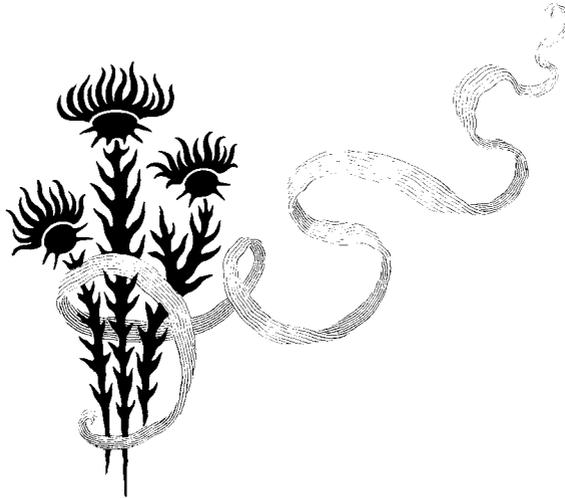


CLAN MACGILLIVRAY  
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Cover: Map of Scotland, Distinguishing particularly the districts or counties  
Inhabited by the Highland Clans.  
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## EDITORIAL

### Euan McGillivray

The Journal for 2020 was the first edition to miss being published since 1979. The Committee was very sorry to make the decision to skip the year, but Covid played havoc with our planning. However, we are pleased to present the 2021 Journal and continue our theme of Identity, this time with a focus on Places. Thinking about this issue is significant when we look at one of the aims of the Clan MacGillivray Society Australia, which is:

*To provide insights into the part played by Scots in the history of Australia, especially by MacGillivrays and their descendants.*

In 2019 we asked our clan members to reflect on what it means to be part of Clan MacGillivray living outside Scotland. The Clan Journal published 22 stories that explored that question. We expected to examine the question more fully with clan members from other countries at the 2020 international gathering in Scotland, before it was unfortunately cancelled due to the COVID-19 pandemic.

2020 was a year where travel and free movement - once taken for granted by so many - became a luxury. With so many of us unable to travel to Scotland for the postponed international gathering, the new 'COVID-normal' has made many of us appreciate the places we live and our local communities, as well as nostalgic for the places we wish we could go.

For the 2021 journal, we invited our members to reflect on the important places in their lives and in their MacGillivray family heritage. Is there a place in Scotland that you have visited (or would like to visit) that particularly resonates with your family immigration story? What places in Australia are important to your family heritage, and how did your ancestors come to make those places home?

This 2021 Journal has three stories that continue with the *Identity* theme. Katrina Groombridge, John McGilvray and Ken Mcgilvray sent stories that resonated with their Scottish history and sense of identity. Sandra Potter wrote about family and a move from Victoria to Perth in 1897 for a new life.

Our theme of *Place* has contributions from David McGillivray about memorable places in his life, such as a fruit block in Red Cliffs. Kathy Medbury shares her memories of *place* focussing on her father and his family around Heathcote in central Victoria. Ann Brown takes us back to the Isle of Skye for her story about place. Our President, Jill, takes us to a town that moved location in 1956 and a connection to pandemics. Lynda Collier has shared her story about ancestors from the Isle of Skye.

Finally, I also gave some thought to how connection to place played a role in my own life.



## **MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT**

**Jill McGillivray**

Greetings to our members - old and new. I hope this second year of Covid hasn't had an adverse effect on you or your family members. We have been fortunate. It is being cut off from family members which I find so hard - and which my late mother found so difficult.

My nieces and great nephew are just three hours away in Melbourne but I had not been able to see them for 18 months. We were unable to go to Sydney for mum's last remaining cousin's 98th birthday in February. Like many other families who could not be at important events, we were all upset about that too.

I would like to thank all those who sent messages of condolence on the death of

our mother Rome on 12 September 2021. She was 94 and a foundation and life member of our Society.

She travelled to Scotland with Dad for an international gathering of the Clans in 1977 and an international gathering of Clan MacGillivray. With my sister Sue and I, Rome attended the 400th celebration of the Clan Chattan Bond of Union.

Due to Covid restrictions we could only have a private cremation service for 10 people in Wodonga (Victoria). The service is available on livestream at Lester and Sons, Wodonga. We plan to hold a Service of Thanksgiving in celebration of mum's life later in the year at St Paul's Anglican Church Milawa when family and friends can gather in numbers.

Hopefully the church will be available as it did suffer some cracking in the recent Victorian earthquake. With best wishes to all of you from Sue and myself and all the family.



## **MESSAGE FROM THE ARCHIVISTS**

**Lynda Collier**

Only a few members over the past year (or two really) have asked for any assistance with their research. We have information on some families to share. There have probably been a few more enquiries from non-members and I think we have been able to convert a couple. I usually advise whether we have any further information, offer some suggestions where to do some research and encourage them to join.

I have a strong interest in DNA and if any members would like to share their results with me I would take a look. There is the Y-DNA McGillivray project at [familytreeDNA.com](http://familytreeDNA.com) run by the American McGillivray branch. I am particularly interested in the DNA of McGillivray and related families from the Isle of Skye and surrounding islands.



## **MESSAGE FROM THE SECRETARY & TREASURER**

**Euan McGillivray**

Our Clan Society is so similar to many other clubs or groups that needed to postpone events or other activities during the Covid pandemic. We are so grateful to report that we have not heard of any Clan members who suffered Covid effects.

The Clan Annual General Meeting has been held at the Ringwood Highland Games for about the past 20 years. With Covid chaos, the Treasurer has not been able to table our financial position. In summary, our situation is quite good. Keeping in mind that we did not produce a Journal in 2020, our bank balance is \$7361. You might be interested to know that the Journal costs about \$1,300 to print, \$550 to design, and about \$560 to post to members. We like to post a copy to all members as a tangible benefit of membership. The annual newsletter, Dunmaghlass, will be sent by email to the majority of our members, reducing postage costs. We incur other standard annual costs for our website, email and App to facilitate online membership payments totalling \$505. Online membership and recurring payments are our major source of income. In 2020/21, online membership grew by 23 individuals. We believe this is due to the convenience of being able to pay by PayPal in a simple transaction.

The Clan also uses the Scottish Australian Heritage Council for our group insurance program covering public & product liability and volunteer workers' insurances at a cost of \$231.

By now you will be wondering what our income is. This fluctuates with membership numbers, but it is about \$3000 per annum. Put simply, we spend a little more than we make each year. The past 5 years have seen us pretty much break even because the design of the Journal was done free of charge by our Media Manager, Mary McGillivray. She is unavailable for the next few years at least.

Clan Committee member Bill MacGillivray from Brisbane has been preparing a Constitution for our Clan Society. We should be able to send details to all members in early 2022.

Also during 2022, the Committee will review our income and costs. If any members have bright ideas about income generation or cost reduction, please get in touch.

# IDENTITY

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## STEPPING STONES TO THE PAST

John McGilvray

### *Editors note*

*For the 2019 Journal a call went out for stories about Identity. You will recall we asked 'what does it mean to be part of Clan MacGillivray, living outside Scotland'. We published over 20 stories in 2019. Members Ken Mcgilvray, John McGilvray and Katrina Groombridge and Jill McGillivray have sent their contributions which we are pleased to publish this year. They would like to share their short stories with others in the Clan, and hope to read more stories from other members about Scottish connections.*

The year 2020 saw the Clan MacGillivray reunion defeated by an unseen force (Covid-19), that also affected the world with many casualties and economic hardship. My reflections of being part of the Clan are linked to other theatres of conflict where the name MacGillivray is remembered in stone.

My father, John Cameron McGilvray, left NZ during the Depression for Australia. Married an Australian; though serving in WW2 with the Australian army in New Guinea, he always remained a Kiwi, and so I am from an ANZAC union.

My pilgrimage to ANZAC Cove was in October 2009. It is a solemn place both for Australia and New Zealand. A marble



A marble memorial for those from the 7th battalion AIF, killed in this unwinnable conflict. Image supplied.

memorial for those from the 7th battalion AIF, killed in this unwinnable conflict, has *McGillivray J* included under the *Mc* listings. One of many names, but to me, one that resonates, engraved in stone in memory of the fallen. That name is James McGillivray, born in Yea, Victoria. He was 22 years old when he embarked for Gallipoli in October 1914. James was killed in action in July 1918. He has no known grave.

The Memorial commemorates the 3268 Australians and 456 New Zealanders who have no known grave and the 960 Australians and 252 New Zealanders who were buried at sea after evacuation through wounds or disease. The Memorial stands over the centre of the Turkish trenches and tunnels which were the scene of heavy fighting during the August offensive. Most cemeteries on Gallipoli contain relatively few marked graves, and the majority of Australians killed on Gallipoli are commemorated here.



Lone Pine Memorial. There are now 1,167 Commonwealth servicemen of the First World War buried or commemorated in this cemetery. Image courtesy of the Commonwealth War Graves.

My great grandfather, Malcolm emigrated from Glasgow to NZ in the 1870's- one of many *clearing out* from the harsh conditions in Celtic countries; a parallel to the *Clearances* a century earlier.

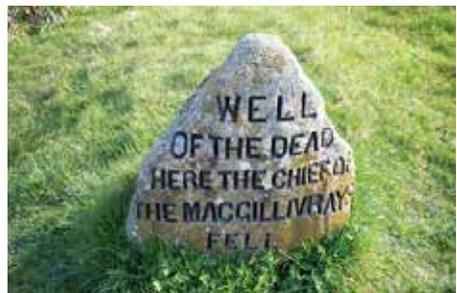
Culloden field commemorates the ill-fated Jacobite uprising in 1746. A cairn marks the site where the Chieftain of the Clan MacGillivray, Alexander of Dunmaglass fell in battle.

My family line may not have been involved, or luckily survived, as Peter MacGillivray - a direct ancestor, was born at Bunchrew / Inverness in 1809.

A visit to the Dunmaglass estate and Culloden in 1997 linked the commemoration of fallen Clan members at heroic disasters. And like Culloden and ANZAC Cove, they are stepping stones back in Clan history. The Clan is cherished and the names of the fallen are remembered.

*Editor's note*

*In the 2016 Clan Journal, member Murray Parker, wrote about the projection of names on the Australian War Memorial. These projections were to honour those who died in the First World War. Murray's great uncle James Alexander McGillivray, part of the 9th Light Horse regiment, was killed in action. His name is also commemorated on the Lone Pine Memorial. Members can see the story in our archive of Journals: [www.clanmacgillivraysocietyaustralia.com/klan-journals](http://www.clanmacgillivraysocietyaustralia.com/klan-journals)*



Well of the Dead, Culloden Battlefield. It is said to mark the point where Chief Alexander MacGillivray died. Image supplied.



## FROM TOBERMORY TO TOOWOOMBA

Ken Mcgilvray

My story begins when Alexander Mcgilvray and his wife Sarah (Cameron) and their children sailed from Scotland in 1839 (from Tobermory) and arrived in Sydney in 1840. I can only wonder as to the reasons behind such a bold journey.

Tobermory owes its origins to the British Fisheries Society and their search for likely sites for fishing communities in western Scotland in the 1700s. The name comes from the Gaelic *tobar-mhoire* which translates as “Mary’s Well”, after an ancient holy well dedicated to the Virgin Mary in what is now the upper part of the village.

For some time I felt that I had no real place to call home. I started to look into our heritage when my wife prompted me. She was finding amazing things about her Scottish connection while doing her family tree; and so did I.

I work in the health industry and used to talk to our indigenous health workers about their heritage and the importance of returning to country. My wife and I were lucky enough to travel to Scotland in 2018. I took my shoes off and stood with my feet touching the soil. If our body returns to dust I was standing amongst my ancestors.

My family history goes back thousands of years and although I am Australian by birth, I am Scottish by blood. I feel blessed to have the benefits of both worlds. One of diversity to share with all Australians and one of heritage to have a special connection with family.



Tobermory Harbour. Image courtesy of Creative Commons

I am proud of both and the many other nationalities that were brought together for me to be me. The saddest thing is the distance and losing our language and traditions.

The positives are having family, being part of the Mcgilvray Clan, knowing where I am from and having my blood stir as I hear the bagpipes and watch the Highland games.



Gail, Seth and Ken Mcgilvray before attending Seth's formal. Ken is a descendant of Alexander Mcgilvray and Sarah Cameron who arrived in Sydney 1840. Image supplied.



## DISCOVERING A LOVE

Katrina Groombridge

Little did I know that the voice I heard calling from afar had a Scottish accent!

When I was invited over to Scotland for the first time, I had little to no knowledge of my family roots. It wasn't that the information wasn't available, it was more that it hadn't quite caught up with me. But while I was in Scotland there, something happened.

Actually - two things happened. Firstly, it felt like home. So much so that I had no desire to leave. I would have happily set my-self up there and had another shot at life. But responsibilities dragged me back to Australia however I quickly organised a return visit.

The second thing that happened while I was in Scotland occurred on a trip to the Culloden Moor. It was a very odd experience. To be clear, I had no knowledge of the scenario played out on Culloden Moor. None. I thought it was a bit odd when my friend refused to go over it and decided to wait in the car.



Scenery around Glencoe, Argyll, Scotland. Image supplied.

Anyway, I trotted off by myself over a completely empty field, but as I walked a feeling of deep sadness began to well up in my chest. This got increasingly intense until I started to weep. I then realised that I had walked blindly right up to the MacGillivray signpost. I couldn't believe it. I was shocked, a bit overwhelmed, and cried like crazy.

I knew absolutely nothing of the history, or the Clan involvement at the Moor.

This event, and my LOVE of anything Scottish has turned into a wonderful interest in my family's past, historic events, and passion to travel right through bonnie Scotland. I've even hiked the West Highland Way. All 164 kilometers of it.



The Battle of Culloden, oil on canvas, David Morier, 1746. Image courtesy of Royal Collection Trust.

Once I returned from the initial journey I sought out my uncle, Ted Foster, who was the most accurate source for any information regarding my McGillivray family. And this has led me to the Clan.

Sometimes I feel a bit too Australian, but nevertheless I love being involved in a giant family, that has spread itself around the world. I'm learning about all things Scottish, such as Ceilidh's, Haggis and Robert Burns. My husband has even taken to wearing a kilt, and is causing quite a sensation in our local district. I thoroughly enjoy spending time with lovely people who also share the same interest, and I really enjoyed our Clan gathering in Bendigo, Victoria, in 2016.

Now all of my journeys over the bonnie lands of Scotland are filled with a mixture of deep meaning and delight. I ponder when and where my previous family members have trodden, scout the signposts for any indication of a McGillivray cousin, and seek out places that sooth my soul.

All of these travels now have a rich meaning to me.

It's as though I have rediscovered a part of myself that was missing. I now have several friends who are also Scottish – some here, some in Scotland. I feel so much fuller for knowing my Scottish heritage and proudly carry the knowledge of being a MacGillivray Clan member.



Katrina with Clan Commander, Iain MacGillivray. Iain was a special guest at the Australian Clan Gathering in Bendigo, Victoria, 2016. Image, Mary McGillivray.



## DONALD MCGILLIVRAY AND THE SPANISH FLU

Jill McGillivray

You would hardly think returning home from attending your mother's funeral would merit being met at the station by the local police officer and town doctor. But that is what happened to my grandfather Donald McGillivray in 1919.



Don McGillivray. Image supplied.

Don had travelled to Melbourne from Tallangatta to attend his mother's funeral. His mother had died of influenza and according to the account in Mac Ronan's book, *Old Tallangatta, a Town to Remember* he was the only son of the seven brothers in Australia.

His surviving brothers were still to return home from active service overseas. Don was met at the station by Dr Salt and Constable Fowles and put into a week's immediate quarantine.

Relating to the Spanish flu epidemic the story seemed particularly appropriate during this time of COVID-19. Don wasn't happy as one can imagine as he and his wife Lily had only moved to the town to establish a business in 1915 and had three young sons Don 11, Alick 9 and Bob, my father 4. According to reports they became hermits in their own home and could neither bake nor deliver bread.

Mr Swanton, the other baker in the town, could not meet demand and so households had to do without bread. Some housewives made scones and home-made bread and for a week, bread was delivered from a Wodonga firm. Don's feelings were aired and published over several weeks with local officials.

People were required to wear masks in Albury and within 10 miles of the border. A Corowa doctor was insisting horses should also be masked. *The Age* newspaper suggested asses would have been nearer the mark.



Could horses get Spanish Flu? A country doctor at the time thought so. Image supplied.



Don McGillivray, a good jockey and judge of horses.  
Image supplied.

Within 10 years Don would be dead at just 42. *The Upper Murray and Mitta Herald* on 17 June 1928 recorded that: *his death was not unexpected as it had been known he was incurably ill. It states that he was a first-class tradesman and by dint of tireless industry, thrift and strict attention to his business had built up a comfortable connection. He had personally conducted the Tallangatta-Cravensville mail contract and was very attentive to his duties, making many friends by his courtesy and obliging nature.*

Don was a robust, active and athletic man. On becoming ill the best available medical skill was invoked in vain and he had returned home, literally under a death sentence. He was fortunate in having devoted and splendid help and an exemplary family who kept the business going. His brother Jack came to Tallangatta

to assist and ensure his older sons Don and Alick completed their apprenticeships as Master Bakers. Alick was asked to see Bob through his apprenticeship to be the third Master Baker.

Don was very popular in the town. A successful cross-country jockey in his earlier years and his love of the turf endured. He loved a good horse and was a capable judge of horseflesh.

A hobby had been going out with friends to collect snakes to be sent to the Melbourne Zoo, and to London. The snakes would be kept in a large metal tank in the family backyard before being sent away.

His wife Lily was left with three sons and two daughters, the youngest just six and an insolvent business. The landlord was then to refuse to renew their lease on the bakery from where they operated their business. Lily secured the services of Chinese attorney William Ah Ket, who enabled her to save enough money from insurance to locate alternate premises and continue to operate as McGillivray Brothers. But that is a story for another time. My father was very proud that although the business was insolvent when his father died, all creditors were eventually repaid.

*Editor's note:*

*See Jill's story about 'the town that moved'. In 1956, 2 hotels, 4 petrol stations, numerous shops and businesses, 4 churches, more than 900 residents, 100 houses and all the usual public amenities of a country town were relocated 8 kilometres west of the original Tallangatta township. The location of the old town was then flooded after the Hume Dam was expanded.*

# SHARING MEMORIES



## RETURN TO THE MCG

John McGilvray

I was inspired by an article by Ann Brown, featured in the Clan Journal 2017 when she visited *the hundreds of MacGillivray, in the County of Carnaven* on Kangaroo Island, South Australia.

On a tour with my partner Ann Banister to South Australia in May, 2021- when we could visit interstate after various state lock-downs - we spent two busy days on Kangaroo Island on a group tour.

The MCG – *MacGillivray Cricket Ground* was part of the hundreds of MacGillivray estate, and later donated by the Wheaton family who restored the original homestead. It is now 'Stranraer' an upmarket B and B. ( Stranraer is a town in Scotland, I was told by one of my travelling colleagues- an ex Glasgwegian)

On tour, I managed to encourage the coach driver to detour after visiting Clifford's Honey Farm, and he drove to 'Stranraer' much to my delight and drove the coach around the estate. Of course, we managed to have a photo taken outside the entrance.



John McGilvray at the gate of Stranraer, The MacGillivray Cricket Ground, formed in 1932. Image supplied.



John and Ann Banister outside the MacGillivray Post Office. Image supplied.

Later our tour group visited the Emu Ridge Eucalyptus Farm. To my surprise, on alighting the coach, there was *The MacGillivray Post Office (1909 – 1952)*. It had been relocated to this farm and is now the office of Larry the owner- he uses it as his office and lab, testing the quality of the distilled eucalyptus oil.

Well, we could not visit the Clan gathering in Inverness 2020, but I was pleased to be able to connect with some MacGillivray history here in Australia.



## AN 1896 WEDDING AND A MOVE TO PERTH

Sandra Potter

### *Editors note*

*This is a new section for the Journal. We invite members to send a photo or two with some information that we can share with all our readers. You might want to ask for further information about a family member, or just wish to share a lovely photograph.*

*Sandra Potter sent the wedding photo of her grandmother, Mary McGillivray and George Wilson. The note attached described some of their life including moving to Western Australia. Sandra's mother was Judy Hadley, a champion of the Clan in Western Australia for many years.*

At Foxhowe, near Camperdown in Western Victoria, Mary married George on 13 September 1896. Mary was the second eldest of eleven children. Her parents sailed to Australia in the early 1850s, with father John coming as a 19 year old from the Isle of Skye. John was the son of Charles and Mary McGillivray from Lower Breakish, Isle of Skye.



Mary McGillivray and George Wilson, married at Foxhowe, Victoria, 1896. Image supplied.

At the time of Mary's marriage, she was employed as a personal servant to the lady of the house at Leslie Manor, Foxhowe. The following year, 1897, Mary and George sailed to Perth on the SS Orient.

While it is not stated what George did for a job in Foxhowe, however, because he started plant nurseries in Perth and Kalgoorlie, he may have worked in the gardens of the grand houses near Camperdown.



Leslie Manor about 2009, a fine representative of bluestone house and outbuildings. Date of construction uncertain. Classified: 19/03/1970. Victorian Heritage Property no, 2338. Leslie Manor Homestead, Camperdown/Foxhowe is 193km SW of Melbourne. The Punpundhal run was taken up in 1841 by Hastie & Hawkins. Hawkins left, Hastie stayed; in 1845 he built the bluestone homestead beside Lake Corangamite where he lived until his death in 1866. It was sold to pastoralist George Russell who renamed it Leslie Manor to honour his wife who died days after the purchase. Image: Courtesy of [mypeartreehouse.blogspot.com](http://mypeartreehouse.blogspot.com)



## MACGILLIVRAY'S 19TH CENTURY MUSEUM

Tom O'Callaghan, *Bendigo Weekly*

*The Clan Journal has featured stories about Paul Howard MacGillivray over the past years. This is another fascinating part of the story and MacGillivray's legacy to science and to the city of Bendigo in central Victoria (Editor)*

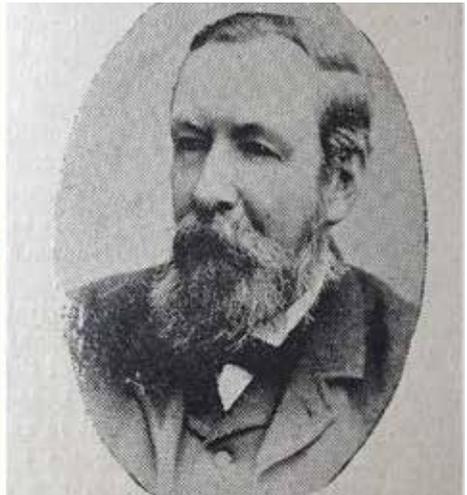
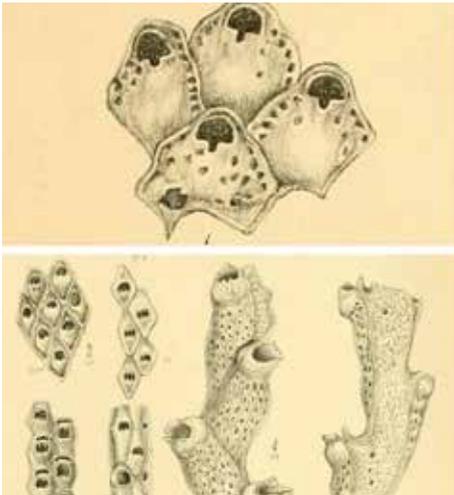
A Bendigo scientist and surgeon found these specimens fascinating, and his insights are still shaping our understanding well over a century later. His legacy is not only confined to science. Bendigo historians are revisiting Paul Howard MacGillivray's achievements as they build the case to turn McCrae Street's heritage-listed TAFE buildings into a museum.

That museum would be at the same site that MacGillivray helped transform into a world-renowned 19th century natural history museum.

The museum fell into ruin during decades of neglect but at one stage boasted everything from rare geological specimens to stuffed Tasmanian tigers and even, the story goes, a dead dodo.

Museums Victoria has given the *Bendigo Weekly* an insight into MacGillivray's surviving legacy. That includes about 50 "type specimens" - the examples of a species every other scientist uses to work out what they are looking at.

MacGillivray specialised in bryozoa, which are tiny sea creatures that create intricate, coral-like structures, the museum's invertebrate palaeontology collection manager Rolf Schmidt said.



Left: The Bryozoa, also known as Ectoprocta or commonly as moss animals, drawn by Paul H MacGillivray, about 1887. Image courtesy of Museums Victoria Right: Portrait of Paul H. MacGillivray, Annals of Bendigo, Image supplied.



Bryozoa slide, about 1887. Image courtesy of Museums Victoria (formerly National Museum of Victoria)

“A lot of people haven’t heard of them, but they are quite significant around Victoria, both in the fossil record and more recently,” he said. “You’re bound to have seen some without knowing that’s what you were looking at. They are often found on beaches or in cliffs around the coast. “They are only half a millimetre thick but they clone themselves into colonies and their lime skeletons make up a lot of the rocks around here.”

MacGillivray was a giant of late-19th century science whose day job was at his Bendigo medical surgery. “In his lifetime he was recognised as being quite a good scientist and I think he might have been highly regarded overseas as well,” Dr Schmidt said.

MacGillivray had many talents and one that appears to have been the sharpest was his capacity for detailed drawings of specimens, at a time when photography was not the norm.

“When you look at other publications from the 19th century, they can be a little bit dodgy. Things are sometimes simplified or stylised, so it can be very hard to match drawings with specimens,” Dr Schmidt said. “But MacGillivray’s drawings are so exquisitely detailed. They are so close to the original specimens that we can easily match drawings to the museum’s specimens.” Dr Schmidt said MacGillivray’s care extended to the specimens he collected.

They were carefully arranged in wooden slides complete with ornate decorations in a way that modern-day scientists simply do not have time to imitate today. “Some researchers had even more elaborately constructed slides,” Dr Schmidt said.

“These days we just use plastic, so we are certainly less stylish, shall we say. “Here at the museum, we have such a volume of material that we have to balance doing things as efficiently as we can while being as careful as possible.

**DEATH OF DR. P. H. MAC-**  
**GILLIVRAY.**

—◆—

**AN EMINENT SCIENTIST GONE.**

—◆—

Quite a gloom was cast over the city yesterday morning when the news became known that our old and highly respected townsman, Dr. Paul Howard Macgillivray, had died at his late residence, at the corner of Forest and Rowan streets. For the past week or so it was

Death notice for Paul H MacGillivray, Bendigo Advertiser, 1895. Image supplied.



MacGillivray Hall, Bendigo, named in 1954 in honour of Dr. PH MacGillivray who formed the Science Society, developed a museum in 1875 that had 20,000 visitors per year, lectured in geology and mineralogy, collected and named specimens which are now part of the Museums Victoria collection.

“So we look back at those really nicely done slides with a bit of jealousy.” Unfortunately, not all of MacGillivray’s legacy has been so carefully preserved. Only a fraction of geological specimens from the Bendigo museum he helped found were set aside for Museums Victoria. The rest appear to have vanished.

The *Bendigo Weekly* and its sister paper the *Advertiser* are in the midst of an ongoing investigation into what happened to some of the more important pieces. Many rotted or fell apart, others were sold, given away or even tossed away as rubbish. They were given away voluntarily and should not be considered public property anymore. But some pieces need to be surrendered to the authorities, assuming that members of the public still have them.

Last March, the Bendigo Advertiser published evidence showing that at least six Indigenous Ancestors’ skulls were donated to the Bendigo museum in the

1890s. The paper is yet to find evidence of where they ended up, but one witness has come forward to say they saw two skulls believed to be Indigenous remains at the Bendigo TAFE building in 1960. The remains were likely given to Bendigo’s original museum without Indigenous people’s knowledge or consent.

Many 19th century Australian accounts of museums include details of Indigenous Ancestors’ remains being dug up by farmers and other members of the public. Newspaper advertisements included auctions of Indigenous people’s remains and articles outlined chance discoveries that were not always treated with respect.

*The Weekly* and *Advertiser* are yet to find evidence of where the six Bendigo museum skulls ended up but urge anyone who has one to surrender it to the Victorian Aboriginal Heritage Council. That group is the only one that can legally keep Ancestors’ remains, under the direction of Traditional Owners themselves.

# PLACE, THE THEME FOR 2021



## CONNECTIONS AND PLACE

David McGillivray

My interest was sparked in 1976 when John McGillivray, a long lost cousin, made contact with me. He was keen to form the Clan MacGillivray Society Australia, and got me more interested in my Scottish heritage. John gave my wife Heather and I two A4 pages of family history asking if we could trace the family further. A few years later the result was a 200 page book: *From Drumnachloidh to Yea and Beyond*.

My mother always told me of my Scottish connection with the Burns family (on my grandmother's side) who owned a coal mine in Larkhall. Larkhall is a town in South Lanarkshire, 14 miles south east of Glasgow and sits on the edge of the Clyde Valley. It is a typical west of Scotland industrial town with a history of mining, weaving and textiles.

I have three places with a connection to my McGillivray heritage that are of importance to me, the farm 'Drumnachloidh' on the Dunmaglass Estate in Scotland, 17 Wandella Road, Manly NSW and Block 449 Red Cliffs, Victoria.

### 'Drumnachloidh'

In 2003 my wife Heather and I visited Scotland and were fortunate to be given permission to visit the Estate of Dunmaglass near Inverness. Along with my cousin Jill and her mother Roma McGillivray, we stood on the land where the small farm of 'Drumnachloidh' once existed. This is where my great-great grandparents John & Sarah McGillivray were tenants. John's father, William, was a tacksman on the Dunmaglass Estate. Tacksmen were found mostly in the highlands from the 17th century, and were often a close relative of the chief. Although some of them farmed the land themselves, most lived off the difference between the low rent they paid to the chief and the rents they charged to sublet the land. We have not been able to find any link between John and the Clan Chief.



Dunmaglass, about 1850. watercolour by Peter MacGillivray, grandson of Andrew, the last of his name to reside on the estate. Image supplied.



The thatched house shown here (taigh dubh or blackhouse) would have been one of the last to survive on the Dunmaglass Estate. Immediately behind can be seen the new type of house - the slate-roofed white house (or taigh geal). Image Courtesy of Strathnairn Heritage



This late 19th Century picture of a Blackhouse on the Dunmaglass Estate - taken long after John and Sarah left for Australia. These three women, maybe sisters, look like 'domestics'. Note the interesting pattern on the turf roof. Image Courtesy of Strathnairn Heritage



Sarah McGillivray, born 1824, Inverness Shire, Scotland. In May 1848 Sarah, husband John and two year old William emigrated to Australia. Image supplied.

However, where John and Sarah lived was only three hundred metres from Dunmaglass, the home of the Chief of the Can MacGillivray.

For all of us visiting that day, it was a wonderful, emotional and moving experience - standing on the piece of land they had lived so many years ago prior to their emigration to Australia in 1848. Sarah gave birth the day she set foot on the ship 'Cheapside' for their three month journey. They settled in Yea, Victoria - which is another story.

### **17 Wandella Road Manly NSW**

The second place of significance is the home in Manly NSW, of my cousin John McGillivray and his wife Enid. Along with

a friend Ian McGillivray-Elder (no relation) they formed the Clan MacGillivray Society Australia. It was the very first such Society in the world.

John and Ian spent many days/weeks travelling into the city visiting the State Library of NSW, Mitchell Library, to view the hard copies of electoral rolls for Australia. They gathered details of as many McGillivray's of various spellings they could find - what a pity it was not all digitised in those days. John was responsible for reconnecting many family members who had become separated over the years for various reasons and many other McGillivray families of various spellings from around Australia.



The second Clan MacGillivray gathering was held at Manly, NSW in 1977. Pictured toasting the Clan, Ian McGillivray Elder, Clan Commander at the time, George MacGillivray from Canada and John McGillivray. Long serving Clan Commissioner for Australia, Peter McGillivray is in the background. Image supplied.

## Block 449 Red Cliffs Victoria.

In 1929 when a single man, my father Archibald McGillivray purchased a 18 acre 'fruit block' about one mile from the town of Red Cliffs in Northern Victoria. This was to become our family home. It had a two room building on it – as money and materials became available two bedrooms, a bathroom and a veranda with two 'sleep-outs' (small bedrooms) were added at each end.

The block was planted with 16 acres of grapes and two acres of citrus.

A couple of my fond memories are working the block on the tractor at 12 years of age; relatives and friends visiting each weekend; shops closed at midday on Saturday and reopened at 9am on Monday (before 24/7 trading). We had great fun and quality family times we had in those days. Picking time in February was exciting with the district filling up with seasonal workers. Many were migrants who spoke little English. Other folk from the country and city also came looking for work - and there was lots of hard dirty work during the twelve hour days when the temperature was often in the 40's.

Dad passed away when I was four, leaving Mum to work the block on her own while rearing four children until she remarried a few years later. I left home in 1963 aged twenty to work 350 miles away in the big smoke of Melbourne. I could write a book about my time growing up but that's for another time.



David as a youngster on the fruit block, 1950s. Image supplied.



Fruit drying in the sunshine and clean air of Northern Victoria, 1960s. Image supplied.



David with an unusually large bunch of grapes, 1970. Image supplied.



## GROWING UP WITH BAGPIPES AND TARTAN SKIRTS

Kathy Medbury

I recently heard a story about my dad, Frank McGillivray, from when he was growing up in Heathcote and Bendigo. He would go to his Aunty Kit's house in Heathcote to play. One day, she baked a delicious pie and placed it on the windowsill to cool. Later, when she returned to check on the pie, she found that it had vanished.

The culprit was found... Frank had stolen the pie - hot from the oven! His playful cheek was contagious and it was one of his most defining qualities.



Frank at the age of 15 (1952) at Heathcote in his home-made cart for his dogs. Image supplied.

One of Frank's many entrepreneurial adventures saw him catching rabbits to sell to butcher shops. The only thing was they would be alive running around the back of his truck. One day he pulled up across from the shops in Glenroy Road and went in to talk to the butcher on returning to his truck to get the order he found that the rabbits had escaped and over ran the golf course. We think this is the reason why today we have so many rabbits in suburbia.

Frank took over the woodyard that his parents had started in Bell Street Coburg next to the train station, now well and truly demolished. Frank was also an interstate and local truck driver, always proud to have his name on the side of his truck. He met my mother through delivering wood to her parent's house in Glenroy.



One of Frank's trucks that he had had over the years. He lived at Kamarooka on the property called Kamarooka Estate as a caretaker from about 1997 to 2007. He was living in a caravan as he had fallen on hard times after the passing of his wife, but loved the freedom of living there. For his whole life, he loved gardening, growing flowers and vegetables. He then moved to Elmore for a year before moving to Lockington for a few years then moved to Macedon Ranges in 2013. Image supplied.



Frank and Kay (Katherine) McGillivray, 1963. Image supplied.

Frank married Katherine Bolitho in Feb 1963 and they had four children, Andrew, Katherine, Frederick and Amanda. Even though he was now living in Reservoir with his wife and children, his love of the country especially of Heathcote and Bendigo was always there.

Growing up I still recall many functions that we attended where they had the bagpipes playing and recall having a McGillivray tartan skirt when I was very young, they are such fond memories.

Frank suffered six major strokes throughout the last twenty-five years. The first happened a year after his wife Kay of 32 years passed away of a brain tumour. Frank never remarried. Due to the strokes, Frank lost the ability to speak. This was quite distressing and at times isolating for him. Though Frank was unable to read or write, he found his own way of communicating often like a game of charades with 'yes'- 'no' answers.



Franks Uncle Clive and Aunty Kit McGillivray of Heathcote, 1966. Image supplied.

Frank's grandson Nathan Medbury, said 'As an adult, the lesson was resilience; the realisation that by 30 I don't have a memory of my grandfather Frank speaking but I have an appreciation of his resilience. I saw a man who faced adversity for an extended period of his life and managed to improvise, adapt and overcome while having a good time doing so.'

Frank (Dad) came to live with me (Katherine - Kathy Medbury) and my family in the Macedon Ranges at the start of 2013.

In 2016 I was asked by my uncle Kevin McGillivray to paint a picture of his grandfather's blacksmith business that used to be in High St, Heathcote, Victoria. While my father had been without a voice since 1996, he was so excited by the painting and research that I had done. It brought back many fond memories for him of him working the bellows at his grandfather's blacksmith business.

It was also in 2016 that my husband and I travelled to Scotland. It was such a strange feeling of connectedness to the land which I had not felt before in all our travels. Dad was so happy to see photos of Culloden and other places in Scotland. It would have been so great to be able to take him there in person.

Being an artist, I found it awesome to find an artist from 1856 -1938 by the name of James Pittendrigh MacGillivray, whom was one of the Glasgow Boys - though probably not related to me, it gave me a sense of connection as well as I am the only artist in our family. Frank died in 2021.



The old two story building which used to be across the road from the Union Hotel, Heathcote, and MacGillivray blacksmith and forge, about 1950. Donald MacGillivray had been retired for some years before he died in January 1964, aged almost 90 years. The shop and residence have both been demolished.



Katherine MacGillivray (Kathy Medbury) artist, at Culloden Battlefield, 2016. Image supplied.



## A SIGNIFICANT PLACE

Ann Brown

Shimmering waves washing against the serpentine coastline of Skye dazzled me while my husband, steady at the wheel, was driving us down the bridge onto the island. When I saw the sparkling sea licking the wet sand, I was tingling with excitement. My heart was beating with such alacrity, that I felt that it might shoot through my gaping mouth so I took a deep breath, shut my mouth and focused my thoughts.

A puzzling childhood memory was the key reason for our visit. My family name was McCloskey however when I was a young girl, my maternal grandmother, Mary Adeline MacGillivray firmly told me, 'always remember that you are a MacGillivray' and that 'grandpa was from Skye.' At that time I was not sure whose grandpa she was talking about and I was too hesitant to ask but more recently this mystery was solved when I learnt that she was referring to her grandfather, Donald MacGillivray (born between 1783 and 1802 and died in 1853), who had married Christina McDonald in Skye.

Ray Wilson is also a descendant of Christina's line and has thoroughly researched this branch of his family tree and published his findings in two books. I am extremely fortunate to have both of these. I had *Clear Off to the Colonies* (2000) before my trip to Skye and more recently Ray gave me a copy of *Clear Out to the Colonies* (2019). They have each served me well as invaluable guides. I feel hugely indebted to him for his work.



Approximate location of Kilmore on the Isle of Skye. Image courtesy of [wiki/File:Isle of Skye UK relief location map](#).

It was a crisp Scottish spring day in June 2010 and the soft sunshine matched the velvety warmth of my woollen kilt woven in the clan MacGillivray Ancient Hunting Tartan as it playfully tickled my black woollen tights. I had an open mind and was feeling adventurous.

On entering Kilmore, we saw a line of statuesque trees along the roadside standing like sentries both protecting the isle and greeting us with a profusion of flat, emerald green leaves Slackening our speed and trying to make sense of our surroundings we encountered a stalwart but gracious blue-stone building. It was clean and well-kept with a vibrant sign outside identifying it as 'Kilmore Church, the Church of Scotland' for the 'Parish of Strath and Sleat' Not only did it have a commanding presence but also a solidarity that seemed to invite tempered curiosity.



Kilmore Church, the Church of Scotland for the Parish of Strath and Sleat, Isle of Skye. Image supplied.



Looking out from the garden at Kilmore Church to the Sound of Sleat, Isle of Skye. Image supplied.

As we cautiously explored the garden, the beauty was beguiling. It seemed to be bathed in a tranquillity wrapping itself around us. The limbs of the trees offered generous shade and the salty sea air was fresh but gently infused with a sweet fragrance emanating from the porous foliage clustered on the overhanging branches.

Looking beyond the stone fence edging the garden, I could see the cerulean sea drenching the grainy sand on the shore below. A fluid sense of well-being consumed my heart and soul. I felt centred and grounded. However within this enchantment there were distant traces of my maternal MacGillivray family staring at me and at that time I could neither see nor understand them.

History tells us that In 1853 Lord MacDonald owned the estate in Sleat which was subdivided into crofts and leased to tenant farmers such the MacGillivrays who farmed the land as crofters. Over time, owing to the increasing population, the potato blight, and rising rent the crofters could neither produce enough to feed themselves nor pay their rent. Many had to seek work elsewhere to survive. Not only were they impoverished but their prospects were grim because of mounting pressure on the landowners to use the land for sheep, cattle and deer runs.

At that time The Scottish Highland and Island Emigration Society created the opportunity for families to settle and work in Australia. My great, great-grandmother, Christina MacGillivray (nee MacDonald), her husband Donald and their 6 children; Anne, Donald, Neil, Farquhar, Charles and Rachel accepted the invitation to emigrate.

They lived at the Aird in another part of Sleat but the night before they left Skye, they were housed and fed in Lord MacDonald's castle and the next day collected from Skye on a steamer called the 'Celt' from Lord MacDonald's private jetty in Armadale taking them to Campbelltown where they boarded the 'Hercules' in 1853, bound for Australia.

The Kilmore church is between Broadford and Armadale. It has been established that this has been a church site from at least the 13th century. It is a long shot but I surmise that Christina and her family, on their final journey from the Aird to Armadale, whether on foot or by horse and cart, would have travelled on the dirt track past the Kilmore churchyard. It follows from this that walking on the roadside outside the church may have been my first experience of being in a part of Skye where they had also been.

According to tradition the first church built on this site was in the 13th century and lasted until the early 17th century, when it was burnt down during a vicious battle between two highland clans. The conflict took place in a nearby field but when one clan was put to flight and sought refuge inside the church, the other clan locked them in and set it alight burning it to the ground. There are no traces of the first building. The second church was built in 1681 but fell into disrepair and ruin in 1874. Parts of this ruined church can still be found on this site and adjacent to the current church, constructed in 1876.

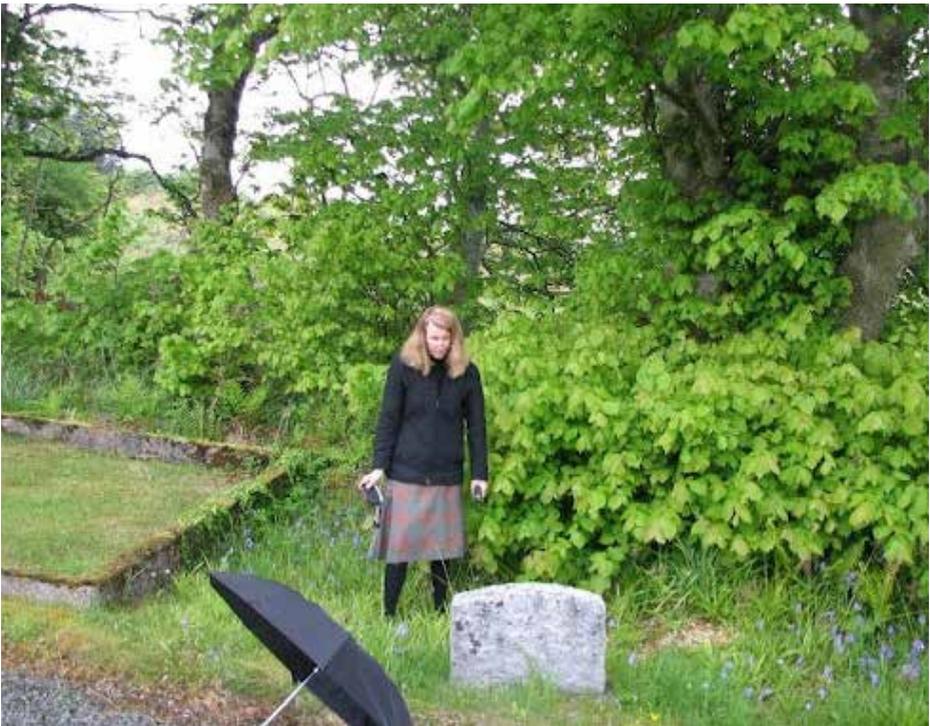
The ruined church deserves recognition because it contains a slab of rock with a grooved equal armed cross engraved on it dating from the 7th or 8th century. It is said that Saint Columba, when introducing Christianity to Scotland landed on the shore below the Kilmore churchyard

around 585 AD and preached from a rock. There is a reef on the shore nearby called *St Columba rock*. Even in pagan times it is thought by some that this site was revered.

Later that day I learnt that the Kilmore church ground contains lairs, a Scottish word for burial plots. Ray Wilson's book *Clear Off to the Colonies (2019)* includes a diagram of this burial ground clearly showing the delineation of the graves for the different clans. Two of these lairs are allocated to Clan MacGillivray. Within living memory, MacGillivrays have been buried and reburied in these lairs. Interestingly, the MacGillivray lairs are next to those of the MacDonalds.

Records also show that there have been links between the MacDonalds and the MacGillivrays from as early as 1597. On reflection it seems right that in these dedicated lairs, the heritage of clan MacGillivray is recognised in the very substance and soil they tended, worked and defended.

So when I reflect on my grandmother's words, 'to always remember that you are a MacGillivray' and that her grandpa had come from Skye, I will also remember the full significance of this fact which is, that despite hardship, they had the tenacity to work through difficulties, embraced opportunity and supported each other. I will strive to achieve these qualities.



The author searches amongst the headstones at Kilmore Church, Isle of Skye. Image supplied.



## PLACE.. IN MY LIFE

Euan McGillivray

Returning home and flying in over their home city, people have been known to shed a tear. This connection to place and home can bring some of us undone.

For many years, writers have expressed their love of a special place. They write about it, dream about it, fiction detectives walk the mean streets and let us all know about the things they discover and the emotions they feel. The writers select and tell the stories of a place. Those much-loved places can be as simple as a coffee shop, a ramshackle building, or a sleek glass and steel architectural expression for a new time.

Authors can make those physical connections to place which are so important in story-telling; and of course, those places aren't always in towns or cities. Nature and landscape have been given over to romantic allusion for a few hundred years. It also appears that when we deep dive into *place*, that a more difficult to define quality of spirit arises.

Having and maintaining a spiritual connection to place is everything to First Nations people. I recently heard an interview with Mick Gooda, a Gangulul man from Central Queensland. He was Social Justice and Human Rights Commissioner for many years. Mick said he can't be away from home for more than six weeks at a time, and he cried when he saw Sydney from the air as his plane came into land.

This sense of place comes into very sharp focus when we consider our existence in someone else's land. The ideas of a European invasion of First Nations people's land have been around for a long time. Today, many of us say - we didn't dispossess Aboriginal people of their land, poison their water wells, take women and children away or inflict unspeakable atrocities over many years – including today. We say that today is a different time. All that is behind us. We can't be held responsible for the actions of our ancestors. Well, my sense of place will not allow me to think that way, especially when we learn that many Scottish squatters and government officials played prominent roles in the atrocities.

Reflecting on what place meant to me also triggered my imagination about what it might have meant to my own family members. I feel lucky to have access to many photographs that can help me imagine the rhythms of life, both in Scotland and here in Australia, over the past 150 years.

While continually trying to bring my stories back to the theme, the places that are important to me and my family in Australia can sometimes be linked back to Scotland and the Isle of Skye and Craig on the mainland. The reasons my ancestors came to make *any* place home is not documented. However, like most of us who are interested in where we came from, informed guesses can be made in some cases.



Ruin of crofter's home at Lower Breakish where the McGillivray family last lived prior to emigrating to Australia. Image: Euan McGillivray, 2016



Pier at Broadford, Isle of Skye, about 1900. The McGillivray family boarded the steamboat *The Celt*, with hundreds of other Islanders for the trip to Campbeltown, in the Firth of Clyde, then on to the *Hercules* for an infamous voyage to Australia, 26 December 1852. Image, Courtesy of Skye and Lochalsh Archive Centre.

Nostalgia clearly plays a major part when thinking about family and place. However, by gaining more knowledge about how a Scottish highland crofter's life played out at Lower Breakish on Skye, the *place* becomes more interesting and nuanced. Again, learning more about the 'clearances' helped me understand forces that were outside my family's control.

The Highland Clearances of the 1840s and early 1850s were intended to clear the land of those people who were so destitute that the landlords would not support them. It was thought that they would have a far better chance of surviving outside Scotland than by staying at home.

This wave of clearances was paid for by the landowners who found it cheaper to pay for the transport of their tenants across the Atlantic or even to the new favourite for émigrés, Australia. In many cases the tenants had no choice but to emigrate, their homes having been torn down to make way for sheep-walks. With nowhere left to go, the offer of passage to the colonies where they would be able to acquire land denied to them in Scotland was the only choice.

Everyone has foundation stories. Some can be about how hard life was and how ancestors made a go of it with very few material possessions or formal education. How fortunes can change over time is a constant reminder of fragility and resilience.

Looking back, Scottishness played a reasonably strong role in my family up to about the end of WW2. Before the war, my father was a drum major in the Pyramid Hill Drum and Pipe Band, sang at concerts and balls; while aunts danced and recited poems. After the war, with a growing family and a farm to run, things



Drum Major, Malcolm McGillivray, about 1936. Image supplied.

Scottish were probably side-lined. Then later, when the Clan MacGillivray Society began, my parents were early members and joined us four children up as well. The upheaval created by the war led to an attitude of looking forward. History, looked back, and was seen as unfashionable.



Malcolm McGillivray, Chief, Pyramid Hill Caledonian Society, about 1927. Image supplied.

The main focus for me relating to place for our Scottishness was my grandfather's farm at Mount Hope in Northern Victoria. The closest town was and is, Pyramid Hill, where grandfather Malcolm was President of the first local Caledonian Society and turned out regularly in his kilt and plaid. We were probably tuned into more Scottishness than some, but not as much as others.

Grandfather Malcolm, son of Angus, who was only 10 years old when, with Mary they were 'cleared' from Skye in 1852. That 'illiterate' 10 year-old at aged 26, in 1879, applied for a Crown Lease or Grant of over 300 acres at Bald Rock with undertakings that he has 'occupied'

and 'improved' the land with fencing and scrub clearing to the value of over £321. He also owned about 30 acres near Shelford, where he met his wife Elizabeth Gray. They both worked at Golf Hill Station and Mount Hesse in the Geelong district before moving to Mount Hope 'Old Station'.

When Angus died in 1899, The Pyramid Hill Advertiser noted that he was 'a native of the Isle of Skye, born about 1843.. and owned over 1000 acres of land'. Elizabeth Gray was from Stirling, Scotland. She and Angus had 11 children. When she died in 1911, Elizabeth was remembered for 'her neighbourly qualities'.

The pathway for the family to Mount Hope began on the Isle of Skye in 1852. Charles and Mary McGillivray were cleared from Lower Breakish which was the MacDonal Estate. Charles died of disease on the ship Hercules, and months later Mary with six children continued the voyage to Port Phillip arriving in June 1853. The whole family was employed by the wealthy Scottish Chirnside family who had vast tracts of land in western Victoria.

The places in my life and in my McGillivray family heritage exist in memory not only due to their Scottishness. Life, like for so many others, just seemed to roll on. Maybe those 'tartan moments' were seen as a distraction from the ordinariness of a daily routine.

However, it was obvious that 'dressing-up' in tartan made us stand out in many ways. Even today, I'm a little self-conscious wearing the kilt – not being Scottish.



New Station, Mount Hope, about 1867, part of a series of photographs taken by James Jennings and presented to Queen Victoria in 1871. Property bought by grand-father Malcolm McGillivray in 1914. Image courtesy of the Royal Collection, Windsor Castle.



The Werribee River winds past the bluestone homestead built by Thomas Chirnside about 1865. Both Thomas and brother Andrew were the founders of the family fortune in Australia. Mary McGillivray and her children were provided work with the wealthy Chirnside family as domestics and farm labourers. It is not certain which of the Chirnside properties they worked on for how long. Image: Courtesy of Mitchell Library, NSW.



Headstone for Mary McGillivray, Williamstown Cemetery. She is buried with her daughter and son-in-law. Mary left Skye in 1853.

In 1919 at the formation of the Pyramid Hill Caledonian Society, where grandfather was appointed Chief, a report in the local paper said, 'they were all proud of their Scottish blood and though there were few of them from Scotland, the Australian Scotsmen were not ashamed of themselves'.

*The Scots in Australia, 1788 – 1938*, by Benjamin Wilkie recalls the words of a fourth generation Scottish Australian who talked about her connection to the Highlands –

'I think for us in the diaspora, especially third and fourth generation like me, our idea of "homeland" is inextricably linked to the place we live now'.



L to R: Kenneth, Isabel and Malcolm McGillivray, about 1924, taken at Mount Hope. Image supplied.

We were strangers in a new land. Relocated, uprooted but very aware that our place or home was a long way away. It has become obvious that the sense of place has been carried on and ways have been found of adjusting or compensating for change over time. Most of us have very distant memories or fantasies of a Scottish place or home. Many take comfort from those recollections because of our family connections.



## SENSE OF PLACE

Lynda Collier

A sense of place can be very subliminal. My late mother-in-law who would have been 98 today was at least third generation from Glasgow although she felt a strong kinship to the Isle of Skye. Research and DNA has so far proven no link. I feel a strong kinship with Scotland and in particular the Isle of Skye. My mother's great grandfather was from Sleat on the Isle of Skye.

We grew up with stories that we were from the Isle of Skye. Alongside this were the romantic stories of 'Bonnie Prince Charles' fleeing over the sea to the Skye. The song 'Over the Sea to Skye' was a strong childhood favourite and sung at every opportunity particularly in full octave in car journeys. My poor parents.

Eventually I travelled to Skye nine years ago with my mother. We both had high expectations which were not disappointed but exceeded. We drove through the misty hills on a typical Scottish grey Summer's day from Fort William via Glenfinnan to Mallaig where we caught the ferry to Armadale on the Isle of Skye. It was a journey tinged with the romanticism of all our childhood memories, both my mothers and my own. As our ancestors had left the island by sea we (probably me) wished to arrive by boat.

Skye was much closer to the mainland than I had imagined. After a short crossing we had arrived on the shores of one of our ancestral homes. Over the following four days we explored Sleat, where alongside some research at the McDonald centre, we found the remains of the crofts at Teangue where our McGillivray's had lived. Perched on the hillside overlooking the water that divided Skye from the mainland. To us it looked picturesque but it would have been a difficult existence for our ancestors. Nevertheless both of us felt a strong sense of affinity and wished to stay longer. We also explored two-thirds of the rest of the island and loved the windswept sparseness of the north.

I have ancestors on both my paternal and maternal lines from Scotland and have visited most known locations although DNA has thrown up some more islands that I have ancestors from. Probably not surprising that the Isles of Harris and Lewis feature strongly considering my strong links with Skye. I was also pleasantly surprised to see the Shetland Islands as well but have yet to visit any of these. However thus far I haven't felt the same visiting other ancestral homes as I have felt when I've visited the Isle of Skye.



The township of Aird, on the Isles of Harris and Lewis. Image supplied. Editor's note: Harris is home to the MacGillivray Centre which was constructed to celebrate the life and works of William MacGillivray (1796-1852). He was an ornithologist who spent his childhood on Harris. It was this link and intimate knowledge of the islands that led him to study the wildlife of the Hebridean machair. He was a friend to fellow ornithologist John James Audubon, author of the book 'Birds of America'. He was also a curator at Edinburgh's Royal College of Surgeons' and became a Professor of Zoology at The University of Aberdeen. William was so fascinated by birds that in 1819 he walked over 500 miles from Aberdeen to London to visit the British Museum collection of bird mounts. Two of his sons emigrated to Australia and were successful in science and medicine. One son, Paul Howard MacGillivray is the subject of a story in this Journal.



On the road from Glenfinnian to Mallaig, before taking the ferry to the Isle of Skye. Image supplied.

Alongside all the stories and memories, songs and music that have helped instil nostalgic feeling toward the island I am drawn to the light and feeling that was evoked on my first and a subsequent visit. I was due to visit again last year but covid has put that on hold. I am hoping to be able to spend longer there on my next visit.

I have similar feelings to parts of Australia but not where I grew up. They are centred on the countryside and out in the bush. Perhaps the remoteness and space of the Isle of Skye my ancestors inhabited has trickled down through my DNA.



View from Teangue, Sleat Peninsula, Isle of Skye, overlooking the Sound of Sleat and the west coast of the Scottish mainland. Image supplied.



## WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

Jill McGillivray

I know who I am: large part Scottish and Irish, also English and American but all Australian.

The places that mean the most to me are Tallangatta - both the old and new towns - and Drumnacloidh which my Scottish forebears left in 1848 for a new life in Victoria.

Tallangatta is a small town in the Murray valley of Victoria. It was the first Australian town to be moved to a new site. The five mile move was to make way for the expansion of the huge Hume reservoir following World War II to provide water for irrigation downstream in the Murray food bowl.

Mum and I were lucky to visit Drumnacloidh on the private access road leading to Dunmaglass Lodge with cousin David and his wife Heather whilst in Scotland for an International Gathering.



Bell's Hairdresser and Tobacconist shop, old Tallangatta, 1954. Image courtesy of State Rivers and Water Supply Commission, [cv.vic.gov.au/stories/a-diverse-state/tallangatta/tallangatta-the-town-that-moved](http://cv.vic.gov.au/stories/a-diverse-state/tallangatta/tallangatta-the-town-that-moved).



Pink Bros. General Merchant, old Tallangatta, 1954. Image courtesy of State Rivers and Water Supply Commission, [cv.vic.gov.au/stories/a-diverse-state/tallangatta/tallangatta-the-town-that-moved](http://cv.vic.gov.au/stories/a-diverse-state/tallangatta/tallangatta-the-town-that-moved).



House removal, old Tallangatta, 1954. Image courtesy of. State Rivers and Water Supply Commission, [cv.vic.gov.au/stories/a-diverse-state/tallangatta/tallangatta-the-town-that-moved](http://cv.vic.gov.au/stories/a-diverse-state/tallangatta/tallangatta-the-town-that-moved).



New township, Tallangatta, 1957. Image courtesy of State Rivers and Water Supply Commission, [cv.vic.gov.au/stories/a-diverse-state/tallangatta/tallangatta-the-town-that-moved](http://cv.vic.gov.au/stories/a-diverse-state/tallangatta/tallangatta-the-town-that-moved).



Clan MacGillivray gathering 2015, at Dunmaglass Lodge, near Drumnacloich. Image courtesy of Diann Tongco.

We later returned with my sister Sue with Ishbel McGillivray McGregor while in Inverness for the 400th Anniversary of the Clan Chattan Bond of Union. All that was left was a fenced off pile of rocks but Drumnacloich had been a home with a nearby large outbuilding which had hosted social and other gatherings according to the Clan History by then Clan Commander, George McGillivray and historian, Robert MacGillivray.

It really meant something to clamber among those rocks which my great-great-grandparents had left for another unknown life in Australia. Visiting Culloden also has much meaning and still makes me really angry because of the absolute barbarity of the English troops towards the fleeing Scots as well as innocent civilians.

Old Tallangatta is the place I was born. My grandparents, Donald and Lillian McGillivray had moved there in 1915, shortly after the birth of my father Robert, their third son. Don and Lil had purchased a bakery business which they operated as the Bon Accord Bakery. Don died in 1928. The business was insolvent and the landlord forced the family out of the bakery premises.

Nothing daunted Lil, and her family found alternate premises and started up again as McGillivray Brothers. My father remained with his mother keeping the bakery going while his brothers left to make their own careers. Dad purchased the business and later the premises on his marriage to my mother Rome in 1947. Their marriage was a true partnership. He oversaw the move of the business to

the new town of Tallangatta in the early 1950s when the old township was moved. Later, they purchased the bakery, post office and newsagency in another small town called Milawa.

Mum and Dad worked the businesses together until Dad's untimely death in 1982. They had sold its bakery in the 1970s and continued with the post office and newsagency until Mum finally retired in 1994.



Execution by firing squad, Culloden Moor, Scotland, 1860. Unknown artist. The Battle of Culloden Moor in 1746 was the last military clash in Scotland and on the British mainland. Image courtesy of The Print Collector, Getty Images.



## **GWENDOLINE JOAN MCBEAN 1927 - 2020**

Gwen passed away on 6 September 2020 aged 93. She was a wonderful contributor to the Highland Gatherings at Wingham in NSW. There have been many gatherings at Wingham incorporating reunions for the descendents of Alexander and Louisa McGillivray.

When Gwen was 71 years old, she achieved a life-long ambition of learning to scuba dive at the Cundletown Poll. She said, 'I don't like to sit still and stagnate, so I thought I would have a go' Gwen will be greatly missed.



Gwen McBean, Image supplied.



## ROME MCGILLIVRAY 1926 - 2021

Jill McGillivray

Rome was the youngest daughter of Ellen (Nellie) and Sid Harper of Tallandoon, born at the home of her aunt Kate's in Redfern, Sydney.

One of mum's earliest memories was playing one of the three little pigs in the school concert before beginning school. She remembered being held in her fathers arms and seeing her parents dancing at the social which followed.

Rome was an excellent student and won many book prizes for her essay and compositions at the Tallandoon North School. She was also a very gifted athlete and competed strongly in the school sports and was also a good tennis player, basketballer and dancer. She was also a talented horse woman and she and Snow often doubled up on horseback to get to school at Tallandoon North.

Her horse riding ability back fired on one occasion. Riding back after collecting the mail reading the newspaper, she was thrown when her horse shied at a snake. Her back was badly hurt and she carried the consequences for the rest of her life. Mum was very close to her mother – whom she was convinced was the greatest mother in the world. When she began work as a telephonist in Tallangatta she would often cycle home to Tallandoon where her mother would have a bath ready so she could travel to the dances at Eskdale or Mitta with Archie and Hazel Harper. Sometimes her shift would allow her to catch the mail car.



Rome McGillivray, Image supplied.

Mum strongly supported dad in all his community work on the Tallangatta Progress Association during the turmoil of the shifting of the town. I think she equally deserved a Life Membership that dad received from Milawa FC.

Mum was involved in the foundation of the Clan MacGillivray Society of Australia and also helped Sue with the Young Farmers books. She was a wonderful contributor to the communities she lived and worked in. Following her retirement, after 32 years as the Unofficial Post Master at Milawa, she often joined in on grey nomad trips around Australia.

She and dad took two great trips to Europe and particularly Scotland. More travels were enjoyed with Sue and myself to Europe and New Zealand – these travels were something she believed impossible when growing up.

Rome died on 12 September 2021 in Estia Nursing Home, Thurgoona, NSW.

She loved her family dearly.

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