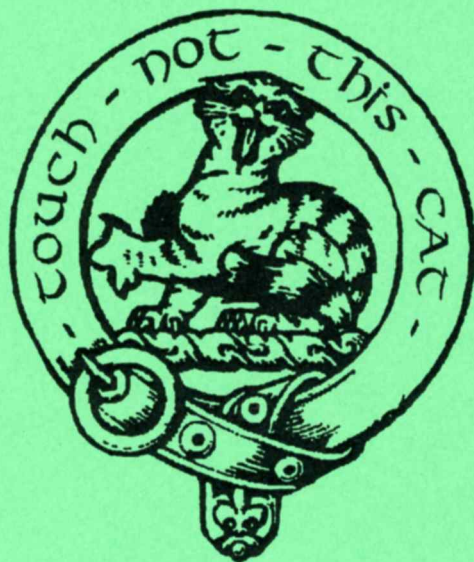


# CLAN MACGILLIVRAY



JOURNAL OF THE  
CLAN MACGILLIVRAY  
SOCIETY - AUSTRALIA

ISSN-1038-5533

Vol. 6, No.1, 2009

# CLAN MACGILLIVRAY SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA

Commissioner for Australia .....	Peter McGillivray (03) 9898 6105		
President .....	Jillian McGillivray (03) 5727 3282		
Assistant President .....	Janette McGillivray (03) 5336 1918		
Honorary Secretary .....	David McGillivray P.O. Box 223, Seaford, Vic. 3198 (03) 9786 5218 clanmacg@bigpond.com		
Assist Secretary/Treasurer .....	Ted Foster 4 Funston Street, Berwick VIC. 3806 (03) 9707 1523 pat-ted44@yahoo.com.au		
Journal Editor .....	Euan McGillivray 20 Wellington Street, Richmond VIC. 3121 (03) 9429 5496 mcgh@optusnet.com.au		
Assistant Editor .....	Jillian McGillivray 1572 Snow Road, Milawa 3678		
Newsletter Editor .....	Pat Foster 4 Funston Street, Berwick VIC. 3806 (03) 9707 1523 pat_ted44@yahoo.com.au		
Archivist .....	Heather McGillivray (03) 9786 5218 dunlichity@gmail.com		
Area Representatives			
W.A. ....	Roy Manchester	Wembley Downs	(08) 9445 1043
S.A. ....	Andrew MacGillivray	Modbury North	(08) 8396 7070
NSW .....	Raymond Wilson	Lismore	(02) 6621 2057
QLD. ....	Jan MacGillivray	Bli Bli	(07) 5450 0986
Councillors .....	Suella McGillivray-Jordon	(02) 6024 2299	
	Nigel McGillivray	(03) 9772 1376	
Life Members .....	Simone Elder Lil Hillas David & Heather McGillivray Peter & Leila McGillivray		
Honorary Members .....	Robert McGillivray BSc, FCI, WEM, Edinburgh Debbie Weinlich		

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

© *Clan MacGillivray Society of Australia* – 2009

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

## Table of Contents

EDITORIAL 2009 .....	2
Introducing Our New President .....	4
Victorian Bushfires .....	5
Our Life and Conditions in the Early 1900s (continued) .....	6
By Ailsa [McGillivray] Painter .....	6
A Great Milestone .....	11
By Glenyse Chamberlain .....	11
Call from Janette McGillivray for book project .....	14
Touch Not Our Cat .....	15
By David McGillivray .....	15
A Splendid Clansman .....	16
by Jill McGillivray .....	16
Kirsty wins in the Myer National Fashions on the Field .....	17
by Alasdair MacGillivray .....	17
Max McGillivray .....	18
by Jill McGillivray .....	18
Welcome to Sue McGillivray-Jordan .....	19
How D.C. McGillivray Bought The Farm .....	20
by Pamela Sherpa .....	20
Clan Chattan Band of Union 400 <sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebrations .....	22
by Jill McGillivray .....	22
Clan MacGillivray Junior Piping Award .....	23
Ringwood Highland Games 2009 .....	24
Best in Show .....	25
by Marney Thomas .....	25
The Clan MacGillivray by Robert McGillivray .....	26
Tea With Chrissie .....	26
Soraidh .....	27
Margot Rosalie Walker by Jill McGillivray .....	27
Robert (Bob) Stewart Drysdale by Alwyn Drysdale .....	28
Lorna May Thom by Jennifer Thom .....	28
Ina McGillivray by Euan McGillivray .....	29
Robert McGillivray, BSc, FKCE, FIWES Edinburgh by Peter McGillivray .....	30
Francis Stewart McGilvray by Terry McGilvray .....	31
Yvonne Gwenevere (Hanna)(Chivers) Jones by Gay Savage .....	33
Members List 2008 .....	34

### Members Please Note –

<b>Annual Membership Fees</b>	<b>Five Year Membership</b>
\$15 family - \$12 single - \$A17 overseas	\$60 family - \$48 single - \$A68 overseas

Membership Fees are due on 1<sup>st</sup> October 2009

Please send details and cheque or postal note to

Hon Sec. David McGillivray

PO Box 223 SEAFORD Victoria 3198 AUSTRALIA

You will notice from the list of names and titles on the inside cover of this Journal that there have been some changes. Our stalwart leader in Peter has stepped down from all jobs apart from Commissioner for Australia. His key role as Society President has been taken by Jill McGillivray. Look for the piece by incoming President introducing herself.



You will have seen many pictures of Peter in the Journal over the years, but this one is my tribute to all his efforts in keeping alive particularly the traditions of the Clan and Scottish heritage in general. It shows Peter at the Well of the Dead, Culloden, Scotland.

While Peter is still an active member of the Clan he found it no longer possible to maintain official roles. He is very proud of his Scottish heritage and has been involved with the Clan for over thirty years. In that time he has been a driving force as Chief, Treasurer and Journal Editor. Over the years Peter, and Leila, seldom missed any Clan events. They travelled as often as they could to gatherings in other states and were regular attendees at the Ringwood Highland Games. How splendid it is to see Peter in full kilt with a feather attached at a rakish angle to his Akubra or cap. Any person that calls at the Clan tent with connections with the McGillivray name is greeted warmly by the knowledge base of the Clan, Peter, David and Heather. Peter has a passion for all things Celtic, taking Gaelic lessons and appearing on Gaelic speaking community radio from time to time. He is a regular at Scots Church for the Kirking of the Tartan.

This edition of the Journal brings the sad news of the passing of Robert McGillivray after an illness. He was a regular correspondent with news from Scotland, book reviews, and other interesting pieces of Scottish history. Our president has contributed a personal memory of "A Splendid Clansman." Commissioner Peter McGillivray had a long association with Robert and has written a Soraidh.

As for myself, as new editor I thought I should tell you something about my background. I came from a small country town in Victoria called Pyramid Hill and my working life has been in the Victorian Museum and Library developing and managing collections.

You will note that I have included my email address. I would be very pleased to receive stories and photos about your McGillivray connections.



Malcolm McGillivray (my grandfather) at the Pyramid Hill Show, about 1940

I hope you enjoy these two photographs of my grandfather, father, aunt and uncle. I'm very lucky to have some of my grandfather's Scottish regalia, including his kilt purchased by mail order from Glasgow in 1929.

- Ed



From left: Kenneth, Isobel and Malcolm McGillivray (my father), about 1923



## Introducing Our New President

---

It is with a sense of pride, and some trepidation, that I have accepted the position of President of Clan MacGillivray Society of Australia, following the resignation of our Foundation President, Peter McGillivray.

Peter has been an outstanding president, ably supported by his wife, Leila, in addition to fulfilling the role of Journal editor and treasurer – all big roles to fill.

I wish them well in retirement and look forward to meeting them often in Peter's continuing role as Commissioner for Australia and the Australian representative on Clan Chattan.

Fortunately our hardworking secretary, David, and his wife, Heather, our Clan genealogist and archivist, are continuing in their roles. We welcome Janette as vice-president, Euan has taken on the role of Editor, Ted Foster is treasurer and assistant secretary, and Patricia Foster is editor of our newsletter.

My involvement in Clan MacGillivray began with a letter written by one of our founders, John Duncan McGillivray to his cousin [my great uncle] Andy McGillivray, in Melbourne.

The letter was passed to a niece, Alma Guest, who, knowing my interest in the history of our family, passed it on to me. I, together with my parents, Bob, now deceased, and Rome, had not long returned from a trip to Scotland, where

we had actually visited the ancestral property of the MacGillivray Chiefs, Dunmaglass Lodge, after stumbling upon a signpost indicating 'Dunmaglass – Private Road' - only to be told there had been 'no MacGillivrays there for a hundred years'.

About to visit relatives in Sydney I contacted John and was invited to Sunday lunch with his family at North Manly. John's co-conspirator, Ian McGillivray-Elder and his wife, Simone, were also at the lunch and so I learned of their plans for the world's first Clan MacGillivray Society. My family were to be among the foundation members.

I was working in Sydney when the first gathering of our Society was held at John and Enid's home at North Manly and I am pleased that I have been able to attend every gathering the Society has held, in New South Wales and Victoria, over more than 30 years.

With the support of my family, I have also attended a number of family Gatherings, as well as the three International Gatherings of the Clan in Inverness, the first, in 1992, with my 10 year old nephew, Robert [now deceased].

In July, my mother Rome, sister Sue, and I will be travelling to Inverness for the 400<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the signing of the Clan Chattan Band of Union. Four days of celebrations are planned to commemorate the signing, at Termit, in 1609, of the Band of Union.

I have met some wonderful people through my membership of the Society and attendance at the Australian and International Gatherings and am disappointed that, in recent years, we have had insufficient support to run an annual gathering.

I encourage all members to contact me with any suggestions they have for revitalising our Society. I note our young cousin, the United States Society, is holding its get-togethers every two years, whilst, unfortunately, the International Society, based in Britain, is currently in mothballs, waiting a resurgence in interest.

Apart from my membership of Clan MacGillivray, I am a journalist, have worked on papers in Wangaratta and Parramatta, and also with my parents in

their business – bakery, post office, newsagency and mail run.

Following a motor vehicle accident whilst delivering the mail in 2000, I have worked part time for our local State Member of Parliament as a media adviser, a great job, with something different every day.

I am also involved in the Milawa community, as secretary of the Milawa Hall Committee, the Milawa Heritage Group, and the Milawa branch of The Nationals [also serving this year as Victorian Women's President], and as the public relations officer with the new Rotary Club of Milawa-Oxley, to be chartered in June 2009.

- Jill McGillivray  
*Clan MacGillivray President*

## Victorian Bushfires

---

The Clan wishes to extend its sympathies to the families and friends of those who suffered on that dreadful day that has become known as "Black Saturday". While the fires in February touched us all, the families and friends of those who lost their lives have endured unimaginable pain.

A report in the *The Age*, Melbourne, February 2009, "Ten minutes of terror for ambushed Yarckies", by Miki Perkins, told the story of a Country Fire Authority crew from the tiny town near Yea. Water tanker driver John Drysdale

was part of the team that came under a terrifying ember and radiant heat attack. Later, everyone back at base, who were having trouble contacting the crew by radio, was extremely relieved to discover that their team pulled through the ordeal by spraying water into the baking air and cooling it before it reached their lungs.

John Drysdale is the brother of Bob who is part of our Soraidh's for this year.

## Our Life and Conditions in the Early 1900s (continued)

By Ailsa [McGillivray] Painter

(The first part of this article by Ailsa was published in the 2008 Journal)

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

Dad had two pairs of buggy horses, a creamy coloured pair, called Valley and Fairy, and a chestnut pair, called Dolly and Queenie. There was a detachable hood to the buggy, but it didn't afford much protection to the back seat passengers.

When my brothers left home to go to school in Bendigo, the big buggy was discarded and replaced with a single seated hooded buggy, which required only one horse. We were very proud of that buggy. For normal farm jobs and inspecting the various paddocks, if a vehicle was required, it was always the gig, a two wheel job pulled by one horse. Until I started school, Dad nearly always took me with him in the gig, we must have covered hundreds of miles over a year. He taught me to drive during that time.

I had my own pony called Topsy, and George had his called Micky, but I don't think Alan ever had one really his own. He was not as fond of riding as were George and I. Mother used to ride occasionally. She rode astride and wore a long divided skirt, reaching to her ankles. Apparently she originally rode side saddle, as there was an old side saddle in the shed.

About once a year, an Indian hawker, turban and all, used to do the rounds in a covered wagon. He sold materials and all sorts of clothing. Mother usually bought a few items from him but she preferred the store in Pyramid. Every Saturday afternoon, our parents drove into Pyramid for the weekly shopping. Sometimes they took one or all of us along, but usually we were left home with a few jobs lined up. As soon as they were safely out of sight, we would yard up the horses and put the poor things, draughts and all, over the sliprails. The lowest rail was the limit, some of them balked at even that. How we didn't break our necks or the horses' legs I will never know.

Failing the horse jumping we usually spent our time on the hill up behind the house. There were big granite boulders, most of which we could climb, and wattle trees producing gum which we gathered and ate. There was a lovely little cave in a big rock, with another big rock almost blocking the entrance. The bottle swallows built their nests there – neat, mud nests shaped like bottles. You could get your fingers into the neck of the bottle, but not into the nest proper. Swallow nests of any sort were held sacred, but not so sparrow nests. The council paid a bounty on sparrow eggs and it was about our only source of income, though my brothers also sold rabbit skins. We had several rabbit plagues and rabbiting was a frequent occupation, though the skins were not much good during plagues.

We also had one or two grasshopper plagues during my childhood.

But the worst devastations were the droughts, and there seemed to be more droughts than good seasons. The paddocks would turn to dry earth with no vegetation except thistles. Dams were low or dry and many people ran out of drinking water. They would then cart water from the 'willow spring' on Mount Hope, or from Pyramid where it came up on the train. They used Furphy tanks, fitted on a three-wheeled stand, and horse-drawn. The paddocks would be littered with dead animals, the roads too, as graziers endeavoured to drive their sheep to the south. The sheep were so poor, and the roads so devoid of feed, that they died like flies on the journey. The whole place stank.

Clothes were washed only when absolutely necessary. Dam water was used. It was stood in buckets overnight to let the mud settle, then the clean water carefully poured off.

The same applied to baths. Saturday night was bath night, the operation being conducted in a big washtub in front of the kitchen stove in winter and in the detached washhouse in summer. When the first entrant was clean, more hot water was added, then number two got in, more hot water, then lucky number three. We vied for third place because there was more water in the tub. I usually had to go first because I was – officially – not so dirty as my brothers. But, during droughts, it was more often a stand-up affair in a basin of water.

Later on, when I was nine or ten, Dad built a bathroom on a side verandah and

equipped it with a huge concrete bath. A proper water-waster [and hot water had to be carted in buckets from the washhouse], but a luxury non-the-less. About the same time, Mother acquired concrete wash troughs and the three tubs formerly used were scrapped. That must have been a bumper year.

I can dimly remember Mother's first oven. The stove part had no top, there was just an open fire across the whole thing. She did a lot of cooking in a flat-bottomed iron pot that stood on three short legs. She would stand it in the fire and heap hot coals on top. We had a new kitchen built onto the back of the house when I was probably about six, when we got a more modern stove. This kitchen had a plain dirt floor for quite a time and my cat was the bane of Mother's life. The poor little beast found it easier to dig a whole in the loose dirt of the floor than the sun-baked soil outside. However a wooden floor, covered with malthoid, was eventually installed.

Our father usually killed his own meat, unless the weather was particularly hot or thundery. Then he would shoot a couple of rabbits or some galahs, or even wild ducks occasionally. Bird life was abundant in the district though there were few native animals. All shapes and sizes of lizards were abundant, including the frill necked dragon variety, also huge goannas. There were a few snakes, though not many, as the area was too dry.

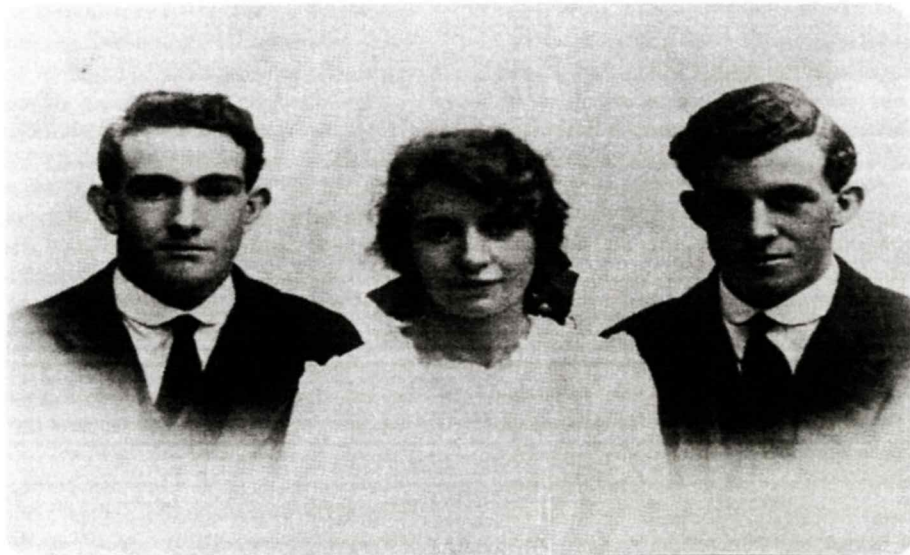
We had no electricity, only two kerosene lamps, and candles for the bedrooms. Later we got a 'Tilley' lamp, which gave a really good light. Sometimes of an evening, Dad would

entertain us with the phonograph. This was a small, box-like, wind-up machine with a choice of two funnels, one small and the other large and collapsible, supported on a metal stand. The records were cylindrical in shape and consisted mainly of Scottish songs sung by Harry Lauder. This was our only musical instrument until they bought me a piano when I was about 12. Much later, when the wireless was introduced, we had a crystal set and, eventually, a proper wireless.

We had few facilities for keeping food or drinking water cool in hot weather. Everyone had a few canvas water bags, very efficient, though the water often tasted a bit 'baggy'. You never travelled far without one hanging somewhere on your vehicle. All housewives had a butter cooler, a covered, basin-like

vessel, made of a porous material after the style of that used in the present-day eskies. This stood, usually, in the open fireplace where it got a draught from the chimney. If you wanted to cool a bottle of drink you wrapped it in a wet towel and stood it in an open window, rewetting the towel every half hour or so.

Next was the advent of the Coolgardie safe. This was made of hessian on a wooden frame, standing in a flat galvanised tray. On top was another such tray full of water. Strips of towelling or flannel hung from the water tray down the hessian sides of the safe and a good safe would become wet all over. It was very effective if kept in a suitable draughty place, such as under a willow or a pepper tree.



Alan, Ailsa & George McGillivray in 1923

Ants were a menace. We bred every conceivable variety. All food safes, tables etc had to stand with their legs in tins of water. Flies were bad too, and most people's ceilings were festooned with hanging rolls of sticky paper, and flat surfaces dotted with saucers of poison fly paper or some form of fly trap. Insect sprays had not then come into being.

The dust storms which we suffered during most summers were quite frightening. They usually followed a day or two of strong north winds, then the wind would slacken and the sky would become a greyish brown, then black and purple, and the daylight would fade almost right out. The dust would start then, working up against the wind, and eventually falling silently and almost vertically. It would soon blot out everything and visibility would be reduced to a few yards. This would continue for several hours, sometimes culminating in a thunderstorm, at other times just gradually clearing. Another type of dust storm would be brought on a strong north wind, usually lasting all day. The blown sand would sometimes cover the fences over two or three bad summers.

After World War One, Mallee blocks were allotted to returned soldiers, who had first to clear the land, which brought about more dust storms than ever. Owing to insufficient rainfall, most of these blocks failed and the land has gone back to Mallee. That, and the large areas of land now under irrigation, have practically eliminated these bad storms, the last one I experienced being in 1944.

Whirlwinds would often occur, sometimes doing a lot of damage. We would see them travelling across the plains between our house and the Murray, huge black chimneys extending into the sky and moving southwards with the wind.

As well as his farm at Bald Rock, my father had some land fronting Piccaninny Creek, about six miles from our home. What use he made of it, I cannot remember, but he and I used to drive there in the gig fairly often. There was an old, discarded building, originally the Piccaninny School, and in it we kept long bamboo poles for fishing rods. Dad would set me up with a rod and line while he went about his business and it was there that I caught my first fish – a nice little Murray perch – I can still see it flopping about on the bank. Over the years we did a lot of fishing in the Piccaninny Creek. We caught black fish [a small, rather rare fish], cat fish – which had no scales but had to be skinned, redbfin or Murray perch, and an occasional Murray cod. We sometimes went to Box Creek Weir or Gunbower Creek, or even as far afield as the Murray.

One drought year the Murray was so low, that you could walk across to New South Wales, and Dad and my brothers speared fish in the mud. Since locks have been built on the Murray it no longer runs dry.

The main social event of the district each year was the Pyramid Show, to which exhibitors and sightseers came from far and wide. The showgrounds were originally at the foot of Pyramid Hill, a lovely setting about a half to three quarters of a mile from the

township. All the ladies and girls wore their new summer frocks for the occasion. We always had a few exhibits – sheep, horses, dogs, fowls, cookery, vegetables, school work and so on.

It was at the show I had my first ride in a motor car, in fact my first close-up sight of one. The proud owner was offering rides from the showground to the Pyramid creek [less than half a mile] and back, for three pence, or to the town and back, for sixpence. I had a three penny ride, after my father had thoroughly cautioned the driver to take care of me. It was very exciting, and much faster than I had ever travelled before. I expect we raced along at 15 to 20 miles per hour.

Social events at Bald Rock always took place in the school – concerts, socials, dances and the like. There was also a church service once a month, and my mother and a neighbour actually started a Sunday school, but it didn't last long. After the war, a hall was erected as a Soldiers' Memorial. It was an old, disused church, shifted to a site near the school, and a few feet added to its length. The addition was badly done, and there was quite a hurdle in the floor – a trap for the dancers.

For many years the only music available for dances was a violin played by a little dwarf from Kow Swamp, or an accordion played by one of the local young men. When the hall was erected, it was equipped with a piano, and our dance music was much improved. We had a lot of fun in that old hall. Both it, and the school, have since been demolished, and all that is left of 'Pine Hill' is the pepper trees.

Compared with the style of life and the amenities enjoyed by the young people of today, one might consider that we children of the early years of the century were primitive and deprived. Primitive perhaps we were, but certainly not deprived. What we had we enjoyed, and few children had either more, or less, than their neighbours. My brothers and I were more fortunate, though, than the majority of the district children, in that our mother insisted on our having an education beyond grade eight of primary school. Two or three years at high school or technical school, at that period, was considered a good education, and this we all had.

I don't think I would like to go back to 'the good old days', but all the same, there is something to be said for them.

## Just for fun

A bloke walks into a Glasgow library and says to the prim librarian, 'Excuse me Miss, dey ye hiv ony books on suicide?'

To which she stops doing her tasks, looks at him over the top of her glasses and says, 'Leave off, ye'll no bring it back!'



## A Great Milestone

By Glenyse Chamberlain

*Ross, the Patriarch of the Charlton McGillivray's, celebrated his ninetieth birthday on the Australia Day weekend, 2009. Family and friends gathered at the old family home at Yeungroon, between Charlton and St Arnaud.*

*Ross's daughter Glenyse gave the following speech in celebration of his life.*

"Richard Ross McGillivray was born on the 15<sup>th</sup> January 1919 at Charlton to Donald Bertram and Elsie May McGillivray, nee Ross, but is known as Ross to everyone. Then followed Ian, May and Margaret, all in four years. They grew up on the family farm at Yeungroon on the Nine Mile Road.



the farmstead at Yeungroon

Ross went to the Yeungroon school when 6, with Ian aged 5. They walked to Bennetts and went in their gig with Jim and Margaret who were in the higher grades. This continued for a couple of years until Ross could drive the gig to school. He would keep the girls quiet with a wack of the reins as they travelled home, only for them to start grizzling as they came up the drive to tell their mother that Ross had

wacked them with the reins all the way home, and then he was in trouble.

Ross left school in 1934, and Ian left one or two years later. Ross went to grade 8 at school and left at age 15. He came home to the family farm, doing all sorts of farm work; fencing, which still stands today along the front of the farm, all the holes dug by hand and the posts and droppers cut from timber on the farm. Cutting chaff and carting hay, milking 2 to 3 cows each day and feeding pigs as well as about 20 horses to care for were some of the jobs that Ross did.

Ross started harvesting with a 6 ft McKay harvester and 5 horse team. When he was about 17 -18 years old he progressed to a Robinson Big E with a 9 ft cut and 6 horse team. He would take 90 bags of wheat to Charlton, on a wagon with a 7 horse team taking 4 hours in and 4 hours back. In December 2008, Ross harvested the grain for his 75<sup>th</sup> year, stripping oats and barley with an 18 ft Inter 726 PTO header. About 1939 Ross and Ian bought a Willies 77 second hand car from Dews garage in Charlton and paid £250. Ross took the Willies to Dooboobetic in 1948, and then bought a Vauxhall in 1949.

When Ross was about 20, they got chooks – 600 day old chickens, which were kept warm by having a drum in the ground, fire burning all day and night to keep the ground warm for the chickens. Eggs were sold to Sodings in Charlton, they were washed and packed to take to Sodings to be graded. Ross is

still collecting and grading eggs today, and now the process includes selling the eggs.

In 1939 Ross worked on the assembly line in the Ford factory at Geelong for 6 months. He went into the army at Queenscliff from Geelong for 6 weeks. His knee played up and he was discharged. The end of Gunner McGillivray's army days. Prior to going to Queenscliff, Ross volunteered for militia in Charlton, but they would not accept him because of his "crook" knee.

In 1944 Ross was employed by the SR&WSC for 6 months to make the Wychitella channel. The channel went through their place, Billy McGillivray's, Phillips and into Wrights. The big cut was through Phillips, which was 9 feet deep and 15 chain long. Ernie Pyers was employed as a horseman by Ross, and Ross operated the plough and scoop. Ross was paid £640 which was equal to 1000 bags of wheat for 6 months work.

Ross met Joyce Stewart at the Charlton show. Joyce was discharged from nursing as she had had diphtheria and came to Parys as a private nurse for Donald. She also nursed Jim Cossars wife - mother of Bill, Jack and Bruce, and later Bert Woods in Charlton - Teds grandfather. Joyce and Ross were married on the 23<sup>rd</sup> February 1944 in Bendigo, and lived at Yeungroon until March 1948 when they moved to Dooboobetic. Glenyse was born in 1947 and Allan in 1951.

Ross applied to share farm and rent Bill Banks property at Dooboobetic, he was successful and had an agreement for 3 years, and was still there 40 years later.

To start farming Ross had 5 horses from Yeungroon, then bought 5 horses in Bendigo. He bought a plough from Cliff Parish and a combine from a clearing sale in the Mallee. That combine is in Mansell Giddings museum in Wycheproof. At harvest time he bought an AL Harvester from Joe Wright.

The first year at Dooboobetic 200 acres of wheat and oats were sown. The next year 320 acres were fallowed with a 5 furrow plough and horses, then sown and stripped. That harvest went 10 - 11 bags per acre, and so he was then able to sell the horses and buy a tractor for £1040, that being a Fordson diesel tractor. At Bank's 700 acres were ploughed each year before harvest and 700 - 1000 sheep were run. Dorrie the horse, in the trailer was used to go around the sheep, cart empty bags etc, doing all the odd jobs. Glenyse sat on top of a 4 gallon drum all day, which had the wire strainers and wire cutters in a bag in the drum; where ever Dorrie went Glenyse went. Dorrie came from Bushy Thompson.

Ross played football until he "busted his knee" in 1939, with Woosang. They won the junior premiership in 1938, and all players were presented with a cup. Ross still drives over to the football at Charlton and enjoys watching the local lads playing, and if not going to the football listens in for the results on the wireless. He also played cricket for Charlton South, which was played in front of Jack Wrights homestead. His greatest triumph was taking 10 wickets at Glenloth. Bert Paterson was wicket keeper and stumped a couple. Ross and Joyce also played tennis with Charlton South, against Woosang, Nine Mile Yeungroon and other local teams. He

started bowls when about 60 years of age, played off and on until breaking his leg. He received his super veterans badge in 1999.

Another pastime Ross enjoyed was fishing. Taking the kids to the Avoca is one of my memories (Glenyse). He also went on fishing trips with Ivan Freemantle and Keith Lynas. His best catch was a 37lb cod in the Murray river, with Gordon Freemantle in the boat.

In 1964 McEwans farm at Wooroonook was purchased and Allan came home to farm in the late 60s.

Ross and Joyce moved from Dooboobetic to Peel Street Charlton in February 1988, where we find Ross

today. Joyce and Ross travelled with the Charlton Seniors on their trips throughout Australia, and Ross to New Zealand, a time they thoroughly enjoyed. A presentation was made to Ross in August 2007, as one of their long time travellers. He received a gold watch, a new hat with some corks around the brim and lots of places they had visited represented on the hat.

In January 2009, the Monday before his birthday, we organised a working bee to erect the fence around his house. Ross bought the tractor in from the farm in the morning, cooked a leg of lamb for dinner, supervised the fence going up and took the tractor back to the farm that night. All in a day's work when you are 89 years and 362 days old."



Ross with (from left) his daughter Glenyse and his sisters Margaret Wilson and May Monaghan



## Call from Janette McGillivray for book project

I would like to publish a book to include all the descendents of Neil McGillivray and Janet Nicolson.

For the book to be 'a good read', it needs to have the data of everyone's family up-to-date to the present generation with stories and photos about their lives.

The following information is needed:

**FULL NAME** of each person, date (dd/mm/year), and place of event - birth, marriage, death and burial.

**STORIES** - family stories told by grandparents etc, about your families - childhood memories, education, occupations, holidays, special events and life's experiences will 'puts meat on the bones of our ancestors'.

**PHOTOS** - people, memorabilia and more recent photos, include all names and dates where possible, copies only please.

**WAR SERVICE** - RAAF/army/navy, number, when & where served and any other relevant information.

**AND** anything else that may be of interest.

There has to be a deadline for all your information to be forwarded to me, so I would like to have all the information by **31 December 2009** please. Contact me via email - [garnet99@bigpond.com](mailto:garnet99@bigpond.com) or to my postal address - P O Box 2182, Bakery Hill Vic 3354.

## Clan MacGillivray on Wikipedia



For those members who like to search around the internet, The Clan MacGillivray is listed on Wikipedia. Simply go to [www.en.wikipedia.org](http://www.en.wikipedia.org) and type Clan MacGillivray into the search box on the left to find out about our history and profiles.

## Touch Not Our Cat

By David McGillivray

While at the Highland Gathering in Daylesford last December we noticed for sale an impressive 50mm round MacGillivray fridge magnet for sale - note the shocking cat in the photo 'Original' - we managed to locate the wholesaler who after we provided proof that he had the wrong cat - has corrected his ways and now producing them as shown in the picture 'Ours'

On the strength of that I ordered 20 of them - had to spend \$100 to get a 20% discount - it must be my Scottish blood as thin as it may be.

He has a web site [www.heraldicgifts.com.au](http://www.heraldicgifts.com.au) - and is located in Montville, Qld.



original



ours

I came across this from the late Ian McGillivray Elder - past editor of the Journal.

I wonder if he ever did a more professional copy for a bit of fun ?



## A Splendid Clansman

Robert McGillivray CEng FICE FIWEM  
by Jill McGillivray

---

Members of the Clan MacGillivray Society of Australia were deeply saddened to learn of the death of respected Clan Historian, Robert McGillivray, of Edinburgh, on April 18 2009.

Robert was a regular contributor to our Clan Journal; editor, with his wife, Pauline, of the Clan Chattan Journal for 36 years; and a great raconteur.

He had a great knowledge of the history of the Clan MacGillivray, writing Clan histories in 1973, with Commander of the Clan the late George MacGillivray; and in 2004; and of the member Clans of the Clan Chattan Confederation.

We had the privilege of welcoming Robert and Pauline to one of our Sydney gatherings and they provided a warm welcome at the International Gatherings in Inverness, where Robert was an informative and entertaining guide, with an endless amount of knowledge.

Robert, 77, was born in Ayr, the only child of William and Janet McGillivray, and grew up in Edinburgh. He studied civil engineering at the University of Edinburgh, graduating in 1955.

He joined the Department of Agriculture for Scotland in 1960 as an assistant engineer, involved with land drainage, later becoming involved in a report, Out of Sight, Out of Mind, on sewerage and sewerage treatment, and in the words of a former colleague and

friend, Alastair Moir, 'one of the first documents to recognise the environmental concerns implicit in the provision of these services'.

Robert enjoyed an outstanding career, retiring in 1991 as Chief Engineer at the Scottish Office, the highest post in his profession.

Robert and Pauline married in 1955 and home and family were the centre of their life, most particularly their son Iain, and, later, their daughter-in-law, Fiona, and grandchildren, Calum, Catriona and Kirsty.

Sir William McPherson of Cluny paid tribute to Robert and Pauline's enormous contribution to Clan Chattan at the Service of Thanksgiving held in the Cramond Kirk, stating that the page of the journals they edited were a mine of entertainment, history and scholarship.

He noted that in the last journal for 2008, jointly edited by Robert and Pauline, there is much reference to the Clan Chattan Termit Band of Friendship of 1609, which sought to cement the union of the Clans 'in perpetual amity, friendship and kindness'. The last lines of the Editorial refers to inspirational figures from the past in our clans and finishes with the words – let us honour the names of all these by continuing in perpetual amity, friendship and kindness'.

Cluny said: I see him now – tall and always spare – proud in his MacGillivray kilt which he wore so well – full of enthusiasm for all that he did and able to pass on his zest for Clan lore and memories so vividly to others, Tours of Clan country in his company – and especially his beloved Strathnairn, Dunlichity and Dunmaglass – were particularly memorable.

## Kirsty wins in the Myer National Fashions on the Field

by Alasdair MacGillivray

---

Kirsty MacGillivray won the Myer National Fashions on the Field on Melbourne Cup Day 2008, then beat a field of 450 entrants in the National Final held on Oaks Day. Judges were US celebrities Carson Kressley and Candace Bushnell, creator of TV show 'Sex and the City.'

For her troubles Kirsty won a \$70,000 yellow Saab convertible and \$30,000 worth of jewellery, luggage and Myer gift vouchers.

Although she just turned 20 the previous week, she'd never driven a car and therefore didn't have a licence. One newspaper headline read: 'Car prize first; Drivers licence second.'

She appeared on all TV news services and in every major newspaper around the country. We were all getting sick of the sight of her!!!

The front page story in The Age stated: "A Melbourne girl in classic black has won the iconic National Melbourne Cup

..... A Highlander in spirit and blood if not in residence – and a splendid Clansman.

We extend our deepest sympathy to Pauline, and to Iain, Fiona, Calum, Catriona and Kirsty.

*Fashions on the Field competition from a field of more than 450 entrants.*

*Ms. MacGillivray, a sales supervisor, wore a Ward and Wylie white and black floral headpiece with black Alex Perry jacket and a black silk Korrily Johnston dress with roused detail."*

'It's very classic but it's simple and relaxed,' Ms. MacGillivray said. She said her win was "definitely unexpected" and the thrill of a lifetime. I'm very excited.'

The twist in the tale is the fact that Kirsty works for the sponsor's rival, David Jones!!



## Max McGillivray

by Jill McGillivray

It seems somewhat ironic that the life of Max McGillivray, who died following a heart attack in 2005, has been commemorated with a stone seat.



For, as stated by Brian Kelly, of the Bright Lions Club, at the unveiling of the seat, it is unlikely Max would have sat long enough to appreciate it.

He was never still.

A long time member of our Society, Max was the son of Don and Rene McGillivray, both deceased. Many of our members will recall Don playing the musical saw at early Gatherings.

A selfless man, who always put his community first, Max was a member of the Bright Lions Club for 20 years, including 12 years of uninterrupted 100 per cent attendance.

He also spent 20 years on the Lions Club Board of Directors, and is remembered as a man of vision, someone who could see about achieving that vision, someone committed to volunteerism.

Of course, no-one is able to put so much voluntary time into their community without the support of their partner, and Max had an extraordinary partner in his wife, Lynne.

An electrician by trade, Max moved to Bright with Lynne, in 1970, to raise their family. His community involvement began by joining the Apex Club, which he was to serve as President, and the Kindergarten Committee.

He was a Bright Shire Councillor from 1975 to 1987, a member of the Bright Water Board, Bright Hospital Committee, the Autumn and Spring Festival Committees, Friends of the Arboretum, the Climb Mt Buffalo Event, Rotary, Masonic Lodge, and assisted with the Recreation Reserve Walking Tracks.

Eldest daughter Robyn commented that Max's legacy lived on through his family and the community work that continues.

"If I was to think of one word to sum up Dad, it would be passion. For us, part of the spirit of Bright is the work of the volunteers who have contributed to make Bright a better place."

*Photo courtesy of  
North East Newspapers, Wangaratta  
- Ed*



*Lynne McGillivray sits on the stone seat commemorating her late husband, Max, located near the Bright Scout Hall, surrounded by their children and grandchildren.*

## Welcome to Sue McGillivray-Jordan

Sue McGillivray-Jordan is a new member of the Clan Council.

Sue is the daughter of Rome and the late Bob McGillivray of Milawa, and a sister of our new President, Jill McGillivray. She has attended many Clan Gatherings, often accompanied by her husband, Stephen, and son, Nicholas, and they all assisted greatly with the running of the 25<sup>th</sup> gathering, held at Milawa.

Sue has worked at the ATO in Albury for almost 25 years.

She was an active member of the Milawa Young Farmers and a keen tennis and squash player in her younger days, and was delighted when Nicholas took up an interest in competitive squash, in addition to a range of other sporting interests. More recently, Sue was actively involved in Scouts, assisting in fundraising to fund Scout trips, whilst Nick was a Scout.

She feels she now has more time to devote to Society activities and is greatly looking forward to accompanying Jill, and their mother Rome, to Inverness for the Band of Union celebrations in August.

## How D.C. McGillivray Bought The Farm

by Pamela Sherpa

Running was an integral part of life when my grandfather D.C (David Crump) McGillivray was a boy. Chores were done morning and afternoon and running to and from school was the norm.

Not surprisingly, like many of his time, D.C. discovered his athletic talents and developed into a decent all-round sportsman. He relished competition and adhered to the philosophy that you do your best and play tough but fair.

His achievements included winning the mile and the half-mile at the Stawell Easter carnival in 1929 and then two days later, on the way home to Gunbower, winning the same events at Bendigo.

A newspaper article of the day reported his efforts at Stawell:

"D.C McGillivray covered himself with glory by capturing the mile and half mile events. He is a fine stamp of an athlete and greatly impressed the critics. The mile was a wonderful race and the time, 4 min 14 secs was phenomenal. McGillivray who was on the 56 yard mark, came away at 200 yards from the line and putting in a paralysing sprint, romped home by 15 yards."

Family legend has it that he deliberately ran slow times in the heats at Stawell, plonked money on himself, won both finals then bought the family farm with the winnings. First prize was 65 sovereigns. Who knows how much he won on the punt.

At Bendigo his performance in the mile event was described:

"D.C McGillivray, the Echuca footballer, was early a popular fancy for the event, and he won it. The first three laps were run at fairly fast rate. And going for the third lap McGillivray was fifth. With 300 yards to go he set out after the leader S. Copeland, the Rochester footballer, who was commencing to tire. McGillivray, from the 200 mark was putting in a run at a pace only a little below that of 220 standard. He headed Copeland but was not content and kept striding it out and finished as strong as any other mile runner has at Bendigo. McGillivray was considered by some of the oldest and best critics on the ground as one of the finest mile and half-mile runners in recent years. ....During the past 12 months he has developed into one of the finest distance runners in the Commonwealth. He did the hitherto unaccomplished feat of winning the half mile and mile at Stawell and following it up two days later at the Bendigo carnival. He shows the determination in his running and great judgement in tackling the leaders over the final lap."

As D.C considered running an essential part of life, his children were expected to embrace it as well. It meant life's primary purpose, work, could be done with greater zeal. Once my Dad and a brother were caught walking home from school instead of running. They were made to run back to school, run home again and then their job allocation was

doubled! Needless to say they didn't consider a leisurely stroll again.

Of course we were expected to do the same while growing up. Run to do the simplest of chores like opening gates, run to fetch dad's golf balls, run to chase sheep and cattle. And so run we did - barefoot across the paddocks on the family farm.

The glorious freedom of running was a highlight of my childhood. A love of sport naturally followed and with it came life's greatest lesson - how to be a good sport.

Once again Grandpop's legacy was passed down to us. Being a good sport mattered as much as winning.

The family farm at "River Glen" on the Gunbower creek was the scene of many social days and fundraisers for the local football and tennis clubs. Rodeos, greasy pig chases, and tennis tournaments were held there.

D.C was a local legend on the tennis court and his tennis racquet story became our favourite.

He believed that equipment should never be blamed for a loss and that you didn't need fancy gear to help you win.

D.C. enjoyed a sporting challenge. When he could beat someone playing tennis with his right hand he would switch the racquet and play left-handed. If he won that he would then get Granny's big flat-bottomed frypan and using the back of it play right handed. If successful he'd then switch the frypan to his left hand. If still a victor he would

then use the inside of the frypan right handed and if still a winner he'd play left handed with the inside.

One of my uncles verifies this story is true and I've heard it enough times to have no choice but believe it!

Every time an example of bad sportsmanship rears its ugly head - you can bet the frying pan story will get another run in our family!

Easter is a traditional time for our family. We get together in the backyard at Gunbower and tales of Grandpop's sporting feats continue to be told.



## Clan Chattan Band of Union 400<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebrations

by Jill McGillivray

This year marks the 400<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the signing of the Clan Chattan Band of Union at Termit in 1609, which marked the evolution of Clan Chattan as the first true 'super' Clan.

That Band of Union has also been referred to as a Band of Friendship, as it sought to cement the union of 'the 16 different Clans, along with other tribes and families' in 'perpetual amity, friendship and kindness'.

That friendship has always been in evidence with a very warm welcome on the few occasions I have been able to attend the Clan Chattan Association Annual General Meetings and the great Field Sports Days at Moy.

To mark this significant event, the Clan Chattan Association is hosting four days of celebrations and events in and around Inverness in August 2009.

Highlight of the celebrations will be the modern day re-signing of the Clan Chattan Band of Union, with wording reflecting this great Confederation of Clans in the 21<sup>st</sup> century.

And, in line with the 21<sup>st</sup> century, arrangements are being put in place to allow Clan members around the world to sign 'online' during the week of celebrations.

Events open with a welcome at Lochardil House Hotel on Wednesday, August 5, a visit to the Culloden Battlefield and new visitor centre, and the laying of the Clan Chattan Association wreath. There will be a Scottish high tea at Lochardil House.

Thursday, August 6, marks the highpoint of the celebrations, with the unveiling of the Memorial at Termit, and the March of the Clan Chattan through Inverness to Eden Court for the signing of the 2009 Band of Union by the Chiefs and Clan members, in the presence of the Provost of Inverness.

Friday, August 7, will take in the Highland Field Sports at Moy, with an invitation from Mrs [Celia] Mackintosh of Mackintosh to lunch in the Clan Tent, the Clan Chattan Association annual general meeting, and a dinner and ceilidh at the Thistle Hotel, Inverness.

On Saturday, August 8, there will be a tour of the Clan Country of Strathnairn, Strathdearn and Strathspey, including a visit to the Clan McPherson Museum at Newtonmore.

Inviting all Clansmen and women to attend the celebrations, Clan Chattan Association Chairman, the Very Rev Allan Maclean of Dochgarroch, noted the Clan Chattan confederacy of Clans is unique, in that each of the constituent Clans retained their own name and identity.

Histories record that the Clan MacGillivray were one of the oldest and most important septs of the Clan Chattan, and, three representatives of our Clan signed the Band of Union in 1609.

Our chief, Alasdair Ruadh, also referred to as Alexander, led the Clan Chattan regiment at Culloden, and died near the Well of the Dead, or MacGillivray's Well.

One report states his last act on the battlefield was to help to drummer boy

he heard moaning for water, to the well or spring.

It is with a great sense of pride that my mother, Rome, sister Sue, and I are travelling to Inverness to take part in the 400<sup>th</sup> anniversary celebrations.

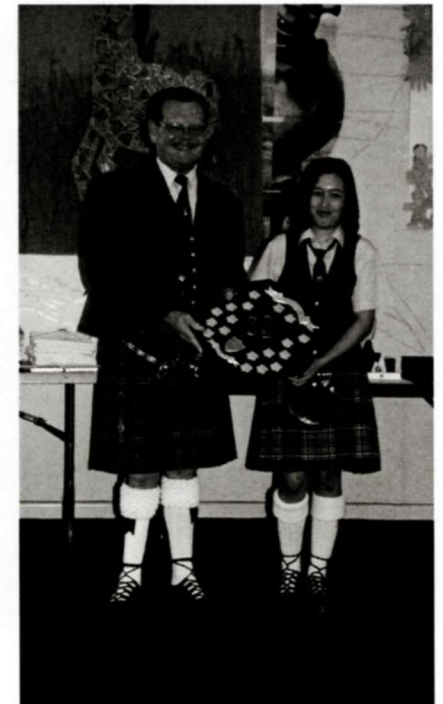
## Clan MacGillivray Junior Piping Award

Hope Town

To Mr McGillivray,

It is an honour to keep your trophy for a year. I have it on a mantel piece where everybody can see it. I have been a piper for about 3 and a half years now. I started when I was 10 and am now 13 turning 14. My Father is from England and has loved to hear the sound of pipes so he took me to a local pipe band concert, where I heard the Warrnambool and District Pipes and Drums band play.

After I went to the concert I joined the pipe band and have continued since. I play in the senior grade 3 band with the Warrnambool pipe band. The band has travelled several places around Victoria and New Zealand for competitions. We are currently the New Zealand champions in grade 3 and the Victorian Champions for grade 3. Playing pipes has taken me to all sorts of places. I have been competing in solos for 2 years and have just moved up from novice to D grade. My piping tutor is Donald Blair. I am still currently going to school and am in year 8. I go to Emmanuel College Warrnambool.



Thank you  
Hope Town

## Ringwood Highland Games 2009

The Games had a real Highland feel this year. We had some drizzle, rain and wind. It was perfect. Many McGs gathered at the Clan tent once again put in place by the indefatigable David and Heather who as always put out a wonderful display of Clan material. Back issues of the Journal were available along with a range of Clan merchandise. The tent was a cosy refuge from the wind and we all enjoyed tea, coffee, as well as a splendid assortment of sandwiches and

cakes. Some of us also enjoyed a *wee dram* – just to keep the cold weather at bay of course.

It was pleasing to see so much Clan MacGillivray tartan on display. If you have ever thought of buying a piece of Clan tartan or anything that shows our crest, get in touch with our Secretary David McGillivray.



The wind and rain abated long enough to take this photo of Clan members enjoying the 2009 Ringwood Highland Games

## Best in Show

by Marney Thomas

I am writing this article as a result of my venture into putting something in the Newcastle Show. I have thought about it quite often but not acted on it. So I took my crocheted MacGillivray tartan rug and entered it in the "Over 70s Group" Much to my surprise on the day the show opened my daughter-in-law rang me to tell me that I had won first prize in my section. I was pleased

and excited to receive a gold medal and certificate.. I still can't believe it.

I used the pattern from the Clan MacGillivray Journal and have made 3 altogether.

*Naturally, if any other readers have won prizes or achieved recognition in any way, we would like to hear from you.*

*Ed*



Marney Thomas proudly displaying her prize winning crocheted rug in Clan colours. Congratulations Marney from all Clan members

The historian of the Clan, Robert, has produced a new history of our Clan. The book was reviewed in the Journal of Clan MacGillivray Society USA in the following way:

The effort is directed to providing context, an overall view of the period and important events, relationships and movements within which our ancestors would have found themselves.... It is truly amazing how much good material has been packed into this compact gem of a book.

As noted in the editorial, it is very sad that we acknowledge the passing of

### Tea With Chrissie

---

The Clan Journal in 1991 published a story called *Chrissie Burg*. The story highlighted research by Rosalind Jones into the life and times of Chrissie MacGillivray of Burg on the isle of Mull. Rosalind first visited Burg as a geology student from London University in 1966. She, along with many others was interested in the fossil remains in Burg particularly a large fossil redwood. Because motor vehicle access to Burg was limited, fossil hunters hiked in and many stopped for tea with Chrissie on route. Rosalind established a relationship with Chrissie and began to document her stories. Chrissie, who died in 1989 aged 91, was able to relay many aspects of the highland way of life; the hardships, the fading Gaelic tongue, the effect of newcomers as well as neighbouring

Robert McGillivray. Recently he provided both the USA and our Society with an excellent review of the 9.3 million pound project that has resulted in updated interpretation and a modern visitor centre on Culloden Moor, near Inverness, Scotland. (Robert's article *New Culloden Visitors Centre* appeared in the 2008 Clan MacGillivray Society (Australia) Journal

To obtain the *The Clan MacGillivray*, by Robert McGillivray, contact our Secretary David McGillivray.

lairds. Chrissie told how poetry played a prominent part in her life and that of her brother Duncan.

There is a great deal in this book for anyone who wishes to know how their Highland forebears lived and managed to survive on the beautiful but harsh island. The book is available from the National Trust for Scotland. Proceeds from the book's sale go towards the restoration work at Burg. (Thanks to reviews by Robert McGillivray and Thomas R. Cox – *Clach an Airm* – Clan MacGillivray Society USA 2008/2009)

For copies of the book:  
[www.nts.uk/shop/product/40/](http://www.nts.uk/shop/product/40/)  
Or contact Clan Secretary, David McGillivray

### Margot Rosalie Walker by Jill McGillivray

In our last Journal we paid brief tribute to the life of Margot Rosalie Walker, of Albury, New South Wales, who died in January 2008.

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

Born at Tallangatta on June 30 1950, Margot was the youngest daughter of our foundation member, Lil Hillas, [who ran our successful Border gatherings in Albury] and the late Fred Hillas, and a sister to Peter [Melbourne], Yvonne [Hunter] and Kerrie [Scott], both of Albury.

Margot is remembered for her love of her family, her great sense of fun, infectious laugh, strong work ethic, generosity, and optimism, and for doing it 'her way'. She always took a positive approach, even during her battle with cancer, and never complained.

Margot had a keen interest in dancing from an early age and took part successfully in ballroom dancing competitions for some years.

Her working life took her too many places around Australia, including Perth, Derby, and Bateman's Bay and, of course, her home town of Albury.

Son Andrew recalls Margot had a work ethic second to none, always putting in 110 per cent in everything she did, always doing something and never sitting still. She loved travelling and socialising and was the ideal host at the hotels she and Don managed.

Margot took a temporary position with Country Energy after finishing her role at the Crown Hotel Hay in 2003, and had to go through the whole job application process when the position was declared vacant and advertised after 12 months.

She was the only applicant to turn up to the interview with a muffin maker and make her way into the kitchen to cook hot savoury and sweet muffins for the interview panel – and she got the job.

Her role at Country Energy included acting as a mentor for the Young Achievers, a group of award winning year 12 students, and taking part in Field Days on behalf of the company

She loved horse racing, especially the Melbourne Cup, and football, the Richmond Tigers.

As it says in the poem written for Margot and read at her funeral at St Matthew's Anglican Church Albury:

'.....She was a rock solid support for those who were close in her life a foundation for family to lean on a devoted mother and wife.

She had a tenacity to never give up when ill-health she had to withstand she could always manage that cheery G'day even though she'd been dealt a rough hand.....'

Farewell Margot – our deepest sympathy to your family

**Robert (Bob) Stewart Drysdale** by Alwyn Drysdale

Bob's love of bagpipes started at quite a young age. He was a piper in the Yea Pipe Band when he was sixteen years of age. When he joined the Army, Bob formed a pipe-band in the Ninth Division. It played at quite a number of ceremonial occasions. The band also played when they were out on route marches in the Atherton Tablelands. When Bob moved to Boorcan on the Soldier Settlement block news soon got around the district that he was a piper. The Terang Pipe Band (originally the Noorat Band) had gone into recess so Bob re-formed the band and taught many young people until the Terang Pipe Band had forty members. Bob became Drum Major and later secretary of the Band. Eldest son, Donald, was one of Bob's pupils and he became Pipe Major of the Noosa and District Pipe Band. Donald played the pipes at Bob's funeral.



*Thanks to Alwyn Drysdale for sending these words about one part of Bob's life for our Journal. A wonderful story about Bob was published in the Tatura Guardian in June 2008. The article reported that many people around Kyabram in North East Victoria remembered Bob through one of his favourite sayings – "good on ya mate, you'll do me"*

- Ed.

**Lorna May Thom** by Jennifer Thom

There are no words to say how much we love you. Just as there are none to say how much we will miss you. Thank you for all you gave and taught us especially the ability to see the funny side of almost everything and to laugh heartily about it. All our love. Nancy, Jennifer, Bill, Graham and Melissa.



**Ina McGillivray** by Euan McGillivray

Ina passed away at Wantirna in July 2008. She turned 90 earlier in the year. She and her late husband Malcolm were long time supporters of the Clan and when healthy, regular attendees at gatherings and Highland Games.

Ina was a Matheson woman from Wycheproof before marrying Malcolm and moving to Mount Hope, near Pyramid Hill, in Northern Victoria. She was a strong and talented partner of their early farming life and later in a real estate business in Melbourne. Mother of four, grandmother of seven and great-grandmother of eight, Ina played a central role in the development of many young lives. She maintained many connections with friends from the long past days on the farm as well as making new friends especially in the

retirement village where she lived before going into a nursing home. Ina is dearly remembered as a determined and supportive woman.



***When my life on earth is ended  
and I reach the other shore,  
I shall meet my own dear clansmen  
Who have gone that way before.***

*unknown*



Robert McGillivray, BSc, FKCE, FIWES Edinburgh by Peter McGillivray

All members will be shocked at the recent death of Robert, an Honorary Member of our Society since 1984, who passed away in hospital following a major operation. We extend our sympathy to his widow Pauline and his family.

Since 1970 Robert and Pauline have been most successful as joint editors of the Clan Chattan Association Journal. All members will have enjoyed his submissions to our Journal and many also have become appreciative owners of his Clam MacGillivray history book. In January 1992 Robert achieved a grant of Arms from Lord Lyon, King of Arms. Later in the same year, Robert and Pauline were able to spend a brief stay in Sydney and Melbourne on their way to New Zealand. In Sydney they were able to join us at our annual gathering. In Melbourne we were able to take them on a brief trip to Victoria's Western District including the Great Ocean Road. Robert was delighted to spot a prominent road sign at Peterborough, indicating that we were driving past MacGillivray Road!



*Peter and Robert posing at MacGillivray Road in Peterborough, Victoria.*

Francis Stewart McGillivray by Terry McGillivray

Known to family and friends alike as Stewart, Francis Stewart McGillivray was born in Colac Victoria on 14 March 1924, the first child of George Stewart McGillivray of Irrewillipe & Mary Ann Eldridge of Terang. Ref. *Clan MacGillivray Journal Vol 2, No.2 1986 p.20*

Tragedy struck on 3 May 1933 when Stewart's father died in an industrial accident

Stewart continued at school until 14 years of age, then left and worked as a grocers assistant. In 1942 he signed up for service in the Australian army, as a signaller and saw active duty in Papua New Guinea. He returned to his grocer's in 1948 until his acceptance in to the Public Service as a Postal Clerk in 1950.

Stewart married Margaret June Mawson in 1951 at St. Andrews Presbyterian church Colac. In 1953 Stewart and June moved to Boronia, and over the next 5 years had three of their four children Graham, Donald & Terry. In 1965 he again relocated, to Sale in Gippsland, further pursuing a career with the Post Master Generals Department and in 1966 was conferred with an Associateship Diploma in Public Administration from Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology. The family moved back to suburban Blackburn North in 1969 where another son Kenneth was born in 1972. Work led to another move, this time to Canberra where Stewart resigned from the Public Service in 1982.

In 1985 his wife of 34 years June lost her battle with cancer, and shortly after Stewart made his first journey overseas since 1942 and travelled through Europe and back to Mull & Iona Scotland to the birth place of his ancestors. More trips were made overseas to included a trip back to Scotland for the International Gathering with *Clan MacGillivray Society* in August 1992.

Stewart's had a relationship with *Clan MacGillivray Society* that ran for over 20 years including positions on the committee and writing many articles for the journal.

On 18 August 1999 Stewart re-married to Florence May White of Torquay his long time dance partner since 1992. For the second time he lost a wife when Flo passed away on 10 December 2004. Stewart's health slowly declined and in 2007 he moved to the Freemasons Nursing home in Prahran, and passed away on 24 August 2008.



Yvonne Gwenevere (Hanna)(Chivers) Jones by Gay Savage

Yvonne Gwenevere (Hanna)(Chivers) Jones was born in Gunnedah on 13 May 1913. The things dearest to Yvonne's heart were her family and her heritage, which connection was from the McGilvrays of Skye.

Yvonne was an active member of the Clan MacGillivray Society. In fact she was the founding member, having organised family gatherings at her home, which was to eventually grow into one of the largest family societies in Australia with the formation of the Clan MacGillivray Society. Yvonne attended all the Clan MacGillivray gatherings in Sydney for many years. Much to her joy, her four grandchildren danced, winning many Scottish dancing competitions at various Highland gatherings and eisteddfods.

Yvonne's sister, *Patricia M.S. Conner*, has written a fascinating history of the family, titled "*Some Early Settlers and Connections*", which book can be found in the State Library and in many other libraries around NSW. This wonderful

book was researched over 30 years, using information they were able to locate during their travels together. The family are so proud of them both for this achievement.

Yvonne passed away on 16<sup>th</sup> October 2008 having reached the age of 95 years. Mum often said "*She always wanted to set a good example for all her family*". And she did! Loyal clan gatherer. Staunch family matriarch. Loving and proud of all the members of her family. How very lucky we all were to have you for so long.





Journal readers will recall that several items have appeared relating to the “McGillivray Organ”. Roma Wilson from Subiaco, Western Australia has sent a note regarding a celebration of the organ at Winthrop Hall, University of Western Australia in May 2008. A number of pieces were played with the celebration being presented by the University Organist, Annette Goerke. The Clan made a small donation to assist with the restoration of the organ.



CLAN MACGILLIVRAY