



CLAN MACGILLIVRAY

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SOCIETY AUSTRALIA

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CLAN MACGILLIVRAY SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA

Commissioner for Australia	Vacant	
President	Jillian McGillivray (03) 5727 3282	
Assistant President	Janette McGillivray garnet99@bigpond.com	
Honorary Secretary	David McGillivray P.O. Box 223, Seaford, VIC. 3198 (03) 9786 5218 or clanmacg@bigpond.com	
Assist Secretary/Treasurer	Ted Foster 4 Funston Street, Berwick VIC. 3806 (03) 9707 1523 or pat_ted44@yahoo.com.au	
Journal Editor	Euan McGillivray 20 Wellington Street, Richmond VIC. 3121 (03) 9429 5496 or mcgh@optusnet.com.au	
Assistant Editor	Jillian McGillivray 1572 Snow Road, Milawa VIC. 3678	
Newsletter Editor	Pat Foster 4 Funston Street, Berwick VIC. 3806 (03) 9707 1523 or pat_ted44@yahoo.com.au	
Archivist	Heather McGillivray (03) 9786 5218 or dunlichity@gmail.com	
Area Representatives	<div> <div>W.A.</div> <div>S.A.</div> <div>NSW</div> <div>QLD.</div> </div> <div> Roy Manchester Wembley Downs (08) 9445 1043 Andrew MacGillivray Modbury North (08) 8396 7070 Raymond Wilson Lismore (02) 6621 2057 Jan MacGillivray Aspley (07) 3263 3538 </div>	
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MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT



Dear Friends

Our thoughts and prayers have been with Michelle, the daughter of Clan Secretary David and our Archivist Heather, and all their family, as she fights through a serious illness.

As I mentioned briefly in the Newsletter, I was deeply saddened late last year by the death of Australian Commissioner and the foundation Chief of the Clan MacGillivray Society of Australia, Peter McGillivray, who did so much for this Society, for Clan MacGillivray generally, and as the Australian representative to Clan Chattan. I had the privilege of attending International Gatherings in Inverness at which Peter was present and am fully aware of the esteem in which he was held. His knowledge and wisdom will be missed. The entire Clan conveys our deepest sympathy to his wife, Leila, and their family.

I had hoped to catch up with some of our members at the Ringwood gathering, but unfortunately it seems that set up arrangements at the new venue for this event are going to make it difficult for us to be part of the Clan Village – which is a shame. It is a great showcase for the Society and we have much to thank David and Heather for with the task of setting up and taking down of the Clan tent over past years.

An article in the Saturday Age caught my attention. *Rites of Passage*, about the Port of Melbourne and the difficulties encountered by the first arrivals in Port Phillip in 1835. Many of our own families arrived in Victoria about the same time. The first assisted immigrants arrived in 1839 on the David Clarke and landed on the beach, from where they walked along a track to Melbourne.

Anson Cameron's article tells us some 28,000 assisted migrants arrived between 1839 and 1850, but it wasn't until 1849 the small ti-tree pier erected by Wilbraham Liardet in 1839 was replaced by a larger government pier that could berth six ships.

The conditions that faced those early arrivals and the courage with which they ventured into the unknown really gives pause for thought. We have much to be grateful for. I believe there is to be another International Gathering in Inverness in 2015 and that the United States Society plans to hold their Gathering in conjunction with this. My sister, Sue, and I, have begun saving in an attempt to attend this gathering although I am going to find it difficult having unexpectedly losing my job last year.

However, if you don't at least try you will never succeed. I would encourage any clansmen and women interested in attending the gathering to give it serious consideration. There really is a great sense of 'family' when we all get together.

JILL MCGILLIVRAY

MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR



This year's Journal carries the very sad news regarding the passing of Clan Commissioner, Peter McGillivray. We have included a story by Peter's son Alex who tells us about some of the many highlights of Peter's life. Alex concludes by saying that his father "was a much loved and respected man". All his friends in the clan and the wider community will wholeheartedly agree. Peter loved his heritage so much that he spent time learning the Scots language. We will always remember him with a straight back, proudly leading us on the march of the clans at the Ringwood Highland Games. Clan President Jill also pays tribute to Peter in her message.

We have an uplifting story from Bev Wild about her mother, Marion McGregor, "a kind and gentle woman". We would love to publish more stories like this one by Bev. In what's becoming a regular column, Ann Brown takes us to New Zealand for a heritage celebration and also provides a lively report on the Ringwood Highland Games. Another regular is the report on the clan gathering in Perth. Thanks to all those who took part on the day. The Milestone section includes a Queens Birthday Honour and a 100th birthday. Congratulations to Wal McGillivray and Flo Lehman. Thanks also to Novice Piper Benjamin Field for sending an inspiring article about his award and love for the bagpipes.

While we have published a number of stories about Culloden over the years, this one about Lady Anne, La Belle Rebelle, adds yet another angle on the famous battle that took place on 16 April 1746.

We hope you enjoy the 2014 edition of the Journal. Please let us know if you would like us to include anything different; and as always please send stories or snippets to either David or myself.

EUAN MCGILLIVRAY

VALE PETER MCGILLIVRAY

ALEX MCGILLIVRAY

Peter was born to Mary on 22nd April, 1922, in his parent's timber cottage on the grounds of Hawkesbury Agricultural College at Richmond, NSW. His father George was then the chief instructor in Dairying at the college where he had studied Agriculture from 1910 to 1912, and then Dairying in 1913. George returned to the college after serving in the 1st Australian Light Horse Regiment in the Middle East during the 1st World War.

Peter was baptized as Peter Alexander McGillivray, the Alexander in honour of his paternal grandfather, but for some unknown reason, his father registered the birth simply as Peter.

The family was lucky enough to move into the middle of three new brick cottages on the road to the orchard, and this is the only home that he remembered at the college. Peter started school in 1929 at Richmond Public, and he could recall being driven there by a college student in a large horse drawn coach.

Peter's sister Anne was born in November 1929, and shortly after her birth, his father George was appointed Manager of the State Government's experimental farm at Wollongbar, between Lismore and Ballina in northern NSW.



*Peter at the Ringwood Highland Games.
He especially enjoyed the "March of the Clans"*

Peter could recall his father buying his first and only car, a Ford Model A, and setting off from Richmond in the middle of summer for the trip to Lismore with Anne still a very young baby. George had not driven a car before, so a work colleague who could drive went with them as far as Newcastle in order to teach him, and then returned to Richmond by train. The trip from Richmond to Lismore took three days!

The Manager's house at Wollongbar was a large rambling weatherboard house with a wide veranda all the way around. A section of this veranda was fly wired off, and this became Peter's bedroom. The toilet, of course, was at the end of a path in the backyard.

For the three years from 1930 to 1932 Peter attended the one teacher Wollongbar Public School. Mr. Carson was that teacher and the school consisted of about 30 students ranging in age from 6 to 16 years old. The school was about a mile from the house, up a steep hill, and he could recall making the daily journey in bare feet!

As a member of the Junior Farmers Club, Peter kept chooks and ducks and won a third prize for his trio of Black Orpington pullets at the Alstonville Show.

He completed Year 7 at Alstonville School, a trip of 3 or 4 miles on a second hand, fixed wheel push bike. Then he was off to Lismore High School, a bus trip of some 9 miles or so. Unfortunately the return bus didn't leave town until 5pm, so George arranged for young Peter to do his homework in a room at Wares Hotel, which was next door to the bus terminal.

Peter had fond memories of frequent weekend visits to the north coast beaches and towns during that time. George also was very active in the area and was the first President of the North Coast National Show at Lismore.

At the end of 1936, George was promoted back to Sydney to be head of the NSW Department of Dairy. So the family, which then included another sister Robin, moved initially to Beecroft,

and then more permanently to 7 Nelson Street, Gordon. Secondary schooling was finished at North Sydney Boys High School, and then in January 1939, Peter went back to where he was born, Hawkesbury Agricultural College, for three great years. He enjoyed playing Rugby Union and was active in the Student's Representative Committee during his time at the College. He was awarded a traineeship at Sydney University, but the war had commenced, so he decided to join the army and at the end of 1941, began life as a trooper in the 2/11th Armoured Car Regiment.

After training at Tamworth, Singleton, Dungong, Narrabri and Gunnedah, his regiment was sent by train to Western Australia to patrol and protect the coast. Peter was eventually posted to a special army food technology training unit at Sydney University with the aim to improve food storage and handling in New Guinea. He was Dux of the course, and was posted as Warrant Officer - first to Adelaide, and then Melbourne where he was responsible for production of ration packs for use by Z Special Units in Borneo. At that point, Peter was offered a commission and a posting to Japan with the Occupation Force, or, a manpower release in NSW. He took the latter!

At this stage, Peter had the option of taking up some land near Forbes in the "Soldier Settlement Scheme". However, he opted instead for a position as a

Technical Officer with the fledgling Shell Chemical Company's agricultural division, primarily but because the job included a car. Agricultural chemicals were very much a "work in progress" in these early days and an exciting area in which to be working. This was the start of a 36 year career with Shell, which included a 3 year secondment to Shell International based in London in the early 1970s.

In the early 1950s, Peter had moved to Brisbane and while on a double date on the Gold Coast with a couple of girls holidaying from Sydney, he met his future wife of 61 years, Leila Jane Scott. Peter and Leila were married on the 23rd of August 1952 in Turrumurra. Interestingly, Leila was also from the suburb of Gordon, living in Darnley Street just a few gullies away from Peter's family home. They set up home in Brisbane and their first child Alex was born in 1954 followed by Jane in 1956.

Peter was promoted back to Head Office in Melbourne in late 1957 and the family settled in Grandview Terrace, North Kew, until the move to London. John was born in 1959. Peter's work still involved a reasonable amount of travel and there were memorable trips all over Australia, as well as to the still primitive highlands of Papua New Guinea.



Peter and Leila at a clan gathering.

The 3 years working in London were the highlight of his career and Peter made many life-long friends during his many trips to different parts of the world. It was also where, during a brief family holiday to Cornwall, he decided to give up shaving and grew the beard that stayed with him for the rest of his life.

Upon returning to Australia, home was made in Doncaster. Peter retired from Shell in 1982 at the age of 60. Locally, he became very involved in the Doncaster Bowling Club and The Probus Club of Doncaster, serving a term as President of both. Peter had been a Dairy Cattle Steward in the judging ring at every Royal Melbourne Show from 1959 and was made an Honorary Life Member in



Peter and Leila, with daughter Jane and son Alex, and grandchildren from left, James, Iain, Catherine, Elizabeth, Claire and William - all McGillivray's. Picture taken on Peter's 90th birthday.

1990 in recognition of long service to The Royal Agricultural Society of Victoria.

Peter and Leila moved from the larger family home at Doncaster to Mont Albert around 1990. Peter was an avid gardener who was well known for his willingness to assist others with pruning. He was also often seen in the neighbourhood pushing a pram with two of his six grandchildren, twins James and Claire.

Peter always had a love of history, and his interest in his ancestors was intensified during his time living in the UK. Upon returning to Australia, he took a strong interest in the Clan MacGillivray Society that was established in 1976. He served as the honorary Chief and President. In 1988 he was granted a hereditary Scottish Coat

of Arms. In 1990 he was appointed as Commissioner for the Clan MacGillivray in Australia, which at that time was one of only five similar appointments created in the Clan worldwide by the Commander of the Clan, Colonel George McGillivray – a Canadian. In full regalia, Peter enthusiastically attended the Ringwood Highland Games each year, including in 2011, and for many years, he edited the Clan Journal.

Peter died peacefully in October 2013 having reached the age of more than 91 years. He is survived by his wife Leila, children Alex, Jane and John, and grandchildren Catherine, Elizabeth, Iain, James, Claire and William. A much loved and respected man.

ALEX MCGILLIVRAY

MARION MCGREGOR, A KIND AND GENTLEWOMAN

BEV WILD



*Gum Lagoon,
Gunbower,
about 1944*

This is a story of my beautiful mother Marion McGregor Nee McGillivray of Gunbower written by her daughter Bev Wild nee McGregor. I will refer to my Mother as Marion throughout the story.

Marion's Great Grandfather was Charles McGillivray 1797-1853 married Mary Matheson (Marion) 1807-1893. Charles was a school teacher on the Isle of Skye, Scotland. He died on the way to Australia on the "Hercules" Ship. While the Hercules was in Queenstown Ireland because of fever on board Charles Died on 22-2-1853 of the fever, Mary and the family continue on via the "Australia".

Marion's grandfather was Angus McGillivray 1845-1909. the 5th child of Charles and Mary McGillivray. Angus married Elizabeth Gray of Steatmigh Station of Geelong. In 1876 Angus and Elizabeth and their 5 sons moved to the eastern part of Mount Hope Station

in the northern Victoria. Angus and Elizabeth's 2nd son Malcolm acquired the homestead part of mount Hope in 1912. Marion's father Neil youngest son of Angus and Elizabeth worked at mount hope and in 1897; He selected land at Gunbower Island, but still continued to farm at mount hope with his elder brothers.

In 1903 Neil married Caroline Crump and in 1906 they moved from Mount Hope to Gunbower Island with their 2 eldest children Marion and David. Neil and Caroline had 3 other children Bruce, Ross, Agnes (Judith). Caroline named the properly 'Garryowen'.

Marion Eldest daughter of Neil and Caroline McGillivray was born at Bendigo on the 18-4-1904 David was born 1906 in Fitzroy, The other 3 children were born at Gunbower Island Bruce, Ross, and Agnes.

Caroline Marion's mother was a nurse and was a great community worker so Marion became a cook, House keeper and she cared for her siblings. She had a great repour with animals and birds, her main love was horses and loved the times she was able to ride her horse.

As her father Neil had very bad eyesight, he never drove a car. He rode a horse wherever he wanted to go to the farms and surroundings. Marion was a very quiet person and as she had a speech impediment, she found school and social life over-whelming. Her eyesight was also poor so reading her beloved books was a challenge. In her late teens, she met Robert McGregor, (nick named Sandy) who was working as a concreter on the Torrumburry Lock in 1921. They met at the local dances and a romance blossomed.

In 1921 Robert was able to help Marion find a eye specialist and speech therapist Melbourne. She was also fortunate to get a suitable job, working for an elderly French couple. The husband was wheelchair bound and his wife was his career. Marion worked hard as a book keeper, housekeeper and gardener; she was able to fit in her elocution lessons and her new glasses enabled her to read her beloved books from the couple's library.

In February 1926 Marion received a letter from Robert with the news he had a job



Wedding, Robert McGregor and Marion McGillivray, Broken Hill, 26 February 1926.

in the mines at broken hill. There was also a proposal of marriage. Everything was organised in a hurry and they were to meet at flinders street station under the clocks at a date and time set. Marion was waiting there and was surprised when a man tapped her on the shoulder and said are you waiting for me Marion, she never recognised him as he was all dressed up had a hat on. Robert had lovely curly red dish brown hair and only wore a hat when working outside.



*Robert and
Marion
McGregor,
about 1935*

They were married at Broken Hill on the 27 -2- 1926. Whilst in Broken Hill they had two children Heather June born 17-6-1927 and John Neil born 4 -5-1929 .they moved back to Gunbower where they brought a farm "Gum Lagoon". Robert and Marion had 12 children and 11 were raised at Gum Lagoon. Unfortunately one baby girl died at birth.

There were 6 girls and 5 boys.

Heather June born 17-6-1927
John Neil born 4-5-1929
Marion Jean born 11-6-1931
William Bruce born 2-7-1936 ,
died 23-10-2004
Malcolm Charles born 9-9-1937,
died 8-3-2012

Beverley Annette born 8-1-1939
Yvonne Mary born 1-12-1940
Carolyn Jessie born 2-8-1942
Irene Elizabeth born 7-3-1944
Alfred Ian born 13-6-1945

The McGregor home was called "Argyle" and as the family increased, Robert being a handyman, built extensions on the home. Bricks were hand made for the extra rooms.

The farm self sufficient with the dairy providing cream and milk. Pigs, sheep and chooks with fish from the lagoon were plentiful. Robert was known as the farmer with the green thumb so the garden was always full with vegetables and fruit from the orchard.

McGregor family, about 1948, back row: (William) Bruce, Marion, Heather, John, Robert, front row: Yvonne, Irene (on Robert's knee, Alfred (on Marion's knee), Carolyn, Bev, Malcolm



Marion was very frugal in everyway, bottling the fruit, vegetables, and making jam, pickles from the produce. Homemade bread was made using potato and lemon juice as yeast. Homemade butter and icecream was made with the cream from the dairy. Marion loved her flower garden and there were always fresh flowers in the home and this tradition has carried on in the Wilds home – Great memories and the fundamentals of life. We all had our chores and helped one another when needed.

Our home was filled with extra children even though Marion was busy with her own. Children from the orphanages came to the farm for the holidays. Friends and relatives were welcome at weekends

and fresh bread and goodies were on the menu. Marion always helped those in need, and I remember her kindness and gentle nature to everyone. She was a life member of the Echuca Hospital. The yearly fundraising at Torrumburry Loch where large crowds attended a special day to raise funds for the hospital were very entertaining. Marion was a member of the Gunbower C.W.A. and was a tireless worker for the Gunbower state school and community.

In the late 1940's Robert was diagnosed with a heart problem. The family moved to kangaroo flat, Bendigo in 1954, with the hope life will be easier for all. The four eldest Heather, John, Marion, and Robert had already moved elsewhere, leaving 7 children to live in Kangaroo Flat. We soon



*Robert and
Marion
McGregor,
about 1955*

settled into city life, Marion struggled to fit into her new environment, but still continued her role as a wife, mother, grandmother and carer for many others in the community.

In 1962 Robert and Marion moved to Williamson St. Bendigo. Robert's health slowly deteriorated and he needed more care. They celebrated their 50th Wedding anniversary on the 27th -2- 1976 with family and friends. Robert passed away on the 27th December 1976.

Marion was able to be independent then in 1983 she moved to St Lawrence Court- a Retirement Village. She celebrated her 80th birthday on the 18th -4 -1984 at St

Laurence Court, also with her family and friends at Kangaroo Flat. In May 1984 Marion was diagnosed with lung cancer. She didn't want to go into "high care" So Norn, my husband and I decided to look after her at our home in Dingee. Our 5 children loved their grand and she was happy to stay with us. She said she felt very comfortable as she loved the open spaces where she could see the water, trees, paddocks and the animals.

Marion's quote was – I felt at home and loved the fresh air in the bush. She also loved the Wilds sense of humour during this time. We had a few visits back to Gunbower. Marion's brother Bruce McGillivray's 70th birthday was in

October and Marion wasn't well enough to travel. I organised an afternoon tea celebration with her siblings and families she had a lovely time with them all. Whilst at Dingee, Marion enjoyed several visits to the east Loddon P-12 College where she told stories to the students of the good old days at Mt Hope, Gunbower and the areas in the north Victoria. They loved to hear the history of their local area.

The Wild's had an amazing cat called "Bandit" Marion loved to nurse him and every afternoon he would sleep on her lap whilst she watched T.V. A favourite time for Marion was to feed the orphan lambs. We also had a pet duck called "Daffy" whom Marion loved to cuddle.

The Dingee Bush Nurse was Marion's angel and she looked forward to her visits and a special "cuppa". Marion spent Christmas at Dingee and then a few days later went to Hospital where she passed away on the 30-12-1984.

Marion's journey wasn't an easy one, and she often said "I have never wanted to be a bother to anyone" A dear friend of hers Winnie Ferris once told me, all the years I have known Marion, I have admired her courage, determination and compassion, which she always showed without a fuss.

Norm and I with our family felt very privileged to be able to look after such a lovely lady and to know she was happy in an environment, which she loved, was a blessing. Marion was well loved by all her family and myself, her family have special memories of her. The Wild family still talk about all the fun, laughter and happy times with Marion – my beautiful mother, Norm's quiet and gentle mother-in-law, and the "Wild's" loving Gran.

All I wish for to see in this world is peace and people to be happy.

-- Marion McGregor

BEV WILD

ANGUS MCGILLIVRAY, IN TWO WORLD WARS

THE CHANGI NIGHTMARE! Gone but not forgotten

by Francine Berry

One might think Angus McGillivray has nine lives.

The survivor of two World Wars and three and a half years as prisoner of war in Changi Prison, Angus has an horrific story to tell.

At 87 years old, his memory may be dim about certain details, but there is no doubt that there are some things he can never forget.

Angus first joined the war as a member of the 29th Battalion 5th Division in 1917. He was 18 years old. The war seemed like a grand adventure and a chance to see the world.

Angus first landed in Egypt where his battalion was to await orders to join the Gallipoli campaign. By this time the campaign had been abandoned, so Angus and his battalion left Egypt bound for England.

In the middle of the Mediterranean Sea their boats were torpedoed and had to be towed into Italy, where they began a train journey across Europe to England.

On finally reaching London, Angus was hospitalized with the mumps. He became separated from the rest of his battalion when they went on ahead to begin fighting in France.

After being released from hospital, Angus made his way to France where he spent 11 days wandering alone through the countryside searching for his battalion. He remembers with fondness the hospitality of the French people who fed him and gave him somewhere to sleep.

He was to spend the next two years fighting in France.

'Life in the trenches was terrible.

'The mud and the slush was so deep that soldiers were forced to cut shelves in the sides

of the trench so they could lie down to sleep.

'You slept with a single blanket which was the protection from the bullets which rained down into the trench,' he said.

On July 29, 1918, Angus was badly wounded in both thighs and had to be transported back to England. Once again, mid-channel, the boat was torpedoed.

He recalls fellow, injured soldiers drowning all around him as the boat sank in just 25 minutes.

Angus was lucky to be picked up by a destroyer in the channel and returned safely to England. Even at 5am when the boat docked, he remembers the thousands of women who came down to the port to greet the wounded soldiers.

It is hard to imagine having survived one terrible war to then go off to fight another.

Angus' feelings about war when World War Two broke out were quite different now with the experience of one war behind him.

He knew war was not a fun adventure, but felt the call of duty to support his country.

'Besides, as a single man I felt I should go ahead of a man with a wife and family to support,' he explained.

Fighting in the Second World War began a lot closer to home. Angus

was first sent to Singapore as a member of the 8th Division 2nd A.I.F.

Undoubtedly his most vivid memories are of the three and a half years held prisoner by the Japanese in Changi Prison.

The horror and disgusting conditions inflicted upon the prisoners was something Angus found difficult to convey.

'When you came home people didn't believe you. They just couldn't believe how horrible it was,' he recalled.

'In your own mind you go over and over it. There are some things that went on there that others will never know about, you just cannot talk about it.'

Prisoners in Changi were given four and a half ounces of rice and half a gallon of vegetable oil per day. Men looked like walking skeletons.

'Many couldn't eat when they returned. Some can never eat a proper meal again,' Angus said.

Disease was rampant with crippling ulcers and malaria, which Angus himself suffered.

'It is not hard to understand why so many prisoners did not survive,' he said.

'Many were literally worked to death on such projects as reducing a hill by 16 feet, or clearing a forest of coconut trees to make a

runway four and a half miles long.

'At one time I worked on the Japanese General's farm and received two peppermints per day reward.'

During the period Angus was in prison, he possessed one shirt and one pair of shorts. The shirt he only wore on Sundays or when the General visited. Angus made a second pair of shorts out of two flour bags.

It was this sort of initiative that kept morale up and the prisoners amused. Angus still has a little wooden plaque handcrafted by a fellow prisoner, from the leg of a billiard table in the prison.

Angus may choose to keep these tangible momentos of the war, but he has no choice in carrying the momento in his mind of the horror he experienced.

Angus many times saw fellow prisoners executed before him at random, yet on announcement of the Armistice, he witnessed 14 Japanese guards commit 'hara-kiri', a form of Japanese suicide.

Anzac Day may be a day of reflection, but certainly for survivors of war such as Angus, every day he lives with the nightmarish memory.

'On Anzac Day we try and talk about incidents, the amusing things. We all know in our minds about the bad things,' Angus said philosophically.

Left:
Article from
Newspaper.

Right top:
Image
of Angus
McGillivray
from article.

Right centre:
Australian
troops in the
Turkish Lone
Pine trenches.
Image:
Australian
War Memorial
ID A02022

Right bottom:
Singapore
Straits
Settlements,
19 September
1945:
members
of 2/18th
Australian
Infantry
Battalion,
prisoners of
war of the
Japanese, in
Changi prison.
Image:
Australian War
Memorial ID
117022



Angus John McGillivray
b. 7 September 1898; d. 20 April 1986
Victoria, Australia

Decendant of Charles McGillivray (b.1802;d.22 Feb 1853) & Mary Mathieson (b.1805) - Isle of Skye.

Angus was the son of David Grey McGillivray and Elizabeth Williamson.
'The Gunbower Lot'



The Australian population 1914-1918 was four million. 416,809 Australians enlisted for service in the First World War, representing 38.7% of the total male population aged between 18 to 44

Over 30,000 Australian servicemen were taken prisoner in the Second World War and 39,000 gave their lives. Two-thirds of those taken prisoner were captured by the Japanese during their advance through south-east Asia in the first weeks of 1942. While those who became prisoners of the Germans had a strong chance of returning home at the end of the war, 36 per cent of prisoners of the Japanese died in captivity.

Angus John McGillivray as a private 52nd Infantry Battalion AIF, later 29th Infantry Battalion AIF, France 1917-1918, also 9 Division and Prisoner of the Japanese Second World War. Interviewed by Dr Alistair Thomson in 1983 at Footscray, Victoria.



INTERVIEW AVAILABLE AT
<http://www.awm.gov.au/collection/S01319/>

NOVICE PIPER TROPHY 2013 WINNER



My name is Benjamin Field, I am 14 years old. I am a student at Scotch College, Melbourne and the winner of the Clan MacGillivray Trophy, 2013.

When I was 10 years old and still at primary school, I attended the Scotch College's Foundation Day Concert in which my older brother was performing. I was struck by the standard of music, but most of all the performance of the Pipes and Drums. From that moment I was very keen to learn the bagpipes. Under the guidance of the finest exponents of the instrument, Mr Mark Saul, I quickly improved my skills and appreciation of the instrument to the level of having the privilege of playing with the current leading Grade 3 bands in Victoria, and one of the greatest juvenile bands in Australia. In the winter, 2013, I travelled with the band to Scotland and Ireland,

competing in the European and All Irish Championships. The band received Third and Second place respectively in the Novice Juvenile categories. Achieving medals is an amazing experience, however I particularly enjoyed travelling through the breathtaking landscapes of Scotland and Northern Ireland and have fond memories of playing with the band at some of the most famous sites in Scotland such as the Culloden Battlefield and Edinburgh Castle. The band has gone on to win the Victorian and recently, Australian titles in Juvenile and Grade 3.

While I enjoy playing with the band, I also love solo piping. It gives me a sense of freedom to explore the instrument and find personal expression in my repertoire. I have been invited to be the Lone Piper at the Emerald RSL and am also playing the same role at Legacy's ANZAC Commemoration Ceremony for Students at the Shrine of Remembrance on Wednesday 23 April. I think it is amazing to play an instrument that has the capacity to evoke such strong emotions.

I would like to thank Clan MacGillivray for sponsoring this fine award and trophy. My teachers Mark Saul and 'RJ' Houston for their guidance and support and my mother, Caroline for encouraging me to pursue my passion for the instrument.

BENJAMIN FIELD

VICTORIAN HERITAGE CELEBRATIONS OAMARU, NEW ZEALAND

ANN BROWN

The fact that Sir John McKenzie, after his experience of land tenure evictions in Scotland, worked in New Zealand government from 1891 -1900 and framed legislation ensuring 'family sized' landholdings in New Zealand made a powerful impression on me. Keen to commemorate the contribution made by Scottish people during the Victorian era (1837 – 1901) to European settlement in southern New Zealand, I travelled to Oamaru with Ralph, my husband for the 2013 Victorian Heritage Celebrations. The 2013 theme was *Victorian Explorers and Adventurers*.

During the celebrations Victorian culture was recreated in detail in the historic precinct within Oamaru. While some people had tartans, others dressed as explorers and adventurers however most people wore Victorian costume that could be hired, purchased or even made to measure...a tailor and seamstress were on hand for visitors wishing to avail themselves of their services!

The gentlemen sported neatly brimmed top and bowler hats, trim waistcoats and walking canes to complement their gristly, groomed sideburns, beards or moustaches and escort the ladies who were attired in fashion designed for an hour-glass figure optimally assisted by constricting corsets and generously hooped petticoats. Dresses and skirts had tight waists and bustles. Blouses and dresses were high necked

with long sleeves that fastened at the wrist, some with delicate lace frills that hinted of class and gentility. Dresses and skirts were long with hemlines not quite touching the ground so as not to inconvenience walking. The ladies who were promenading outdoors on the footpaths accessorised with matching parasols, gloves and bonnets deftly tied with slender ribbons.

I noted with interest that the tartan kilts in the crowd looked particularly distinctive amidst the Victorian finery. Wearing my woollen kilt in the MacGillivray Ancient Hunting Tartan for the duration of the celebrations elicited conversations about Scotland as well as affording me great warmth against the brisk, icy southern air.

The successful integration of activities and the ease at which they took place over 3 days was truly remarkable. The celebrations included a heritage walk, a biennial stone symposium including limestone sculpture, the Empire Ball, dance practice for the Empire ball, adventure storytelling, the 19th Penny Farthing Bicycle Championship, working vintage machinery, heritage bus tours, whisky tasting, book stalls, antique shops, bookshops, a treasure hunt, steam and rail trips, tours of the opera house and the museum, pianoforte and harp recitals, theatre, hot air balloons, lectures, movies, croquet, a garden party, highland dancing, a barbershop

quartet, a grand street parade including suffragettes, maypole dancing, a street fair with a stage featuring and the annual beard and moustache competition.

The opening ceremony on Thursday evening at 6.15 pm outside the austere Scottish Hall, was auspicious. It was early twilight and only a brief distance away from Friendly Bay, where wet waves were lapping and licking the sand. I sensed the agreeable mood of expectation all around and fresh and salty sea air. Then surprisingly, a convoy of rugged riders on penny farthing bicycles and vintage safety cycles appeared parading proudly past to mark their completion of the *Alps to Ocean Penny Farthing and Vintage Cycle Tour*, from Mt Cook to Oamaru. There was loud cheering and applause for these dedicated and disciplined riders.

As dusk fell, I could hear emanating mellifluously from an adjacent narrow street, an ancient Scottish anthem played by a piper dressed in the MacLean tartan. When listening to the sonorous notes of this melody I felt grounded and a depth of gratitude towards those men and women who had courageously left Scotland in search of a better future and who carried out the plan of Wakefield to establish a Scottish colony in Otago.

In 1848 these settlers consisted of 2 shiploads of Scots, including the

nephew of Robbie Burns. They were firm Presbyterians. England had given these settlers a mandate to establish a 'new Edinburgh' in the region that is known today as Otago. Dunedin is the capital of this region. Dunedin is derived from the Scottish gaelic name for 'Edinburgh'. These Scots were lowlanders but they had highland roots and have continued many traditional aspects of Scottish culture. Dunedin for example, even has its own tartan. A legacy of these Scots is the prevalence of Scottish placenames in southern New Zealand such as McKenzie plains, the Cameron Flats, Clyde and Macrae's Flat.

Some of these Scots were engaged in establishing town communities and others were farmers employed on sheep runs. Land was leased to these farmers and the wool was sent back to England. When gold was discovered in 1860's it became the primary economic driver for a time and here was an immediate influx of immigrants to New Zealand from many different parts of the world.

At the completion of the Scottish anthem, the Mayor, appeared suavely dressed in a black dinner suit with glistening gold chains draped around his neck and joyfully welcomed the gathering and triumphantly declared that the 2013 celebrations were 'open' and then grandly announced 'that the freedom of the city is yours!'

This message had a profound impact on me. I felt that it was owing to the initial hard work and tenacity of those two shiploads of Scots in establishing a colony in southern New Zealand that I could adventure freely and learn more about Oamaru.

ANN BROWN



*Victorian
Heritage
Celebrations,
Oamaru, NZ
November
2013*

*Photos by
Ann Brown*



VICTORIAN HERITAGE CELEBRATIONS OAMARU, NEW ZEALAND



*Victorian
Heritage
Celebrations,
Oamaru, NZ
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*Photos by
Ann Brown*



CLAN GATHERING IN PERTH

ROY AND LYNNE MANCHESTER

We met behind the light horse, Kings Park, Perth. Despite the weather bureau predicting rain and showers for the afternoon of 26 May, the day turned out to be fantastic. Attendance was down on last year; I estimated about 80 to 85. However 20 or so had left by the time the group photograph was taken. The usual suspects – Roma, Elaine and Bob, Roy and Lynne, represented the MacGillivray clan. We had a good time reminiscing about the yearly family happenings over a couple of bottles of fine red wine.

The Police Pipe Band performed a few numbers and attracted a larger audience from other nearby groups. The band consisted of nine members, including 3 pipers, a flautist and two drummers. The band wears the Napier tartan. The day was very well organised and we had a very enjoyable time.

ROY & LYNNE
MANCHESTER



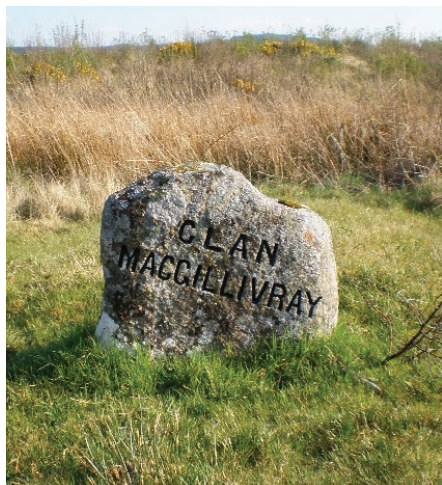
MacGillivrays at the Perth Picnic



Perth Clan Picnic group photo

MORE CULLODEN STORIES

"COLONEL ANNE'S" TROOPS



The Culloden stories continue.

Lady Ann Farquarson-MacKintosh hands over her regiment.

The leaders of the Chattan Confederation, Clan MacKintosh fought in the center of the Jacobite line and suffered heavily in the fighting. As the "Forty-Five" began, the MacKintoshes were caught in the awkward position of having their chief, Captain Angus MacKintosh, serving with government forces in the Black Watch. Operating on her own, his wife, Lady Anne Farquharson-MacKintosh, raised the clan and confederation in support of the Stuart cause. Assembling a regiment of 350-400 men, "Colonel Anne's" troops marched south to join the Prince's army as it returned from its abortive march on London. As a woman she was not permitted to lead the clan in battle and command was assigned to Alexander MacGillivray of Dunmaglass, Chief of Clan MacGillivray (part of the Chattan Confederation).

In February 1746, the Prince stayed with Lady Anne at the MacKintosh's manor at Moy Hall. Alerted to the Prince's presence, Lord Loudon, the government commander in Inverness, dispatched troops in an attempt to seize him that night. Upon hearing word of this from her mother-in-law, Lady Anne warned the Prince and sent several of her household to watch for the government

MORE CULLODEN STORIES

CULLODEN PETITION

troops. As the soldiers approached, her servants fired on them, screamed the war cries of different clans, and crashed about in the brush. Believing they were facing the entire Jacobite army, Loudon's men beat a hasty retreat back to Inverness. The event soon became known as the "Rout of Moy."

The following month, Captain MacKintosh and several of his men were captured outside of Inverness. After paroling the Captain to his wife, the Prince commented that "he could not be in better security, or more honorably treated." Arriving at Moy Hall, Lady Anne famously greeted her husband with the words "Your servant, Captain," to which he replied, "Your servant, Colonel," cementing her nickname in history. Following the defeat at Culloden, Lady Anne was arrested and turned over to her mother-in-law for a period. "Colonel Anne" lived until 1787, and was referred to by the Prince as *La Belle Rebelle* (the Beautiful Rebel).

SOURCE

<http://militaryhistory.about.com/od/battleswars16011800/ig/Battle-of-Culloden/Burying-the-Dead.htm>

The historic Culloden battlefield where soldiers fought for their country and lost their lives is under threat with a proposed housing development within 400 metres of the historic location. Culloden battlefield was the location of the last pitched battle fought on British soil. It was where Bonnie Prince Charlie, the Young Pretender, and his Jacobite Army were defeated by government forces on 16 April 1746, ending his claim to the British throne and claiming more than 2,000 lives.

The development is currently being considered despite being rejected by the local authority Highland Council last year. But the Scottish Government has upheld an appeal by the developers, Inverness Properties.

The whole site is a burial ground for many soldiers from all the countries that make up the UK as well as other countries who perished there during that bloody battle and it should be treated as sacred ground in their memory. As a proud Scotsman, I would be ashamed if Holyrood let this go ahead. It is important that they know the strength of feeling and utter disgust at even the possibility of this happening.

FURTHER INFORMATION

<http://stopcullodenddevelopment.weebly.com/>

CELEBRATIONS, MILESTONES & SNIPPETS



Flo with the beautiful hand crafted rug presented to her by the Senior Citizens Club



Flo and grand daughter Michelle.

FLORENCE LEHMAN TURNS 100

What a milestone for the mother of our tireless clan secretary, David. I can't think of a better way to recognise Flo's significant celebration than to reproduce pages from the local newspaper which proudly carried her story.

Flo Celebrates Her 100th at Seniors Club
Red Cliffs Settler News, 10 July 2013

Long time Red Cliffs resident Florence Lehman who celebrates her 100th Birthday tomorrow (11th July), was given a party at the Red Cliffs Senior Citizens' Club on Friday. Flo was a member of the Seniors for many years, holding the office of Vice President for 10 years and actively supporting the Club.

Florence (Known to all as Flo) was born in Ouyen on 11th July 1913 the third of six children (five deceased) to Sarah and August Jones. When she was 11 years of age, the family moved to Mildura where her mother operated a Guest House in Lime Avenue. Flo worked in the Guest House as a waitress while her older sisters did the cooking. Flo remembers delivering the morning and afternoon teas to the workers building the first Mildura Bridge over the Murray at Mildura replacing the old punt. The Murray river was so low that it could be walked across. It was at the Guest House that Flo met her first husband Arch McGillivray and after their marriage

CELEBRATIONS, MILESTONES & SNIPPETS

Flo Lehman cuts her 100th Birthday cake with daughter Valerie Harrison, son Andy McGillivray, daughter in-law Pat and niece Irene Case.



they moved to Block 449 Red Cliffs. The couple had four children (Don dec. Andy, Jean dec and David) During this time Flo was superintendent of the childrens' Sunday School at the Red Cliffs Presbyterian Church for 15 years. After Arch's death, Flo married Sydney Lehman and had a second daughter Valerie. Flo was an active member of the Sunnycliffs Primary School for 30 years due to the age difference of her children. After many years of working on Block 449 and travelling on many family holidays, Flo and Syd retired to the Bert Thomas units in Red Cliffs.

In later years, Flo enjoyed her many years with the Red Cliffs Senior Citizens' Club, serving as Senior Vice President for 10 years. For many years, Flo was also an active member of the Red Cliffs Laurel Club and is believed to be the first

member of the club to reach 100 years.

Flo moved to Regis Ontario, Nursing Home two years ago and with her happy personality is loved by all. Flo's family feel very honoured to celebrate their mother's 100th birthday with Regis Ontario, extended family members, valued friends and the Red Cliffs community.

Flo has had a very blessed and loving life with 5 children, 14 grandchildren, 29 great grandchildren and 2 great, great grandchildren.

Flo will be having a full week of celebrations with the Laurel Club honouring her on her birthday and her family organising a 100th Birthday celebration at the Mildura Cricket Club Hall.

CELEBRATIONS, MILESTONES & SNIPPETS



QUEEN'S HONOUR TO WAL MCGILLIVRAY

Wallace (Wal) McGillivray, Ashwood, Victoria, in Queen's Birthday honours 2013.

The Order of Australia is the pre-eminent way Australians recognise the achievements and service of their fellow citizens. Nominations to the Order of Australia come directly from the community: either individuals or groups. The 19-member Council for the Order of Australia then considers the nominations. The Council makes its recommendations, independent of government, direct to the Governor-General. Awards in the Order of Australia are publicly announced on Australia Day (26 January) and the Queen's Birthday public holiday (June).

Wal was awarded his medal for service to the community, particularly veterans and their families. He has had an active life in the community, including:

Volunteer Seller, ANZAC Day badges, Remembrance Day poppies and Legacy badges, for over 20 years, with sales in excess of \$400,000. Active Fundraiser, General Appeals Patriotic Fund, Returned and Services League of Australia, ongoing. Current Member, East Malvern Sub-Branch, Returned and Services League of Australia; Pensions/Welfare Officer, for many years; former Secretary, Treasurer and District Board Member. Current active Member, Ashburn Uniting Church. Member, Lodge Observance No 654, Freemasons Victoria, since 1972; Member, Servicemen's Commemoration Lodge No 767, 1957-1972. Member, Rotary International. Past Member, Apex Australia. Former Branch Manager, Victoria, Australia and New Zealand Banking Group; Manager of 3 branches before going into Administration where he was one level below Assistant State Manager at the time of his retirement. Bank Liaison Officer to Royal Victorian Bowls Association.

Other recognitions include: Australian Sports Medal, 2000.

CELEBRATIONS, MILESTONES & SNIPPETS

CAN'T DECIDE WHAT TO WEAR? Consult the Register of Tartans

Have you ever wondered about the huge range of tartans? This website will help unravel the puzzle.

The Scottish Register of Tartans was established by an act of the Scottish Parliament in 2008, to protect, promote and preserve tartan. The Register is a database of tartan designs, maintained by the National Records of Scotland.

You can also

- search the Register, by tartan name or colours, to find information about thousands of tartans,
- compare a new design with those already included on the Register, and
- access information on resources in the National Records of Scotland for the study of tartan history.

The Scottish Register of Tartans is also on Facebook . Get involved. Visit the page, contribute, discuss, meet other people interested in tartan and (hopefully) 'like' what you see.

<http://www.tartanregister.gov.uk>
enquiries@tartanregister.gov.uk

Another useful website for clansfolk who are uncertain about what regalia to wear:

<http://www.clans2014.com/clan-heraldry-what-you-can-and-cant-wear-and-display/>



Image from the official website of the Register of Tartans.



Hard copy book of tartan designs with fabric samples

CELEBRATIONS, MILESTONES & SNIPPETS



DUNMAGLASS GUIDON

*Guidon, or Standard, of MacGillivray
of Dunmaglass*

The Scots guidon is similar shape to the standard and pennon. At 6.5 feet long, it is smaller than the standard and twice the size of the pennon.

Guidons are assigned by the Lord Lyon to those individuals who qualify for a grant of supporters to their Arms and to other individuals who have a following such as individuals who occupy a position of leadership or a long-term official position commanding the loyalty of more than a handful of people. The Guidon tapers to a round, unsplit end at the fly.

REFERENCE

[http://wikipedia.org/wiki/Guidon_\(heraldic_flag\)#Guidon](http://wikipedia.org/wiki/Guidon_(heraldic_flag)#Guidon)

CELEBRATIONS, MILESTONES & SNIPPETS



*Back row: Left - Right
Ian, Jean, Ross, Malcolm,
Bruce, Front Ken and Leslie
MacGillivray*

KEN AND LESLIE MACGILLIVRAY, 60TH ANNIVERSARY

A note from Jean Marlow mentioned that her parents celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary. Clan members, Ken and Lesley MacGillivray of Cambridge Park, South Australia, celebrated with their family on 12 September 2013.

Their children, Jean, Ross, Malcolm, Bruce and Ian were all present, as were six of their nine grandchildren and two of their great grandchildren.

Ken and Leslie received cards and letters from far and wide including the Queen, Governor General, the Prime Minister and several members of parliament.

48th RINGWOOD HIGHLAND GAMES

ANN BROWN

Compelled by curiosity and riveting recollections of the Ringwood Highland Games in 2013 in which the beckoning call of bagpipes and beating drums played rousing renditions of ancient Scottish melodies, this year I packed a cut lunch and a thermos and hastened to the Ringwood Highland Games held at the East Ringwood Sports Ground on Sunday April 30. It was a stunning event. The new venue was spacious, green and accommodating. On arrival, clad in my kilt, clutching my lunch and feeling adventurous, I set myself the task of choosing a clan to walk with in the 'Grand March of the Scottish Clans' that was programmed for 1.30pm.

The luxuriant warmth of the sunny day was perfectly matched by the cordiality I experienced when visiting each clan tent. I used this opportunity to research more about the Wallace and Brown lines in my husband's family tree.

After careful consideration I asked the vice president of the Clan Cameron Society for permission to accompany them since historically Clan MacGillivray and Clan Cameron are both members of Clan Chattan and also my mothers' paternal great, great grandfather was William Cameron (d.1862) from Fort William, Scotland. I was graciously and gladly received by

Clan Cameron and at once invited to join them in the Grand March.

As I was studying the impressive displays in the clan tents, a curious thing happened. I became astonishingly aware of the absence of competition between the clans and the strong co-operation in its place. While each clan tent nurtured interest in their individual heritages, they were by default also drawing attention to each of the other clans. They were mutually illuminating each other. For example when I was researching the Brown genealogy I felt compelled to study other clans in order to check that the Browns were not linked to them. This inverse dynamic was powerful! Furthermore, when intermarriage between clans takes place in family lines, the information offered by each of the other respective clan tents becomes even more relevant.

During the Grand March, Elizabeth, the vice-President of the Clan Cameron Society in Victoria, carried, with the blade facing downwards, a huge replica of a black sword. She was flanked on each side by Clan Cameron standard bearers. I walked behind Elizabeth and to my delight I discovered that the lady parading alongside me, cheerfully wearing a kilt in the Clan Cameron tartan was a friend of mine!

The highland dancing was inspiring. Watching the conviction and discipline of individual dancers as they represented their respective clubs and performed on stage before judges was humbling. The competitors ranged in age from very young children to older teenagers. They were, immaculately dressed in bright tartan dancing kilts and executed the Highland Fling with both arms raised, above a pair of shiny silver and jet-black crossed swords at varying levels of difficulty and in time to Scottish music!

The look of concentration worn on the participants' faces was intense. The precision with which they kicked their legs was like a blade sharply slicing the air, their pointed toes were shooting out as deftly as arrows while their tightly pleated dancing kilts were swinging and jostling like waves in the sea. At times it seemed that the dancers' lithe bodies were momentarily poised in mid-air and my heart wanted to stop beating and not recommence until their toes had touched the ground. Watching them I felt weak in the knees and my skin shivered in apprehension and then delight. These agile dancers seemed to have mastered the art of balancing motionless in mid-air!

It was a hugely satisfying day although I regret that I did not allow myself sufficient time to visit the dogs, the haggis-throwing or the Scottish martial arts events. However on reflection, experience has taught me that sometimes the best time for me to leave an event is when I still want to stay for more! The day was a vigorous and vibrant celebration of Highland culture in colour, movement, taste and sound. The mighty strength of the Scottish highland spirit was in full force drawing deeply into its past and enriching the present.

ANN BROWN

EDITORS NOTE:

The Clan Chattan does not list Clan Cameron as a member. It does list Mackintosh, MacGillivray, MacBean, Shaw, MacThomas, Macleans of Dochgarroch, Macpherson, Farquharson, Davidson, MacPhail, MacQueens of Strathdearn, MacIntyres in Badenoch.

SORAI DH

DUNCAN MACGILLIVRAY

1950 -2014



Agriculture and tourism entrepreneur Duncan MacGillivray died while on holiday in Bali with his family. The 66-year-old died of a heart attack just three days into the holiday. Duncan was born and raised on a sheep and cattle property in the State's south east and carried his agricultural skills into a broad career that included export initiatives, wineries, and the remarkable tale of a pile of old lemons that he turned into Australia's first ready-to-drink beverage Two Dogs.

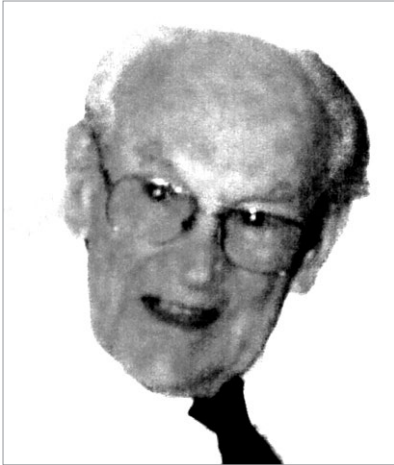
The MacGillivray story's most enduring chapter is that of the lemon-flavoured Two Dogs, first introduced in Australia in 1993 and marketed throughout the world.

The legend behind the drink was that MacGillivray was having a beer with some friends who owned a citrus orchard and were stuck with a pile of produce they couldn't sell. Duncan offered to "brew them" and the resultant easy to drink alcoholic beverage started to sell. In a piece of marketing genius, he named the drink after the punch line of a joke. Two Dogs brewing company was born. Duncan is survived by his wife Oopy, sons Angus and Max and adult children Alice and Hugh.

Published in the Adelaide Independent.

SORAIDH

STANLEY JOHN SKURRIE
1923 – 2014



John was born in Dromana in November 1923 to Robert and Alena (nee Scott) Skurrie. He was one of seven children and four survive him. John served for 6 years in the Royal Australian Air Force as a leading aircraftman in and following WW2. Later in Geelong, John was very active in the Airforce Association.

His McGillivray connections go back to his great great grandparents, John and Sarah McGillivray who arrived in Melbourne on the ship Cheapside in 1848. John's great grandmother, Jane, was born two days before sailing for Australia.

John died in Geelong on 20 January 2014 and leave behind his wife Else, daughter Joanne and granddaughter who lives in Canada.

JOYCE MURIEL MOUSLEY
1917 -2014

Joyce was born in October 1917 to John and Amynee (nee Martin) Mousley at Birregurra, Victoria.

She was one of eight children and lived with her sister Gwen in Sunshine for most of her life. She and Gwen never married.

The clan connection with Joyce comes from her great grandparents, Malcolm and Margaret (nee Seaton) McGilvray who arrived in Geelong on the ship Bourneuf, from Iona, Mull, Scotland.

Joyce was loved and respected by her many nieces and nephews. She was also a staunch supporter of the Clan MacGillivray Society since 1984.

SORAI DH

SHIRLEY MACGILLIVRAY
1931 – 2014



Shirley Macfarlane was born on Sunday 6 December 1931 in York, South Australia to Arthur and Phyllis Macfarlane.

When she was 18, her family moved to Adelaide where her mother passed away. She took on the responsibility of a mother figure for her sister Meredith and brother Michael.

Shirley worked in the medical area as a doctor's receptionist and book keeper. Later she trained in general nursing and completed midwifery in Hobart.

She caught the travel bug and toured England, Europe and the Balkins. Shirley married Alister and raised 3 children, Maryanne, Angus and Lachlan.

Apart from travel, Shirley loved gardening and craft. She was keen on sewing, knitting and spinning and was involved with the craft guild. Shirley is remembered for her wicked sense of humour; her curled up smile and the sparkle in her eye.

