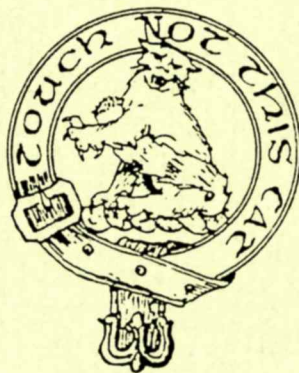


# CLAN MACGILLIVRAY



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# CLAN MACGILLIVRAY SOCIETY — AUSTRALIA

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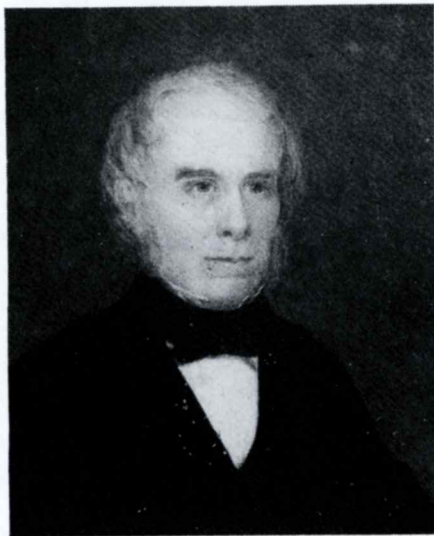
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## Table of Contents

EDITORIAL .....	2
New Clan Commissioner For The Netherlands. ....	3
The Daughters of Professor William .....	5
Sleat .....	9
Author's Australasian Link. ....	13
Moy Hall. ....	15
Highlights Of The Last Year. ....	16
The Champagne Flows For Flo. ....	18
Further Honour For Botanist Donald. ....	20
Ross & Joyce McGillivray .....	21
The Highland Story .....	22
We're No Awa To Bide Awa (MacGillivray Version) .....	22
Attention all members of Clan MacGillivray Society of Australia. ...	24
1994 MacGillivray Gathering .....	25
Book Reviews — 26 - 29	
"William MacGillivray" .....	26
"The Undertaker's Wind" By John MacGillivray. ....	28
A New "Man Of Letters" Amongst the MacGillivrays. ....	29
SORAIDH - .....	31 - 35
Alwyn Wesley G. McGillivray. ....	32
Nancy McGillivray .....	32
Norman James Jones. ....	33
Shane Wright. ....	33
Ronald Charles McGillivray .....	33
Eulogy To Ronald McGillivray. ....	34
MEMBERSHIP LIST 1993/94 .....	36

Last year one of our lead articles was headed "The Mystery of William McGillivray" the William in question was the originator of correspondence, in the first decade of this century, from New Zealand to Margaret McDonald, a relative of the Peterborough McGillivray family. We are sorry to say that the mystery remains unsolved, as no one has come forward to positively identify him, although he was obviously closely related to the same family.



Portrait of William MacGillivray - from collection belonging to Mr. Truman. Reproduced from Robert Ralph's book, published by HMSO

Nevertheless, we continue the WILLIAM theme, but this time it is the famous ornithologist and scientist, Professor William MacGillivray of Marischal College, Aberdeen

University who dominates the scene, as we review Dr. Robert Ralph's recently published biography of his life and work, and then go on to the less well known subject of his daughters, five of whom came to Australia.

Readers are already familiar with the stories of his two sons, John and Paul Howard, who followed their famous father into the medical and natural sciences and who settled here. A number of our members are descendants of one or the other of these, Jan Baden, Kay Barnett and Carol Tebbutt at least, and the latter received special acknowledgment from Dr. Ralph in his book for assistance provided.

Next year we plan to jump one generation and feature some aspects of the life of William's grandson, John William, based on his own detailed diary of his last years prior to an early death.

Then, too, yet another William is remembered in Trevor McGillivray's story based on his recent holiday in New Zealand. This one is Trevor's great-great uncle, William W.S., who coincidentally was an earlier biographer of his namesake, the Professor.

We have not heard whether any of our members suffered actual losses in the terrible bush fires that ravaged New South Wales last January, but quite a few live in the worst hit areas

Of nine children of William MacGillivray and Marion McCaskill who survived infancy, no less than seven — 2 sons and 5 daughter — came to Australia and, although much has been written about John and Paul Howard, until relatively recently we knew nothing about the girls. I was first alerted to them in 1988, when I read the book "The Governesses", written by Patricia Clarke (published by Hutchinson, Australia) though this tended to raise more queries than it solved.

In the latter part of the 19<sup>th</sup>. century, a number of women left Britain to seek a better life in one or other of the colonies, under the sponsorship of an organisation named the Female Middle Class Emigration Society. They were educated and genteel, single and unemployed, and they hoped to find work as governesses. They had obviously been given an over-optimistic view of the opportunities awaiting them in what were still rather crude pioneering societies, and they borrowed money for fares from the Society. When repaying these loans or often sending excuses for non-payment, these women reported on life as they found it in the colonies during the period 1862 - 1882, and wrote of their varying reactions to strange and often hostile environments. They found that the demand for their talents had been greatly exaggerated, that most of the jobs on offer were as domestic servants or as barmaids, and most

reported real problems in paying back the loan from a meagre salary.

Many disappeared without trace; some became teachers, often opening their own private schools; others married and settled into colonial life. Some died young, while others returned home, unable to adjust to a new strange life. Their letters to the Society, faithfully reproduced in "The Governesses", tell the story of the sea voyage and their early experiences. One such correspondent, writing from Brisbane, was Agnes Macqueen, and on 18<sup>th</sup>. November 1865, two years after her arrival, she wrote; "On our arrival here, we underwent great hardships and for many months were unable to find employment and the greatest part of last summer and winter I suffered from extreme ill health, which entirely prevented me from employing myself in any way. In consequence of this, I am unable to return the sum advanced ....." Five months later she wrote again, asking for further time to pay and stating that her brother, Arthur Macqueen, for whom she was by now 'keeping house', had promised to pay off her debt — this he should certainly have been able to do, since by that time he was already receiving a salary of £300 in his job at the Treasury Department.

In August 1862 a group of eight governesses arrived in Melbourne on the *Result*, among them being Isabella MacGillivray and her three sisters, who found that their brother, Paul H. MacGillivray M.A. M.R.C.S., who had

lived for some years at Williamstown, near Melbourne, recently had accepted an appointment as resident surgeon in the country gold mining township of Bendigo. The doctor had been too busy to leave his post to greet his sisters at the end of their harrowing journey, but had kept his house at Williamstown so at least they had a home to go to when they arrived. The sisters settled into the house and the youngest, Margaret, soon gained employment as a governess with a lady who happened to be the widow of a man who had been friendly with one of the MacGillivray boys in Edinburgh.

On 24<sup>th</sup> September 1862, Isabella wrote a long letter back to the Society describing, in some detail, their 69 day passage which, though calm and pleasant from Liverpool to the Cape, was extremely rough from there onwards.

*"When nearly off the Cape we encountered a dreadful gale with very heavy seas from the meeting of the oceans and after that till we got within the Heads, we had a succession of gales, tempestuous weather, wind and rain all the way. The Result must be a fine vessel to have passed through what it did without injury and I feel I would not like to say a word against the good ship that has brought us through such troublous waters — Captain Dickinson is a very prudent and cautious commander, too much so in some people's estimation — I cannot say he is a popular Captain but everyone acknowledges that he takes good care of the ship. So far as*

*my sisters and I were concerned he was always kind and Mrs. Dickinson very kind and friendly."*

Isabella went on to say that the second youngest sister, Caroline, became quite ill during the voyage and even after almost a month on shore she was still too weak to take a job, had there been one available. Referring to Margaret's success in gaining a position so quickly, Isabella wrote: *"we did not hear of another situation at all likely to suit our Maggie but this one"* and *"Maggie applied in answer to an advertisement and was very much surprised to learn who the Lady was ... She gives only £40, but then we know something of the family and it being so difficult to get situations we thought it better to accept the offer."*

Despite the fact that she reported at some length on the activities and fate of several of the other women sent out by the Society on *the Result*, it does seem surprising that Isabella failed to mention even the name of her other sister, and at the time, I was unable to ascertain who she was. Isabella MacGillivray looked around for a place to open her own school and, having insufficient capital to do this in Melbourne, she decided on Ballarat, *"a thriving, rising town about 80 miles from this."* She added *"I would have preferred the neighbourhood of Melbourne, but in the circumstances we think Ballarat the best place for us."*

Isabella did not write to the Society again, but on 21<sup>st</sup> february 1865, some two and a half years later, her

sister Margaret did so and returned the sum of £25 lent to her by the F.M.C.E.S.. She wrote from a Ballarat address so it would seem that by this time she had rejoined her sisters at their school. For some years, at least one of them continued to live in Ballarat, but inexplicably they all disappear from the scene during the period 1875-82, according to Patricia Clarke.

The descendants of Dr. Paul MacGillivray were unable to throw any light on the ultimate fate of these four adventurous ladies. Mrs. Carol Tebbutt of St. Ives in Sydney, a grand-daughter of the doctor, can remember her mother speaking of visits as a young girl to the Observatory in Melbourne to stay with her Aunt Margaret, and it seemed logical to assume that Margaret MacGillivray had become the wife of her brother's great friend, the astronomer Robert Ellery. But no such luck — the Australian Dictionary of Biography reveals that Ellery had two wives, Amy from 1853 to 1856, and Margaret from 1858 to 1915 (Ellery himself died in 1908), both of whom were sisters of the Isabella Shields who was Dr. Paul MacGillivray's wife.

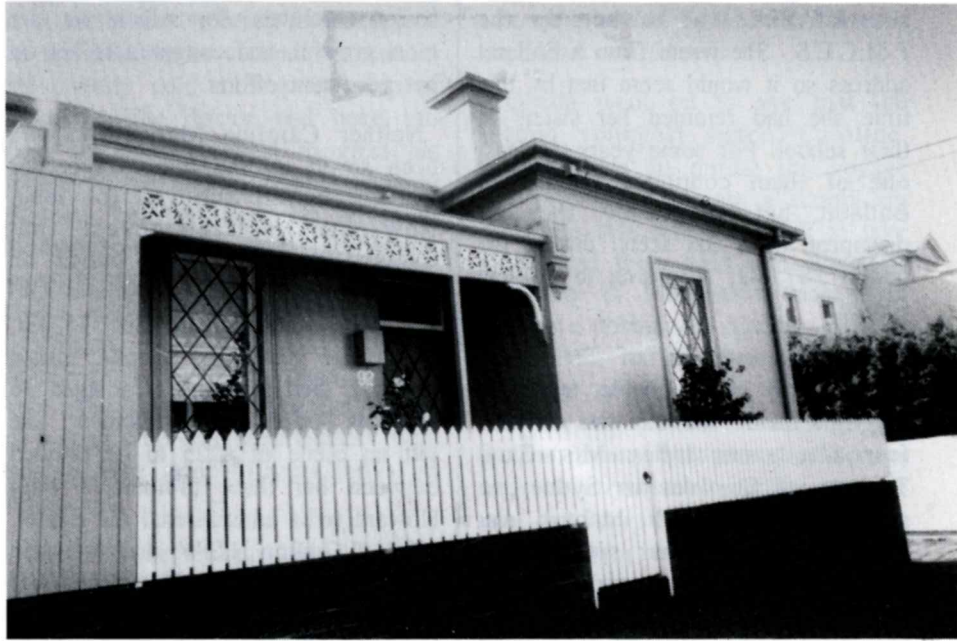
#### A New Lead:

Therefore it was a delight to meet Mrs. Kay Barnett at our 1993 Gathering in Laurieton — she is the great-great-grand-daughter of John — and to find that her detailed family research had turned up copies of legal and other documents which fill in some of the gaps. Kay has kindly

provided this evidence for our clan society archives, for which we are most grateful, and congratulate her on her persistent efforts.

Neither Caroline Mary, who had been so ill on the sea voyage, nor Isabella herself survived for long. Newspaper notices reveal that Caroline, a teacher, was buried on 11<sup>th</sup> February 1865 in Ballarat Old Cemetery — Block A.N., Sec. 15, Gr. 9, aged 35 years, and Isabella, school mistress, died the same year aged 36 and was buried on 16<sup>th</sup> October. She left an estate of £225 to be divided between her three brothers — Paul Howard (who administered the estate), John of Grafton N.S.W. and Audubon Felix of no known address, and her four remaining sisters — Williamina Craigie, Margaret Christina, Anne Dorothea Beaton (wife of Rev. Patrick Beaton, at that time in Auckland, New Zealand) and Marion McCaskill Inglis (wife of James Inglis of Williamstown, Victoria). This is the first indication we have that five sisters in all came to this country, but whether the fourth one on *The Result* was Williamina or Marion we cannot be sure, though I favour the view that it was the former, and that Marion and her husband had arrived separately and perhaps earlier.

Fortune was obviously kinder to Williamina and Margaret who at some stage moved back to Melbourne, and when Williamina died on 27<sup>th</sup> April 1886, she and Margaret jointly owned two properties, one of which was her home *Balgownie* in Camberwell Road, East Hawthorn. Her share was valued



"Banchory Cottage" 92 Gipps Street East Melbourne

at £585 and personal property at £125, with everything being left to Margaret in a will dated 23<sup>rd</sup>. January 1874. Margaret lived on until 23<sup>rd</sup>. September 1904, by which time she was at *Nebenheim*, Darebin Street, Heidelberg, Victoria and as well she was still the owner of *Banchory Cottage* at 92 Gipps Street, East Melbourne. These two homes were valued at £910 and after payment of various liabilities the estate finished up at £910/13/1, which was to be distributed as follows:

- Niece – Mina MacGillivray Inglis £200
- Nephew – James William Inglis of Mildura £35
- Niece – Pauline Howard MacGillivray of Bendigo £200

Nieces (*the daughters of Dr. Paul Howard MacGillivray (ref. Vol.1 No.3, 1981) whose only son, William, had by that time disappeared in South Africa or West Australia — ed.*)

– Marion MacGillivray of Bendigo £100

and

– Mary Shields MacGillivray of Bendigo  
Lillian Caroline MacGillivray of Bendigo

Isabella MacGillivray of Bendigo  
*these three were to have an equal share of the residue i.e. £302/13/1.*

£30 went to Mrs. Beaton (obviously still living) and there were several other bequests to friends. Two Finlayson sisters were to receive £20 and her dog!

Margaret appears to have been comfortably situated and would it not be good if further investigation could reveal how she spent the bulk of her 42 years in this country. Also it would round off the story if we were to find out what became of the Inglis family. Do any of our readers know of them or their descendants?



Since writing the above, I have discovered that the original old blue-stone house at 92 Gipps Street, East Melbourne, built in 1874, is still standing, tastefully renovated, and

owned by a charming lady, Mrs. Joyce Owens, who is descended from a Scottish family named "*Dalgleish*". She is most interested and happy to discover some of the background and history of her home and its early owners, and intends reverting to the name "*Banchory Cottage*", pointing out to me that Banchory is a town in Deeside, not far from the Aberdeen birthplace of the MacGillivray ladies.

*Peter McGillivray*

## Sleat

John MacGillivray was one of the most striking and memorable members of our Clan that ever I met. A Sgiathanach, a native of the Isle of Skye, through and through, he was immensely proud of his heritage and Gaelic upbringing. He also took great delight in belonging to what was now generally recognised as a distinct branch of the Clan; a branch that can be traced back on record to the end of the 16th. Century on that much loved island in the Inner Hebrides and which may well have been settled there for some time before that. Yet when I first learned of him, it was through the medium of Clan Chattan.

Pauline and I had joined the Clan Chattan Association in 1960 knowing very little of our history but anxious to remedy that deficiency. The first issue of the CCA Journal that we received contained, much to our delight, a rousing introduction '*Na*

*Gaidheil Gualainn Ri Gualainn!*' - Highlanders Shoulder to Shoulder! - by John MacGillivray. It also had the first part of an article by him on Strathdearn and some of its history; the concluding part followed a year later. We were greatly encouraged by the thought that one of our name, living and writing in the neighbouring strath to Strathnairn, the seat of our Clan, was so knowledgeable. We meant to look him up at his home at Moy but when we got round to it he had returned to his native land. Only then did we realise that although he had this interest in Clan Chattan he was not of its descent.

Not until the late 1960s, when business, pleasure and sometimes both took us to Skye, did we find an opportunity to call on John in his old family home at Camuscross on the Sleat peninsular at the southern end of the island. What a warm welcome we

received from John and his charming wife, Flora. How hospitable they were. John was by this time in poor health but he loved to tell us of the past. We frequently heard him give his Gaelic patronymic naming his forebears back to the 18th. Century. Flora fuelled the proceedings with tea and her home baking. We looked forward to our infrequent visits and their enjoyable company until John died towards the end of 1972. He was buried at the little church of Kilmore.

It is some time now since we visited Skye but we still keep in touch with Flora by Christmas card. Others too have experienced Flora's hospitality and we were pleased to see that Harold and Doris Steiner, in their monumental work 'The MacGillivrays of Skye', freely acknowledged the great help and inspiration they had received from her.

John was born in 1883 at Camuscross and brought up there in what was a fully Gaelic-speaking community. Hardships and sorrows were shared, memories were lengthy and stories told of ancestors long gone yet spoken about as if they had been known personally. John grew to embody that tradition. He was a bright pupil and received a rigorous schooling at Duisdale School, Broadford, and at Oban High School. He went on to the University of Glasgow, where he was prizeman in Celtic Studies and graduated Master of Arts. His first appointment thereafter was as head teacher of the rural school at Strathlachlan in Argyllshire. It was however as headmaster at

Achtercairn School, Gairloch, on the north-west of the Scottish mainland, that he gave devoted and outstanding service to education and to the community for many years. There he met a local teacher, Flora MacLeay; they married in 1937 and had two children, Flora Jane now living in the lowlands and Neil a surgeon in England.

During the First World War, John served in the R.A.S.C. remount section, and during World War II, he was emergency food officer for the parish of Gairloch.

After John retired, Flora continued in teaching and in 1958 was appointed headmistress of the little school at Moy. John became an elder and session clerk of the parish church as well as teaching in Sunday School. Both came to be prominent, loved members of the community. But John's real home had not lost its hold and when Flora retired from teaching, there was no doubt where they would spend their remaining years.

Theirs was a delightful home; warm, welcoming and never short of company. But there was sadness too. The population had dwindled. Old homes had disappeared. Land formerly tilled lay untended. Incomers had arrived. The Gaelic tongue was much less evident. John felt this deeply and expressed it, as would his forebears, in poetry.

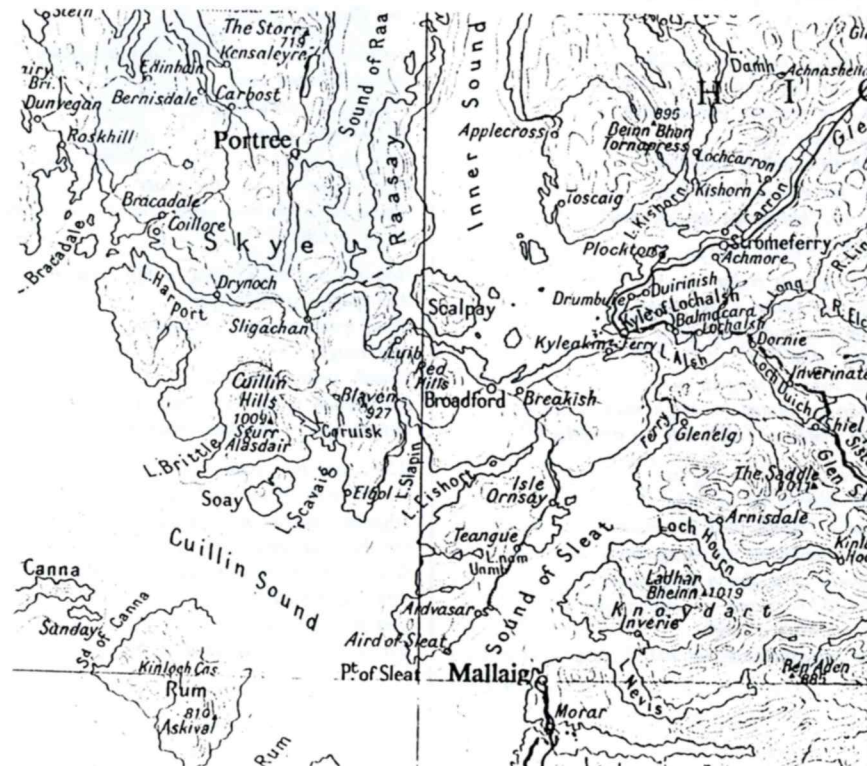
On one visit, John let me have a copy of his Gaelic poem which he called simply 'Sleibhte' (Sleat, pronounced *Slate*). I was then well

into the preparation of 'A History of the Clan MacGillivray' and he readily gave permission for the reproduction of his work. He also said that one of their friends, a noted Gaelic singer of the time, was going to put his words to music but we never heard if this was done.

For the 'History' however, I needed an English translation. I turned to a dear friend living in Edinburgh, Peggy Mayo. Peggy's background has much in common with that of John. She was born a MacDonald, near Dunvegan at the opposite end of Skye. Gaelic was her first language, teaching was her profession and she retains a foothold

on Skye. If we cannot appreciate John's own words, Peggy's amply capture the sentiment and invoked a picture of the changes that John saw during his long lifetime. I am indebted to them both for letting us share it.

*Robert McGillivray*



## SLEIBHTE

*Thoir mo shoraidh thar saile  
Gu duthaich nan ard-bheann  
Do 'n eilean as aill,  
'San Roinn! Eorp,  
Do Sleibhte nam buadh  
Is a chliathaich ri cuan  
'S an a dh' araicheadh suas mi  
'Nam oig.*

*Ardchuneil is aille  
Na monaidh' san aite  
Stric bha mi tragh ann' nam oige  
A' buachailleachd spreidh  
Gun mhulad gun eislean  
'S gum b' aotrom mo cheum  
Air a' mhointich.*

*Druimban' se as airde no cnoc tha san aite  
Chi thu fada thar saile gu Morar  
'S Ardnammurchan ro cuan  
Sa Cuilfhionn fo ghruaim  
Is Gleann Eilge n'ear thuath  
Is Cinn t-Saile.*

*Is duilich leam an caradh  
Th' air duthaich mo ghraidh-sa  
Tha 'm fearann gun aiteach  
Gun phor ann  
Tha raineach is luachair  
Air fas mu na bruaichean  
An tric bhuainear squab annt'  
Na m' oige.*

*Tha tighean ri lar  
Agus driseann a' fas annt'  
'San tric robh ceol-gaire  
Agus oran  
Tha leac-an teintein fuair  
Chan eil blaths 'n duigh mun cuairt di,  
Ach tomanan luachrach ga comhdach.*

*Caite a bheil an oigridh  
Bha leamsa na m' oige  
Sinn a 'ruidhe is a cluanais  
Air bruaichean gu 'n sgrirths  
Chaidh cuid dhubh thar saile  
Tha fo 'n talamh a' cnamh ann  
'Is coigrich a tamh  
Far na arachaidh og iad.*

## SLEAT

*Convey my greetings across the sea  
To the land of high hills  
To the most beautiful island  
In Europe,  
To Sleat, so delightful  
Sloping to the ocean  
Where I was brought up  
From my youth.*

*Ardchuneil more beautiful  
Than any other mountain in the district  
Often did I wander there in my youth  
Herding cattle,  
Without sadness of grief  
How light was my step  
On the moors.*

*Druimban is higher than any hill around  
You can see far across the sea to Morar  
Ardnammurchan facing the ocean  
Dark and surly the Coolins  
Glenelg in the north-east  
And Kintail.*

*It saddens me to see what has happened  
To my beloved land  
The land is uncultivated  
And without crops  
Fern and bracken  
Have grown around the braes  
Where often sheaves were reaped  
In my youth.*

*Houses have been razed to the ground  
And thistles grow where  
Often could be heard laughter  
And songs  
Hearth stones are cold  
No warmth today surrounds it  
But clumps of bracken cover it.*

*Where are the youth  
Companions of my early days  
Together we ran and played  
On the brae timelessly  
Some of them have sailed across the sea  
And are buried there  
And strangers dwell  
Where those people used to live*

## Author's Australasian Link

A visit to my McGillivray relatives in beautiful New Zealand in March was both enjoyable and instructive as it shed light on a family link stretching back to the 18<sup>th</sup> century. I found a little book written anonymously by my great grandfather Robert's elder brother, William, describing his early childhood in the rural Scotland of the 1820s. It was inscribed to my great grandfather.

R. McGillivray & G. B. Macgillivray wrote in "A History of the Clan MacGillivray", published in 1973, of



*William MacGillivray W.S. reproduced from A History of The Clan MacGillivray.*

William MacGillivray, Writer to the Signet (a Scottish solicitor practising in the Court of Session). Born in 1822, William was the elder brother of George, who migrated to Australia in 1852 and of Robert, who sailed out of Glasgow to New Zealand in 1859.

William, a scholarly man, turned to writing in his septuagenarian years, producing what the History describes as "... a series of delightful little sketches portraying his childhood and couthy (kind) country folk he had lived amongst." One of these sketches was in a little book, "Rob Lindsay and his School, by one of his Old Pupils. A Reminiscence of Seventy-five Years Ago".

This little book, and others in the series, was later published in an omnibus edition under William's own name. In his 88<sup>th</sup> year, William also published a "Life of William MacGillivray" his ornithological namesake. The History describes it as "An excellent biography."

As a boy, great-great uncle William lived with his younger brothers, George and Robert, on a small farm at Drumlithie in Kincardineshire. The family had earlier moved from William's birthplace, Dores on Loch Ness, where it had settled soon after Culloden.

When visiting my aunt, Sheelah McGillivray, who lives on a dairy farm near the northern township of Waimana in New Zealand's lush Bay of Plenty, I was excited to find she had an original copy of "Rob Lindsay and his School". Our Australian Commissioner, Peter McGillivray, has another (refer to p.2, *Clan Journal* Vol.3 No.2 [1992]) The first page of Aunt Sheelah's book carries the words:

# ROB LINDSAY AND HIS SCHOOL,

by  
ONE OF HIS OLD PUPILS.

*(W. MacGillivray)*  
A REMINISCENCE OF  
SEVENTY FIVE YEARS AGO.



ILLUSTRATED BY

H.C. PRESTON-MACGOUN, R.S.W.

EDINBURGH: Published at JOHN KNOX'S  
G-HOUSE, by WILLIAM J. HAY, 1905  
LONDON: SAMUEL BAGSTER & SONS, L<sup>TD</sup>

Frontispiece from 1905 publication by William  
MacGillivray W.S.

To  
Robert MacGillivray  
from  
His brother William  
the Author

With his love and every good wish  
15<sup>th</sup> January 1908.

An interesting sidelight is that my great grandfather apparently dropped the "a" from the Mac prefix. The passenger list of the vessel "Alpine", in which he made a stormy voyage to Dunedin in 1859, spells his name with "Mc". I have heard that Robert's elder brother George, the subject of an article in "Clan MacGillivray" in 1992, also preferred the a-less version and that the vowel was restored by his descendants.<sup>1</sup>

The History, which contains a picture of William in 1912, his 90<sup>th</sup> year, is incorrect in placing his death in 1914. I have letters written by his son, another WS, to my father in 1917 which show the old man was still alive then but very feeble, both physically and mentally. He died later that year.

Which brings me to a possible project. The History is an informative and useful publication that does credit to the authors. It mostly appears well researched but sometimes it relies on supplied information which is anecdotal at best. This is evident in the Australian sections which are

limited, inadequate and sometimes incorrect. The New Zealand section is woefully inadequate. This is not the fault of the authors who have obviously had to rely at times on the only sources available to them, but indicates that the need for revision is overdue. Perhaps fellow clansmen &

clanswomen worldwide could assist this process by forming research groups.

*Trevor McGillivray*

## Moy Hall

When members of Clan MacGillivray from overseas have the opportunity to visit Scotland, they are naturally drawn to those places whence their forebears came originally, and in most cases this means Strathnairn on the mainland or the inner Hebridean Islands of Mull or Skye. Sites of particular Clan significance such as Dunmaglass estate, Dunlichity Church and Culloden battlefield are also 'musts'.

However, anyone with an interest in the broader Clan Chattan Confederation in which Clan MacGillivray played such an important role, should try to visit Moy, the traditional home of the Chiefs of Clan Mackintosh and of Clan Chattan at Tomatin, not far from Inverness. Readers of last year's Journal will recall that those who took part in the Clan Macgillivray International Gathering in 1992 were photographed in front of Moy Hall. In a separate building nearby on the Moy estate is a clan museum containing a fascinating collection of memorabilia, and we are pleased to print the following list of these which appeared in a recent Mackintosh Society (Vic.) Newsletter

In the Museum at Moy Hall are -

- the sword, given in 1622, by Charles, Prince of Wales, to Sir Lachlan, nineteenth chief of the clan
- the sword, worn by Dundee at Killiecrankie and presented by one of his relatives to the MacKintoshes.

*(These swords are laid crossed on the coffin at the funeral of every MacKintosh Chief)*

Other relics and valuables kept at the Hall include -

- The sword of Pope Leo X
- 2 swords used in the battle of the North Inch, Perth, 1396
- a snuffmill of James V, given by him to the fifteenth chief
- the sword and anvil of Donald Fraser of Moy
- the bonnet of Prince Charles
- the bed in which he slept
- the china cup out of which he drank tea
- a piece of tartan from his plaid
- and a framed letter from him
- a Highland claymore with basket hilt and a cavalry sword from the battlefield of Culloden
- a collection of pistols, claymores, etc. from the battlefields of Culloden and Mulroy

<sup>1</sup> Our good friend Duncan MacLeod of the Scottish-Australian Heritage Council in Sydney holds a very strong and often expressed objection to any use of "Mc" in a Scottish name, pointing out that "Mac" is a word in the Scottish Gaelic language, whereas "Mc" is merely a contraction of it imposed on us by bored, non-Gaelic speaking clerks when writing the names of (in their view) illiterate Highlanders. In the same vein, Duncan regards "M'" as the ultimate abomination, yet, we have seen both contractions used at times in signatures of well-known Scots. In my own family, my father was the only member to adopt the "Mc" and I naturally followed his lead.  
Ed.



- an oak casket containing the scroll conferring on the twenty-eighth chief the freedom of the Royal Burgh of Inverness in 1925 and a gold ring of free burghess
- a bamboo cane walking stick, a silver inkstand bearing the royal crest and a silver cigarette case, all given by King George V to the twenty-eighth chief
- a set of crystal and gold-backed cuff links with the Prince of Wales' feathers and royal monogram and a diamond scarf pin. These were also presented to the twenty-eighth chief by Prince of Wales before he became King George V.
- a seal with coat of arms
- and emblazonment of the arms of the twenty-ninth chief carved in wood by John MacLay in 1947.

There are also several histories of the MacKintoshes and portraits including -

- the manuscript of Sir Aeneas, the twenty-third chief
- manuscripts of Rev. Lachlan Shaw, 1758

- a manuscript of Lachlan of Kinrara, 1697
- a portrait of William, the eighteenth chief
- portraits of Lachlan the twentieth chief and of Anne, his wife
- a portrait of Lady Ann, wife of the twenty-second chief and heroine of the Forty-five
- a portrait of Sir Aeneas, the twenty-third chief and of Lady MacKintosh, his wife
- a portrait of Angus, the twenty-fifth chief
- a portrait of Alexander, the twenty-sixth chief
- a portrait of Alexander, the twenty-seventh chief
- and a portrait of Alfred Donald, the twenty-eighth chief.

*gleamed from  
the Mackintosh Society (Victoria)  
Newsletter.*

## Highlights Of The Last Year

Over the past 12 months, members have taken part in a variety of outings, some of which are briefly reported as follows:

### 1993 Annual Gathering – our 18<sup>th</sup>.

Joyce and George Matthews of Laurieton and their friends organised and ran a very happy day for us at Dunbogan Jubilee Hall on the pelican-clad banks of Camden Haven Inlet. Considering the effort these good folk had put into the

arrangements, the turn out of members – 30 odd – was somewhat disappointing but, let there be no doubt, those who were there thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

It was particularly pleasing that Ian and Simone MacG. Elder were able to be there, and, of course, Jill McGillivray from Milawa, Victoria, who has not missed one of the 18 gatherings. Four members of the Hastings District Pipe Band provided

musical entertainment and some unexpected talents emerged in the Spoon Race won by Kath Carruthers with Kay Barnett 2<sup>nd</sup>. Then there was "tossing the Bluey" — in this Rob Laird won the men's section, narrowly defeating our Commissioner Peter, and Carolyn McGillivray won the ladies with Kay again the runner-up

A cake made by Doreen Allan, decorated with our Clan Crest by Wilga Scott, was donated for a raffle, won by Dulcie Jones. A special thankyou to Rod and Heather from Mackay, Queensland, Doreen, Dulcie, Joan and Julie for their help given to Joyce and George.

### The Berwick 'Sausage Sizzle'

No doubt wanting to "get their hands in" before staging the 19<sup>th</sup> Annual Gathering later this year, Pat and Ted Foster held a sausage sizzle at their Berwick, Victoria home on 21<sup>st</sup> November 1993, to which more than fifty MacGillivray clan members came, and a good time was had by all. There was a distinct birthday feeling in the air because Mrs. Marj. Foster (Ted's mother), a descendant of Jane MacGillivray, had come from Brisbane to celebrate her 80<sup>th</sup> at this mini-gathering. Ted himself had turned 55 the day before and David 50 only a week earlier. Rosemary Iles, who has researched the Scott-Rivett-MacGillivray descendants of the original Jane, and Barbara Clayton, both came with a collection of old



Clan member, Euan McGillivray poses at the shop with "the name for value", Inverness.

documents and photos that excited interest and much of which has been added to our clan archives.

#### St. Andrew's Day

The impressive ceremony held at the Shrine of Remembrance in Melbourne at 2 p.m. on the Sunday closest to St. Andrew's Day is to honour those Scots and persons of Scottish descent who paid the supreme sacrifice in all wars. We are usually there, and recommend it to Melbourne members. 27<sup>th</sup>. November, this year!

#### Ringwood Highland Games, 27<sup>th</sup>. March

Neither Secretary David nor Commissioner Peter were available for Ringwood in March this year, but David saw to it that our clan tent was erected in its usual prominent position and was ably "manned" by Heather and Colin with loyal support from the Foster family. This event should be a "must" for all members in or near Melbourne.

#### Geelong, 2<sup>nd</sup>. & 3<sup>rd</sup>. April

A more important year than most for Geelong, as it was host to the

Australian Pipe Band Contests. David, Heather and Stewart flew the MacGillivray flag there.

#### Bundanoon, 16<sup>th</sup>. April

Dr. David McGilvray and his family attended this highland gathering once again, and would like to meet other members there in future years.

#### Sydney Scottish Week (late November - early December)

It is a few years since we have managed to take part in this major event on the Scottish-Australian calendar, but we should mention a change which occurred in 1993. The first three day's events were held in Canberra, prior to the usual eight days of varied functions in Sydney, and this involvement of the nation's capital is likely to continue until 1996 at least, because it has been awarded the International Gathering of the Clans for that year.

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## The Champagne Flows For Flo.

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Family and friends of Mrs. Flo Lehman (formerly McGillivray, nee Jones) gathered in Red Cliffs, Victoria on Sunday the 11th. of July 1993 to celebrate her 80th. birthday.

A gathering of close family helped Flo celebrate at the home of her son and daughter-in-law, Andy & Pat

McGillivray, till 2p.m.; then it was open house for relatives, friends and acquaintances.

People travelled from Adelaide, Geelong, Bright, Melbourne and Ouyen to attend, many meeting for the first time in over thirty years.

About 100 district people who had been associated with Flo during her long time in Red Cliffs since the 1920s, called in to wish her well.

Flo was born in Ouyen and lived in Galah until the family moved to Mildura in 1924. After marrying, Flo moved onto Block 449, Red Cliffs and has lived in the area ever since.

When the first bridge was built across the Murray River, her mother, Sarah Jones, ran a boarding house in Lime Avenue, Mildura. One of Flo's jobs was to take morning and afternoon tea to the men working on the bridge and she remembers being able to walk across the dry river bed.

The birthday cake, made by Pat McGillivray, was piped in by Grandson, Colin McGillivray, followed by other Grandchildren. Flo was overcome with emotion as everyone gathered around as she prepared to cut the birthday cake.

Don McGillivray, of Bright provided some entertainment by playing the musical saw with the skill that he has demonstrated so often at our Clan Gatherings.

The day was enjoyed by all - most of all Flo.

*Flo Lehman is, of course, the mother of our hard working Hon. Secretary, David. Ed.*



Photo: Colin McGillivray pours his Grandmother, Mrs. Flo Lehman, a celebratory drink of Champagne, while Granddaughter Sonia Long waits for her turn.

## Further Honour For Botanist Donald

Following the publication in 1993 of Donald J. McGillivray's significant scientific volume, "GREVILLEA" (ref. vol.3 No.3 pp. 30-32), this clan member has been further honoured by the Illawarra Grevillea Park Society Inc. The impressive entrance to the newly created park in the City of Wollongong has been named the "Don McGillivray Entrance Gates".

The park will become the home of a valuable scientific collection of wild-sourced grevillea plant material, as well as becoming a lovely new family recreation park for the residents of the city.



The Donald McGillivray Entrance Gates — Grevillia Park, near Wollongong

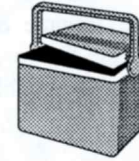
# CLAN MACGILLIVRAY SOCIETY



## 19th. ANNUAL GATHERING

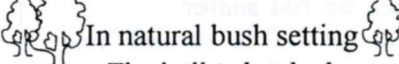
Sunday, 6<sup>th</sup>. November, 1994

### BYO Family BBQ & Picnic



Arkoona Park, Berwick  
(enter from Funston Street)  
Melway 111, T9

( electric coin-in-the-slot BBQs )

 In natural bush setting  
The hall is booked  
in case of bad weather

### Program & Times

11:00 a.m. Hall open  
11:30 a.m. Annual General Meeting  
12:30 - 1:30 p.m. Picnic lunch  
2:00 p.m. Official Opening  
Entertainment & games  
3:30 p.m. Afternoon Tea - Drawing the raffle  
5:00 p.m. Farewell - Auld Lang Syne

 Tea, Coffee & Cordial supplied 

R.S.V.P. - 1<sup>st</sup>. November, 1994

#### PUBLIC TRANSPORT AVAILABLE

- Train leaves Spencer Street Station 9:30 am  
- Arrives Berwick Station 10:15 am  
(Taxi available - ph.791 2111)  
- Train leaves Berwick Station  
for Dandenong 4:05 p.m.  
- 30 minute service to City.

Ted & Pat Foster  
4 Funston Street  
Berwick 3806

☎ 03-707-1523

## We're No Awa To Bide Awa (MacGillivray Version)

Chorus:

For we're no awa to bide awa,  
We're no awa to leave ye,  
We're no awa to bide awa,  
We'll aye come back and see ye.

As I went doon by Dunmaglass  
I met auld Johnnie Scobbie,  
Says I to him, "Will ye have a hauf"  
Says he "Man! That's my hobby."

Chorus:

So we had a hauf an' anither hauf  
And then we had anither.  
When he got fou' he shouted "Hoo  
It's Dunmaglass forever."

Chorus:

We wandered doon the glen again  
We cleekit unco cheery,  
When John got hame his wife cried  
"Shame!  
I see you're enjoying your hobby"

Chorus:

Of a the friens that ere I kenned  
Ther's none like Johnnie Scobbie,  
His hert is leal, he's true as steel  
An' a hauf is aye his hobby.

Chorus:

So wherever we MacGillivrays  
meet,  
Where're the Clan foregatherers  
We'll raise our glass, we'll shout  
"Huroo! It's Dunmaglass forever."

## The Highland Story



Native to the Highlands of Scotland, Highland Cattle are hardy animals with grand heads, large spreading horns, shaggy coats of various hues and possess a nobility of appearance unrivalled by other breeds of cattle. The origins of these cattle are obscure but they are probably the only British breed that has retained an exact similarity to ancestors for over 500 years.

During this period they have descended from two distinct types, the West Highlander or Kyloe and the

Mainland Highlander. The Kyloe was mainly found in its greatest purity in the Western Isles and with a black colour, but this colour is rare in Highland Folds (herds) today. The usual colours of the breed today are brindle, red, yellow and dun, with whites and blacks being very rare.



Ann Hurley enjoys the company of Highland Cattle at Blair Castle

Adapted to withstand the rigours of winter in the north of Scotland, Highland Cattle, for years thought of as decorative rather than profitable, are now enjoying a resurgence of commercial interest. This is because many farmers in the UK, Europe, North America and now in Australia, are realising the advantages of their ruggedness, their wonderful calving percentages and their high proportion of lean meat. The demand from overseas is so great that the price of these cattle in the UK has trebled in recent years and the UK Highland Cattle Society is the fastest growing society of any cattle breed in Britain.

In Australia, a serious start to establish the breed was commenced in 1974 when Allister and Davina Stewart of *ARDVORLICH*, 8 kms south of Mortlake in Victoria's Western District, imported the first

Highland Cattle semen, and new semen from a range of different champion bulls has been introduced ever since, to ensure no in-breeding. The progeny have become very popular with both hobby and commercial farmers.

You may well ask, 'what is our interest in Clan MacGillivray?' Well, Allister Stewart tells me that one of the most prominent breeders of Highland Cattle in Scotland is Donald McGillivray of Pennygown stud, situated between Craignure and Salen on the island of Mull, and Donald's brother Angus manages another stud

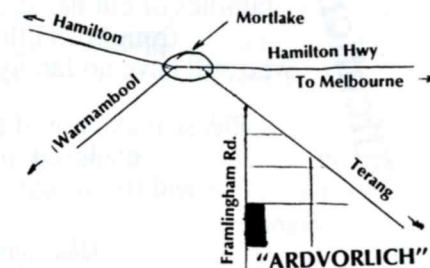
## Where To Buy Your Highland Cattle "ARDVORLICH"

Scottish Highland Cattle

ALLISTER & DAVINA STEWART  
The Sisters R.M.B. 7200, Terang, Vic., 3264  
(8 KMS. SOUTH OF MORTLAKE)

PHONE & FAX: (055) 92 6245

Visitors Welcome





ACHNACHLOICH, near Connell Ferry on the mainland. A bull bred by Donald McGillivray, *Jock of Pennygown* was sold in 1992 at the Oban sales for the world record price of \$50,000. Semen from Jock's sire, and from another bull, *Gille Coir* (a worthy lad) of *Pennygown*, has been used by Allister at 'Ardvorlich'.

The Stewarts have been kind enough to subscribe to an ad. in our Journal, so, even if you don't have room on your property for a small herd of Highland Cattle, remember that their

magnificent hides make floor rugs suitable for any home, the polished horns are really special, and a side of Highland beef, packaged ready for your deep freeze, will never go astray — and visitors are always welcome at *Ardvorlich*, The Sisters, R.M.B. 7200, Terang, 3264.

*Peter McGillivray.*


Attention all members of Clan MacGillivray Society of Australia


Gaining a steady flow of members especially from the younger generations is essential for a Society such as our's.  
 But, unfortunately —  
 There are many Australian families of our name, and families descended from MacGillivray daughters, who still have no family members in our Society.  
 Please make use of the Application Form enclosed in this Journal and try to sign up new members.

*More forms, if needed, are available from the Hon. Sec. David McGillivray*



## Ross & Joyce McGillivray

Pictured here are Ross and Joyce McGillivray of Charlton, Victoria, who celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on 26<sup>th</sup>. February 1994 at a party with about ninety of their friends and relatives at the Charlton Hall.

Margaret Wilson, sister of Ross, sent us this picture but unfortunately was unable to attend the party, due to her husband's illness, but she assures us that it was a great party.

Ross, born in Charlton on 15<sup>th</sup>. January 1919, married Joyce Stewart in St. Johns Presbyterian Church, Bendigo, on 23<sup>rd</sup>. February 1944, and they have a son, Alan, and a daughter, Glenyse Chamberlain. The couple have been popular members of a variety of community organisations in the Charlton district, where they spent their working lives on a farming property at Dooboobetic, before retiring in 1988 to live in Charlton itself.



*Golden Wedding for Ross & Joyce McGillivray of Charlton in Victoria.*

Actually, this family commenced an association with the land in this area of Victoria's Wimmera when Charles McGillivray, born on 25<sup>th</sup>. June 1841, at Aird on the Sleat Peninsula, Isle of Skye, selected a property at Yeungroon, south of Charlton, in the second half of the 1800s.

Charles' parents, Donald and Christina (McDonald) left Sleat with their family in 1853 to come to Australia on the ship "Poictiers", (Family Group 115, "The MacGillivrays of Skye" by Steiner) but Donald actually died before the ship left Britain, so young Charles, aged 12, and his mother, had a cruel start to their voyage. This was the subject of an article by Neil McDonald, a descendant, in Vol.1, No.6, 1984, under the title "From Skye Croft to Charlton". Charles married Susannah Yates in Australia and they had 15 children. It was their tenth child, Donald Bertram (1889 – 1947) and his wife Elsie Ross who took on Charles' farm, and in turn it was farmed by Donald's sons, Ross and Ian (dec'd) and now by Ian's son Colin.

Ross and Joyce moved to their own farm at Dooboobetic, across the Avoca River from the original one of his grandfather's and then also added another one at Wooroonook, where his son, Alan, and wife Jenny are still.

Congratulations and best wishes to Ross and Joyce.

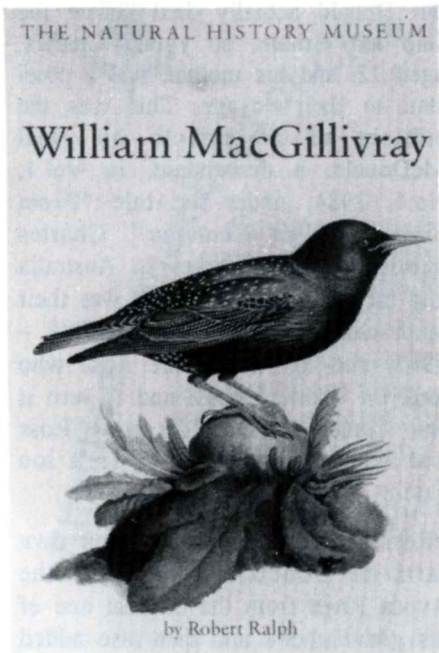
## BOOK REVIEWS

### "William MacGillivray"

Only three years ago we gave you many details of the life and works of Professor William MacGillivray of Marischal College and Aberdeen University, these having been sent to us by Dr. Robert Ralph, his great admirer (ref. — Vol.3 No.1 p. 6, 1991, "More News of the MacGillivray Naturalists").

As announced in Secretary David's February newsletter, Dr. Ralph has now completed the major work of a beautifully illustrated biography, "William MacGillivray", published by Her Majesty's Stationery Office (HMSO) for the Natural History Museum of London. It is a hardback book of 140 pages, with 32 full page colour plates and many other black & white illustrations. It is available in Australia for \$A58 from D. A. Books of 648 Whitehorse Road, Mitcham, Victoria. To quote Robert McGillivray in "Clan Chattan", this book is "a much belated and well deserved tribute to Scotland's forgotten genius in the field of natural history. It replaces the biography written by the subject's namesake which appeared in 1910, but with none of the colour illustrations, and is now hard to find."

The engraving and reproduction for the first time of so many of William's fine bird paintings is a significant feature of this new book, even though some of us may find it surprising that the ubiquitous starling was given pride of place on the dust jacket!



The Dust Jacket, showing William MacGillivray's painting of the Starling *Sturnus vulgaris*.

Dr. Ralph's liberal use of William's own words from his diaries, means we can learn so much more about the man himself. This includes his early life on the island of Harris, his extraordinary walk from Aberdeen to London to see the collections in the British Museum, and his prickly personality which led to clashes with his less practical contemporaries.

It must be remembered that a significant proportion of William's large family became Australians; John and Paul, who themselves became eminent naturalists, and five of the six daughters, only one of these five married. No descendant should miss

this opportunity to acquire such a fine record of their distinguished ancestor's life and work.

Peter McGillivray

*It was of interest to note that the November 1993 issue of "The Scots Magazine" contained another very favourable review of this book written by naturalist Don MacCaskill. I wonder if it is just a coincidence that William's wife was a Marion MacCaskill! Many museums could well take William's advice on display policies to heart too.*  
ed.



An illustration of Loch Muick, from Spital of Glen Muick (previously Loch Muic and Glen Muic) from Robert Ralph's book "William MacGillivray" and originally published in William MacGillivray's "The Natural History of Dee Side and Braemar", 1855.

## "The Undertaker's Wind"

By John MacGillivray

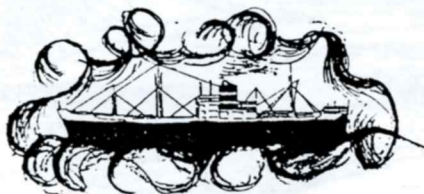
"Harold was strangely aware of the odd air current, which momentarily made him shiver. He remembered the Niggers in Jamaica called it the 'Undertaker's Wind', the wind which blew the bad air off the island at night."

John MacGillivray

THE

UNDERTAKER'S

WIND



Front cover of John's recently published book

The superstition of the "undertaker's wind", which precedes one of the three deaths in John MacGillivray's novel of that name, is typical of the wealth of detail that sets the scene

and creates the atmosphere of the Scottish ship-building area of the river Clyde, in the 1960s, and life aboard the freighters, "Birnam Wood" and "Mansfield Park".

The Undertaker's Wind is not an example of the romantic novel that creates a spectacular and unusual situation, to be neatly resolved in the last pages. It is about the lives of ordinary people.

This is an excellent novel of "men who go down to the sea in ships" — engineers, cooks, stewards, the ship's doctor, etc.

A rich dialogue of Irish, Scottish and Yorkshire voices brings the characters to life, and the ship itself seems to live through its inhabitants with their different backgrounds and attitudes.

The relationships between men living and working together in a confined space, isolated from the rest of the world, is brought to life here in a novel reminiscent of Conrad.

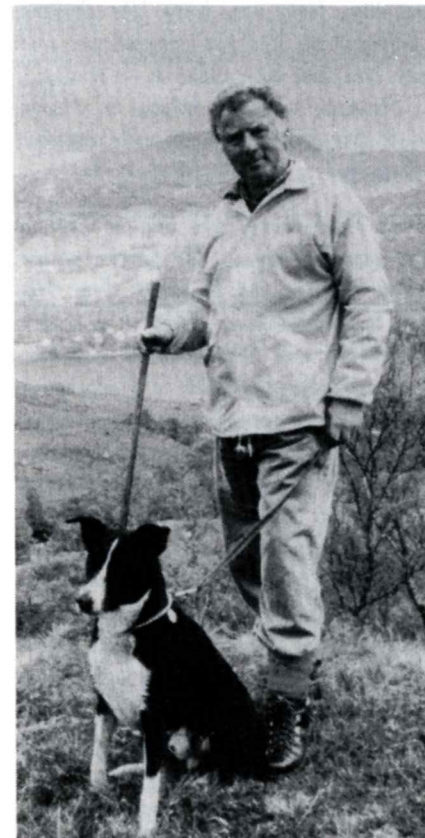
John MacGillivray has a particularly acute facility for observation of detail, combined with a good ear for dialogue, and this brings his characters, and the sights, sounds and smells of their environment, to vivid three-dimensional life that lingers in the mind after the last page has been closed.

The publication of "The Undertaker's Wind" has been a family effort, as John MacGillivray has been assisted in proof-reading and design by his wife and daughter.

He is also marketing the book, and copies may be obtained from him at Charlton, at \$8.00 and postage.

with thanks to the Ballarat Courier  
& Donald-Birchip Times

## A New "Man Of Letters" Amongst the MacGillivrays.



Author John MacGillivray of Charlton, Victoria, photographed above Lochgoilhead, Argyll, Scotland, in June 1993.

The business stationery of the small publishing firm of LETTERMORE PRESS of 14 View Street, Charlton, Victoria 3525 bears the claim "Dedicated to the publication of quality writing and the encouragement of new authors", and we find that the principals of this business are John and Marion MacGillivray. What is more, John is himself a "new author" whose first novel, "The Undertakers Wind", published in 1992, is reviewed in this Journal on page 28. He has generously offered to donate to our Society 40% of the proceeds resulting from sales to interested members.

John MacGillivray was born at Inverloch, Scotland, on 2nd. May 1942, spent his early working life as an apprentice engineer for famous ship-builder John Brown, on the Clyde, then joined the merchant navy, and came to Australia in 1965. After working for 7 years as an engineer for Ansett Airlines he returned to study, graduating as Bachelor of Education, became a senior secondary school teacher, and now in retirement has founded Lettermore Press and writes novels.

In 1967 John, with an awakening interest in his family roots, obviously wrote to his father in Scotland with some queries – the reply provides such an interesting story of life in the Highlands in times gone by that we are pleased to reproduce extracts from it with John's kind permission.

**Extracts from a letter dated 24<sup>th</sup> January, 1967, from Donald Ferguson MacGillivray to his son John, in Melbourne, Australia.**

... .. Our MacGillivrays were from Beaully and the farm house which they had was demolished when the railway was built. During the building of the Caledonian Canal, my people left there and three were on the Canal building. They then settled outside Fort William, one farming in Blarmofodach, the other at Druinarben. One was responsible for the road from Fort William to Onich, with a horse and cart to maintain the road – Neil Munro writes about this in one of his books, "The New Road". My grandfather, James, was a quarrier and crofter at Ballachulish and he married Mairi Livingstone, who died in her forties. This Mairi, my grandmother, was of the same stock as David Livingstone (whose parents had to flee the district, as it was they who cut down James Stewart's skeleton from the gibbet at Ballachulish Ferry, after it had hung there over a year. The Campbells found out – this being the reason the Livingstones left, going to an island down the coast – then had to flee again to David's birth place).

Ballachulish is in the region of Appin, where also lies Glen Creran, the traditional home of the MacColls.

Mairi Livingston's mother was a MacColl, a clan famed throughout the Highlands for their stature and strength, and who were hereditary standard bearers to the Stewarts of Appin. All through the '45, the banner of that royal house had been borne proudly throughout Scotland and northern England by the MacColls of Glasdrum in Glen Creran.

One of my forebears, a Livingstone, lived alone in the Glen behind the Ferry and was known in Gaelic as the Hairy Beast!! This shows up occasionally, my cousin and myself in our time, being very hairy. The shooting and killing of the Red Fox Campbell was said to have been done by a Cameron (a relation). R.L. Stevenson while on holiday in Appin, heard of this killing and you will remember his Kidnapped – a story based on fact.

Donald MacGillivray who died at Stirling Castle, joined up against his father's wishes and died of fever and is buried there. His brother, my grandfather, James, I remember well, a strong man, who when he was over 80, was ploughing the fields at Ballachulish Ferry when my cousin was called up in 1914. He was waving him goodbye then. My father was a quarrier and was there at the building of the dam at Kinlochleven with James and John. It was common practice to walk home to Ballachulish after work, 9 miles along the loch, no road then. My father had the record for cutting slates, they were on piece work. Whilst living in Kinlochleven, my father used to walk to church at Ballachulish – he was an Elder for many years until he was well over seventy.

These, John, are some thoughts, which you should have known of before, and trust will give you an idea of the past. The hard life, and often hunger, made the Highlander into a first class emigrant. There was another

MacGillivray, a Great Grand Uncle, who was a soldier in Barbados. In a quarrel and fight, he killed his opponent and deserted. The penalty was death but he managed to get aboard a sailing ship, landed in Aberdeen and set up a business in the name of Smith. My father remembers the Military Police making enquiries at home but of course without success! I will tell you the remainder of this story some day, and show you the house which they built. This is for the family and the story has been kept like that over 100 years now. Any queries, please ask and you will be very welcome. It's a healthy sign when one asks about his forebears and records are so easily lost.

I have been called after a Donald Ferguson, a friend of my father's and a precenter at St. Columba, Glasgow.

Donald Ferguson MacGillivray spent some time in Iran with the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, and in 1949 was recipient of a letter from the management commending him on his high level of performance of duties.

John has provided, for our Society archives, a detailed family tree which, on the Livingstone and MacColl sides goes back as far as 1770, but lack of space prevents reproduction of it at this time. In this tree, it is fascinating to see the names of the earlier generations written in the Gaelic, e.g. Iain Ban a Chorrán (Fair John of Corran) who was a MacColl.

Peter McGillivray

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## SORAIDH - (Scottish Gaelic for "farewell/blessing")

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The ancient Celts believed that there were enchanted islands in the sea which were said to appear and disappear as if some magic wand had been waved. One of the most beautiful of these islands was Tir nan Og - the Land of Youth - where the souls of the departed lived happily everafter under the benevolent guardianship of Manannan, the wise Lord of Tir nan Og, son of Lir, the ancient god of the ocean and of Queen Fand, queen of the sea. Tir nan Og could be seen occasionally, low on

the western horizon, and this is where the great white barge of Manannan carried the souls of the dead.

The past year or so has been no exception in that some of our loyal Clan members have sadly departed this life, or in Celtic terms "commenced their journey to Tir nan Og", and there is no doubt that all of us in Clan MacGillivray Society say a silent "Soraidh" to each of them and extend our deep and sincere sympathy to their loved ones.



**Alwyn Wesley G.  
McGillivray**

Our sympathy is extended to Alwyn's widow Iris, to whom we are indebted for passing to us the following extract from a publication issued by the 8<sup>th</sup>. Aust.Div.A.S.C.

"Alwyn W. G. McGillivray was born on 28<sup>th</sup>. May, 1920, at Heathcote, Victoria, to parents Donald and Edith, the 7<sup>th</sup>. child of a family of ten. His education was restricted by the necessity of him having to help in his father's blacksmith's shop. He continued working with his father and with his older brothers in timber cutting until enlisting in the AIF at the age of 20.

Sailing for the Middle East on 19<sup>th</sup>. October 1940, he served in Egypt and on to Tobruk before returning to Australia in 1942. After 7 days leave, he went to New Guinea, Balik Papan and Borneo, before being discharged on 14<sup>th</sup>. December 1945.

Alwyn married Iris Dunk in St. Pauls Cathedral, Bendigo, in December 1947, and they had one son, Paul. Unfortunately, war-related ill-health was with Alwyn for the rest of his life, and he had to retire at the age of 58 after 30 years service with the State Bank of Victoria as Cleaner, Messenger and Caretaker. Although very interested in sport, he was unable to participate, and devoted his leisure time to his wide collection of music, besides active membership of the

masonic Lodge, RSL, ROTA, TPI, and the German and Austrian Clubs.

After retirement the family moved to Sunraysia, but ill health continued to plague Alwyn, and he departed this life on January 4<sup>th</sup>. 1994."

*(Alwyn McGillivray was a great grandson of Martin and Mary (Mackinnon) who came to Australia in 1838 from the Parish of Sleat, Isle of Skye, [refer vol. 2 no. 4 1988] and from whom many other Society members are descended. Ed.)*

**Nancy McGillivray**  
(18<sup>th</sup>. September 1993)

In the 1991 'Soraidh' for foundation Society Chieftain, David, it was mentioned that his widow, Nan, was herself suffering from a serious illness and we wished her a full recovery, but, sadly this was not to be, Nan losing her fight against cancer in September last year.

Nancy Kirkpatrick came to Australia with her widowed mother to start a new life in 1928, but David had followed her a year later and they were married in Sydney on 16<sup>th</sup>. October, 1929.

Those who attended our earlier Gatherings - David and Nan never missed one no matter where it was held - will remember her as a bright, energetic and a very charming lady. We thank their daughter, Nancy, for notifying us and extend sympathy to her and all the family.

**Norman James Jones**

Norman Jones, born in 1918 in the Mallee town of Ouyen, was 75 years old when he passed away on 22<sup>nd</sup>. September 1993.

Although Norm was not a MacGillivray, his sister Flo was married to one. He always took a keen interest in the McGillivray family and the activities of the Society, of which he was a proud member - he was "Santa" at our Seaford Gathering in 1988.

He was a member of the famous Mildura Workingman's Club for many years, the Masonic Lodge, and numerous other clubs and charities in the Sunraysia region. A great supporter of the local 'Imperials' football team; every Saturday when football was on, you would see Norm manning the ticket box at the gate - never missing a game.

A widower since 1972, when his wife Lorraine died, Norm is survived by his son, Geoff.

**Shane Wright**

Just twenty years of age, this young man, the son of Ian and our member Narelle Wright, was killed in a tragic motor accident on 29<sup>th</sup>. January, 1994. Shane's sister Khili is a member also, as is his grandmother, that stalwart clan gathering attender, Julie McGrath. In other words, Shane was a Great-Great-Great-Great-Grandson of Alexander and Sarah McGilvray from Ardnamurchan in Argyll, who sailed on the 'George Fyffe' from Tobermory, Island of Mull, on 16<sup>th</sup>.

September, 1839, arriving in Australia on 23<sup>rd</sup>. January, 1840.

**Ronald Charles McGillivray**

The ink was barely dry on last years Journal when we received the sad news that our Hon. Chieftain Ron had passed away after an illness that had been troubling him for quite some time. The Society's council was ably represented by a suitably kilted Ian MacGillivray Elder at Ron's funeral in Hamilton, a Newcastle suburb, the service being conducted by a police chaplain, Cedric Savage A.M., who was in charge of the Newcastle Police Boys Club before he retired. Cedric is also the father and grandfather of some our Clan members.

The N.S.W. Police provided an impressive guard of honour and, in addition to the Australian flag, the coffin bore a length of MacGillivray tartan and Ron's bonnet, with a piper playing the lament.

All who knew Ron would agree with the comment by fellow council member, Yvonne Jones, "Ron was a nice man; very quiet until you got to know him." She goes on to say, "I remember his telling of an incident which happened years ago.. Ron decided that as it was an old Scottish tradition that "daks" were not worn in battle, he would try out the feeling at a Scottish function which he attended, in his kilt."

"To his surprise, he was asked to be seated up on the dais - in the front row. He said that modesty overwhelmed him, and he found himself sitting with his knees very

*close together, during the ceremony! Ron had a good laugh about it all — Afterwards!"*

*In view of his senior position in our clan society, we think it appropriate to reproduce in full the moving eulogy delivered by his son, Ian, during the funeral.*  
ed.

## Eulogy To

### Ronald McGillivray

All of us here today, even close relatives, can only claim a limited relationship with Ron McGillivray in our time. Now that his life has passed it is perhaps appropriate to round out our knowledge of him with some brief biographical notes.

Ron was born the elder son in a family of five children, on 16<sup>th</sup> April 1919. He spent all of his childhood and youth in Newcastle. He was close to his father, a locomotive engine driver in the days of steam, and in fact lived out what must have been a common boyhood dream of actually sitting in the engine's cabin of a steam train occasionally when his father was involved in shunting at Broadmeadow. It was also through his father, a skilled and experienced piper, that he became involved in pipe bands as a drummer. In fact, father and son played in the same band for eight years — *"the Newcastle City Pipe Band."*

But these early years were not without the maternal influence also. It was only comparatively recently that he volunteered the somewhat startling information that he was an alter boy,

complete with cassock and surplice, in the Anglican Church, and that he knew the services off by heart. I feel sure that this occurred at the behest of his mother.

He left the central School at Broadmeadow at the age of 15 in 1934, and worked in the B.H.P. and the Railways before joining the army in March 1936. After his discharge from the army, he joined the RAAF on 5/11/43 and qualified as a wireless maintenance mechanic before his discharge from that service on 4/2/46.

Exactly one month later, he was sworn in to the NSW Police Force. He married our mother, then Shirley Isabelle Rundman, in July of the same year, at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church here in Newcastle. (This time he got the church right). It is interesting that at the age of 27, he had to seek permission from the Police Department to marry. Fortunately for us, his children, our mother was found acceptable material for a policeman's wife.

He commenced duty in Newcastle on 20/8/47 and was stationed variously at Mayfield, Newcastle, and Carrington, before commencing a long period of service in the Water Police from 14/3/51 to 4/1/60. These were, it seems, the happiest days of his life. It was during this time that he was active in the Police Boys' Club Pipe Band and its formation.

After attaining the rank of Sergeant 3<sup>rd</sup> Class, he was transferred to a small country town, Molong, near Orange on 24/2/61, as OIC of a

three-man station. These were also halcyon days as he took up the challenge of a diversity of other functions, including Licensing Inspector, State Transport Officer, Pure Foods Act Inspector, and even occasional prosecution. He immersed himself with relish into all aspects of the country and bush life-style. Our holidays were filled with camping trips to even the most desolate parts of the outback. We propagated, raised, butchered and ate our own poultry, mutton and pig. We kept a house cow for many years *"I remember having to milk that wretched animal on the eve of my School Certificate Exam."*

In 1966 he was transferred from the country to Parramatta and moved around to other stations in the area, including Merrylands, Granville. At the beginning of 1975 he entered Officers School and obtained his commission to the rank of inspector in August of that year. On 5/3/78, he was appointed OIC Katoomba where he remained until his retirement on 16/4/79.

His children were now all adult and independent, he was free to pursue his own interests in retirement with his wife, so they moved to the idyllic surroundings of Stuart's Point near Macksville. Feeling the twilight of his life, he returned to be nearer his home town in 1988, settling at Dora Creek, near Morisset. It was also closer for him and Mum to enjoy the family life he had always cherished, especially with the further arrivals of grandchildren. Hydroponic gardening was his main hobby in these years,

and, as with all his interests, he mastered it thoroughly, successfully completing a TAFE course in the subject and becoming an overly prolific producer of fruit and vegetables.

He had a natural inclination and curiosity to things mechanical and was the ultimate home handyman. He embraced fully the outlook of modern science and this led inexorably to his agnosticism, for after deep, earnest thought he concluded that anything outside the material was unknown and probably unknowable. But he carefully and deliberately did not subscribe to atheism. This remained the state of his soul when in the early hours of Sunday, 15<sup>th</sup> August, after a great, heroic struggle he yielded to the final afflictions of his ravaged body.

He is gone now *"enlisted on the other front.."* For my part, my mourning is tempered by the legacy which is that of all good fathers, and best expressed in these loosely translated words of the German poet, Goethe; *"From my father I inherited moral strength and manly bearing. From my mother I received gentleness and artistic learning."*

In conclusion, I quote the words of that great Scottish warrior, Rob Roy MacGregor the words that are attributed to him on his death when it is said that he spoke thus - *"Now all is over. Let the piper play we return no more."*

*Ian McGillivray*