



# Clan Munro Australia

## Newsletter of the Clan Munro (Association) Australia

Volume 13 Issue 3 December 2016



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



### Chat

Two Munros featured in the Her Majesty's 90th Birthday honours list, both receiving MBEs. First our very own Mrs Sarah Margaret Katharine (Alpha) Munro of Foulis, for services to the Arts and to people with additional support needs in Ross-shire. A just reward for her 40 years of dedication to the community, which includes the last 25 years of teaching and promoting traditional fiddle music amongst the young. The other was Calum Macintosh Munro, co-founder of the Highland Cross, the gruelling 50 mile duathlon that traverses the Highlands from Kintail to Beaulieu. This annual event has raised a total of £4.1 million. I must also mention the co-founder of the race, Gerry Grant, as I knew him from my years in Beaulieu. A noted shinty player and true gentleman, Gerry got the idea for the race after a cycle journey he took from Strathglass to Kyle for a shinty match on which he carried his bike over the hills when too steep to ride. That is true dedication.

Diana MacKay's report on her visit to the Monroe Gathering in France is included. Diana was made very welcome and really enjoyed her visit.

Don J Munro from Queensland is an inspiration. At the age of 89 he has, along with his wife Jacquelyn, produced his second book. This one is for children and follows the story of Donald's grand uncle from his father's farm to the horrors of war in France and Belgium. We see the suffering of the soldiers in the trenches and the battle field as well as the dangers of being a stretcher bearer.

Patricia and Ken Cotter were our representatives at the Canberra Gathering the day after returning from the International Parkinson's Conference in Los Angeles. Bet & I attended the Armadale (WA) Highland Gathering and were lucky enough to gain a new member as well as having a visit from one of the lovely Highland Dancers.

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 know when you intend to visit.

Contact our webmaster Ian Munro at [info@clanmunro.org.uk](mailto:info@clanmunro.org.uk) and he will arrange your visit.

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With any luck there will be more	
Don	

Visit the clan Munro website at [www.clanmunro.org.uk](http://www.clanmunro.org.uk) where you will find lots of interesting information about the happenings at Foulis.

### Welcome

This Month we welcome to our newest member Mike Munro who comes to us courtesy of the Armadale (WA) Highland Gathering. We have members who are Australian and live in New Zealand and now we have a New Zealander who lives in Australia, he has been here since 1990. Mike has a car detailing business and has had a very interesting life having worked for the forestry commission, spent 3 ½ years in the New Zealand army and was a shearer before crossing the Tasman. He can trace his ancestors back to William Hugh Munro who came to New Zealand from Tarbert, Scotland. We are having a bit of trouble getting back further but are working on it. I will include Mike's story in our next newsletter.

## The Eric Ewart Gladstone Boyd Medals

You may remember that in our previous newsletter I mentioned that we had managed to connect WWI and WWII medals belonging to Eric Ewart Gladstone Boyd with his descendants. This is that story.

CLAN MUNRO MAINTAINS THE FAMILY CONNECTIONS - JULY 20, 2016

Clan Munro has recently played a crucial role in the return to his descendants of medals issued to Queenslander, Eric Ewart Gladstone Boyd, honoured for service in both world wars. His right arm was amputated following injury sustained on May 12, 1915,



the day after landing at Anzac Cove, aged 21. He nevertheless re-enlisted in the Second World War, in the Malay States, becoming a prisoner of war in Changi. His medals were found by chance last year in a work shed and attempts by the conscientious owner to trace the family through official channels met without success. It was following generous research by a friend and former serviceman, Michael Calder, that the



Munro connection was discovered and contact made with Clan Munro. Catherine Ives, nee Munro, a Life Member, was able to identify her cousin as the nephew and sole descendant. As a result, last month Captain Boyd's great nephew and great, great niece (pictured with Michael) had the pleasure and honour of receiving a beautifully boxed collection of the medals. Much thanks is due to all concerned, including descendants of several Scottish clans!

The Medal Handover Life

## LES MONROE de FRANCE - August 2016

Dr Diana Munro was our representative at the Clan Monroe France Gathering and this her story of the wonderful time she had. In her photo with the French President, Yves Monro, he could be my brother!! Must check dna.

I recently had a once-in-a-lifetime experience, which I am still "fizzing" about, so would like to share it with my fellow Clan Munro Australia members! I attended a "Rassemblement" (gathering) of Les Monroe de France (the French Clan Munro members) in Chateau Mazoncle, Marly-sur-Arroux, a very small town in S-E France over the weekend of 20-21 August, 2016.

Although I live in New Zealand now, my family roots are in Australia and that's why I joined Clan Munro Australia. I travelled with a group of these members to the 10<sup>th</sup> International gathering at Foulis Castle, Ross-shire in July 2014. There, amongst several hundred Munros from the four corners of the globe, I met some members of the French clan (a surprisingly large contingent of over 100). Partly my interest in talking to them was my passion for the French language, which I have continued to study in my retirement.

Following the successful Scottish event, I remained in email contact with a couple of these folk and was then, equal parts, surprised and delighted to receive an invitation to their proposed gathering in August. I have only a modest ability in the French language but the prospect of attending such an event and "parleying francais", while wearing my kilted skirt, was immensely appealing and quite irresistible. I immediately contacted Don Munro who replied that he and Bet could not attend and despite advertising it, no other Aussie Munros seemed interested in going, so I was going to have to go "solo"! I think he may have over-extended his presidential powers by unofficially appointing me to be Clan Munro Australia's "official" representative to the event!



Despite the anxieties of recent random terrorist attacks in Europe, I did decide to go, so set off for France in high spirits in mid-July. The journey to Chateau Mazoncle was quite an adventure in itself (and a story for another time). Suffice it to say, it involved two train trips + a bus trip and took a whole day to get to Gueugnon, being the closest accommodation I could get to the Chateau. I stayed there in a small family-run hotel there and, when I asked the "patron" on Friday night, could I please book a taxi to take me to the chateau on Saturday morning, I got the most incredulous look from him. I didn't think I had mangled my French words so badly for this reaction, until I finally learned that there was no such thing as a taxi there! I began to feel anxious: I had travelled thousands of kilometres to get here, were the last 8 kms going to be my biggest challenge?!

At breakfast on Saturday morning I noticed several new hotel guests and as I was already wearing my Black Watch tartan slacks for the day's events, I became aware my trousers seemed to be the subject of conversation for a couple of these women. I decided to speak to them so said, as politely as I possibly could, that I was proudly wearing Clan Munro tartan pantalon (French for "trousers")... which produced enormous smiles on everyone's faces, because they were all Munros too! This happy revelation solved my transportation problems for the remainder of the weekend!



Unfortunately, Saturday morning was showery but we headed off to the chateau driving through attractive, productive-looking pastureland where Charolais cattle (the main local agricultural industry) grazed contentedly. Chateau Mazoncle is a working farm owned and lived in by Jacques and Christine de Saint-Trivier and their young family. It was a well-maintained and gracious building, having had a number of predecessors on this site, but this one was built in 1559 and renovated in the 19<sup>th</sup> century in Renaissance style. The Saint-Triviers are Monroe cousins through the Cherve branch. The house itself was not open to visitors over the weekend but the lovely grounds and large, thoroughly cleaned barns and various out-houses, were.

Saturday morning was essentially a meet-and-greet time. I soon learned that the French branch all use the surname "Monroe" and that those attending (about 120 out of a total membership of 400) can very proudly trace their heritage through three different branches from their original "founding father", Ulysses Monroe who married a Marie Brady. In fact, there was a large board displaying the family tree and several times when my French faltered and their English failed them, I was taken by my hand to the board and this person's exact connection within the family tree was pointed out to me. From this I understood that really all the people in attendance were indeed physically related...so no wonder they revel in these two yearly reunions: a special time when they can catch up with their far-flung cousins etc, being all part of this large, extended family! It was a heart-warming prospect for each of them I thought.

There were two other visitors, a Belgian couple, members from Clan Haig who simply were there because they enjoyed Scottish events. I was certainly viewed a little curiously at first: most seemed rather puzzled by my presence. Although a "Munro" prior to my marriage I didn't really have any proveable blood connection to them, which as I have already said, was their common uniting factor. Fortunately, the rain cleared by midday, which allowed us to proceed with a gigantic "pique-nique" lunch under the trees, where we each shared finger food.



That afternoon there was the opportunity to visit Chateau de Saint-Aubin at St Aubin-sur-Loire, constructed at the end of the 18<sup>th</sup> century, reputed to be a perfect example of Neoclassical architecture, and now considered the premier chateau of the Loire region. We were treated to a personally guided tour by the current owner and really marvelled at the extensive grounds and superb interior furnishings.

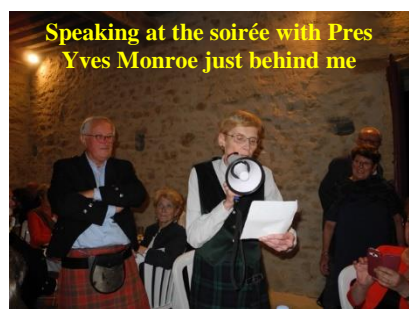
On Saturday evening was the "Le Diner and La Soiree". Everyone was dressed in their best finery, all featuring Black Watch tartan. Many of the men were attired in kilts. Upon entering the barn, one had a spectacular scene of multiple tables (each seated 8) beautifully draped with white linen tablecloths on which was a central rectangular piece of Black Watch tartan and a small vase of purple hydrangeas (looking remarkably like Scottish thistles because of their colour); glasses all sparkling and cutlery shining! It looked just so perfect! The Clan president (Yves Monroe) welcomed everyone including guests, whereupon I asked if I could respond. I had already prepared a short speech (just in case!) of greetings from Clan Munro Australia, thoughts for the French nation during these troubled times and the importance of our heritage and family, which I delivered in the best French I could muster.

Well, it must have been OK because it was greeted with enthusiastic applause. I believe it was the correct thing to do for the occasion, because the French have a quaint system of formality, and my "official" words at the right time, rang a chord with them. I believe this speech gave me my final seal-of-approval, because after it, I had many folk come up, introduce themselves and congratulate me. Their initial "curiosity" had now turned into genuine and warm "acceptance". For the remainder of the night my head was spinning with trying to maintain constant conversations in French.

The meal was finally served around 9pm by a team of scurrying young women and was well worth the wait. There were salads on the table and we were each brought a large Charolais steak with potatoes baked in cheese, onions and white sauce. Then followed chocolate mousse for dessert and coffee. It was a most convivial night: I made many new friends and by midnight, returned to my little hotel room and fell into bed exhausted, but in the most contented of ways. Sunday morning was another early start because there was a special Mass at the local RC parish church, St Symphorien's. Most of the Monroes were in attendance. The priest blessed the Clan gathering during the service, which was a lovely touch I thought. We then all returned to Chateau Mazoncle once again and the clan's AGM was held outdoors under the trees. Although I was cordially invited to it, I did not attend but spent more time with some of the women just enjoying the gorgeous Summer's day, the serene country surroundings and the camaraderie. After that we all lined up for a group photograph. Then followed a buffet luncheon inside the barn, where cold meats, chicken, breads and all manner of salads were available followed by pear tarts with yoghurt and coffee.



Speaking at the soirée with Pres Yves Monroe just behind me

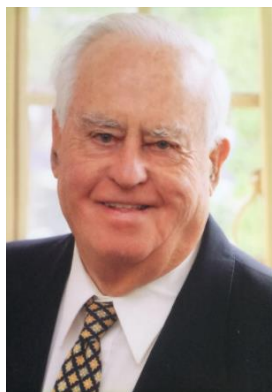


Time then for "au revoirs" and hugs as people drifted off to make return journeys to their homes all over France.

It had been a unique and memorable weekend for me. I endeavoured to fulfil my commission as delegate, to the best of my ability. I discovered the French Monroes are a close-knit group who value this Scottish-French association and genuinely enjoy their times together. I don't think they have had many "outsiders" come to an event in the past, but their welcome to me was genuine, gracious and respectful. I hope I set a good precedent for future visitors to attend a gathering, because I can thoroughly recommend it as a most worthwhile adventure. *Diana MacLean (nee Munro), Invercargill, New Zealand: 6 October, 2016.*

## **Ronald Fane Munro's Eulogy**

*Ron Munro's passing was a great loss to our Clan. He was a great support to me and provided me with many stories for our newsletter. His four-part war experiences were fascinating. His many talents are described in his eulogy*



Ron's parents were William Robert Munro and Alma Jane Cox who were married in 1914. They lived on an isolated farm on the Ellenborough River in northern NSW. When his mother was carrying her third child she travelled to the Blue Mountains to be with her sister Alice for the confinement. At the time, the Spanish flu was raging in Sydney and Alma must have contracted it on her journey.

Ron was born on the 9 July 1919 but tragically his mother passed away three days later. Alice and her husband Rowley Jordan insisted on bringing up the children, Ron, his elder brother William and his sister Phyllis as they had no children of their own. It was a tough upbringing for the young family as Alice believed that sparing the rod would spoil the child. Ron went to the local school at Springwood and then to Penrith about 10 miles away for high school. This meant going to school by train or riding his bike which he enjoyed doing. Both Ron and Bill were keen bush walkers and on one occasion found the skeleton of a man in an isolated cave in the bush below their house.

Ron had music lessons but did not enjoy them. Maybe it was because he had to ride his bike uphill to the next town to be taught by a miserable old teacher who smacked his fingers with a ruler every time he played a wrong note!! He walked to primary school every day in his bare feet, including the freezing cold winters. It was not till he went to high school that he got his first pair of shoes.

He watched the Sydney harbour bridge being built – they could see it from their home in the Blue Mountains and he was there at the opening of the bridge with the Boy Scouts when De Groot rode in and cut the ribbon. He saw a manacled Harry Houdini jump off the large bridge at Wauchope near Casino. He saw the swagmen walking through the mountains looking asking for work or food – it was the time of the depression.



Ron left school at 15, passed the Public Service exam and took up his first appointment as a Telegraph Messenger boy at the Rose Bay P.D. in Sydney. All telegrams were sent by Morse code in those days and Ron became quite proficient in its use and this had a bearing on his subsequent war service. In 1938 Ron qualified for a clerical position in the Commonwealth Public Service. This meant moving to Canberra to work in the Commonwealth Department of Works. In those days Canberra was in its infancy, only about 10,000 people resided there.

The Dept. of Works was responsible for the design, construction and maintenance of all Commonwealth public works including defence projects in Australia and its Territories. Shortly after war broke out in 1939 the Dept. was transferred to Melbourne to enable closer contact with the defence departments at Victoria Barracks. Ron accompanied the director general to Melbourne.

He was eventually released from the Department, enlisted in the RAAF and accepted for air crew. He was trained as a Wireless Operator Air Gunner because of his competency in Morse code. Due to the rapid advance of the Japanese in the Pacific his training was curtailed and he was sent to Richmond base in NSW where 100 Squadron Beauforts was being formed. Ron was invited to join the crew of the CO Wing Commander Sam Balmer and subsequently Squadron Leader Smoky Dawson. Both these men were permanent Air Force officers and had hundreds of hours of flying experience. Very different from the crews formed with newly trained pilots with little flying experience. A crew of four was assembled and these men stayed together as a team for most of the war and formed a strong bond.

The squadron was sent to Milne Bay in PNG under appalling conditions where many Australian losses occurred. The Japanese attempted to set up a base on PNG but due to constant bombing and strafing by the RAAF and heavy fighting by AIF units the Japanese withdrew. This was a remarkable feat because it was the first defeat of the Japanese forces on land and stopped the onward surge of their attacks towards Australia. After many months of offensive





operations Ron was sent to Sale in Victoria as an instructor. He was discharged in September 1945 with the rank of Flying Officer after the Japanese surrender was signed.

Ron returned to the Dept. of Works after discharge. Under post war reconstruction he was able to study accounting part time until he qualified for entry to the Australian Society of Accountants. Eventually he rose to the position of Director of Finance in the department. Ron was seconded to the Snowy Mountains Hydro Electric Authority for some months in 1957 where he worked in close contact with the Director Sir William Hudson, a man he held in high regard. Dad often spoke of his time there and the admiration and regard he had for Sir William.

Ron married Mary Powell Quiney in August 1944. After the war they built a house at Black Rock and were blessed with three children, Susan, Mary and Anne who all attended St Leonards College. Ron was appointed to the Council of the College where he served for 14 years. From 1967 to 1974 he was Chairman of the College Council. During this time, he was instrumental in introducing co-education to the school. A radical decision at the time which entailed much diplomacy and time spent with students, staff and parents.

In January 1976 his wife, Mary, died suddenly. Fortunately, the three girls though only in their twenties had established careers. He was immensely proud of his children and always remained in close contact with them. Ron was a keen golfer and member of the Huntingdale golf club for 43 years.

Ron married Emma Jane Gregory in February 1978, they lived in Emerald. Then they toured Australia by caravan for five years and subsequently moved to Bendigo. Ron was very active in civic affairs in Bendigo and was vice president of the Bendigo Historical Society for many years. Joan died there in 1998.

In 2007 Ron was awarded a Senior Achiever Award at Government House, Melbourne. He moved from Bendigo to Classic Apartments in Melbourne in July 2008 to be closer to his daughters and died there aged 89.



### *A Visit to Foulis*

One of our newest members, Dr Bruce Munro and his wife Judy visited Foulis castle in July and they were very impressed with the facilities, the castle and the surrounding area.



Bruce Munro (left) with Timmy Munro & Graeme McKnight

Foulis Castle can be booked on Airbnb, friends had recommended it. There is a two bedroom apartment called The Pavilion available for let, it has a sitting room, dining room and well appointed kitchen, and the castle is set in very pretty grounds. On Tuesday mornings there is a tour of the castle, usually taken by Mrs Munro, the widow of the last Chief. Sometimes she is assisted in this by Ohma ("Emma") who is married to her grandson Finnian, the heir but for our visit the Chief, Hector was a most able guide, talking about his forbears and the castle....



Timmy Munro & Judy Munro

The Pavilion is supplied with tea and coffee making facilities and breakfast cereal. Down on the main road (A9) we had

stopped at the Storehouse, a lovely shop selling local produce and delicious ready made meals most suitable for the oven or microwave in the apartment. There is also a cafeteria there and a gift shop. Behind the Storehouse there is a museum, not well publicised but with an excellent display of life in the region in the past and Munro history.

We took a walk around the Kiltearn graveyard down beside the Firth of Cromarty and saw the burial place of many MUNRO clan chiefs and other locals. It is a very good starting point for the North Coast 500, a tourist circuit of north Scotland.

### *ROB MOR REARQUAR A Strong Man from Loch Glass Side*

This story is from the book "Ferindonald Papers" by Frank Maclennan and published by the Ross & Cromarty Heritage society who have kindly given me permission to use extracts from the book in our newsletter. Mhairi Mackenzie who, of course, is secretary of the Clan Munro Association, was instrumental in getting me permission to use stories from the book. Latest dna results indicate that my line is possibly from the Monros of Milntown, so maybe I am related to Rob but when you read of Rob's size – maybe not!!

Sometime early in the 18th century, a prize-fighter from England was making a professional tour of the North, staying a few days here and a few days there, long enough to give such natives as cared a chance to try their skill against his. In due course he reached Ferindonald, the Munro country, and, as was the hospitable way of the Highlands, he was given a lodging in



The Ferindonald Stone outside the Storehouse. Many of us will have this photo

Foulis Castle. We are not told whether any of the local men accepted his challenge.

It was the custom in those days, and for fully a century after, for rent to be paid in kind, that is, in the produce of the croft or farm, and in labour on the landlord's fields. It chanced that, during the boxer's visit, a string of garrons, each one laden with two panniers of peats, arrived at Foulis from the Loch Glass area. After the steward had taken delivery, the men in charge of the convoy were brought into the Castle kitchen, and a good meal was put before them. While they sat there the burly stranger from England strolled in among them.

"Which of you fine fellows is going to fight me?" he challenged.

They laughed at this, as they did not take him seriously. He was nettled, and picked on one of them, a very big fellow, although still in his teens.

"A big chap like you, you're not afraid surely?"

"I have no quarrel with you," the lad told him.

"If that's all, I'll give you a reason," said the boxer, and he spat in the lad's plate.

This had no effect - the young fellow was of a quiet, peaceable nature; and besides, the man was the guest of his chief, so in a sense his person was sacred.

A second time the other spat and still the insult failed its hoped for result; but the victim must have been boiling.

For the third time the boxer's spittle landed in the plate of food, and that was too much. Up rose the young fellow, grabbed hold of the bully by the neck and legs, and pitched him bodily on to the huge kitchen fire, with such a force that his back was broken on the top rib of the grate. The lad from Loch Glass was Robert Munro, better to be known in after years as Rob Mor Rearquhar. This story is but one of many that must have been current concerning him up until a couple of generations ago. Unfortunately, as has happened to so much of our folk lore, little remains now to tell us of this Samson.

Rob was of good stock. He was sixth in the line of headship of the Munros of Milntown of Katewell; and through the cadet branches of Coul and Balconie, and then of Ferryton of Obsdale, was a descendant of George, tenth Baron of Foulis, who was killed at the battle of Bealach nam Brog near Garbat in 1452. His father, John Munro, was a man of standing, and it is on record that Kiltearn Kirk Session "appointed him an informer to report to them regarding the behaviour of the people in his district on 20th February, 1719" (Mackenzie's "History of the Munros") John sold the Milntown of Katewell property and went to Rearquhar. Our Robert was either born there or taken there when quite young, for he was only in his teens when he overthrew the prize-fighter.

This place Rearquhar, which was his home for most of his life, is on the Novar side of Loch Glass, well over a mile from the lower end of the Loch; it is no more than a name now.

There are many places like it among the Highland hills,

where only tumbled walls, and mounds of earth and stone, and green patches that still resist the encroachments of the heather, remain to tell that people once had their homes there and won a living in what seems to us most unfavourable conditions. Its eastern boundary appears to have been a wall which runs up the hillside from the Loch shore, and it is noteworthy that Rob is credited with having built it, and having himself handled many of the huge stones in its structure.

A story referring to a date after his father had died and Rob Mor had succeeded him in Rearquhar, also gives us an indication of his character as well as of his strength. His cattle had been out on the hill grazing for a long period and he required them to be brought in to be sent to the market. His men went out to round them up, and when they came in with the herd they had to report

that there was one bullock so wild that neither they nor their dogs could handle it, they had perforce to leave it on the hill. (I have an idea that his "men" were young fellows, better to be called herd-boys).

Rob said nothing by way of reproach. He just took a stout stick and went off in search of the beast. He returned an hour or two later, seated on its back, and it was as docile as a lady's pony.

"The quietest beast I ever came across" he laughed, leaping off at his door:

The herdsman protested that every time they had tried to go near it, it had charged them and made them run for their lives. "So too it charged me when I first went near it," said Rob Mor, "But I waited for it, got a grip of it by the horns, twisted its neck and had it on its side on the ground before it knew what was coming to it. Then I straddled it and when it rose there was I up astride. Every time it turned to go one way I gave it a touch on the nose with the stick and made it go the other way. It didn't take long to learn that I was the master."

It is fairly certain that Rob would be sending his cattle to Beaully, to the market called Feill na Manachainn; it was a principal centre of affairs until the Muir of Ord market superseded

it about 1820. I understand it used to be held about once a month. Sometimes, tradition says, Rob would have only a calf to sell; he would put it in a bag, sling it over his back, and walk to Beaully, a distance of well over 14 miles even as the crow flies. His journey would take him by the ford at the lower end of Loch Glass, up the long slope of moor and over Allt na Caorach and on into Strath Skiach; then probably down one way or another to Dingwall, and from there on by the line more or less of the present main road. And after the market was over, the same way home again, a lighter load now in his bag, sweets and cakes for the bairns, a fancy comb or a piece of silk for the wife.

One day, Rob was carrying a boll of oatmeal home from Foulis Ferry. It looks as if there had been a poor harvest, and meal would be brought in from the south by sea. He would



Ferindonald Country



A market in Beaully about 1900



Foulis Ferry, familiar to many of us

normally have his own grain ground at the mill at Achnatunnagan, opposite

Eilanach. A trick was played on him at the Ferry, an iron

weight was put in the bag. He was feeling the worse of this, and thought it was in himself, his strength going due to advancing years. Passing through Glenglass he had to halt and rest, and said to himself, "Oh, Rob, you're getting done." (In Gaelic.) He must have been relieved on getting home, when the weight was found in the bag among the meal. In his later years, Rob Mor left Rearquhar to take up his abode at Bogandurie beside the Skiach, and there he died at a ripe old age.

### ***Edward on the Somme***

The book follows the journey of Edward Munro from "The Diaries of a Stretcher-Bearer." Like many of his mates, Edward left his father's farm & sailed to France. The book tells a little of his life as a stretcher-bearer and the hardship the soldiers had to put up with in the trenches; the German snipers; the death & destruction; a visit to Paris & Amiens; dog fights in the sky overhead; if you have been to the Queensland museum in Brisbane you are sure to have seen "Mephisto" the German tank captured by the Australian soldiers. It is a very interesting book written simply, for children, with excellent illustrations. The book costs \$19.99 and is published by Boolarong Press in Brisbane. ISBN 9781925236996. Booksellers will know Boolarong Press and can order if it is not on the shelves. The email address is [publish@boolarongpress.com.au] and the phone number is 07 3373 7855.

### ***The Highland Showcase St Leonards Park, North Sydney***

Patricia & Ken represented the Clan Munro at St Leonards Park North Sydney

What an honour to have Sir Malcolm and Lady MacGregor as our Guests of Honour for Sydney Scottish Week. The opening parade featured many clans supported by the massed pipe bands. They were the MacLeod Pipe Band, the Hills District Pipe Band, Northern Suburbs Pipe Band and the St George and Sutherland Pipe Band. Sir Malcolm and lady Macgregor inspected the parade and officially opened the gathering. Each clan representative said their motto in Gaelic. All the various clan members mingled informally with the guests of honour. They commented on the great effort everyone had made to make them feel so welcome. The Munro banner was put in its stand in the tent shared with Scottish House and people showed interest in clan material. Clan Munro was proud to be part of this event.

The performance of the Australian Federal guard a precision drill team was awesome. Clan Buchanan are celebrating 1000 years as a clan. Our thanks to North Sydney Council and Pipe Band Association.



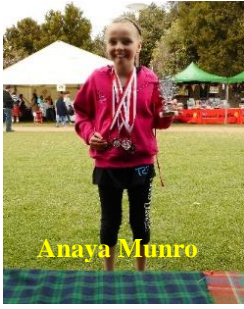
Patricia with Sir Malcolm & Lady MacGregor

### ***Tartan Day Kirkin' o the Tartan***

This time Patricia & Ken were at the Kirkin of the Tartan in Annandale.

Scottish Week Tartan Day Kirkin' o the Tartan was held on Sunday 26 June, at 10-11.30am in the Hunter Baille Presbyterian Church, Annandale. The Clan representatives filed into the church each carrying their Scottish Clan Banner. Then they were placed at the front of the church. The Kirkin' Prayer was delivered by Hon. Torquil Donald Mcleod of Lewis. The readings were presented by Geoffrey Davidson and Susan Cooke. The Rev. Peter Dunstan's sermon was insightful and featured Scottish themes; beautiful music by the gaelic choir was heart warming and this was performed during the presentation of the tartans; then it was out into the sun. Two girl pipers gave a lovely rendition of some Scottish tunes. Conviviality and friendships were renewed while enjoying a scrumptious morning tea.

## Armadale (WA) Highland Gathering



Anaya Munro

Bet & I had our usual table at the Armadale (WA) Highland Gathering which, as always, was very well organised. Weather in the morning was good and although we had some rain in the afternoon the visitors were well prepared, opened their umbrellas and carried on. We had a couple of special visitors. First, Mike Munro & Norelle arrived and after a bit of chat, Mike signed up for 3 years – our first sign up in the time we have been there!



Bet & Don

Then a special young lady arrived in the form of Anaya Munro complete with her five medals and trophy she had won. Congratulations Anaya - I just had to take her photo as she is better looking than the two of us. The pipe bands were a big success, although there were fewer than usual; The Scottish bands on stage were a good draw card as were the

heavy events and the Medieval Fair; the Highland dancers were lovely as usual and the Scotties were a huge hit getting stopped every few metres for a photograph; I even had to go on stage to explain to the mob what a clan is!!

## Vale Lydia Gertrude Clarissa Batchelder

*It is with regret that I have to tell you of the passing of one of our oldest members, Lydia Batchelder, nee Munro. I did not know she had died but I found her obituary by chance on the internet and have reprinted it here. It shows us the lady that Lydia was. It is so unfortunate that we have to hear of the passing of some of our older members in this way. I would love to hear from her family.*

It is with deep regret that we, the nieces, nephews and families of Aunt Lydia, advise of her passing on Wednesday, 4th of March at the age of 99 years. Born on 9/1/1916, the 9th child of William and Gertrude Munro, she outlived all of her siblings. Wife of George Edward Batchelder (dec) and long time devoted partner of Morton Brettel (Pad) Causer (dec). Lydia was an energetic, successful businesswoman who gave love, direction, support and encouragement to her many nieces, nephews, their families and numerous friends. With cherished memories, we honour, love and salute her.

## Vale Donald John (Darby) Munro

It is with much regret that I report the passing of Donald John (Darby) Munro. I printed Darby and his son Lauren's story as crop dusters in Newsletter 22. His flying days ended when his plane caught fire and he had burns to 40% of his body. Darby loved fishing and was very interested in family history which led him to joining the Clan Munro in Australia. He was a very popular man and is sadly missed by his family and many friends. Our sincere condolences go out to his wife and family. His dear wife Gayle has written his story and I will print that in our next newsletter.

### Membership

Annual Membership:	\$25.00	Spouse or children of member under 18 years	\$8.00**
Three Years:	\$55.00	Spouse or children of member under 18 years (3 years)	\$20.00**
Ten Years:	\$160.00	Spouse or children of member under 18 years (10 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 10 Year Dues	\$80.00	

## Clan Munro (Association) Australia Newsletter

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The stories printed in this newsletter are as presented by the writers and are accepted by the editor on that basis. Where necessary they have been abridged to fit the newsletter.



