



Clan Munro Australia

Newsletter of the Clan Munro (Association) Australia

Volume 17 Issue 1

April 2019

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

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Next Newsletter

I will be searching for relatives of a memorial plaque issued to the family of Joseph Edward Munro. I know that two of our members have also been researching this, so hopefully we will find that family before the next issue. The plaque was given to relatives of soldiers who died in WW1.

Don

Blether

Thought I would change 'chat' to the more Scottish 'blether'. So, if any of you want have a blether, just let me know.

First, apologies for my error he instead of she on the front page of of the December newsletter – I am sure you would all have noticed.

The 2019 Gathering is all organised and it is going to be very special. It has been built around the theme of commemorating the last time Clan Munro fought as a military unit on the evening of 10th June 1719 at the Battle of Glenshiel. See page 2 for a description and check out the website <http://www.clanmunro.org.uk/> where you will find all the details

Margaret Delane has just completed a photo book about g g-grandfather, James Angus Munro, who was a successful manufacturer and businessman in Melbourne who died in 1947. She has traced his line back to about 1770 in Sutherlandshire and wondered if it would be of interest to our Chief and his reply was '*Absolutely, I put all these sort of family genealogies/histories down in the Storehouse.*' Margaret is also preparing a shorter version for the newsletter, so we look forward to that. So, if you have written your family history or the story of one of your ancestors, send a copy to the Storehouse. If you haven't written your family history, why not?

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.

Welcome

Two new members to welcome this month. First we have Michelle Herbert-Morley who is the Assistant Principal at Forbes North Public School who can trace back to James Munro who married Margaret Kilgour about 1815 in Fife, Scotland. You might remember I wrote about Michele's crop dusting Dad back in Newsletter No 22 Next is Simon Munro who traces back to John Munro in Dunedin in 1894. John was born in Scotland but as he arrived in Dunedin as a sailor, we are having trouble tracing him back to Scotland. Simon has seen quite a bit of the world having worked in Portugal and Germany as well as Australia.

The 2019 Clan Gathering

The 2019 Gathering is all organised and it is going to be very special. It has been built around the theme of commemorating the last time Clan Munro fought as a military unit, which was on the evening of 10th June 1719 at the Battle of Glenshiel. Check it out on the Clan Munro website, all the details are there <http://www.clanmunro.org.uk/>. I am so sorry that Bet and I will not be able to attend as a lot would be familiar to us, not the least of which is the magnificently restored Victorian Strathpeffer Pavilion. In my youth busses ran from as far away as Inverness to the Friday night dances, which I attended, from Beaulieu.

If you would like to see the story of the battle, google "Walking through history battle in the glens." Sir Tony Robinson tells the story very well and the scenery is magnificent. It's a pity the clans that were part of the Government army were not mentioned, so we don't hear the part that the Munros played. I tried to be critical, but I can only remember "the English" being used twice when it should have been "the British or government," so that was pretty good. The Scottish language, Gaelic, was mentioned a number of times and Sir Tony properly pronounced it "Gallic" and not "Gaylic" as we often hear out here – my pet hate!

Another online report on the battle can be found if you google "Special Forces In The Little Rising – Clan Munro." This is an excellent article by Dr Jean Munro and does tell of the Clan Munro involvement.

This is an extract from a Wikipedia account of the battle. "The battle lasted until 9:00 pm; several accounts claim the heather caught fire and smoke combined with failing light enabled the bulk of the Scots to disappear into the night. The Spanish surrendered next morning and as regular troops were shipped home; Lord George Murray, Seaforth and Tullibardine were wounded but the Jacobite leaders also managed to escape. An analysis by historian Peter Simpson attributes Wightman's victory to skilful use of mortars, the superior firepower of his grenadiers and the aggression shown by his infantry, especially the Munro Independent Company."

The Clans on the government side were three independent companies from the Clans Fraser, Ross and Sutherland; 80 men of the Clan Mackay; and 100 men of the Independent Highland Company from the Clan Munro under the command of George Munro, 1st of Culcairn.



Mrs Eleanor (Timmy) Munro of Foulis MBE (1925 – 2018)

It was with much sadness that we learned of the death of the wonderful Mrs Eleanor (Timmy) Munro of Foulis. If you look on the Clan Munro website <http://www.clanmunro.org.uk/> you will see a number of obituaries for her. The one I have reprinted here is from the Ross-shire Journal, kindly sent to me by the editor. It is excellent and gives us a condensed version of her very eventful life.

ELEANOR, or Timmy as she was always known, was brought up in Shropshire and her father's beloved County Roscommon in Eire where she enjoyed an idyllic rural Irish childhood.

The third child of William French and Louise Dalglish-Bellasis, hers was a privileged, if not particularly affluent upbringing. Both her parents came from large Roman Catholic families and she could boast no fewer than 56 first cousins despite four of her uncles being killed in World War One.

Her father, the third son of Arthur 4th Baron de Freyne of French park, was for a while a Lloyds underwriter before returning to farm in Roscommon.

For Timmy and her sisters (an older brother had died young and her younger sister in her teens) schooling was sporadic with a series of governesses and five different convent schools. Her indulging parents were in the habit of taking their daughters out of school to travel, and Timmy, a self-confessed rebel, maintained that she learnt far more on these sojourns than she ever did in a classroom.

Despite her poor education she was blessed with that rare commodity in today's over regulated world, of having a wealth of straight-talking innate common sense.

In 1943 at the age of 18, Timmy travelled to stay with her married aunt, Mary Lumsden, in Aberdeenshire in order to join the WRNS and was posted to HMS Owl at Fearn in Ross-shire to pack parachutes and inflatable dinghies for the Fleet Air Arm. At the time Ross-shire was home to several thousand service personnel and through the



generosity of the local community she got to know many of the Easter Ross farming families and, via a shared family connection, the female members of the Munro family at Foulis Castle and Arduillie Lodge.

She and fellow WRNS thought nothing of bicycling the 40-odd mile round trip on their days off for a meal and some home comfort. Two of the male members of the Munro family, like so many of their Highland contemporaries, if not in reserved occupations, had been captured by General Rommel at St Valery en Caux while serving with the 51st Highland Division at the fall of France in June 1940 and were prisoners of war. So it was that she got to know her future husband's family long before she ever met Captain Patrick (Pat) Munro of Foulis, TD, DL, Chief of the Clan Munro. He was repatriated in May 1945, they met soon afterwards and were married in January 1946.

Pat's uncle Hector, the only son and heir to Foulis Estate, had been killed in action less than three weeks before the armistice on October 23, 1918, so on the death of her grandfather Sir Hector Munro of Foulis 11th Baronet in 1935, Pat's mother and ultimately Pat, inherited Foulis, but by 1946 following the ravages of two world wars and lack of proper management, both the castle and the estate were in poor shape. The first decision was where Timmy and Pat should set up home, and with the castle roof leaking and an outbreak of dry rot, it was decided that his mother should move back into the castle, her childhood home, as it might just see her lifetime out, while Pat and Timmy moved into the dower house Arduillie Lodge.

They immediately started farming, firstly as P&EM Munro and latterly as Foulis Farms when more land became available. Post-war, it was nigh on impossible to borrow money from the bank, so a decision was made to sell off two thirds of the estate in order to preserve the core, Timmy putting her foot down when it was proposed that the home farm be sold.

She then threw her energies into farming, running the household and bringing up her four children. She reared chickens and turkeys, besides overseeing a productive vegetable garden. Not content with bringing up her own four children, when a nephew's mother became terminally ill, he too for a while was reared as her own. She became involved in running the local Girl Guides, the Highland Home Industries, King George V Fund for Sailors and for many years Scotland's Garden Scheme. She was also on the executive committee of the National Trust for Scotland and helped with other charitable organisations.

Timmy was equally at home helping to move cattle and sheep around the farm, and when it came to doing up or altering cottages and other buildings on the estate, Matheson & Mackenzie the local architects drawings were soon covered in practical improvements to the internal layouts.

A highly talented self-taught cook, chickens and game were plucked, skinned and dressed with speed and aplomb, and the regular cutting up of whole sheep carcasses on the kitchen table turned into a family task with everyone joining it.

Timmy instilled and handed on her vast practical abilities to her children. She was as adept at mending a piece of furniture as she was at turning out water colours, articles of clothing or curtains on her sewing machine, including the mammoth task of making 50 pairs of fully lined curtains, when in 1978 she and Pat finally moved into Foulis Castle. Her faith meant a great deal to her and she attended St Lawrence's RC Church in Dingwall for more than 70 years.

The government, realising after WWII that many of Britain's stately homes were being lost due to the ravages of war, time and taxes, set up The Historic Buildings Council for Scotland (now Historic Environment Scotland) and in 1958 Foulis Castle was the first building in Ross-shire to receive a grant to repair its roof, which undoubtedly saved it. Three further phases of work were undertaken supervised by Pat and Timmy, who on the death of Pat's mother sold the dower house Arduillie Lodge in order to bring the Castle up to a more modern standard. Timmy improved the grounds and created a charming flower garden within the courtyard. Once in residence she and Pat continued with the charity events started by her mother-in-law. When Pat died in 1995 Timmy remained in the Castle and in 2013 was awarded an MBE for services to charity.

Both at Arduillie Lodge and at Foulis Castle, the door was warmly open to all-corners, from every background including the travelling people who visited each summer in the 1950s 60s and 70s to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother whom she had the privilege to call a friend, and who lunched at both houses every year from 1958 to the year before her death in 2002 when journeying between the Castle of Mey in Caithness and Birkhall in Aberdeenshire.

Clan Munro Gatherings were regularly hosted, and annually hundreds of Munros from all over the world made visits to Foulis to be welcomed and given a very informative and amusing tour by the chatelaine herself, many became friends. When her children were growing up the house was never anything but full of their own friends and relations, for all of whom Timmy seemed to cater effortlessly. Very good company, with a wealth of stories and an Irish sense of humour, she had time for everyone but especially her large family.



Foulis Castle near Evanton welcomes a variety of visitors over a typical year – among them locals who flock to the annual charity fundraising daffodil days

She could be exasperating and opinionated, but you always came away with some good common sense and this she passed on in bucketsful to her four children - Charlotte who lives at Balfron near Stirling, Hector a chartered surveyor who succeeded his father as Chief of the Clan Munro and manages Foulis, Harry a retired QC from Nova Scotia, Canada and John who manages Ledreborg in Denmark, their spouses, her 15 grandchildren, 21 great-grandchildren, and many nephews, nieces and friends.

Lady Helen Munro Ferguson (Later Viscountess Novar)

In our previous newsletter, I wrote about Sir Ronald Crauford Munro Ferguson and promised to write about his wife Lady Helen Munro Ferguson, so here, briefly, is her story. In researching Lady Helen, I found her to be a very strong lady but with a gentle side that made her loved by those who knew her. What I have written came from the internet, most from Dr Melanie Oppenheimer who has kindly given me her permission to use the piece I have written with a few minor amendments. Dr Melanie told me that she is a big fan of Lady Helen who, she says, is very underrated in Australia. She also told me this. "I visited Novar last Easter and stayed on the Estate (they have renovated some of the cottages for home stays) to undertake further research on Ronald and Helen Munro Ferguson - I call them 'The Power Couple'. I am planning to write their combined biographies - so my work with the Munro Fergusons continues!"

Lady Helen Munro Ferguson was born Helen Hermione Blackwood at Clandeboye, County Down, on 14 March 1865. She was the eldest daughter and second child of Frederick, Lord Dufferin, later the 1st Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, and Harriot, née Hamilton, from Killyleagh Castle, County Down. Helen had another seven siblings but two boys died shortly after birth. The family arrived from Scotland in the 18th century and the estate of Clandeboye, near Bangor remains in private family ownership. As a diplomat, Helen’s father had a very impressive career. He was governor general of Canada; ambassador to Russia and Constantinople; Viceroy of India from 1884 to 1888; was ambassador to the King of Italy and to the French Republic. He died at Clandeboye in February 1902. Helen, her two sisters and mother all outlived their four brothers. One died of wounds in 1900 during the Boer War, another was killed in WW1, one died of pneumonia & the youngest in an aeroplane accident.



In 1889 Lady Helen, aged 25, married Ronald Munro Ferguson and moved to his estate, Raith, at Kirkaldy. He was a Scottish Liberal parliamentarian. She took a great interest in her husband’s work and often travelled with him to London and attended parliament. Lady Helen was very much involved in many charitable organisations including a special interest in nursing. In this she was supported by her mother and sister Hermione.

She was remembered in nursing circles as the most eloquent woman speaker in the world. Lady Helen was involved in many organisations including the local education board; she was on the District Juvenile Court Panel in Kirkaldy; committee work with the Victoria League and the South African Colonisation Society and with the Kirkaldy Unionist Association as well as the National Union of Women Workers. All of this gave Lady Helen the skills, experience and leadership qualities she needed when she helped to inaugurate the Scottish Branch of the British Red Cross Society in June 1909. Lady Helen was elected to the executive committee in September that year and as foundation president of her home branch in Fife. She became a passionate and active advocate and leader of the Red Cross movement, its ideals and its principles. Lady Helen’s leadership style was strong, direct, and hands-on. She was committed to the Red Cross movement and believed that its ideals were perfect for educating women to display active citizenship in first aid and home nursing.

Her husband, Ronald Munro-Ferguson, became Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia in 1914, a post he held until 1920. Lady Helen's contribution to Australia's war effort was significant. In August 1914, Lady Helen Munro Ferguson founded the Australian Branch of the British Red Cross Society, an organisation which, during the war, organised thousands of mainly women volunteers dedicated to providing comforts for the AIF overseas and for helping their families find out more about what happened to men reported missing through the



Presenting regimental colours to the 5th Australian Light Horse Regiment

Australian Red Cross Wounded and Missing Enquiry Bureau. Lady Helen was no mere figurehead or patron. She created and led the organisation around the country and turned Government House, Melbourne into a major Red Cross depot. As Lady Galway, the wife of the Governor of South Australia, wrote, 'When Lady Helen lifted a finger I stood, metaphorically speaking, to attention'. When she returned to Europe in 1920 Lady Helen kept up her association with Australia by representing the Australian Red Cross on the Board of Governors of the League of Red Cross Societies.

Lady Helen believed that Red Cross work was primarily the domain of women. She saw it as a woman's way of contributing to the war effort. Under Lady Helen's leadership, the Red Cross in Australia was focussed on women and, where possible, organised and run by women. Australian women responded by flocking to the organisation with its extensive web of branch networks, all focusing on the war effort and improvement of the suffering of soldiers and non-combatants affected by the war.

At one of the many farewell functions, Mary Hughes, wife of the prime minister, referred to the 'warm feeling of affection and esteem in which her Excellency was held by the women of Australia', especially 'through the interest which she had taken in their social well being' and in causes such as infant welfare, kindergartens and bush nursing. Lady Helen died in 1941.

Sources: *Melanie Oppenheimer, The Power of Humanity. 100 Years of Australian Red Cross (2014); 'The Best PM for the Empire in War? Lady Helen Munro Ferguson and the Australian Red Cross Society, Australian Historical Studies, vol. 33, 2002, pp. 108-24.*

Further Afield in a DC3

This month we continue Wendy Borchers's trip to New Zealand on a "Bill Peach Journey." Last month Wendy found that she had left her medication in Dunedin, did this mean the end of her trip?



Happily, as Amanda correctly predicted, my medications turned up from Dunedin that night and filled me with the firm resolve as to never do anything as stupid as that ever again. Thank you, Amanda for your efficiency and concern.

A coach journey was on the agenda for the following day, through the Mount Aspiring National Park to Haast on the

West Coast. The road skirts the beautiful Lake Wanaka, now a source of hydro-electricity as its waters are dammed and we pulled into the Warbirds and Wheels Museum, which houses beautifully restored aircraft from World War I until the present day. We were also treated to a collection of classic cars and motorcycles, my favourite of

which is a French classic De Dion Bouton, 1903, a 2-seater automobile, all gleaming chrome and leather. Members of the Museum staff were rather distracted by preparations for the huge annual Wanaka Air Show, scheduled for the following weekend.

An interlude of a jet-boat ride on the isolated Haast River, in an extraordinary glacial valley was experienced during our bus ride to Franz Josef, thanks to the river level having dropped considerably overnight. Our driver, Vicki, certainly knows how to handle that boat. At first, I was more than a little concerned about the possibility of concealed logs in the fast-flowing river after the heavy rain the previous night, but I need not have worried, our crew had obviously examined the river with a fine-tooth comb before we arrived, so all was well. River folk from these parts are obviously made of sterner stuff.



Our journey north took us along the coastline, past Brown's Beach, the road meandering past isolated dairy farms, over many one-way bridges. Our driver, John Hurley, pointed out an elaborate stone house a farmer had built on a ridge, which, he said, just happened to be on a Fault Line, meaning it was susceptible to earthquakes. Interestingly I later learned that the Alpine Fault Line runs along the West Coast from Milford Sound to Hokitika, then inland to where it enters Cook Strait, north of Hanmer Springs. No need to be nervous at all really.

At the mini-town of Franz-Josef, named for the receding glacier nearby, we booked into our comfortable hotel on the eve of St Patrick's Day, where we enjoyed some more delicious food in the town. Later in the evening, when we emerged from the restaurant, myriad stars were close enough to touch, indicating a perfect day for sightseeing in the mountains the next morning.

Sure enough, we awoke to clear blue skies, just perfect for our 'Grand Traverse' an air safari over the highest mountain in New Zealand, Aoraki, the Cloud Piercer/Mount Cook and its neighbour, Mt Tasman and the surrounding Franz Josef and Fox glaciers. I have had some exhilarating experiences in my time but nothing can compare to our flight in a small aeroplane, encompassing two World Heritage National Parks, for almost one hour in idyllic weather.

In the afternoon we enjoyed a leisurely stroll alongside Lake Matheson, renowned as a photographer's paradise with its fabulous reflections of the surrounding mountains. Unfortunately, a wind was blowing that afternoon, creating ripples, not conducive to photography at all, but we were accompanied by a National Park Ranger, who generously shared all her specialist knowledge with us, pointing out plants like blue mushrooms, flax and little birds like curious tiny fantails along the way.

Hokitika was a bustling town in the mid-1860's after gold was discovered nearby and fortune-seekers flocked there from all over the world. 'Hokitika was the centre of business, with merchant traders, commission agents, stores, bonded warehouses, auctioneers and hotels lined up side by side along the street. Maori were in the region before the arrival of the Europeans in their quest to find pounamu, also known as jade or New Zealand greenstone, critical to their hunting tools, like fish-hooks and knives. Pounamu is found only on the West Coast of the South Island.

Hokitika is also the town which inspired celebrated New Zealand author, Eleanor Catton, to write 'The Luminaries' for which she won the coveted Man Booker Prize in which 'a slice of New Zealand's gold-rush history is brought to life. John added that the West Coast has inspired many similar novels over the years.

Our Gooney Bird was waiting for us, so it was back on board to observe more spectacular scenery over the Nelson Lakes' National Park and the Wairau Valleys and on landing we visited Sir Peter Jackson's Omaka Aviation Heritage Centre, which houses a collection of WWI aircraft and artefacts. Rare memorabilia is also on display and it was here that one of our fellow-travellers, Roy Hawthorne, of Burwood, NSW, casually informed the guide that his wife's father was at the scene when the red bi-plane of Captain Manfred von Richtofen, known as the Red Baron, Germany's air-ace of air-aces, crashed in France. In April 1918, Sir Peter Jackson directed 'The Lord of the Rings' feature film trilogy and as our Journey Director told us, he is celebrated as a demi-god in New Zealand.



Dinner that night at our hotel could only be described as an interesting experience. The ambience at our hotel restaurant was really delightful, the only trouble was the kitchen seemed to have run out of food. The situation reminded me of the 1958 comedy sketch 'Bal-ham - Gateway to the South', which parodies a short travel documentary about the South London suburb of Balham. The script was written by Frank Muir and Denis Norden with Peter Sellers providing all the voices, especially the pseudo American accent of the narrator. *In the El Morocco Tea Rooms, the waitress enquires as to what the customer would like to eat... 'pilchards please' he says; 'no they're off'; 'well, ice-cream then', 'no that's off'; 'milk?' 'Off'; 'Oh well I'll just have a roll then, no that's off dear, only bread'. The customer then laments that he may as well have stayed at home, but the waitress says 'oh, I don't know dear, it does you good to have a fling occasionally'.*

Back to our hotel and three of us ordered filet mignon, but sadly it turned out that steak was off. How about fish then? No sorry, no fish tonight. In the end I had waited so long that I had forgotten what I had ordered and graciously accepted Max's meal, which meant that he had to wait for another 20 minutes for another dish to appear.

I'm sad Peter Sellers wasn't with us to witness the hilarity of it all, he would have been very proud. Thanks to Mr Google for refreshing my memory on this BBC Radio Classic.



Next morning, we enjoyed a tour of the vineyards of Marlborough region and totally enjoyed sampling the juice of the grape in particularly amiable surroundings and where I was inspired to purchase a dozen delicious bottles of rose, which will be perfect for picnics beside the lake in the summer months.

I was amazed at the extent of the prosperous vineyards, all planted in recent times, which have transformed the region from cattle stations and dairy farms into a particularly thriving wine industry.

In the afternoon we enjoyed another short flight, this time to Hanmer Springs in our trusty DC-3 but I have to say that 'Come Fly With Me' ('weather-wise, it's such a lovely day') by Frank Sinatra and 'My Butterfly' by an unknown artist, were beginning to wear more than a little thin. Max too was ready to strangle Doris Day if he heard 'Secret Love' ever again.

The plane seemed to be landing in a paddock until I spotted a lone windsock indicating that there was an airstrip there after all, not that anyone was particularly worried, as we all had complete faith in our fabulous flight crew.

Hanmer Springs is a beautiful alpine town of the Canterbury region, renowned for its thermal pools, immersion in which, it is said, will cure all ills. I did 'take to the waters' and I did experience a particular feeling of well-being afterwards. We had dinner that night in our luxurious, olde-worlde hotel with our flight crew and our driver, John, which brought home the realisation that our fabulous adventure on our Gooney Bird was drawing to a close.

After a leisurely breakfast next day, we boarded our little plane for the last leg of our journey to Christchurch over the Canterbury Plains. We farewelled our crew at the hangar of the New Zealand Flying Doctor, after one of the most exhilarating short holidays I have ever experienced.

After booking into another 5-Star hotel, we embarked on a walking tour of the City of Christchurch when we were to learn about the 2011 earthquake first-hand. It seems there was a less severe earthquake three months before the big one, which weakened many buildings, which finally were reduced to rubble by the next one. Canterbury Television lost 115 staff when the building collapsed and of course the cathedral lost its spire, which, it turns out, was the second time it had done so.

Around twenty years ago I learned that my mother's great uncle, John Willis, founded 'The Singleton Argus' newspaper in July, 1874 (the town where I went to school, 1958-62). In my subsequent quest to find more information about my great-grandfather's younger brother, I unearthed, thanks to the National Library's Trove database, an 85-page document called 'Summer Holiday in Victoria and New Zealand, 1882', which he had written, subsequently serialised in his paper, 'The Argus'.

As I was sifting through its pages searching for any information which might enhance this story, I found the following entry: 'The crowning glory of Christchurch is its Cathedral, whose lofty spire recalls the proverb about pride having a fall. A few days before we reached the ecclesiastical city an earthquake had been playing up its pranks and amongst other tributes it received was a mass of stone from the top of the spire. It was one of the sights of the time to go and see the indentation it had made on falling on the asphalt pavement. I

afterwards entered the Cathedral with a fair friend, only to find the 'furniture' of the cheapest and most makeshift pattern and sadly out of harmony with the outside appearance of the stately pile. There was something so dismal about it that we were very glad to emerge into the street once more'.

John Willis was the first of his family to be born in Australia, at Tempe on 6th September, 1850. He died at Vaulcluse on 11th July, 1939, 6 years before I was born at Fairlight on 1st July, 1945.

The latest news is that 'Bill Peach Journeys' is working on another DC-3 Aircruise, this time exploring the North Island of the 'shaky isles'; how exciting is that?

Woo hoo, can I please come too?



Bet & Don's Great Grandchildren

Bet & Don have welcomed a new great granddaughter into the family. Lauren Alice Delesky, a sister to Naomi Mae and as they live just along the road from us, we get plenty of cuddles



Can You Help

Perth resident Greg Smith has been searching for information on Scottish Bounty Scheme immigrant Christiana/Christie Munro and her forebears for three years.

Christiana left Cromarty aboard the Lady McNaughton on 26 September 1838. There are no embarkation records. She arrived in Sydney on 28 January 1839. The following details were on her arrival cards (one handwritten, the other typed). "Native of Dornoch, Ross-shire. Dairy & housemaid. Age on embarkation 24. Father John, a farmer of Logie. Mother Margaret Munro. Was in the care of Donald McDonald and family (of Dornoch). (McDonald settled near Goulburn in NSW)."

The discrepancy in the cards is that the typed one says her father is from Lossie, Elgin. (This is probably Lossiemouth). Christiana married English convict Edward Everson (born 1808, died 1877) at Whittingham (now a suburb of Singleton) in the NSW Hunter Valley on 4 Feb 1840. Was Anglican.

Christiana did not write, as she marked with an X on her marriage certificate.

They had eight children: Henry Edward (1840), Robert (1842), Margaret (1844), Isabella Stevenson (1846) John James (1848), William George (1851), Charles Ross (1853), Mary Ann (1856).

Christiana died at Botany, Sydney, on 9 Feb 1871. All sources for her birth & parents marriages have been exhausted through Scotland's People. There are too many marriages (14) between a John Munro and a Margaret around those dates to be certain. It is unknown if Christiana had any siblings.

If John Munro married Margaret Munro (as per Christy's immigration card) there is one marriage in 1815 at Rosskeen (Ross & Cromarty) that fits the approximate date of Christy's likely birth, based on her embarkation age of 24 in 1838 (birth circa 1814).

Any help is appreciated. Greg can be reached by mail, gregsperth@gmail.com

Munro Highland Tours

If you are going to the Gathering and would like a tour in the highlands, you can't go past **Munro Highland Tours** run and operated by our Clan Munro treasurer, George Munro. George has an intimate knowledge of the Highlands. If it is whisky, history or scenery or wild life, George is your man. Check out his website www.munrohighlandtours.co.uk



Membership

Annual: \$25.00	Spouse or children of member under 18 years	\$8.00
Three Years: \$55.00	Spouse or children of member under 18 years	\$20.00
Ten Years: \$160.00	Spouse or children of member under 18 years	\$70.00
Life Membership is calculated according to age as follows: -		
Up to Age 40:	3 X 10 Year Dues	\$480.00
Age 40 to 50:	2 X 10 Year Dues	\$320.00
Age 50 to 60:	1½ X 10 Year Dues	\$240.00
Age 60 and over:	Same as 10 Year Dues	\$160.00
Age 80 and over:	Half Ten Year Dues	\$80.00

*Clan Munro (Association) Australia
Newsletter*

Sender
 Don Munro
 18 Salter Road
 Mt Nasura WA 6112
 Phone 08 9390 5065
 donmunro36@hotmail.com

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