

**CLAN MACGILLIVRAY
SOCIETY AUSTRALIA
2019**



40th ANNIVERSARY OF THE CLAN MACGILLIVRAY SOCIETY AUSTRALIA JOURNAL

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Cover: Highland Dancing Competition, Berringa, Victoria, about 1905
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EDITORIAL

Euan McGillivray

This year is the 40th anniversary of our Clan Journal. This year is also significant in that planning is underway for the 2020 International Gathering in Scotland at which 40 Australian members and friends will be attending. Our new Commander, Iain, is very excited and honoured to be hosting his first Gathering since being appointed to the position in May 2016.

While Clan MacGillivray has groups, associations or societies in USA, Canada, the Netherlands and Italy, there is a very loose sense that our Australian Clan is part of a larger organised group, led by the International Association. There is no formal structure that binds us together. That's not to say that each group is not successful in its own way. However I believe that many members are very interested in how we all fit together. Indeed many Australian members have asked me just that question. Maybe we could have a discussion about this issue at the Gathering.

Every issue of our Journal over the past 40 years has published stories from members about their wider family connections to ancestors, mostly from the Scottish Highlands. Members have undertaken family research in Australia and many have visited Scotland to follow up their findings. Shipping list and emigration records have been mined for vital information about dates of departure, conditions on board those ships, and how well, or not their families survived the trip and began a new life in a foreign land.

Looking back over the 40 editions of the Journal has been an amazing and surprising experience. Most contributors tell their stories well, listing the connections that you would expect to find in a family tree. Some discuss the hard work undertaken by what are sometimes called pioneering families. Some mention unusual and outstanding work performed in a variety of areas; such as science, health, education and community service. However women have been underrepresented. Overall though, there is little sense of how or if the authors felt any connections with Scotland, except of course as a place to visit to uncover a long past connection to their new life in Australia, and, just like me, dress up in the tartan from time to time. It's more and more obvious that our increasing interest in genealogy and family history indicates a strong desire for the Scottish diaspora to know where they came from, and the circumstances under which they came.

Over the past 6 months we have asked Australian Clan members to reflect on the question: what does it mean to you to be part of Clan MacGillivray, living outside of Scotland? In this special edition of the Journal we have published 22 responses to that question. A strong theme running through the responses is that because of the Clan, they have a sense of belonging to something broader than their own family. Others have written about how belonging provides a sense of place and identity.

The 2020 Gathering inspired us to ask this question now. While these are just the first responses to the question, I believe that we will continue to explore it especially in relation to our association with other clan groups but also and specifically with regard to how the Clan MacGillivray International Association is set up in the future.



MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDER

Iain MacGillivray

This upcoming year of 2020, which already has a ring to it, will be a very significant year for all of us MacGillivrays worldwide, and historically, one of the most significant milestones in our history as an ancient Scottish Clan. For the very first time, in over a hundred years or (as many people view it - since before Cullo-den and the aftermath) - this is the first time that we will host a Clan MacGillivray Gathering on Scottish soil, with an elected leader and a figurehead of the Clan. I am extremely honoured and privileged to have been appointed to this position to be able to achieve this and to help establish such an historical moment for our Clan.

We have some very exciting events and

thrilling activities planned for our Clan MacGillivray International Gathering in 2020, which will include a range of different things to enjoy and take part in. We have activities for the children, the elderly and everyone in between, and also a display of some historical artifacts, which includes the possibility for you to trace your direct lineage to your native homeland through your MacGillivray heritage. We've themed this upcoming MacGillivray Gathering 2020 with the slogan: 'Discover your Clan Roots' and with the caption: "Welcome home all MacGillivrays! Take a journey to the 'old country' and land on your native soil, where you can experience your homeland, trace your lineage, and relive your history through the footsteps of your ancestors!" This is exactly what we are aiming to achieve and to make the most memorable time for everyone who is making their way over to Scotland that year. We have things from whisky distillery tours to archery, displays of bagpipe making, kilt weaving and Jacobite warriors, to



tours of MacGillivray country, Cullo-den and also a chance to experience a real and authentic highland games, where we will be the honorary clan in parade.

Usually clan gatherings are every five years and the MacGillivrays are no different. But the Clan MacGillivray Gathering 2020 has created a stir among many media outlets, as we've hit a few records, not only as MacGillivrays, but as a clan in general:

1. We've far surpassed the attendance of any MacGillivray Gathering so far. Our last Clan MacGillivray Gathering of 2015, accommodated 89 people - this time we have around 350 - who will attend the full three day event, and possibly more who will be attending for just the two or one day packages. So in total there could be over 500.

2. We also have two pipe bands travelling over from Canada - the MacGillivray Pipe Band from Thunder Bay, Ontario - the oldest pipe band in North America. Their rival the Lake Superior Pipe Band who also wear MacGillivray tartan will be attending. This is a rare phenomenon. To have two pipe bands, numbering 80 musicians, travelling over is just incredible.

3. We possibly will have representation from all 6 continents worldwide - as well as the Australians and possibly New Zealanders, representing Australasia, we also have some Japanese, Thai and Indonesian MacGillivrays representing Asia, as well as from Qatar and Oman. There are South Africans prospectively looking to attend, there is an Argentinian contingency representing South America, along with a large American and Canadian contingency to cover North America. From Europe, we have our Dutch, Italians and now even a small contingency of Spanish



Images: Courtesy of Iain Thornber

and Gibraltar MacGillivrays who are keen to be here for this special occasion. I must stress that, even for many of the larger and more established Scottish clans, it is rare for many to have representation from all continents at a Clan Gathering simultaneously, which is a marvellous accomplishment. So this will be a wonderful opportunity for MacGillivrays to connect on a truly global level!

In regards to Australian MacGillivrays, who are probably travelling the furthest, we are committed to making this a very unforgettable experience, and to be the most hospitable that we can, especially considering the distance that you are travelling. The last time I met with Australian MacGillivrays at a Clan Gathering was at our MacGillivray Gathering in 2009 during the 'Homecoming Scotland' year, where I met Jill MacGillivray of Australia. Jill is the

President of the Australian Clan Society. She was taking some lovely photographs of my father Duncan, and I who were playing some Scottish music tunes together on the fiddle and guitar and whistle and bodhran, during the Blessing of our Clan at Dunlichity Church by Father James Bell. I remember all the highland cattle gathering round my father in the field while he was playing. It was as if they were being lured by the sound of the pipes - it was remarkable and what a special occasion.

When I first travelled over to Australia in 2016, to celebrate in the 40th Anniversary of our Clan MacGillivray Society Australia Gathering in Bendigo, Victoria, I had a fantastic time with you all, and where I met with Euan MacGillivray and partner Ann and daughter Mary, who was to become pivotal in our online and social media marketing and publicising. I was in close contact with Euan, who initially invited me to this special event, and also where I met over 120 members of the Australian MacGillivray Society. I had a remarkable time with my brother Michael and it was so brilliant and a wonderful opportunity to celebrate in our Clan heritage and the close connection that Scotland shares with Australia.

Now, for all of you who are making this return journey to where your ancestors departed for Australia, this will be a truly historical venture in itself, and we will welcome you with open arms and warm embrace - to our Clan MacGillivray Gathering 2020 in Scotland of next July. We welcome you all back home!

Faillte dhuibh MacGhillebhrath uile air ais gu Alba!
Slainte agus Beannachdan!



MESSAGE FROM THE AUSTRALIAN COMMISSIONER

Euan MacGillivray

A key recent task was to establish an on-line booking facility and promote the 2020 International Gathering. Forty members, families and friends have paid a deposit to attend the Gathering in Inverness next July. Media Manager, Mary MacGillivray, developed the booking page as well as establishing a logo and Facebook event page for the Gathering. These initiatives and Clan Commander, Iain's YouTube clips have contributed to over 340 MacG's from all over the world to register for the Gathering.

On 1 January this year we set up the Clan tent at the Maryborough Highland Games. These games have been conducted each New Year since 1857. (except during 1942-45) The Highland Gathering was originally formed by gold prospectors, and continued later by Scottish squatters and businessmen who had arrived in the goldfields and central Victoria from Scotland. They organised an event to recreate



Street parade, Maryborough 2019. Image Bendigo Advertiser

their traditional New Year Highland celebrations in their adopted land.

In April, we visited the 42nd Annual Bundanoon Highland Games for the first time. There were 28 clan tents at these games which has the reputation as the premier location for hosting the traditional Scottish Highland Games. Every year between 12,000-16,000 folk, many not necessarily of Scottish descent make an annual pilgrimage to this outstanding event to enjoy and participate in the gathering known as "Bundanoon is Brigadoon".

The Ringwood Highland Games is where we hold our annual meeting. Our wonderful correspondent, Ann Brown, has written a report of the Games elsewhere in the Journal.

The first Commander of our Clan, the late George MacGillivray from Canada,

bequested a special fund that could be used for a project in honour of the founders of the Clan in Australia. In 2004 we announced a sponsorship in conjunction with the Victorian Pipers Association to award a perpetual prize for the best Novice Piper at the annual piping championships. The shield is inscribed "in memory of Ian Macgillivray and John D Macgillivray. I attended the championship and was thrilled to present the trophy to a talented young piper, Madeleine Palmer. She has written a short story about how she began piping and mentions some of her awards.

I will be attending the 2020 Gathering in Inverness where it will be a great thrill to meet the other Commissioners. With over 340 clan folk attending, we will be able to make many new connections and return with great stories to tell.



Above: Clan members meet at our tent, Euan MacGillivray, Judith McGilvray, Gillian Forester, Ben Forester, Howard MacGillivray. Image, Ann Hurley

Right: Meeting the Governor General and his wife at Bundanoon, Linda Hurley, David Hurley, Ann Hurley (no relation) Euan MacGillivray. Image Governor's staff





MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

Jill McGillivray

Greetings to all Society members and a huge welcome to all new members. Our Society, the first Clan MacGillivray Society in the world, is over 40 years old. We have gone from a time when we had more than 200 people attending our annual gatherings, attending venues in NSW and Victoria to much smaller get-togethers, held in conjunction with the Ringwood Highland Games.

What an absolute joy it would be if we could return to those heady days when more than 200 attended a gathering at Wingham or Albury, North Manly or Seaforth. They were enormous fun and those attending found a huge sense of family. I think one of the reasons they died out was the work was left to the same small few and it just became too much.

Possibly another reason was our most enthusiastic members were getting older and just couldn't travel as they once did. Travelling has also become more expensive. We have to look at ways in which to revive our gatherings – whether we consider a series of small get-togethers around the country to cater for our widespread membership, family gatherings such as those the descendants of John and Sarah McGillivray used to hold at Yea or something altogether different to cater for our younger members

I know it is almost impossible to get my nephew, Nicholas Jordan, or nieces, Ellen and Samantha McGaffin, interested. Maybe it will be Noah, Ellen's son, who will again show an interest, as his uncle

Rob did.

I would welcome any suggestions coming from our membership on how to lift our profile and the type and style of activities to attract new members – particularly younger members. I would like to thank all councillors for their input to our Society, especially Euan and Mary for their work on the website, membership and the journal. You both do a fantastic job. Thanks too to Lynda for her work in genealogy, which is so important.

Sue, her husband Stephen, our cousin Lyn and I plan to attend the 2020 Gathering in Inverness and Tain – not easy when you live on a disability pension! Spending so much to get there, we hope to expand our trip to take in more of England and Scotland, Scandinavia and some of Europe. We are greatly looking forward to it. Wishing you all good health, a Merry Christmas, Happy New Year and Wonderful 2020.



NEW LIFE MEMBER: COLIN MCGILLIVRAY

Jill McGillivray

Colin McGillivray was welcomed as a life member of the Clan MacGillivray Society of Australia at our Annual General Meeting at Ringwood this year. Colin, the son of Heather and David McGillivray, has given great service to the Society, particularly as Clan Piper for 21 years.

Co-founder of our Society John D McGillivray told a very young Colin he would give him his pipes if he learnt to play and joined a pipe band. He did so. Colin learned the pipes at the age of 10 and



joined the Flinders Shire Caledonian Pipe Band in Rosebud.

At the age of 18 he was busking in the Frankston shopping area to raise funds to buy replacement parts for his pipes and was playing at functions such as weddings and parties. He was invited to practise with pipers from the Rats of Tobruk Pipe Band and the Melbourne Pipe Band to attend the Edinburgh Tattoo in Scotland but was unable to get off work in time to get to practice on the other side of town.

Unfortunately, after a brain operation at the age of 34, health issues forced him to give up work as an electrician. The brain aneurysm meant the drones played havoc with his head and, together with the requirements of family life, he had to drop out of the band. Colin is married with four children, three boys and one girl, aged between 12 and 20 years. He is a devoted father.

He still drags out his chanter and gives his fingers a work out every now and then.



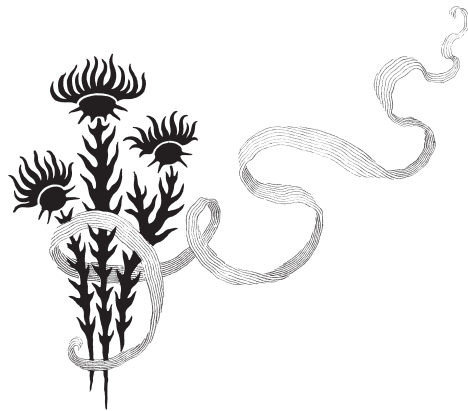
Left: Colin preparing to pipe at one of our clan gatherings. Image supplied

Above: Colin piping for a group of proud McGillivrays. Image supplied

Colin was always on hand to help his parents erect and dismantle the clan tent at Ringwood every year. Colin's sister Michelle learnt the drums with the Flinders band, later joining the Melbourne Ladies Pipe Band who practiced in Brunswick and served as the Clan Drummer for some years. David and Heather covered some 200 kilometres per week for band practice and hung around half the night. They describe themselves as 'real band groupies' attending comps and playouts. What great parents!

As the daughter of a master baker, with many bakers in my family, I was delighted to learn that Colin's hobby is bread making and baking various varieties of bread, buns etc. He enjoys cooking and, having a pizza oven, pizzas are a specialty every Friday night. Colin uses his own pizza bases and everyone gets to choose their own toppings.

Colin has always worked hard for the Society assisting David and Heather at the Clan tent and in any way he can.



BELONGING TO OUR CLAN

Reflections from our Members

With the upcoming 2020 International Gathering of the Clan in Inverness, we thought it would be a good time for us to reflect on what it means to belong to our Clan.

To celebrate the milestone of our 40th edition of the Clan MacGillivray Society Australia Journal, this year we invited our members to submit writing reflecting on the following prompt:

"Personal identity is often complex and cross-cultural in an increasingly globalised world. Australians of Scottish heritage have a short but rich history in this country. Our increasing interest in genealogy and family history indicates a strong desire for the Scottish diaspora to know where they came from, and the circumstances under which they came. What does it mean to you to be part of Clan MacGillivray, living outside of Scotland?"

LEANNE CUMMINS



My mother is the eldest of eight McGilvray children from the Dorrigo region in NSW. Cliff McGilvray married Margaret Brown (another family of Scottish descent) in 1944. We have always maintained a close family connection amongst their immediate family.

Many of us have travelled to Scotland and have felt a kinship, despite living in Australia. When I first ventured to Scotland, I had the strangest feeling of being 'home'. It seems there is more to one's Scottish heritage than the colour of our hair!

So when you ask 'what does it mean to me?' I really can't say in words, except that I get a compelling feeling in the pit in my stomach to return to Scotland and experience being part of a larger family through the Clan Gathering. My parents have participated in the past and returned with many fond memories. It's certainly going to be an experience of a lifetime!



Top: Grace feeding one of the last mob before releasing from the kangaroo rescue, 2019.

Left: Rodney, Grace, Meg and Leanne Cummins, 2019. Images supplied

LYNDA COLLIER



Being a member of the clan is intrinsically intertwined with my feeling of my Scottishness. I was brought up on stories that our family was from the Isle of Skye and with songs such as Over the Sea to Skye featuring in my childhood. All very romantic. When I began researching our family history I found that, yes, part of our family was from Skye but not exactly the line I thought.

We'd been told mum's father's family, the Boyds, were from Skye.

Our Boyds are from along the Tay River between Perth and Dundee in Angus. However mum's grandmother Mary Jane McGillivray's father Alexander was from Teangue, Sleat on the Isle of Skye.

My mother joined the McGillivray clan here in Australia decades ago and was always very proud to go and march with the clan. Amongst other things she had Gaelic jew-

ellery, loved the music and celtic crosses. My sister, Angela and her children would also go along. The boys loved marching with the clan behind the banner. Eventually I began attending clan get-togethers with mum, the first one at Warrnambool. Heather and David had huge family trees up on the wall and we couldn't place our family anywhere!

"I love the countryside, the music, the sense of other worldliness I sense in the highlands and on the islands."

Fast forward a few years and I was able to connect us to many of the families that also

originated from the Isle of Skye. We also had family that originated in other parts of Scotland – Lanarkshire, Ayrshire, Dumfries-shire and Renfrewshire.

My DNA shows my mother and I are part of the Inner and Outer Hebrides DNA groups (Ancestry DNA). We also have Scots / Irish ancestors and the family stories have always been that they were Scottish which

research has borne out. However it is the Isle of Skye and the surname McGillivray that has for me been representative for what it was to be of Scottish descent and also represents all of my Scottish surnames.

When I have visited the Isle of Skye I've felt that I belong. This is probably tied up

with all the romantic stories and songs I grew up with. I love the countryside, the music, the sense of other worldliness I sense in the highlands and on the islands. Celtic music seems to touch my soul.



My sister Angela with sons Sam and Jack. My late mother, Jennifer, is in the middle. On the left is Peter McGillivray, past Commissioner for Australia. Image supplied



View from Teangue, Sleat, Isle of Skye. Image, Lynda Collier



Kilmore churchyard, Sleat – the McGillivrays are reputed to be buried down near the waterline. Image supplied

MARGARET MCGILLIVRAY



My great great grandfather Charles McGillivray and his wife Mary Matheson came out from Scotland in 1853. Charles and two of their children died on the journey and Mary continued on with the seven remaining children, one of those was my great grandfather Angus who was a boy of about 13 years old.

Angus later married Elizabeth Gray who was also born in Scotland, and my grandfather Malcolm, was born one of 10 children. He married my grandmother Flora Matheson and they had six children. My father Malcolm was the youngest, born in 1914 in Pyramid Hill. He married my mother Ina Matheson from Wycheproof at the Windsor Hotel in Melbourne in 1944. They met at a Caledonian Band Day in Charlton.

Looking back, mum and dad's interest in the clan was shown by supporting clan gatherings where possible, and paying the annual fees for the family. It pleased them that my brother and I showed an interest in the clan as well.

The fact that none of us, right back to grandpa Malcolm were born in Scotland didn't mean that we were oblivious to our heritage. We grew up with an understanding of the existence of the Caledonian Society in Pyramid Hill as grandpa was their chief, and my father Malcolm was drum major in the pipe band which were the outward signs of our Scottish heritage.

Meeting Iain our new commander when he and his brother came to Bendigo for the 40th Annual gathering bought a renewed interest in the clan.

I am very excited to be attending the international gathering in Inverness in 2020 along with my brother Euan, his partner Ann, my niece Mary, my sister Fiona Silver and her partner Peter. It will be nice to delve into our Scottish roots and meet other members from around the world.

"Meeting Iain our new commander when he and his brother came to Bendigo for the 40th Annual gathering bought a renewed interest in the clan."



My father Malcolm, about 1925. Image supplied.



At the Clan tent Ringwood, 1989, my cousins Bob's children Kate, Andrew, Bob's wife Di, myself, son Lee, mother Ina, brother Euan, daughter Tracey. Image supplied.



Myself, I love painting and look forward to doing some at the 2020 Gathering, my first visit to Scotland. Image supplied.

DAVID MCGILLIVRAY



My Great Grandparents John & Sarah McGillivray left their farm 'Drumncloids' on the Chiefly estate of Dunmaglass Scotland in 1848 – their home was just a few hundred yards from the Chief's home. We don't know why they left, we can only speculate – did they come out to join others, maybe their cousins or just for a better life – much more research is required.

"proud of our Scottish heritage"

On boarding the ship in Plymouth Sarah gave birth to her second child Jane - what a harrowing trip it must have been. John's brother William followed them to Australia in 1854. After three months John and Sarah arrived in Melbourne in May on board the 'Cheapside'. They were hired by Mr

Anderson on the Goulbourn River for 12 months after which they moved around as work became available. John worked on such projects as the Yan Yean water reservoir near Melbourne before finally settling in Yea. At one time his son Donald and wife Caroline ran the 'Doogalook' Hotel and Stage Coach stop a few miles west of Yea. John and Sarah are both buried in unmarked graves in Yea cemetery. Their wooden markers and the cemetery records were destroyed in a bushfire.

They had ten children, their sixth child Donald born Diamond Creek in 1854 was my Grandfather, who with his wife Caro-



Donald McGillivray. Image supplied



Caroline McGillivray. Image supplied



Family of Donald and Caroline McGillivray. Achibald (my father) back row second from right. Image supplied

line had eleven children. Their third child Archibald, born Yea in 1886 was my father.

We were most excited when we received our invitation to attend the first Clan Gathering held in Manly NSW in 1976 – it was there I met many relatives for the very first time. Hearing the pipes being played during the day was thrilling - Scottish dancers and professional singers entertained the crowd through the afternoon.

A show of hands agreed that we should make that gathering a regular event, at the time we were proudly informed that we were the very first such society formed in the world. This experience excited our interest and made us proud of our Scottish heritage inspiring our interest in Scottish history and our family connections enticed us to become members of the Clan MacGillivray Society of Australia on the day.



David and wife Heather. Image supplied

VALERIA MORAHAN



Being a single child, and both parents long gone, being part of my Clan helps give me a sense of place. I know there are souls out there who are part of me and I of them.

Grand-dad on my mother's side was Ronald McGilvery. He was born in the United Kingdom, although his family must have settled in Queensland as it is in Brisbane that he and my grandmother lived. Ronald enlisted in WW1 in 1916. He was in the 24th/15th battalion and was eventually invalided out in 1919.



My mother and father, taken by a street photographer. Image supplied.

My uncle has some family history but I have conflicting information on the family origins....either Isle of Skye or even Ireland of all places.

I've got more work to do to trace my family history!



Grandfather Ronald McGilvery. Image supplied.



Myself, on the road to Inverness, Scotland, 2016. Image supplied.



SUELLA MCGILLIVRAY-JORDAN

I am very proud and honoured to be a member of the Clan MacGillivray Society of Australia.

My late father, William Robert [Bob] was a founding member of the Society, together with my mother Rome and my sister Jill. Dad assisted John Duncan MacGillivray, a cousin of his father, Donald, financially in getting the society established and later was the first member of his family John had invited to stay in his home at North Manly.

Dad and Jill were both founding members of the Clan Council and attended all Gatherings of the Society and additional functions, such as a family gathering at Wingham and John's daughter Margot's wedding in Sydney.

Mum attended when she could but often stayed home to keep the business running so Dad could go. She supported Dad by cooking turkeys and shortbread to assist with the catering. Ill health stopped Dad travelling in his later years and he died in 1982. Jill held the record for being the only member who had attended every gathering of the society. I attend as many as I can, including two held at the home of my aunt, the late Lil Hillas, in Albury, and also my husband Stephen and I helped Jill organise a gathering at Milawa. I have the honour of being a Councillor of the Society.

In 2009, I was fortunate to travel to Scotland with Mum and Jill to attend the celebrations for the 400th anniversary of the

Clan Chattan Band of Union and to sign the documents representing Australian MacGillivrays.

We visited Dunmaglass, and the area of Drumnacloich on the road to Dunmaglass Lodge where our forebears John and Sarah, came from, Culloden, and attended a church service at Dunlichity, where we were able to walk through the chiefly enclosure, containing the graves of past MacGillivray chiefs. It was here I met Iain and his father Duncan, whom Jill had met several times before.

While I now wear the MacGillivray tartan sash with great pride, I remember wearing a MacGillivray tartan kilt at an early age, which my parents had sent out from Scotland.

I personally think that it is good that we have a Clan MacGillivray Society in Australia, with members from all over the country and I commend David and Heather for the work they have done in keeping members together and visiting members on their travels. I am sorry my son, Nicholas, hasn't shown any interest in the Clan and I hope that we can encourage more young family members to join and become actively involved.

I believe this is what is needed to keep the Society going in Australia. I am looking forward to attending the 2020 Gathering in Inverness and Tain being organised by our Commander Iain, with my husband Stephen, sister Jill and cousin Lyn.

MARY HURLEY MCGILLIVRAY



When I was fifteen, I was lucky enough to go on a student exchange to France for six months. After a particularly beautiful drive through the French countryside with a friend and her family, she asked what I enjoyed the most about the day trip.

"The castles!" I answered immediately in my poor French, "the castles were amazing." "Really?" said my French companion, who clearly thought the castles of her region were sub-standard, "What are the castles like in Australia?"

I like telling people this story whenever the subject of misconceptions about

Australia comes up in conversation. It's always great to have a laugh about the things people from other places think about us: that we ride around on kangaroos, that we all love surfing, or indeed that we have castles.

But this story has left an impact on me for another, more meaningful reason. I have often joked to my friends - particularly on hot sunny days when I'm slathering on the sunscreen - that my ancestors should never have left Scotland. "I'm too pale for Australian summer - take me back to the Highlands!" I say.

In truth, I am uncomfortable with the history that white people like myself have in Australia. Part of my discomfort is a feeling of cultural loss that comes with living in an ex-British colony. On one hand, the lives that my ancestors lived on the Isle of Skye seem so alien to me. On the other hand, the 150 years of history my family has in

Australia has not left me with any strong sense of cultural identity. I was born here, but am I from here? After all, there are no castles in Australia.

The other side to my unease about my cultural heritage is darker, however.

In 1997, the then Prime Minister John Howard refused calls from Indigenous groups to make a formal apology to the Stolen Generation, saying that he "did not subscribe to the black armband view of

history". Like many conservatives, he did not believe he - or his government - had anything to

apologise for. After all, they were not the ones who removed Aboriginal children from their parents in a decades-long, traumatic cultural genocide against Australia's First People.

My Scottish ancestors were forced off their land during the Highland Clearances and shipped to Australia in 1853. Some of my English ancestors were convicts, transported for petty crimes. They all settled on land stolen from Indigenous Australians. The happy, safe, and comfortable life I live today is a direct consequence of both the injustice my ancestors fled, and the harm they caused here in Australia.

Howard's willful denial of the genocide committed by white Australians against Indigenous Australians was part of a broader refusal to acknowledge our country's dark history. I believe that for many of us involved in our Australian Clan Society, learning about our Scottish heritage is a

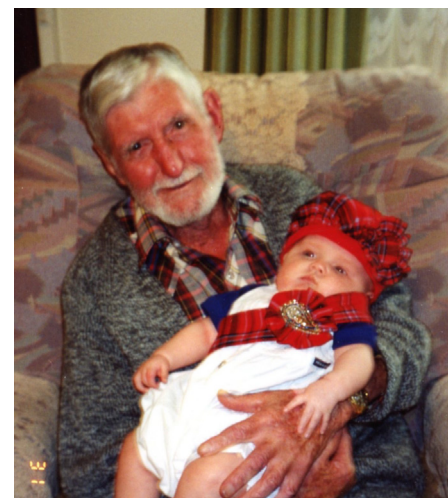
pleasant distraction from our complex, and often shameful national history. But in order for us to move forward, we must make it more than that. We cannot select which black armbands we wear and which we do not.

Learning about our history - in its full complexity - makes us better people. For me, being a part of Clan MacGillivray Society Australia means that I confront myself with the lives of my ancestors. The hardship they endured and the privilege they handed down to me means that I not only have the ability to use my voice, but to speak with compassion. In today's climate of fear and division on issues such as refugees and immigration, this empathy is invaluable.

I am 23 years old. I was 13 when the then Prime Minister Kevin Rudd delivered The Apology to the Stolen Generation, on behalf of all Australians. I remember watching it on TV at home.

The same year, 2008, was when I first went to Scotland with my mum and dad.

They took me to see the Isle of Skye where my McGillivray ancestors lived as subsistence farmers. Although I was a little more interested in reading *Harry Potter* at that age, I remember feeling both very sad, and very proud to learn about the lives of these people and the circumstances that lead to me being born on the other side of the world.



Myself in the arms of grandfather, Malcolm, 1996.
Image Euan McGillivray



Top: Me with my dad, Euan, Scotland 2008. Bottom:
Dad and me enjoying a whisky, 2018. Images, Ann Hurley

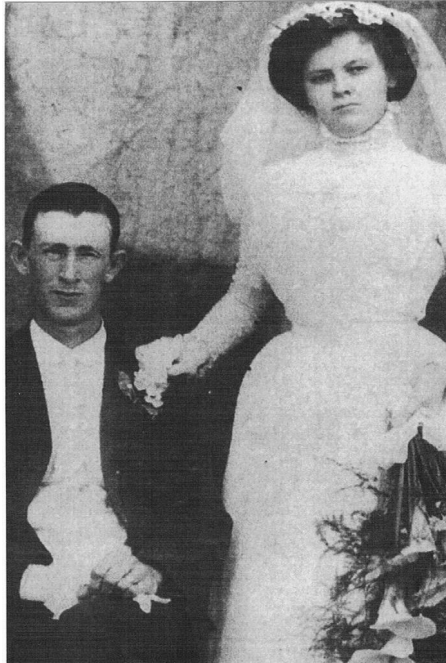
SUSAN ANDERSON



My five times great grandparents - Alexander and Sarah McGillvray left their home in Ardnamurchan, Shire of Argyll, on the ship, George Fyffe on the 16th September, 1839. They arrived in Sydney, Australia on 23rd January, 1840. With them they brought their eight children - Lachlan, Mary, John, Donald, Anne, Sarah, Alexander Jnr, and Dugald.

Alexander and Sarah's parents were Donald McGillvray and Mary Livingston and Duncan Cameron and Sarah McGregor.

Alexander was 49 when he left Scotland. He was engaged to work for "Hannibal" McCarthur Esq. at one of his vineyards in the Hunter Valley and was paid 45 pounds per annum. Sarah was 48 and she looked after the two younger sons. I'm proud to be a McGillvray from Sydney (Seven Hills) Australia



Top: My grandparents, Leslie Meredith Manning McGillvray and Naomi Lillas McKay.

Left: My uncle Reg McGillvray, Madge, uncle Col and Joan, my father Barry and aunt Edna. Images supplied.



EDNA TURNER

To be able to trace our family history back to Scotland and to know what our ancestors went through to get to Australia makes us very proud to be McGillivray descendants.

My Scottish connection is with John and Sarah McGillivray who arrived in Melbourne, Victoria on the ship Cheapside in 1848. Sarah (Forbes) McGillivray was born in Culloden. Their son Donald is my relative who was born in 1857, Yea, Victoria Australia. Donald and Caroline McGillivray are my grandparents, their daughter Jane Beatrice Victoria McGillivray is my mother.

In 1992 my sister Alma and I went to Scotland for the first Clan MacGillivray International Gathering. We were thrilled to meet

up with McGillivray members from around the world. This holiday was the first time my sister and I had travelled outside of Australia, and we were both in our 60s at the time.

"very proud to be McGillivray descendants"

My daughter Jennifer and her husband went to the British Isles 2007, while there visited Culloden and placed some flowers on the MacGillivray memorial.



My brother Albert Boyce and myself. Image supplied

Marriage of my parents - Albert Edward Boyce to Jane Beatrice Victoria McGillivray. Image supplied



EUAN MCGILLIVRAY



Both my parents had Scottish grandparents. As I grew up neither mum nor dad made much of our Scottish heritage. My mother, like many women of her time was the keeper of family connections - on both sides. She knew all the in-laws as well as the names of all their children. However we never really delved back to Scotland.

When my father was a boy and young man, he took an active part in drum and pipe bands, and wore the tartan. His father had a Scottish born father from Lower Breakish on the Isle of Skye. In tragic circumstances following a brutal round of Highland Clearances they emigrated to Melbourne, Victoria in 1854. My mother's family, the Mathesons, also have Scottish connections. Our Mathesons came from Craig near Plockton and arrived in 1853, at Portland, Victoria.

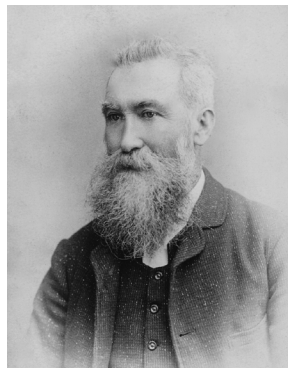
We all used to attend the local Highland Games at Ringwood, Victoria, where I saw a number of Clan members in splendid tartan. Heather McGillivray made my first kilt and I enjoyed the rigmarole of putting on the tartan, sporran, sliding the sgian-

dubh into my sock and joining in with clannish activities. Later I was fortunate to inherit my grandfathers kilt, plaid and jacket, made in Glasgow in 1929.

I kind of fell into the clan and its activities I hadn't thought much about what it meant to belong. Just like other members, I have visited Scotland many times. More and more information has been gathered about the broader MacGillivray clan history, as well as my own family connections on Skye and at Plockton.

Lately I have been thinking about what it means to me to be part of the clan here in Australia – about 17,000 kilometres from Scotland. While never one for being overtly interested in displays of nationalism of any sort, I began to question what image I am sending to others while being dressed in tartan and not being Scottish. Maybe because of my distant heritage I have some unstated permission to wear the tartan.

However just when I begin to feel a little more comfortable about displaying my



Left: My great grandfather, Angus McGillivray, born, Skye, Scotland. Centre: My great grandmother, Elizabeth Gray, born Stirling, Scotland. Right: My grandfather, Malcolm, born Shelford, Victoria. Images supplied



View of Pyramid Hill from Mount Hope, Dja Dja Wurrung country. Image: Ludwig Becker, 1860. State Library of Victoria: No: H16486



View of Pyramid Hill from Mount Hope Image: Euan McGillivray, 2016

Scottish connections, and the more books on Australian history I read, it became obvious that we must consider the role of the Scots in colonial Australia. Most recently some historical discomfort has arisen due to an oblique association with Thomas Mitchell the Scottish explorer and surveyor.

“my eyes are opened to the inglorious role played by many colonial Scots administrators and settlers”

I was born at a tiny Victorian town called Pyramid Hill. In 1835 Mitchell looked out over Dja Dja Wurrung country from Pyramid Hill. He commented, ‘a land so inviting, and still without inhabitants! As I stood, the first European intruder on the sublime solitude of these verdant plains... I felt conscious of being the harbinger of mighty changes...’

While I read more and more about the colonial Scots in Australia, especially the work of historian of the Scottish diaspo-

ra, Ben Wilke, my eyes are opened to the inglorious role played by many Scots administrators and settlers. The recent public discussions regarding how Captain Cook and in particular Governor Macquarie set the tone for mass brutality towards Indigenous people. There are many verified reports of slaughter and dispossession. The existence of a mausoleum to Macquarie on the Isle of Mull where he is called the “father of Australia” I’m sure would be troubling should visitors be aware of the truth.

Wilke says “Scotland today, however imagined, represents a place of uncomplicated belonging for many Australians of Scottish ancestry”. While I value and enjoy my connections through our clan to Scotland, as with most things in life, there is always more to learn.



GILLIAN FORRESTER

I can't remember at what point in my teenage years my fascination with my Scottish heritage began. Perhaps it was my love of the Scottish band Simple Minds? Whatever it was, I was a weird kid, listening to very old Scottish tunes on records I'd bought from op shops, practising highland dancing in my room and practising my Scottish accent on my friends.

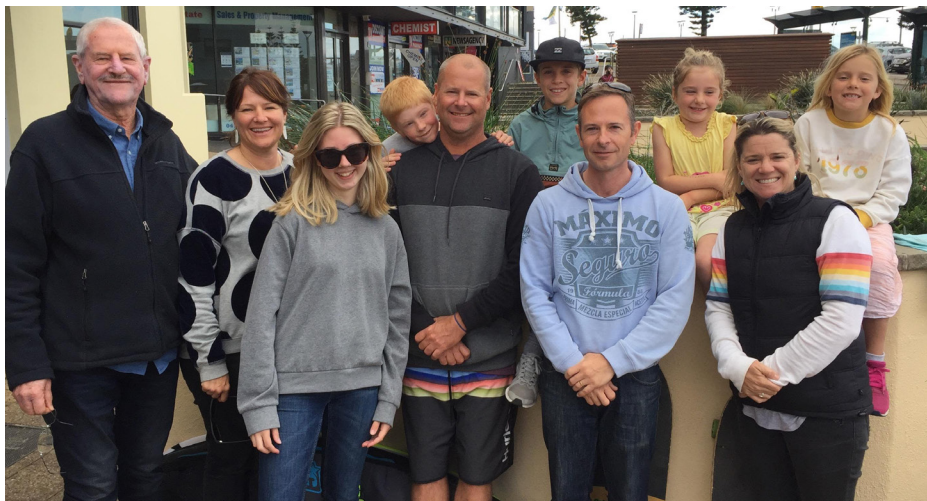
As a young teenager, I knew the meaning of Dunmaglass and not because my McGillivray family told me but because I'd read about it. I'd research Scotland's history and clan stories and even write stories set in the highlands. At school, I was well known for my love of Scotland.

Perhaps part of it is feeling connected to my beautiful Dad and his family that I missed so much - the McGillivrays.

"knowing that we come from a background of Scottish tenacity and contempt for inequity is empowering."

I think many of us non-indigenous Australians long for cultural identity. Some more recent immigrants arrive with it and enjoy the connectedness, the ritual, symbol and community but some of us borne of older arrivals have little cultural identity and feel a little lost at sea, like we don't belong or know who we are. These are fundamental human desires.

What's funny and somewhat disappointing, is that recently I've researched my



Howard McGillivray, Gillian Forrester (McGillivray), Nora Lauritzen, Ben Forrester, Mick McGillivray, Max McGillivray, Matt Forrester, Clare Forrester, Katrina McGillivray, Mia McGillivray. Image supplied.

four grandparents' ancestry quite a way back and found that only one quarter of my ancestors are Scottish and three quarters are... English. Yet, my interest and cultural identity is still firmly Scottish. My husband's family, the Forresters, identify with their Scottish heritage and despite such distant and tenuous Scottish connections, our young children are well aware of their Scottish ancestry.

So, why do I celebrate my Scottish heritage and inwardly deny my significant

English heritage? Perhaps, it's partly our Australian story. Many Scots were displaced and controlled by the English but despite this have remained strong, proud and defiant. Perhaps this is a story that we identify with.

Knowing that we come from something and somewhere is enough but knowing that we come from a background of Scottish tenacity and contempt for inequity is empowering.



ROBERT (RAB) MCGILLIVRAY

To quote from the original reflection, Australians of Scottish heritage have a short but rich heritage in this country. This may be true. But flip it on it's head. The Scots who settle in this country have centuries of heritage to bring to Australia!

What does it mean to me to be part of Clan MacGillivray living outside of Scotland? Well, I actually was part of Clan MacGillivray while I was still living in Scotland. I knew I was moving to Australia so I felt the need to stay connected with people who had that "thing" when I got there. And that "thing" is a tricky thing to put your finger on. It's like wanting to be a part of something that you just know other people understand and you know they want to be part of it too.

"Scottish, Dutch, Italian or Australian, it doesn't matter. It's the name that links us all together."

I think that "thing" is a sense of belonging, belonging to a group of people with a linked history. And that link of course, is the name MacGillivray (however you happen to spell it!).

Is it strange to be so attached to a clan that originated so long ago in a country so far away? A country that lots of clan members have never even been to? No, I don't think it is. That sense of belonging is so strong that being part of the clan, having the same name and ultimately coming from the same place gives us great pride in our heritage.

Scottish, Dutch, Italian or Australian, it doesn't matter. It's the name that links us all together. The bond of kinship is strong. Being part of Clan MacGillivray cements that bond.

LACHLAN ALEXANDER MCGILLIVRAY



My father was Hector Alexander McGillivray and mother Greta Joyce Cook – both Australian born.

My grandfather was Donald McGillivray born 26th July 1865 in Nairn, Scotland and married to Minnie Ellis from Ohara, NZ who emigrated to Australia. My great grandfather was Kenneth McGillivray and married to Flora Shaw who were married in Inverness 16th December 1859. Their grave site is in Nairn old cemetery. He died at Bray-side Cottage in 1921.

“proud to be a McGillivray”

Throughout life, we as individuals or as families can face some pretty confronting times that can be quite alarming to each and every one of us.

Our ancestors were confronted with many challenges during the period they lived in. Mostly they were different to the challenges we face today although I do believe many challenges within the family and

personal challenges could be similar to what we face today.

When I think of my grandfather and the challenges he would have faced setting off from his homeland Scotland with a young family seeking a new life in Australia must have been incredibly daunting. He would have had to deal with unsuspecting situations that came at him from left field which would have been quite alarming to him and his family just like it can be for us today when we are not prepared for the unexpected.

The McGillivray family motto however is something we all share and has always given me great strength and has allowed me when called upon to stand with dignity and strength because “Touch Not This Cat” when put into action does enable us to face situations with great inner strength that enables us to stand tall and face directly the situation before us.



Visiting the gravesite of Kenneth and Flora in the Nairn old cemetery, 2016. Image supplied



Myself with father and grandson. Image supplied



IRENE RAWSON

My ancestors arrived in Australia and settled into a farming district in Victoria where they raised their family. When they commenced their long voyage from Scotland to Australia they brought with them their Scottish traditions and over many years these were passed on from generation to generation.

I lived in a community where there were many relatives of Clan MacGillivray whose farming occupation consisted of sheep, cattle and dairy. My siblings and I attended school with our MacGillivray cousins and this often allowed us to spend time to sleep over at each other's farm house. These opportunities allowed us to see how milking, shearing and agriculture took place. Staying over gave us adventures, to run riot jumping off haystacks, swimming in the irrigation channels or in our lagoon. The love of the land and freedom of country life was always exciting to me. Everyone had large families and ours was no exception with eleven children.

“this gives us the opportunity to contribute to our heritage”

We all put effort into the numerous chores that were necessary to keep the farm running satisfactorily. There were many times we dawdled home late from school but still the assigned jobs had to be done like collect fire wood and feed the chooks and prepare for the next day regardless of time.

Growing up on a farm life was simpler and now having raised my own family I have kept with the traditions of family re-unions through the Clan today. With opportunities and shared knowledge we can look back and be proud that our hard work has laid the foundation for generations to come.

My trip with my husband to Scotland was very rewarding and to return for a holiday very exciting. However the Clan MacGillivray here in Australia with their gatherings have a special meaning and this gives us the opportunity to contribute to our heritage. It is a privilege to be a part of the Clan. Its values remains a legacy to me and my generation today.



My mother Marion MacGillivray her husband Robert McGregor and their 11 children (me on my father's knee). Image supplied

JILL MCGILLIVRAY



We were always aware of our heritage. Proud Australians, we knew that our heritage was Scottish and English on our father's side; Irish, American and Scottish on our mother's side. I guess because of our surname, it was the Scottish side which resonated most strongly.

Dad's father died when he was quite young, so he hadn't been told a lot of family history and the family lived at Tallangatta, a long way from grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins, but his McGillivray uncles came to ensure his older brothers Don and Alick completed their bakery apprenticeships so the family business could continue.

One of Dad's treasures was a silk MacGillivray tartan tie which I believe one of his uncles had brought back from the war. He let me wear it with my school uniform on special occasions and I recall him telling me his uncles telling him about visiting Burns cousins at Lark Hall near Glasgow and having beds which were cupboards in the wall. (We were to visit those cousins on our first visit to Scotland in 1975, but unfortunately Annie and Jean told us the cupboard beds, which had fascinated me, had gone.)

In the mid 1950s Dad arranged for a neighbour who was returning to Scotland for a holiday to have kilted skirts made for the three of us at MacEwens of Perth. Those kilts were the first clothes I remember that were definitely not to be handed down – they were ours – and we still have them. They have our names written on the waist band - Jill, Joy, and Sue.

When Mum, Dad and I went to Scotland in 1975 we knew little about the Clan, other than the general information you read in books about the clans – so we knew that Clan MacGillivray had fought at Culloden, the chief led the Clan Chattan forces, had died on the battlefield, and the chiefs had lived at lived at Dunmaglass.

So we toured the battlefield, found the Well of the Dead and later chanced upon a 'private' road to Dunmaglass Lodge. I insisted on driving up this road - against Mum's strong objections - and reaching the lodge, got out to go round the back to see if I could find someone to ask if I could take some photos.

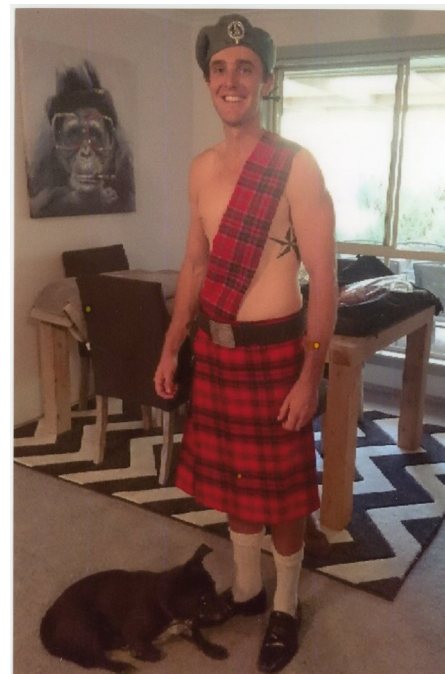
"One of Dad's treasures was a silk MacGillivray tartan tie"

A four wheel drive type farm vehicle pulled up with a spray of gravel and the driver demanded to know what I was doing there – when I explained I was a McGillivray from Australia and all I knew was that the chief had come from Dunmaglass - he calmed down slightly, said he was sorry, his wife was away so he couldn't invite us in. He said there had been no MacGillivrays there for 100 years but I could take some photos – if they weren't for publication.

It was after we got back from Scotland that we learnt, in a roundabout fashion, of the moves by John Duncan McGillivray- a cousin of my grandfather Donald – and Ian McGillivray Elder, to form the Clan MacGillivray Society of Australia. It is largely through their research, and that of David and Heather McGillivray, that I have learnt so much of my family history.



Jill, Sue and Joy McGillivray in their new kilts, ready for Sunday school, at new Tallangatta. The kilts had been sent from McEwens of Perth.



Top: Robert McGillivray, son of Joy McGillivray, in Scotland with his aunt, Jill, for the first international gathering organised by Ishbel McGillivray-McGregor for Commander George McGillivray of Canada. Unfortunately health issues prevented George from attending. Robert is wearing the kilt made for him by Heather McGillivray. One of only two children in attendance, Rob became very friendly with Owen, son of Bruce McGillivray, the Commissioner for the United States, and the two boys were favourites for the entire gathering.

Left: Nicholas Jordan, son of Clan Council member Sue McGillivray Jordan and her husband Stephen, setting off for a fancy dress evening with an S theme. Nick decided he would go as a 'sexy Scotsman' borrowing his Grandma's kilt [Gramp's was too big] Gramp's bonnet and belt and Mum's sash. As you can imagine, he was a huge hit.

I have attended Society Gatherings since the very beginning, meeting with John and Enid, Ian and Simone and John and Enid's daughter, Margot, in their home at North Manly. I was later to take my parents Bob and Rome back to meet them over a Sunday lunch before our first Australian gathering. Dad and John formed an instant friendship and Dad did much to assist him in founding the Society, both financially and in kind.

Other huge supporters at this time were Dan and Muriel Carling who were always there to bail John out whenever needed. True friends to John and Enid and the Society!

Mum and Dad returned to Scotland for the 1977 International Gathering of the Clans where they were able to meet Ishbel McGillivray, Robert and Pauline McGillivray, The Shaws of Tordorrach and other members of Clan Chattan.

Mum and Dad and I all became life members of Clan Chattan. We were later to welcome Commander George MacGillivray of Canada to one of our Gatherings and in driving George to Melbourne our Society President Peter travelled via Bright where they stayed at the home of my uncle and aunt, Don and Rene McGillivray. Many members will remember Don entertaining on the musical saw.

Before Dad died in 1982 he purchased a length of the MacGillivray tartan woven in Australia for his first grandchild Robert, born in 1981, which I made into a kilt which Rob wore for his baptism at Holy Trinity Cathedral in Wangaratta. His sporran was made by Ian McGillivray Elder. Dad had stipulated Rob couldn't wear the kilt until he was walking.

I was to become a record holder for the

member who had attended all Society gatherings, shared for a number of years with Muriel Carling. We do need to hold some activities to induce young people to join and take an interest in their heritage.

Family gatherings at Seymour for descendants of John and Sarah McGillivray who came to Australia from Drumnacloch in 1848 and settled near Yea, instigated by David and Heather, were also very popular for a number of years and we had a special anniversary gathering at Homewood, near Yea, to mark 150 years in Australia. We need more of these special activities.

The Society is enormously important to me. I've also attended all but one of the International Gatherings and my mother paid for my nephew Robert – then aged 10 – to attend the first international gathering in Inverness in 1991. Rob was representing my father Bob, who would have been there with bells on.

Heather made his kilt this time and Rob made many friends among the international family of MacGillivrays. Rob, who died aged 22 of heart failure, was often asked by President Peter to lead his procession at Gatherings, carrying his banner.

Mum, Sue and I attended the 400th anniversary of the Clan Chattan Band of Union. I was also enormously proud to be one of the Australians selected to vote for the Commander of our Clan, together with David McGillivray, and delighted to see Iain take this position. I first met Iain as a little boy at a ceilidh at the Grouse and Trout at that first International Gathering.

I remember Ishbel asking all of us at that first gathering what we had got out of it and overwhelmingly the consensus was 'a sense of family'.

I am saving hard to be able to attend the 2020 Gathering with my sister Sue, her husband Stephen and our cousin, Lyn. This should be a great occasion and in will be great to renew acquaintances with old friends and meet new friends in the McGillivray family.

Below: Some of our founders: Dan Carling, founding member and sponsor, Ian McGillivray Elder, co-founder and long time journal editor, unknown, Pipe Major James Ross Jackson [who composed a lament on the death of William Robert Bob McGillivray], John Duncan McGillivray, co-founder and long time secretary and William Robert [Bob] McGillivray, founding member and sponsor.



HEATHER BERRYMAN

I am the second daughter of Ross and Isobel McGillivray. My dad shared little of his heritage with us. He spoke more about his family life in Northern Victoria. Ross never wished to go to Scotland, but I did and have researched our family in Skye, Culloden, Cawdor cemetery, Edinburgh, Glasgow and other places in Scotland.

I enjoy attending the gatherings in the Geelong area. The Bendigo Gathering in 2016 was special where we met up with other clan members, relatives and the

new Clan Commander, Iain MacGillivray from Tain in Scotland.

My father Ross can trace his Australian connections back through his parents Neil and Caroline. Neil's father was Angus who came to Australia as a teenager from Skye in 1854 with his widowed mother and five siblings. While our side of the family began life in Northern Victoria at Mount Hope, near Pyramid Hill, we soon moved to nearby blocks at Gunbower where Neil concentrated on raising beef cattle.

COLIN MCGILLIVRAY



I am a third-generation Australian, descended from Martin McGillivray and Mary (McKinnon) McGillivray, who migrated with two small children Donald and Ann from the Isle of Skye, Scotland to Port Jackson, Australia on the William Nichol in 1837. Donald married Isabella Murray from Orwell, Kinross-shire, Scotland, and had 9 children. Their son Peter and his wife Miriam Margaret Phillips (whose father was from Essex, England) had four children including my father, Allan. My mother, Gladys (nee Sanford) was descended from English and Welsh ancestors. In this respect I can claim ancestry from all parts of Britain, but in most cases my Scottish heritage predominates.

I remember my father, of the generation that showed little interest in recalling family history, providing small snippets of information when I was growing up: some connection to Camerons; McRae relatives; and McGillivray relations in Heathcote, Victoria. I became aware of the Clan MacGillivray Society from reading the journals sent to my parents, who were early members, and began researching my ancestry seriously in the 1990s on returning to Australia after some seventeen years working in New Zealand and two years on the Isle of Man. My parents by this time were recently deceased and my initial source of reference was my aunty, Margaret Lowe (nee McGillivray) who had corresponded with cousins from Heathcote and Wollongong.

I then spent many hours researching through the library and Church of the Latterday Saints' micro fiches and indexes,



Myself with Robert McGillivray at the Gunbower Gathering. Robert descended from my grandfather's older brother John. Image supplied.

obtaining copies of birth, marriage and death certificates, and gradually building and verifying a family tree back to Martin and Mary who, I discovered, were married in Camiscross in the Isleornsay area of Skye.

When Ann and I married in England in August 1996 we spent our honeymoon in a B&B in Camiscross. By chance we were introduced to John McDonald, the retired postmaster of Camiscross who was a fount of knowledge of the history of the area. John was able to provide an insight not only into the conditions on Skye at the time so that many inhabitants felt forced to leave, but could show us the actual quay from which they embarked, and even point out cottages and crofts still in Mary's family. He knew less about my McGillivrays, but helped me obtain copies of several documents, including the passenger list, sick list and surgeon's report for the William Nichol 1837 voyage. These were themselves copies of originals held at the Mitchell Library, Sydney which had been donated to the McDonald Centre in Armadale, Skye by a descendant of another William Nichol passenger. It was interesting to find four other McGillivray families named on the passenger list. Were they brothers or cousins or not? There were two Johns, an Archibald and an Alexander. I have not been able to veri-



My parents, Peter McGillivray and Gladys Sandford. Image supplied

fy this as many church and parish records from pre 1815 Skye were apparently destroyed in a fire.

While we lived in Victoria, Ann and I enjoyed meeting members at several gatherings of the Clan MacGillivray, and through the Society have met members who have helped me piece together information that enriched my research and, in turn, I have been able to inform others. I am particularly grateful to Ashley McGillivray, a wonderful man and indomitable researcher, who telephoned one evening to enquire whether I knew anything about a Christina Cameron who owned properties 'Violet Creek' and 'Arrandoovong' near Hamilton, Western Victoria. This enquiry triggered a memory of a copy of that Christina Cameron's Will I discovered while clearing my late father's estate that verified Martin was



My grandparents, Peter McGillivray and Miriam Margaret Phillips. Image supplied.

indeed named as her brother. This certainly helped to fit more pieces into the family history jigsaw!

We are now enjoying retirement in Nottinghamshire, England, close to Ann's children and our grandchildren, but always look forward to receiving the journal and reading of the happenings of the

"I have discovered a sense of identity not only to the Clan MacGillivray but also to wider family connections"

Australian MacGillivrays, and are looking forward to catching up with more of the clan at the 2020 Gathering in Scotland.

During my lifetime I have lived in several countries outside of Scotland. Now, living close by, and through my genealogical journey, I have discovered a sense of identity not only to the Clan MacGillivray but also to wider family connections pertaining to other branches of the family, including those of my maternal ancestors.

MATTHEW MACGILLIVRAY



Since I was young I was always very intrigued by our family's Scottish heritage. I felt very proud to have our own coat of arms which was proudly displayed at the front of my parents' house, and the coat of arms that hung in my grandmother's house before she passed away has been hung in the front of every house I have lived in since moving out of home. As I grew older I began to understand that not all red tartans were the same as the one that our fierce cat emblem was secured against.

I began to realise that other tartans and other Scottish names were a lot more prominent than ours (as anyone who has

ever tried to spell our last name over the phone can attest to). When I travelled to Scotland in early 2009 and would go to tourist shops I was always slightly vexed that there were so many different tartans and other memorabilia from other clans, but I could only really find MacGillivray hunting tartan, or a pin or cufflinks on the bottom shelf. I started to wonder about the importance of our Clan in the greater scheme of Scottish history, and what it really meant to be a part of it, as opposed to being a Stewart or MacDonald.

However, I believe the fact it is such a lesser known Clan makes being part of it all

“being a MacGillivray living outside of Scotland makes it an incredibly moving experience to return to...”



Myself and my wedding groomsmen with the clan tartan tie. Image supplied

the most special. And it's not just having to spell out your name every time someone else has to write it down, or specify whether it is “Mc” or “Mac”. It helps me feel a lot more connected to the history of our Clan as there are not so many people who can claim the same history. Given it was a MacGillivray who led the charge at Culloden, and the importance of the battle and effects from it, makes it a very special Clan to be a part of. Even the fact we have our own tartan is something not all other Clans have the honour of. I think you always appreciate something more when it isn't as easily accessible, so being a MacGillivray living outside of Scotland makes it an incredibly moving experience to return to, and walking the hallowed ground at Culloden an extremely poignant experience.

I for one am incredibly proud to be part of our Clan. I have really enjoyed being part of the Society, connecting with other Clan members and reading about their experience, and I am very much looking forward to attending the Clan Gathering next year in the Highlands.



Myself with pipes playing at the Royal South Australian Regiment, together with my wife Lieve Weverberg. Image supplied.

DONNA MACGILLIVRAY



I certainly feel proud to be part of the Clan. I'm only sorry I can't travel as I once did.

I was overseas in 1985 and since I was there for two months I decided to start and finish in Scotland, where I have some relatives. With a name like MacGillivray, I guess I would have some relatives back there! Mum and dad were pleased that I asked them to come with me.

Staying with Scottish relatives was both interesting and fattening! They used cream with everything I became excess baggage on my return to Australia, believe me, even though I walked a lot.

We mailed back several boxes of purchases to Australia. We arrived home before them as we sent them ordinary mail. When the boxes arrived, it was like being in Scotland all over again.

CALLUM KILLEN MACGILLIVRAY



Before I reached age eighteen years I was not qualified to answer the above question because I had always lived in Scotland. In the late 1960s, aged around eight years, there was a Clan MacGillivray Gathering in Inverness which was certainly then my 'home city' near a farming area where I grew up. At the event, I met Colonel George B Macgillivray (who served as Clan Commander for around five years from 1989 until his death in 1994) & members of his Canadian family, and Dutch MacGillivrays.

It was an exciting event for me, a local boy who had never been away from the Scottish Highlands. These members of the Clan living outside of Scotland, wore similar clothes to us and the exact same tartans as us, and looked uncannily like us. They had some of the exact same cultural and historical interests as us. Like us, they held both the classical music (piobaireachd) of the bag-pipes and also the light music of the bag-pipes and drums in the highest regard.

Fast forward a half-century. I had now been a Clan member living outside of Scotland on three continents, North America, Africa and Australia as a university exchange-student, school-teacher and citizen. In Australia, my mother's country, and to which I moved over ten years ago now, I have been able to savour a substantial amount of what it means to me personally to be a Clan member living

outside Scotland. I have received great hospitality and enjoyed time spent with fellow Australian Clan folk in places as far distant from each other as Melbourne in Victoria and Perth in Western Australia.

I have also spent time as a backpacker, getting buses and hitch-hiking in some of the remote hard-to-get-to areas of WA. I wanted to connect with some indigenous MacGillivrays.

This particular part of my personal experience of what it is to be a Clan member

"Being a Clan member living outside of Scotland and having lived in Scotland as well, has reminded me that Clan culture is a spiritual affair as much as it is a material affair."

living outside of Scotland, seems to me to be almost more tragic than it is nostalgic. That is because, on the one hand, I have the nostalgic memory of the Clan event in Inverness around 1967 at which some members of the international Clan diaspora were present in my native land. On the other hand I have the awareness of the fact that, in the year 1967, Australian Aboriginals were only from that year forward both included in the Australian census and also allowed to vote, in their native land.

As I reflect further on what it means to me to be part of our Clan living outside of Scotland it seems certain to me that most (if not all) of the Australian aboriginal MacGillivrays would have found it near impossible to get to that Clan Gathering in Scotland fifty years or so ago, if they would have wished to attend the event. That is poignant to me.

We are a forward-looking Clan who, historically, have often intermarried quite early with local native peoples on different continents. We have been striving to be inclusive enough of each other. I would humbly suggest that, at Clan Gatherings and at significant Clan events in Scotland and elsewhere, there should be an act of inclusiveness such as a mention or a prayer, a toast, a silence, music-playing or a performance acknowledging and remembering the diverse lineages and diverse languages.

We can remember the plight of the disadvantaged, and of the continuing need for social justice in the world. In so doing, we could then realistically hope that our Clan camaraderie will be stronger, more honourable, more fit for purpose, both now and also in the centuries to come. Being a Clan member living outside of Scotland and having lived in Scotland as well, has reminded me that Clan culture is a spiritual affair as much as it is a material affair.



At the Clan tent, Ringwood Highland Games, 2013, From Left: David McGillivray, Barbara McGillivray, myself, Donald McGillivray, Heather McGillivray. Image supplied

WILLIAM ROBINSON MACGILLIVRAY



I was born a MacGillivray. That is my family name and was my identity as I grew up. I never stopped to think about the history of my family although I knew the names associated with all my grandparents (Petersen, Champion and Moxham). But I possessed this impressive Scottish Highland name!

My father, Alexander, talked very little about his forebears other than Great Uncle Douglas who was one of the discoverers of the ore bodies at Mt Isa (and who sold his rights for a song!!). I knew my Dad spent his early years in Cloncurry and that my Grandfather Dudley MacGillivray had a variety of roles there. I was also aware that Dad possessed the family bible which contained records for the family in Australia since 1879.

Dad was given a family crest when I was a boy. I remember it well because the first version was returned to Scotland as it showed the motto as Dunmahglass and featured a deer when everyone knew that it should have been a cat and Touch not this Cat, the motto of the federated Clan Chattan. Unfortunately, at this time, I had heard nothing of the exploits of my second Great Grandfather George nor my Great Grandfather Alexander Sykes.

When I was thirty, I had the privilege of working in Munich, Germany for half a year. I took the opportunity to travel to Scotland for a short visit and fell in love with the country. After all, this was the

place of my ancestors. Twice in the next decade I was fortunate enough to spend short periods working in Scotland, the first at Riccarton on the western fringes of Edinburgh and the second at St Andrew's. My elder daughter commenced school at Currie Public School and both of my daughters attended Canongate Primary School in St Andrew's. I have returned to Scotland several times since then.

I always felt at home in Scotland and have made good friends. I found that the native Scots were very welcoming and their attitudes to life and their humour really resonated. This was my second home! This is where I originated. From Culloden Moor to Morven, this is where my ancestors trod... except not a high proportion of them actually did.

"Having the name MacGillivray delivers a form of acceptance in Scotland, even if I am fifth generation Australian."

For the last few years, I have been researching my family tree and the results have been revealing. All four of my grandparents were born in Australia. Five of my great grandparents were born in Australia and one each in England, Ireland and Denmark. It is only when my tree recedes to second great grandparents do I find any Scots. And there are just two! Of the remaining 14 second great grandparents, there are seven English, four Irish, two Danes and one Welsh.

When informed of this outcome, our fearless Commissioner for Australia, Euan, passed the comment that one-eighth Scot was worth one-half English any time. I am sure he is correct, but I think there are more dimensions to the case, and it comes in the weight of the name.

I attended a Moxham family reunion in Sydney, in April. It was fascinating to

learn about the family of my beloved maternal grandmother. But I did not have the same tremor or thrill of learning about my MacGillivray forebears.

Having the name MacGillivray delivers a form of acceptance in Scotland, even if I am fifth generation Australian. In Australia, the name MacGillivray permits me to be part of a tribe through the Clan Society. And this tribal sense connects me with Scotland and its Highlands.

So despite the fact that I have minority Scottish blood, it is the name that connects me to Scotland, that makes me so proud of my Scottish heritage and that will forever allow me to think of Scotland as my second home.



ANN BROWN

Membership of Clan MacGillivray enables me to connect with a wide circle of men, women and children who are keenly interested in the Highlands, Scottish culture, history, genealogy and traditions. Details can be illuminating. Through these connections, I have made friendships, learnt about my family tree and discovered distant relatives. Most importantly I have learnt about the strength and resilience of our Scottish pioneers who left their homeland, settled in Australia and productively contributed to the nation. This is inspiring.

It is through contact with the clan that I discovered Clear off to the Colonies written by Ray Wilson which I took with me to Scotland and it served as an excellent guide to locating the original croft on the Isle of Skye, from which in 1852, my great,



Image supplied.

great grandfather, Donald, left Skye with his wife, Christina MacGillivray and their six children.

Invariably, clan membership increases my pleasure in attending authentic Scottish experiences in Australia such as the annual Ringwood Highland Games and Celtic Festival and the Bendigo Scots Day Out. These are hugely enjoyable celebrations of Scottish culture. Not only is each an opportunity to wear my kilt, visit the clan tent and meet other members but also to visit other tents such as that of the Scottish Gaelic Society of Victoria. This is important to me because I have been told that Mary MacGillivray, my grandmother used to repeat 2 or 3 Gaelic words as she went about her day. It is my goal to be able to do the same and continue this as a family tradition. I find that reading the clan journal is a vital link between Scotland and Australia enabling the clan to communicate and celebrate.



THE 53RD RINGWOOD HIGHLAND GAMES AND CELTIC FESTIVAL

Ann Brown

Kilted, keen and curious, I attended the 53rd Ringwood Highland Games and Celtic Festival at the spacious grounds of the J.W. Manson Reserve in Wantirna on Sunday 31 March. This is a commodious venue, with three adjacent ovals surrounded by a mix of indigenous and European trees.

On arriving, I glimpsed a gang of garrulous galahs convening in the eucalypts above, proudly flashing their pink underbellies. So, was it a co-incidence, that later in the day, outside the Clan MacGillivray tent, I met Margaret Fleming from Clan Matheson (which has a connection with Clan MacGillivray), wearing a kilt made in the Australia Tartan featuring a muted rose-pink line corresponding with the pink of the galahs? I was told that the Australian Tartan features the warm colours of the outback. These tones are characteristic of desert, red dust, Uluru, sunrise, sunset and I suggest, even native birdlife.

Research tells us that the Australia Tartan (aka the Australian tartan) was designed by John Reid, a Melbourne architect, who had won a national competition held by the Scottish Australian Heritage Council to celebrate Australia's Bicentenary in 1988. The pattern of the tartan is that of Lachlan Macquarie, the second Scottish born Governor of the Australian Colony of New South Wales in 1809.

At previous Highland Gatherings I have encountered other tartans also pertaining to Australia. These are more recent

and have different titles such as; the Australian National Tartan designed in 2012 and the Australian Defence Force Academy Tartan designed in 2013. The Clan MacGillivray tartan was prominent at our clan tent where I was warmly received by clan members including David and Heather McGillivray, Euan McGillivray, the Clan Commissioner for Australia and Lynda Collier our archivist. To my delight, Lynda with her laptop on hand had new information about the MacGillivray line in my genealogy while Heather updated me with other clan news and was invaluable in working out connections and piecing together genealogical information from a wide variety of other sources.

Earlier in the morning I had noted a curious request broadcasted over the public address system, 'Would the Earl of Loudon come to the announcement desk please?' A shimmer of delight passed through me because I knew then that I was at the correct venue because the Right Honourable Simon Abney - Hastings, 15th Earl of Loudon was the Patron-in-Chief of the Games and Festival. He had generously broadened the scope of the Ringwood Scottish Highland Games to include various other Celtic traditions and their participation has certainly contributed to the success of this event.

The Chieftain for the day was the British Consul General Chris Holtby OBE. This year the Games received funding and support from Moorandah City Council and the Mayor, Cr Rob Steane, informed attendees that the J.W. Manson Reserve will be the home of the Highland Games and Celtic Festival for the next 3 years at least.

The grounds invited exploration and there was plenty to see and do. Activities included Welsh dancing, Highland dancing, Scottish Country dancing, the



Some of our Clan group outside our very red tent. Image supplied



Margaret Fleming, in Clan Matheson tartan. Image supplied



Terry McGilvery and Clan Archivist, Lynda Collier. Image Euan McGillivray

Highland Hustle, Victorian Scottish Union dancing, Irish Dancing, a Folk band, a Scottish Gaelic Choir, a Scottish Terrier Club, a German Shepherd Club, the Lions Club, Heavy games, Martial Arts, Kids Light Games, a Petting Zoo, Face Painting, Whisky tasting, Pipe Band practicing and competing as well as clan tents, craft stalls, wood work and bookstalls.

In contrast, children only, could enter a naming competition for the 6-week-old calf, 'Heilan Coo' from the Glenstrae Highlands in Victoria. He was in a stall nestled alongside his mother, 'Betty' and snuffled contentedly through his soft, hairy nostrils while resting complacently on a thick bed of straw and his large almond-shaped eyes with deep, gleaming nugget-brown pupils spoke of the comfort he felt being next to her.

Another novelty was the kilt sprint which took place during a shower of rain! I wonder if the rain made the intrepid competitors run faster? In fact, just how did the kilts influence their running speed or style? As a touch of organizational brilliance, a roving spruiker, dressed in a tartan suit, wearing a red hat, and carrying a megaphone was roaming the far oval and welcoming the crowd as well as performing tricks and telling jokes. He was engendering a sense of community. His mime of a Scottish duck was most memorable.

Unlike other years, this year the Parade of the clans, dancers, cadets and volunteers led by the Ringwood Highland Pipe Band did not take place until 4.10 pm. The Massed Bands March Past occurred while the Parade of Clans was still on the field. I had learnt that the capacity of bagpipes to produce a sound which could travel great distances gave them a utility qualifying them to be classified as an instrument of war in the 1700s. It was

a powerful moment on the oval, when in clans we could witness the full force of an oncoming army of sound increasing in volume and might moving directly towards us, with discipline, deliberation and military precision.

The throbbing beat of drums and the booming of bagpipes powerfully and triumphantly voiced the strength of Scottish and Celtic culture in Australia.



THE 2019 BENDIGO SCOTS' DAY OUT

Ann Brown

Can you imagine my astonishment when on March 2, I entered Rosalind Park, for the 2019 Bendigo Scots Day Out and a young lass, practising her highland dance steps, paused and looked at me with a gleam in her eye and a shy grin and said, 'Would you like to join me in a Highland dance?' I was baffled and as I sheepishly shook my head declining her invitation, we both laughed!

Arriving late is not a good look but I had come by train and I sincerely regret missing the Opening Ceremony featuring the 2019 Chieftain of this event, Dr Skye Kinder, who is the 2019 Victorian Young Australian of the Year.

An enviable ambience of family friendliness pervaded the entire day. The festival was a dynamic and thriving celebration of Scottish culture. A diversity of well-organised activities was impressively spread throughout the park, utilising the spongy, apple-green grass and the partial shade offered by towering trees. Discretely interspersed between pipe band competitions, were several Scottish martial arts demonstrations and a display of

their deadly weapons. Highland dancing platforms, a variety of stalls and tents were also scattered across the park. At any time, under the musty fragrance from the eucalypts and the tangy, soothing aroma of pines, the hooves of Clydesdales could be heard clip-clopping on the bitumen path against a background of bagpipes playing traditional mellifluous melodies that carried a depth of feeling reaching back to the very genesis of Scotland.

After making the acquaintance of a Scottish terrier called 'Jock MacSporran' and two slender Scottish wolf hounds with tails almost touching the ground, I sat on a shaded grassy slope overlooking the Family and Bairns area to observe young people of various ages trying the 'light' heavy games. Activities included, the Caber-toss using exceptionally lightweight poles, Throw the welly and Tug o' war. The instructor was focused, agile and audible. I was fascinated by the youngest participants, around 5 years old, trying the Caber-toss. They were shown and told clearly and methodically where to

stand, how to swing the pole from side to side, spin their bodies and with this momentum, let go of the pole, projecting it as far as possible in a certain direction. The final directive was not to throw their pole towards the families watching some distance away, or at the instructor himself. Naturally, for these 5-year-olds, the last instruction was the first one forgotten! The children were thoroughly enjoying themselves. I admired their spunk.

Venturing into the centre of the park I encountered a cluster of clan tents. The Clan MacGillivray tent was erect with the cardinal red banner commanding a powerful presence and I felt proud. At that time Euan, our Clan Commissioner was managing the tent. He was most welcoming. It was an opportunity to sit, chat and learn more about the wider activities of our clan.

The Bendigo Scots' Day Out is a family occasion and a free event. Next year, be there!



March of the Clans,
View Street Bendigo.
Image Bendigo
Tourism



SORAI DH

Scottish Gaelic for “farewell” or “blessing”.

Jennifer Mary Collier

Born 5.4.1942 - Died 11.8.2019

By Lynda Collier

Jennifer was born on the 5th of April 1942 in Sale, Victoria. She was the daughter of Donald Alexander Boyd and Elsie Linda McKnight and the granddaughter of Mary Jane McGillivray. Mary Jane's father Alexander was from Teangue, Sleat on the Isle of Skye. Being born in the middle of WWII Jennifer didn't get to know her father until after the war ended. She wondered who the tall man was when he returned home. She was their fourth child. Her siblings were Norma, Margery and Russell, all deceased. Margery was also a member of clan McGillivray.

Jennifer began school in Sale briefly then the family followed her father to Japan. He had been posted there as part of the British Commonwealth Occupation Forces following WWII. She loved her time in Japan and developed a love of all things Japanese. The family returned to Australia in mid 1950 and she settled in Maldon, Victoria with her parents. She attended school and church and had piano lessons there. She was a gifted pianist, playing by ear from an early age. She went to high school in Castlemaine.

Maldon was a struggling country town and her parents felt there would be greater opportunities for her in Melbourne.

They moved to North Bayswater in the mid 1950s. Jennifer went to Ringwood High School for her final two years of school then worked as a typist at British Nylon Spinners. She spent six months living with her sister and her family in Brisbane.

In December 1961 she married Graham John Collier and they had four children, Lynda, Angela, Darren and Greg. Jennifer continued to play the piano her entire life. She loved music and also learned to play the guitar. Music was a constant in her life whether it was classical, jazz, celtic, music from the 50s and 60s or hymns. She loved attending the opera and the ballet. At one time she took up pottery and her and family houses are full of her pieces.

She loved to travel and managed many trips to the UK, Europe, America, Canada and a trip to New Guinea in 1978. Two holidays to the Isle of Skye were highlights as was finding the family home in Inchyra Village on the River Tay where her father's family, the Boyds, were from. She loved the old churches and cathedrals throughout the UK.

Another passion was books and she was a collector of early editions including early Australian authors, of military books,

those on gardening, Roman times particularly architecture, history, the British Royal family, religion and her romances that she called her 'penny dreadfuls'.

Jennifer was an excellent cook. Her house always had a cat or four that had been saved. Favourites were Tiggy, Zane, Miffy and Bratty. In recent years she adored Bonnie, her sister's dog that she brought back to Melbourne after her sister died. She also loved being a member of the

Clan McGillivray and marched for many years with clan at the Ringwood Highland Games. When they were younger her grandsons would march with her. She was very proud of her Scottish heritage.

She passed away suddenly on the 11th of August. She leaves behind her husband, children and grandchildren and will be greatly missed.





NOVICE PIPER AWARD **Madeleine Palmer**

Hi my name is Madeleine, and I am a young bagpiper from Melbourne Australia. Here are a few things about me. I began learning the chanter 18 months ago through Victorian Scottish Pipes and Drums. I progressed to playing the bagpipes soon after and since then, I have participated in numerous band camps, street marches, and various events such as the opening of the Victorian Motor Yacht Club in Williamstown and Anzac Day ceremonies at the Shrine of Remembrance and my local RSL.

I started high school last year (Year 7 of 12). As the only piper in my high school, The Academy of Mary Immaculate. I play with the school concert band as part of the ensemble and as a soloist at St Patrick's Cathedral where I performed in front of 3,000 people, and at school assem-

blies and other occasions. The support from the College has been tremendous and has helped my confidence and skills grow and improve. One of my first performances with my school band was at the Collingwood Town Hall at the schools celebration of excellence ceremony, where I played a medley of Highland Cathedral and Amazing Grace.

Alongside of working for the solos I am part of The National Youth Pipe Band of Australia, and we have been invited to play in the Belfast International Tattoo this coming September. This has meant a lot of travel and practice, but it has been worth it, and apart from having made friends my age who play in a pipe band, I am very excited about the opportunity to play in Belfast, and to play in an international concert.

I have enjoyed playing in the past solo competition seasons very much and I look forward to another year of improvement and opportunities next year! This is my background, which shows the path I have taken to get to where I am now.

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Shrine of Remembrance, Centenary of WW1, 2018.
 Image supplied



Madeleine receiving Clan MacGillivray award from
 Clan Commissioner for Australia, Euan McGillivray,
 2019. Image: Mary McGillivray