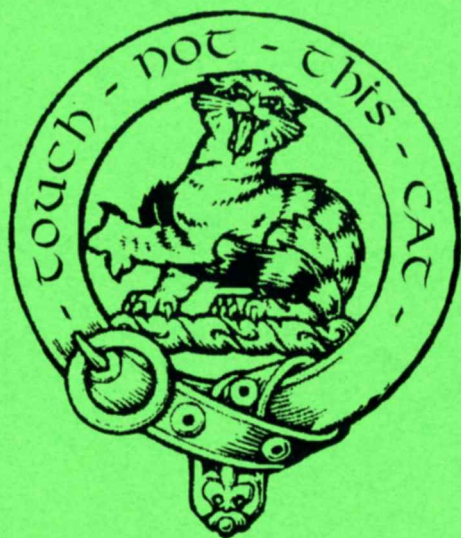


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Contents

EDITORIAL	2
ALASDAIR RUADH NA FEILE	3
“AGRO” PROVES TO BE VERY AGGRAVATING	6
‘STERN ANCESTORS’: LACHLAN MCGILLIVRAY’S LETTER	7
A MACGILLIVRAY ON COCOS (KEELING) ISLANDS	10
THE CANADIAN ROCKIES	12
OUR HISTORY IN BITUMEN	12
THE DIARY OF JOHN WILLIAM MACGILLIVRAY 1853-1885	13
THE MCGILVRAYS AND THE NORTH TUMBULGUM CEMETERY	19
OUR TRIP TO THE 1996 GATHERING	21
JUST FOR FUN	24
A HAPPY RAFFLE WINNER	24
OUR NEXT GATHERING	25
“THE GAME IS NOT THE SAME, WITHOUT MCGILVRAY”	26
BUT ONLY GOD CAN MAKE A TREE	27
A SPORTING FIRST FOR LOUISE	28
ANOTHER SPORTING HIGHLIGHT	28
THE ARCH AT BRAGAR	29
TAKING SIDES	31
NAMING CUSTOMS	32
HOW TO BE SCOTTISH	32
TWO COUNTRY WEDDINGS	33
CLAN CHATTAN NEWS	34
LITERARY NOTICE —	
REPRINT OF NOTABLE CLAN CHATTAN HISTORY	35
SORAIDH - ALEXANDER GRAHAM MCGILVARY	36
SORAIDH - ANGUS MCGILLVERAY, SCOTTISH NATIONALIST	37
SORAIDH -EVELYN JOYCE BIRCH	38
REV. DUNCAN MACGILLIVRAY., CHURCH OF SCOTLAND MINISTER	38
SORAIDH JULIE MCGRATH (NEE MCGILVRAY)	39
MEMBERS 1996/97	40

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Annual Membership fees are due on the day
of the **Annual Gathering**
on **30th November, 1997**

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Editorial

On most occasions, when we finally put the Journal in the hands of the printer there is a feeling of relief that the work is completed, but also a fear that it may not be possible to again gather sufficient material to fill the next one at the standard you readers have come to expect. This year was no exception, but we have once more been fortunate to receive from members a variety of written material and ideas that we believe has enabled us to produce a Journal with something for everyone - we surely hope that you find it so. Our aim is to always have a blend of history and modern-day activities, both local and overseas, relating mainly to the MacGillivrays or their descendants, plus a story or two about Scotland or Scottish life in general.

Following the extensive coverage given last year to the 250th anniversary of the Battle of Culloden and its tragic aftermath, it is appropriate that our regular contributor, Robert, should provide us with a more personal appraisal of our famous chief who died there. This is especially so because, very soon after you receive your copy of this issue, Clan MacGillivray members from all corners of the globe, attending the 2nd International Gathering in Inverness during the last week of July, will be unveiling a granite plaque at the old churchyard at Petty to recognise that as the final resting place of Chief Alexander.

It is also pleasing to know that a number of Australians will be attending

that gathering, along with folk from USA, Canada, New Zealand, Holland, Italy, France, and of course the United Kingdom. They should be able to give you in next year's Journal a description of the Petty ceremony and a number of other very important happenings planned for the five day gathering.

'Stern Ancestors' is the title of an article contributed by Deborah Malor and Miriam Hamilton, both descendants of unrelated 19th Century MacGillivray migrants and this reveals to us for the first time a James Lachlan McG. Who arrived in Sydney as early as 1822 and who, according to a letter written by his son, claimed to be of the Daviot family that was a leading branch of our Clan.

The third major contribution is the result of a detailed study of three years of daily diary jottings compiled in the 1880's by John William, the only son of the celebrated naturalist, John.

As most of you know, it is a Highland tradition that wives automatically belong to the Clan of their husband. Nevertheless, it is great to see the Clan spirit so readily demonstrated by modern-day Australian wives - a good example of this was the way that Shirley and Simone offered to arrange our 1996 Gathering, and then worked so hard on the day, and not to forget the continuing efforts of honorary archivist Heather and many others.

ALASDAIR RUADH NA FEILE

By Robert MacGillivray

In the previous issue of this Journal I told the tragic story of Alasdair, Chief of our Clan who was killed at Culloden, and his fiancée who died four months afterwards of a broken heart. Later this year a memorial plaque will be unveiled to indicate Alasdair's last resting place at the ancient church of Petty. As I mulled over these events some questions came to me. How have his clansfolk regarded him over the two and a half centuries which have intervened and why has it taken so long to commemorate the most famous of our Chiefs in this way?

It is paradoxical that although Alasdair is our best known Chief we know very little about him as a person. In appearance it is generally recorded that he was a tall, handsome, red-haired young man. The Rev James Hay of Inverness observed "many have not produced a finer youth" and John Roy Stewart, a fellow front-line commander and noted Gaelic poet, referred to him in his lament for Culloden as "Alasdair ruadh na feile" - Alexander of the generosity or hospitality; a little contemporary testimony to the regard in which he was held. However, it is the actions of the local people in identifying and marking the body after the battle and of his friends and kin in recovering it and giving it a Christian burial, in the face of oppressive and aggressive forces, which underline the strong feelings of love and affection they must have had for him.

Yet, I had some doubts. Regrettably the Gaelic oral tradition of Strathnairn,

which might have given further enlightenment, has passed away. This tradition was still preserved by Duncan MacGillivray, the last of the old stock to remain in the Strath, who died at the age of 93 in 1972. Gaelic was his first language and he spoke of events of the 17th and 18th centuries as if they had happened only yesterday. He had many stories of the aftermath of Culloden: of one man who from a hillock defied redcoats with pebbles, of a lad who directed dragoons to the back of beyond in their search for a man who lived only yards away and of those who had participated in the battle. I met him on two or three occasions in the late 1960's and was thrilled by his knowledge of Farquar, who led the remnants of the Clan from the field, and of subsequent Chiefs. I was more intent then on learning other things about the Clan and I do not recall us talking about Alasdair. Now it seems strange that Duncan did not stress a man who figures so large in our Clan's history. Could it have been that clansmen had no wish to preserve the memory of the Chief who had brought such destruction on his people and whose actions had left not a family in his own country untouched by tragedy?

These thoughts recurred as I checked the names given to boys born into the Dunmaglass family following 1746. Of almost twenty, none were named Alasdair, or its English equivalent, save the Alexander who went on to become the famed Chief of the Creek Indians - in far off America. Was

this just coincidence ? Then, more curiously, I turned to the Oran Mor, the great classical song, of the Clan. Few clans can now boast of having knowledge of such a panegyric and it seems to me a great pity that not many of our kin appreciate how fortunate we are to have it. I have often been inspired by its words, even in translation: "Your race was not begotten of weeds, nor of worthless grass,... but sprang from the finest of the wheat;..." Described and preserved by Charles Fraser- Mackintosh as a "Gaelic song, popularly known in Strathnairn.; Oran du Mhac Ghillebhraigh an Duin (Song to MacGillivray of Dunmaglass) by Iain Donn MacSheumais 'Ic Dhaibhidh (Brown John son of James son of David), presumably a MacGillivray, was most probably composed in 1782 to commemorate the birth of a son, John Lachlan, and heir to the Chief William, younger brother of Alasdair. It refers to "Lachlan the Beloved" and to his father William, son of grey Farquhar (who was "out" with his Clan in the Rising of 1715), and to "the children of John" (Iain), a Chief in the 15th Century. It praises the clansmen, "handsome, excellent gentlemen, who would not spare themselves in army or camp, .. who would not spare their effects, nor their high precious blood to avoid danger that William might never be in difficulty". In addition to the Chiefs already mentioned, it refers to the leading branches of the Clan - Aberchalder and Dalcrombie - and even tells how "from Mull of the green hills, like waves Pennyghael with his men will come over the high-swelling waves .. lest thou shouldest have any annoyance." But never a whisper of the name Alasdair, not even of Alasdair Mor a great Chief in the 16th Century.

Here I think may be the explanation. It was not Alasdair Ruadh they sought to forget. It was the name.

The Highlander was particularly superstitious and in the minds of our clansfolk the ill fortune that had befallen Alasdair would have been associated with his name and thus it became tainted in some way. It was not something to be paraded, nor to be brought into a song for a new born heir to an ancient and distinguished lineage. That might have invited bad luck. Not that the name was entirely given up by ordinary clansmen. The Records for the Parish of Daviot and Dunlichity for the fifty years following 1775 show Alexander as the fourth most common name for boys, but a good way behind Donald, John (Iain) and William. As an aside, it seems likely that the baby who occasioned the composition of the song was named after the two clansmen who amassed wealth in America and in Jamaica and restored the Dunmaglass family fortune, his uncle John and his father's cousin Lachlan.

The only relative, and a distant one at that, to record something on Alasdair was Simon Fraser Mackintosh, whose mother was a third cousin. Writing in 1831 he said "He was the gentleman selected by Lady Mackintosh to command the Mackintosh and Clan Chattan Regiment at the battle of Culloden where he acted as her Lt. Col. and was killed in that action while bravely leading on his men. He had previously commanded at the Battle of Falkirk where he had several shots fired through his plaid. He was beloved by all and his loss was deeply lamented.... He was a remarkably handsome, athletic man, with a white skin as drifted snow, and was beloved by a Lady of the land, equally gifted by nature" (ie Betty Campbell).

These words, "he was beloved by all", penned some 85 years after the Battle, would appear to be conclusive. Yet why has so little come down to us ?

Is it just that the loss of the Gaelic oral tradition of the district has deprived us of the richer, fuller, picture that we crave ? If so, later generations including ourselves, are left solely with the image of a brave, handsome young man gallantly leading his loyal followers in a last desperate defiant doomed charge, when we seek for more in vain.

And why was his grave allowed to remain unmarked until now ? Perhaps because his immediate kin felt that the Church of Petty was itself a sufficient marker. The threshold was well known to them, and to the Clan. Further, none of his forebears had had their graves marked, or so it seems for we do not know where they were buried. It was not until after the middle of the 18th century that gravestones at Dunlichity were used to denote the leading men and chiefs of the Clan; the earliest date in what had become known as the "Chiefly enclosure" is 1753. No doubt there was a reliance on oral tradition to remember such things. Written confirmation came with the manuscripts of Sir Aeneas Mackintosh of Mackintosh (about 1780) and Simon Fraser Mackintosh (1831). The former wrote "*Across the principal entrance of the church lies the body of the Chief of the MacGillevrays who was killed at the Battle of Culloden in the heart of the King's troops.*" The latter simply says "*He was buried in the church yard of Petty*" and on another page "Six weeks afterwards his body was discovered by some of his relatives who carried it to the church yard of Petty where he was buried." Nor were there any real monuments at Culloden itself. This was remedied by Duncan Forbes of Culloden who in 1881 erected the Memorial Cairn and had headstones engraved with the names of the Clans placed at the mounds denoting their mass graves. At the same time he had erected that much

photographed stone at the Well of the Dead which has spread awareness of our famous Chief. But that was not enough. George Brain, proprietor of the Nairnshire Telegraph, in his book "The Lordship of Petty" (1925), observed that it was disgraceful to relate that Alasdair's final burial place at Petty "cannot now be identified". Obviously he had sought for it unsuccessfully; a task made difficult with the passage of time for the church has been rebuilt several times during its long life, one such rebuilding taking place about 1767. Perhaps this was something the family failed to envisage. At Culloden, more recently, a plaque erected by the National Trust for Scotland at the Well of the Dead referred to Alasdair's death there, and gave his Gaelic description "Ruadh na Feile"; but this was replaced by a more prosaic wooden sign "here died Alasdair MacGillivray of Dunmaglass, Commander of the Clan Chattan regiment with many other Jacobite troops."

With the upsurge in interest in the Clan in recent years, and a desire to mark the past and perhaps the passing of the name from the district in which it was established for seven hundred years, it is fitting that at long last some tangible reminder of the burial place of our best known Chief should be erected so that visitors who encounter the new plaque can read of his valiant exploit and learn his Clan still cares.

“AGRO” proves to be very aggravating

Back in 1993 there appeared a number of press reports about the discovery of dinosaur remnants from Cape York Peninsula, and we commend those clan members, including Thirza McGillivray of Doncaster and Dorothy Mathews of Nambour, who excitedly sent us clippings about this find, no doubt because the animal was named *Agrosaurus macgillivrayi*.

It appears that five small bones — a tibia, toe and three other fragments — turned up in the British Museum about 120 years ago, accompanied by a label marked thus “FLY 1844 — Jn Macgillivray, from NE coast of Aust.”

We know, of course, that John MacGillivray was a naturalist on ‘HMS Fly’ the leading ship in a flotilla of four that was sent out to build a navigation beacon on Raine Island, off the east coast of Cape York, and that this small fleet was in the area for several months in 1844; so he would have made the most of the opportunity to collect specimens. The small dinosaur from which the bones came lived some 210 million years ago in the Jurassic age, much earlier than other dinosaurs found in other parts of Australia, and it was named *Agrosaurus macgillivrayi*, thus firmly acknowledging him as its discoverer.

John MacGillivray’s note books from this voyage could not be found, so the exact location of his discovery was not known, though scientists have long wanted to identify the site and to search for further specimens. After intensive studies of ships’ logs and records, geologists at James Cook University believed that the most likely site of the discovery was an exposed rocky outcrop

on the shores of Shelburne Bay on Cape York Peninsula, these rocks being known as the Helby Beds. The rocks are of the right type and age, and in a vicinity where the ‘FLY’ was for some time in 1844.

Raising the funds required to undertake a thorough search of this area has taken some time, but finally a highly qualified group of palaeontologists and geologists from Australian universities and overseas, under the leadership of Dr. Thomas H. Rich, of the Museum of Victoria, has conducted a thorough examination of the Helby Beds. We understand that this expedition found just two samples which appear to be fossilised bones, but unfortunately these are not similar to *Agro*, and some doubt now exists that the samples in the British Museum really came from that area of north east Australia.

So, the dramatic headline in *The Australian* of 28.7.93 ‘*Agro* points to Jurassic goldmine’ has not yet been fulfilled, and *Agrosaurus macgillivrayi* remains in the museum without us really being sure exactly where in the world he lived and died.

‘STERN ANCESTORS’: LACHLAN MCGILLIVRAY’S LETTER

Deborah Major and Miriam Hamilton

James Lachlan McGillivray (c.1800–1863) had come to New South Wales in 1822, arriving in Sydney on the ‘Deveron’, by way of Hobart. How he spent his first months in the colony is not known; however, in November the following year he purchased the property ‘Lochdon’, at Fishery Creek, Hunter River, near the present city of Maitland. Within five years James Lachlan had sold the property to Captain Emanuel Hungerford, and moved south, working as a clerk, firstly to Ralph Woods, in Cumberland Street, Sydney, and then in the Superintendent of Convicts Office, Parramatta. It must have been in Parramatta that he met Jane Bradley (1812–1861), a native of Castle Dawson, Londonderry, the daughter of James Bradley (1782–1857) and Margaret Bradley (nee Morton). Bradley had arrived in Australia on the ‘Fortune 2’ in 1813, transported after a murky court case for forgery in Scotland. An educated man, Bradley rapidly became an assigned servant who acted as storekeeper (1815) and then as tutor (from 1817) to the Hassall family, and who, from 1820, on ticket of leave, kept a school in Parramatta. Bradley had continuously petitioned for his wife and daughter to join him from Ireland. However, Margaret died during the voyage of the ‘Andromeda’ to New South Wales in 1823, and Jane arrived in Sydney under the wing of the Reverend John Dunmore

Lang, who was to remain her protector and supporter in the colony. Jane became a schoolteacher, working with her father and later in her own schools.

At Scots Church, Sydney, on 31 July 1830, Jane Bradley was married to James Lachlan McGillivray by J.D. Lang. They were to have a large family. Lachlan, their first child, was born in Parramatta, New South Wales, on 2 July 1833. He was followed by Margaret (1835–1870); Arminella (1837–1837); another Arminella (1839–1857); William James (1848–1924); Janet Elizabeth (1850–1907); Miriam (1853–1924) and Annie Jane (1855–1922).

There is no space here to relate the movements of this family over the years, suffice to say that a school was established by Jane on ‘Springdale’, her marriage portion at Lane Cove (the common name for what is now Killara and much of the North Shore in that period): The McGillivrays also lived for a time in Jamison Street, Sydney, and in the Raymond Terrace area, where Jane also seems to have taught. After Jane’s death, the children found a centre at the home of their eldest sister, Margaret, and her husband David Bell, on ‘Bergen-Op-Zoom’, in southern New England, Bell becoming their guardian in 1862. James Lachlan had left the family in 1840, reappearing seven years later in Sydney, aboard the ‘Martha’, from Otago, New Zealand. The ‘Martha’ carried a cargo of whale oil on this trip, so she was

undoubtedly the whaling vessel of that name, identified in records as "out of Nantucket, U.S.A.". No explanation for this trip has ever been found, although there have been suggestions he may have returned to Scotland to claim some family moneys, a commodity his Australian family could well have done with at the time!

Lachlan McGillivray, the eldest child, was a clever boy and had been coached by his mother to gain entry to Sydney University. Parental pressure seems to have been too much and Lachlan never completed his degree. At Lane Cove in July 1858 he married Elizabeth Miriam Howell, the daughter of his grandfather Bradley's third wife. Twelve months later, Elizabeth died at 'Bergen-Op-Zoom' and, after signing away his share of 'Springdale' to set up a short-lived business partnership, Lachlan disappeared from family history for twenty years. In 1878-1879 he turns up on the Electoral Roll at Riversdale, Rylstone, and in 1882-1883, at Lagoons, Mudgee. Lachlan died 25 June 1882, at Keane's Swamp, Ilford.

Family legend has it that Lachlan, as eldest son, had 'all the McGillivray papers', but these have never been located. But there was obviously some contact with the family, at least towards the end of his life. He addressed a letter to 'Margaret' (once thought to be his sister, Margaret Bell, but since the letter post-dates her confirmed death in 1870, we now believe it was his niece, Margaret Scott Walker, nee Bell, although this is far from clear in his generational references) telling his version of the history of his family in Scotland. This letter came, by descent through Margaret's grand-daughter, Margaret Miriam Bennett, to her niece Jean Bennett, who transcribed it many years ago (the original is now lost). The text is as follows:

February 6th. 1880

Your paternal grandfather was Lachlan MacGillivray of Daviot, near Inverness. The Estate was his own. He was by birth, position and education a gentleman. He married a daughter of MacPherson, who in his Clan held the rank of Chieftain. Now he would merely be a Highland Gentleman.

In olden times both MacPherson and MacGillivray owed allegiance to The MacIntosh as Chief of Clan Chattan, his title even now is Captain of Clan Chattan, but it was a MacGillivray who led the Clan in the Battle of Culloden. You will find references to that Chieftain in Grant's 'Stories of the Black Watch'.

Your grandfather had a sister Janet, a maiden lady with an Estate of her own in the Highlands. Her favourite nephew was our Father, but on her death she left the property to our father's stepmother, under influence it is suggested as she hated the stepmother.

The stepmother was a daughter of Dr Kennedy of Glasgow.

On account of this stepmother's extravagance, grandfather had to sell Daviot and go and reside in his West Indian Estate on which he owned some hundreds of slaves. Before his second marriage he was a wealthy man.

He had an estate in America left him by Colonel MacGillivray, he sold his American Estate and endeavoured to retrieve his fortunes by managing his Plantation in Jamaica, but falling markets and the abolition of Slavery ruined every Planter.

Our grandfather died in Jamaica, a hyperchondriac [sic].

Our Father took over the sugar plantation and had to fight a keen battle with the stepmother who tried to get what was left.

He was only a youth and almost friendless, but he sailed for London. He managed to take £2,000 to £3,000 with him.

He found his Aunt Janet dead and his stepmother in possession. He left for Australia where he had, as we know, many ups and downs.

Father's eldest brother, Archibald, held a Commission in the Army but died quite young. His sister never married, she was very proud and pious. She was for many years governess to the Marquis of Drogheda and his sisters and brothers.

In person our grandfather was a strongly built man, scarcely middle height, strong marked features, not unhandsome [sic], studious habits proud and distant and with a very bad temper.

Grandmother was a meek, gentle mannered woman.

I have no wish to sit in judgement on our stern Ancestors, but if our Grandfather had not married a second time, I, and not the Captain of Clan Chattan would have been the owner of Daviot.

Although Lachlan's story carries on the popular mythology of 'the highlands' to some extent, many points bear comparison with official MacGillivray and Mackintosh histories, particularly the details of the wadset of the lands of Daviot as they appear in *The Mackintosh Muniments 1442-1820* (p.178), and the family recorded on the title page of a *New Testament* belonging to Archibald McGillivray of Daviot (MacGillivray Papers, Inverness Public Library),

between 1747 and 1864. However, the most speculation arises from an article on 'the officers of the Mackintosh Regiment. 1746' (Robert McGillivray in *Clan Chattan Journal*, 1982), which profiles Archibald MacGillivray: 'At least three of his sons made their careers in America. One, Lachlan, had a large estate in Jamaica...Lachlan was the only child of Archibald to have issue. He had a son, also named Lachlan, who travelled widely and who for a time was a lay preacher in the Presbyterian Church in Australia.'

'In the 1850s he [Lachlan of Daviot] returned from that country to pursue his claim in the great litigation which ensued on the death of the then MacGillivray of Dunmaglass. He was unsuccessful, however, and lost his case to a descendant of the notorious Captain Farquhar who had been a second cousin of Lachlan's grandfather, Lieutenant Archibald'.

The plethora of Lachlans from Daviot now appear to create some confusion: both our Lachlan and the claimant of 1857 showed descent from a Lachlan of Daviot and Jamaica, but the claimant named the mother as Anne McKenzie Kennedy, whereas she was the stepmother named in our letter. It seems odd that the step-son would attempt a take-over when the succession would normally be to an elder step-brother, but note that our Lachlan refers in his letter to his father's stepmother being 'in possession' which perhaps suggests that some 'arrangement' had taken place.

There is no record of James Lachlan leaving Australia again after his return from New Zealand in 1847 — he certainly seems to be able to be accounted for during most of the 1850s. Is Archibald McGillivray's son, Lachlan, one of the Australian Lachlan McGillivray's 'stern ancestors', perhaps 'Grandfather'? Research is now bringing us to dead ends in Australia so perhaps it is time to go

back to Daviot. We welcome suggestions as to the direction our path should take.

NOTE: We thank Peter McGillivray and Jean Bennett for their help in providing material for mapping the family of James Lachlan McGillivray in Scotland and Australia, respectively.

EDITORIAL NOTE: Deborah Malor is herself a great-granddaughter of Alexander McGillivray (Vol 3, No 1, P 14), quite unrelated to these McGillivrays of Daviot. She is engaged on a research project for the Historic Houses Trust, and this has involved the examination of much ephemera, now belonging to Miriam Hamilton. Miriam is a granddaughter of Miriam McGillivray, James Lachlan's daughter who married into the family that owns the historic home 'Meroogal' at Nowra, and her daughter Jessie who married a Roderick Terry who at one time owned another Trust property, Rouse Hill House, in western Sydney. These two houses and the families involved

A McGillivray on Cocos (Keeling) Islands

These days it is quite common to find stamps of the Cocos and Christmas Islands in use on internal Australian mail, but I wonder how many members have noticed that we actually have a member living on the Indian Ocean paradise of Cocos. She is Fiona Janette Jennings (nee McGillivray), the daughter of David Lavelle and Mary Margaret McGillivray who live at Koojan, near Moora in WA., and granddaughter of Neil Charles and Essie Marina (dec) McG. This family originally farmed near Corowa in NSW and moved to WA in 1967.

In a letter to our Secretary, David, Fiona advised that she originally went to

go back to the 1820s, so we have here a real part of Australia's history.

Referring to Lachlan's letter, how unfortunate it is that the original has not survived, because Lachlan's wording leaves us with this doubt as to which Margaret he was writing, and the thought that perhaps the date, 1880, was wrong or incorrectly transcribed. As to the queries raised in the concluding paragraphs of the above article, we can now be certain that the Presbyterian minister in New Zealand was not our John Lachlan or the writer of the letter, his son Lachlan.

Transcript of a letter written by William, the younger son of James Lachlan, has now turned up and this, together with other details of this family's life in early Sydney, should provide a follow-up article next year. If any reader has records or knowledge that could help, please let us know.

the Cocos (Keeling) Islands as a school teacher in 1992, her major subject being Science at secondary school level, and she has stayed on because her husband Marshall, from Wyalkatchem, WA., is employed there by importers of ostriches and alpacas that have to be kept in quarantine prior to moving into mainland Australia. The young couple enjoy the life on what Fiona says is really a tropical paradise - most of the time.!

At the time of writing she did not know much about her McGillivray ancestors prior to the Corowa days, so, if any of our readers recognise this family from the limited information given, please let us know so that we can help Fiona.



Above
Jane McGillivray, nee Bradley,
1812 - 1861. Mother of Lachlan



Left
Miriam's only daughter,
Jessie Arminella Terry, nee Thorburn,
1893 - 1976, who was the mother of
the co-author, Miriam Hamilton

Three Generations of MacGillivray Ladies

(see "Lachlan McGillivray's Letter")



Above
Lachlan's sister, Miriam Thorburn,
nee McGillivray, 1853 - 1924

Our History in Bitumen

There have been references over the years in earlier editions of "Clan MacGillivray" to the occasional sighting by a thrilled clan member of a street or road that bore our name. Last year, on a motoring trip north that took them as far as the Daintree River, Commissioner Peter and his wife Leila could not resist the temptation to be photographed by the sign denoting the entrance to McGilvray Street in the little township of South Mission Beach. To their surprise, they passed another similar sign many hundreds of kilometres further south at Bonny Hills, overlooking another lovely beach between Port Macquarrie and Dunbogan.

If you add these two to the McGilvray Roads at Peterborough and at Koroit in Victoria, and we think there is another in Perth, WA, leading to the similarly named sports oval which was used for hockey matches in the Empire Games, then we are not doing too badly for a relatively small clan. ! Can anyone add to the above list ?



*Peter & Leila, South Mission Beach,
August 1996*

The Canadian Rockies

We may have our named roads here in Australia, but the following extract taken from a letter written by US Commissioner, Bruce, illustrates that North America, too, has several natural features named after one of our Clan:

"...this may refer to **McGillivray's Rock**, a peak overlooking the Athabaska Pass, on the border between British Columbia and Alberta, and within Alberta's Jasper National Park. I have a

picture of it, from the book *Douglas of the Forests*, about the famous Scottish botanist David Douglas, after whom the Douglas fir is named. From this and other references it is clear that the peak overlooks the entire pass and is an important feature there.

There are actually several places in the Canadian Rockies that bear, or have borne, reference to the name McGilvray. On some maps can be

found the **McGillivray Range**, part of the Purcell Mountains, in the far southeastern part of British Columbia just across from the northwest tip of Montana. It faces the MacDonald Range and between the two runs the Kootenay River, an important tributary of the upper Columbia River. On early maps the Kootenay is named "**McGillivray's River**". On the north end of the McGillivray Range is the town of Cranbrook, a fairly important mountaineering and winter sports center with good road and rail connections.

These geographic points refer back to Duncan McGillivray, brother of William McGillivray, Chief Superintendent of the North West Company, 1799-1821. Duncan worked with the famous NW Company explorer and cartographer David Thompson on the early efforts to find a passable route through the Rockies, a vital interest of the fur trade in opening up the vast trans-Rocky Mountain Columbia region, known by the British as "New Caledonia" and by Americans as the "Oregon Country". Duncan died before Thompson

discovered the Athabasca Pass in 1810-11, which became the main transshipment route for the fur trade. But Thompson was generous in honoring Duncan by several designations on his maps, the first definitive ones of the region. A tributary of the Kootenay is still called the **Duncan River**, with its impounded headwaters forming **Duncan Lake**. An important canoe portage for the fur trade, where the upper Kootenay flows just a mile or so through easy land from the source of the Columbia, was called **Duncan's Flats** on Thomson's maps. Not all of these designations have survived to the present.

Those that have are testimony to a terribly interesting and important time in the early exploration of western North America, one in which the name McGilvray stands out with some real prominence, but one which I feel is too little known and understood, in the USA especially."

The Diary of John William MacGillivray 1853-1885

Thanks to a descendant, Mrs Jan Baden, we are privileged to have for our Clan records a copy of a diary that was meticulously kept by this man for the three years of 1882-84, just prior to his untimely death, aged only 32, in 1885.

John William was the son of John the naturalist and therefore grandson of Professor William MacGillivray of Aberdeen, and although we have devoted considerable space in previous issues to those two distinguished natural scientists, some new information has turned up in

Archives of Natural History 1993, "John MacGillivray, his life and work": by Robert Ralph of the University of Aberdeen. This enables us to correct a few errors of fact in respect of John and his family, and to set the scene for a close look at John William's life and character, through the medium of his diary.

Ralph states that John was a complicated personality, dogged through life by financial difficulties, but that his

zeal and energy in field work and collecting were unsurpassed, and that he was a critical and intelligent observer. However, his family life is said to have been an unhappy one, and it is worthy of note that his own brother in law, Rev. P.C. Beaton, in a detailed written obituary "A martyr to science" (Vol. 2. No. 6. 1990) did not once mention his wife and family.

It was in March, 1848, whilst the ship "Rattlesnake" was in Sydney for a period, that John MacGillivray married Miss Williamina P. Gray; she came from Aberdeen, but it is not clear whether she had travelled out to Sydney to marry him or whether he first met her there. Three other people with the surname "GRAY" signed as witnesses to the wedding, so it appears certain that she had relatives living in Sydney at the time. It may only be a coincidence that the man said to have been John's sponsor, who recommended him to his employer, the Earl of Derby, was J.E.Gray, keeper of Zoology at the British Museum. A daughter, Isabella, was born on Christmas day the same year, and Mrs MacGillivray and the child accompanied John back to England on "Rattlesnake", leaving Sydney in April 1850. There are indications that he "took to the bottle" and was somewhat neglectful of his wife and baby during this voyage and, although he established himself in London he once more got into financial difficulties, sending the family to stay with his parents in Aberdeen, where a second child was born. They obviously rejoined him at some stage, because an undated letter to John Gould sought the loan of 2 pounds because of the unexpected arrival of his family.

However, he sailed for Australia again in the Autumn of 1852 as a naturalist on HMS.Herald, leaving Williamina and the children in London,

to be supported presumably by allowances from his pay and from money he might earn from commercial collecting, an arrangement which left them in desperate straits. We know that John William was then born very early in 1853 and that he was baptised at St. Pancras, London, on 25th January of that year. (No where can I find any information as to the sex or name of the second baby). There are no letters from John or references in his journal to his family's affairs; he seems to have been content to reply upon his friends in London to look after them.

Shortly after his dismissal from the 'Herald' as a result of a dispute with Captain Denham, his family sailed again to Australia, their fare being paid by Sir William Hooker, and John's notebook at the time contained a rare reference to them, in the blunt statement "W.P. MacGillivray died at sea off Van Dieman's Land on board Washington Irvine from consumption". There was no mention of what was to happen to the three young children, nor have we known anything of their fate over the next seventeen or so years.

When John MacGillivray died in a Sydney boarding house on 6th June, 1867, "from disease of the heart", he was described as "naturalist, age about 50, (he was in fact only 46) father and mother unknown"! No mention of his children.!

So that was the difficult start in life for young John William - we next know of him when he married Mary Jane Jones on 1st May, 1873 in Yass, NSW., his parents-in-law living nearby, near the village of Murrumbateman. This is where he died in 1885 at the very early age of 32, leaving his widow with a young family of one boy and four girls, a girl Hannah and a son Walter, having died in infancy, as we learn from the diary, which now claims our attention.

The Diary: Obviously we do not

have space to reproduce this in its entirety, but the complete entries on some days and excerpts from others will give the reader a real insight into this young man's character and problems, and a real feel for the living and working conditions experienced by the working class in Sydney and suburbs only a little over 100 years ago.

The diary starts off as follows; "Sunday 1st January 1882. Took Harry out to Randwick this afternoon" "Monday 2nd. Holiday. Decided to go to the Association ground to witness the Highland Gathering. Joe Salmon came in about ten o'clock and he and I took Harry out. The sports were very good, but sitting in the glaring sun all day quite upset me and I came home sick and could not go out any more this evening. I could not use my umbrella as we were sitting in front and would have obstructed the view from behind".

These first excerpts reveal John William as young man of good education, a considerate father, perhaps a bit of a hypochondriac but one who was obviously not in good health. He displayed an interest in sports and in Scottish affairs.

Later on there are some clues to his earlier life and to family, of which we were not previously aware, for example on 12th June '82 he wrote" had a long conversation yesterday with my neighbour Mr Harrison, and found that he used to live at Camden and that his brother went to Mr Gordon's school at Macquarie Grove. We had a long talk about Camden and Camden people, and he told me what had become of several of my old school fellows."

So he obviously spent some years as a boy in the Camden area, but we still have no clue as to who he lived with then.

Another indication appears over two years later on Friday, 8th August 1884, when he wrote " am reading "The

Voyage of The Rattlesnake; written by my father. It is very interesting to me, as it gives me some information about my father of whom I know so little. I remember that there was a copy of the book at Myrtle Creek, when I was a boy, but then what I read did not make much impression on me." Where is Myrtle Creek?

We do know that, by the age of 20, he was in the Yass district when he met and married Mary Jane, and this is confirmed by a diary entry in November 1883, at a time when he was convalescing with "the old people", as he called Tom and Mrs Jones. - "then went to have look at my old house and farm. Found the house with a good many slabs out, but the roof still complete so I went in and stood under the roof where Minnie was born." (Williamina Marion, "Minnie" was born 23rd April, 1875). Other comments indicate that this was three to four miles distant from the Jones' home. When and why he left there to try city life is not revealed.

On several occasions early in 1882 he wrote brief comments such as "Went to my Uncle's" or "went to Uncle's for tea", and on the 1st April this uncle provided ferry tickets for John, Mary and the children to go to the Palmer St. Sunday School picnic at Chowder Bay. "Uncle" was a Mr Fred Gray and obviously the brother of John William's mother, but there is no indication here that the three motherless children had been raised by him. One of the uncle's sons, Charlie, was obviously living at this time with Mary's folk at Murrumbateman, as indicated by the 30th August 1883 entry: "They state that they have written to my uncle about taking Charlie away as they do not care to have him there any longer, on account of his laziness and impudence. I think they should have sent him away

long ago.”

Then, just a week later he had a serious falling out with his uncle and family over their refusal to go with him to the funeral of his second son, Walter. In refusing his uncle's subsequent invite to dinner and attempts at reconciliation, John William harked back to an earlier lack of sympathy when he had been ill with typhoid fever, as indicated by his entry on 23rd September 1882. "I told him I did not care to go as they treated me in such an unfeeling manner on the occasion of my last visit that I would not feel comfortable there... I said it was not the first time they had treated me unkindly... when I was so ill 18 months ago, I was in bed more than 7 weeks and not expected to recover... they never sent to enquire if I was dead or alive, although I was so bad that no one thought I could recover. My uncle might have helped us in a good many ways, but did not trouble himself only when it suited his purpose."

The rift has been healed by early in 1884, at least with his cousins if not with their father, as he writes "My cousin James Gray, Kate's brother, called to see me this morning and stayed a couple of hours..." and then again on 3rd September 1884 "Charlie Gray called to see me. He is working... and is much improved in appearance since he came to Sydney. I was much pleased to see Charlie looking so respectable, I gave him my address and he says he will come out and see us."

Throughout the three years there are numerous entries referring to a Marion, whose surname is not revealed, but she seems to have been very close to Mary and John William, visiting often, staying overnight and very caring when he was ill. She does appear to have been living with or very close by his cousin Kate Gray, but since we know that Marion was a family name (one of his MacGillivray aunts was a Marion) I am

tempted to believe that she was his sister, the unnamed second child of Williamina and John.

We find John William employed as the senior of three messengers at the A&S (or A.I.S.) Bank in the city of Sydney - his daily diary entry gave precise details of the work he had done, the packing up of parcels of money and stationary for country branches, the filing, the searching for past records in the bank cellar, the trips he made to business houses and shipping terminals etc., and this was all mixed up with personal and family items, his own health or lack of it, and his opinion of some workmates. We obtain a good insight into the working conditions of that time and especially in the banking industry - open on Saturdays, of course, and he was often kept back quite late in the evenings, as well as some Sundays and public holidays. His weekly salary was two pounds fifteen shillings - raised to 3 pounds later on - and he was always short of money, but generous to others in need when he could manage it.

The family lived in Surry Hills at first, then Petersham and finally in Burwood. Their homes were rented, although he always kept looking at places to buy, without ever seeming to have the necessary finances. On 17th October 1883, he wrote "have nearly decided to ask Kendall for the loan of 50 Pounds to enable me to purchase the house we are living in". Kendall was a good friend, with money that seemed to come regularly from a sister in England, but he was an unreliable alcoholic and, in the event, he declined to offer the loan. Three days later John William was upset at learning that the rent was to go up one shilling per week, the owner justifying this on account of the expense of getting water laid on. He kept some fowls in the

backyard and grew vegetables, being very upset on one occasion when he got up in the morning to find a stray cow in the yard and it had eaten all his cabbages, peas, radishes and strawberry plants.

The diary notes displayed a strong interest in overseas affairs, such as natural disasters, wars, coronations etc., and similarly he would comment on local politics and personalities - such as Sir Henry Parkes - on special events such as the sighting of a comet, a balloon ascent and an 8 hour march, and on tram and train accidents, of which there seem to have been a great number in those early days.

Two items of interest are the fact that he was to enjoy a stroll through the Chinamen's gardens at Rushcutters Bay, and seeing prisoners hobbled with leg irons as they were being transferred from one gaol to another - he comments "what a pity that on account of mens wickedness we are compelled to treat them like wild beasts."

In sport, apart from occasionally going fishing on the harbour with friends and with limited success, he was not a participant but a keen spectator, often going to watch some game on a Saturday afternoon after finishing work and before heading home. He frequently made mention of major results in cricket, rowing, boxing, football and baseball, even if he had not attended the games.

As to religion, the children obviously attended Sunday School, and for a time he himself wrote of regularly going to midweek prayer meetings. Two babies who died in infancy, Walter and Hannah, were buried in the Presbyterian section at Rookwood cemetery and he occasionally visited there in an attempt to grow flowers on the graves.

One characteristic of John William that stands out is his constant letter writing - barely a day passed when he did

not write a letter or refer in the diary to either receiving one or berating someone for not having promptly answered him. Many of his correspondents were in Sydney or nearby suburbs, which may seem strange, but he did not have the luxury of telephones. He wrote most regularly to T. Jones, his father-in-law, usually sending him Sydney daily newspapers at the same time - it emerges that Tom had to rely on some friend or neighbour to write his replies. When apart from Mary, due to one or the other being up at Murrumbateman, he wrote almost daily and her failure to reply as promptly (not surprising under the circumstances) caused the only serious rift between them.

Apart from the subjects already mentioned, his daily jottings generally referred to the weather, less frequently to Mary and their children - with the exception of times of illness - and almost always to his own health, which was clearly very poor.

1884: This year saw a number of significant changes in the affairs of this family. After more time off due to illness, John William resigned from the bank and they all moved to Mary's parents at Murrumbateman, but by mid February he was talking of returning to Sydney. He did so, on his own, on March 20th and we find him unsuccessfully applying for reappointment by the bank. A friend offered him a job as overseer on his plantation at Mackay in Queensland - Mary is keen on the idea but he turned it down believing it "would not be healthy for us."

He had often written of visits to the Museum and of a Mr Ramsay there, and on May 1 he applied for work there. The next day he was received kindly by a Dr Cox who says there are one or two nice little vacancies at the Museum and "he will do all he can for me, for the sake of

my poor old father"! Although there were a great many unemployed in Sydney at the time, his application was successful and he started work again at 3 pounds a week. On July 3rd his family returned to Sydney and moved straight into the new home at Burwood that he had arranged.

John William seemed to enjoy his work at the Museum where he handled a great variety of exhibits including frogs, fish, echidnas, birds, corals and minerals, and on one occasion he wrote of preparing a package of ferns and flowers to go to Baron von Mueller in Melbourne. However, his health seemed to be getting worse than ever as year end approaches and it must have been very reassuring for him to hear Mr. Ramsey say "We are not going to give you up, Mac, you will not be let want, and it will be a comfort for you to know that there are too many old friends of your fathers to allow one of his sons to starve."

He was indeed grateful to hear such sentiments expressed and to be reassured of employment at the Museum for a further period. It is appropriate to conclude with some of his diary entry for Wednesday, 31st December, 1884, "The last entry for the year. Twelve months

ago I did not expect to see the end of this year, but none of us can tell what is before us. I have gone through a good deal of pain and anxiety during the last 12 months... today I have completed paying for the furniture, so that will not have to go into next years expenses... Called on Dr O'Reilly....he says both my lungs are affected...the left looks like breaking down...I asked him if I am in any immediate danger as I have such curious feelings sometimes, but he said he does not think so. So in saying goodbye to the old year I will hope that the new one will give me new strength."

We know that he died quite soon, on 22nd April, 1885, and was buried at Yass. His death certificate records him as William, that he died at Murrumbateman, and it was signed by Dr O'Reilly who stated that he had last seen him on the 19th, just 3 days prior to his death.

This diary is a most valued addition to the archives of our Clan Society, providing a link, as it does, with a very notable family in both Scottish and early Australian History.

The Children of John William and Mary Jane McGillivray

What we were able to learn from his diary, 1883-85, about John William's family can be summarised as follows:

William Henry (Harry) b.26/7/1873 - the eldest - enjoyed a number of outings with his father and, by the age of 10, was being used to run messages and to do other small tasks, but comments like "Harry has not been at all a good boy and I gave him a good lecture" and "gave Harry a good thrashing for disobedience" indicate that he was a normal healthy boy.

Williamina Marion (Minnie) b.23/4/75

Hannah Jane b.1877 died 1878

Mary Elizabeth (Bessie) b.14/7/78

John Walter b.1880 died 8/9/83. The first reference to Walter was on March 8th, 83, when Mary took him to a doctor with a swollen knee and by April 15th he was admitted to a children's hospital at Glebe Point, where he remained until his death. Naturally, for 6 months the diary jottings had reflected the family concerns over his welfare.

Elsie b.10/6/83. She was far from well at the end of 1884, as this touching entry shows "Elsie seems very weak. I should miss her very much if she did not meet me every evening at the door. She is always so pleased to see me, makes a great fuss and, young as she is, gets my cushion and slippers.

From information given to us by descendants we can add to the above, as follows:

Harry married Edith Esther Corsie and they had 12 children
(see Vol. 3., No. 1, 1991)

Minnie married William Woodhams. She died in 1946, aged 71.

Bessie married Walter Crawford.

Elsie obviously survived her illness as she married twice.

Laura was born in 1886, after her father's death.

Mary Jane, who had been only 16 when she married John William, remarried to a Richard Francis, had more children by him and lived on until 1941, when she was 86.

P.M.C.

The McGilvrays and the North Tumbulgam Cemetery

Last October, Clan members Ron and Veronica Parker spent some time at Tweed Heads on the Far North Coast of NSW, and they obviously conducted some quite detailed research into the pioneering history of much of the Tweed, Richmond and Clarence rivers. As editors, we are greatly appreciative of their thoughtfulness in sending down a number of documents which name a few MacGillivrays who lived and died there in the mid to late 1800's.

For example, the Pioneer Register of Casino and district, including the towns of Woodenbong, Tabulam, Coraki and Whiporie shows that Duncan McGilvery was a labourer at Irvington in 1897, but exactly where that was we are not sure because Irvington does not now appear in the post code list.

The Maclean District Historical Society list Donald and Ann McGilvray from Inverness as Farmer and housewife at Taloumbi and Mary McGilvray, who arrived on the "Ontario" in 1852 from Broadford, Skye, also as a housewife at Taloumbi., and the pre 1900 Clarence River Pioneer Register shows an Ivy Agnes McGilvray being married on 1 November, 1922 to Clement Firment Payne of Grafton who was born on 1 July 1897 as the twelfth of thirteen children of William Payne and his wife Margaret Schafer.

However, it is on the Lower Tweed that Ron and Veronica found the most to interest them, thanks to the restoration work that has and still is being carried out

by a Murwillumbah Youth Enterprise Team under their Landcare Environment Action programme, resulting in the rebirth of the historic North Tumbulgum Cemetery, the oldest cemetery in the Tweed Valley, which was established in 1883 and closed in 1947. This area, in its native state was covered with a lush and bountiful subtropical rain forest, with more than 250 edible plants and abundant aquatic life. The first white men to arrive, between 1842 and 1844, were cedar getters, and the decimation of the forests began. The cedar trade attracted first the paddle wheel and then screw propelled steamers to the junction of the Tweed and Rous rivers - by the 1860's the introduction of corn, sugar cane, potatoes and arrowroot led to the formation of a settlement on the south bank, known firstly as Tweed Junction, but this was changed in 1880 to Tumbulgum, the aboriginal word for 'meeting of the waters'.

Although burials were recorded earlier, the official dedication of the cemetery took place on 12th January, 1883, and it was in regular use until 1947 when the declining population of Tumbulgum and inaccessibility of the site led to its closure. The natural vegetation gradually reclaimed the burial ground and its restoration has required many months of painstaking work to rebuild headstones and grave surrounds. Now, one of the most outstanding headstones is that of Neil McGillivray, who died on March 31st, 1898, aged 51, his son Neil, an 18 month old baby who died June 20, 1896, and also of Alex McGillivray, aged 52 years, on October 2, 1902. Not mentioned on this stone is the first born child of Neil and his wife, Sarah Elizabeth (nee Dinsay), a boy named John, who was 2 years 8 months old when he died on 12th May 1881, prior to the dedication of the cemetery.

From other records we learn that Neil McGillivray, a farmer, was born in Inverness, that he married Sarah in Brisbane, and they had ten children:

John, born 1878	Death registered Tweed R. 1881
Anne Sarah, b. 1880	Marriage reg'd 1900 to Fredrick Kelly, M'bah
Emily, b. 1881	Marriage reg'd 1903 to Herbert Budd, M'bah
Elizabeth Maude, b. 1883	
Christina, b. 1884	
Katherine, b. 1885	
Mary (May), b. 1887	Marriage reg'd 1908, Duncan McEachan, M'bah
Edith, b. 1888	Marriage reg'd 1916, William Digance, M'bah
Alexander, b. 1890	Marriage reg'd 1911 to Verlie Wilson, M'bah
Neil C., b. 1894	Died June 20 th , 1896, after 23 days of illness following the eating of toxic bush fruit.

Alexander, of course, was the only boy of this family to survive childhood, and we note that he and his wife, Verlie, had a son, Keith A., born in 1912 and a baby girl, Olga I., born in 1914 but died two years later.

The other man remembered on the headstone was Alex McGillivray, said to have been born in Aberdeen, c.1850, the son of Donald and his wife, Ann Mcbean. Alex and his wife came to Australia from Inverness and he was a farmer at Tumbulgum for many years, finally succumbing at age 52 from tubercular disease of the lung. One can assume that

Neil and Alex were brothers, or at least closely related although their stated birthplaces were relatively far apart.

I wonder if any of our readers can throw further light on this pioneer family or their descendants.

SM

Our Trip to the 1996 Gathering

We left our home in Seaford on the Friday morning, travelling up to the Hume Highway and staying overnight in the picturesque town of Moss Vale. On booking into a cabin in the local caravan park, I asked whether their beds were comfortable. "Oh! Yes" came the reply "we never have any complaints."

On retiring to bed my hip settled right through the mattress, reaching through to the wooden slats of the base - as can be imagined, I did not enjoy a very

to find that our accommodation at the Wangi Wangi Tourist Park on the shores of Lake Macquarie was far superior to that experienced the previous night. During the afternoon we called on Shirley McGillivray, the widow of our late Chieftain, who, with the help of Simone Elder, had offered to run the Gathering, and it was a pleasant surprise to find my brother Andy and his wife Pat, from Red Cliffs in north west Victoria.



Shirley McGillivray surrounded by members of her family

pleasant night's rest. We departed next morning before the office opened but, on returning home I wrote a letter of complaint which was ignored.

Arriving at our destination around lunch time on Saturday, we were pleased

On the Sunday morning we arrived nice and early at the gathering site in Dora Creek to find the hall in a real mess from the previous night's function, and those responsible only turned up when we had almost completed cleaning out their

debris and food scraps. Then we set to the task of 'decking' out the hall with our clan banners, flags, tartan drapes and information board, and organising tables and chairs etc. Simone had been out of bed at 3am to take overseas visitors to Sydney airport, but she and Shirley were busy in the kitchen, and, with the assistance of family members they had soon prepared a grand spread for everybody's lunch.

By lunchtime quite a large and friendly group of Clansfolk had arrived, members having travelled from as far afield as Laurieton, Tamworth, Armidale, Kempsey and Sydney in New South Wales, and Red Cliffs, Milawa and Melbourne in Victoria.

During the afternoon we were

entertained by a very talented piper, Andrew Cavaney, George Wood on the Piano-Accordion and a group of local Scottish dancers who gave a wonderful display of highland dancing. Lyn Harmon organised some outdoor games for our younger (and not so young) members.

At the end of the day it was pleasing to have many folks stay on to help clean and tidy the hall - this was much appreciated. As for Shirley and Simone who worked so hard throughout the day, we just can't thank them enough, especially as they firmly refused any reimbursement of their out-of-pocket expenses for various items they provided.



*Peg and Colin McGilvray with George and Joyce Mathews
(Colin and George are cousins)*



*Six of the seven grand children of Alexander MacGillivray (born at Forres, Morayshire, 1867)
Margaret (Marnie), Katherine, Peter, Alexander (Sandy), Anne and Robin.*

We spent a couple of days visiting some of Heather's family in Medowie, near Raymond Terrace, and exploring that area before returning home.

David and Heather McGillivray

Ed. note: I would like to add my thanks to all those who helped organise such a successful and enjoyable function, and indeed to all members and family who attended, especially Jillian McGillivray of Milawa, Vic. who has attended every single one of the 21 annual Gatherings of our Society since it's formation.

Peter McG.

JUST FOR FUN

In an article "Random Thoughts on an old Name" which appeared in the 1991 issue of this Journal I referred to the fun to be had with the corruptions our name lends itself to. I cited as examples our kinsman, overfond of our national drink, who was referred to as "MacLivery" and Pittendrigh MacGillivray, the irascible sculptor known to his enemies as "MacDevilry". There must be others and I was disappointed when readers did not come forward with them. Recently, however, I was in Inverness and called, as I generally do, on an old clansman. His health is not good but he is an amiable companion and full of stories. When I happened to mention my disappointment, his eyes twinkled and he responded at once. In the early part of this century, he said, there was one of our clan who had a haulage business in the Highland capital. His lorries, prominently bearing his name, were a well known feature locally as they delivered goods and parcels to his customers; but they all referred to him as "MacDelivery".

Come on now; there must be more examples - just for fun.

Robert McGillivray

Our good friend and regular contributor Robert, has perhaps forgotten that I responded to his earlier appeal, admittedly in a limited fashion, in the very next issue (1992) but his challenge is still open for all of you other readers!

ED



A Happy Raffle Winner

November 27th was an exciting evening for me and John. David and Heather called in, on their way home from the Annual Gathering at Dora Creek in N.S.W., bringing to me the first prize in the raffle drawn that weekend. What a lovely surprise! - the 4.5 litre bottle of Teacher's Highland Cream Whiskey, on a swivel stand for easy dispensing.

Our family has assured us, if we have any trouble disposing of the contents, that they will be only too willing, anytime, to help us out.!

I send very special thanks to David and Heather for delivering it to us, intact, after its long journey.

Magorie Brock

Our Next Gathering

The 22nd Annual Gathering

Hosted by David, Heather McGillivray, family and friends

will be held on **Sunday 30 November 1997**

at the Southern District Umpires Hall,
McCulloch Avenue Seaford, Victoria.

Only a short walk from Kananook Railway Station

The Hall will be open from 10.30am until 6.00pm

Catering:

Please bring a small plate for afternoon tea and a salad or similar to accompany the 'snags' which will be supplied - as will the tea and coffee.

BYO drinks, not forgetting the younger members of your family



RSVP 23rd November 1997

To : David & Heather McGillivray

PO Box 223

SEAFORD 3198

PH (03) 9786 5218

Program

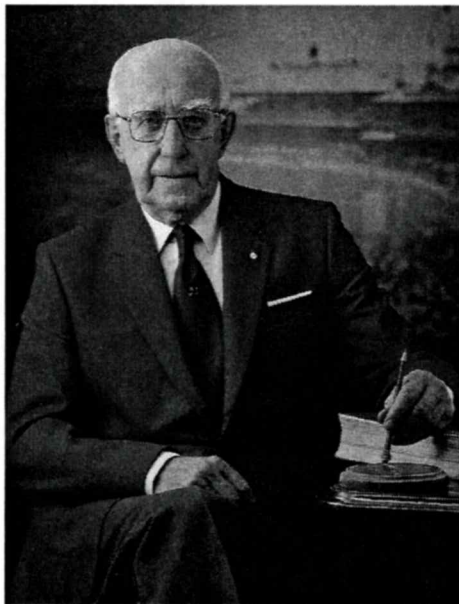
10.30	Hall Opens
11.30	Annual General Meeting
12.30 - 1.30	Lunch
2.30	Official Opening
	Entertainment & Games
3.0	Afternoon Tea - raffle drawn
5.30	Farewell - Auld Lang Syne

“The Game is not the same, without McGillvray”

Those were the words written years ago in honour of the late Alan McGillvray, and they were widely repeated in newspaper headlines across the nation on 18th July, 1996, when this highly respected A.B.C. cricket commentator died, aged 86. He had gained many tangible honours in his lifetime of participation in Australian sporting life — the MBE in 1974, the AM in 1980, and the Advance Australia Award in 1985.

I will always remember my only meeting with Alan, under less than desirable circumstances, and I hasten to add that this was not on a cricket pitch. Admitted late one night in 1943 to an army hospital tent in the small wheat belt town of Mingenew, WA, I awoke next morning feeling somewhat better and spoke to the fellow in the next bed, only a foot or so distant. ‘Good-day, my name is McGillivray’, I said, and to my astonishment he replied ‘so is mine’. Fortunately for Alan, he was discharged from hospital early that same morning, so there was no chance to continue our brief chat, and though we were both serving in the 1st Aust. Armoured Division at that time, we were not in the same camp and did not meet again.

Of course, I already knew of him by reputation as a right-arm, medium pace opening bowler who had captained the New South Wales team, and I could remember sitting up late with my father on a few occasions listening to Alan’s ‘synthetic’ calling of test matches that were being played in England in 1938. In later years, as he went on to become Australia’s best known and highly respected cricket broadcaster, with a career lasting about 50 years and through



Australia’s premier cricket broadcaster, Alan McGillvray MBE

225 test matches, I am sure that the question most often asked of me was “are you any relation to the cricketer?”. He was certainly well known and respected, not only by cricketers and sports loving listeners, but by the general public.

Alan and his wife, who predeceased him, had two children, a daughter Carolyn and a son Ross, a grazier at Moree who represented Australia in polo. Alan was a keen golfer and fisherman, who kept himself fit in later life by regular morning swimming. He was a grandson of John Smith McGillvray and Mary Reid who married in Glasgow on 19th June 1876, two sons of this marriage, George and Thomas, coming to Australia with Mary. Thomas was Alan’s father, while George was grandfather of

our member, Dr David McGillvray of Wahroonga in Sydney.

It was only when David joined this Society that we learned just what a wealth of sporting prowess exists in this family; Alan’s brother, Norman, also represented NSW at cricket; David’s grandfather, George, coached the NSW King’s Cup rowing eight for several years; his son George has won world championship swimming events for the over 70s; the same George has a

grandson, Mathew Renshaw, who won medals at the 1988 Olympics and gold at the 1990 Commonwealth Games in the 4 x 100 metres swimming relay. David’s father, Wilfred, played first grade rugby union, a game that David and his brother both played with distinction also and David, four years ago, gained a fellowship at The College of Sports Physicians.

Peter McGillivray

But Only God can Make A Tree

Did you know that the oldest tree in Europe is in Scotland? This piece of information comes from the newsletter of the Macfie Clan Society of Australia. It is a yew tree and flourishes in the churchyard at Fortingall, near Loch Tay in the Central Scottish Highlands. Arboreal experts say that this tree is well over 3,000 years old. It is starting to lean a bit (and wouldn’t you at 3,000 years!) and is propped up, but is still growing. A notice on a railing round the tree tells the story. Incidentally, Fortingall is important for more than an old tree. It is said to be the birthplace of no less a person than Pontius Pilate. This is not far-fetched since Pontius’s old man was an officer in the Roman Army and as a man of high rank was allowed to take his wife with him on campaigns and his legion was stationed near Fortingall when the boy was born.

The Scots are convinced that the story is true, and this is borne out by the nickname of the senior regiment in the British Army, the Royal Scots. They

began as mercenaries in Europe with King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. Their nickname is “Pontius Pilate’s Bodyguard”.

The story about Pontius Pilate and his birth at Fortingall was covered more fully in our 1989 Journal, Vol.2 No.5, but in that version his mother was a local Scots lassie and not a Roman wife! In either case that yew tree would already have been quite old.

E.D.

A sporting first for Louise

In recent years Clan MacGillivray has been able to boast of achievements in athletics, cricket and lawn bowls, but now for the first time we have a champion equestrian.

On the 19th February, 1997, in the shire hall at Charlton in western Victoria, 18 year old Louise McGillivray, daughter of our members Allan and Jenny, was awarded the Charlton Rotary Club's "Sports Start of the Year", based on her outstanding performances in dressage riding events at Bendigo, Shepparton, Geelong and in W.A. In was in West Australia that Louise and a team-mate from Yarrambat won the International Young Riders Dressage Derby against riders from all other states and overseas (India and New Zealand), and Louise herself won 1st prize in the Individual Challenge against 22 other competitors.

All of this in a year when she was studying for her VCE, which she passed well, gaining entry to the faculty of Agricultural Science at Latrobe University.

In previous years Louise had competed in interstate competitions as a member of Victoria's senior dressage team, she has been for four years a member of the Australian Equestrian Federation dressage training squad, has assisted in running events at the Werribee Park National Equestrian Centre, and has played her part in the administrative work associated with the Victorian junior squad. A fine record indeed, and all members of the Clan Society will surely wish to congratulate Louise and wish her well in the future both in her equestrian sport and her academic career.

Another Sporting Highlight

Just before going to print, we were sent an extract of 'Bowls Alive' the journal of the NSW Bowls Association, April, 1997 with the headline printed in letters 12mm high (or half an inch if you prefer it) MCGILLIVRAY COLLECTED THE DOUBLE AT GUYRA CARNIVAL

This refers to Geoff McGillivray (not yet a Clan Society member!) of Warilla, near Wollongong, who travelled to Guyra on the New England Tableland and competed most successfully in a high class field. He won the singles and triples event at the prestige bowling carnival held there in December 1996. His opponents included at least three

international representatives

The article goes on to say that Geoff competed in 20 or so tournaments on the NSW circuit last year, winning seven and being runner-up in three - a fine effort indeed.

(I was very tempted to pin up just the headline on the notice board at my own bowling club, but nobody would have believed it anyhow!!) ed.

The Arch at Bragar

Mary Macaulay

For a few moments of each summer weekday our quiet little corner of the Lewis village of Bragar is less quiet while the bus with the "towerists" stops and they all pile out to gaze at and photograph our Whalebone Arch. We, of course, never notice it, but we do find the visitors interesting and we do our best to answer their questions about the arch.

This, in a rather more leisurely way, is its story. On a calm evening in September 1920 a few village boys out fishing spotted a large, shiny mass far out at sea. They thought it was an upturned ship and continued with their fishing and went home and forgot about it.

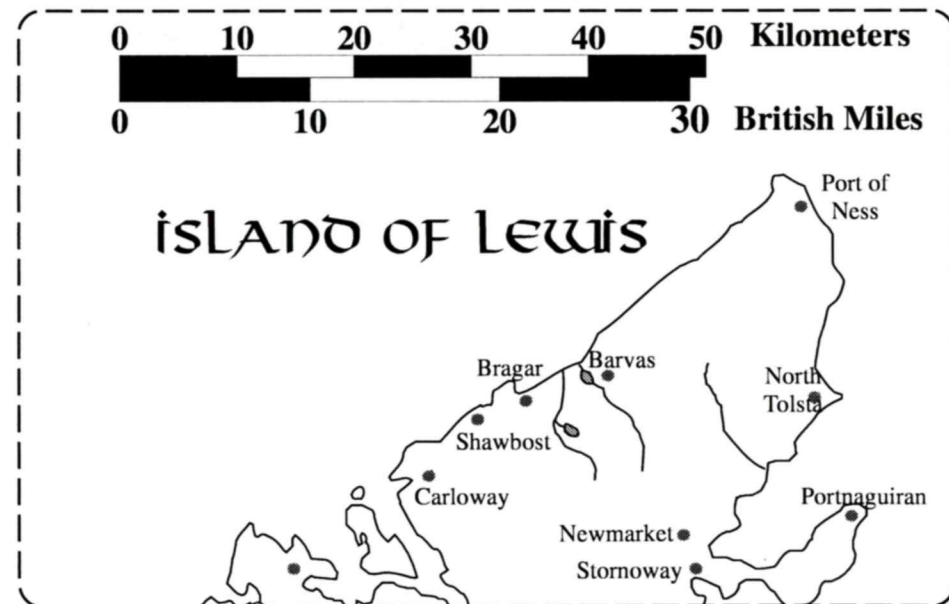
By the next morning the "ship" had floated in to Geodha Nam Muc, and was seen to be an enormous 80-foot-long blue whale. It had a harpoon stuck in its back, a long thick rope trailing from it. This

was not the first wounded whale to drift in on the powerful current — indeed, the inlet must have been named from some earlier whale. *Muc-mhara* is the Gaelic for whale.

The creature was jammed in a dangerous and inaccessible spot, so some of the more intrepid mariners decided to tow it into Bragar Bay. As the *Stornoway Gazette* of the time reported:

"The spirit that daunted the Hun was not to be beaten by the dangers of the currents, and two small boats contrived to pull it safely round the headland to Bragar Bay."

Once it was on the foreshore the whale attracted even more attention. It was regarded as sacrosanct because of official interest in the preservation and removal of such a magnificent specimen. Soon a whaling boat from



Amhuinnsuidhe was sent to tow it away. Perhaps it was lack of Hun-daunting experience that foiled their attempts to navigate. They retired, whaleless, to Harris.

But still the authorities maintained an interest, and the enormous mass lay rotting on the shore while they thought about it. The stench, when the wind blew westerly (as it usually did), almost choked the villagers, and strong representations were made for permission to have the beast disposed of. At last, when the folk of Bragar thought they must be in danger of all manner of plagues, permission was given and activity began.

The black, rubbery portion known as whalebone was first removed by an enterprising group, who placed it in Loch an Duine, a fresh water loch, in the hope of selling it. Alas for these hopes — no successful deal was ever made. A man came from the mainland to bargain for it, but it appears to have rotted away in the loch.

The blubber was put to a great number of uses, now mostly forgotten. It was used, with tar, as a disinfectant (dip not yet being available); to oil wool before carding; as a fuel oil, an ointment for burns, and even, *in extremis*, an internal medicine (a pretty gruesome medicine from all accounts: one lady told me of a boy who inadvertently sucked one blubbery finger and promptly parted with his breakfast).

To fill a bottle one had just to stick a knife in the blubber and hold the bottle underneath till it filled. Cartloads, creel loads, bottlesful were transported all over the village and round about. Soon the massive skeleton lay bare. The useless intestinal parts were floated out to sea. The thick ropes, of which there were 50 fathoms, were cut up into threshing ropes.

The village postmaster and general merchant, Murdo Morrison, had taken a

great interest in the whale, and had been a spokesman on behalf of his co-villagers in the matter of its disposal. He now decided to take a permanent memento of the monster, and was struck by the suitability of the lower mandible. It would make an ideal arch over his gateway at Lakesfield, Bragar.

So, in the autumn of 1921, a procession wound its way from Bragar



Pictured here in July 1996, under the impressive whalebone arch (which does reach the ground at the rear of the stone pillars) are, from left. The author of the article, Mary Macaulay, Cathie, Murdo and Joan Mitchell, who kindly provided the photo. They are the four children of the Murdo Morrison, who souvenired the jawbone for a gateway to his home, and this photo was taken on the day of the funeral of Cathie's husband, this being the first time the four had been together in about 40 years.

Bay over the rough tracks. There were two horses and many men hauling the enormous bones on a kind of sledge, with, of course, many shouting small boys in tow. The death-dealing harpoon was also brought out to serve as a centrepiece.

The bones could not be erected as they came out, it was discovered, because the centre part of each half was too soft. This was pared away until the harder bone was reached, thereby shortening the arch considerably. A skilled ironworker from Stornoway joined the bones at the apex with supporting iron studs down both sides, a decorative droplet shape on top, and the harpoon suspended in the middle.

The harpoon had itself caused a sensation, for while it was being cleaned and painted in the garage there was deafening explosion and a shot from it drove a huge hole in the garage wall. Miraculously, no one was hurt. From this it was surmised that the whale had been wounded and not killed at sea because only one of the two shots had gone off; the animal's maddened jerkings had forced the whaler crew to cut it loose.

Norman Morrison, a skilled

stoneworker, erected the two pillars to support the arch you see today. Through the middle of each passes a hairpin-like band of iron, which keeps the bone in position. Wrought-iron gates were specially made to complete the archway.

It has stood there for nearly half a century, despite the strong winds. The bone is now very dry and flaky, where, for thirty years, it secreted oil. All too often pieces are prized off for souvenirs. In the old postcards sold by the late Mr Morrison the whalebone was said to be the largest on record. It is over twenty feet high and fourteen feet across.

Where the whale came from remains a mystery. There were markings on the harpoon which seemed to indicate oriental origin, and it was thought that the whale might have travelled hundreds of miles from the Antarctic whaling grounds.

Lord Leverhulme, who was active in Lewis at the time of its arrival, was most intrigued by the arch and offered to buy it. But it was not for sale at any price.

From Scots Magazine 1971

TAKING SIDES

Last year, during a holiday on the eastern seaboard of the United States, we visited the site of the Battle of Gettysburg, one of the momentous events of the American Civil War. The battlefield was extensive, well maintained and marked with monuments, explanatory plaques and some of the instruments of war. In the course of our tour it seemed appropriate to comment that, had we been there at the time, our sympathies would have been with the Army of North Virginia. After all we

were staying with our charming hostess south of the Mason-Dixon line and it seems to be the Highlanders' lot to espouse lost causes. Think of poor Flora MacDonald and her much romanticised support for Bonnie Prince Charlie. Having seen the demise of the Jacobite cause she and her husband moved to America where they favoured the British cause in the War of Independence and were compelled to return to Scotland where they spend the rest of their days on the Isle of Skye.

At Gettysburg our predilection seemed all too apparent. Along Seminary Ridge are lined the cannons of McIntosh's battalion, and didn't the MacGillivrays faithfully follow the Mackintoshes over the centuries? Not far off is Macpherson's Ridge, a clan with which we were closely associated in Strathnairn and in Badenoch. Then, in the Cyclorama Centre came our great dilemma. For there we came across an engraving captioned "Repulse of Longstreet Assault" which gave the position, in the Union Army of the Potomac, of McGilveray's Reserve Artillery! Had we expressed and

allegiance too soon?

The trouble with civil wars, as at Culloden, is that they set clansman against clansman, cousin against cousin and brother against brother. Perhaps rather than taking sides we should simply remember the horrors of war, particularly this one, and the misery that they bring. But who was McGilvery whose artillery on this occasion was held in reserve? We might never know but it does confirm that it is rare to travel anywhere in the world without coming across some trace or mention of our ubiquitous kin.

RMB

Naming Customs

*(Gerald Hamilton-Edwards,
In Search of Scottish Ancestry)*

Mr Hamilton-Edwards gives the following as the 'general custom' in naming children.

"The eldest son (was named) after the paternal grandfather; the second son after the maternal grandfather; the third son after the father. The eldest daughter

after the maternal grandmother; the second daughter after the paternal grandmother; the third daughter after the mother."

Subsequent children were named after aunts and uncles.

How to be Scottish

English doctors sometimes remark that British medicine is run by a Scottish mafia (a Macfia, perhaps). I reply that English medicine should count itself lucky and the conversation usually ends there. National pride on both our parts prevents me explaining that anyone can be Scottish if they really want to be.

Some people, of course, are born Scottish but aspirants should not let this deter them. Nowadays congenital Scots are rarely tall, bony, or red haired and many have a sense of humour. In fact, they seem just like everyone else until they start to speak.

Achieving Scottishness, like any

worthwhile endeavour, requires effort but you need to work at only two things. One is attitude. The Scots and English have different approaches to life. England has never managed to shake off feudalism but Scotland, like many northern nations, is oddly egalitarian. The two contrasting characteristics — Scots practicality and English self confidence — complement each other perfectly. This is why the empire did so well. In former colonies the streets are named after Scotsmen and the statues are of Englishmen.

Medicine, however, requires mainly Scottish qualities, particularly nowadays. Couthiness in a doctor is preferable to coolness and dour logic is now valued more than insouciance. The NHS is a typically Celtic idea. Most Scots view Harley Street with mixed amusement and incomprehension.

Don't despair, however, if developing a Scottish outlook seems beyond you. The real reason that Scots can stay aloof from the English caste system is that they speak in a funny accent. This is their defining characteristic and is all you actually need to be Scottish. As any English-educated Scot will confirm, birth, ancestry, and indeed attitude count for nothing without the brogue.

Strangers attempting a Scots accent for the first time usually sound like a cow with bronchitis. To develop the correct cadences you should listen to a native speaker — ideally, an expatriate, as the

Scots accent becomes more pronounced the further its owner is from home. When I meet groups of compatriots abroad I keep being surprised at how we all sound like Sir Harry Lauder.

Foreigners rarely realise that within Scotland, as in North America, there is more than one accent. Some are best avoided even by the native. Rab C Nesbitt does not enhance the caring image, though if used judiciously it can resolve deadlocks in difficult committee meetings.

Aim at a mid-Scottish burr. An Aberdeen accent is too introspective, Glasgow too amused, Edinburgh too refined, and a Hebridean lilt too unworldly. Try, however, to avoid the bland homogenate used for voice-overs in Scottish television commercials. Your accent should be individual but should sound as if you are doing your best to disguise it.

Personal tuition from an expatriate doctor would probably embarrass you both. So start by studying videotapes of Sean Connery ("My name's Bond, Doctor Bond.") and then try to synthesise an amalgam of your personal favourites — a mixture of, say, Malcolm Rifkind and Billy Connolly. You'll be surprised by the effect on your career.

James Owen Drife, professor of obstetrics and gynaecology, Leeds

Thanks to Euan Cameron Newsletter

Two Country Weddings

We recently came across two newspaper clippings, both featuring the weddings of MacGillivray girls, but which took place at least 60 years apart.

My cousin, Margaret Thomas, unearthed the following which we would presume appeared in a Taree or Kempsey paper in the mid to late 1920s, although the wedding took place in Sydney:

“Matron Heather MacGillivray, the well-liked matron of the Welling District Hospital, was recently married to Dr. Manning-Hair, whose family were well known residents at the Manning River. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. Ferguson at St. Stephens Church, Phillip Street, on the 25th September. Miss Betty MacGillivray was in attendance as bridesmaid, and Dr. Chapman acted as best man. A reception was held at “The Rendezvous” after the ceremony. The future home of the bride and bridegroom is at Kempsey.”

Unfortunately the photo that accompanied this item was not able to be reproduced.

Heather and Betty were the only children of our grandfather’s younger brother, Richard, and his wife Agnes Sullings of Hillgrove, N.S.W. Betty later married a Richard Cobden of motor racing fame, but we have lost contact with the descendants of both families.

The second item was from the Women’s Weekly of Sept. 1991, and told of the ‘bush wedding’ of Richard Collett and Sarah McGilvray, daughter of Caroline and Ross, and grand-daughter of Alan, who was at the ceremony. This took place at historic St. David’s Church at Tulloona, situated in the middle of a paddock on a stock route near Moree. It

is the church that Prince Charles attended when he was the house guest of his former polo tutor, Sinclair Hill (he is Sarah’s uncle). The reception was held in the garden of ‘Calrossie’, Moree, the property of Sarah’s parents.

Peter McGilvray



*Above -
Sarah McGilvray and
Richard Collett
after their wedding*

CLAN CHATTAN NEWS

Since Clan MacGillivray was one of the 12 clans which came together for mutual security in the great confederation known as Clan Chattan, it is appropriate that we take an interest in the affairs of the Clan Chattan Association (CCA) and in the local activities of the other Societies that represent our sister clans.

The new President of the CCA is John Lachlan Mackintosh, who has succeeded his father as the 31st Chief of the Clan Mackintosh. John, who is 27, is currently living in Singapore, where he is a teacher. In his absence, the 1996 AGM of CCA, held in Inverness, was presided over by Vice-President Sir William

MacPherson of Cluny. Our Australian Commissioner, Peter, is a member of the council of CCA and will be attending the next AGM on July 31 this year.

In addition to Peter, no less than thirteen of our Australian MacGillivray Society are also members of the CCA. One of these, Charlotte (Charlie) Sweeney of Mernda in Victoria, with the blessing of the Chief of Clan Farquharson and his Australian Lieutenant, Beryl Hardy-Nisbett, has recently inaugurated the Clan Farquharson Association of Australia, in which venture we wish her well. The other very active local Chattan organisations are Davidson, Mackintosh and Shaw, but surprisingly the MacPhersons seem to be in ‘hibernation’ at this point.



Literary notice — reprint of notable Clan Chattan history

The original publication “THE CLAN MACKINTOSH AND THE CLAN CHATTAN”, by Mrs. Margaret Mackintosh of Mackintosh, and the revised edition that was prepared by her late son, the late Lachlan Mackintosh of Mackintosh, have both been out of print for some considerable time, but the latter version is due to be republished in 1997, hopefully by the time of our international gathering in Inverness at the end of July. This book contains very little on MacGillivrays, but gives a very good account of Clans Chattan and Mackintosh, whom our clan followed for so many centuries, and at about eight pounds this seems quite reasonable.

SORaidh

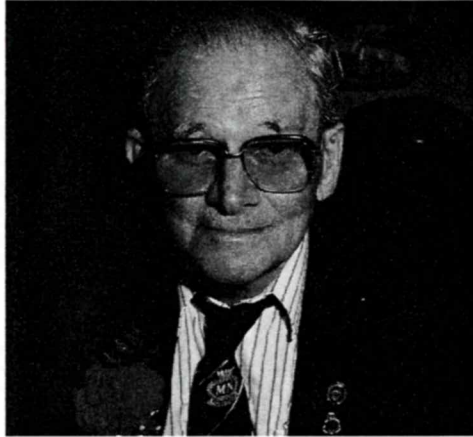
Soraidh - Alexander Graham McGilvary

Generally known as "Mac", our Society's official Queensland representative, Graham McGilvary died in early 1996.

He was born on 7th February 1924 in Milton, New Zealand, and spent his early years there, but then his family moved to Trois Rivieres, between Montreal and Quebec in Canada. Serving in the Canadian Merchant Navy during World War II he was awarded the Atlantic Star, Burma Star, Africa Star, Pacific Star and the 1939-45 Volontaire Canada, all of which he proudly wore in Brisbane ANZAC Day marches.

After the war he served on Canadian cargo vessels for a few years but then settled in the warmer climate of Brisbane where he met Sylvia in 1950. They married on 29th August, 1953, and moved into their home at Tarragindi, Graham trying his hand at several jobs before finding his real vocation as a horticulturist at the Brisbane City Botanic Gardens, where he worked for 25 years until retirement in 1989. His special love in the garden was in the breeding of Camellias, and living proof of this is to be seen in their Tarragindi back yard.

Graham became an Australian citizen on 8th November, 1989, saying in



*Alexander Graham McGilvary,
ANZAC Day, 1994*

his whimsical style that it was about time he did so.

We had the pleasure of his company when he came to Melbourne in 1990 and attended the annual gathering at Greensborough, he represented us at the official dedication of The Australian Standing Stones at Glen Innes, and was always flying the Clan MacGillivray flag at combined Scottish Clans functions in Brisbane. He was predeceased by his brother, Harold Ivan OAM. (see vol.2. No.6., 1990) and is survived by his widow Sylvia, to whom we are grateful for much of the above detail.

Soraidh - Angus McGillveray Scottish Nationalist

We learned recently of the death in Scotland at the age of 66 of Angus McGillveray, second cousin and close friend of our regular Journal contributor, Robert, and a leading figure in the Scottish National Party, which he had joined in 1952 at the age of 21.

Angus was a gifted artist, especially interested in piping, and an enthusiast in highland dancing. In his younger days he organised and ran at Bathgate what was then the biggest Highland dancing event in the Scottish calendar, bigger even than that at Cowal. He ran a weekly sweep ticket called the Saltire Pools in order to raise funds for pipe bands and other voluntary organisations. With this as an example, he then initiated and financed a weekly sweep for the party, calling it the Alba Pools (Alba is the Gaelic name for Scotland), raising nearly 5 million Pounds in present day equivalent money in its first ten years.

Giving away his painter and decorator business to one of his employees in 1964, Angus commenced full-time work for the party, managing its publications department and raising funds. In a few years the turnover of his department had reached into six figures, thirty branches had become over four hundred and he had inspired thousands by his shining example in working unceasingly for Scotland's independence.

On the political front, Angus gave no quarter and expected none. He battled in West Lothian Country elections for years and served a term as County Councillor in the late 70's. Although his forebears had moved to the Lowlands



*Angus McGillivray,
dedicated nationalist.*

*(Picture courtesy of
"The Scotsman", November, 1996).*

several generations back in the 1840's, he was still a Highlander at heart and he was reported to have had a strong likeness to the race of "yellow haired" MacGillivrays. As a colleague stated at the funeral service "Angus McGillveray's lifework is unfinished - it lives on, inspired by his example, and his spirit endures in the hearts and minds of all who knew him.

Robert writes " Angus was my second cousin but we were always closer than that. For a time during the war we grew up together in a little mining village where our family had been settled for some time. We went to school together

and the bonds forged all these years ago never weakened. He was caring, extremely generous of his time and talents and with his pawky sense of humour was wonderful company. Ceilidhs in his home were of the old kind, very entertaining but always enlightening. His life expressed his love for his country in so many tangible ways. He was a great family man whom we miss deeply."

Soraidh -Evelyn Joyce Birch

Long time member Joyce Birch, nee Jackson, passed away in St. Vincents Hospital, Melbourne, on 10/12/1996, aged 68. Joyce was a g.g. grand daughter of those well know pioneer settlers, John and Sarah McGillivray of Yea, and sister of Ern Jackson of Timboon and of Marjorie Brock.

Growing up at Flinders, Joyce first of all worked as a conductress with the Peninsula Bus Lines between Flinders and Frankston and then, after she married Jack Birch, they both were employed by McCombs Taxi and Bus Lines of Frankston, in which town they made their home. In later life, as her health began to fail, Joyce lived in a 'granny flat' alongside her daughter Maree, son in law Paul and grand children Melanie, Joshua and Natasha who helped to look after her.

Joyce always enjoyed her weekly game of Bingo, but she also spent many hours crocheting woollen rugs for local hospitals and nursing homes.

Rev. Duncan MacGillivray., Church of Scotland minister

Born 1931 on Islay, The Rev. Duncan died in Dunoon on 10th January 1997, aged 65, leaving his wife, Elfie, 3 daughters and 4 grand children. Educated at Bearsden Academy and Glasgow University, Duncan was a late entrant to the ministry, having "seen life" first as a military police interpreter with H.M.Forces in Germany and then as a CID. Officer in Buckinghamshire. In his work as a professional policeman he was moved by the plight of fellow men, the victims of circumstances, and increasingly turned his attention to addressing the spiritual needs of individuals.

Drawn into the service of the Church of Scotland, he then trained for the ministry at the Divinity Faculty of Glasgow University. He served as minister to the congregations of St. Andrews, Leckie, Peebles, the Scots Kirk in Rotterdam, and latterly the united charge of Kirkmaiden and Stoneykirk in the Mull of Galloway.

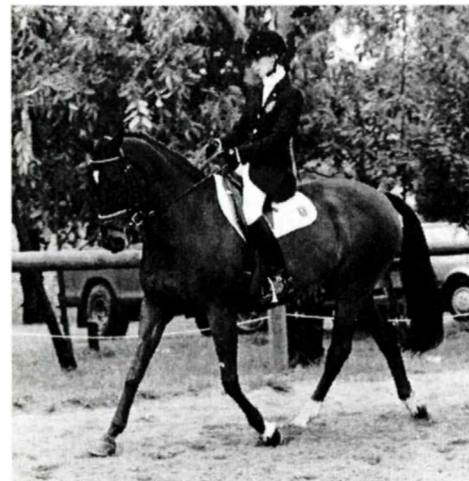
There will be many who remember Duncan fondly, for his soft melodic Gaelic tones, his sensitivity, his counsel; his support; the twinkle in his eye; even his jokes badly told; but above all, for the message he preached.

Soraidh Julie McGrath (nee McGilvray)

There was no keener or prouder member of the Clan MacGillivray Society than Julie McGrath of Wallerawang, NSW, who died on 23rd September, 1996, aged 76. Julie joined in 1976, our first year, and thought nothing of travelling long distances by train to attend our annual gatherings, which she continued to do until bad health prevailed. In fact, she loved to travel, having visited Scotland in the early 1980's as well as many remote parts of Australia.

What is more, she regularly saw to it that many members of her family, children and grandchildren became members too, and we know that they are proud to be MacGillivrays. We grieve with them in their loss.

Julie was the great-great-grand daughter of Alexander and Sarah McGilvray who arrived in Australia as migrants in 1839 on the 'George Fyffe', and whose many descendants are to be found on the north coast of New South Wales.



*Left,
Louise McGillivray riding "Jesimile" in
the International Dressage Derby in
Perth, 1996*



Above,
An up-to-date photograph of the
former "McGillivray Post Office" on
Kangaroo Island, South Australia
(refer to Vol.3 No.3, 1993)
which has been redecorated for the
tourist trade as an outlet for
eucalyptus oil.



Left,
Colin McGillivray with his siter,
Michelle Ormisten, and her children -
Alastair, Jacinta & Peter
at Ringwood.



**'Nothing improves
the flavour of water like
Teacher's'**