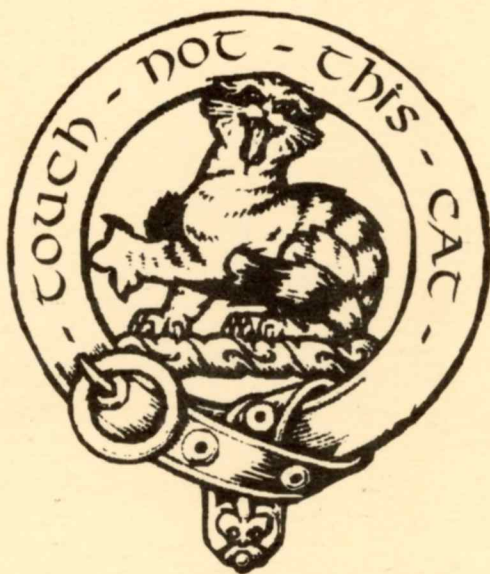


# CLAN MACGILLIVRAY



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David McGillivray, PO Box 223 SEAFORD, Victoria, 3198.

## EDITORIAL

This is 1996, and 250 years have elapsed since that fateful day, the 16<sup>th</sup> April, 1746, on the wind and rain-swept Culloden Moor, that saw the end of Prince Charles Edward Stuart's attempt to regain the throne of Britain in the name of his father, James, and the slaughter of so many MacGillivrays who had rallied to the Jacobite cause, including our young Chief, Alexander.

A special memorial service took place at Culloden at 11 am on Tuesday, 16th April this year, with over four thousand people attending, including quite a few MacGillivrays, some of whom then placed wreaths by the "Well of the Dead", the spot near which Alexander is said to have died.

Inevitably, the '45 uprising and its conclusion at Culloden should receive adequate attention in this issue of our Journal, especially since the press coverage in the main tends to ignore the major part played up to and in the battle by the Clan Chattan Regiment, of which Alexander MacGillivray was the Colonel in command, and indeed, no less than 6 of its 20 officers were of our name. From the wealth of material available, we have chosen to include three articles of widely differing style and approach.

'*Memories of the 45*' is part of an address given at a dinner of the '45 Club' in Edinburgh in 1911 by Pittendrigh MacGillivray, a man of considerable distinction, noted sculptor, artist, philosopher, poet and orator. It provides a different, highly romanticised view, given on an occasion which afforded much scope for the oratory of the poet in an atmosphere of nostalgia and indulgence.

'*CULLODEN*' is a modern Australian's view of the battle and its cruel aftermath that was published in the "Western Australian" on the weekend prior to the anniversary date, and its author gives our clan its deserved place in history.

In '*A Tale of Two Graves*', Robert deals

with the intensely personal tragedy of our Chief and his fiancée.

Another quite different anniversary, the bicentenary of the birth of Professor William MacGillivray, also deserves a mention, and we have details of a festival that includes a re-enactment of his travels across the Highlands on foot.

Next year will see MacGillivrays from all corners of the globe heading for Inverness to attend the 2<sup>nd</sup> International Gathering of our Clan, so some details of the proposed program of events are provided for you.

Turning now to Australia, a major objective of our Society is to record for future generations the achievements and experiences of members and their forebears and to encourage the writing of these in their various forms. Some go to the extent of publishing their own autobiographies, such as Trevor McGillivray's "*Touch Not This Cat*" which is reviewed in this issue, but equally important are the personal life stories like "*My Story*" by Lil Hillas. Not quite in the same category is the account by David, in his own inimitable style, of the extensive trip that he and Heather made to the Northern Territory last year. Too few Australians these days really get to know their own country before tripping off overseas, but we cannot accuse this couple of not 'getting off the beaten track'.

One of the founders of our Society and first editor of '*Clan MacGillivray Journal*' passed away in 1995, and we must pay tribute to him and his dedication to our affairs over many years - those who knew him personally will appreciate his note to the editor, written in advance of his death. How like Ian!

In conclusion, why is it that the Secretary has to mail out so many reminders of subscriptions overdue, thus eating into our limited resources? Annual subscriptions for membership of this Society are among the

lowest for this type of organisation in Australia and if it were not for the annual raffle, so generously supported by Teachers Whisky, we could not manage to maintain the standard of this annual publication, together with the inevitable secretarial/administration costs, conduct of an annual gathering etc. Bear in mind that the

executive would always be happy to hear from members any ideas that they may like to suggest for making your Society of more value and interest to our far-flung membership, and to encourage the support of younger generations.

*Peter Mc Gillivray*  
Editor

## CULLODEN

The name echoed down the centuries since the devastating battle which, in 1746, put an end to the Stuart hopes of restoration to the British throne. Its associations of loyalty, great bravery and tragedy have stood up to the investigations of historians, and in this, the year of the 250<sup>th</sup> anniversary, the essential sadness of the event is still felt by people all over the world.

The moor itself, five miles to the south-east of the Highland capital of Inverness, is very exposed, and the weather can be very cold and wet there in April. So it was, on that day two hundred and fifty years ago this month, when young Alexander MacGillivray, Chief of the MacGillivrays, stood at the head of five hundred restless men of Clan Chattan, in the front line of what has been called the last feudal army in Britain.

For hundreds of years, the Highland clans had carried on their ancient way of life in the mountains of the north, isolated and protected in their glens by the harsh and inaccessible terrain. Here they still spoke the lilting Gaelic tongue brought with them from Ireland.

The clan area was unknown territory to most Lowlanders. For much of what we do know about life there before Culloden, we are indebted to a relatively disapproving Englishman, Edward Burt, an engineer sent in by the military to build roads in about 1730.

His letters describe a people fiercely proud of clan and race, and a society which was not only feudal but tribal as well.

They "love their Chief, and pay him a

blind Obedience", he wrote. The men standing behind Alexander shared his name, and were, or believed themselves to be, descended from a common ancestor of whom he was the direct descendant. He gave them his paternal protection, the rule of his law and land, in return for which they gave him not only rent, but military service when the fiery cross was sent around.

For it was a military society, originally because of the need, as John Prebble has said, to protect the herds on which they depended. Men went about armed, their Bards sang of their bravery, and every man and boy able to bear arms was automatically a soldier in the regiment of his clan.

And there were boys with Clan Chattan, the centuries-old confederation to which Clan MacGillivray was a signatory, at Culloden. According to Clan Chattan historian Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, writing one hundred years ago, they stood with their fathers and uncles like sixteen-year-old Captain Farquar MacGillivray, or, like 13-year-old James Mackintosh, watched from the hills above.

The Clan Chattan regiment had been raised for Bonnie Prince Charlie by twenty-year-old Anne Mackintosh, "Colonel Anne", whose husband was the Chief. She placed it under the command of Alexander, who, though almost equally young, was "deemed well worthy of the honour".

In the same ancient way had been raised the other clan regiments. These stretched away on either side of Clan Chattan, clad in kilt and plaid, pipes skirling, all the way to

the McDonalds on the left wing, and the Athollmen, Camerons and Stewarts on the right, their very clothing, Burt wrote, "distinguish(ing) the Natives as A Body of People distinct and separate".

The clans excelled in guerrilla warfare - one furious charge, a firing of pistols into the enemy and then attack with the broadsword, their bull-hide targets brushing away the weapons of their opponents. So far the shock of this charge had been irresistible; it gave the Highlanders their early successes in the rising, and the fury of it led to rumours that they had fighting dogs beside them.

Unknown, different and ferocious, they were branded by Lowlanders and English as wild savages.

The sleet was in their faces as they stood waiting on the morning of the 16th - one of a growing number of tactical disadvantages. Of the five thousand men in the field with Alexander that day, many were exhausted and hungry. The most serious disadvantage was built into the decision, made by Charles and his advisers against the advice of his best tactician Lord George Murray, to fight a pitched battle on such open ground against a standing army.

Five hundred yards opposite them was the Hanoverian Army: 9000 mixed Lowland and English troops, together with the Highland Campbells, under the King's son, the Duke of Cumberland. They had spent six weeks at Aberdeen preparing for this moment, practicing a drill developed by Cumberland himself to counter the charge of the clans; each man, when the charge came, was taught to use his bayonet on the area exposed by the raised arm of the clansman attacking the soldier on his right.

They had also brought their heavy guns, with artillerymen equally well drilled, and at one o'clock, they began to use them. For perhaps twenty minutes three pound balls whistled into the closely packed clans, who had no answer to such fire. Men died or were maimed in their hundreds, and the rest looked in desperation to their indecisive prince for the order to charge.

In the end, Clan Chattan could not be held back; they attacked before the order came, led by Alexander MacGillivray, making battle in desperation in the only way they knew, their faces, as Prebble quotes, twisted with rage and despair.

The author of an anonymous contemporary manuscript detailed the charge.

*Amidst the hottest fire of small arms, and continual firing of cannon with grape shot...they ran in upon the points of their bayonets, hewed down the soldiers, drove them back and put them in disorder.*

Alexander MacGillivray was the first one through, as Prebble says, "leaping over the bodies of the men he had struck down".

The carnage was terrible, but such was the force of their charge, often over the dead of their clan, that they broke through the English lines, the only clan to do so. There they met, as the anonymous writer knew they would, the fire and bayonets of the second line.

Though clearly anti-Jacobite, he testified to the "greatest courage, ardour and bravery" with which Clan Chattan attempted to do what they must have known was the impossible. No clan fared better, though all have their own stories of bravery and valour, and when the Campbells broke down a drystone wall which was protecting the Jacobite army's flank, allowing the Duke's dragoons to attack from the rear, the rout was complete. By two o'clock it was all over.

The body of Alexander MacGillivray lay next to a spring, which earned on that day the name it is known by today: *The Well of the Dead*.

Angus Mackintosh of Farr, the father of the watching James, was dead also. And they were not alone. With them, lying "dead on Culloden's field" that day, and buried there now, were up to twelve hundred of their fellow Highlanders, together with the ancient Celtic way of life they represented.

For the government, given victory and the excuse of rebellion, now put the Highlands literally to fire and sword,

and the wearing of kilts, plaid or tartan.

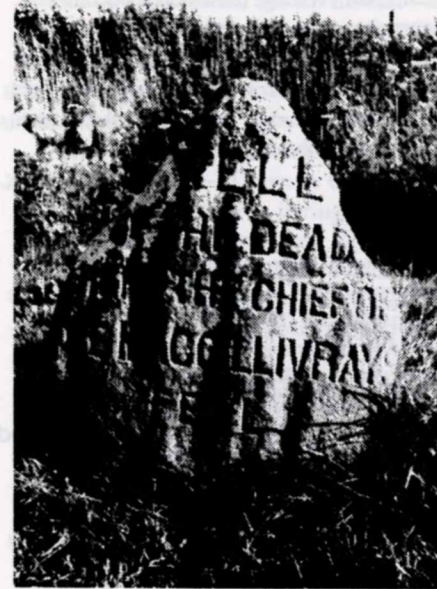
The destruction of the clan system after Culloden began a flow of Scots across the world which amounted to a diaspora, and continued to the present century. The dislocations of the aftermath were soon exacerbated by the effects of the agrarian revolution which in the Highlands took the form of clearances, and then by the potato famine, and depression.

Samuel Johnson, viewing the results of it all - the mounds of stones in empty glens - was the first to recall the words from an earlier era which have since become the epitaph of this one. "*Solitudinem facient, pacem appellant,*" he quoted. 'They made a desert, and they called it peace'. The people were gone, but what of their culture?

A quarter of a millennium after Culloden, and half-a-world away, Peter MacGillivray sits in his office in Mont Albert, Victoria, the Commissioner for Clan MacGillivray in Australia. One of five commissioners - one for each of the major centres of Highland immigration - he holds his office from the Clan's leader, as determined by Lord Lyon in Scotland. He is President, too, of the Clan MacGillivray Society, the avowed aim of which is in fact to keep alive, and to pass onto future generations an appreciation of the history, language, culture, and traditions of "our ancestral fatherland".

A gentle man, with a sense of humour, an aspect of the society's work today which is close to his heart is the encouragement of research into the family histories of members in Australia, and the preservation of archival material. "The 1840's and 1850's were when the big groups of MacGillivrays came to Australia", he said.

Over the generations, many of them lost touch. We have actually brought families together again," he added, speaking with delight of the families who have rediscovered lost connections at clan gatherings. Both areas of clan activity today reflect that spirit of kinship which was an integral part of the ancient Highland way of life - and neither



1. The Stone erected in 1881 by Duncan Forbes of Culloden

determined to destroy the Stuart's power base in the Clans of the north. From Cumberland's base at Fort Augustus, platoons marched out, murdering and worse as they went, stripping all that was movable including the clothes of the inhabitants, burning what was not, laying waste the land and driving off the cattle, leaving those who had survived to starve.

More than one eyewitness account, including reluctantly, our anonymous writer, testifies to the slaughter of the wounded on the battlefield, and Prebble's account of the ill-treatment of prisoners at the hands of men who regarded them as less than human makes harrowing reading. They died of their ill-treatment, were hanged, or transported to plantations.

Government edicts did the rest, breaking the heritable jurisdiction of the chiefs over their clans, confiscating the land of Jacobite chiefs, outlawing the carrying of any arms,

would have surprised Edward Burt. "Almost everyone", he declared of Highlanders at the time, "is a genealogist."

Along with clan associations, other aspects of the cultural life of the highlands, such as piping and dancing, and of course, tartan, are flourishing also. The ancient language of the Highlanders, however, is in more difficult straits.

Of their Gaelic language, the Highlanders were proud. As Burt said testily, "if you could believe some of them, it is so expressive, that it wants only to be better known to become universal." With its speakers dispersed, and its use discouraged, and, as Peter MacGillivray points out, unnecessary for success in the world they had been forced to enter, Scottish Gaelic was much more in danger of becoming extinct.

Still, for the small band who meet every Wednesday night in Melbourne, drawn by a variety of motives to learn the language of their forefathers, it requires a commitment that speaks of more than just a desire to learn another language. An outsider might wonder

whether it is worth it - until these keepers of the faith begin to sing. As the beautiful harmonies of *Fear a' Bhata*, sung in the ancient lilting language of the clans in the centuries before Culloden, float out into the Australian evening, the listener becomes aware that neither the memory of the brave men who fought, nor the culture which they represented is lost; it is being kept alive, as it was always meant to be, by their descendants - everywhere they are, across the world.

*Janet Butler*

*Editorial Note: Janet Butler, a relatively new member of the Scottish Gaelic class, is fascinated with the whole history of the Highland Scots and especially with the events surrounding the Jacobite uprisings and their terrible aftermath. Her story, reproduced in part above, was accepted and published as a feature on 13th April 1996, by the "West Australian" and, as a result, Commissioner Peter was interviewed on a talk-back radio session on the ABC national station in Perth.*

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## MEMORIES OF "THE 45"

(From Pittendrieh MacGillivray's 1911 address to "The '45 Club")

We take up Dr MacGillivray's words at the point where the Highlanders had rallied under Prince Charles' standard and begun their fateful march south, out of their Highland vastness and into history:

'But away they marched, for it had to be, though they should never return! With peoples, as with individuals, it is the dream allures, in spite of chill reason; and to the warm dream the heart beats fast. So away they marched, probably the best that was left of the old stuff - at least, it is a point of honour to think of them as fine types - to imagine them worthy the admiration of that old Celt whose ideal was "every man six foot two, with a nose like a powder-horn"!

Gay rogues on the march - spoil children of the mist - many times finding the things that were maybe not lost! - but never a bit of harm did they do to woman or child by the way. Were they not indeed Romance personified! - the very denizens of dream - born with the fairies' gift of *second sight*, and a little handful of gladness wherewith to outweigh the evil of things.

I think I see them, coming by the banks of the Garry - the "red shanks" and their flaunting tartans - and hear the skirl o' their pipes, and wild laughter as they think of fair wounds for the Sassenach, and a gay time out with the cockit bonnet and the keen dirk, and maybe a sporran full at the home-coming!

But no foul haggery of the dead for them - no brutal soiling of women, nor blood-sodden rage striking the last hour's light from wounded foemen. By comparison they were gentlemen at the game; and for the rest - death in the open, in the way of a man, was ever from of old held better among them than to end like a woman in a hovel neuk among peat reek!

So away they went, rounding Lochaber, through Badenoch - "Down by the Tummel and banks o' the Garry" - flaring their white cockades and gathering to their gay spirit and mettlesome piping all the *lads wi' the Philabeg* within sight and sound of them. At Invergarry two hundred Stewarts of Appin, at Aberchaldar four hundred Glengarry MacDonalds, and one hundred and twenty MacDonalds of Glencoe - and so on. Down by Blair Atholl and "bonnie Dunkeld" to Perth. There with all the charm of audacity to proclaim James the VIII, and on a day to breakfast at the Auld House o' Gask, where some magic of his winsome presence was to touch a source of patriotic song not likely to go silent while Scotsmen who love their country can sing. (Leal Jacobites must ever remember Lady Nairne and the Oliphants o' Gask.) On they went across the Forth, through Stirling, and over the field of Bannockburn; by and by coming to Linlithgow, and there spending a day in that Palace where the ill-starred Mary first saw the light - what a web his thoughts of fortune and misfortune must have woven for him there that day!

Then came Edinburgh, the cold, unemotional, widowed Capital which had know no regal gaiety since Mary's time. With a chance to strike for Scotland and her ancient line of Stewarts, Edinburgh sulked - sulked like General Guest shut up in her windy Castle, while with legal caution the Lord Justice-Clerk, the Judges and principal Government Officers fled - fled like the Dragoons from Coltbridge - all contemptibly! Through Edinburgh a drum was beat for Volunteers, but only a wretched "several"

were got for the Duke of Perth's Regiment.

But if Edinburgh was deaf, Holyrood was in triumph. In it were the lights and gaieties of the hour. Prestonpans had been the swift doing of seven or eight minutes, and young Oliphant had ridden up the High Street shouting Victory. The morning after, when the Prince returned from Pinkie House to Holyrood, he found on his table a laurel wreath with which the gallant Oliphant crowned the king that was to be.

That questionable delay of forty-two days at Holyrood, with its receptions, balls and festivities, was yet a time with which our imagination falls in love! It was the crest of the wave - the white, glittering crest, so soon to overturn, and for the hero of the hour that laurel crown was fated to prove the first and last diadem of glory - and yet, when we come to think of it, how little perishable has proved that frail mark of Victory!

Of those gay days the last was taken - the charm of the last possible dance was enjoyed. For a mist of reasons, the last margin of time allowed by The Fates was appropriated; till the crest of the lovely wave broke, and the Prince, with his army, moved away into England - a Montrose would have horsed on a month before!

Down past surrendered Carlisle they went, along inhospitable roads with broken bridges, receiving scarce any sympathy and no adherents, save at Manchester. Less than five thousand in number, they moved swiftly on into the heart of England, as one might march into a *cul de sac*. An army worth leading for courage, speed, and endurance; but in its councils jealousy, disputes, and misunderstanding. An army wanting the voice of an autocrat whose word should be law. On they forced for thirty-four days, and over two hundred and eighty miles from Edinburgh, to halt at Derby, one hundred and twenty miles from London. A halt before practically impossible conditions, and a force outnumbering them by three to one, with an immediate risk of having retreat cut off. What could be said? In his own words, and to his

great mortification, the Prince "could not prevail upon one single person" to join him in the advance.

Looking back, one may imagine that thirty or even twenty of the good days spent at Holyrood after Prestonpans would have been an advantage - days wasted in waiting for that foreign aid which the Prince was probably never designed to receive effectually. Even ten days sooner they might have entered London. One may also think that the Prince was right in wishing to go by Newcastle, and take Wade with his exhausted troops first, and so break the mass of the enemy. It is also possible to have sympathy now with the heroic desire of the Prince to advance, for since the meteor had to strike the earth, Derby was as fine a field for the fate as Culloden Moor. At least the men were fresher, and might have left a harder mark; while the result so near London would surely have been infinitely less barbaric than it was possible for Cumberland to make it in the fastnesses of the north. But, after the event there is not wisdom, so within one hundred and twenty miles of London, to his bitter heartbreak, they turned. That London where, after all, he was little more to the people than "the younger Pretender," at whose council board there was not one representative of the high nobility of England. An adventurer from that terra incognita Scotland, with a following horde of ill-clad, half-savage people, who spoke an unknown tongue, and were as a kind of horror in the land. Charles Edward was really only the Prince of dream in Scotland, and there mostly in the lands north of the Forth and Clyde, and there again most truly so where the purple mountains are heaped high about Lochaber, and the spirit of the Gael is better acquainted with visions than things material.

They turned and retreated - retreated swiftly, skilfully, and successfully, but the gay figure which was wont to be seen about before dawn, and for encouragement heading the advance on foot, was now slow to leave his quarters of a morning, and rode back the dreary way with dejected mien.

In thirteen days they were in Scotland, and with the loss of only some forty men. A fairly wonderful feat had been accomplished in that expedition. By and by they were in the north again, about Stirling, from where they fought the battle of Falkirk with sufficient success, and then about fourteen days later began the final retreat - away to Inverness with some vague idea of gathering meal and holding the mountains till Spring.

Three weeks afterwards we find them in sight of Culloden, where Fate had appointed their last stand should be made. In front, to the north, was the Moray Firth with the enemy's ships of war - to the south, impossible country from whence they had been compelled to retreat - to the east, coming steadily on, were the well-equipped forces of Cumberland - to the west, a wilderness of naturally inhospitable mountains, where the few people, however kind, had little or nothing to give. From Culloden there was no way but by force of arms - it was indeed the place of their undoing. Even success at arms, we must, I fear admit, could only postpone the inevitable result of the greater forces arrayed against them.

So we come to the last act: on the 14<sup>th</sup> April 1746, the Prince marched out from Inverness to Culloden House - on the night of the 15<sup>th</sup> there was a mismanaged and miscalculated march towards Cumberland's camp at Nairn, with a view to surprise, and in the early hours of the morning the march back, amounting to about eighteen miles of futile, disheartening tramping without food. As a result the men were exhausted. Through the forenoon, while the Prince and his councillors disputed as to the best course, the men scattered in search of food and rest - as a fighting machine, the Highland army was disorganised. Of the moment, Sir Robert Strange says - "*Our time was come - we were at variance with ourselves: Irish intrigues and French politics were too predominant in our councils*". In these circumstances perhaps the most fatal decision was forthwith to give battle, but that was the one agreed upon, and

hastily the forces were gathered, but so ineffectually in the time that a thousand lay asleep in Culloden parks through the engagement. At one o'clock the fighting began, and in twenty-five minutes, it is said, the battle was turned against the Prince, and his people retreating in every direction for personal safety. It was simply a *debacle* - the failure of a force disorganised from within - a force for which there could be no rendezvous in defeat, and none was appointed.

So ended the bright and gallant adventure of "the 45", suddenly, almost unaccountably, like a mishap. Like a meteor, as I have said, it flashed across the imagination to its extinction; but not ere the memory had been seared by its brilliance. In less than a year it had come and gone, but, has any other incident in the history of Scotland left such a

legacy of sweet and bitter memories? In wealth of beautiful human things, it was a failure infinitely more productive than success might have proved. As a national asset voicing the spirit of the people the songs alone are perhaps worth the pain and bloodshed. Of the Highlanders, it might almost be said that they realised themselves in the history of the affair, and made their character manifest to the world through its incidents. Fate seems almost to have sent the fugitive prince to be narrowly hunted night and day among their mountains with a great price upon his head, in order to make a crowning manifestation of the Highlanders' loyalty. Separated by their difficult language, they were little known, and less understood: by "the 45" they became declared.'

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## A TALE OF TWO GRAVES

*by Robert MacGillivray*

This is the story of two contrasting graves. One is unmarked, its precise position unknown; the other is clearly defined by a large stone slab bearing an inscription still easy to read. Although separated by six miles of once bleak windswept moorland they are united by a strong and lasting romantic tie. Two hundred and fifty years have passed since they were dug, and their occupants reverently laid to rest, and it is fitting therefore that we should think about them particularly at this time. We can also reflect, as is the seeming fate of all Scots, on what might have been.

Alexander MacGillivray is the most famous of all the Chiefs of Dunmaglass yet, surprisingly, all too little is known about him. He came of proud descent. His father, Farquhar, had been a Captain in the MacIntosh Regiment during the Rising of 1715 and had been captured when the Jacobite army was forced to surrender at Preston. Following his release from an English prison in 1716 he returned home and

married Elizabeth Mackintosh of Aberarder. Together they raised a family of eight children. Alexander was the eldest son and succeeded to the chiefship of his clan on the death of his father in 1740. He would then have been about 22 or 23 years of age.

Alexander inherited several large estates in Strathnairn. He also became leader of a clan well established in the district and faithful followers of the Mackintoshes whose shelter they had sought as early as the thirteenth century. He lived mainly at Gask, a property closer to Inverness than Dunmaglass, and was apparently extensively engaged in cattle dealing, as were others of his family.

He was a popular figure. The Rev. James Hay of Inverness later wrote that many had not produced a finer youth. In appearance he was tall; remembered by a clansman as a clean, pretty man, standing six feet two in his stocking soles, with red hair and white skin. This description has come down also through Simon Fraser Mackintosh whose mother Elizabeth was a MacGillivray of Knocknagael

(two of her uncles were officers in Alexander's regiment at Culloden); in his manuscript of 1831 he wrote "he was a remarkably handsome, athletic man, with a white skin as drifted snow". Some years ago Sorley Maclean, the distinguished Gaelic poet, told me of a tradition that Alexander was one of the two most handsome men on the battlefield; he recalled this because the other was a Maclean! John Roy Stewart, a fellow commander in the Jacobite army, referred to him in a Gaelic poem as "Alasdair ruadh na feile" - generous red-haired Alexander. He was particularly friendly with the young Anne, wife of the Mackintosh Chief, and a regular and welcome caller at Moy Hall. It was she who raised the MacIntosh (or Clan Chattan) Regiment for Prince Charles Edward Stuart in December 1745 and appointed Alexander as its leader. In January he fought at the head of his regiment in the defeat of the Hanoverian forces at the Battle of Falkirk.

The events of the subsequent campaign

and the disastrous outcome at Culloden on 16 April 1746 are well known. Alexander and his men led the Jacobite charge, he himself falling against the Hanoverian line with a musket shot in his side. Tradition says that his last act was to crawl to a little spring now known as the "Well of the Dead". In the 19th century it was referred to as MacGillivray's, or Dunmaglass', Well.

Two days after the battle, local men were pressed into burying the dead. It is often quoted that Alexander's body "*with fifty others was thrown into a large pit, and so far did the King's troops carry their animosity that for six weeks they would not grant the poor consolation to the friends of the men who had fought so well of placing their mangled carcasses in their family burying-places*". What is more likely is that he was buried in a lone grave by two Mackintoshes who knew him and recognised his body. In their sworn statements later they described how they buried him and marked the place by putting the end of a standard into the ground

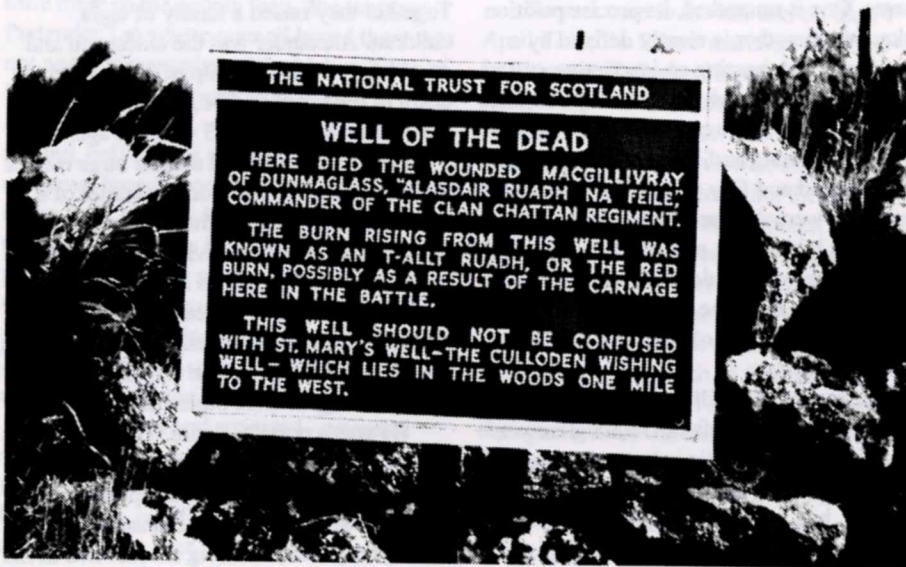
at the head and the part of a sheath of a sword and some stones on top.

When the guard was removed, some of Alexander's relatives and friends opened the grave. The body was found to be perfectly fresh, without smell, and the wound in his heart bled anew. This may have been because the grave was in moss. Elsewhere it is said that some ankers (an old Scots measure of about four gallons) of whisky had to be poured into the grave to enable the body to be removed. It was considered too dangerous to make the journey to Dunlichity and it was therefore carried to the nearer church at Petty, long the burial place of the Mackintosh Chiefs. There he was reverently interred across the principal entrance of the church.

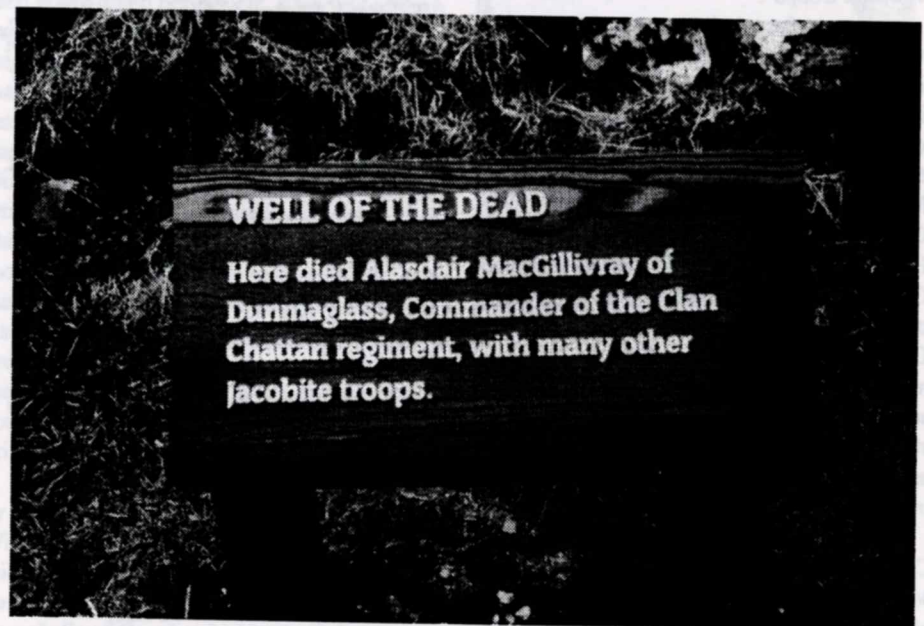
That would seem to give an exact location for his grave but in its long life the church has been rebuilt several times, one of these being in 1767. George Bain, editor of the Nairnshire Telegraph and author of several books on local areas, wrote in 'The Lordship of Petty' (1925) that it was

disgraceful that "the grave cannot now be identified". It seems likely that George Bain made a determined effort to find the spot and, if he could not do so over seventy years ago, we are unlikely to do so now. It is regrettable too that this old church is now unused and sadly neglected.

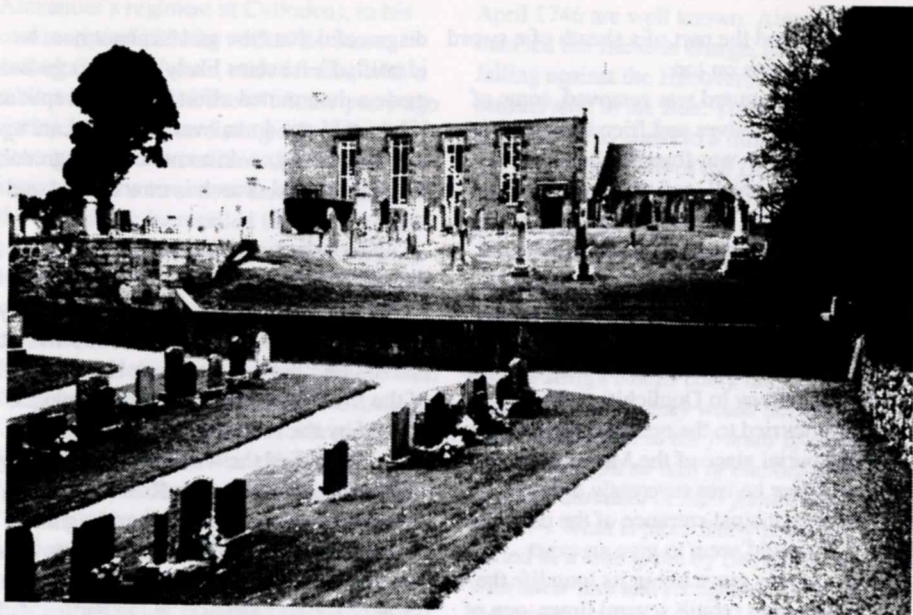
The only memorials to Alexander are at the Well of the Dead at Culloden. Most familiar is the rough-hewn stone erected by Duncan Forbes of Culloden in 1881 with its inscription "Well of the Dead. Here the Chief of the MacGillivrays fell". A metal plaque erected by the National Trust for Scotland read: "Here died the wounded MacGillivray of Dunmaglass, "Alasdair Ruadh na Feile", commander of the Clan Chattan Regiment. The burn rising from this well was know as An t-allt ruadh, or the red burn, possibly as a result of the carnage here in the battle...." But during the latest improvements at the battlefield this has been replaced by a simple wooden plaque with the inscription "WELL OF THE DEAD. Here died Alasdair



2. The former National Trust sign.



3. The present marker at Culloden



4. The Petty Church – note the broken windows

MacGillivray of Dunmaglass, Commander of the Clan Chattan regiment, with many other Jacobite troops”.

Among the relatives and friends present when Alexander's body was recovered was, it is said, Elizabeth Campbell his fiancée. There is no formal record of an engagement but we can probably take it as fact. It features in local tradition and is mentioned by Simon Fraser Mackintosh in his manuscript. The Clan Campbell is not exactly revered in the Highlands because of its support for the Government and its involvement in the treacherous Massacre of Glencoe; but the Campbells of Cawdor, an offshoot of the main clan since the 16th century when they succeeded the Thanes of Cawdor, were staunchly Jacobite and more closely associated with the clans of the north, including Clan Chattan.

Elizabeth was the only child of Duncan Campbell of Clunes and Katherine Trotter of Mortonhall. They had to live abroad because of Duncan's involvement in the Rising of

1715. Elizabeth's mother died in Rome when she was very young. Duncan's father, Sir Archibald Campbell of Clunes and Budgate, was the second son of Sir Hugh Campbell of Cawdor and married to Anna, only daughter of Duncan Macpherson of Cluny. Elizabeth was well connected indeed.

Apart from her infancy on the continent, Elizabeth, or Betty as she was known in the family, spent a good deal of her time in Edinburgh, and its society, as well as in the north. Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, the noted Chief during The '45, was a close friend of the family and addressed his letters to her father as "My dear cousin", an affectionate greeting rather than an actual relationship. In one such letter dated April 1737 he wrote: "...it is only to serve you, and Miss Campbell your daughter whose education should now be taken care of, and if she be like her mother or your mother, she will be an honour to the family of Calder and to the name of Campbell". Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, the clan historian, possessed

some of Elizabeth's letters which, he said, were written in a beautiful clear hand, of elegant diction, showing unusual cleverness and dignity in one so young. She did turn out to be a young lady of distinction and accomplishment. She too was a visitor to Moy Hall and perhaps that was where she first met Alexander.

Alexander and Elizabeth made a handsome couple. Elizabeth was one of two great beauties in the neighbourhood; the other was Anna Dallas of Cantray who later married Duncan Mackintosh of Castle Leathers. Lord Lovat described these ladies in a lovely Gaelic couplet as "Reual nam beann agus solus nan gleann" - the star on the hill and the light in the valley - and said he did not know which was the more dangerous attraction. Clunas lies on the southern slopes above the River Nairn, Cantray in the valley beside it. Simon Fraser Mackintosh recorded that "she was a most beautiful and interesting young lady, and had an uncommonly fair skin, there were few in Scotland to be compared to her. It is said that when she would take a glass of Port wine, it could be seen going down her throat". This was a fine match for the MacGillivrays. In another aside, Simon Fraser Mackintosh observed that all the horses in Dunmaglass would not carry her *tocher* (ie dowry). Not only that, as the only child and heiress of Clunas, the Dunmaglass family stood to gain a great deal. On the other hand, the standing of a clan chief at that time was assessed not just in monetary terms but on the basis of the number of fighting men he could bring out. As we know, there was a strong MacGillivray presence at Culloden; this is vouched for by the MacGillivray graves. When the young couple were betrothed the future looked very bright. But it was not to be.

Elizabeth was stunned and badly affected by witnessing the exhumation of her fiancée. Within three months she too was dead; it is said of a broken heart. She was buried at Barevan, then the burial place of the Campbells of Cawdor, inside the little church,

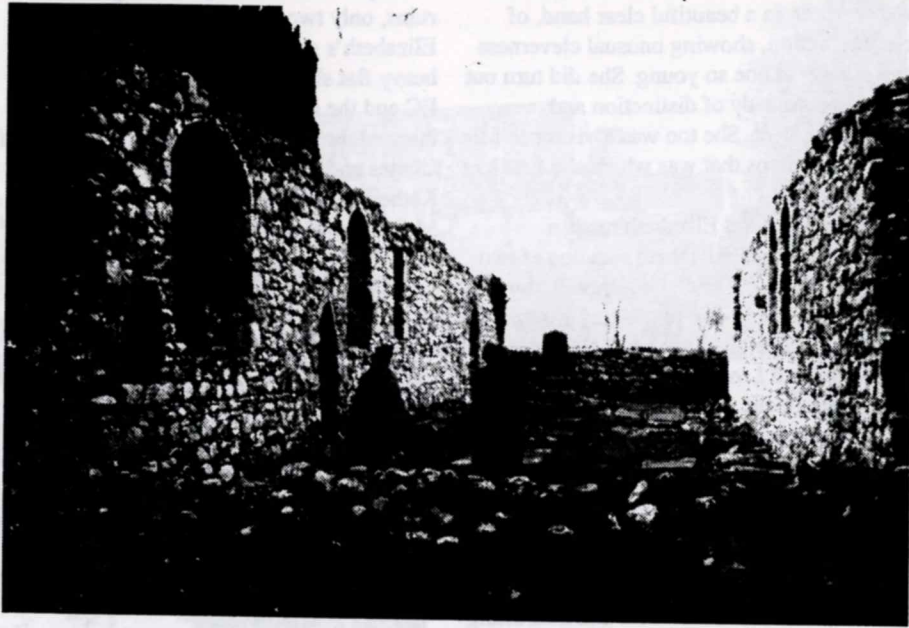
or chapel. The building has long been in ruins, only two walls remain flanking Elizabeth's grave which is covered by a heavy flat slab bearing the initials DC and EC and the inscription "Under this are interred the remains of Duncan Campbell of Clunes and Elizabeth his only child by Katherine, daughter of John Trotter of Mortonhall Esq. He died 23rd January 1766 aged 75. She, 22nd August 1746 aged 24".



5. The Gravestone of Elizabeth & her father, Duncan Campbell

Charles Fraser-Mackintosh wrote that on one of Elizabeth's letters to an aunt, the aunt had pinned a note "Betty Campbell died the 19th August 1746". Barevan is now a lonely spot two miles from Cawdor. The few remaining houses beside the little church have recently been removed. When we visited the





6. The graves in the ruins of the Barevan Church yard

site last year the graveyard was tidy and on Elizabeth's grave was a faded wreath, showing that someone was still aware of her place in our Highland past.

This is a story which should long remain a firm part of our Clan's lore. We should not forget this ill-fated and tragic young couple. We can speculate on what might have been had Prince Charlie not set out on his disastrous venture to restore his father to the throne of Great Britain, or had the Mackintoshes followed the lead of their Chief and stood aside from the Rising. It might all have been so different; and perhaps MacGillivray's would still be prominent in Strathnairn.

Two questions remain with me. Why were Alexander's younger brother, latterly well off, and his nephew, a very wealthy

Highland landowner, content for over a century to leave Alexander's final resting place at Petty unmarked and unrecognised? Perhaps they had their reasons. Secondly, why, following Alexander's death, were none of the boys (almost 20 of them) born to males in the immediate family given his name - save the Indian son of his cousin Lachlan, who was to become the famous chief of the Creek nation. Perhaps it was the Highland way. We will never know. Yet still, Alexander remains foremost in the traditions of his Clan and by keeping him there we pay him the proper respect and honour that he is due. In doing so, we should also remember young Elizabeth Campbell, whose heart was broken as surely as have been those of so many Highlanders, and MacGillivrays, of the diaspora.

*Robert Mc Gillivray*

## MY LIFE STORY

*by Ian Mac Gillivray-Elder*

It is not given to everybody to be able to write his own obituary. Recently, our Hon. Secretary, David suggested that I write my life story. For what purpose, I asked myself? Then it occurred to me that perhaps I wasn't looking too well, and that my successor as editor of "Clan MacGillivray" would need this information in case of my sudden demise!

I can sympathise with this — Often when I have had to compose a fitting valedictory to a departed member I have had to face the fact that, outside the activities of the Society, I knew relatively little about the life of the deceased. I trust that this will relieve my successor of this burden!

A full life story would occupy several pages so I'll only mention a brief outline. I was born in Maitland on 5th July 1918 and commenced school at the East Maitland Public School in 1923. My father was a draughtsman with the Lands Department and was constantly transferred to country branches, so there followed a succession of schools; Wickham, Hamilton, Moree, Cammeray and finally the Manly Intermediate High School. My mother was a grand-daughter of Donald MacGillivray who arrived from the Isle of Skye in the barque 'Ontario' in 1852.

On leaving school I went to sea as a deck-boy in the trans-Tasman liner 'Wanganella'. During a cruise to Noumea, New Caledonia, at the tender age of 17, I met the young lady who became my wife four years later; a marriage which has endured through bad times and good and has produced three children and ten grand-children — all members of our Society.

As is usual with seamen, a succession of ships, under various flags followed, and I sailed to most of the countries of the world. In all, I led a fairly adventurous life, though not always a pleasant one. I spent a fair bit of time, penniless, 'on the beach' in foreign ports. I became involved with the Spanish Civil War. My shipmates were men of just about all nationalities — some sterling characters and others absolute villains. But there were certain highlights, for instance, in Denmark I met and conversed with, quite informally, King Christian X, and Crown Prince Frederick, who later ascended the throne.

On the outbreak of war I enlisted in the Army, but having been a merchant seaman — a reserved occupation — I was kicked out and made to return to the Merchant Navy. However, I left this service soon after and enlisted in the Royal Australian Navy, only to

Dear David,

Stick the attached statement in a drawer somewhere until you need it. You can fill in the date!

The cover note from Ian MacGillivray-Elder to David McGillivray with this article.

be discharged after a few years as physically unfit. I then became a ship's officer with the United States Army Transportation Corps and served in the campaign against Japan in the islands to our north.



8. This photo, from the "Express Advocate", shows Ian in his uniform as an officer of the U.S. Navy

After the war I joined the Commonwealth Public Service, during which time I went back to night school, matriculated and went on to study philosophy, psychology and history as major subjects at Sydney University.

After a life of outdoor activity, I found the Public Service very dull and unrewarding. Those people who think public servants spend their lives in nothing more demanding than filling in forms and drinking gallons of tea will probably not believe me when I say it can be most stressful. After a series of heart attacks, I was pensioned out in 1976, with an estimated life expectancy of only another ten years.

But my retirement opened up a host of new interests — the foremost of which by far,

after a visit to Scotland, was the formation, with the late John Duncan MacGillivray, of the Clan MacGillivray Society and the editorship of its Journal.

This activity, plus a part-time job as a doorman with an RSL Club to supplement my meagre superannuation pension, seemed to have pumped new blood into my fragile veins, and I confounded my doctors by surviving until 29th July, 1995 when I finally conked out.

I know that I leave the Society, and this Journal, in good hands. I am confident that our Society will grow from strength to strength, and, if I can lay claim to any worthwhile achievement in my life it surely must be in my part in its establishment.

My regret is that I must now say goodbye to all our good friends and kinsfolk to whom I feel I owe a great debt in having prolonged my life to this point.

I hope to see you all again soon!

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## LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF CLAN MACGILLIVRAY SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

Dear David,

I read Newsletter No.12 with interest until I came to the "Kirkin' o' the Tartans" when I was sorry to see another repeat of the myth of the origin of this service"

Visitors to Scotland often express surprise when they discover this ceremony is virtually unknown here. It is not one that we hold and it is only celebrated by expatriate Scots in other lands. I believe it was instigated by the Rev. Peter Marshall in Washington, USA, during the Second World War; but I may be wrong. I have never attended such a service myself but I just missed one in New Zealand a few years ago. I saw a note of that service where it was explained that it came about because Scots in their new lands wished to commemorate their

origins in some way. They chose to do so with tartan as a tangible and unifying symbol. That seems to me to be highly commendable and a valuable way of handing on love of homeland to succeeding generations.

What I don't like is the story concocted to justify the use of tartan. It strikes me as akin to the event, dreamt up some years ago by an Edinburgh hotelier holding a charity fun day, of haggis hurling; something he thought could be indulged in by the whole family. Good - until it is taken seriously! Then it makes a mockery of tradition.

That the wearing of tartan was banned by Act of Parliament in 1747 is fact. But the ban only applied to men and boys! If Highlanders had wanted to take their tartan to church they could have dressed up their womenfolk. Do we really think that Highlanders who braved enemy fire at Culloden (and I mean

Highlanders who fought on either side) would resort to carrying little scraps of cloth around secretly? They could have joined a Highland regiment and worn it proudly. The MacGillivray Chief and many of his clansmen did. Further, many of the people lived in remote areas where enforcement of the ban would have been extremely difficult. No; this myth does not stand up to scrutiny.

By all means let us have the service to honour Scots tradition if we wish. Let us not then dishonour it by making up silly stories!

With best wishes,

*Robert MacGillivray*

*This would seem to be an appropriate time for us to include some of the actual wording of the Act, and also the proclamation which followed its repeal some 36 years later. &*

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## THE ACT

*That from and after the First Day of August, 1747, no man or boy within that part of Great Britain called Scotland, other than such as shall be employed as Officers and Soldiers of His Majesty's Forces, shall on any pretext whatever, wear or put on the clothes, commonly called Highland clothes (that is to say) the Plaid, Philabeg, or little kilt, Trowse, Shoulder-Belts, or any part whatever of what peculiarly belongs to the Highland Garb; and that no tartan or party-coloured plaid or stuff shall be used for Great coats or upper coats, and if any such person shall presume after the first said day of August, to wear or put on the aforesaid garments or any part of them, every person so offending....shall be liable to be transported to any of His Majesty's plantations beyond the seas, there to remain for the space of seven years.*

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## THE REPEAL

The Act of Abolition was repealed by the Government obtaining the King's assent of 1st July, 1782. In the North there was great rejoicing. A proclamation was issued in Gaelic and English which announced as follows:

*"Listen men. This is bringing before all the Sons of Gael, that the King and Parliament of Britain have forever abolished theact against Highland Dress; which came down to the Clans from the beginning of the world to the year 1746. This must bring great joy to every Highland Heart. You are no longer bound down to the unmanly dress of the Lowlander. This is declaring to every Man, young and old, simple and gentle, that they may after this put on and wear the Truis, the Little Kilt, the Coat, and the Striped Hose, as also the Belted Plaid, without fear of the Law of the Realm or the spite of the enemies".*

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## DELIVER UP YOUR ARMS!

Following the 1715 and lesser known 1719 Jacobite rebellions, the Parliament passed a Disarming Act making it illegal for highlanders to carry or conceal in their dwellings weapons of war. A proclamation was sent to each clan advising them to deliver up their arms on a given date. General George Wade, the famous road and bridge builder, was sent to carry out the administration of the Act and if you had been living on Mackintosh lands in 1725, the following notice would have applied to you; as it did to all MacGillivray's in those districts.

*"To all of the name of Mackintosh, and their tribes and followers in the parishes of Dunleckty, Doors, Moy, Dallaricie, Croy, and Petty, and to all others of them inhabiting the four parishes of Badenoch - via Inch, Alvy, Kinghuizie, and Laggan, in the shire of Inverness, and to those in the parish of Calder, in the shire of Nairn; by George Wade, Esq., Major-General and Commander-in-Chief of all His Majesty's forces, castles, forts and barracks, in North Britain, & c: In His Majesty's name, and in pursuance of the power and authority to me given by His Majesty under his royal sign manual, by virtue of an Act of Parliament, intituled (sic), an Act for more effective disarming the Highlands in that part of Great Britain called Scotland, and for better securing the peace and quiet of that part of the kingdom, I do*

*hereby strictly require and command you and every one of you on (or before) Saturday, the 18th day of this instant September, to bring or send to Inverness, all your broad-swords, targets, poynards, whinzars, or durks, side pistol or side pistols, guns, or any other warlike weapons, and then and there to deliver up to me, or the Governor of the said town, as is above mentioned, all and singular your arms and warlike weapons for the use of His Majesty, his heirs and successors, and to be disposed of in such manner as His Majesty, his heirs and successors, shall appoint; and by so doing you will avoid the pains and penalties by the said Act directed to be inflicted on all such person or persons who shall presume to refuse or neglect to pay due obedience to the same."*

*"Given under my hand and seal at Inverness this 6th day of September 1725".*

*"(Signed) George Wade"*

*"(Signed) Edmund Burt"*

As the Americans found out in Mogadishu in Somalia, the voluntary Surrender of personal weapons is not a successful operation. The arms confiscated were old, rusty and useless. The working weaponry was hidden to be resurrected and used in the last rebellion in 1745.

*from the newsletter of  
Elan Mackintosh Society of Australia Inc.*

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## TOWN COMES ALIVE

This was the title of a story which appeared in a special V.P. Day 50th anniversary souvenir edition of the Albury Border Mail on 15th August, 1995. The town in question was Tallangatta, now referred to as 'Old Tallangatta' ever since it disappeared under the rising waters of the Hume Reservoir, and it had "come alive" early on 15th August, 1945 because Lillian Hillas (nee McGillivray) had heard the news on the radio.

She downed tools in the family bakery, bolted across the main street and rang the town's fire bell as hard as she could.

"The war's over, the war's over" she shouted as many of the town's 800 residents came running from all around. "I continued to ring it until people started turning up, but no one had a go at me for doing it. They were just so overjoyed that their brothers, fathers and friends would be home soon".

Lil had very good reason to celebrate herself, because one of her brothers, Alick, had been a P.O.W. in Germany before escaping into Switzerland, and her husband, Fred, had been away in the army for almost four years. Their son Peter was born in 1943 on the first anniversary of their wedding, but it was December 1945 before his father was discharged and returned home. Lil had spent the war years delivering bread to their

widespread customers in a car powered by what she referred to as "that stinking, rotten, gas producer". With only four gallons of petrol rationed out each month, the charcoal burning gas producer was an essential, though unpleasant, means of maintaining the family business.

We will let Lil tell her life story in her own words, written in 1988.

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## MY STORY

*by Lil Hillas (nee McGillivray)*

In March 1922 I was born in Albury. My parents had a Bakery and Tea Rooms in old Tallangatta, Victoria but my mother chose to come to Albury for my birth.

When I was six years old, my father died. As he had been ill with cancer for eighteen months prior to his death, the business was left in a bit of trouble.

My uncle, who had come to do the baking while my father was ill, stayed on so that my older brothers could learn the trade from him, and this enabled my mother to carry on the business. She went into the bakehouse herself and did the pastry cooking, following my father's recipes. She was very successful, and her fruit cake, sponges and shortbreads are still remembered by many old residents of Tallangatta and district. She carried on like this for many years until her death at age 73 in 1963.

I well remember how poor we were when my father died. That first Christmas, my mother had to tell my sister and I that there was no Santa Claus - we were 6 and 8 years old at the time. As we were only little girls, it was hard to understand why we only received clothes when the neighbours' children received dolls, prams and other toys; hence our mother having to tell us. Our three brothers, being much older, already knew.

Times were hard during the depression. For one so young, it seemed there was nothing but work, work, work. I remember having to get down on my knees and help scrub the

shop on Saturday afternoons. Then there was the housework; the house adjoined the shop. I scrubbed chairs and cleaned cutlery. There never seemed to be time to play. I noticed this particularly as my school friends went to play basketball. How I would have enjoyed playing with them, but there was no time available for play.

When I turned 11 or 12, I had to leave school each Friday at lunch time. We had tea rooms adjoining the shop; there were customers to serve and dishes to do after, so my mother said I was more use to her in the shop than attending school, where there was only sport or sewing.

Aged 13, I left school, and started doing the town delivery of bread and buns, on a push bike with trailer attached. Old Tallangatta was a very hilly town, so it was quite a heavy job which took four or five hours. Then it was back to help in the shop or bakehouse, wherever I was needed most.

As I grew a little older, perhaps 14 or 15 I longed to go to the pictures; entry was one shilling. My mother couldn't afford this so I approached the people who owned the theatre and asked if I could work on the door. I was given the job - no pay, but at least I saw the pictures. It amazed me that many people who went regularly to the pictures, often owed my mother quite large amounts like (30.0.0 for bread. They would only pay (1.0.0 off the account yet they always had money for picture tickets.



9. McGillivray's Bakery at Old Tallangatta in 1941

About this time, my brother Bob who was the baker - my brothers Alick and Don having taken jobs away from home - developed appendicitis. Don came home and helped out only as long as necessary, then I had to help Bob make the dough. This entailed bending over the dough trough - there were no machines in those days. Bob started back too soon after the operation, which a lot of people were forced to do in those days.

At 16, I got my driver's licence. The age to be granted a licence was 18. My sister, Lillian Caroline was two years older than me and she had failed to get hers. It was fortunate that I had the name Lillian Jean so I went to a town about 50 miles away where Alick worked and it was granted to me in my sister's name. No such proof as birth certificate was required in those days. Thus I was able to drive out on country deliveries after that, as police didn't seem to leave the town area.

January 1939 we had very bad bush fires. All the men were called out to fight the fires. I did many deliveries of food to them and was seen by police often, so when in March, 1940, I turned 18 and wanted to get a licence in my

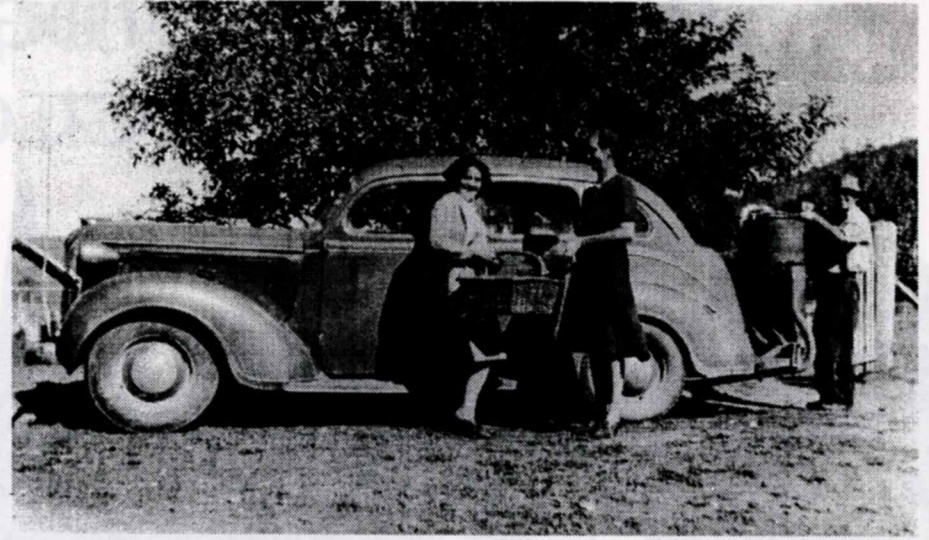
own name, I went to the police station with my brother Bob who still lived at home - not Alick who had accompanied me the first time I went for a licence. The policeman said to me, "I thought you had your licence". When I told him that someone had to deliver food to the fire fighters, he just grunted, but put me through a very severe test. He couldn't fault me so had to pass me for a licence.

Meanwhile my sister used my first licence obtained in her name and didn't go for another test in her lifetime.

Officially now I had my licence so did country deliveries of bread and buns all week. Then, as war progressed, petrol rationing was introduced, so we had a gas producer fitted to our panel van. It wasn't easy, but it got the deliveries done.

One day when I was out in the panel van, I had the misfortune to have an accident. The steering rod broke and I went over an eight foot culvert and wrecked the van. Luckily, I was not badly hurt, only hit both my knees. Later on the gas producer was connected to a sedan car and I continued to do deliveries.

In 1942 I was married. My husband being in the army, I still lived with my mother



10. Lil delivers a basket of bread to customers, Minnie and Clarry Hegarty, while Clarrie tops up her Gas Producer.



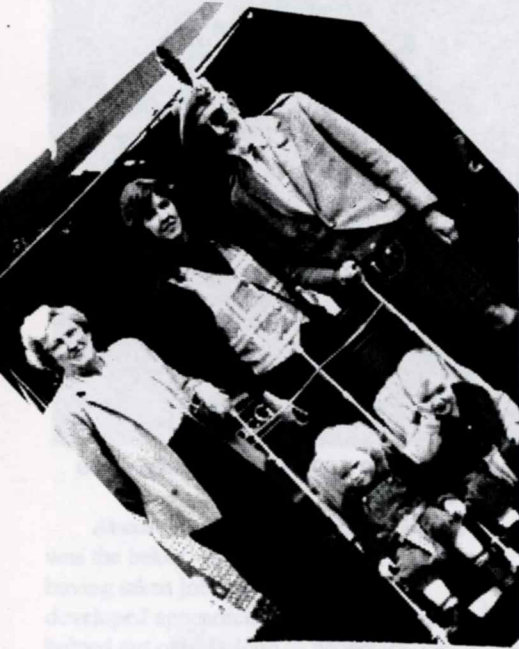
11. Caroline Brown, nee McGillivray, with Peter Hillas (Lil & Fred's son) and a friend.

till my husband was discharged in December, 1945. I continued to work in the business even after we moved into a flat. Our son was

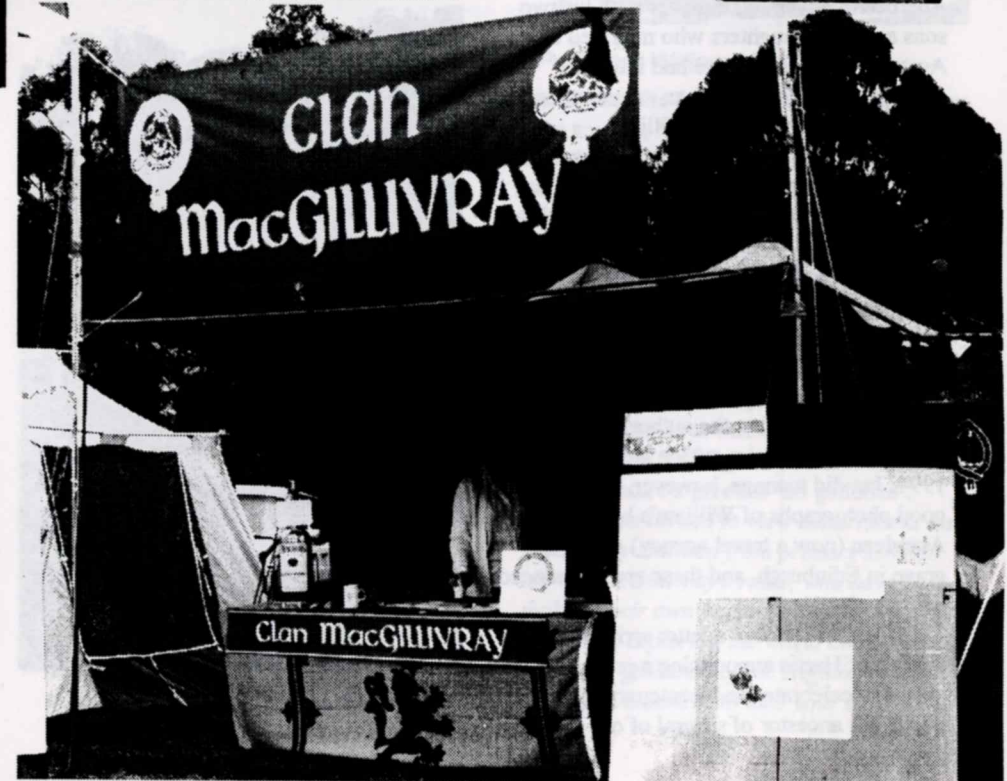
two years old by this time.

My husband worked on his father's farm when first discharged. We built our own home

# RINGWOOD HIGHLAND CARNIVAL, VICTORIA, 1996



Clockwise from the top —  
Some members getting ready for the March of the Clans;  
Secretary David McGillivray with Heather and son, Colin;  
Our new banners, made and donated by Robert Bruce Carver;  
Anne Hurley & Euan McGillivray with daughter, Mary Hurley McGillivray;  
New members Robert & Angela McGillivray with children, Christie & Lachlan;  
Leila, Jane & Peter McGillivray with Jane's twins, James & Claire.



and increased our family with three daughters by 1950. Then in 1953, we sold our home and bought a mixed business in Albury where we both worked for 8 years. The land our business was on was taken over, together with the Carlton Hotel next door and the Travelodge Motel was built on these sites.

After that we lived privately but again I went to work at a Bakery, going to work at 3:00 a.m. to pack orders for early delivery to the shops. Kept this up for 4 years, then changed to packing frozen foods; peas, beans and mixed vegetables etc. into small quantities for sale. When that business changed hands and ceased packing, I was without a job for a couple of weeks.

My next job was Tea Lady with the Albury Wodonga Development Corporation, where I worked for 8 years. During this time, my husband died suddenly of a heart attack. I continued working for some time and eventually retired from the work force in 1983.

Living alone doesn't mean I am lonely. I have interests in Laurel Club of Albury Legacy, V.I.E.W. Club which works for the Smith Family and CWA all of which make for a fulfilling retirement.

Also, I now have eight grandchildren to keep my interest in the family with visits and holidays.

## HIGHLAND FESTIVAL HONOURS WILLIAM MacGILLIVRAY: 1796-1852

Readers may feel that we have already given quite enough space in earlier numbers of this Journal to Professor William of Aberdeen University, together with his two sons and four daughters who migrated to Australia, and indeed, we had intended moving on in this issue to an examination of his grandson, also named William.

However, we make no excuse for once again giving Professor William some space, since 1996 is the bi-centenary of his birth in 1796.

Firstly, last September, one of his great-granddaughters, Jan Baden, wrote to tell us of her then recent trip to Scotland, during which she had unsuccessfully attempted to meet up with Dr Bob Ralph of Aberdeen University, the author of the Professor's biography, which we reviewed in 1994. Jan did manage, however, to obtain good photographs of William's birthplace in Aberdeen (now a travel agency) and of his grave in Edinburgh, and these are reproduced below.

Then, in October a letter arrived from the Isle of Harris announcing a program of events to celebrate the bicentenary of the illustrious ancestor of several of our

Australian members, not only Jan Baden but at least also Carol Tebbutt and Kay Barnett.



12. Professor William MacGillivray's grave in Edinburgh



### 13. The birthplace in Aberdeen of Professor William MacGillivray

One of the main events planned for 1996 is the MacGillivray Exhibition, which will feature 250 paintings by this highly talented wildlife artist, that have never before been exhibited. This will open in Stormaway on Lewis, move to Aberdeen and finally on to the National History Museum in London at year's end for six months, before ultimately going to the USA.

Then too, there took place what was styled 'The MacGillivray Walk', this being the major theme of the First Annual Highland Festival, held between Friday 24th May and Saturday 8th June. The program was described in the colourful Festival brochure in the following words:

"We have joined forces with our colleagues in the Western Isles to celebrate the bicentennial of the birth in 1796 of William MacGillivray, Scotland's forgotten genius in the field of 19th century natural

history and the father of Scottish ornithology. As a student, MacGillivray regularly walked to and from Harris and Aberdeen during which he kept a journal and made exquisite drawings from nature. The Highland Festival is providing a modern interpretation of his travels, with local walks where he broke his journey and talks given by artists of today - writers, musicians, painters and sculptors - whose work is closely linked to Scotland's natural heritage and wildlife or is informed by the light, sounds or sense of place: the landscapes of the Highlands and Islands offer some of nature's greatest 'art galleries'.

*You are invited to view the artworks and writings by children from primary schools along MacGillivray's route, who have been making their own paper, collecting natural fibres and exploring the world around them under the guidance of the Highland artist Joanne O'Donnell; to take your children to*

the Royal Bank Storybus; to hear daily performances by one of Scotland's foremost pipers, Duncan MacGillivray; to walk through different landscapes, guided by expert rangers; to hear a specially commissioned new work by Harris composer, Piers Hellawell; to share in talks and to attend performances on a journey that is the Highland Festival".

The stopping points along 'the walk', where the organised performances, displays etc took place were at Aberdeen, Fochabers, Forres, Inverness, Beauly, Kinlochewe, Poolewe, Stormoway and finally Tarbet in Harris. How appropriate that the official piper for the Highland Festival on this occasion was Duncan MacGillivray of Calrossie.

14. Right — Distinguished Piper, Duncan MacGillivray of Calrossie



## TOURING THIS GREAT COUNTRY

Heather and I have enjoyed touring our great country, especially the 'outback' for over 25 years. So, what led us to take three months off and go again now rather than wait till we retired. Seeing many of my workmates suffer from ill health shortly after retiring, a penalty we pay as a result of having irregular meals and sleeping pattern from working night shift for over thirty-five years, and the loss of a brother recently, prompted us to do it now - when you turn fifty it makes you realise that life is very short.

After months of preparation we set off on 1st July 1995, a wet and windy day in our six year old Nissan sedan with our faithful old Jayco camper under tow, our home for three months measuring just 12' long and 7' wide.

We travelled 21,500 kilometres, with 1,800 of that being on dirt roads, often badly corrugated and full of 'bull dust' and covered a great deal of far north Queensland, the Gulf

country and the Northern Territory.

At first we thought that three months would be too long away from the family but the time went so fast that we could have done with another month.

Some of the many highlights included visiting the site of the Japanese P.O.W. camp at Cowra, and the towns of Gulgong, which was on our ten dollar note, and Dunedoo, mentioned so many times on Australia's number one Sunday radio show, 'Macca' on ABC. The 'burning mountain' near Scone was different - a seam of coal burning below the surface was first discovered in 1828, and the smoke still filters up through cracks in the ground to cover the mountain in smoke. We revisited Carnarvon Gorge (a well kept secret), having been there the previous year, and this time we managed to complete a 23 kilometre hike, patted young joeys as their heads popped out of Mum's pouch and for the

*by David Mc Gillivray*

first time saw a number of platypuses. It's a rather isolated spot and campers can become trapped with no warning when the creeks become impassable. On the rough road out we came across and helped a couple of stranded motorists, both were about 200 kilometres away from the closest small town.

Wandering cattle from the unfenced properties as well as the native wildlife can be a real problem driving up the top end - the bulls can be the size of a small truck and think they own the road.

We visited friends in Alpha to help celebrate a 50th birthday and their wedding anniversary. Alpha is a town where you order your milk and bread one day in advance, crumpets must be ordered at least two days in advance.



15. David & Heather McGillivray

From here we made our way to the coast, enjoyed the scenery and free camping at Cape Hillsborough. From Airlie Beach we visited South Molle (our favourite), Daydream and Hook Islands. At Townsville we picked a 'great' caravan park, chose a site at the back away from the highway, only to find the railway line was just metres away. During the

night it seemed as though the trains were running right through our camp site - they sure did wake us up with a great start every hour or so, so we did not stay there too long. The old gold mining town of Ravenswood was well worth the visit - free camp sites with hot showers, Wow! what more could you ask for.

At Mission Beach we set up house right on the foreshore under the coconut trees - no power available but hot showers - it was much better than being packed in like sardines at the so called four star caravan parks. We found a road named McGilvray. Ah, I said, "now here is a story for our next journal", but when our journal caught up with us in Darwin I found that Carol Tebbutt had beaten me to the punch.

We rose at 6 a.m. most mornings to witness the wonderful sunrises. At Cairns we had a ride on the famous Kuranda tourist train that winds it's way up the very steep hills, past wonderful scenery. We did not think much of Pt. Douglas, far too commercialised for us. The road to Cooktown was far better than we thought it would be, we had heard some awful stories about it - there was only 95 kilometres of dirt, although it was slow going at times down to 10 k's rocking over the rough stuff. Cooktown was a most pretty sight, with great coastal scenery, but a windy town. We enjoyed a swim in the Annan river on our return trip - I played it safe though, sent Heather in first to test for crocodiles. From the town of Daintree where the annual rainfall is just five metres, we visited Cape Tribulation, truly a magnificent part of our country where the rain forest comes right down to the foreshore.

On the way to visit the caves at Chillagoe, we visited a marble mine, and passed a small settlement of about 10 homes, named 'Cow Town', probably after the hundreds of cows that were wandering around the place, over the roads, front yards, verandas etc leaving great slippery deposits behind all over the place. At Chillagoe we

camped at the local race course as the so called caravan parks were not to our liking, and here we enjoyed feeding the birds and witnessed another great sunset.

We toured the wonderful lava tubes at Undara, in the middle of no where - here we met two of Heathers friends who were on a working holiday - the lava tubes have to be seen to be believed - large 30 ft. hollow tubes of rock, stretching hundreds of kilometres underground, formed by volcanoes many thousands of years ago. The road in was so badly corrugated, even though we took it easy, it shook up the bottles in the camper fridge so much that they blew their tops off. Beer ran out of the fridge making a red slurry of the 'bull dust' on the floor and seeped under the cupboards etc. Ah! it smelt good for a few days. When cooking tea on the open fire the night we arrived I could not leave the fire as the birds were trying to take the meat right off the hot griddle.

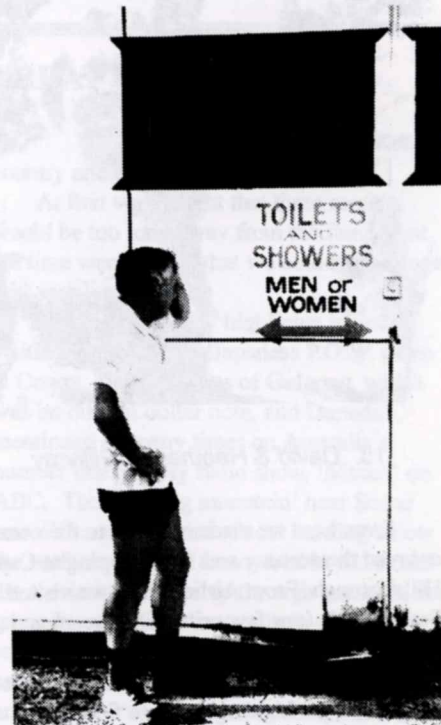
At Normanton we had a ride on the famous gulflander train which runs from Normanton to Croydon and is not connected to the main rail system, the track is over one hundred years old and has not been replaced. Then it was up to Karumba on the gulf, enjoyed a few beers and a great feed of prawns in the unfinished lounge of a restaurant and hotel being built by friends. It is right on the foreshore - an exciting project for the area, being built to the latest cyclone building codes. The town is often cut off from the outside world during the wet season.

In Cloncurry we visited the local cemetery to record information on the McGillivrays buried there. We drove 80 kilometres out the back of Camooweal on a very rough track to see some caves, only to find out that we had to abseil down fifty feet to gain entry, so we gave that a miss but we did enjoy a wonderful evening camped on a billabong watching the cattle, birds and wildlife come in for a drink. Our only neighbours camped 150 yards away, were a German couple touring Australia on two large BMW motor bikes. German tourists all seem

to head for the outback, either in four wheel drive campers or in an old Kingswood.

The Japanese tourists mainly stick to the coastal cities, although we did stop to say g'day to one Japanese pedalling up a long hill on a very hot day between Katherine and Darwin - his face sure did light up when we offered him a container of iced water, he had pedalled from Brisbane.

It was up in this part of the country where we met the most road trains, great big monsters fifty metres long, with 62 wheels pumping out what seemed like tons of 'bull dust' - when passing them on the narrow roads, it was a matter of stopping pulled to the side of the road and let them go, on the dirt sections it was just impossible to see once they had passed. 62 tyres! Just imagine buying a new set - a little outside my budget I think.



16. David wonders which way to go in Daily Waters

Mataranka thermal pools, what a wonderful oasis, the water is a constant 34 deg all year - it was nice swimming late at night with the aid of torch light. The historic town of Newcastle Waters was full of history on the old stock routes and the drovers. The old pub at Daly Waters was different - over the years, ladies have donated their underwear and it now adorns the rafters and walls - it had a refreshing pool which gave all guests a chance to mingle and chat, all enjoyed a few beers and the odd whisky with their great meal of barramundi. The hot water was supplied by an old 'donkey' and the only shower block was unisexed, first in best dressed.

Great colonies of noisy bats lived in the trees that lined the river near the very nice caravan park than we stayed in at Katherine.

Did a tour of the famous Katherine River gorges but next time we will take air mattresses and paddle up the gorges on our own. Between Katherine and Darwin we visited a couple of old WWII airfields, we were surprised at the good condition they were in - rumour has it they are still used today by drug runners.

Spent a bit of time in the small town of Larrimah, learning a lot of it's history. Once a very large rail head and staging camp during the war. It's interesting to note that servicemen stationed in Darwin were declared as being in a war zone, so being entitled to many benefits, while those men stationed a couple of hundred kilometres south missed out on these benefits, yet the living conditions were much worse for them.

Litchfield National Park, - ah! what a place, spent a couple of nights there and enjoyed swimming in the pools and underneath the high waterfalls.

We enjoyed a week in Darwin, recharging our batteries, cleaning, stocking up on supplies and doing a few running repairs, the camper stove had come off its mounting three times and required attention.

From Darwin it was out to Kakadu, many tourists call it "Kaka-don't" as they were disappointed with how far they had to travel

to see things - but we thoroughly enjoyed the experience, although we did not like the \$15 a head park entry fee. The art sites and spectacular sunset at Ubirr are something not to be missed. We did a 'yellow waters' boat cruise and took a light plane ride over the area - now we would like to revisit the place in the wet season.

It was at Jabiru that we encountered the dearest fuel prices, gas was 62 c.p.l. and petrol 92 c.p.l. On our way south we camped overnight on a creek called 'Attack Creek' so named as it was at this point that Stuart and his party were attacked by aborigines on the 15th June 1860, forcing their return to Adelaide. We also stayed overnight at the Devils Marbles, just south of Tennant Creek, spent a couple of hours climbing over them, marvelling at the sight.

To some the road south is boring; it's flat and uninteresting unless you take the time to stop and really take it all in - the average distance between civilisation and fuel stops was 250-300 kilometres.

Stopped to have our photo's taken at the geographical dead centre of Australia. Alice Springs has changed a lot since our last visit in 1978. We took a tour on the old 'Ghan' tourist train and visited the nearby trucking Hall of Fame, of interest to us as my sister, Jean and her husband Jack operated the very first regular weekly freezer van service from Adelaide to Alice Springs in the days of the 'dirt track' that they called a highway. The road was called 'Jacks Track' by other truckies. They could write a book on their experiences over the years, like when he was bogged for 28 days in the middle of nowhere between Pimba and Marree.

Ninety kilometres east of Alice lies the old ghost town of Arltunga a most interesting historic place where we enjoyed a whole day poking around. After visiting such places as Ormiston Gorge, Flynn's grave, Simpsons Gap, Red Bank Gorge, we headed for Kings Canyon about 480 k's south of Alice and 270 kilometres in from the Stuart Highway. We did not make it to Kings Canyon that night so camped overnight in the middle of nowhere,





17. David & Heather's "Home on Wheels" in the Outback, near Kings Canyon

enjoyed a great meal cooked on the open fire, we were spell bound by the sunset and during the night a couple of Dingos visited the camp. Next morning we were up to see the sunrise and being Sunday we tuned into our favourite man on radio, 'Macca'. After a hearty breakfast we packed up and got the wheels turning once again, arriving at the canyon at 10 a.m. and started our 3½ hour, six kilometre walk around the rim top, it was steep going for the first ½ hour, the sights are hard to describe, if you get the chance - go. There are sheer drops of over 300 ft. - I actually crawled out and dangled my feet over the edge - silly!.

The next day saw us climbing 'The Rock' (we also did it in 1978 with a very young family) on a very windy day which made it a little frightening. We had forgotten just how steep it was but we both made it to the very top - a great experience with a sense of achievement. On the top we met a railway mate of mine from Bendigo, so we all sat down, rang family members on the mobile phone, and recovered our strength for the climb down, which is no mean feat either. We

don't think we shall do it again.

Stayed overnight at Coober Pedy, still a fairly rough sort of a town, but interesting. Getting close to Adelaide we stopped overnight at Pt. Germain to tidy up and rest a little as we had covered a lot of miles in the past couple of days - lots of interesting local history in Pt. Germain.

Sister Jean, put us up in grand style for a couple of days - gee! We had armchairs to relax in, what a luxury. Then it was onto Red Cliffs in northern Victoria to visit my mum who is still going strong at 83 years, and more of the family.

Ah! but all good things must come to an end they say, so it was back to Melbourne to unpack, clean up, catch up on all the family gossip - some of our friends are amazed that Heather and I could spend so much time together in such confined conditions and arrive home still married and talking to each other - but just can't wait till we do it again - if any of you get the chance to go - do it, now, you will never regret it.

*David McGillivray*

## OUR TRANSPORT ENGINEER

Those who have attended our last few annual gatherings in Victoria know what a fine Master of Ceremonies is Bill McGillivray of Greensborough, who uses his community radio skills to the full.

In real life, Bill is an engineer with Metrail and he has recently been credited with the successful coordination of two major operations for the Victorian Public Transport Corporation. The first of these was the installation of a new railway/tramway square at Glenhuntingly, which is designed to give both tram and train commuters a better ride, and this job was described in the PTC newsletter 'Turning Point' of 21st September, 1995 as follows:

During a 46-hour exercise, the centre and down train tracks and both tram tracks were removed and a new crossing installed.

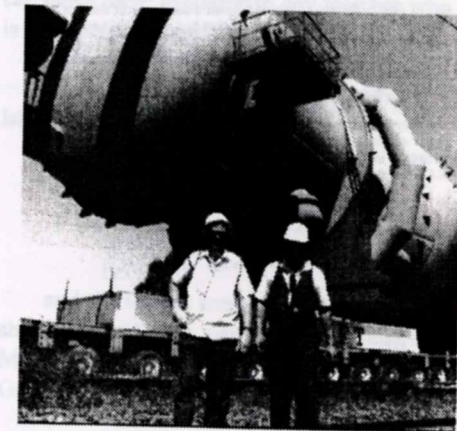
Infrastructure Planning and Coordination Manager, Bill McGillivray, said a feature of the new crossing is rubber strips on either side of the rails on all four tracks. "This is the first time we have used these special rubber strips," Bill said. "They will give road users a better ride and should reduce maintenance requirements". Bill said the crossing was installed in two sections. "The crews poured 85 metres of concrete to set up a base on the Saturday and after that had set overnight, we placed the road pavings and reconnected the tram and train tracks the next day," he said. Because of this new foundation and design of the steelworks, the speed over the new crossing will be increased, giving our customers a better service. "We excavated to a depth of half-a-metre below the rail track to install the base". "It's been a big exercise, taking two years in design and fabrication".

Now, in March 1996, Bill was coordinator for the PTC of a project which involved the slow movement by road of an 850 tonne catalytic converter from Williamstown Dockyard to the Mobil refinery at Altona, necessitating the crossing of a busy

railway line at Kororoit Creek Road. The converter, designed to reduce dust and noise levels at the refinery, was 15 metres high, 12 metres wide and 120 metres long as it crawled along the road and was said to look like something out of a science fiction thriller.

The whole exercise had taken eighteen months of planning. "Overhead wiring and signal equipment had to be removed or relocated and a stable flat roadway of crushed rock and cement laid over the crossing" Bill said. "Buses replaced trains from 8pm on a Friday and the giant loader passed over the rail line at 3:15pm on Sunday. Work to restore the line began immediately and was completed just in time for the first train on Monday".

Congratulations, Bill!



18. Bill McGillivray and John Cadzow are dwarfed by the 850-tonne catalytic converter as it approaches the Kororoit Creek Road crossing.

## BOOK REVIEW

### "Touch Not This Cat"

In 1992, under the heading "An Antipodean looks at links, past and present". Trevor McGillivray gave us a brief history of four generations of his family in New Zealand from 1859 onwards, and their origins in Scotland back to 1785.

## TOUCH NOT THIS CAT



This book covers the long and varied life of Trevor McGillivray whose work as journalist and sailor took him from New Zealand to Great Britain, Europe, Australia and Papua New Guinea as well as Japan in the year of the atom bombs. It is not a catalogue of the rich and famous he encountered as a scribe but more an account of experiences, sometimes dangerous, other times humorous, even unwise. Events range from swimming in alligator-infested waters to experiences as the oldest seaman boy on the Australian coast. Much of this is linked to contemporary events ranging from unemployed riots to a royal funeral, and ghost hunting in the north of England. The author's 12 years in broadcasting in Papua New Guinea covers much of interest in the development of Australia's nearest Pacific neighbour in the years preceding independence in 1975. He has lived in Canberra since leaving Papua New Guinea in 1973.

Available from the author  
Trevor McGillivray, 9 Chillagoe Street, Fisher ACT 2611  
Telephone (06) 260 1515  
Price \$20 including postage

We were very interested to learn that Trevor's great grandfather, Robert, was a younger brother of the lawyer, William, Writer to the Signet, who became an author of note in his later years, and thus Trevor's connection to a family whose members also included notable diplomats, soldiers, ministers of religion, and other lawyers. That article also lead to the realisation, by descendants on both sides, that another of Robert's brothers was George, the prominent grazier and drover of Cloncurry fame, whose pioneering journeys have been regularly

referred to in this Journal, and whose son and grandson were to become distinguished medical practitioners and naturalists in this country.

Now, using the above mentioned article as a foundation for his first chapter, Trevor has recorded for his family the highlights and some low spots of a full and interesting life, publishing what is virtually his autobiography under the eye-catching title, "Touch Not This Cat". A 204 page book, bound in colours of deep red and yellow, with our impressive Highland Wild Cat on the cover, and a title like that, is sure to appeal to members as an impressive addition to their bookshelves. Trevor has led an interesting and varied life, and he has not hesitated to write of his shortcomings as well as his successes.

For purely personal reasons, the latter part of Trevor's working life was of most interest to me, because his descriptions of his experiences in Papua New Guinea reminded me vividly of the extensive travels that I made throughout that fascinating country on a series of business visits just a year or so prior to his arrival there.

*P. M. S.*

## DOWER HOUSE OFFER DECLINED

Readers will recall last year's item on the offer by Sir Jack Hayward, present owner of our Clan's ancestral chiefly estate of Dunmaglass in Stratherrick, to lease to the Clan the abandoned Mains or Dower House for use, after renovation, as a possible Clan Centre and holiday accommodation.

After careful consideration, the Clan's Commissioners agreed that we are not in a position, financially or organisationally, to take on such a project, and the offer was declined with regret and thanks.

*P. M. S.*

## IMPROVING RACE RELATIONS

Here is what one resident of the Sydney suburb of Mosman thought about the annual Highland Gathering in Rawson Park:-

*"As an Englishman by birth, I was brought up to believe that the only good thing to come out of Scotland was the road to England. The truth of this was confirmed last Sunday morning when a noise similar to what I imagine 5000 cats being skinned alive would make, emanated from Rawson Oval down to the tennis courts. So deafening was the racket that I didn't hear my doubles opponent of some 25 years call my best shot of the day, which was clearly in, thus denying me the pleasure of my weekly insults about*

*the rapid deterioration of his eyesight. Why does Mosman Council allow such an atrocious high level of noise pollution from barbaric and primitive Celtic non-musical instruments to ruin other residents' Sunday morning sleep-ins and weekly tennis rituals? My ancestors built a wall across the width of England to keep the Celts out - Mosman Council should do the same. I suggest they take their noise festival to a more suitably named suburb - like Campbelltown.*

*Yours, Brian Wilder"*

It seems we made Mr. Wilder wilder than usual!

## The 2<sup>nd</sup> International Gathering of Clan MacGillivray, — Inverness — July, 1997

Commencing with registration on the afternoon of Monday, 28<sup>th</sup> July, the rest of the week will be filled with visits to many places of historical and sentimental interest to our Clan, concluding on the evening of Friday, 1<sup>st</sup> August, with a farewell ceilidh.

The whole gathering is being organised by U.K. Commissioner, Ishbel McGillivray-McGregor, who estimates that £200 per person will cover all coach transport, admission fees, events and meals. She is anxious to commence booking of accommodation immediately, either B and B or in hotels, because it is such a busy time of the year.

Commissioner Peter has copies of an advance booking form, draft itinerary etc. and can make these available to any member who is considering attending.

Members may also care to note that Ishbel's home address is:

*'Dyunmaglash'*  
Myrtlefield Lane  
Westhill  
Inverness, IV1 2BP  
Scotland.

and she wishes members to know that she would welcome visits from Australian McGillivrays at any time, not only for the Gathering.

### Members Please Note: —

Annual Membership fees are due on 24th November, 1996  
\$13 family — \$10 single

Please send details & cheque or postal note to Hon. Sec.  
David McGillivray, PO Box 223 SEAFORD, Victoria, 3198.

# CLAN MCGILLIVRAY SOCIETY - AUSTRALIA

## 21st Annual Gathering

**Sunday, 24th November, 1996**

hosted by Shirley McGillivray  
& Simone McG. Elder  
at COMMUNITY HALL, DOREE  
PLACE, DORA CREEK, NSW  
(only 2 minutes walk from  
Dora Creek Railway Station)



The Hall will be open from 10am to 6pm.

Bring a plate to share in the community lunch  
and BYO drinks - Tea & Coffee provided

*R.S.V.P.* - Shirley McGillivray  
11 Douglas Strett  
DORA CREEK, NSW, 2264  
☎ (049) 733 986.

*Note - There is plenty of motel accomodation available nearby.*



20. 1995 Raffle winner,  
John McGillivray of Bendigo

# SORAIÐH

## SORAIÐH - Lt. Cdr. Lachlan R.D. MacKintosh

The late Lt. Cdr. Lachlan R.D. Mackintosh of Mackintosh, OBE.LL. RN(Retd.) 30th Chief of Clan Mackintosh.

On the 26th December 1995, we were saddened to learn of the death that morning, at the age of 67, of our good friend Lachlan Mackintosh, who had suffered from a severe kidney disorder for the past year. He was buried at historic Daviot churchyard on 30th December after a private family funeral, and then a packed St. Andrews Cathedral in Inverness was the scene for an impressive memorial service for this distinguished clansman.

Royal Naval College in Dartmouth and had a distinguished career which saw him appointed Flag Lieutenant to the First Sea Lord in 1951, later becoming a Lieutenant Commander. Specialising in communications, he saw much sea service in destroyers and cruisers before serving on the Royal Yacht Britannia as Royal Signals Officer, and then retired from the navy in 1963 to better manage the Mackintosh estates based on Moy Hall. From that time on he played a large and important part in public life, serving on Inverness County Council, the Highland Regional Council as Chairman of Road and Transport Committee, and latterly as Lord Lieutenant of Inverness, Lochaber, Badenoch and Strathspey which entailed personal duties to any members of the Royal family visiting those areas.

However, it was in his devoted service to his own clan and to the wider Clan Chattan Confederation of 12 closely related clans (including Clan MacGillivray) that we remember him best, as he devoted much time and energy to promoting the Clan Chattan Association both at home and abroad. Both Lachlan and his wife Celia were very popular and hard working guests of the Scottish Australian Heritage Council at their Sydney Scottish Week in 1987, and were keen to meet as many of their own clansfolk as possible. Those of us who have been fortunate enough to join them at Moy Hall during the annual Highland Field Sports Fairs, which he instigated and ran, will remember their hospitality.

Clan MacGillivray members in Australia all extend deepest sympathy to Celia Mackintosh of Mackintosh and her family, and offer our support and good wishes to the new Chief, Lachlan's 26 year old son, John Lachlan.



Among friends and colleagues who gathered were Provost William Fraser and Inverness District Councillors, Highland Regional Councillors, Lord Elgin, Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel (representing the Queen) and Lord Gray of Contin who presented the memorial tribute. Clan MacGillivray was ably represented by Robert McGillivray of Edinburgh, who did one of the readings, and his wife, Pauline.

The Mackintosh was educated at the

*P.M.S.*

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## Soraidh - Duncan MacLeod

One time member of our Society and always a friend and keen supporter of Clan MacGillivray, Duncan passed away some months ago.

He was born in Broadford, Isle of Skye, and came to Australia as a man of the sea, continuing his career as an engineer in coastal shipping.

With the formation of the Scottish Australian Heritage Council (Comhairle Oighreachd Albannach) he contributed strongly to Sydney's Scottish Week and other

events, and as editor of the Council's regular newsletter he left readers in no doubt of his enthusiasm and sometimes controversial views. Above all, Duncan was very interested in the promotion and teaching of his native language, Scottish Gaelic, and he coordinated the broadcasting of Gaelic from Sydney on SBS until his death, as well as editing "An Teachdaire Gaidhealach" for several years.

Duncan is survived by his widow, Flora, to whom we extend our sympathy.

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## Soraidh: Ian MacGillivray-Elder

5.7.1918 To 29.7.1995

### (from An Address Given At A Service Of Thanksgiving And Commemoration For His Life)

"Simone, Keith, Bruce, Astrid, Relatives and Friends of Ian MacGillivray Elder.

I'm speaking to you today as Ian's first cousin. Our mothers were sisters, who came from one of those families, not uncommon in Victorian and Edwardian times, of about a dozen children. Their surname was MacGillivray, a name with various spellings, as Ian once pointed out to me, because the first of them to land in Australia were probably illiterate and not sure of the spelling. On some old music of my mother's she spelt it M-C-G-I-L-V-E-R-Y, but in the event both Ian and I (for I have it for a middle name too) were given the spelling M-A-C-G-I-L-L-I-V-R-A-Y.

The history of the MacGillivray's was to become for Ian almost an obsession and with John MacGillivray he founded the Clan MacGillivray Society in Australia after doing a lot of research in Scotland. He was immensely knowledgeable on the subject.

He was more than a dozen years older

than me and my earliest memory of him - when I was a boy - was when he was sailing the world as a merchant seaman and he posted back to my sister Barbara, from Edinburgh I think it was, her autograph book with a drawing in it that he'd done of Dopey from the film of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, then just out. She'd asked him to sign it and he'd taken it away and he'd written "I cannot think of anything sensible to write in your autograph book so here is something dopey instead". I must say that was just what we would have expected from the son of Uncle Alf, a notable eccentric, some of whose characteristics were no doubt inherited by Ian.

He went to sea in his teens and in Noumea (New Caledonia) met a charming French girl. They corresponded for four and a half years before Simone came to Sydney, and he proposed a number of times before she said "yes". They were married just after war broke out in 1939. This year therefore marks their fifty-sixth year of marriage together.

Simone is one of those people who's helped a great many others, financially and in many ways, and, she says, Ian always made it possible for her to do so, even when he was ill, and indeed even when he was being difficult. I'm not telling tales out of school when I say he could sometimes be a bit of a curmudgeon. The truth is, I suspect, he couldn't have been a MacGillivray without being a bit testy from time to time.

Ian MacGillivray Elder had a distinguished war record. He was able to use his natural skill as an artist to draw maps, first for the army, then the Australian Navy and finally for the American Navy.

When his brother Bruce went down on the Sydney, he was on one of the ships that went to look, unsuccessfully for survivors, a traumatic experience.

After the war Ian worked for the C.E.S.

Then, when he retired, his son Bruce, who'd been serving in Vietnam, told him they needed a doorman at Balgowlah RSL, and he took that on, greeting people with a bonhomie and wit that endeared him to many. Indeed, he stayed there for 11 years, a record!

He was also an indefatigable letter writer to the Sydney Morning Herald and to other papers, exposing nonsenses, and usually amusing readers at the same time.

Seven years ago this week he and Simone moved to Narara. In real retirement now, he listened to the music that gave him so much pleasure and retreated to his study to read and bone up on practically everything under the sun.

Ian, you were a good bloke. We shall miss you. But let us not say goodbye. Like Simone, let us say instead - au revoir."



22. The late Ian MacGillivray-Elder with his wife, Simone

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## Soraidh - Una Saunders,

1923 - 1995

Una was the eldest daughter of Lucy and Malcolm McGillivray of Moonee Ponds, Victoria, and sister of Inez Coulsell.

Having attended Moonee Ponds West State School, Una then worked locally and made many friends in the Essendon younger set through her love of music and dancing. As a volunteer helper at Red Shield House during World War 2, she met Clarrie Saunders, whom she married on 10th April, 1942, and then worked for the Victorian Railways while Clarrie was away on war service.

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Una and Clarrie had six children and, whilst the couple operated a successful family business, she also found time for many other varied interests, as well as gaining much joy from her children and grandchildren. As Inez says, "my sister was a loyal, kind, compassionate and courageous lady, always with a ready smile, and is sadly missed by all who knew her."

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## Soraidh - Judy Hadley

1911- 1996

&

Lucy Manchester 1909 - 1996

Our Clan representative for W.A., Judy Hadley, passed away in May, less than two months after her sister Lucy.

When, in 1988, we needed someone to look after our affairs in W.A., Judy readily volunteered and, whilst we did not need to call on her services very often, she always tackled requests with enthusiasm and commitment, enjoying this link with folk of her mother's clan.

Judy, born 6/3/1911 as Ada Annie Wilson, was the youngest daughter and 7th child of George and Mary Wilson nee McGillivray. Mary, born in Shelford, Victoria, was a daughter of John McGillivray, born at Breakish, Isle of Skye, in 1837 (son of Charles McGillivray and Mary Matheson) and thus she was closely related to many members of our Society.

Judy lived in or near to Cannington W.A. all her life, a centre where her father started and ran a very well known nursery, and of which he was the mayor for 50 years.



23. Judy Hadley & brother, Lincoln Wilson, February 1996

Judy was a keen sportswoman, being actively involved in playing and the administration of swimming, tennis, hockey, badminton and croquet, and she loved dancing and photography. Married in 1937 to George Hadley, they lost their first child, a boy, but then had two daughters, Judith and Sandra, and in later life, her grandchildren and great-grandchildren have been a great pleasure to her. Involved in the inauguration of the Canning District Historical Society, she

served as its President for many years. Judy read widely, enjoyed crossword puzzles and continued a busy lifestyle of community service, even after losing her George in 1985.

A sister of Judy and Lucy, Lily Cook, is still living in Perth, aged 95, and their younger brother, Lincoln, is 81. Clan McGillivray extends deepest sympathy to the families of these two grand ladies.

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## Soraidh - Betty Parker

Our deepest sympathies are extended to Edna Turner and Alma Guest, who's sister, Betty Parker of Heathcote, passed away on 1st September, 1995, just five months after

her husband Ron. Betty was a descendant of John and Sarah McGillivray, who arrived in Australia in 1848 and settled in Yea, Victoria.



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## THE LION RAMPANT

Scottish Week once again brought to mind what I have previously said in this Newsletter, that only Scottish Lord-Lieutenants, the Lord High Commissioner, the Lord Lyon King of Arms, the Secretary of State for Scotland and the King or Queen of Scotland, are legally allowed to fly the Scottish Royal Banner. Yet, every Scottish Week I see the yellow flag with

the red lion being flown by very ordinary mortals. Are they not aware that they could be sentenced to death, since the old penalty for improper use of Royal property has never been abolished!

*extract from  
S.S.V.C. newsletter, April 1995*

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## LINKS WITH EASTERN EUROPE

It is a well known fact that Scots have emigrated to all parts of the world and contributed greatly to the overall development of their adopted homes. Countries in Eastern Europe, such as Poland and Russia, were no exception, and in previous centuries Scottish business and professional folk achieved prominence there. We were reminded of this by a brief item in a recent newsletter of Clan Cameron Aust. Inc., which reported on the 1995 Clan Cameron gathering at Achnacarry, hosted by their Chief, Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel.

One of Lochiel's guests was the Consul-General in Edinburgh for the Russian Federation, Mr Gennady Lazutkin, who proclaimed himself as "The Cameron of Moscow". His justification for this was that

he was engaged in research on the life of a Charles Cameron who became official court architect to Catherine the Great.

Of greater interest to us was the fact that another of those present, a Pole name Tony Papnotny, was resplendent in a full highland dress kilt of MacGillivray tartan, his mother having belonged to our Clan. It was not stated exactly whereabouts in Scotland she came from, but it is possible that she met and married a Polish serviceman, many of who trained in the Highlands after escaping from Poland in the early days of World War Two. Oddly enough, Tony's wife was a Cameron from Elgin, which is quite close to Forres, where my own grandfather was born.

*P.M.S.*

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## RECOLLECTIONS

A year or two ago a day care centre for the elderly in Inverness compiled a little booklet by inviting those attending to set their reminiscences down on paper. The following was contributed by Mary MacGillivray. It refers to the period just after the First World War:

"At the age of 14 I went into service, there was not very much else at that time. My first place I went to was a queer house in Strathpeffer,

I left home with a big trunk and not very much in it. I had to wear a blue dress called a "wrapper" and a white apron. Being in the kitchen I didn't have to wear black and a white apron. I went by train to Dingwall, from Alness, then on to the Strath. Strathpeffer was famed for the mineral water which was supposed to be a cure for rheumatism. Apart from the kitchen I had to help the housemaid with her work, so I was kept on the go all the time from 6 a.m. We had pease brose and syrup for breakfast and tea and scones in the evening. I had to walk two miles for the milk.

The Mistress' brother was the Minister at Fodderty and he kept a cow.

In the busy season, when the house was full, I had to sleep in a shed outside, with a candle for light. I was scared stiff. I often wonder what the kids nowadays would think of that - that was over 70 years ago.

At the end of six months I had to go home with my pay of £6 for the season. I remember there was a rail strike at the time and I had to go home about twenty miles (with my trunk) in a cart called a gig.

I have been in a few places since then - some good and some not so good. I suppose the hard work didn't do me any harm and gave me experience in later life."

The good old days?

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1. **Strathpeffer:** A spa village in Ross-shire, near the foot of Ben Wyvis and then 25 miles by road from Inverness.

2. **Alness:** A village, also in Ross-shire, on the Cromarty Firth.

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