MacGillivray's family, who still have fond memories of their years of living in Cathedral Lodge.

I personally recall with pleasure my first visit to this famous old Cathedral building in the early 1960s during my first time in Elgin with cousins of my father, but I could find no relationship with Toaster, despite the proximity of Elgin to my grandfather's birthplace of Forres.

P. McG



In any history of the Clan Mackintosh, or of the Clan Chattan, one figure will always stand out, Anne, wife of Angus Mackintosh, 22nd Chief of his Clan. She earned her fame by raising the Clan for the Jacobite cause during the Rising of 1745 when her husband served in the Hanoverian, or Government forces. Yet although she attained fame (some said notoriety) at the same time and was recognised afterwards by historians as a prominent figure, no really significant biography of the lady has, as yet, been published and not a great deal is known about her as a person. Writers have generally concentrated on her part in the Rising itself and on the raising of her regiment, the action which led to her soubriquet, "Colonel Anne".

Born in 1723, the daughter of John Farquar of Invercauld, she married Angus Mackintosh of Mackintosh, a man much older than herself, when she was only 18. Angus' role during The '45 is none too clear. Like his wife he had strong Jacobite sympathies, but, holding a commission in a Government regiment, he had much to lose by joining Prince Charles Edward Stuart. A.M.Mackintosh, the Clan historian, in his great work of 1903 said Angus was probably of weak, vacillating character, but subsequently observed that he had done some injustice to Angus by this comment. It could well be that the Chief and his wife Anne decided to play safe and back each side. There was so much at stake. Angus' part in the Rising thereafter was minimal. Anne's was crucial, especially for the MacGillivrays for she chose Alexander of Dunmaglass, their Chief, to command

the regiment she raised. They led the fateful charge and suffered accordingly.

One biography, a fine one by F.MacDonald, appeared as a short monograph (only 22 pages) titled "Colonel Anne". It was published in 1987 by 'Scottish Cultural Heritage' with sponsorship from the University of Edinburgh. In 1997 Maggie Craig's book 'Damn Rebel Bitches'took a totally fresh approach to the history of the Rising by telling the fascinating stories of the many women caught up in the events of 1745-46. 'Colonel Anne' featured prominently in that book which is highly recommended and which puts Anne's activities in context. A few years later, when a commemorative plaque was placed in North Leith Parish Churchyard, Edinburgh, noting that that was her last resting place, an article by Robert McGillivray on that event, and on Anne herself, appeared in Clan Chattan,(Vol X1)-No2,2002),the Journal of the Clan Chattan Association. These publications record what little is know about our heroine.

More recently, a 'Google' search on the web reveals the latest writings on Anne Mackintosh. Sadly, most fall short of expectations and do her little credit. They seem to hark back to the adverse 'press' that Anne received at the time when she was perceived in the south as an armed warrior riding at the head of her men. Even Sir Walter Scott referred to her as a 'gallant 'Amazon. And another writer described her as figuring largely in the battle of Falkirk. A.M.MacIntosh,however,records that she saw the Macintosh regiment but once after it was raised and that she was

at Moy the whole time from its departure to the south until after the Battle of Culloden.

A new book 'Scotland's Beautiful Rebel' by Jean Mackintosh Goldstrom presents a journalistic view of events, a lack of empathy for Scottish history and, although a second edition claims to be much improved, the blurb suggests that errors persist. The title of a companion work, "A Short History of the Clan Mackintosh for Non-Native Scots(Dull and Confusing Details Omitted)" by the same author perhaps says it all.

More alarming was the publication in 2007 of a romantic novel "White Rose Rebel" by Janet Paisley about Colonel

Anne, launched with a sticker describing Anne as "The Female Braveheart." The main purpose of this imaginative novel is a long standing torrid love affair between Anne and Alexander MacGillivray of Dunmaglass, for which there is no historical evidence, and her active participation in the strife of the Rising. It is a great pity that in writing her novel, the author chose to give the main characters the identities of historic figures. It does Anne and Dunmaglass little or no favour. But the least said about these latter books the better. They are not recommended for study. Sadly, a full biography of the distinguished lady is still awaited.

The Highland Wildcat in danger of extinction

All MacGillivrays, in fact all members of those Scottish Clans that proudly belong to Clan Chattan, should be aware of *Felis silvestris*, the great wild animal that is unfortunately in danger of extinction.

Our Clan badge portrays the Wild Cat and the motto "Touch not this cat", as do the Coats of Arms of those Clan members who have graduated Arms through the Court of Lord Lyon.

The Wildcat could once be found throughout the United Kingdom, but they were shot, trapped and poisoned into extinction in England and Wales in Victorian times. Now, protected by Scottish law, they cling to a tenuous existence in mountainous and densely

forested areas of The Highlands, preying mainly on rabbits, voles and ground dwelling birds, but there is no firm knowledge of their numbers.

Now, it is pleasing to learn that the Scottish Wildcat has been listed for a conservation effort over the next 5 years, to improve its habitat and reduce threats of hybridisation with feral domestic cats.



Our Life and Conditions in the Early 1900s

By Ailsa [McGillivray] Painter

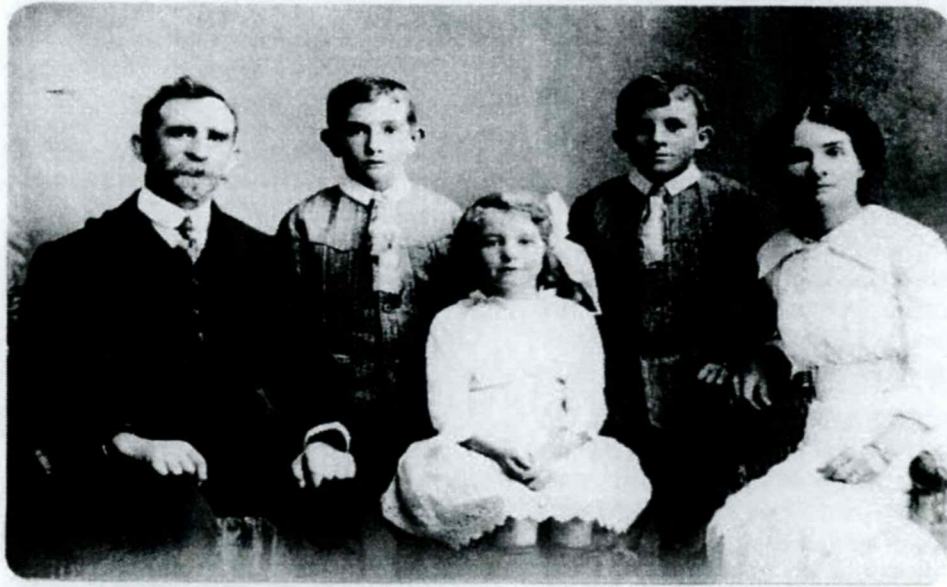
Ailsa Martha McGillivray was born at Bald Rock, Victoria, on September 19 1906, the daughter of Charles and Clara (nee Greenwood) McGillivray. Bald Rock is situated on a rise, south of Mount Hope.

Charles was the son of Angus and Elizabeth (nee Grey) McGillivray, and the grandson of Charles and Mary (nee Matheson) McGillivray – who left Scotland for Australia on the ship 'Hercules' in 1852. The senior Charles died whilst the Hercules was

quarantined in Cork, Ireland, and his wife and children were to continue their journey on the 'SS Australia', arriving in September 1853 – to establish the great Gunbower family.

Clara was the daughter of Thomas Greenwood, first mayor of Coburg, and a sister to Martha, grandmother of Heather McGillivray of Seaford.

Ailsa married Edward George Painter on November 11 1938.



Charles & Clara McGillivray and Family in 1913

My brothers, Alan and George and I were all born at Pine Hill, my father's homestead at Bald Rock, between

Pyramid Hill and Echuca, a dry farming area, where my father originally held a lot of land.

His main interest was sheep and he had a small shearing shed (three or four shearers) on the property. Shearing was done with blade shears as machine shearing was just in its early stages. Neighbouring farmers brought their sheep for shearing and the bales of wool were carted to Pyramid railway station in horse drawn wagons.

My main job, before I started school, was taking down the lanches, which I always shared with the workers. I was deeply in love with one of the shearers, Charlie, and used to stop behind a pepper tree and remove all the ginger cake, and divide it between us. Poor Charlie was later killed in the first world war.

Periodically all sheep had to be dipped, to eradicate the sheep tick. These were small, bug-like insects that invaded the wool and sucked the blood and would eventually kill a sheep if unchecked. There were several Shire dips and, the day before our appointed dipping day, we would muster and yard the sheep. Next morning we would make an early start, and, with our two sheep dogs, drove them to the dip. There they would be yarded and drafted, singly, into the dip – a narrow race filled with water with a strong disinfectant in it. They would have to swim along the race, getting thoroughly soaked, and towards the other end was a man with a flat piece of board on the end of a pole. With this he would dunk each head under the water, thus ensuring that all the wool received the disinfectant. Then we would drive them home again, all sheep and drovers alike, smelling to high heaven.

My pet lamb suffered this indignity once or twice, as he would occasionally join the flock for a few days and so become infected. He was a most uncommon lamb, mottled brown and white, and I mothered him from the day he was born. He grew into a large and beautiful sheep, but, unfortunately, he took to butting, at sight, any human being except me, so eventually he had to go to market. I was paid five pound for him but I felt like Judas for years. He was third favourite of my pets, the first being Judy, my dog, and second, Topsy, my pony. I had Judy from a tiny puppy till she died of old age nearly 15 years later. When I went away to high school, Topsy was sold to a neighbour for his little girl.

As well as grazing sheep, my father grew wheat. At harvest time, if the wheat was stripped, the grains went from the stripper into bags. The bags then had to be sewn up across the top and carted to the railway station. In a good season there would be stacks of hundreds of bags waiting in the railway yard for transport. This was before the days of silos.

If the crop were cut for hay, the sheaves were tied by the machine and tossed out. They were then gathered and stooked. The stooks were a number of sheaves standing on end and forming a pyramid shaped pile. Later these were gathered on wagons and built into haystacks. I liked both bag sewing and stooking, but mother objected, as standing in the hot sun would ruin my complexion.

Some years we would have the chaff cutter to cut the stacked sheaves into chaff, or the thresher to strip off the

grains and leave the stalks of straw which were, in turn, built into straw stacks. [A favourite pastime was sliding down the straw stacks.] Both these machines serviced the whole district and were pulled to the various farms by draught horses or bullocks. There were quite a number of men employed, and they all had to be fed.

In the early days, there were several bullock teams for heavy haulage, but I remember only one. It consisted of about 14 bullocks yoked in pairs and the most gruesome aspect was the bullocky's huge whip. My father used to threaten to borrow it at times.

I started school when I turned six and heartily disliked my first few years. It was a small, one-teacher school of eight grades, usually 20 to 30 pupils. My brothers and I walked to school, as we lived less than a mile distant, but most children either rode or drove. A section of the school ground was fenced off for a horse paddock. We sat at long desks with backless benches attached, each accommodating six children. The teacher sat on a high stool, also backless at a big, high desk. I can remember one teacher telling us about

desks built for only two, with lift-up tops so you could find your books, and backs to the seats. Our school probably attained this luxury eventually, but not in my day.

We always had a male teacher as the district was not considered suitable for a lady. Our one and only lady teacher was there for a time during World War One, she was an extremely patriotic young woman and joined us all up in the Young Workers Patriotic Guild. We were committed to earn, by our own efforts [no cadging allowed] at least one penny per week to help the war effort. As there were, at that time, a succession of drought years, pennies were scarce and hard to come by. In desperation I decided to give up sugar and sell what I would have used [plus a bit] back to my mother, who manfully cooperated. Porridge for breakfast was a must at our house and it was a mighty sacrifice, but I have never taken sugar since then. Once we had proven ourselves, we were entitled to wear a little brown stick pin with a 'busy bee' on it. I still have mine.

To be continued...

Just for fun

An old Scot, after living for many years in a far-away land, was dying. He called his doctor and asked for one last favour. The doctor agreed and the old Scot said he wanted to hear the pipes played one more time before he died. A piper was duly summoned and marched up and

down the hallway playing mightily. In the morning, the old Scot was so invigorated he arose, dressed, and went home. All of the other patients were dead.



Reflections On A Return To Dunmaglass

By John McGilvray – Wentworth Falls, NSW

In the early summer of 1977, Rotary held the International Conference in Glasgow. I was a member then of the Glenhaven Club - the President originally from Glasgow, had arranged for a group of us to be home-hosted for the Conference by Rotarians from the Rutherglen Club in Glasgow.

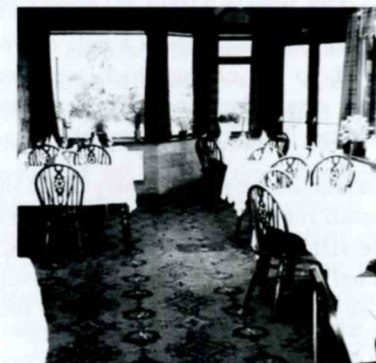
Fay and I had spent sometime getting to the UK via a stopover in Singapore and then a seven day cruise holiday, for Fay believed we would be 'on the go' once we were involved in the Scottish and Rotary excursions.

Prior to attending the Conference, we stopped over in London, then travelled by train to Inverness for a few days, then were scheduled to see the sights and countryside on the drive down to Glasgow.

We were fortunate to be home-hosted in Inverness by a Rotarian, Don Finlayson, who was Chief Constable of the Inverness area. Don made us very welcome in his home in Daviot East and with his local knowledge, gave directions to the original MacGillivray estate, Dunmaglass.

He advised us to stop for morning tea at the Grouse and Trout hotel on the way-without letting us in on the surprise that awaited us. The hotel brochure quotes "is situated in Upper Strathnairn on the B851 road, South of Inverness amidst heathered lands which originally belonged to the ancient MacGillivray Clan.

The hotel had just been taken over by an English family - the Thorntons- who were working in the grounds. They invited us to partake of morning tea. Well, the sight that greeted us was a mass of tartan - MacGillivray tartan- for the curtains were the Clan tartan and the carpet was red, with reproduction of the Clan Crest in columns.



The Grouse & Trout Hotel

This was a bit overwhelming--- so of course we stayed, had tea and scones and spoke to the new owners about our surprise and mentioned our quest to visit Dunmaglass down the way. We found the sign, turned in and found ourselves at the entrance to the estate.



Entrance to Dunmaglas Estate

There was a set of open metal gates flanked by granite columns, topped by sculptures of eagles that framed the road leading to, we anticipated, the estate. In the process of snapping pictures, we were surprised by the arrival of a 4WD bearing logs, blocking any chance of return to the road.

The driver was friendly and said "you must be McGillivrays". We answered in the affirmative, explained who we were and where we were from etc. etc. He was foreman of the grounds and said "drive on through-go about a mile down the road, to the castle which was the original estate buildings. If you see anyone, tell them I said it was OK.

So, undaunted we drove slowly down in our small rented car. We were amazed by the size of the Rhododendron trees, seemingly squeezing into the gravel road on both sides. We drove on to the castle.



Dunmaglas Lodge

Of course, in the process of snapping pics, I was discovered by the housekeeper, who sternly asked "who

are you and what are you doing here"!! (Fay was in the car, telling me we should not have come this far)

The lady was not moved too much by our story of heritage and travelling a long way to see our ancestral home, as she advised that "the mistress was in residence and would not take too kindly to people taking pictures." Our explanation of the approval from the estate foreman was given short shrift, being "he had no right to say that".

So, after negotiating a few minutes to take the final shots, we were away. It turns out that the owner was a wealthy English soccer/pools baron etc.etc, I had some degree of personal satisfaction that I had returned and found the ancestral 'home' despite a local skirmish.

On the next day we visited the Culloden field and discovered the cairns to the MacGillivrays at the Well of the Dead. A moving site in a misty Scottish shower. Just a reminder of other battles lost.



A brief family tree, provided by John, follows, showing that he had considerable reason to want to visit the estate of Dunmaglass.

Gr Gr Gr Grandfather
Malcolm MacGillivray
Born 1785
Married Isabella Fraser

Gr Gr Grandfather
Peter MacGillivray
Born 03/01/1809
Married Ann Clark (13-1-1836)

Gr Grandfather
Malcolm McGilvray
Born 20/01/1848
Marr. Christina McPherson (14/3/1873)
Parish records show activities in Daviot/Dunlichity and Kirkhill
Emigrated to New Zealand.

Grandfather John McAuley McGilvray
Born 12/7/1678
Married Elizabeth Cameron 18/10/1910
Moved to Australia
Died 10/9/1958 at West Ryde

Father John Cameron McGilvray
Born New Zealand 27/08/1911
Married Phyllis Wilson (1939)
Died 2/6/1984

John George McGilvray
Born 02/04/1941
Married Fay Newham (07/12/1968)

John Craig McG.
Born 07/04/1976

Australian Clan Commissioner, Peter, makes the following comments on John's report. -

"I can well imagine John's pleasant surprise at finding such a wealth of MacGillivray tartan and badges in the Grouse and Trout. My own reaction was the same or even better because the proprietors were still a MacGillivray family.

As for his experience at the fine stone shooting lodge, my wife and I had exactly the same experience many years earlier.

My feeling is that any future Australian visitors to Dunmaglass should be aware that the present owners will not make them welcome at the fine stone shooting lodge nor even in its grounds. Also to realise that it had only a very short occupation by our Clan Chiefs before it was sold to a Colonel Sopper in 1889. It was the fine Dunmaglass property of 17000 acres at the head of Srathnairn and it's early buildings that for over 6 centuries was the centre of the MacGillivrays, nourishing them and becoming the source of their lore.

The earliest of the dwellings on Dunmaglass that we have any knowledge of was destroyed in 1690 by the Keppoch Macdonnells, but it was replaced by a fine one of which we have seen a painting, and it was definitely situated on the eastern side of the river Farigaig, quite close to the Mains farmhouse (the present shooting lodge is on the other side of the river and the main road, and some few miles distant).

Finally, I refer to the fact that Chief Neil John MacGillivray, on his occasional visits to Scotland began in the 1860s to have built a new farmhouse and the Lodge, but he only took up residence at Dunmaglass in 1880 after leaving Canada. He died in 1886 at the early age of 58 and his son, John William sold the entire estate in 1889 to Colonel Sopper, who set about pulling down the original house and it's attached buildings. At that point the new granite lodge became the main residence, which has been extended and enlarged by subsequent owners."

Dunmaglas Golf Links

On a recent visit to the United States our regular contributor to this annual Journal, and author of the recently produced history "The Clan MacGillivray". Robert was intrigued to notice an attractive leaflet promoting Dunmaglas Golf Links.

The brochure contained considerable detail about the layout and facilities of this course which is to be found at 09031 Boyne City Road, Charlevoix,



"The Clan MacGillivray" by Robert MacG

Members are reminded that copies of Robert McGillivray's fine history of our Clan are still available for prompt despatch from Scotland by the author.

Michigan, 49720, but failed to provide any clue to the founders of the Club, other than to include in their email address "twoguyswhogolf". Having given to the place the name "Dunmaglas" they must surely be MacGillivrays, so we wonder if colleagues in the USA Clan Society know them and have managed to sign them up as members.

As previously, purchasers can avoid the problem of exchange by forwarding A\$45 (including postage) to Journal Editor, Peter.

New Culloden Visitors Centre

By Robert McGillivray

Few places in the Scottish Highlands are more worthy of pilgrimage for MacGillivrays than Culloden Moor, the scene of the fateful battle 262 years ago. That battle was fought on the edge of our Clan territory in Strathnairn; our clanfolk lived and farmed on the moor; our Chief commanded the Clan Chattan, or McIntosh, regiment, which led the disastrous Jacobite charge, no Clan name appears more often on the stones marking the graves than that of MacGillivray, and the exploits of our heroes remain firmly in our clan lore.

When the official opening of the new Visitor Centre was set for the 16th April, the anniversary of the battle, we made our plans to be there. Following its formation in 1931, the National Trust for Scotland took the lead in lobbying to protect the battlefield from encroaching development. By 1945 local landowners had given the Trust the graves area and other features. In the early 1960s the Trust created a car park and a small exhibition in the restored Leanach Cottage. At the same time the Forestry Commission opened up forestry rides and placed markers to indicate the deployment of the two armies. As visitor numbers grew the Trust continued with improvements and a purpose built visitor centre was constructed in 1970. Foestry and other land were aquired. Highland Council was persuaded to reroute the road which had been driven wantonly through the graves about 1835. The forestry plantation on either side of the road was felled. Although the Visitor Center was extended and improved it

became apparent that a new centre was required. The increasing visitor numbers had shown it to be inadequate. Then archaeological research gave a better understanding of the event and revealed that the old centre had been sited across the position taken up by the second line of the government army. Following further extensive investigations in 2004 and 2005 a new site was chosen, to the south and on the downward slope from the battlefield, where the building would be less intrusive.

Our visit, on a lovely sunny day, was our first since last summer. We were amazed at the transformation. The old building had gone, trees and scrub had been cut down and the view from the flat roof of the new visitor centre was becoming that of the battlefield as it was at the time. We had not been aware before how close the "Well of the Dead", where Alexander MacGillivray of Dunmaglass died, and the Clan graves, were to the front line of the Government army. We were impressed.

Inside the centre the exhibition was much more extensive than before. Addressing the 400 or so invited guests at the official opening, Seonaig MacPherson, Chairman of the trust, said that the aims of the project were education and learning to dispel the myths surrounding the battle.

The battle was not one simply between Scots and English, in fact clans fought against clans and there were English on iether side. It was dynasty against dynasty. To emphasise this the Trust

had held a competition to find descendants of those who had participated in the battle and chosen Philip Nicol, aged 6, and Scott Hay, 11, to cut the ribbon declaring the Centre open. Philip is descended from the Farquharson family of Allargue in Aberdeenshire which provided three brothers on the field, two of whom were officers with the Jacobite army while their brother fought with the government troops.

Gaelic has a prominent place in the new interactive exhibition which follows the progress of real life characters through the years leading up to and after the Jacobite Rising and offers an insight into life in Scotland at the time. Following the display through events chronologically, one wall gives the Jacobite view of these events while the other wall gives that of the government side. Then in the Battle immersion theatre, visitors experience a 4 minute long 360* film which relives the horrors of the conflict. Emerging along a white walled corridor visitors can read the known names of those who perished. We noted those of Alexander MacGillivray, Ian Mor MacGillivray and Gillies MacBean, another of the Clan Chattan heroes.

Earlier, at 1 pm, a lone piper played at the cairn beside the clan graves for one hour, the actual duration of the battle in which 1200 clansmen died. The Clan names inscribed on the stones marking their graves have been picked out in black making them more easy to read. Tours of the field also are simplified with new hand held devices which use satellite technology to provide information at strategic points on what took place during the battle.

One other feature of the site is the Culloden Walk pathway from the car park to the entrance to the Visitor Centre. It comprises paving of finest quality Caithness stones quarried in the north of Scotland. Each stone was subscribed for and bears a name or message. We noted a good number bearing Clan Chattan names and a few with MacGillivray. Most impressive was the stone, 600mm square, at the end of the pathway, just before the entrance to the Centre, with the inscription 'VALIANT CHIEF ALEXANDER .MACGILLIVRAY' and our Clan Badge..

The whole project cost 9.3 million pounds and the National Trust for Scotland has provided an impressive centre explaining the significance of the battle and placing it in a European context. Its facilities and the return of the moor to its appearance at the time of the battle must prove an even greater attraction. If one were to be critical it is that details of the battle involving our own individual clansmen, stories that have come down to us and become part of our lore, do not appear to feature in the displays. There is nothing of the manner of the death of Alexander of Dunmaglass, nothing about the bravery of Ian Mor Macgillivray who pierced the first line of the enemy and was finally killed a gunshot behind the enemy's canon while heading for the second line, nor of the heroic stands by Robert Mor MacGillivray and Gillies MacBean. Their names are given simply on a bare wall.

But, if you can, come and make up your own minds. You should not be disappointed.



The new Visitor's Centre at Culloden, officially opening on 16th April



Paving stone at the entrance to the new Visitor's Centre in honour of Alexander MacGillivray



One of the many burial stones around the battleground

Clan MacGillivray Junior Piping Award

Our Clan Society's annual competition for up and coming junior pipers continues to attract worthwhile entries, and we are pleased to congratulate Clint Morris on his success earlier this year.

A photograph depicts Clint as he is presented with his trophy on March 5th, 2008 by the piping Judge, Mr Gallacher.

In response to a congratulatory note from our secretary, David, Clint replied as follows :

My name is Clint Morris. I am currently 14 years old. I have been playing the bagpipes since I was 7 1/2.

I am currently playing with Goulburn Valley Pipes and Drums and also with Golden City Pipe Band which I played with when they went to New Zealand and won the 2006 Grade 4 NZ Championships

At the moment I am preparing to go to the Australian Championships in Sydney with Bendigo later this year and I will compete in the solo competition again.

When I first started the pipes it was because my brother had started playing them and I wanted to do it also. He has now moved on to playing the snare drum.

Clint.



Colin MacGillivray & family (left) and Peter MacGillivray, Robert Mackintosh and David MacGillivray (below) at the Ringwood Games



Dr Ian MacGillivray Memorial at Murwillumbar NSW

Raschelle MacGillivray

A teenager successfully tackling an unusual career

On a trip to Mildura in mid 2007 our alert secretary was attracted to a long illustrated newspaper article about a local motor sport enthusiast named Darren Morgan, and his efforts to

reassemble a "Wicked Quick" Dragster in his Mildura workshop. Photographed at work on engines was a young lady named Raschelle MacGillivray.



Raschelle MacGillivray, above, at work on the dragster Wicked Quick, below in action



David found time to visit her at Morgan's workshop and to admire her skills and maturity in this unusual career. She willingly offered to provide many family details which we are pleased to record herewith, and her interest in our Clan history and in this Society were very apparent.

Raschelle's father is Alastair MacGillivray, the son of John MacGillivray and Louise Wilhelmina Paton, who lived in Glasgow and Tinabruiach until they migrated in 1958 with another son and daughter, when Alastair was about fifteen. They settled in Mildura.

Alastair met his wife to be, Jillian Hay, in Western Australia when they were both teaching at a boarding school, and after marrying they went overseas to do some voluntary missionary work.

Raschelle has four elder brothers and an older sister. She herself was born in Mildura when the family were in Red Cliffs for about 6 years running a sultana block, until her Dad became a school Chaplain/ Teacher. Then they leased a large property on the Darling River growing citrus and sultanas for several years, by which time all four sons had moved out.

In the year 2000 the parents and their two girls moved to Vanuatu where Alastair was asked to set up a trade school, with cabinet making and boat building involved. Raschelle really only began her formal education at the age of 14, by correspondence, and was doing quite well. She wanted to become a Neurobiologist.

In 2004, aged fifteen, she and her sister moved back to Australia, continuing her correspondence schooling, whilst working on a fresh fruit block to support herself, sometimes working 12 hours a day, but after 18 months she had to give that up. At this point she gave up her dream of going on to University and becoming a Neurobiologist, in favour of something that she was equally passionate about – cars. She says her 4 older brothers, Ross, Robin, Ricki and Radley may have influenced her, but it may just have been her curious mind and wanting to find out how engines worked, so she enrolled in a certificate course in Automotive Technology at TAFE, a pre-apprenticeship course that covers the very basics.

At the conclusion of the course, one of her teachers, Darren Morgan of Morgan Performance asked her to consider working for him, saying that he wanted someone who paid attention to detail. Raschelle began her apprenticeship at the beginning of 2007 and is loving working on high performance engines that are capable of up to 8000 horse power, for installation in race and drag vehicles and boats.

She admits that she would love to drive a drag car of some sort one of these days, but in the meantime she considers that she has the best job in Mildura. We wish her well in this venture and welcome her as a keen member of our Clan Society.

Sporran Wearers May Need Licence

The above was headline news in the BBC news on Sunday 24th June 2007. It went on to say that wearers of kilts could face prosecution if they do not have a licence for their sporran under new legislation which has been introduced in Scotland.

A Scottish Executive spokeswoman said the new rules had been set in place to bring Scotland into line with existing European legislation designed to protect vulnerable species. The legislation applies to animals killed after 1994, and is designed to protect endangered species like badgers and otters, whose fur used to be favoured by sporran makers.

The rules also apply to other vulnerable animals like deer, wildcats, hedgehogs, bats, lynx, moles, seals, whales, dolphins and porpoises. The new rules

will also cover fishing flies made from animal hair.

The new regulation applies to animals killed after 1994, and applicants for a licence must prove that the animal was killed lawfully before they will be able to get a licence. The maximum penalties for breaking the law are a fine of 5000 pounds and six months in prison. Anyone who owns any part of a protected animal must obtain a licence!

A spokesman for the Association of Tartan Army Clubs asks "are the police going to take DNA samples from the sporran of every kilted person in Scotland"! Robert, our enthusiastic supporter in Edinburgh, makes some critical comments about what membership of the European Common Market is meaning to Scotland!

Caledonia Kilt Hire

We thank **Caledonia Kilt Hire** for its donation of Scottish items to our annual fundraising raffle.

When you need to hire a kilt, we encourage you to use the services of Scottish born Don Ormiston.

Caledonia Kilt Hire
30 Bittern Street Melton Victoria
03 9743 0607
0438 578 960
drdili@alphalink.com.au
www.caledoniakiltire.com



Donation to the MacGillivray Organ

Readers of past issues of our annual Clan Journal will have seen at least three separate references to the MacGillivray Organ, a major item in the Winthrop Hall of the University of Western Australia.

This huge organ, consisting of 5 Divisions, 3 Keyboards, 47 Speaking Stops, 2712 Pipes and up to 10 metres in height, has 13 kilometres of wire and 1000 contacts in its electrical mechanism. It is one of several items purchased in 1959 by the University with proceeds from a magnificent bequest of 54'000 pounds by the late Doctor William Sim MacGillivray, who died in Perth that year.

Born in Macduff, Scotland, in 1882, and graduating from Aberdeen University, Dr William had spent the last 30 years of his life in Perth after a distinguished career as a Major in the Indian Medical Service from 1904 to 1921, having received two Mentions in Despatches.

Despite regular maintenance and tuning by the Australian agents of the British manufacturers, the rigours of the W.A. climate and absence of air conditioning in the hall have now lead to the need for major overhaul, which is to be expected for an instrument of this size after 40 years of very constant use.

Unfortunately the anticipated cost of this restoration is approximately \$500,000, compared to the original cost of £25,000, and hence the need for a fundraising campaign.

Our attention was drawn to this matter by Clan member Roma Wilson, of Subiaco, who is connected with the Winthrop Society, and our Society Committee agreed to make a small donation to this worthy cause. We have received a very nice note of thanks from the University authorities in addition to us being listed as a donor in their magazine publication.

It occurs to me that if any West Australian members wish to offer a donation, you should advise the authorities of your connection with Clan MacGillivray

Peter McGillivray
President

PS We have just heard from Roma Wilson that the MacGillivray Organ has now been restored and she attended a reception in Winthrop Hall on 4th May to view its splendour. The university organist presented a recital to show off the glory of the sound.



MacGillivray First in New Zealand

Christchurch, the second most populous city in New Zealand, is often referred to as the most English city in the Southern Hemisphere. Founded in 1850 as a model Church of England settlement, this 'garden city', with its cloistered old university buildings, Anglican cathedral, very English Christ's College school and other features, fully reflects this heritage. Yet all is not what it seems. The picturesque meandering River Avon, on which tourists and students enjoy punting, is not named after its English equivalent but was so called by two brothers, William and John Deans, from Scotland, who had arrived and settled there earlier, in 1843. They named it after the river in their native land, Scotland. Their house, Riccarton House, still stands as a tourist attraction and other features of the city bear testimony to their Scottish roots.

Lesser known, however, is that the land which the Deans brothers named Riccarton had already been the scene of an even earlier, but failed, settlement by another two Scots, one of whom was a MacGillivray!

In 1839 the Weller brothers, Sydney based whalers, 'acquired' extensive land from the local Maori chief in a trade or deal that was subsequently declared illegal. George Weller succeeded, however, in selling a large tract on the "Port Cooper Plains" to two Scots emigrants in Sydney, the Rev. William Purvis of Port Macquarie and James Herriot 'The Rev' Purves appointed a MacGillivray as his manager. In 1840 two groups of settlers, one under MacGillivray and the other under Herriot, who was funded by James

Blackett of Sydney, landed at Oashore (Goashore) on the Banks Peninsula. Their trip had been a turbulent one during which the settlers were forced to feed their stock with soaked biscuits and rice. The two groups, accompanied by surveyors, set out on foot for the plains side of Lake Ellesmere. They had with them two teams of bullocks to haul a dray with their agricultural implements and basic needs. The area of land bought was surveyed and set out, and the settlers began their tasks of building huts and clearing and breaking in the land for cropping.

The groups comprised in all five men, two women and a baby. Malcolm MacKinnon, with his wife Mary and their daughter Mary Ann, was employed by MacGillivray, while Tom Ellis and another Scots couple named Shaw were to work for Herriot. In practice however they worked together. Malcolm MacKinnon is said to have been the first to use a plough on the Canterbury Plains.

The mission of those first white settlers was to grow wheat for Blakett, Dodds and Davis, a firm of Sydney millers. He land seemed productive and prospects were good. Six hectares of wheat and a similar area of potatoes were achieved. But fortnightly lengthy trips had to be made to coastal stations to obtain provisions and soon the enterprise was considerably in debt. The loss of a ship bringing supplies and more settlers, isolation, distance from markets and native rats eating much of the harvested grain added to their problems. Work has begun on ploughing a further 20 hectares when news reached them that

that their claim to the land was invalid. New Zealand affairs at that time fell under Australian jurisdiction. The Governor of New South Wales had issued on the 14th January 1840 a proclamation announcing that titles to land acquired to land from the Maori would not be recognised unless confirmed by a grant from the Crown. Any European land purchases from the Maori after that date was invalid. The Wellers deal had taken place five days too late to be acceptable!

The settlement was aborted. Early in 1841 James Herriot sold off what assets he could to French colonists at Akaroa on the Banks Peninsula. Much of the equipment was simply abandoned. For the principal investors in the enterprise it was a disaster, The Rev Purves losing heavily. MacGillivray and Shaw eventually found employment, helping with gardening at a coastal station on the peninsula. Herriot returned to Sydney. The MacKinnons elected to stay on and try to make a go of it. They were forced to quit however by the hostility of the Maori and by a fire which destroyed property and stands of wheat. They finally settled at the south end of Akaroa. The farm that they had strived so hard to establish was taken over some two years later by the Deans

brothers who were to succeed and leave their mark on the district.

What ultimately befell MacGillivray, what was his Christian name, who indeed he was or where in Scotland he came from originally, remain unanswered. Nonetheless we might take some pride in claiming a fellow kinsman as a courageous pioneer and as a first in what is now a flourishing part of the New Zealand South Island and a delightful city of distinction

(With acknowledgement to "Pioneers of the Plains" by Gordon Ogilvie, 1996)

R. McG

Our regular valued contributor, Robert, obtained the above information during the recent holiday trip to New Zealand by him and his wife, Pauline.

Our N.Z members will be interested in this historical record, and may even find some additional details in local museums.

With the MacGillivray involved having been recruited in Sydney it would be helpful if any of our local members know or could discover for us any additional details about him.

- Ed

Translation Issues

Language can be a problem when travelling overseas. Take these offering from Thomas Cook, the Travel Agents.

"Ladies are requested not to have children in the bar"

Sign in a Norwegian cocktail lounge

"The lift is being fixed. During this time you will be unbearable"

Sign in a Bucharest hotel lobby

"When passengers of foot heave in sight, tootle the horn. Trumpet him melodiously at first. If he still obstacles your passings, then tootle him with vigour"

Tokyo car rental firm

The Boston Marathon's Dave McGillivray

At a recent Clan Gathering of our colleagues in the USA, held in Portland, Maine, Dave McGillivray recalled that as a youngster he was always the last one picked for sports teams, and when he tried out for school teams he was repeatedly cut from the squad.. Short and lightly built, he simply did not look like an athlete. But those early disappointments fuelled an intense competitive desire that drove him to accomplish great things.

In its December 2007 issue, Runner's World, the world's leading authority on running matters, announced its fourth annual Heroes of Running selection – the Hall of Fame of the running world – and Dave McGillivray name headed the list.

In a press release Runner's World described it's selected athletes as 'runners who have gone above and beyond, defying expectations, breaking barriers and leading future generations of runners'. Dave McGillivray was the founder of DMSE Sports Inc. and has for several years now been race director for the Boston Marathon, but his accomplishments began even earlier. In 1978, at the age of 24, he completed a transcontinental run of 3,452 miles across the United States to raise national awareness of the Jimmy fund, a charity raising funds for cancer research and until then largely restricted to New England.

Having completed his cross country run, McGillivray "felt he could do anything", so he decided to try the triathlon, often described as the most

grueling of sports competitions, combining as it does running, swimming and bicycle racing. He recalls that at the time he tackled this new challenge his swimming hardly went beyond the dog paddle and he did not even own a bike. Undeterred, he went ahead and in the end competed with great success. A newspaper in



Dave's home state of Massachusetts published a report "that this guy who stands 5 foot 4 dares to stand apart. He challenges others to do the same in their lives, whatever their dreams may be".

McGillivray is more than a competitor. According to Runners World, for over 20 years Dave McGillivray Sports Enterprises has produced or organised more than 750 events worldwide ...and directed some of the most technically challenging and high profile road races and charitable sporting events in the nation. It also sponsors the Children's Fitness Foundation, which supports non-profit organisations that address the epidemic of childhood obesity, through fitness programs and medical research.

In 2007 Dave faced what Runner's World considers one of his greatest

challenges. A Nor'easter blew in, threatening to force cancellation of the Boston Marathon for the first time in its 111 year history. As race director he worked day and night to take care of the race's 20,000 plus runners and thousands of volunteers and officials and to ensure their safety. In the end, contrary to widespread expectations, the race went on in spite of the storm.

As Runners World noted in announcing its selections for 2007, "Each of these heroes is living proof that running has the capacity to transform our minds and spirits, and the ability to improve the lives of others".

- Clach-An-Airm Journal of the
Clan MacGillivray Society
USA

Soraidh

James D Scarlett MBE

'Jamie' Scarlett, the noted authority and author of over ten books and copious articles on clan tartans, died in Inverness Scotland on 16th May 2008 aged 87. A Londoner, he was a Highlander by choice, living the latter part of his life at Moy.

He took to tartan naturally, creating his own dies, making his own loom, weaving tartans and amassing a great archive, most of which he deposited with The Highland Regional Council Archivist in 2004. He was the last link with the 19th and 20th centuries fathers of early tartan research, DW & DC

Stewart. His work on tartans saw him honoured with his MBE.

In 2003 his "Tartans of the Clan Chattan" was published by the Clan Chattan Association, of which he was an Honorary Vice President. He was greatly influential on the chapter on The Clan Tartans in our Clan History "The Clan MacGillivray" (2004).

Active to the end, his knowledge and advice were of value in the preparation of the bill going through the Scottish Parliament to establish an official tartan register. Jamie was unique and will be sadly missed.

Graeme Kenneth (Sar) McGillivray

Graeme Kenneth McGillivray and his twin sister, Margaret, were born at the Echuca Hospital on October 8 1936. As the twins grew and began to talk, they gave each other their own names, Sis and Sar, which they are still known as to this day.

Sar grew up in Gunbower where he lived all his life, apart from a 12 month working hiatus in America, where he met his lifetime friend, John Montgomery. He attended Gunbower Primary School, followed by the Echuca Technical College,

A talented sportsman, he played tennis and football, achieving high standards at both games. Sar played in many inter-league football games and won six best and fairest awards for Gunbower and two for the Northern District League. He was a key player for Gunbower, which was coached by his brother, Dick, when they won the grand final in 1954, and his footballing abilities are still spoken about today.

Sar was honoured to be awarded life membership of both the Gunbower Football Club and the Gunbower Racing Club. He had a keen interest in horse racing and was very proud when his horse won the Gunbower Cup in 1978.

Sar grew up in a farming and butchering family and carried on this tradition all his life. He began his own butcher shop in 1958 and ran it with a passion! Gunbower Quality Butchers is renowned for not only having the best

meat, but also the best sausages, in the country – according to the family anyway.

Sar was 18 when he met his future wife, Gwen, who had come to Gunbower to stay with her sister, Ann. They were to meet up at the Gunbower Hospital Hall, and begin a romance which was to last over 50 years. He would drive over 60 miles every weekend for three years, with Gwen's father commenting "Sar would go through flood and fire for her, but don't expect him if it rains!"

They married in August 1957, beginning their life together at the back of the butcher shop, where their first three boys were born: Wayne, Gary and Richard, followed 12 years later by Charles. A new home was built in 1966 and much to Gwen's relief, they moved, creating a wonderful, loving home environment for their family and friends – and there were many.

Sar loved a good party, with plenty of good food, drink and song, and his trademark piano accordion came out at every opportunity. He made sure everyone had a good time and Christmas and Easter will never be the same again for his family.

An extremely kind and generous man, Sar would always be there to lend a helping hand to anyone in need, quietly doing what needed to be done and then go on his way. His generosity to others was one of the only things he was quiet about. In all other ways he was a big,

loud man who liked things to be done his way, and done yesterday.

Sar loved his family and loved doing things for them. Haircutting was one of the things he loved to do for his boys, although needless to say the boys weren't too keen on having their fathers lack of hairdressing skills applied to their head, and they would run away. However, Dad had a lot of practise rounding up runaways, be it cattle or boys, and the dreaded haircut would get higher and higher, until there was just a bit of hair left on top,

He also liked to look after his sons on the odd occasion when their mother was unwell. Not such a great cook, he'd go off to the shop and buy a family brick of icecream when tea time came around, giving the boys a spoon each and telling them to 'dig in'. A kids dream come true – icecream for tea and no dishes. What a Dad!

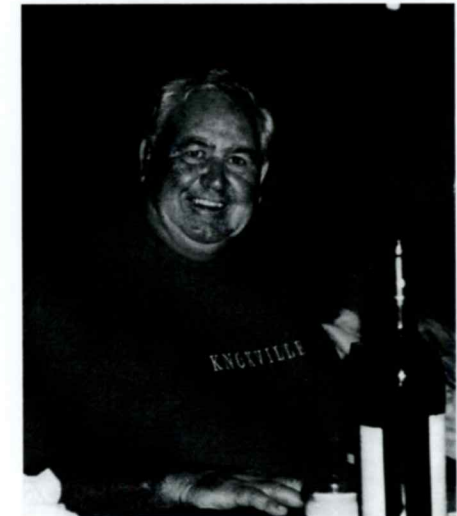
Even though Sar enjoyed providing for his family, they were expected to give a helping hand in return. Moving stock every Sunday was part of it and a lot of moaning and groaning would be heard from Gwen and the boys as they walked cattle from Barney's to the abattoir. The trip through town was a nightmare as they tried to get cattle out of gardens and prevent the roadside trees from getting trampled. Luckily Sar was right behind them in the car, giving lots of encouragement.

Sar also liked to entertain his family, and doing scary things with a family of boys was fun. He thought he would give them all a big fright when, sitting

quietly watching television, he flung a handful of penny bangers purchased for bonfire night, onto the open fire. They got a fright all right, a huge explosion erupted, shooting sparks and hot coals all over the room – and Gwen's brand new white carpet. Sar got the biggest fright, Gwen yelled long and loud and the boys all laughed.

Each of the boys has many memories of their father; Wayne, Gary, Richard, Charlie and Tom – who has been like another son to Sar.

A big man, with a bigger heart, Sar fought long and hard for his family, his friends, his business and, finally, his life. He loved his wife, children, grandchildren and friends, and his death leaves a big void in many lives.



Herbert William McGillivray

Herbert William McGillivray died at Swan Hill on September 21 2007 at the age of 91 years, following a fall eight weeks earlier, in which he broke his hip.

Born in Lalbert on November 4 1915, Herb was the youngest of Angus (Johnny) and Agnes (nee Dickens) McGillivray's seven children, and a grandson of Angus McGillivray, who arrived in Australia at the age of 12 on the 'Australia' with his mother, Mary, in 1853 (his father, Charles, having died on the journey). Herb's family lived on a farm at Lalbert before moving to a fruit block at Lake Boga in 1928.

Herb took up shearing at the age of 16 and moved to Pyramid Hill. He married Flora Lee of Lake Boga in 1938, settling at Pyramid Hill, where son Bob was born in 1939. Herb worked at the General Store in Pyramid Hill for 10 years and joined the local Fire Brigade, holding the position of Captain for 13 years,

The family relocated to Swan Hill in 1953 and Herb commenced work at Brooklands, continuing to work there until his retirement in 1980. Herb and Flora were resident officers at the Swan Hill Fire Station from 1963 until 1980, making many lifelong friends and becoming well known throughout the fire service.

Herb and Flora delighted in their grandchildren, Garry, born in 1965, and Heather, in 1968.

Upon retirement, they purchased a home in Swan Hill, later downsizing to a unit, and travelled extensively throughout Australia, caravanning with close friends. Flora died suddenly in 1995 and Herb continued living independently in his unit until the fall in which he broke his hip. He had a very active social life and thoroughly enjoyed the company of young and old alike. He kept a close eye on the activities of his family and was a very proud great grand dad to Brodey and Colby.

Herb also kept note of happenings at the Fire Station and was a member of Probus, the Swan Hill Elderly Citizens and the walking group.

We extend our sympathies to Herb's daughter-in law, Judy, and her family.



James Donald McGilvery

James passed away on April 26 2007. He was born in Collingwood, Victoria, on June 28th 1924, the son of Donald and Catherine McGilvery, both born in Kirkintilloch, Dunbartonshire, Scotland, who migrated to Brisbane in 1921, later moving to Melbourne.

James attended schools in Collingwood, Carlton and Merlynston before moving onto Essendon Technical College. On leaving school, he was apprenticed in fitting and turning to Dunlop Australia, remaining there in the aircraft division during World War II.

James left Dunlop in 1946 to work at home in Sunshine Street, manufacturing aluminium cast and polished kettles with his father.

He married Merle Linda Barnes in November 1947, moving into their new brick veneer home in Albert Street, North Coburg, where their two children were born: Denise in 1948 and Donald in 1950.

In 1949 James' father went into partnership with Fred Davies at premises in Louvain Street, North Coburg, where he joined them in 1954, purchasing the foundry in 1961 when Fred and his father retired. James ran the business successfully until selling out in 1969.

During this busy period James served as church secretary at the Merlynston Baptist Church, where his family participated fully in its many activities, and the family moved to a house in Lower Templestowe.

James then took a managerial position in a firm owned by a previous client,

designing and manufacturing plastic film packaging machinery, remaining there until 1982.

Semi-retired for two years, he spent two years in his holiday house overlooking Lake Eildon, before returning to Melbourne to build a new home at Dromana and rejoin the workforce. James again retired in 1989 when, following his father's example, he joined his local lawn bowls club. Bowls and church activities kept him very active.

Most holidays were spent touring and camping by caravan, covering most areas of Australia, with overseas trips including a South Sea Islands cruise on the P and O Orcades in 1965, a visit to New Zealand, and an 80 day world trip in 1979.

James and Merle moved into the Blue Hills Residence, Cranbourne East, in 2005, having celebrated almost 60 years of happy marriage.

We are indebted to James for preparing this excellent summary of his happy lifetime, and to his family for providing it to us. Our sympathy is extended to all family members.

- Ed



Arthur MacGillivray Fartch

The death occurred at Waikerie South Australia on September 1 2007 of Arthur MacGillivray (Mac) Fartch.

The son of John and Muriel (nee McGillivray) Fartch, Mac was born at Mt Gambier South Australia on May 10 1934

He was the great grandson of Angus McGillivray, born at Breakish on the Isle of Skye, who left for Australia in December 1852 on the ill-fated ship, The Hercules, which was quarantined near Ireland for many months. Angus' father, Charles, died whilst the Hercules

Margot Rosalie Walker

Deepest sympathy is extended to the family of Margot Rosalie Walker of Albury, New South Wales, who died in January 2008.

Margot was the wife of Don Walker, mother of Fiona, Andrew and Amanda, step-mother of Alasdair and Dawn, and a much loved grandmother.

John McGillivray

In 1998 we featured a soriadh item for Allan McGillivray and his wife Betty, Allan having been a very keen stalwart member of our Clan Society's original committee. Now it is our sad duty to inform members of the death on Boxing Day 2006 of their only son John, at the early age of 52, from cancer.

We extend our deep sympathy to John's wife Shirley and their three young sons.

was quarantined, but his mother Mary and the rest of the family eventually continued the journey to Australia on board the Australia, in September 1853, after a journey of some 10 months.

The family was to settle at Pyramid Hill, Victoria.

Mac married Esme Agnew on January 1 1955 and they had a family of four, Rosemary, Christopher, Stephen and Anthony.

There are three grandchildren, and six great grandchildren.

She is the youngest daughter of our long-time member, Lil Hillas, now of Tallangatta, who hosted our two Border Gatherings in Albury, and the late Fred Hillas, and a sister to Peter, Yvonne (Hunter) and Kerrie (Scott).

We hope to be able to have details for a more detailed Soraidh notice for our next Journal.

Note:

Thanks to Allan's sister, Jean Milne, for advising us of the sad news of John's passing. Jean, who is now in her eighties, joined us, along with other family members at our last Clan Gathering at Mosman in Sydney, but since then has had to undergo open heart surgery, from which she is recovering quite well. Our best wishes to Jean and her husband Bob.