



Clan Munro Australia

Newsletter of the Clan Munro (Association)
Australia

Have you visited our Website at <http://clanmunroassociation.org.au>

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Blether

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Our hearts go out to all those in Queensland and New South Wales who are suffering so much from the horrendous floods. If any of our members have been hurt by the floods, please let Pres Ray know so that we can ease the burden a little by not charging membership fees for this year. Ray's address is on this page.

Our Munro Gypsy is now home but in this issue has reached Esperance and is thinking about her experiences over the past months and and the realisation of how much she has learned.

Missing member. We cannot contact Agnes Jean Munro, last known address Felix Street, Wooloowin in Queensland. If you know of Agnes's whereabouts, please contact Ray Munro.

If you are thinking about visiting Foulis Castle here is an update about what you

must do. Tours of the castle are conducted on Tuesdays and could you give at least three weeks notice of your intended visit. Times are either 10.30am or 3.00pm. There is no charge for your visit but a donation put in the Clan Munro Association box for the castle restoration fund is appreciated. An appointment to visit the outside and the grounds is not required but please let the Castle when you intend to visit.

Contact our webmaster Ian Munro at info@clanmunro.org.uk and he will arrange your visit.

Visit the clan Munro website at www.clanmunro.org.uk where you will find lots of interesting information about the happenings at Foulis and the Clan in general.

Welcome

Great news – two new members. James Russell Pickering is from Baulkham Hills in NSW was first but I don't have his ancestry details yet. Will print them later.

Next was Mary Mead from New South Wales Her 4th Great Grandmother was a Janet or Jessie Munro b. about 1751 probably at Kiltearn, who married Alexander Mackenzie V of Cleanwaters, at Kiltearn 22 May 1772 - Janet's father was Donald Munro and that's about all she has on her Munro connection. Mary is looking for connections so check out our "Can You Help" section.

From the Eagles Nest

Dear Cousins,

I trust that you are all managing to weather (excuse the pun) the many dire occurrences that mother nature has thrown us over the last two years. One encouraging sign that our luck is slowly changing is the return of Scottish and Celtic Gatherings around the country. These include the Melbourne Highland Games and Celtic Festival on the 20th. March and the Berry Celtic Festival on the 28th. May.

Have you considered how fortunate a clan we are to have the Golden Eagle (*Aquila chrysaetos*) on our clan crest, badge and banner? The Golden Eagle is also the national bird of Scotland representing a symbol of strength and pride. However, this eagle, just like our Australian Wedge Tail Eagle has had a very hard fight for existence. From the 17th. century the numbers of Golden Eagles began to decline as farmers were fearful of lamb losses then later on the use of pesticides had a detrimental effect. In Scotland the Golden Eagle came close to extinction unlike other countries where it disappeared completely.

Unfortunately the struggle for survival has continued in the Eastern Highlands because the areas managed for Grouse shooting has resulted in some illegal persecution of these regal birds. In 2017 one third of Golden Eagles being tracked by satellite have disappeared. The good news is that there are now 508 breeding pairs in Scotland so let's hope this trend will continue.

Some good news recently being that the Glasgow built Paddle Steamer, "Maid of the Loch" is being re furnished. She is one of the last Clyde-built steamers constructed in Britain and is 70 years old. The vessel is owned by the Loch Lomond Steamship Co. £1.2m has been spent on her so far and is now out of the water for refurbishing and renewing paddle floats, bearings, bushes as well as the hull. The total cost of work is expected to be 3m pound. When completed she is going back in the loch. Volunteers are required. Any takers?

On a message from John Cleese in connection with the reaction from various countries to the infuriating treatment of the Ukrainians by Putkin he says that, "the Scots have raised their level of feeling from "Pissed Off" to 'Let's Get the Bastards". They don't have any other levels. This is the reason they have been used on the front line of the British army for the last 300 years". How true.

Yours faithfully,

Ray Munro. Chief Officer.

Clan Munro Australia.

Happy 100th birthday, Joycelyn!

Joycelyn Munro celebrated her 100th birthday on March 31!



Joycelyn Munro dressed in Munro tartan in 1974

Joycelyn was born to Diana and Percy Garrick in West End, Brisbane in 1922. She married Ken Munro in 1945 and the couple had three children, with the family expanding to include six grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

Ken and Joycelyn visited Foulis Castle, home of Clan Munro, during their overseas trip in 1974.

Joycelyn's daughter Elsa Green said her mother has been "a marvellous role model for the family" and has been looking forward to her milestone 100th birthday. "Mum has led a full life and had

many friends, she valued family life and always loved family gatherings. Like any centenarian, she has witnessed tremendous changes in the world but through all these changes our mum has remained the same kind, loving, generous, hospitable and generally thoughtful person to everyone," Elsa said.

Joycelyn's 100th birthday party at her home, Carinity Wishart Gardens aged care in Brisbane, was attended by friends and family from Australia and New Zealand – and a Scottish piper.

This report was sent to me by Lee Oliver from Carinity Wishart Gardens.

Snatched From The Jaws of Death

I am an avid reader of "Outback Family History" a blog produced by Moyna Sharp in Kalgoorlie, Western Australia, re-telling the story of the WA goldfields and the perils that faced not just the miners but all who ventured into the outback in those wild and dangerous times. Moyna has kindly given me permission to re-produce her story "Snatched From The Jaws Of Death" which is a good example of the dangers facing our ancestors.

LOST IN THE BUSH. FIVE DAYS WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER. MISS JANECEK'S AWFUL EXPERIENCE!

Southern Cross seems determined to make a name for itself. Beside those persons interested in the mines in the place, nobody scarcely knew of this town in the barren desert of West Australia. Southern Cross was the scene of one of the most thrilling records of human endurance and courage on the part of a girl. Stories of people lost in the bush are familiar to Australians, but beyond the bare circumstance that someone is missing, and that later the remains of that someone have been found, perhaps years after, very few details are forthcoming. Therefore, the story of one who has gone right into the jaws of death – in fact, been so close that she lay down to die, cannot fail to arouse deep interest. Furthermore, it embodies also an exhibition of pluck, courage, skill and endurance on the part of those who found her well worthy of recognition, as it shows that the attributes which built up the British nation still flourish in her offspring here.

On Thursday a representative of the 'KALGOORLIE MINER' was in Southern Cross, and noticing a somewhat unusual indefinable air of suppressed excitement about the place, sought to enquire the cause of it of Mr J. W. Byrne, the Mayor of the town. "Haven't you heard' why, we've just brought her in," he said. "Brought who, what, which in?" asked the press man and then was told how on Thursday, April 20, a girl 23 years of age, named Constance Janeczek had arrived from Coolgardie at Southern Cross and on the following afternoon she went out to visit some friends who lived about half a mile out of the town. About 5 or 6 o'clock Miss Janeczek thought she would take a stroll in the cool of the evening. She did not even put her hat on, and walked along enjoying the contrast from the heat and glare of the day until presently it struck her it was time to return to tea. She turned, but upon looking around could see no trace of the town she had left behind

her, and then, in a vague way, she felt she must have strayed too far, so sought to retrace her steps.

By this time night had settled down - dark, but starlit. Over another ridge she went, thinking the town was on the other side, but it happened to be in the wrong direction, and she was further than ever from the goal she sought. Then fear took definite shape and she started to run. The country she was in lies to the southward of the town, and is made of ironstone ridges, with occasional sand patches, and the bush consists of ti-tree, sandalwood and mulga. Into this she plunged and then was lost. As she did not return to "The Cross" that night it was thought that she had stayed with her friends, so no concern was felt about her.

On Saturday evening, however, she was reported to the police as missing who set out forthwith and found tracks of the footprints of somebody who had evidently wandered. Darkness prevented further search, so on Sunday

last the police and an

aboriginal tracker followed up the tracks all day, and on Monday also, when they tracked her back to within three miles of Southern Cross, during which time

she had walked about 50 miles.

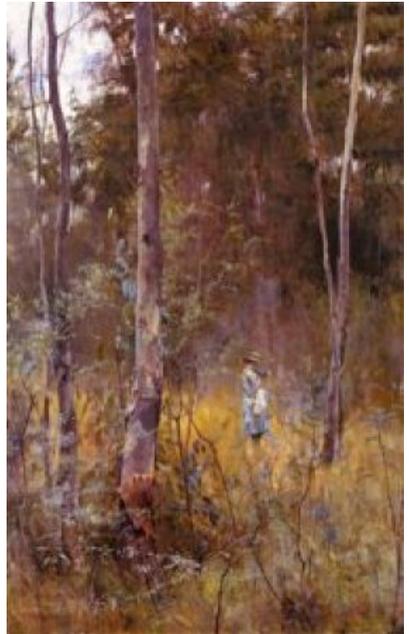


The Bush near Southern Cross

On Tuesday Mr J. W. Bryne, Mayor of Southern Cross, an old Queensland bushman, with a buckboard buggy and pair, Mr Richards, Mounted Police Constable Cassidy, and two black trackers started out. Although by this time the gravest fears were entertained as three days had elapsed and the forbidding nature of the waterless waste was well known to all of them. However, all Tuesday they followed the tracks and discovered she

had crossed the railway line, had twice circled the salt lake and crossed it once. They came across some of her under clothing and later on discovered a hole about ten inches deep and six feet long, where there were signs that she had laid down. It looked as if she had dug her grave and prepared to die.

On Wednesday, at daylight, they set out again, and came across more holes apparently scooped out by the hands of the suffering girl. "This was the worst patch of the lot," said Mr Byrne. "Awful country, some of the worst I've ever been in. We had to hack down the ti trees by driving the horses through them. Iron stone ridges with nothing to aide us but an overturned stone occasionally. How she got through is a mystery. Just then I had to leave the trackers in order to go on about six miles to the Strawberry Rocks for water, as the horses were nearly knocked up. There were five men and four horses with only six gallons of water between them for two days, and we were suffering terribly then so you can imagine what the girl's agonies must have been. Well, as I was going along, I happened to come to a sand patch, and there saw the imprint of a bare heel. (We found her boots before that) I went back without a moment's delay and told Cassidy and the trackers, leaving them a little whisky and water in case they found her alive, but I really did not expect they would. Then I went to water the horses, and shortly afterwards the boys picked up the tracks, and at 1 o'clock she was found lying down speechless. I passed her, when something attracted my notice, and there she was behind a little bush, with her singlet tied over her head to keep the flies off; jaw dropped and fixed and eyes staring and wide open.



Frederick McCubbin (1855-1917),
Lost, 1886, oil on canvas. Image
courtesy of National Gallery of
Victoria: Accession no. 1077-4,
Felton Bequest, 1940.

Just a movement of the eyebrows and I knew she was alive. We gave her a teaspoonful of weak whisky and water, and then I got the boys to boil the billy and we gave her a little warm tea to soften the throat. I was afraid at first she would choke. We had to be very careful, but I believe the warm tea brought her too as soon as anything. An hour later she could raise her hand to her face, and dipped her hands in the bucket of water to cool them. I never saw anyone so game in my life. Grit to the backbone. Well, we drove



her in as quickly as possible, gave her a little liquid now and then, and here she is if you care to see her. She's getting all right again now slowly, and is, of course, only allowed liquid beef tea and that sort of thing. Dr Black is attending her and says she will

pull through." Anxious not to disturb the patient, who was then sleeping quietly, the reporter just took a glimpse and saw a girl, thin, of course, but not so thin as he expected, considering the ordeal she had just come through, with prepossessing features and very fair hair. Just a handful, who would not when in ordinary health turn the scale at over seven stone. However, what there is of Miss Janeczek must be of the very best quality, or else she could never have stood what she did. Miss Janeczek says she took her boots off because her feet were tired and hot, and dug holes in the sand to cool herself.

She did not intend to dig her grave, but was so hot and feverish at the time she dug the big hole out with sticks, scooping the earth out with her hands, that she took all her underclothing off and lay down on it. She covered herself with earth and boughs, but shortly after felt too cold, so put on some of her clothing again. She could not get her boots on, as her feet had swelled very much, so she set off bare footed. She says she was never unconscious, but strangely enough cannot recollect having crossed the railway line. She says when she lay down the last time, she knew she was done, and was just lying there waiting for death.

She heard the buggy pass the first time within a few yards, but could not call out. She ran after the crows, as she wondered where they got water. When discovered, her purse, which contained about £20 was lying by her side, and, as may be expected, her finger nails were filled half way down with earth where she had scooped out the earth, and her feet and hands were terribly torn and lacerated. Mr Byrne says that had Miss Janeczek been discovered an hour later he would not have given her chance of recovery, but as he said before he had abandoned all hope of finding her alive. In tracking her the dingoes had followed her night and day for the same reason that the crows did. It is estimated that during her five days sojourn in the wilderness Miss Janeczek travelled over 50 miles. Too much cannot be said in praise of those who found her and in their turn they state they are lost in admiration of the pluck and fortitude of the girl in circumstances most trying and terrible anyone can imagine. What her mental sufferings were no tongue can tell. The Electoral Roll for 1922 shows a Constance Janeczek as resident in Kalgoorlie in 1922-25 possibly at 620 Hannan Street.



Salt Lake near Southern Cross

May 22, 2016 By [Moya Sharp](#) & Western Argus 5th May 1898

A Munro on the Move

Cynthia is still on the move. In episode 3 of her trip, she is in Esperance WA, still enjoying herself and as you can read, learning a lot. This story was written at the beginning of January 2022. She is in a more contemplative mood as she thinks back over all she has seen and enjoyed. I have included a few of the many photos that Cynthia posted on her trip

We're still doing the lap; still in WA. Currently in Esperance, WA enjoying



Cynthia in Esperance WA

extraordinary beaches and exquisite colours of the water. Considering what everyone in Eastern states has been dealing with, we're very grateful to be currently in the beautiful WA. Please, all be considerate and careful and look after yourselves and your loved ones.

There's been a lot of living in caravan parks in the last couple of months – no free camping since September! Caravan parks are very dense living and we Australians are lovers of our space. I think that's why so many of us are upset when someone cuts through our site! But with the down time we've taken in the last couple of months, I've done more 'people watching' than I think I'd done in the previous 5 years. I assure you, it's not something that I do a lot of. I'm usually only in any location, on my way to or from somewhere else – often work related! So, this has been very different.

It's been very restful after many months of moving regularly and spending lots of time sight-seeing. It's joyful to see so many individuals and families living life to the full. Many of the things I've witnessed have been notable to me.



In Kalgoorlie

I come from the generation where it was very common for the man of the house to have very little if anything to do with the children, certainly never involved in their play. In my day, even up to when I was bringing up my children, it was still rare for the Dad to push the pram! What a difference there has been in a generation! So many Dads are very involved - 'hands on' they call it - with their children and their upbringing. I applaud hard and loud!!! Some of the wonderful things I've seen in the last couple of parks are Dad's walking along beside or behind littlies who are learning to ride or riding their bikes or scooters. So many were obvious Christmas presents! Some of the Dads have even been assisting, holding onto the back of the bike or similar, but in a manner that the child doesn't know they're not riding alone! 'Way to go' to encourage and bolster their confidence Dads! I even saw one Dad learning to ride a skateboard!

What a wonderful opportunity to relate with teenagers. I've seen Dads burdened with nappy bags, towels and a toddler or two, heading to the pool. There is a lot of use of pull along carts too – often with one or two toddlers inside. This is a wonderful means of moving littlies, along with all the required paraphernalia that always



Boulder

seem to be required with littlies. How I wish they were around in my day! I've even seen older siblings taking littlies 'for a ride' along the roads in the caravan park. Never have I seen anyone driving above the walking pace speed limit! I've seen Dad's cooking BBQ breakfast while the family sit expectantly at the tables nearby. Simple things like Dads taking the kids for a walk along the beach, some are throwing balls, some are simply walking along beside their child or children, others are sitting in the sand watching the children play - presumably, Mum is still at the camp, either preparing something or taking some quiet 'me' time. I've seen the many Mums taking the children on all these activities too, but of course to me, that's 'the norm'. What I'm so excited to see is that in so many cases, it's 'family' fun time.



Wave Rock

The one activity that stands out to me when the mothers are participating is with fishing. Is it a generational thing or is it just your family conditioning? but I've always thought that fishing was more a bloke thing than a family thing. How wrong I was

and how pleased I am to know it!

Obviously, lots of Mums are as excited by the opportunity to fish as the Dads, so it's sometimes a 'whole of family' party with rods and tackle boxes heading off to fish. How fabulous! I've even seen a group of tent



Dardanup Heritage Park

sites, all inhabited by young couples with children, joining together and playing cricket down the roadway! As a car comes along, even though it's going at walking space, each adult grabs which ever child is closest, and they stand together on the side of the road until the car passes – then it's all back to their positions and the game continues! What a joy to see.

Many of the sites have multi-generations staying on them. Grandparents are either in the camper-trailer or caravan, then there are the tents for the younger generations or sometimes simply with swags set out like spokes in a wheel from a central kitchen gazebo. Grandparents, reading to littlies or simply spending chat time with them is so lovely to see. Makes me miss my grandies all the more!

Another thing that always gives me a kick is to see is couples reading together. Not the same book of course, but accepting that reading is an acceptable pastime and participating. I've seen it a few times and it's something that is not generational, thank goodness. Young and older couples, sitting with their chairs together, each absorbed in their own book is an absolute joy for me to see. Can you guess that I was and still am a big reader?

The park we're in at present, in Esperance, has a big pool which is very well patronized on most days - only cutting back to a few determined and hardy souls on the really blustery blowy days. There's plenty of them here. Frequently though, it's almost 'standing room only'! Of course, littlies must be accompanied by an adult, so there's again, many generations in the pool. I get goose bumps and shiver just at the thought of being in the pool in these days – I wouldn't consider



Esperance Museum - remember Skylab?

NASA's Skylab appeared in a "fiery apparition" over Esperance in the early hours of July 12, 1979. (Supplied: NASA) 'A fiery apparition' Skylab, a bulky mass of metal and glass, had been launched in 1973 with the aim of providing an intimate view of the universe, and a platform for scientific research and experimentation in space. The Skylab debris was supposed to fall 810 miles S.E of Capetown but a 4% error meant that most of the debris fell between Esperance & Rawilinna.

getting wet until it's well over 30degrees! And the wind! My awning on the side of the van doesn't ever go out – too much wind for me to keep my anxiety under control! I've already had one awning blown up and over the top of my van. Not again, thank you wind!

The big playground here is also well patronized, as well as a big lawned area. That one surprised me. Kids doing gymnastics, showing others how to do cartwheels and other 'tricks' was a joy too. Only why can some children only communicate at the top of their lungs!!! There's a round swing here that has never ever been still – not from dawn to dark of night! Many times there are multiple children all having a whale of a time together. As I'm sure you can tell, though the site-seeing has been reduced this last couple of weeks, I certainly haven't been bored.

I'm not wearing rose coloured glasses - of course there's been the other sights – children fighting, getting into trouble, pushing Mum and Dad's buttons and the odd adult raging because they don't have the site they wanted or some other issue. But honestly, there hasn't been a lot of that. Those incidents, while upsetting to see, have been far far outnumbered by the wonderful sights of families having fun together. May it be 'the norm' forever.

Scotlands National Animal

This item has been taken from the Visit Scotland's website

WHY IS THE UNICORN SCOTLAND'S NATIONAL ANIMAL?

In Celtic mythology the unicorn was a symbol of purity and innocence, as well as masculinity and power. Tales of dominance and chivalry associated with the unicorn may be why it was chosen as Scotland's national animal.

THE UNICORN IN THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND

With Scotland being famed for its love for and long history of myths and legends, it is no surprise that a fabled creature such as the unicorn is Scotland's national animal. Unicorns have been linked to Scotland for

centuries. While the animal is mythological, the ideals it represents are what make it a perfect fit as the national animal for Scotland, and because like this proud beast – Scots would fight to remain unconquered.

The unicorn was first used on the Scottish royal coat of arms by William I in the 12th century. In the 15th century, when King James III was in power, gold coins even appeared with the unicorn on them. When Scotland and England unified under the reign of James VI of Scotland in 1603, the Scottish Royal Arms had two unicorns supporting a shield. When James VI became James I of England and Ireland, he replaced the unicorn on the left of the shield with the national animal of England, the lion, to show that the countries were indeed united.

WHY IS THE UNICORN CHAINED?

The unicorn representing Scotland in the coat of arms is always depicted bounded by a golden chain, which is often seen passing around its neck and wrapping all around its body. The unicorn was believed to be the strongest of all animals – wild and untamed, and that it could only be humbled by a virgin maiden. It is possible that the entrapment symbolises the power of the Scottish kings – they were strong enough to tame even a unicorn.

Can You Help

This request is from **Bruce Harris**. If you can help Bruce, contact him on bruceharris2013@gmail.com and let me know as well.

I have doubts that this splendid resource is still accessible. If Ray Munro is answering, I have a question.

My G/grandfather was Captain Charles James HARRIS - he married Marion Munro whose family are mentioned often.... As Shoalhaven Munro's from Lairg or Tongue.

He came from Sth Africa and died in Lismore 1935. Buried in an unmarked

grave at Tucki Tucki.

I have his obituary and some clues about Seal Industry and Carrying Timber on the Richmond.

His grandson, Charles William attended his funeral. Sadly he died in France - RAAF - in 1940.

His only son William Henry perished in 1916 at Pozieres.

My enquiry, should there be someone reading this, is to know more about his wife who died at 45 and his life in the next 30 yrs afterwards to be well thought of as he passed away at 80.

This from new member **Mary Mead**. Her 4th Great Grandmother was a Janet or Jessie Munro b. about 1751 probably at Kiltearn, who married Alexander Mackenzie V of Cleanwaters, at Kiltearn 22 May 1772 - Janet's father was Donald Munro and that's about all she has on her Munro connection.

If you can help Mary, please contact her on marymead2744@gmail and also let me kn

Membership

Annual: \$25.00 Spouse or children of member under 18 years \$8.00
Three Years: \$55.00 Spouse or chdren of member under 18 years \$20.00

Clan Munro (Association) Australia Newsletter

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