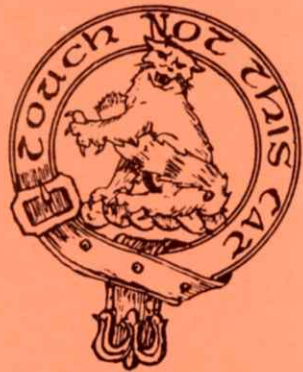


CLAN



MACGILLIVRAY

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# CLAN MACGILLIVRAY

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## EDITORIAL

From the very first appearance of this Journal, your editor, being quite new to this kind of activity, sought to produce a publication which would appeal to all members, providing a balance between the trivial and the serious.

The trivial was easy enough - the serious gave him some cause to worry. In our 1986 edition, he included an article, *Ossian, the Heroic Poet of the Gael*, only to evoke criticism from who declared it to be 'long-winded' or pedantic'. Similar criticism followed the publication in the following year of the most learned lecture by Professor Stephen Knight entitled *King Arthur and the Celtic World*.

This caused him to give serious thought to the matter of future content, and to eventually decide to discard two works which he had prepared, after laborious study, for future editions. These were entitled, *Who were the Celts?* and *Who were the Picts?* - either of which might have been acceptable as a University thesis, but probably not suitable for Clan MacGillivray. Yet, he felt that both were worthy of publication if they could be presented in a less academic form.

He was therefore delighted to read an article in *The Highlander*, the journal of the Clan Maclean Association of Australia, written by its editor, Mr Ross Roper, who writes under the Gaelic rendition of his name: Ros Mor Mhicfhraing. This article, although not always in complete agreement with his own discarded article, seemed to get to the gist of the matter admirably. So, your editor decided to borrow the article *Celtic and Proud of It* for this Journal.

There are other dilemmas which have faced your editor from time to time. On a number of occasions he has been asked by some members why Robert Burns never gets a mention in our Journal. The answer to this seemed obvious enough.

While all Scots, Highlander and Lowlander alike, revere the name of Burns as the national bard of Scotland, it has to be pointed out that he was a Lowland Scot, and our MacGillivray forebears were Highlanders of an entirely different cultural background and speaking a different language. The language of Burns (actually a dialect of English) would have been quite unintelligible to a Highlander.

Some years ago, a poem appeared entitled *Justice to Scotland*, purporting to be an 'unpublished poem by Robert Burns'. While it is certainly not the work of Burns, its author (unknown) derived every word of it from his poems and songs.

O mickle yeuks the keckle doup,  
An a' unsicker girns the graith,  
For wae and wae! the crowdie loup  
Or jouk an' hallan, braw an' baith  
Where ance the coggie hirpled fair  
An' blithsome poortith toomed the loof,  
There's nae a burnie giglet rare  
But blaws in ilka jingling coof.

The routhie bield that gars the gear  
Is gone where glint the pawky een,  
And aye the stound is birkin lear  
Where sconnered yowies wheeped yestreen.  
The creechie rax wi' skelpin kaes  
Nae mair the howdie bicker whangs  
Nor weenies in their wee bit claes  
Glour light as lammies wi' their sangs.

Yet leeze me on my bonnie byke!  
My drappie aiblins blinks the noo,  
An' leesome luve has lapt the dyke  
For gatherin' just a wee bit fou.  
And Scotia! while thy ranting lunt  
Is mirk and moop with gowans fine,  
I'll stowlines pit my unco brunt,  
An' cleek my duds for ault lang syne.

Your editor went through a Burnsian glossary for hours without being able to make any sense of that poem, and wondered whether any Scot today - even a Lowlander - could have translated it into English!

Although Burns wrote many poems and songs with a Highland theme, he was at times critical of the Highlanders. One suspects that his song *My Heart's in the Highlands* might not have been entirely sincere. So, meaning no disrespect to the great man, your editor has tended to neglect Burns. But he has finally relented and decided to include an article by Richard Fowler, Vice-President of the Melbourne Burns Club, entitled *Burns, the*

*Jacobite*, because it throws some new light on the tragic events of the '45 uprising, and a different view to that which we usually accept without question concerning the characters of both leaders at the Battle of Culloden.

Your editor is always interested to have your comments, suggestions, and criticisms concerning the contents of this Journal.

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FROM THE PEN OF OUR  
HONORARY CHIEF

The past year has been one of significant happenings from both a personal and the Clan viewpoint. It seems to me that a more than usual number of our older members have passed away, and our sympathy goes out to all who have lost loved ones. Our hardworking Honorary Secretary tells me that we have also lost a number of members through resignations, but gained an equal number of new ones, whom we welcome to the fold.

For the first time I was able to attend the Wingham Gathering, and this successful function has been written up separately; but less than a month later Leila and I were off to Sydney to meet the Mackintosh of Mackintosh and his wife at their arrival at Mascot Airport, and to accompany them on a hectic round of official engagements throughout Sydney Scottish Week. It is not possible to cover all these events in detail, but I can assure you that it was for us a great honour and most enjoyable to be so closely involved with such a charming couple for the ten days of their stay in this country. A real highlight of that week was the combined Clan Mackintosh/Clan Chattan Dinner, attended by over 150, among whom were a number of our members, including Jill McGillivray, Kevin McGillvray, Robin McG. Nicholls and, of course, Leila and myself. This dinner is now planned to become a permanent feature of Scottish Week on the Saturday night preceding the Highland Games (December 3rd in 1988) and members are urged to represent Clan MacGillivray at it.

Moving into March of this year, we had on successive weekends the Highland Games at Geelong and Ringwood, at both of which David and Heather arranged and staffed an attractive Clan tent. Also at Geelong was our South Australian representative, Alex McGillivray Patterson, but unfortunately he was taken ill there, and we hope that he is now fully recovered.

There was a great lineup of Clan tents at Ringwood on a fine hot day - at least 25 - and Clan MacGillivray was one of the brightest, and, although down on numbers we drew praise for the standard of our marching in the March of the Clans. This march was proudly led by Ted Foster bearing our Saltire, and it saw the very first outing of our impressive new banner. It was great to have with us Secretary David's mother, Flo Lehman (formerly McGillivray)

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and at the other end of the scale, Shannon Hughes, who is the two-months-old grand-daughter of John and Heather McGillivray of Ringwood.

On the personal front, we had quite a family reunion last October for the wedding of our daughter, Jane, and in February our first grandchild, Catherine Charlotte McGillivray, was born to Ruth and Alex of Corowa. Last month, Leila and I enjoyed a lovely holiday on historic Norfolk Island, and I was reminded of the fact that an Ian McGillivray was the supervising architect in charge of restoration and preservation of the old convict settlement buildings at Kingston. Is he related to any of our members, I wonder?

MISED LE DURACHD

-Peter McGillivray



Asst. Sec. TED FOSTER led the whole march (as we were the only ones with a St Andrew's flag). PETER proudly displays our new banner, while DAVID has our tartan banner.

## THE SCOTTISH SCENE

Last July, when the latest and ever-welcome copy of this Journal arrived in Edinburgh, some items of news of special interest to those of our name were very much on my mind. Two of them related to subjects on which I had written previously. The first, and most significant, concerned the very heartland and cradle of the Strathnairn MacGillivrays; the ancient Clan territory of Dunmaglass was up for sale!!

### Dunmaglass

In an article entitled *Dunmaglass* in the Journal for 1984, I described my search for the location of the old house which had been the home for our Chiefs and told how this property, at the head of Strathnairn, had been held by our people probably from the 13th century until it had to be sold by the last recognised Chief, John William MacGillivray, in 1890. For over six centuries it was the centre for the MacGillivrays. But with this sale to an Englishman, the estate was lost to the Clan; and nearly 80 years later the last remaining clansman in the Strath moved on.

The Dunmaglass estate was again sold in 1922, to another English family. Then in 1987 came the advertisement in the national press that it was once more on the market. The notice was striking; and it was accompanied by an aerial photograph of the Lodge, the principal house on the estate. "Inverness 17 miles," it said, "A magnificent Highland sporting estate formerly the seat of the Clan MacGillivray. Delightful lodge with 4 reception rooms, 9 main bedrooms and 4 bathrooms; farmhouse and 5 cottages. Grouse moor with 3 separate beats; 25 stag deer forest. Attractive trout loch, woodlands and stock farm. About 13,000 acres." Several columnists picked this item up and were quick to point to the historical associations of the estate with the Clan. Staunch Jacobites, they were described, whose Chieftain, Alexander, was killed while leading the Mackintosh Regiment at Culloden and who is the only chieftain of any clan who has his own grave at Culloden. Well, that was a good one! I wondered where it had come from, for we all know only too well how Alexander's body was retrieved from the field some six weeks after the battle and was taken to the church of Petty where it was buried across the threshold.

Locally, Dunmaglass is thought to be one of the finest remaining examples of the old style Highland sporting estates. When Charles Fraser-Mackintosh wrote about it in 1984 he described it as a fine estate of some 17,000 acres with a great mass of tableland on the summit of the Monadhliath (the 'grey mountains') from where the waters run eastward to the River Findhorn and westward to the River Farigaig. Only four miles distant lies famed Loch Ness. In pre-war days, when the estate was highly regarded as one of the best grouse moors in the area, over

1,000 brace were regularly shot each season. After the war, although grouse numbers declined, the moor was well kept and there are encouraging signs of the grouse increasing again. The stalking on the estate is said to be exciting and about 25 stag are shot each year. For this old estate, the asking price was close to £1 million.

The name, *Dunmaglass*, and the property still have strong emotional ties for our clansmen but the estate now holds surprisingly few reminders of the Clan. The first English owner is said locally to have gone out of his way to remove all traces of the Clan from it. Fraser-Mackintosh refers to the house of Dunmaglass, built towards the end of the 17th century, as having been wantonly destroyed by this owner. The evidence is that now not a single stone of the old house can be seen above ground and there is nothing to indicate where it once stood. Dalscoilt, the birthplace of The Hon. William MacGillivray of the North-West Company of Canada, is but a heap of stones; as are other of the old homesteads. The 'magnificent Lodge' remains but it was built about 1870 by Neil John MacGillivray, 12th Chief, when he returned from Canada, and was only in the family for some 20 years. Even then it was extended and improved by subsequent, non-MacGillivray, owners. In reality, therefore, it has little of interest for present-day clansfolk. It may be a pleasant thought, more a dream, that perhaps some clansman will acquire the estate and re-establish the name of MacGillivray in the district; but that seems likely to remain but a dream and we wait with interest to see from the press just who the new owner might be.

### *Pittendrigh Macgillivray*

The 1982 issue of the Journal carried an article entitled *Forgotten* in which I wrote about another search I had made many years earlier in the north-east of Scotland. On that occasion I had been seeking some sign of recognition of James Pittendrigh Macgillivray, in his day a noted sculptor, artist and man of letters. It was, however, with some dismay that I recorded that even in his hometown, the little burgh of Inverurie not far from Aberdeen, I had found no one who knew of him. The only memorial appeared to be a simple granite plaque on a cottage with the inscription, 'Pittendrigh Macgillivray was born here MDCCCLVI'. His fame and his accomplishments did indeed seem to have been forgotten.

We know from his own writings, especially his poetry, that Pittendrigh was fiercely Scottish and that he had a very special love for the north-east, an area not far removed from the Highlands from whence his people had come. But it was further south, in Glasgow, that he came to the fore working principally on exterior sculpture for that city's monumental new buildings, and becoming one of that now famous group of Scottish artists known as *The Glasgow Boys*. He drew also on European art of the time and by the turn of the century his work had a truly international flavour.

In the 1890s he moved to Edinburgh, designing his own house, a fine stone mansion at Ravelston, but he still considered himself to be 'In Exile', the title of a poem he wrote describing his longing for the Aberdeenshire countryside of his youth. The north-east likewise regarded him highly and he was given an honorary doctorate from Aberdeen University. In 1921 he was appointed King's Sculptor in Ordinary for Scotland, an office which had been in abeyance for some years. He died in 1938, just before the war when minds turned to other things, and as I went on to say, his fame faded and I thought he had been forgotten. But, apparently, not so . . . . .

In July I was greatly encouraged to see a lengthy article in *The Scotsman* newspaper accompanied by an excellent photograph of *Ein Elfchen*, one of Pittendrigh's sculpted busts dating from about 1900. More importantly the article told of a project to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the death of this fine artist, and distinguished clansman, by holding in 1988 an exhibition of his work in the Aberdeen Art Gallery. Pittendrigh himself would have been gratified to learn of this proposal, and that he would be honoured in this way, for he in turn held the Aberdeden Gallery in very high esteem and had encouraged it to buy his work, often at reduced prices, right up until his death.

If I can manage, I intend to visit this exhibition. Perhaps MacGillivray visitors from furth of Scotland will do the same. And perhaps I will think again whether I was right to title my earlier article *Forgotten*.

### *The McGillivray Chandelier*

Finally, again in July, I had occasion to visit for the first time the Royal Commonwealth Society in Northumberland Avenue, London. To my shame I had forgotten about the Clan connection with this club (see page 136 of *The History of the Clan MacGillivray*) until confronted with the brass plaque in the foyer which reads: *The Lobby Chandelier was donated by Mr & Mrs Thomas A McGillivray of Toronto Canada in memory of their son Pilot Officer Craig E. "Sonny" McGillivray and his crew of 431 Iroquois Squadron R.C.A.F. lost in a raid over Germany on 19 November, 1943.*

After all the years since the History appeared, I was pleased to see for myself this inspired memorial and to recall the debt we all owe to so many clansmen who have laid down their lives. I was also impressed by the great Australia Room on the second floor with its fine picture, on permanent loan from the Tate Gallery, by Talmage of the founding of New South Wales, and the reminder of the many links that exist between us in the Commonwealth.

All in all, that July was a busy month for reminders of the past events which mean so much to so many of our race.

- Robert McGillivray, Edinburgh

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## BURNS THE JACOBITE

People today, except perhaps some blessed with such names as Cameron, Murray, Mac-something and a few others, may well wonder why Burns was a Jacobite - in sentiment, anyway: the political cause had been extinguished in Burns's day. The motivation for Burns is not to be found in pride of ancestry although he hints in some letters and verse that his forefathers had participated in the risings. Nor is the answer to be found in his Ayrshire background. His own father had come south from Kincardineshire in 1748 armed with a parish certificate stating that *the bearer had no concern in the last wicked rebellion.*

In the '45 the lowlands had given miniscule support to Prince Charles Edward - in fact the reverse was the situation. Recruiting in Glasgow had failed dismally, in contrast to Manchester where 300-odd were signed up. Dumfries folk later displayed active hostility to the rebels on the northward withdrawal, resenting the requisitioning of supplies. The Royal Scots Regiment of Ayr marched and fought for the Duke of Cumberland. The story of William Boyd, fourth Earl of Kilmarnock, brought little Jacobite glory to Ayrshire. The third earl had been an ardent Hanoverian leading 500 of his men against the Old Pretender in the '15 and his twelve-year-old son (destined to be the fourth Earl in 1717) was one of that 500. Right up to the crucial stages of the '45, the Fourth Earl supported the Georges, but anticipating a solution to his money problems he went over to Prince Charles and fought at Culloden (incidentally against his own son who stood with Cumberland), only to be captured and later beheaded in 1746. In his final written confessions he admitted that 'the true root of all was his careless and dissolute life, by which he had reduced himself to great and perplexing difficulties'.

No, it was neither ancestral tradition nor an Ayrshire milieu that made Burns an ardent Jacobite. What then did? The first public revelation was in the poem he wrote on the window of an inn in Stirling in 1787:

Here Stuarts once in triumph reigned,  
And laws for Scotland's weal ordained;  
But now unroof'd their palace stands,  
Their sceptre's fall'n to other hands;  
Fell'd indeed, and to the earth  
Whence grovelling reptiles take their birth.  
The injured Stuart line are gone,  
A race outlandish fill their throne;  
An idiot race, to honour lost;  
Who know them best despise them most.

These defiantly disloyal lines must have been read by scores of the travelling gentry - and remembered that Prince Charles was still alive. The poem received further attention when James Maxwell of Paisley published it in

1788. In January of that year Burns wrote complainingly to Mrs M'Lehose (his *Clarinda*): "I have been questioned like a child about my matters and blamed and schooled for my inscription on Stirling window". And who carried out that pro-Hanoverian questioning and schooling? It was an unidentified Mrs Stewart - of all names!

The '45 story is complex and controversial, with the more admirable aspects of the Stuart cause blatantly over romanticised in Jacobite story and song. Burns added his contribution to the latter, sending some two dozen or so revampings of the songs to his publishers, and writing some earnestly pro-Jacobite poems. Perhaps the romanticising would have been less intense had Prince Charles, half Scot and half Pole, been older and not endowed with those stunning good looks and winning ways with hesitant clan chiefs like Lochiel. Charles's peevishness and his habitual resort to the brandy bottle are passed over. The hundreds of desertions from his army during the northward retreat are also passed over.

Just as Bonnie Prince Charlie is revered, so is the Duke of Cumberland vilified by the mountain men as the bloody butcher of the post-Culloden harrying of the glens. But that famous scion of Burns's 'idiot race' was widely acclaimed south of the Highlands as a military genius and a symbol of justice.

Remember that his motivation would have matched that of the young Stuart Prince - both were fighting for a similar purpose; the throne for their respective fathers. Burns's talented lowlands contemporary, James Boswell, rose to Cumberland's defence in a footnote to his *Life of Johnson*: "My very honourable friend, General Sir George Howard, who served in the Duke of Cumberland's army, has assured me that the cruelties were not imputable to his Royal Highness. We may well suspect that many of those cruelties stemmed from the golden opportunity given to officers and men of royalist clans serving Cumberland to strike a final blow in long-standing clan feuds".

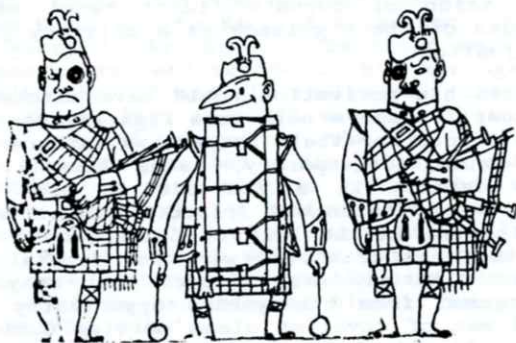
One Jacobite song, very popular today, refers glowingly to the futility of the £30,000 reward offered for turning in the Prince. Loyalty was certainly wide-spread in those long months of hiding and wandering, but that loyalty had its practical side as well. The sum named would equate with multi-millions today, and any clansman who suddenly aquired such wealth soon after the capture of the prince would also soon have a Cameron dirk through his bowels or a MacDonald rope around his neck.

The best explanation of Burns's persistent Jacobitism would appear to lie in his fervid Scottish nationalism and his hatred of the upper-class privilege symbolised by George III and his government. Such motivation was hardly valid in the 1780s and 1790s, as there is no reason to suppose that the Act of Union would have been revoked or any upper-class privilege watered down with the return of

a Stuart monarch. Burns did not abandon Jacobite hopes even when Prince Charles had become an obese drink-sodden wreck of a man, close to death. In 1787 Burns switched his hopes towards Charlotte, the daughter of Clemintina Walkinshaw and Prince Charles, as a Stuart replacement for 'the witless youth that fills the place where she should be'. But that *Bonnie Lass of Albanie* of his poem was probably not interested, and the three bastard children she had borne to the 'celibate' Archbishop of Bordeaux might have embarrassed the primmer members of the royal court. It would not have embarrassed Robert Burns.

In his later years at Dumfries, the French Revolution came to overshadow Jacobitism for Burns. The symbolic appeal of both causes fitted well his intense Scottish nationalism, but the Revolution threw up something a lot more tangible and direct to fortify his hopes for a better deal for the common man.

- Richard Fowler  
Vice-President, Melbourne Burns Club



### **Don't Nag Us About Haggis !!**

The English have long thought it but now international epicures agree - the national dish of Scotland, is a gastronomic disaster.

Haggis consists of minced sheep's heart, liver and lungs cooked with oatmeal and seasoning in the animal's stomach skin. But the International Epicurean Circle has now declared the haggis to be the most horrible gastronomic and culinary disaster of the century.

- from the Sydney Sun, 24th March, 1987

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### **C E L T I C !! And proud of it !**

I begin with a little Gaelic greeting .. *Slainte Mhic Albannachd!* It means: 'Be blessed, children of the Celtic Race'. A good starting point is the birth and a brief history of the Celtic race.

Known to the ancient Greeks as *Keltoi*, and to the ancient Romans as *Celtae* and *Gauls*, the Celts dominated Europe from about 1000 BC to about 200 BC, although there is evidence of the race as far back as 2000 BC and before.

Our area of dominance, commencing in the Iberian Peninsular (today's Spain), stretched unbroken through central and northern Europe into Georgia and east into Anatolia, now Russia and Turkey, Bulgaria, France, Germany, Switzerland and into northern Italy. Roman and Greek scholars, contemporary to our later era, who averaged 5'4" in height, described us as *the tallest men in the world*, pale of skin, red of hair, blue-eyed, and of strong physique. We always displayed self-reliance, dearly loved a fight, and were renowned warriors. We were supportive of our own tribe, but did not care much for the politics of higher government.

The Celtic European dominance ended about the third century A.D. Our culture was, although of much earlier development, in many ways parallel to the Roman and Greek, but we had no calligraphy, or written language, before about 300 A.D., indeed, one of the first Gaelic-English dictionaries was commenced in 1881. The Celts were, however, in trading and fighting contact with the Greeks and Romans to whom we are indebted for much descriptive writing of those times. The Celtic story has also been brought down by our traditional bards and sennachies, in a manner similar to the 'songmen' of the Australian aboriginal tribes in earlier years.

We spoke an Indo-European-based tongue, the basis of Erse and Gaelic, as we know it, still spoken frequently in pockets of Scotland, Wales, southern Basque regions in France, Ireland and the islands of The Hebrides and Orkneys.

The Celts were highly artistic. One design which appears to predominate is that of a concentric 'sun-worship' circle, being traditionally a Celtic design. In trading, the Celts provided Rome with huge quantities of cured pork and ham, and purchased or bartered large quantities of wine. We used our own gold and copper currency, which influenced the later Roman coinage.

The Celts were well recognised as the foremost makers of bronze tools and weapons, and later introduced iron. We controlled the Ruhr region where pockets of almost pure iron were to be found in stream beds. Because of our warlike nature, a favourite activity was the raiding of other tribes. We were known as good horsemen, but not as

well disciplined or organised as were the Greeks or Romans, a factor which contributed to the later overthrow by the Romans led by Julius Caesar. Celts are shown as the inventors of the first mechanical reaper, later adapted by the Romans.

Greeks and Romans wore kilts, and the Celts wore colourful checked trousers, although we went into battle unclothed, as part of our religious doctrine. Facial and body painting used in battle, previously thought to be decorative, is now believed to have indicated the status of the user, in similar manner to the bearing of 'coats of arms' in battle by ancient knights, as a form of identification. Later in Scotland the Celts adopted a kilt-like mode of dress and developed our tribal culture around it - the Clan system as we know it.

Around 3000-2000 B.C., natural expansion of the European Celtic Nation entirely populated the British Isles before the later Roman occupation of Southern Britain. This first-wave migration accounts for the Pictish Celts, named Picts by the later Romans for our artistic pictures on artwork and stone. (Latin: *Pictura*, picture.)

Being sun-worshippers with a well-established priestly caste (The Druids), the Pictish worship circles of stone were, as in most religions, built to last, and are still evident in England and Scotland. The English word *church* and the Scottish word *kirk* both evolve from the old Pictish word for *circle*, the place of worship; (*cearcull*).

About four-fifths of today's Scots are of Pictish blood from the first-wave Celtic inhabitation of the British Isles around 2000 B.C., or earlier. Later, about 200 A.D., a second wave occurred as Celts were driven out of Europe through the expansion of the Roman Empire, with their better-organised armies. Even so, the Romans could not penetrate Wales and Scotland, where the terrain favoured the Celtic battle-style of mountain warfare.

About 1000 B.C., Celtic Ireland was known as Dalriada, Scotland was the Pictish territory of Alba, England was the Celtic Albion. Even today the senior authority on Scottish heritage is the *Albany Herald* of Lyon College of Arms, Edinburgh.

Around this time, second-wave Celts from Dalriada's nobility migrated to settle an area now known as Argyll, in Western Scotland, which we named New Dalriada. This nobility brought with us a legend of our descent from an ancient Egyptian princess named Scotia, who eloped with a Celtic princeling and travelled through Europe, their descendants finally settling in Dalriada. According to our legends, our Scotia noble progenitors brought with them a religious relic known as *The Stone of Destiny* to New Dalriada, and called themselves *Scotas* after their progenitor queen. Being Celtic with similar language, customs and religion, these *Scots* were well received by the Pictish inhabitants who could easily have overthrown

us because of tremendous numerical superiority. We however, consolidated our position through marriage into Pictish nobility and acquired lands, wealth and stature and subsequent acceptance by the Pictish royalty.

Through the ages, Alba and Dalriada became fused into the name *Scotland*, and although today's inhabitants are known universally as *Scots* or *Scottish*, the true blood heritage of about four in every five is Pictish.

Since about 300 A.D. other blood has been introduced into Scotland, but not in sufficient quantity to overcome the basic Pictish/Celtic nature of the Scottish people. Norse and Viking, Norman, Saxon, Angle and Gaulic are some of the later introduced lines, and many of their names have now become accepted into the Scottish nationality; Bruce, Fraser, Lindsay and Stuart/Stewart are a few examples of Norman names in this grouping. As for myself, I am Australian, third generation, as are many Australians of Scottish descent. I am just as proud of Celtic blood, from my mother's family, a sept of Clan Maclean called *Mhicfhraing*, *Kin of Raing* (or *Rankin* anglicised).

Like thousands of Caledonians I became a member of a Clan Association so that I might retain knowledge of my heritage, and not lose the sense of belonging to my family or Clan, and I firmly believe in my right to pursue my heritage and to continue my family's traditions in this new country, as the location geographically is comparatively unimportant, balanced against the Clan history of my bloodline, going back to time immemorial.

I mentioned previously the Celtic religion, our sun-worship, Druids or priests, and the kirk (*Cearcull*). It is a well-authenticated fact that the Celtic Kirk was well-established throughout Great Britain and Ireland before the birth of Christ brought Romanised Christianity with the monk, Columba (also known as *Callum*, *Colom*, *Colin*) in about 300 A.D. A confusion occurs here, after the advent of the Church of Rome into Celtic regions in Dalriada, and later into Alba and Albion.

In these regions the Romish religion of that day became a peculiarly Celtic-influenced institution, as it was adapted to the people, and inculcated a great acceptance of the rites of the pure Celtic Kirk. The result of this was that it even became known in Roman clerical circles as the Celtic Church because of these differences. In view of the previous true Celtic Kirk of sun, nature and fertility worship, the Romish *Celtic Church* was misnamed, largely through the ignorance of the priestly caste in Rome at the time. The true Celtic religion continued as a mixed version of combined Christian and Celtic until the emergence of the Calvinist Church gave Scotland its own format, a combination of Celtic, Romish and the eventually emergent non-Romish combination of all, labelled the Protestant religion.



This was, in fact *not* a protesting religion against an established order, but, as the Chief of the Macleans stated, a re-emergence of the *basic* worship of our Celtic race, which incorporated certain elements of the Christ worshippers of Jerusalem, imposed at a later stage, and the acceptance of their beliefs within the ancient Celtic culture, to the enrichment of both.

- Ros Mor Mhicfhaing

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### **A Monumental Work in Production**

It's not by the tilt of his kilt or his ability to sing *The Flower of Scotland* that you tell a true Scotsman. It's by his liking for taking on impossible tasks. That's the verdict of those who have met JOHN BARTH, and seen the book he is writing.

John, who works in Telecom HQ's Information and Publicity Office, is a Scot whose hobby involves finding and documenting every one of the million or so Scots who migrated to Australia between 1788 and yesterday. At least he thinks it's about a million, but your guess is as good as his.

The published works on the theme of migration estimate that almost a quarter of a million Scots (including some 9000 convicts) came to Australia up to 1900. One day John hopes to have a more definite answer.

How does he find these Scots? From shipping lists, published family histories (both in Australia and Scotland), genealogical reference newspapers - and by asking people. His book now stretches to some 50 typescript volumes, in which the arrival dates and life histories of more than 50,000 Scots are arranged in alphabetical order.

From Abbie to Yuille (no 'Z' as yet), the work encompasses not only information on the Scottish migrants and their immediate families, but whenever possible, details of the family down to the present day. Some idea of the scope can be had by realising that it takes more than one volume to cover each of such 'popular' surnames as Cameron, McDonald or Campbell.

Most of these Scots came directly to Australia, but a large number came after living in such places as the West Indies, America, South Africa, India,, New Zealand, Burma, Hong Kong, Canada, England and Ireland.

And who was the first? Well, Captain Cook (who, although born in England was of Scots descent) had a crewman on the *Endeavour* who died while the ship was at Botany Bay, and was buried on Australian soil in 1770. The sailor, Forby Sutherland, was a native of the Orkney

Isles. The first person reputedly to have set foot at Botany Bay on the arrival of the First Fleet, Lt George Johnston, was also a Scot, from Ayrshire, and Margaret McKinnon, the wife of the first person to receive a land grant in N.S.W., came from the Isle of Skye on the same First Fleet as a convict.

For most of the well-known Scottish families, research has been relatively easy, but John has taken the effort to approach individual families in order, not only to bring family trees up to date, but also to try and correct some of the errors that appear in many of the standard reference works.

He has also spent the past six months transcribing the list of some 5000 Highlanders who came out to Australia in the 1850s on ships such as the *Ontario*, *New Zealander*, *Ticonderoga*, *Araminta*, *Arabian* and *Hornet*, after the Highland Clearances when people were forcibly replaced by sheep on Scottish estates.

Once John could remember each person in his work and where, in all the volumes, to find them, but the work has grown so large that those days are almost over. So that he can still locate them he has had to type up index cards, not only for each person mentioned, but also for properties (from large stations larger than Scotland, down to house names), as well as for the ships the migrants arrived in. If the manuscript doesn't take over his house, the index cards certainly will!

The finished format of his book will be a listing (by country of origin) of Scottish migrants to Australia, details of when they came, where they settled, and potted biographies of each of them. At the moment, migrants from Inverness-shire are leading by a short head over those from Argyllshire, followed closely by Ayrshire and Lanarkshire, but it's early days yet.

John began this work in 1980, to complement a book then being produced on the Irish in Australia, but when he finishes it is anyone's guess. Yet he is nothing if not optimistic, and says his next project is the Italians in Australia.

One family John has not had time to put into his book is his own. But, if you are a Scot, or descended from one, and would like to be included, we know of someone who would very much like to hear from you. He could certainly do with your help.

John can be contacted at 15 Duke Street, Ashburton, Victoria, 3147.

- Reprinted from 'The Australasian Post' with kind permission from Mr John Barth.

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## A Musician if ever You saw one!

I remember a quip I saw in the long-defunct *Smith's Weekly* many years ago, the gist of which was that the best way to avoid being invited to a party was to let it be known that you played the musical saw!

There was some truth in that too! So many of the saw players at the time sounded truly dreadful! However, this is certainly not the case with our member, DON MCGILLIVRAY of Bright, Victoria - a virtuoso who has raised the humble carpenter's tool to the status of a true musical instrument. After all, he has been at it for the past 65 years.



Don has become a well-known musician in the Border District. He played his saw in the first trial television run in Albury in the mid-50s, and in more recent years has performed on Channel 9 and the Australian Broadcasting Corporation. He has also entertained us at various gatherings.

The remarkable thing is that Don's saw, though kept in immaculate condition, was not specially made for music. It is just a good quality carpenter's tool, which has teeth and would saw wood as any other wood saw would saw wood, according to Edward Woodward. (Sorry about that, Don!) [The Printer can't help thinking what *Smith's Weekly* would have made of a musical evening of

bagpipes and musical saw. It would have recalled their most famous cartoon - *For Gawd's sake stop laughing - this is serious!* [Sorry about that, Don (part 2)!]

## The 12th Annual Clan Gathering - Wingham, N.S.W. 17.10.87

The keen local organising committee may well have been disappointed in the reduced numbers at the 1987 Gathering (the writer can't believe it was only 100), but they are to be congratulated on the introduction of some very successful innovations, and everyone present would surely agree that the happy atmosphere which prevailed made it a very enjoyable function. Several stalwart members were unable to attend at the last moment but, on the other hand, there were a number of new faces, and it was the first time that our Chief of Society, Peter, had been able to come from Melbourne for a Wingham gathering. He was ably supported by a family group of eight which included the only son, Sandy, and the two daughters, Kath Carruthers and Margaret Thomas, of his late uncle, Richard Califer MacGillivray, together with their respective spouses and Sandy's two daughters, Donna and Helen.

Other first-timers included Brian Coote and his family from Barraba, Merv Williamson from Inverell, and Heather Laird from Mackay in Queensland. From interstate came regulars such as Jill McGillivray from Milawa, and Secretary Davis with his family from Seaford, and from Perth, Scotland, came I. Macdonald who was with us once before in 1983.

One cannot mention everyone, but it would be remiss of me not to record the fact that our Society was again honoured by the attendance of Honorary Life Member, Dr Iain Sutherland and Mrs Sutherland.

In his opening address, Chief Peter referred to activities of various kindred bodies in Australia and overseas, some flourishing, others not so, and called for efforts by all to ensure the ongoing good health of Clan MacGillivray Society in Australia, and the achievements of the objects which are embodied in our Constitution. This requires a forward-looking programme without ignoring the established traditions of the past, and particularly needed are activities to attract and hold the interest of younger folk.

Indeed it seemed that the local organisers had anticipated Peter's remarks, because they unveiled a late afternoon and evening program which included many innovative features. There were races and other sporting activities for the children, a 'moonlight' caber-tossing event in which many of the city-slickers were found wanting, but Secretary David revealed hidden talents; and finally, the well-conducted Bush Dancing class in which all ages took a lively part.

Another highlight of the day was the unanimous decision of the A.G.M. to appoint Colin McGillivray to the vacant position of Honorary Piper and his sister, Michelle, as Honorary Drummer to Clan MacGillivray Society of Australia.



*Kilted members of Council  
at the Wingham Gathering, 1987*



## *I Remember Grandfather*

On my wall hangs a photograph of my grandfather, Charles McGilvray. The young piper in Highland dress who looks back at me would be about 24 years old. As he was born in Singleton, NSW, in 1864, the photo must be about 100 years old.

This is not quite the face I remember. He was 54 years old in the year of my birth, and by the time I was able to recognise him he would have been in his sixties.

From family stories, it appears that in his younger days he was somewhat of a tyrant to his children, and a strict and sometimes harsh disciplinarian. His seven children dared not speak to him unless spoken to. So protective of his daughters was he that no man dared come a-courting, and each eventually married in secret. It was years before he forgave them and had his sons-in-law visit him.

But, this is not the character of the man I knew. He had mellowed with the years and was a very pleasant and delightful gentleman. He loved his grandchildren, and I will never forget the bearlike hugs he would give me when, as a child, I came to visit him.

Grandfather was the son of a Highlander from the Isle of Skye, who spoke no English and had received no education. Grandfather had had a basic education and could understand the Gaelic. Though he had no claim to being a scholar, he wrote with a firm legible hand and free from grammatical or spelling errors. He worked on his father's farm in the Clarence River district of N.S.W., until he earned himself a reputation as a fine athlete - in fact he became a professional athlete - not a very remunerative occupation in those days, but perhaps less arduous than farming. But the time came when he was, while still a young man, too old to compete in athletics, and had to look for another occupation.

In the meantime, he had married and moved to the Newcastle suburb of Wickham, where he spent the rest of his life. He found work as a docker and painter at the Walsh Island dockyard, and to supplement his income Grandmother opened a pie shop. (Her meat pies became famous throughout Newcastle!)

Grandfather was a strange amalgum of boundless energy and sheer laziness. His roof leaked for years and each time it rained he would vow to fix it, but when the rain stopped always found something else to do, more pressing. But anything he did decide to do he did to perfection. I recall the time he decided he needed a new pair of boots. He carefully took an old pair apart, studied each piece and the way it was stitched; then, using the pieces as patterns, produced, after weeks of patient toil, a new pair of boots in every way as good as any he could have bought.

I don't know when he took to piping in a serious way, but it was at a time when he decided he could not afford a set of pipes. So he decided to make his own! He used broom handles and curtain rods, each bored out with infinite patience over a long period of time. The 'silver mountings' were fashioned from flattened-out treacle tins, and the ivory mounting at the end of each drone were made from billiard balls, all hand cut.

When completed, he astounded everybody by competing with his pipes in a pibrochd competition, and received as first prize - a new set of pipes, which served him to the end of his days.

The tiny weatherboard cottage in which the family lived became the focal point of all the piping fraternity in Newcastle. I do not recall a person visiting him who was addressed as 'Mr'. Everyone was 'Piper (or Drummer)' so-and-so. I recall as many as six pipers marching up and down his tiny living-room, which only allowed about three paces each way, and marvelling at how they made their turns without entangling each other. The volume of sound was horrendous, but the neighbourhood had a large Scottish content, and complaints were few.

Patience was surely his greatest virtue. Hours each evening spent practising the chanter, going over each passage until he had it to perfection, resulted in him becoming a champion piper, but so far as I am aware, he never attached himself to a pipe band, but made himself available to any band needing an extra piper. The demands for his services were numerous.

When I left school, I went to sea in the mercantile marine, and eventually found myself in Scotland. Grandfather had sent me a list of various reeds he wanted me to buy for him at Lawrie's in Glasgow. I found that he was well known to this firm as an old client.

It was a considerable time after this that I returned to Australia in the Clyde-built BHP ore-carrier *Iron Chieftain*. Calling at Fremantle to load scrap iron, I found awaiting me a telegram containing the news that Grandfather has passed away at the age of 73 years - so he never received the package of reeds, and my arrival at his Wickham home was a somewhat melancholy occasion.

All Grandfather's children were accomplished pipers or drummers or highland dancers - they could not have been otherwise, so strict was his control over them. His eldest daughter (my mother) became Australia's highest authority on Highland dancing, which she taught for many years, and even in her late years was sought as a judge at Highland Gatherings as far away as Perth, W.A. I am informed that she was also Australia's first lady piper - a claim I have not been able to verify. I would like to hear from anyone who knows of a lady who might claim this distinction.

The photo on my wall, being in monochrome, gives no indication of the tartan worn, but it does not appear to be MacGillivray. The beautiful dirk and the pipes passed to his eldest son, Charles (father of my cousin and fellow committeeman, Ronald).

When Charles died, Ron was serving with the RAAF. On his return home, he asked the solicitor handling his father's estate: "Where are the pipes, the dirk and the broadsword?" - to which the sassenach lawyer replied: "Oh, all that rubbish was thrown out!"

Whether it was remains open to doubt. Somebody, somewhere must surely have these priceless family treasures in his possession - but I suppose we'll never find out.

I. MacG.E.

(You all had grandparents and you must remember them. How about sending along a contribution for the next Journal? - Ed.)



### Our Roots and Branches

In the 1981 Journal, Vol.1, No.5, on page 18, appeared some extracts from the early shipping records for the port of Melbourne, and among these was the McGillivray family from Skye, headed by the widow, Mary - née Matheson - who had sailed from Liverpool on 21.6.1853 on the ship *Australia* and arrived in Melbourne on 20.9.1853. The father, Charles, had died during the voyage or possibly in England prior to departure.

Now, this is undoubtedly the family which ultimately prospered and spread throughout Victoria and other parts of Australia, leading to the establishment of various family groups which tend to be referred to by we outsiders as the Pyramid Hill/Gunbower MacGillivrays, although in fact it was the descendants of only one of the surviving boys, Angus, who are known to have settled in that particular area. Angus had selected a property known as *Granite Springs* adjoining *Mount Hope* Station in 1876, as Malcolm McGillivray described in Vol.2, No.2, 1986.

Earlier in 1982 (Vol.1, No.4), Pamela McGillivray of Gunbower had written an interesting article about the same family, giving the married names of the two girls of the original migrants, Mary and Margaret, both of whom appear to have remained in or near to Williamstown. Pamela went on to specifically ask our readers for any clues as to the ultimate fate of the other three boys, John, John and Malcolm, who also came out with their mother, and there is no indication (at least in the pages of this Journal) that she ever received any information. Therefore, it is of interest to record that Eric, Bill and Wallace McGillivray, who are the subject of a separate story in this issue, are in fact, grandsons of the younger of the two Johns, who was born at Breakish, Isle of Skye on 18th

July, 1837 (ref: *The MacGillivrays of Skye* FG 117, page A48). Wallace understands that the elder John was not expected to live long, and hence the next born boy was given the same name; but he must have improved in health in Australia because Wal remembers hearing that the two Johns were distinguished in later life by being referred to as *Red Jack* and *Black Jack*!

I mean no disrespect to the family nor criticism of the authors of *The MacGillivrays of Skye* when I point out some interesting differences which have developed over the years in family folk lore, and errors that appear in official documents such as death certificates. Most folk will have found similar examples when delving into family history, but for interest sake I mention a few which have come to my notice while recording this particular article:

(a) The family believes that the original Charles was schoolmaster at Breakish, Parish of Strath, Skye, but the Destitution List of 1847 shows him as a cottar, owning no sheep, cattle or cultivatable land, and as receiving an unspecified allowance of meal. By this time Charles was 50 years of age, so possibly he had lost his teaching position as a result of the harsh conditions of those days.

(b) Scottish records indicate that the family "migrated to Sydney in 1852" yet we know from local shipping records that they were on the *Australia* which left Liverpool on 1.6.1853, arriving in Melbourne on 20.9.1853.

(c) Scottish birth records show Charles and Mary as having eight children (two boys, Neil and Archibald, obviously died in infancy) yet on Mary's death certificate nine children are mentioned. In this case one can only assume that the ninth one, Lachlan, was born on ship or just after arrival in Australia, and that he also did not survive.

(d) Shipping records show that Mary went on arrival to the Geelong district where she was engaged by the Chirnside family of Werribee Park fame, and the Gunbower family understands that she was there for at least 12 months at £45 per annum plus rations. In this case it is interesting to note that the descendants of John have always believed that the whole family worked for the Manifolds for \$90 per year!

(e) The final example of an anomaly relates to a quite different family: that of Martin MacGillivray and his wife, Mary Mackinnon, who are mentioned in the obituary notice for their great-grandson, Allan. Martin (Ref: *The MacGillivrays of Skye*, FG 105) is understood by his descendants to be the same Martin who was born to Malcolm MacGillivray and Flora Nicholson on 3.12.1815. Yet, Martin, who came to Australia, was married in 1826. Furthermore, Scottish records show that Martin, the son of Malcolm and Flora, never married, and his death is recorded at Heast on 20th October, 1885, so he could

hardly be the same man who died at Cohuna in Victoria in 1881.

- Peter McGillivray

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### Take a bow, David!

For the benefit of those members who didn't know, our Honorary Secretary, David McGillivray, who, with his wife, Heather, organises our Victoria gatherings with such flair, has worked for the Victoria Railways since 1959, when he started as a station assistant at Mildura before transferring to Melbourne in 1964. Since then he has worked as train conductor with most of those years spent on the *Overland*, the express which joins Melbourne to Adelaide.

Now, if you think that a railway conductor does nothing more than punch tickets, then you are quite wrong! The job places David in the front ranks of the railway's public relations team. He requires the expertise to handle all sorts of problems which from time to time occur even in the best-run railway system. He must also be fully qualified in first aid.

Recently, on a trip from Melbourne to Adelaide, a buzzer summoned David to a cabin where a Mr Frank McDonald was lying on the floor having great difficulty in breathing, which his sister, Mrs Thelma Wiley, thought was an attack of asthma. However, David diagnosed the problem as a heart attack and, after getting the guard to send an emergency signal off to Ararat station to alert the station staff, immediately applied the appropriate first-aid treatment, and succeeded in calming down a very distressed Mrs Wiley.

The good news is that Frank recovered, but was advised to curtail any plans for long-distance travel. "I really have a lot to thank the conductor and staff for," said Mrs Wiley. "My special thank to all concerned."

For his prompt and efficient action, David McGillivray was selected as *Employee of the Month* - an award which won him a dinner for two with overnight accommodation at Melbourne's posh *Rialto Hotel*.

Come to think of it - David is a handy fellow to have around at our Gatherings - just in case one of our members suddenly takes ill; a comforting thought for those of us who are getting on in years!

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## The Seymour "Family Picnic"

It will surely go down in our Society's history, that our most energetic member must have been our Honorary Secretary, David, who sees to it that Clan MacGillivray is represented at just about every Highland function in the State of Victoria. In addition, he has the unique ability to organise smaller gatherings of the quite large family groups in his State who are mostly related to each other.

On 28th February, the descendants of Donald and Caroline McGillivray held their Sixth Biennial Family Picnic on the banks of the picturesque Goulburn River, at Seymour, Victoria. It was a bright sunny day, and 47 family members enjoyed themselves renewing family contacts, reliving days of old, passing on family history to the younger ones, and catching up on family gossip. The children had a great day swimming in the cool waters of the river. Folk travelled from Melbourne, Bright, Milawa, Albury, Heathcote, Red Cliffs and Adelaide to attend.

At the end of the day some drove home via the town of Yea where the family first settled in 1846, to view the WWI Honour Roll in the local Shire Hall, which lists all the six sons of Donald and Caroline who enlisted - all of whom but one returned home. Jim fell on the beach at Gallipoli almost as soon as he had set foot on the beach.

All concerned thoroughly enjoyed the day and look forward to the next *family picnic* in two years time.

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All of the family  
at the picnic at Seymour.

## The Wearing of the Kilt

Browsing through some back-numbers of the *Scots Magazine*, I came across an article in the April, 1982 edition, by Ian Laidlaw, in which he deplores the way the kilt is sometimes worn. He allows that the English, the Americans, (and, presumably, the Australians) might be excused on the grounds of ignorance, but he finds that the Scots themselves are by far the greatest offenders. He says that in almost any local newspaper from the Border to the Shetlands, one is sure to see a wedding photograph with the groom and best man posing self-consciously in Highland dress, either hired or borrowed, and they tend to look rather silly - not the fault of the kilt, but the fault of the wearer.

A kilt, more than any other garment, he points out, has to be made to measure to look good. To hang correctly, the waist must be in the correct place at the right height, and the pleats at the back starting exactly where the wearer's bottom curves inwards. Forget all that nonsense about kneeling on the ground; if the kilt touches the floor in that position, it is too long. The correct length will see it touching the middle of the knee-cap at the front and the middle of the leg when bent at the back. The kilt pin should be about eight inches from the bottom selvedge.

For evening wear there are a number of options, and here, says Ian, Scots seem to slip up badly. For a formal dinner or reception, a black evening jacket with white shirt front and black bow tie, waistcoat, kilt and tartan hose and black brogues are acceptable. For a ball or a wedding, then a velvet jacket looks good and feels comfortable. A hair or sealskin sporrán should be worn with a velvet jacket but never a leather sporrán, which should only be worn with outdoor garb.

One cardinal rule guaranteed to make you look ridiculous if ignored: *never* on any occasion wear a jacket not designed for wearing with the kilt, particularly a sports jacket. It's far too long and hasn't a 'sporrán cut' at the front, and leaves only about 12 inches of kilt showing under it. The sporrán must be hidden from view.

Néver wear a tartan or diced hose (you mustn't call them 'socks'!) except with evening wear. For outdoor and general wear, white or mealy-coloured hose are correct, and they must be substantial, thick-knit woollen hose which gives an appearance of muscle even where none exists. The hose must be the correct length, four fingerwidths from the bottom of the kneecap, with a good turnover above the flashes.

Ian Laidlaw lists some well-known kilted figures who always look good, among them, Prince Charles (though he has been criticised lately for wearing joggers instead of brogues!).

Don't wear a Stewart tartan kilt, a hair sporran, a pin-stripe shirt, tartan hose and brown shoes, like so many otherwise intelligent Scots do when attending football matches in Wales!

A few simple hints: Always wear a sporran with the kilt unless competing in Highland games. Always wear your 'piper's' belt *under* a tweed jacket, at the waist of the kilt, and *over* a velvet jacket, and no belt at all if you are wearing a waistcoat. Skean dubhs aren't necessary, but if you do wear one, make sure it's in your right leg. (What if the wearer is left-handed?) Don't wear a dirk - leave that to the pipers. Don't wear a plaid, a glengarry, a cap or a deer-stalker hat. Get yourself a proper bonnet of white, grey or blue, but not tartan. Get a pair of black brogues for outdoors, or buckled leather shoes for evening wear - and you don't really need to tie the laces halfway up your leg unless you want to be in agony most of the time.

Having read Ian Laidlaw's article I am aware that I have broken some of these rules myself at times; for example, I have worn the belt with a vest. I promise not to do so again!

Nevertheless, I believe that even the greatest purists among the Scots would have to agree that some modifications should be considered acceptable in countries like Australia, where most Scottish functions are held in our hot summer months - such as the traditional New Year Gatherings. Let any Scot from the misty Highlands try wearing, in addition to his eight yards of heavy worsted tartan, a vest and jacket of Harris Tweed on a day when the temperature is around the 100°F. He would soon tear off his neck-tie, discard his jacket and vest. He would also discover, as did the pith-helmeted Highland regiments in India, that a 'proper bonnet' gives little protection from the tropical sun. He might even consider a wide-brimmed Australian Akubra hat a more sensible proposition!

In recent years, many Australian pipe bands are turning out in summer dress

How not to wear the kilt. Ian Laidlaw here illustrates some of the offences that rouse his ire.



consisting of kilt, leather sporran, and a white

open-necked shirt, attire which might cause Ian Laidlaw to wince a little; yet they do present an appearance of smartness and look far more comfortable than they would if attired in full pipers' regalia complete with plaids! Also it's less expensive.

One should not be too dogmatic about Highland garb, which, like any other dress, has undergone several changes over the years, and what was fashionable in the reign of Queen Victoria would probably give rise to mirth if worn today. When I was in Scotland some years ago, I noted that for formal occasions, white sock - sorry - hose, had replaced the tartan or diced hose as the current fashion. Nor does convention dictate that for outdoor wear a matching tartan necktie should be worn. In fact, I discovered that if a person was wearing one with his kilt, he would be immediately recognised as an American, or Australian. The same tie you wear to the office will do just fine!

- I. MacG.-E.

**Footnote:** Since the above was written, the 1988 edition of *Clan Chattan* has arrived. This contains an article by James Scarlett, an authority on tartan and its wearing. On most points, Jamie is in agreement with Ian Laidlaw, but on other points he differs somewhat: for instance, he allows that the sgian dhu *may* be worn in the top of the left stocking. After all, in the days when the sgian dhu was a most lethal weapon and not just a ceremonial ornament as it is today, a left-handed Highlander would have found himself at a disadvantage if his weapon was carried otherwise. Jamie also makes a point concerning a subject which has intrigued sassenachs for years - what is worn under the kilt! Jamie says that whether or not one wears underpants is entirely the wearer's own business! The article also gives instructions on correct wear for the ladies. In all, the article is an up-dated version, and all members of Clan Chattan Association who receive that excellent journal will find it interesting reading.

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CONGRATULATIONS to our members, ALEX and RUTH MCGILLIVRAY of Corowa, on the arrival of a daughter, CATHERINE CHARLOTTE MCGILLIVRAY, on 7th February, 1988. Congratulations also to our Honorary Chief, Peter, and Leila, who have now become grandparents for the first time!

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### MacGillivray Men of Letters

A correspondent recently drew my attention to the fact that a sports ground at the University of Western Australia is named after Dr William Sim McGillivray, and that the organ of the Winthrop Hall at this university was donated by him. Did I know anything about this gentleman? I was asked. I did not, so I made some inquiries, firstly with the archivist at the University of Western Australia.

Of his personal life, strangely it seems, little is known. He lived at the Perth Club in Perth, W.A., until his death on 17th February, 1959. He bequeathed half of his estate to the University of Western Australia and the other half to the University of Aberdeen, Scotland. The will directed that the funds could be used by the University of Western Australia in such a manner as the Senate determined. In 1961 when the University's share of the bequest was determined at £A54,049, the Senate allocated the funds as follows: £25,000 for the installation of an organ in Winthrop Hall, £10,000 for the development of the playing fields, and £10,000 from the interest on which works of art might be purchased or commissioned, leaving the balance for future allocation.

The art allocation began to bear fruit in 1963 by the completion of the William Dargie portrait of the eighth Chancellor. It was followed a few months later by the posthumous portrait of the fourth Chancellor Sir Walter James, by the Western Australian painter, William Boissevain. Shortly after, the seventh Chancellor, Dr Gilbert sat for Ivor Hele. A study of Professor Murdoch by Louis Kahan followed, and a portrait of the first Chancellor, Sir John Winthrop, by William Dargie was commissioned.

This was all the information available from the University of Western Australia, so I wrote to the University of Aberdeen. I received back a copy of the Aberdeen University Review, 1958-60, which included three somewhat meagre obituaries:

'WILLIAM SIM MCGILLIVRAY (M.B.) 1903) died aged seventy-seven in Western Australia where he had spent the last thirty years.

A native of Macduff where his father was a master tailor, Dr McGillivray joined the Indian Medical Service in 1904 and retired in 1921.

Half of his Australian estate has been left to the Aberdeen University (the gift is expected to amount to £8,000 after taxation) and the other half goes to the University of Western Australia.'

It would seem that British taxation was very grasping in those years, when the Australian 'half' was \$54,049, and

the British 'half' only £8,000, even allowing for the exchange rate between the two currencies!

The Roll of Graduates of the University of Aberdeen, 1901-1925, records:

'MCGILLIVRAY, WILLIAM SIM M.B., Ch.B. 1903.  
s. of James Duff McG. (deceased); b. Macduff' Jan 1882, 27 Duff St. Macduff. D.P.H., R.C.P.S. London 1924. Lieut. Indian Medical Service 1904; Major 1915, retired 1921, Perth, W. Australia.'

In the Roll of Service in the Great War, 1914-1919, appears the entry:

'MCGILLIVRAY, WILLIAM SIM M.B.  
s. of James D McG., born Macduff 4 Jan 1882. M.B. 1903; L.M. (Dub) 1903, I.M.S. 1904. Field service E. Africa October 1914-Dec 1917. Acting Lieut. Colonel 1917. Two mentions, 1917, 1918.'

And is all I have been able to learn about the benefactor of two universities! But I discovered something else: In the same Roll of Service there are five more MacGillivrays listed:

'MCGILLIVRAY ALBERT EDWARD.  
s. of Alexander McG.; b. Kincardine O'Neill 10 March 1895. Sc., 1919 - -, Pte. 7th Gordon Hrs 1913. Commd. October 1914. Served France 2½ years, home 2½ years. Final rank 2nd Lieutenant.

MCGILLIVRAY ANGUS M.D.  
s. of Angus MacG. b. Inverness 13 May 1865. M.B. (Hon. dist.) 1889, M.D. 1897; D.Sc. (St. And) F.R.S.E. 1897; F.S.A. (Scot). member Aberd. Garrison Arty. (Univ. Bty); Capt. 1st Forfarshire Vol. Arty. 1896. Capt. R.A.M.C. 1912. Mobilized 1914. Home Service, Dundee War Hospl. Tay Defences. Mentd. 1919.

MCGILLIVRAY GEORGE MORTIMER M.B.  
s. of Alexander McG.; b. Leslie 20 Sept 1888. M.B. 1912, D.P.H. (St. And) 1914. Pte. 5th Gordon Hrs. (V) 1905. Commd. R.A.M.C. (T) 30 Nov 1914; attached 2nd Home Counties Fld. Amb. Served Home 2 years; France, Belgium 2 Yrs 2 mths. Final rank Acting Major. M.C. Sept. 1918.

MCGILLIVRAY JAMES WALKER  
s. of Alexander McG.; b. Leslie 10 October 1876. Sc. 1904-08. N.D.A. Pte. 4th Gordon Hrs 2 October 1914. Served with 7th Gordon Hrs. Home 1914-15, France May 1915-Aug 1916. Final rank Sergeant.

MCGILLIVRAY WILLIAM HARRISON JAMIESON  
s. of Wm. H. Jamieson (sic) b. Inch 16 Oct 1890. Med. 1919 -- Pte. R.A.M.C. (T.F.) 2/1st Highl. Fld. Amb. 12 Dec 1914. Served home 1914-15, France May 1915-March 1919; Final rank Staff Sergeant.

So it would seem that the Clan MacGillivray was well represented by the alumni of Aberdeen University, particularly in the Royal Army Medical Corps. Indeed, for a



relatively small clan, the number of men of medicine which it has produced is quite astounding. We have already published articles about Dr Paul Howard MacGillivray, FRCS, 1834-1895, who was President of the Bendigo Institute of Technology (Vol.1, No.3), Dr William Kerr MacGillivray, 1867-1933, and Dr Ian Hamilton MacGillivray, 1900-1951, (both in Vol.1, No.4).

But it was not only in the field of medicine that the MacGillivrays excelled. As naturalists, lawyers, biographers, historians, economists, and men of the cloth, they abound in all parts of the world.

Looking through the index of the State Library of New South Wales at Sydney, I came across the following books listed:

- MacGILLIVRAY - Alexander D.  
*The Coccidae - Tables for identifying anatomy, life history, etc.*
- Rupp, A.M.H. - *Orchids of New South Wales*,  
Supplement by D.J. MacGILLIVRAY.
- MacGILLIVRAY - Rev Donald - *Mandarin Romanized Dictionary of Chinese.*
- MacGILLIVRAY - Evan James  
*Copyright cases, with special reference to Scientific and technical papers and Publications.*
- Digest of the law of Copyright.*
- Insurance Law.*
- MacGILLIVRAY - William  
*History of British quadrupeds*  
*Manual of British Birds*  
*Systematic arrangement of British Plants*
- MacGILLIVRAY - William, W.S. ('Writer to the Signet' - A Scottish Lawyer)  
*Rob Lindsay and his School, by one of his pupils.*
- MacGILLIVRAY - James Robertson  
*Keats - Bibliography with reference guide and essay.*
- MacGILLIVRAY - John FRGS  
*A Narrative of the voyage of HMS Rattlesnake*
- MacGILLIVRAY - John Henry  
*Vegetable production*
- MacGILLIVRAY - Royce  
*Restoration Historians and the English Civil War*
- MacGILLIVRAY - William  
*Lord of the North West*

McGILVRAY, Alan  
*A.B.C. Cricket Book 1975*

McGILVRAY, Rev. Alexander J.  
*The Hallowed High Adventure*

McGILVRAY - James William  
*Irish Economic Statistics (1968)*  
*Impact of Tax Changes in Ireland - 1973 Budget*  
*Social Statistics in Ireland*

So it would seem that if you want to know anything at all there will be a fellow named MacGillivray always at hand somewhere! They are a learned lot!

Incidentally, *A History of the Clan MacGillivray* by Colonel George B. Macgillivray and Robert McGillivray, is also available at the State Library, in case you are one of the unlucky ones who didn't manage to get a copy of the limited edition. Your editor donated a copy to the Library, and it is now listed.

- I. MacG-E.

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### MacGillivrays Shine as Bowlers

Most of our readers are familiar with the success achieved by Alan McGilvray in his long and brilliant career as a cricket broadcaster. and before that he was, of course, a fine fast-medium bowler and captain of the NSW state side. Now we can record that other McGillivrays are doing quite well as players and administrators in bowling of a different kind - namely, lawn bowls.

Regularly seen at our Clan Gatherings in Melbourne, in a happy group with members of their families, are three brothers, Eric, Bill and Wallace McGillivray. Eric, who still resides in the old family home at Lethbridge, is a keen bowler, but it is Wallace whom we wish to honour principally in this article. He started playing bowls in only 1979 when a friend 'talked' him into joining the City of Hawthorn Club in the eastern suburbs of Melbourne, and in the intervening years he has filled practically every administrative position in that club, finally serving a term as its President, before moving two years ago to East Malvern R.S.L., which is closer to Wal's and Lorna's home.

Wal McGillivray retired in 1982 from his job with the ANZ Bank as a Branch Manager and after he and Lorna had enjoyed a long overseas trip, the ANZ invited him back to mastermind their major commitment to lawn bowls in Victoria. He has been extremely active as their Bowls Co-ordinator for the past four years, only very recently retiring once again to devote more time to looking after his three-year-old grandson and, no doubt, to play more

bowls himself. The following brief extract from the editorial of *Bowls in Victoria*, May/June 1988, tells the story:

ANZ has, over the past few years, made a major commitment to lawn bowls through club and association sponsorship which in total must be close to a quarter of a million dollars. When you consider its involvement at club level with trophies and scorecards, assistance with Royal Victorian Bowls Association publications, and the major contribution in Pennant and State events, it amounts to a big boost for our sport.

At the majority of bowls events in which the ANZ Group has been involved, Wal McGillivray has been present, and his contribution added greatly to each of those occasions.

Congratulations, Wal!!

Incidentally, a number of the prestigious events referred to above were conducted at the Doncaster Bowling Club, where the writer has served as Greens Director for the past five years and is currently Senior Vice-President, and it has been my pleasure to welcome Wal McGillivray to our club on those occasions. Undoubtedly the best performed of the McGillivray brothers in Melbourne is John McGillivray, who skips a team in Ivanhoe's 1st Division side, but unfortunately he is not a member of our Clan Society - yet!

- Peter McGillivray

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"Ridiculous!" is how the magistrate characterised a charge made against L.D. McGillivray, when he appeared at the Williamstown Court.

It was stated that he had been for a swim at the Williamstown beach, and then had sat down with his family while still in his bathing costume.

A constable told him that the costume was insufficient, and McGillivray went to a dressing shed and donned a pair of shorts.

This did not satisfy the constable because they did not reach his ankles and because the shoulder straps of his costume were less than an inch wide - and he arrested McGillivray.

The magistrate dismissed the case.

- From *The Quirindi Advocate*, 8th January, 1926.  
(Submitted by Mervyn Williamson)

(It's a good thing L.D. didn't don his kilt - the good constable would have shot him!)

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## INTERNATIONAL DAY OF THE TARTAN

The following is a translation of the Gaelic Proclamation intimating the repeal on 1st July, 1782 of the Act of Parliament passed in 1746 prohibiting the wearing of the Highland Dress:

LISTEN, MEN!

This is bringing before all the Sons of the Gael that the King and Parliament of Britain have forever abolished the Act against the Highland Dress that came down to the Clans from the beginning of the world to the year 1746. This must bring great joy to every Highland heart. You are no longer bound to the unmanly dress of the Lowlander. This is declaring to every man, young and old, Commons and Gentles, that they may after this put on and wear the Trews, the Little Kilt, the Doublet and Hose, along with the Tartan Kilt, without fear of the Law of the land or the jealousy of enemies.

In 1982, 200 years after the repeal, it was decided to declare the 1st July as the *International Day of the Tartan*, and on this day each year, Highlanders all round the world are asked to wear tartan - not necessarily the full Highland garb, but at least a tartan tie!

Our Secretary, David, who is a conductor on the Overland Express between Melbourne and Adelaide, intends to go to work in full Highland dress, with the permission of Vicrail. Unfortunately, the event will take place after this publication of the Journal is 'put to bed', but we hope to have a photograph of David for our next edition.

In the meantime - remember the date - 1st July, and put on that tartan tie!!

## THE KIRKIN' O' THE TARTAN

Tradition has it that during the years when the wearing of the tartan was forbidden by law, the clansfolk would attend church with a piece of tartan concealed under their cloaks, and during the service would place their hands on the forbidden material. From this simple expression of Highland pride has evolved the *Kirkin' o' the Tartan*, as celebrated today.

As part of this year's International Day of the Tartan, the Victorian Council of the Clans decided that we should have a kirkin' o' the tartan on the first available Sunday following, which happens to be 28th August, 1988. It will

be held at Scots Church, Collins Street, Melbourne, and will be followed (weather permitting) by a meeting in the Treasury Gardens.

Clan MacGillivray will be represented by our Honorary Chief, Peter McGillivray, and Honorary Secretary, David and his family, and they hope other members will rally to keep them company, to show our colours and to give our new banner an airing. (Take your own lunch, and something to sit on!)

### OUR NEXT GATHERING

OUR NEXT GATHERING will be held on SUNDAY, 6th NOVEMBER, 1988, at THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT UMPIRES' HALL, McCULLOCH AVENUE, SEAFORD, VICTORIA. This is next to the Kananook Oval Reserve, just a few minutes walk from the Kananook railway station on the Frankston line. Trains run every 30 minutes.

The Hall will be open from 12.30 pm. The Annual General Meeting will be held at 1.00 pm, and the Gathering will be officially opened at 2.30 pm. Items of entertainment have been arranged for the day and evening. These include games for the children in the afternoon, and (by special arrangement) Santa has agreed to make an early appearance!

Catering Arrangements: Please bring a small plate for afternoon tea and a contribution for the smorgasbord tea table (salads, casseroles, cold meats, haggis, etc.), Tea & coffee will be supplied. BYO Liquor, mixers, and don't forget drinks for the children.

**IMPORTANT:** Please advise DAVID & HEATHER MCGILLIVRAY of your intention to be present, and the number in your party, AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE. Drop a line to: 11a Stawell Street, Seaford, 3198, or phone (03) (03) 786 5218.

### OBITUARIES

JOHN (JOCK) McPHERSON - Wodonga, Victoria

We are saddened to report the passing of Jock McPherson who, in addition to being a most esteemed member of our Society, was also a long-time friend of our Chieftain, David MacGillivray, with whom he served in the 2/4 Battalion Pipe Band during the war years. Jock was a piper and David was bass drummer.

Jock was born in 1904 at Auld Derne, Nairnshire, and was one of 13 children. As a young man he worked on a number of farms in Nairnshire, and was awarded the medal for harness (1925) and the Mackay Cup for ploughing (1927). At the age of 23 he migrated to Australia and for the next 30 years worked for the PMG's Department and was awarded the Imperial Service Medal for long service.

During the war he served in the Middle East (1940-1942) and in Java (1942) where he was captured by the Japanese and imprisoned in the various horror camps along the Burma-Thailand railway. He worked as medical orderly as well as labourer, and barely survived this terrible ordeal. When liberated he was in such an emaciated condition that he was not discharged from hospital until 1946.

In the early 1970s Jock met Ainslie Whyborn, and they shared a friendship of 18 years, during which they made two trips to Scotland to revisit the places of his childhood and to see old friends and family.

Jock McPherson passed away peacefully at Albury, NSW, on 10th March, 1988.

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MARTIN MacGILLIVRAY - Granville, N.S.W.

Another sad loss to our Society was the passing of Martin MacGillivray on 19th January, 1988, after a long and painful illness, at St Joseph's Hospital, Auburn, NSW. He is survived by his wife, Beryl, to whom we all extend our deepest sympathy.

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ALLAN MacGILLIVRAY - Finley, N.S.W.

With sadness we report the passing of Allan MacGillivray on 26th February, 1988, at the age of 72 years. Allan was the brother of former member, Margaret Lowe of Rosanna, who is no longer able to attend our Clan functions with husband, Sid, due to ill health; and a cousin of member, Gladys Manwaring.

Among other civic activities he had for many years played a major role in the administration of trotting in the Finley district.

Allan's father was Peter B. MacGillivray (1878-1959), and his grandfather was Donald, born at Isleornsay, Parish of Sleat, Isle of Skye, on 26th December, 1832, who came to Australia in 1838 with his parents, Martin (born 1815) and Mary née Mackinonnon. According to family folklore, Martin and Donald hauled the first load of flour on to the newly-discovered Bendigo goldfields. Martin died at Cohuna in 1881, Donald having predeceased him 1878 at Mooropna. This family represented a link to a significant era in Australian and Victorian history.

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CLARRIE JEANS - Porepunkah, Vic.

Another grandson of Donald MacGillivray (mentioned above) was the late Clarrie Jeans who died on 22nd April, 1988, less than two months after attending the funeral of his cousin, Allan MacGillivray, at Finley, and only a few months short of his 80th birthday. Clarrie's mother was Agnes, a sister of Peter B. MacGillivray (1878-1959) and Clarrie was one of four boys in the family who all served in the forces during the second World War. Only one son now survives, Bill, who will be 84 next October, and there are Clarrie's two sisters, Gladys Campbell of Lightning Ridge and Eunice Tresize of Melton, herself a long-serving member of our Society.

As a young man, Clarrie was a gold miner who worked at the famous *Morning Star* mine at Woods Point, Victoria, but when war broke out he joined the RAAF and served in Darwin and Borneo. After discharge he joined the Victorian Country Roads Board, and remained with that organisation for the rest of his working life, mainly in the north-east of Victoria, including such places as Falls Creek and Mount Hotham in the Alps. Since retirement Clarrie had lived in the small town of Porepunkah, where he continued to lead an active and useful life, and he took great pride in his MacGillivray heritage as evidenced by his keen participation in the affairs of our Society.

Clarrie is survived by one daughter who lives in Sydney, and three sons, all in Melbourne.

The Council and members of Clan MacGillivray Society extend sincere sympathy to all the relatives of Clarrie, and also those of his cousin, Allan, in their sad loss.

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IRENE LOUISA (RENE) MCGILLIVRAY - Bright, Vic.

It is with regret that we report the sudden death, on 12th October, 1987, of Irene Louisa (Rene) McGillivray, one of our earliest members.

Rene and Don, of Bright, Victoria, had celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary with a happy family luncheon at Beechworth, just one month earlier.

The eldest daughter of the late Robert and Louisa

McGeehan of Myrtleford, Rene joined the staff of Myrtleford Co-operative Store on leaving school, and became the drapery department manager and buyer. Following their marriage, Don and Rene operated bakeries at Wahgunyah, Ferntree Gully, Albury and, finally, Bright, where they later built holiday flats.

An active worker in the Bright community, Rene was particularly involved with her church, the hospital, Senior Citizens, Bowling Club, Meals on Wheels, and the Bright Art Gallery.

In March, 1987, she celebrated her 80th birthday.

The Bright Uniting Church was overflowed with family and friends for the funeral service, and members of the Bowling Club formed a guard of honour.

Our sympathy is extended to Don, sons Max and David, and their families on the loss of a loving wife, mother and grandmother.

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DALLAS LEONARD MCGILVRAY - Killabakh

On 4th June, 1987, the death occurred of Dallas Leonard McGilvray, of Killabakh, via Wingham, NSW.

Born in Wingham in 1922, he lived all his life on the family property at Killabakh. A hard worker, Dallas share-farmed the dairy property and cut timber for the Forestry Commission, but after a severe illness in 1971 he turned his attention to the breeding of beef cattle which he continued until his death.

Dallas leaves his wife, Coralie, whom he married in 1947, and eight children - Gloria, Ron, Dallas, Kathy, Norman, Robyn, Neville and Sue, and 13 grandchildren.

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VIOLET PARKER

Violet Parker, aunt of Dennis Sinclair, and one of the oldest members of the North Coast branch, passed away in February, 1988, at the age of 82. She was the fifth child of Joseph and Elizabeth McGilvray. She had seven children, 28 grandchildren and 26 great grandchildren.

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ROBERT (BOB) EDWARD MCGILVRAY - Wingham, NSW

We extend our sympathy to our North Coast representative, Kevin McGilvray, on the untimely and tragic loss of his brother, Robert (Bob), the victim of a motor accident on 7th August, 1987, at the young age of 44 years.

He leaves behind his wife, Annette, a son, John Robert, and a daughter, Heidi Lucille.

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## PAM LOUISE EDWARDS

Our condolences to our former North Coast representative, Gwen McBean, on the loss of her daughter, Mrs Pam Edwards, who passed away in St Vincent's Hospital, Sydney, on 19th March, 1988, after losing a battle against leukemia, at the age of 39 years.

She is survived by her husband, Arthur, and sons, Travis, Adam and Wade. Throughout her illness, her main support was Gwen, and the anxiety of her daughter's illness and the demands it made upon her time caused Gwen to hand over the office of North Coast representative to Kevin McGilvray. We all wish Gwen the best and hope that in time she will be able to resume an active part in the affairs of the North Coast Committee.

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## HAROLD WILLIAM LAMBERT - Wingham, NSW

We report the loss of Harold William Lambert, father of Clyde Lambert. Harold passed away on 13th May, 1987, leaving his wife, Dulcie; sons, John, Clyde, Colin and Ronald, and daughters, Mary and Helen.

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*Please notify our Honorary Secretary if  
you change your address.*

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Each year a number of Journals are returned unclaimed, and have to be re-posted when the new addresses are discovered. Postage charges being as they are, this added expenditure is considerable and something we'd prefer to avoid.

**CENTENARY GOLD MEDAL**

Mr Duncan McColl exhibited to the meeting the Centenary Gold Medal, presented by the Royal Celtic Society. He made the comment that its principal virtue was that no person had won it more than once, as it is competed for once only every 100 years. It was last won by Mr John McColl in 1888.

Extracted from the Minutes of the  
Royal Scottish Pipers' Society

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**MEMBERSHIP ROLL 1988**