



# Clan Munro Australia

Newsletter of the Clan Munro (Association) Australia

Volume 8 Issue 1

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

## Chat

### This Month

**Just a note to say that Bet & I will be in Scotland when the next newsletter is due out, so you will get the August issue in September.**

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### Next Newsletter

**We will have a continuation of Ailsa Stubbs-Brown's autobiography.**

**A convict ancestor – Ann Munro is very proud of what he achieved.**

**Jenny Munro was so impressed with Orkney on her visit to Scotland that she wrote about it for the newspapers.**

**Isabella Munro's story must be typical of the hard life our ancestors lived when they came to Australia.**

**And, there might even be more!**

**Don**

We donated \$1000.00 to the flood relief fund & no sooner had we done that when we had the disastrous fires in the West. Unfortunately there is no cash left in the kitty to help there. Our hearts go out to all the flood & fire victims, to our New Zealand cousins & to the Japanese victims of that terrible tsunami.

I made some errors in the last newsletter!!! Hector Anthony John Munro of Foulis is not Mrs Timmy Munro of Foulis 1st Great Grandchild, in fact he is her 9th!! Alice Gruzman, a cousin of the Munros of Foulis sent this correction & also told me that all 9 of these great grandchildren are boys & there is a 10<sup>th</sup> on the way who will also be a boy!! Alice also told me of two other Munro weddings - Eva Munro of Nova Scotia married Craig Barnes last year & this year Tatiana Munro of Denmark will marry Martin Madsen

Hector is also the 3rd Grandchild of Tony and Roslyn Oxley.

I had my email address shown incorrectly on our last newsletter & I have now corrected that. My apologies if anyone tried to contact me using it.

If you notice an error in the newsletter, please let me know so that I can correct it. I would really appreciate that

Check out the website <http://www.clanmunro.org.uk/> for more information on the very interesting DNA project. Along with others in Australia, I am a part of this project. I have had no luck in finding any close relations but recently I found that a Munro of Foulis Obsdale has joined the project & it would seem that although we do not have a close match, we do share a common ancestor about 700 years ago. This means that we are related through Robert Munro the 6<sup>th</sup> Baron who died in 1323 or George Munro the 7<sup>th</sup> Baron who died in 1333. All exciting stuff, but it I **would** like to find a close relation!!

I received the following email from the USA. If you are interested in taking part, please contact me.

*"Greetings from the US. I am trying to find some Munros who can trace their family back to Argyll, Scotland and are willing to participate in the DNA project. Several of us in the US and Canada have very similar genetic profiles, but because our ancestors immigrated before there were passenger lists, we are having a difficult time. Are you able to help me get in contact with any Australian Munros who trace back to Argyll? Scholarships to the project are available. Amy Munroe-Trombo"*

## Welcome to Our New Members

Our newest member is Tom Munro, winemaker and Sales Manager for Whisson Lake Pinot Noir Vineyard in the Piccadilly Valley, Adelaide. Tom is descended from John Munro born in Glasgow in 1839 Catherine Scott born in Dumfries abt 1836. In 1862 John, a whisky salesman, travelled alone to New Zealand in the ship "Lady Egidia" & Catherine followed about a year later, following the birth of their son John. Their son Fergus Ferguson Munro, his wife Emily Foster and their children came to Australia in 1941. Fergus Ferguson Munro is Tom's great grandfather.

## Go Kindly, Colin

It is with much sadness that I write this little piece about Colin (CAP) Munro and I wonder how many of us realise how lucky we are to have had Colin as part of our lives. Lucky, because of who he was and what he was to so many of us. But even luckier in that we came very close to not have known him at all - and our lives would have been so much poorer for that. In 1940, his mother Barbara, pregnant with Colin, must have realised the danger of travelling to the comparative safety of Canada by ship in those terrible times but decided to go. She was in the second of three ships taking expectant mothers to Canada - the first and third ships were torpedoed, so Barbara and Colin were spared and eventually returned to Australia.

Much has been written by those who knew Colin so much better than I did and I am sure you will have read about this larger than life character whose voice was so familiar to most of us. He was friends with household names such as Slim Dusty and RM Williams but was just as comfortable with the ordinary man in the street in a country town or a stockman on a station. How's this for a resume - Colin was the Manager Regional Liaison of the ABC; he was President of the Australian Council of Agricultural Journalists; Deputy Chairman of the NSW Branch of the Stockman's Hall of Fame, Longreach, Queensland; Ambassador the Year of the Outback 2006; Member of the Board of Australia's Open Garden Scheme; Vice President of the NSW Farmwriters; & a judge of Country Music at Tamworth. I am sure that list could be added to but I am also sure that not many can boast of such a resume. Let me give you just a wee taste of his Scottish side.

Colin was so proud of his Scottish heritage and of being a member of the Clan Munro. He served until his passing as the Australian overseas member of the Council of the Clan Munro (Association). Our Chief, Hector, told me that on the last occasion that they met, Colin addressed him as "Godfather of my son, son of my Godfather." Both statements are true as Colin's father, also Colin, met Hector's father in a POW camp in Germany during the WW2. Having been introduced to the Chief, Colin asked him whether he would be godfather to his son back in Australia, to which the Chief readily agreed. It was to be 5 ½ years before Colin senior got back to Australia after the war to see his wife & young Colin. So, when Colin's son, also Colin arrived, he asked Hector to be his son's godfather, to which he agreed. At Finnian's coming of age Gathering in 1997, Colin made a presentation that only he could have thought of - a "pint pot" as carried by the Australian bushman at his saddle and beautifully bound in calfskin leather.

There have been many photos of Colin published but our one is of Colin at Foulis Castle in 1997 giving his presentation speech. I am sure he would enjoy this one.

We send our sincere condolences to his dear wife Muffy, his children and grandchildren.



### *The restoration of Foulis Castle*

*Ian Munro, the Clan Munro Webmaster, sent me this article as a follow up to the piece about Foulis Castle in our December newsletter. It is from the 1981 Clan Munro Magazine and is by Mrs Munro of Foulis, so you cannot get more authentic than that.*

In order to give a clearer picture I must tell you a little of the history of Foulis Castle over the last 100 years.

Sir Hector Munro, my husband's grandfather, inherited the castle from his father in 1886 at which time it was let. He and his family did not come to live at Foulis until 1893. Before coming to reside at the castle with his young family, Sir Hector and his wife, Violet, made considerable improvements.

The attic on the top floor was all lined with



tongued and grooved boarding backed with felt to lag and make warmer the rooms which were used by the housemaids. On the next floor down a dressing room was turned into a bathroom with a bath, basin and WC, the only bathroom in the house. At the back of the building a larder, boot cleaning-paraffin lamp room and cloakroom with WC and hand basin were added respectively to the two wings. At that time the hand basin only ever had cold water. The top floor of the buildings on one side of the courtyard, which contained among other things on the ground floor the bake-house and bread oven, and on the upper floor grooms and coachmen's rooms, was gutted to make a large "recreation room" for the estate staff.

Sir Hector and Lady Munro had 4 daughters and 2 sons. The eldest son died when he was 18 months old, the second son, Hector, who was the apple of his parents eye and considerably younger than his sisters was killed in the last week of the 1914-18 war aged 23. In the same year the second of their daughters, Isobel, died in a flu epidemic leaving a baby daughter of a few days old who was brought up by her grandparents at Foulis.

From then on they lived at Foulis, but nothing seems to have been done to the castle to up-date it in any way. Sir Hector, who threw himself into public work and never looked to the future, died in 1936 and the estate came to my husband through his mother, Mrs. Gascoigne, Sir Hector's eldest daughter. His widow, Lady Munro, and her third daughter, Violet, who had never married, lived on at Foulis Castle.

During and after the 1939-45 war the large walled garden disappeared and the grounds became somewhat neglected since there was not the staff to tend them and modern machinery had not yet taken over. Inside the castle, life continued. The old kitchen with the spit-rods through the table and an iron cooking range that had to be lit each day still served its purpose but the cook had gone. Only an aged

housemaid, a ladies maid for Lady Munro who could not leave

*The kitchen was moved up to the butler's pantry*

her room and some daily staff coped. Vi, her daughter, cooked.

In 1946 Lady Munro died and my mother-in-law, Mrs. Gascoigne, now a widow, came to live with her younger sister at Foulis. The kitchen was moved up to the butler's pantry next to the dining room but remained very much a "cooker in a pantry" rather than being designed as a kitchen. All materials for building were very scarce and could only be obtained with a permit at that time. Over the years the two sisters lived in the castle under most difficult circumstances. The roof leaked in many places and they had to empty the basins and buckets that collected the drips. Both of them had known the castle all their lives and the dilapidations

going on round about them were so gradual that neither of them seemed to notice. They always had a good, hot fire to sit beside and a welcome for everyone.

The castle had been partially wired for electricity in 1947. This at least did away with having to clean and light paraffin lamps or stoke a hot water boiler, but there was still no form of central heating. In 1958 a grant was received from the government to help us re-roof the castle in order to make it water-tight.

Predeceasing her sister, Vi died when she was 80 in 1969. My mother-in-law lived on at Foulis with a companion and eventually died in her 96th year in 1976, having been active until only a few weeks before her death.

We looked at the castle and realised that there were two alternatives; either to leave it empty, when it would deteriorate and gradually become an interesting ruin or to sell the house we lived in, Ardullie Lodge, in order to obtain some money to spend on the restoration of the castle. Ardullie Lodge had always been a Munro house, we had lived there since we

*.....We will not get any younger, therefore a lift became essential.*

were married, and all our children had been born and brought up there, but after much heart searching we decided to sell it for the sake of renovating Foulis Castle.

Realising that the budget would be pretty tight if we were to do all that we wanted, our first object was to make it easy to run with minimum help and comfortable to live in. The public rooms are all on the first floor and all the bedrooms are on the second. We will not get any younger, therefore a lift became essential. The electricians told us that the castle would have to be completely rewired and the plumbers told us that none of the existing lead piping could be used. The water tank was a wooden box lined with lead and beginning to leak. Nobody knew where the sewage went to and since it had worked no-one worried. With extra plumbing we had to make a large septic tank, but the mystery of the old drains still remains unsolved.

The castle did have sound walls and a good roof otherwise it would not have been possible to start the work. We first looked to see how the size of the castle could be reduced since there were 17 bedrooms upstairs and seven on the ground floor in what is now the business room and the Munro Room. A passage and staircase were removed and 5 attic bedrooms were gutted above the "big drawing room".

We installed 4 bathrooms, managing to keep these in pairs, with a new cloakroom and laundry below one of the pairs. The previous laundry had been in a building in the courtyard which had also housed the only linen cupboards. The kitchen in the old butler's pantry was modernised and at the same

time the library was divided into a utility room, cloakroom and passage. We divided the servants' hall on the ground floor into a laundry, woodstore and passage. In the "little drawing room" we still have our open fire which we enjoy sitting beside and we also have a fire in the "big drawing room" when we use it.

We opened 9 windows that had been blocked up at the time of the Window Tax, lightening the whole house and, in the process, a great many rotten wooden lintels were removed, work that involved taking down panels and sometimes shutters and then reassembling them again. Many old panelled walls had to be rearranged in order to make way for the new bathrooms and the lift shaft and since we plastered the bathrooms sufficient panels were left to carry out repairs in the bedrooms and upstairs passages where some panels had decayed. Linen cupboards and an ironing-sewing room were also added.

We have ended up with a beautiful "big drawing room" which has not been used since 1824, a "little drawing room/library", a business room, 6 bedrooms and 4 bathrooms. The 3 guest rooms and 2 bathrooms can be shut off from the rest of the house when not in use.

The roof was insulated and electric heating was installed but our main source of heat for the house is the old wood burning stove with the date 1796 on it. This stove which had not been used in living memory now stands in the lower hall where with a few minor repairs it heats the whole of the centre of the house.

In the west basement we gutted a series of small rooms formerly occupied by men servants and sand blasted the walls to clean them. This is now the Munro Room. In the process we also pulled down the larder, boot cleaning-paraffin lamp room and old

cloakroom which had been added by Sir Hector. The foundations had not been dug deep enough and they were falling away from the house. We received a small grant from the Historic Buildings Council to stop rising damp and to replace defective stones round the windows. We repaired a good deal of decaying plasterwork, painted the house throughout, refitted most of the carpets and replaced 68 pairs of curtains, the majority of which had to be made 9 or 10 feet high.

We were fortunate to have available skilled and helpful local tradesmen with the only firm employed which was not local being the lift manufacturers. We owe all of these people a "thank you" for the great interest and pride that they took in their work which made it a much easier task for us. It took 2 years to complete the work on the main building and eventually we moved in on 29th November, 1979. Luckily we never both got depressed at the size of our task at the same time.

Since we moved into Foulis we have made a garden in the courtyard at the back of the castle and with the help of modern mowers we are reclaiming some of the lawns. There have always been lovely daffodils and rhododendrons here to which we are adding.

There is still a good deal to be done to the courtyard walls and dependent buildings, but at least the old castle itself is preserved for posterity and is proving easy to run and comfortable to live in. The proceeds of the sale of Arduillie Lodge, with careful budgeting, have just about covered the work we have done and we look forward to having many happy years here. Our hope is now that Foulis Castle, for so many centuries the centre of the Clan Munro, will remain so for many years to come.

## Visits to Foulis

### The Gruzman Family at the Bakehouse

*This is another interesting story of a visit to Foulis Castle with a bit of a twist in that the family stayed at the converted Foulis Bakehouse. This is from Alice Gruzman whose mother is Chief Hector's cousin. Alice also sent me some lovely photos of the castle in the snow.*

My parents rented out The Bakehouse at Foulis for 2 weeks over Christmas & New Year with 8 of us plus a 1 year old staying there. The house has a fascinating history which Finnian took us through one evening including the old oven, the style of "harling" not to mention the previous use of what are now bedrooms.



Alice & her Cousins



Foulis Castle magnificent in the snow



The Castle Courtyard

I strongly encourage any Munros who are thinking of visiting the seat of the Clan Munro in the next few months to rent this very comfortable (4 bedroom, 4 bathroom) house as it will be converted into a residence in August this year (2011).

We arrived in the snow 1 week before Christmas, & thoroughly appreciated the 2 open fireplaces!

Many attractions are closed over the Christmas period however we managed a lunch at the Storehouse, an afternoon of sledging in the snow covered fields, a walk up Fyrish on Christmas Eve, a visit to Strathpeffer, a walk along Black Rock Gorge & of course a visit to Foulis with Aunt Tim. We also had a great time catching up with many Munro cousins



Fyrish on a winter's evening

### The Ian and Claire Munro Family's visit to Foulis Castle

We were delighted to visit Foulis on the morning of Saturday 21st August. Although it was the third visit for my wife Claire and me, we experienced the same spine tingling feeling of belonging, thanks to the very warm welcome by Chief Hector and his mother Mrs Munro. It was the second (following the 2007 Clan Gathering) for our daughter Jenny, and the first for son Angus.



We were greeted by Hector at the appointed time and were fortunate to have a delightful and unexpected 20 minutes private audience with him before the scheduled arrival of a busload of Canadian tourists. He then gave us all a most informative and entertaining insight of the family and the castle. The wonderful hospitality was



concluded with champagne and fingerfood in the dining room. We spotted Sarah busy in the kitchen, so enjoyed having a chat with her as well. On the way in and out, we saw the Australian section of the new avenue of trees flourishing.

You might wonder where a photo of whisky barrels fits in but we also visited the Glen Ord Distillery and it uses the award winning malting barley from Foulis.



The night before our visit we stayed at a B & B on the Black Isle directly across Cromarty Firth from Foulis, so it was very special to wake up to the view of The Storehouse, the Castle and the surrounding barley fields. We then travelled north to East Mey before having 3 days on Orkney Islands.



The photo on the right is of Angus and me (mad Queenslanders ?!) having a refreshing swim there.

### *Ailsa Stubbs-Brown*

*This is part 1 of the story of Ailsa Stubbs-Brown (nee Munro) a wonderful and much loved lady, sadly missed by so many. The story of Colin Munro III who is mentioned below was in Newsletter No 11. This first part takes us up to the time that Ailsa was ready to go to university*

Ailsa Stubbs-Brown is descended from Colin Munro I (1756-1823) of Granada and Inverness and his wife Sarah Chisholm, the daughter of Dr William Chisholm,

Provost of Inverness. The house was known locally as the Blue House as the owner was an indigo merchant in the West Indies. The house has another Munro

connection as our Chief's lovely wife, Sarah, taught the fiddle there when, for a time it was known as the Highland House of Music. Colin's father was born in Inverness. His 4<sup>th</sup> son Colin II (1798-1868) was a master mariner and his son, another Colin (1834-1918) shown on the family tree as Colin Munro III was the first of that family to emigrate to Australia, which he did in 1854 at the age of 20 years. He sailed on the Luma/Luna with his father as the Master. This was Colin Munro III 2<sup>nd</sup> trip and as he and his father were not on good terms their parting at the dock side may well have mutually satisfying. Colin was a pioneer in the sugar industry and condensed milk industries.

Although Colin III sold his company to Nestle, the family was still involved in the condensed milk industry as Ailsa's father was manager of the Nestle condensery at Toogoolawah and the family, Mum, Dad, Neil, Colin, Jean and Ailsa lived in the lovely company house called Inverness. The family lived



there very happily – they had one of the few cars in the area and as their uncle Will's property was on the Brisbane river, many picnics and boat trips were

enjoyed. We will continue in Ailsa's own words.

One of my earliest memories was the first aeroplane I ever saw, this was in 1927. Bert Hinkler had just flown from Britain to Australia. He was doing runs around different counties and different towns giving rides for, I think, 10 shillings a go, which in those days was a pretty big sum. The first time we heard him, we'd all rush out and look at this aeroplane flying overhead. The first wireless the family ever had about 1932, it was quite a big one, it stood on a table, and it was in the dining room so we'd all rush to hear the news particularly when the Second World War started. In those days there were no external amusements such as TV and even radio didn't have anything very entertaining. Like all families of that time, we would make our own amusements. We would play cards - we were quite a family for playing cards. We'd also have sing songs around the piano. We had a piano, not that my mother or my sister were very efficient at playing it, but if we had any one who could play well, we'd inveigle them into playing. We sang a lot around the piano, some well, and some not so well. I had already seen all the agonies that my brothers and sister had gone through, being made to practice the piano so I just refused to learn to play and so missed out that part of my education. I regretted this later in life.

Well that's my early childhood. I adored my father and he was great fun. I was a bit of a pet of his I think, being the youngest.

Eventually and inevitably, school had to be attended and I started when I was six and a little bit more - I was held back a little bit because of my age

and where my birthday fell. Anyway, I started at the school, and the headmaster, strangely enough was, C. W. Munro, the same surname, but no relation at all.

*...and the headmaster was C. W. Munro .....*

He was fairly new, and very efficient, we were very fortunate, because his school was really brought up to standard. At the time also, the rural school was initiated at Toogoolawah, and that made quite a big difference because

the boys were taught handyman things like plumbing and carpentering and the girls of course were taught sewing and dressmaking which improved the lot for many people. I enjoyed school very much. I was made a bit of a fuss over, which I enjoyed too of course.

The depression came not long after this, and it was obvious something was going to happen and the factory owners, Nestlé Company, decided to close down. It made a big difference to the town, which was really reliant on the factory for disposal of its milk and cream products, and also stimulated industry quite a lot in the township itself - and of course it meant my father was made redundant. He was offered the managership of a big factory for Nestlé elsewhere but he decided to go out on his own. This meant a great upheaval for the family because it was not our own home, so we had to find somewhere to live in the meantime. Of course, financially this was making a big difference to our whole lives.

By this stage, I would have been about 10 and I was sent away to stay with my grandparents while the great upheaval went on. My grandparents had a farm at Harrisville. Grandfather was quite aged and he was really helped by one of my mother's sisters, Aunt Else, who helped milk their cows - in fact she worked pretty hard, just keeping things on an even keel. I stayed for quite some time with my grandparents on this farm. Life was pretty dull as I was there with elderly people mostly. They were pretty rigid Presbyterians and we were not allowed play games on Sunday. I was reprimanded once for playing marbles on Sunday - which I thought was pretty harmless anyway. One amusement that was offered me was to ride my Aunt's pony - mind you, it must have been 40

years since she had ridden this poor creature. But anyway, they got it all harnessed up for me, up I got and went for a little ride, which was just a sedate walk I think - something happened, and I fell off - so that was the end of my riding effort.

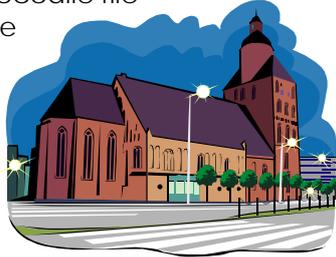


At this time Father was establishing himself in Lowood where he was trying to reinstate a building as his factory. He made butter in the winter season. From the milk and cream that was plentiful in the summer, he made concentrated milk as well which was sent to

Brisbane where the ice cream manufacturer made ice cream out of it. When the dairy products were not so plentiful, he would just make butter. So we got by with butter and concentrated milk. While the establishment of this factory was going on, I was collected from the farm at Harrisville, and mother took me to live in Annerley, Brisbane where my education had to continue. I had had three changes of school in three years but eventually I attended the Junction Park State School - this was fortunate as it straightened out my education which had suffered quite a bit. Father of course came down as frequently as he could, every couple of weeks or so. After 18 months we went back to live in a rented house in Lowood.

After all my upsets I didn't pass my scholarship, which was a great disappointment and a hardship for my father also. I was sent away to Somerville House, I had four very happy years there, and I did quite well. The school was very well run. The principal was Miss Marjorie Jarrett. She was a very strict disciplinarian, really a teacher of the old school, but a very fine woman. And she personally knew all the boarders - I think we had over 80 at the time that I was there. We all complained about food of course, but looking back, I think it was really very good, very reasonable.

We marched off to church twice on Sundays. The Presbyterians had the longest walk - we used to envy the Anglicans who only had to walk half the distance. We used to make these crocodile file walks from Somerville House down Vulture Street until we got to the church. We went to the Presbyterian Church in the morning and the Methodist in the evening and vice versa - so we were well schooled in our religion. I enjoyed school, I enjoyed my lessons, and I loved languages, and I loved anything literary - and I loved History; they were all my best subjects; it's strange; life took me in another direction. I did well at German as, before going to boarding school, it was decided that I should learn German as a lot of the settlers in Lowood were German.



In 1937 I sat my senior in my final year and managed to pass fairly well but of course when it came to deciding what I wanted to do I couldn't make up my mind. Then, in December, came the announcement of the formation of a physiotherapy course in Brisbane, in Queensland - for the first time and I decided I would like to do this course. Incidentally, it was called 'Massage' at that time - so I wrote home to see if I might do it. I suppose there was a great deal of discussion at home because financially we were embarrassed. We were always financially embarrassed, and I really didn't know what they were saying, but I had every finger crossed. Anyway, I went home finally, and they decided I might do it. By this time, my father had died (in 1934) and there was a certain sum of money left for me being held in trust. So they decided that this money could be put towards my course at the university. So that's how I happened to manage to get to the university and enrol in the Physiotherapy course.

This course appealed to me because it was a personal thing - it meant I would be dealing with people - which I liked, and I would have been academically able to pursue. I was able to do it, even though finances were extremely tight and the country was still in the hands of the Depression. The money my father left me did not last the distance, but my brother Neil happily filled the gap for me.

They were three very useful and happy years. I enjoyed them very much. I was particularly interested in anatomy - this was a very important subject for us because the course was really initiated because of the urgency and the prevalence of poliomyelitis epidemics. The university was a rather rudimentary collection of buildings in those days, down at the end of George Street. There was no such thing as Saint Lucia back then. The old Government House was taken over as an administration centre for the university and various other buildings had been taken over - all very temporary. *To be continued in Newsletter 27*

### *The Marriage of Jonathon Richard Crouch and Anna Louise Mobley*

*This is the story of a South Australian marriage, with a family tree, a lovely story of the pageboy's highland outfit and a story about the original Munro all thrown in for good measure. I should mention that the story is by a completely unbiased mother of the groom, Helen Munro. By coincidence, this is the same Helen Munro who, as I mentioned in our last newsletter, we managed to re-connect with Caroline Ellinson & the rest of that family.*

Jonathon Richard Crouch, born 7<sup>th</sup> Feb 1973, son of Helen Munro, born 16<sup>th</sup> July 1942, daughter of Stuart Brooker Munro, born 7<sup>th</sup> June 1910, son of Charles Stuart Munro, born 6<sup>th</sup> Jan 1881 son of Alexander McGregor Munro, born 1<sup>st</sup> May 1859, (who arrived in Australia from Elgin in Scotland, in 1880) married Anna Louise Mobley on October 16<sup>th</sup> 2010, at Carrick Hill, Fullarton, South Australia. The bride, as always with brides, was radiant and beautiful. Her crystal embroidered gown was stunning, although in my totally unbiased opinion this particular bride was one of exceptional beauty.

Jonathon, the groom, wore a Munro tartan kilt, in the 'dress' version of the tartan. The kilt was bought from Scotland in 1996.



The page boy, Jonathon's nephew Elijah Williams, is the son of his sister Sheena. Elijah also wore a Munro tartan kilt, newly and expertly made by a kilt maker in Adelaide using fabric in the muted 'hunting' tartan which Jonathon's grandmother, Bertha Munro, bought back from Scotland in 1986. The pageboy's jacket, waistcoat, cap and



sporrans were originally given to Jonathon's Uncle Andrew, when Andrew was a 5yr old child. Sadly Andrew died at the age of 8, but his mother, and later his sister (me) kept and cherished the little outfit. On this occasion, it came into its own, to be worn by the great nephew of its original owner.

The socks worn by the groom and pageboy were expertly(!) knitted by me. The original Australian Munro - Alexander, arrived in Australia in 1880. His occupation was listed as "Taylor's Cutter" on his business card and also on his death certificate, however he also advertised himself as a tailor and kilt maker. He apprenticed my grandfather, Charles Stuart, his eldest son and second child, to be in business with him and it was my grandfather - also Andrew's grandfather - who either made the outfit, or had it made for Andrew. Sadly the exact origin of the outfit may well be lost as I don't know of anyone who may have more information than me.

So this wedding, with its ClanMunro connection, was a great occasion of celebrating the past, enjoying the present and anticipating a wonderful future.....Helen Munro

### *Munro Highland Tours*

Not only is George Munro our new treasurer, he lives in Maryburgh, the village where I was born and he runs "Munro Highland Tours." George will take you to all parts of Munro country and indeed, to all parts of the Highlands. One favourite tour is from Inverness along Loch Ness (a sighting of "Nessie" the monster, is not guaranteed!) through the beautiful countryside to Skye - & back of course! George will tailor the tour to meet your needs & if you were to take the one I just mentioned, I would suggest you go via Plocton where "Hamish MacBeth" was filmed - a beautiful little village.

See George's website <http://www.munrohighlandtours.co.uk/> & at the top of the page you will see the tours he offers (and check out his testimonials!!). You will find everything there that you need to contact him, or I can connect you with him.

### *Clan Munro (Association) Australia Newsletter*

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