



Clan Munro (Association) Australia

Volume 3 Issue 1

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Have you visited our Website at <http://geocities.com/clanmunroau/index>

Vale

We have a lot of sadness in this month's issue and our hearts go out to Ron & his family and Marjorie & Bruce & their families for their loss

From Scotland

News just arrived from our Chief, Hector. The next Munro Gathering will be held in July/ August 2007 and will mark the 70th Anniversary of the Clan Munro (Association). Good news also that the Clan Centre and restaurant has now re-opened.

New Zealand

Margaret Weeden has the New Zealand branch up and running & the hottest thing over there at the moment is the film "The World's Fastest Indian," the story of Burt Munro, the world champion motorcyclist.

Canada

The Munro Beacon always has interesting stories and this month there is one on the bagpipes that I might pinch for our own newsletter. Jo Anne Tuskin, the editor, also had some nice things to say about Ron F Munro's war experiences story.

This Month

WW2 in Borneo-Ron and the scorpions
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WW1 in Borneo...Ron survives the war.
Tartan in general and Munro in particular. We also try to dispel some of the tartan myths.

Don

Chat

Hard to believe that this is now my third year of producing our newsletter and I would like to thank you for your support over that time. Six members besides myself have been involved with this issue and that is just as it should be. Quite a few of you have sent me items for inclusion but I need more, more, more!

Helen Munro told me that she loves reading about what our ancestors have done but wondered if there are any Munros out there doing good things just now. If you know of any please let me know - or write me a story about your business.

We gained seven new members last year but none so far this year but hopefully that will change.

Ron F Munro went to the trouble of writing to all of the Munros in his area but we had no response from that. Many thanks, Ron for your effort but it looks as if this is not a successful method of recruitment - as Margaret Ahrens also discovered.

I have put an advert in the Scottish Banner but to date we have had no response from that one either.

I have enclosed our balance sheet for 2004 which looks reasonably healthy but it includes life members' pre-payment of the newsletter levy for a number of years, it is not quite as good as it might look.

Exciting news about our new Munro tartan as you will read in the Clan Munro Magazine from Scotland, so I have included some prices for you to compare. If anyone knows of other kilt outlets in your State, let me know and I will include them next time.

Congratulations to Alexander Munro Cave on his first Magazine, it is excellent and I know that the next one is already underway.

You will note that our "Can you help?" section is quite large this month. I have been surfing the internet looking for people looking for Munros in Australia. I contact them and tell them about our Association & offer them the opportunity of using our newsletter to further their research. Obviously I hope for a spin off - no luck so far but it is a service I am happy to offer all Munros!

A thought with which to finish. Over lunch the other day, Bet said to me "The Newsletter doesn't have a name, does it?" Now that was something I really had not thought about and if you look, you will see that what she said is true for all I have used is the name of the Association.

Do you think we need one? The Canadian newsletter for example, is called *The Munro Beacon* which refers to the Munro battle cry *Castle Foulis is Ablaze*. Can you think of something appropriate that will give us an identity?

Give it some thought and we can vote on which we think is the best one. In the meantime, I will think of Munro type prize for the winner.

Flying Officer Ron F Munro's War in the Pacific 1941-1945 – Part 3

We continue Ron's fascinating story with a bird's eye view of the Battle of Milne Bay which, from Australia's point of view, would have to have been one of the most important battles of WW2

Before taking off from Townsville for Milne Bay, we were told the Japanese had over run the first airstrip and were advancing towards the second one – the one we were heading for! The airstrip had been carved out of a coconut plantation and consisted of steel marsden matting laid on top of the mud. When our wheels touched the steel matting, the mud shot up in jets through the holes and caked the wings. The plane could not take off again until it had been scrubbed down.



The natives let us take over their long bamboo hut which had a series of double decker bunks made of round bamboo poles. There was one blanket, no pillow or mosquito net and no other amenities whatsoever. It was stinking hot and when heavy rain started, it came straight through the roof, soaking us. We pulled off our woollen jackets and soon huge scorpions began to fall on us from the palm leaf roof and if we tried to kill them they gave a very nasty bite but if you did not attempt to brush them off they did not attack you.

We were dog-tired as we had had little or no sleep for two nights since flying out of Laverton and we cursed the air force for our predicament. An army officer pulled up outside the hut with a jeep load of shovels and rushed into the hut yelling out that we had better get out and dig trenches as the Japanese were less than two miles away. We told him we were the air force not the army and it was not our role to dig trenches. He was so disgusted that he threw the shovels in a heap and drove off.

At about 2200 hours that night the Japanese brought two heavy cruisers into the bay and four destroyers and standing about two miles off the camp, started to shell us. The first salvo sounded like a thunderclap and the hut was lit up. We all jumped off our bunks, rushed for the door and almost fought one another for the shovels. We dug frantically but it was pouring rain and as fast as we dug, the trench filled with dirty black water. With each salvo, they fired a tracer shell, which looked like a fireball coming towards us. We threw ourselves into the trench and the black mud soon covered us from head to foot. Our woollen clothes were peeled off and before long we were down to our underpants. The shells seemed to be going about ten feet over our heads and they made a swishing noise as they tore through the coconut palms. They hit the ground about 100 yards beyond us but, because of the mud, they buried about six feet into the ground before exploding and sending up vast mud geysers. Fortunately, the mud protected us from the shrapnel. The shelling lasted until about 0400 by which time we were dead beat and black mud was dripping from our hair and bodies. I will never forget that night as long as I live and have had many nightmares for years afterwards about this incident and many others. I can remember every detail as though it happened yesterday. The Japanese sank one ship, the Anshun, which was unloading at the wharf but allowed the hospital ship, Manunda which was lit up, to leave the harbour. However, they later torpedoed it off the east coast of Australia even though it was fully illuminated. We just wandered about dazed saying very little, fortunately we suffered no casualties but others were not so lucky.

“.....soon huge scorpions began to fall on us...”

About 0800 hours we were asked to report to the operations room and we were a sorry sight. Every available aircraft was instructed to take off and try to locate the warships that had gone out to sea to avoid detection. About two hours out from base, I had a call on the radio telephone saying, "return to base, the search has been called off." I asked the caller to give me the password for the morning but got no response so I said to Smoky, "I think this must be a Japanese who speaks good English, knows our frequency but not the password." He agreed and we resumed the search and eventually sighted the warships steaming in line astern. I radioed their position and returned to base as we were short of fuel. Another plane took over to continue shadowing the fleet.

On returning to Milne Bay, a plan was worked out to attack the Japanese fleet. It involved every available aircraft and what a motley collection it was. At 1300 hours one Liberator and four Hudsons would bomb the cruisers from 10,000 feet and two squadrons of Kittyhawks would come in at 1301 to strafe the decks. They would be supported by three Beaufighters to try and cause maximum chaos on the decks and divert the attention of the gunners. Six Beauforts armed with torpedoes were to come in just above water level from ten miles out and attack at 1302 hours. We thought that the Japanese would not expect a torpedo attack and we would drop our torps at 1200 yards from 50 feet, throttled back to 150 knots.

At the briefing, Squadron Leader Bluey Truscott, the C/O of one of the Kittyhawk squadrons was standing next to me. He whispered in my ear "are you frightened Darb?" and I said no. "That's a joke, you are white around the gills and I can tell you I am scarred stiff too," he said. We were told that if the warships came back again there was every chance we would be badly mauled. *Bluey Truscott was subsequently killed flying a spitfire over Darwin. He was buried there but after the war his remains were brought back home to Perth and he was reburied at Karrakatta cemetery. Max also lived there and after the war, he placed a wreath on Bluey's grave with a card saying "thank you Bluey, for helping to protect us in the attack on the cruisers at Milne Bay."*

We took off about midday and set course for the warships. From five miles out we could see the other aircraft attacking and we headed for the target feeling confident they would not see us. But see us they did and, as their smaller guns were concentrating on the fighters, they fired their six inch guns into the water in front of us, sending up huge waterspouts higher than we were flying. If we had hit one of these we would have crashed into the sea. As we had to drop our torpedoes at 1200 yards, it does not take a genius to work out that it only takes a few seconds to pass low over the warship. At 50 feet we were sitting ducks as we flew over with all their guns turned on us.

Luckily, we got back with only minor damage. One destroyer was sunk but the Japanese decided that it was too risky to stay in the area and headed back to their base leaving their ground forces who were already suffering heavy losses, to their fate. This was the beginning of the end for the Japanese as this was their **first defeat on land** since the war started. The battle did not receive the publicity it deserved as the Americans were not involved. If the Japanese had



established a base at Milne Bay they would have probably have taken Port Moresby and then on to Australia.

Conditions at Milne bay were chaotic, it rained heavily every day and on the side of the operations hut one wag had drawn a sketch depicting a digger with mud up to his chin. The sketch showed a chap looking down from the ops room with a caption that read, "I feel sorry for you in that mud" and the digger replies, "I am ok but you should be feeling sorry for my horse!"

The Japanese warships withdrew to Buin Faisi in the Solomons and it was decided that the Beauforts would attack them on the 3rd of October 1942. As the round trip was our maximum range, we stripped all surplus equipment from the plane – even the toilet and some ammunition. When we reached Buin Faisi which was a long harbour surrounded by high mountains, it was still dark and we could not distinguish any ships. We flew to the head of the bay and were at about 500 feet when dawn broke. Immediately below us we could see a long line of about thirty warships and they all seemed to start firing at once, supported by AA guns firing from the surrounding hills.

Smoky dived to sea level and we weaved in between warships so they had to reduce their fire to avoid hitting one another. Then I saw this shell coming straight towards us – I folded up my radio table and put my arms over my face and there was a huge bang as the shell hit us! Smoke was coming

“.....If the Japanese had established a base at Milne Bay they would have probably have taken Port Moresby and then on to Australia.....”

up through the floor but we were still in one piece. A cruiser appeared directly ahead and we dropped our torpedo at it. Max reported that he had seen a big explosion. Subsequent reconnaissance showed the cruiser beached.

As we approached Milne Bay at about 15,000 feet in thick black cloud Smoky said to the Navigator, "Where are we Doug?" He replied that he thought we were over the sea outside Milne Bay and Smoky replied, "We have only ten minutes fuel left and I have got to go down so you had better be right!" He put the plane into a vertical dive and we went straight down through 14,000 feet of dense black rain cloud hoping for the best. We broke through a few hundred feet above the water and headed for the landing strip. Full marks to Doug as he had not been able to get a star shot and there was no radio beacon at Milne Bay from which I could get a fix.



We could not get our wheels down and we had to do a belly landing on the steel mesh strip. The propellers bent back and the aircraft skidded for about 100 yards before coming to a halt. The screaming noise of metal against metal was unbelievable. When we had landed we found that the shell that hit us just under my seat was still there and had not exploded!

.....Next - Ron survives the war

All the Hughs

If you thought there were a lot of Donald Munros, have a look at this Month's contribution from Jean Munro. Jean has been through a tough time last year but tells me that she is slowly recovering and that is good news.

I noticed in the last newsletter that people were looking for Hugh Munros. Best of luck - there must have been thousands born in the 19th century.

My first known Munro was Hugh, born in Ross-shire in ?? and married Janet McKenzie at Cannongate, Edinburgh in 1803. They did not have a Hugh but had a James (how many of them are there?) who married Elizabeth Haig at Ormiston, E Lothian in 1838.

They had a Hugh, born 1843 at Ormiston and he migrated to Queensland as a young man and raised his family around Charter Towers. This Hugh had a cousin also named Hugh who lost his life in WW1 at Ypres, serving with the 1st battalion Royal Scots. He still has kin living in his native Kilwinning, Ayrshire.

On an entirely different family, we know Darby Munro had a father and grandfather named Hugh. My father James Munro came to Australia on "The Orient" as a one year old in 1888 with his parents John Haig Munro and Margaret Jack Pettigrew. James was born at "Maulside" Dalry, Ayrshire, where his father was the coachman. The property and the handsome stables were still there in 1997. My father lived in Melbourne all his life.....Jean Munro

Ed's note: We have other Munro members from Dalry.....I wonder???

Rabbie

Have you ever met someone who makes an instant, positive impression on you? That was the way it was when we met Rabbie, a true gentleman, at his home in Alexander Hedland last April. Rabbie was a much loved friend and faithful member of Mack & Judy Munro's family who came with them to the Sunshine Coast when illness forced Mack & Judy into early retirement. Rabbie, a Border collie, suffered his move to the city with dignity although he did make a few attempts to get back home to the station. But Rabbie has passed away and is no doubt nipping at the heels of cattle in that great big outback station in the sky. Bet & I were fortunate indeed to make lovely Rabbie's acquaintance and found him to be the epitome of that so clever breed of dog that has made such a huge contribution to the development of our country as they worked alongside our farmers.

Can You Help?

As always, if you are not on the internet drop me a line and I will pass on any information. If you do contact anyone on the internet, could you also let me know as I like to keep a record of our successes.

Denise Clarke is searching for information on Richard Williams who married Catherine Munro on 20/10/1835 in Gorbals, Lanark, Scotland. Catherine was born on 28/1/1817. Her parents were William Munro and Mary McGrigor (McGregor). The family thinks that Richard may have been in the army as they both went to Ireland soon after the marriage. Catherine and Richard had only had one child, Thomas who was born abt 1837 in Dublin, Ireland. He married Sarah Elizabeth Fiddler on 2/4/1859 in Clanfield, Oxfordshire.

Thomas and Sarah sailed to Melbourne on the Prince of the Seas, arriving 21/1/1860. Thomas and Sarah were engaged by William Harris of Schnapper Point (Mornington). Their son Richard is Denise's Great Grandfather. Richard Williams died soon after he married Catherine and she then married a Richard Merrick in Clanfield, Oxfordshire. They had 6 children. If you have any information on Denise Clarke's ancestors email her on dclarke2@vtown.com.au

Evelyn Hughes' Grandfather was the eldest son of William McGregor Munro & Elizabeth Andrew. William was born approx 1862 in Pleasant Creek Vic and Elizabeth was born approx 1869 & they were married in 1887 in Stawell, Vic. William's father was William Munro born in 1883 in Ross & Cromarty – in 1859 he married Harriet Ward from Ararat, Vic. Harriet was born in 1836 in Cornwall. If any of the above rings a bell, please contact me (Don Munro)

Lawrence Burns is trying to trace his family back to Scotland. He starts with Margaret Munro who was born in Falkirk; she had a son Andrew born in 1837 who married Isobel Jennings in Maharashtra, India before coming to Australia (don't know when they got here); their son Samuel Jennings Munro married Lilian Mary Hayes and their son Baisel Samuel Munro was born 1903 in Bullarto, Victoria, Australia. Contact Lawrence on swanman5@hotmail.net.au

Fraser Hamilton has been a bit careless as he has lost one of his Munros. Catherine Munro was born in 1855 in Resolis, Ross & Cromarty, Scotland. She migrated to Queensland on the Lusitania 1888 & married Alexander McDonald in Maryborough, Queensland 1889. They had five children Hugh, Ann, Colin, Marion and William. Catherine died in Maryborough in 1955. She was a sister of my grandmother Emily Munro. If you know anything about this lost family, your reward will be the pleasure gained in putting another piece into Fraser's family tree jig-saw. Contact Fraser on fraser.hamilton@talk21.com

Pamela Wardrop is trying to find out about her grandfathers parents. He was Henry George Gordon born 26/3/1900 at Glenn Innes, married to Pearl Schmitter. We have his parents as being Mary Medina Munro and William Percy Gordon however all stops there. If you can help, contact me (Don Munro)

This is what Kellie Stewart told me. "I go back to Alexandra MUNRO who married a lady by the name off Johanna McKAY; I don't have any other information on them except a son named Richard. Richard MUNRO was born on 24 Aug 1861, Deniliquin, Vic. Australia d 28 Nov 1948 at Undercliffe NSW. Richard married a lady by the name of Caroline Susan HANCOX b 21 Jul 1864, Collingwood, VIC. Australia d 4 Sept 1942 Undercliffe, NSW. They were married 6 Nov 1883, Deniliquin, VIC. and they had 11 children with 10 surviving!!"

If you know anything about this family contact Kellie on keen@pacific.net.au

The Irish In Us

Quite a few of our members have Irish roots as this little piece from Daphne Grinberg shows.

My father is Stewart Munro, born in Glencolumbkille in Co Donegal. His father was Alexander Munro, a Canon in the Anglican Church and rector of the diocese of Raphoe, encompassing all the coastline from Inver west. He lived in the Rectory in Inver in later years, and I was born there, my father having sent my mother over to Ireland away from the bombing in London (1944).

My Grandmother was Edith Kildahl, and they had 7 children, Rhoda, Donald, Stewart, Eric, Ian, Helen and Rosabelle. Only my dad, who will be 95 next May, and Rosabelle, are still alive. Rosabelle is about 15 years younger than Dad. All of Edith and Alex's children from, I think, Eric, were born in Inver. The Rectory there is very old, and I remember my aunt Helen telling me once that she was the first girl child ever born there. My aunt Rosabelle would have been the second, and myself the third. I believe we are descended from Scottish Munros - my great-grandfather was, I think, an oat miller in Nairn.

It's interesting, isn't it; once you get started on family history it's hard to stop! But this will do for this time.....Daphne

Sir Walter Scott and the American Civil War

I first met Lachie Munro on the Internet in the pursuit of our elusive ancestors and then in person at the 2002 Clan Gathering. Lachie lives just outside London where he is an interior designer with a passion for hill walking and Munro bagging and he makes frequent visits back to Scotland to further that passion. I don't know how his wife puts up with it but suspect that she is probably glad to get rid of him for a while! He has combined his love of walking with his interest in Robert Louis Stevenson's "Kidnapped" by walking from Mull to Edinburgh following the route in the book. He is also very interested in Munro history and has taken it upon himself to get something done about the state of the Munro monument in Falkirk and has submitted a design for this which is before the Council at the moment – but that's another story. The following is condensed from an article Lachie wrote on the possible connection between Sir Walter Scott and the American Civil war. It also touches upon a possible Scottish connection with the Ku Klux Klan!

Mark Twain, in *Life on the Mississippi*, said this about Sir Walter Scott.

"It was Sir Walter who made every gentleman in the South a Major or a Colonel, or a General or a Judge before the war; and it was he, also, who made those gentlemen value their bogus decorations. For it was he who created rank and caste down there, and also reverence for rank and caste, and pride and pleasure in them. Enough is laid on slavery, without fathering upon it these creations and contributions of Sir Walter. Sir Walter had so large a hand in making Southern character, as it existed before the war, that he is in great measure responsible for the war."

Twain was serious, and although he was the only person of note to accuse Sir Walter Scott directly of being responsible for the Civil War, many others have pointed out the huge influence Scott had on Southern character and culture.

It is difficult nowadays for anyone who has managed to plough through a Scott novel to understand the tremendous influence he had on the world. Not only was he regarded as the greatest writer of his age, his influence was everywhere - everything from operas to knitting patterns, from dog breeds to railway stations, were named after his books and characters (he was even responsible for a minor agricultural revolution in Poland). He had invented the historical novel, captured the romantic imagination of the world, and nowhere more than in the United States of America.

Scott was not the first to popularise Scottish themes; James MacPherson's *Ossian* had created a great stir particularly in America; Jane Porter's *The Scottish Chiefs* (1810) became a perennial favourite of Southern youth, and had prepared the way for Scott's novels. President Andrew Jackson, who scarcely ever read a book, recommended its hero, Sir William Wallace, to his nephew as a model upon which to build his character.

It was however Sir Walter's tales of chivalry - the cult of the horse, of honour of knights, and the glorification of womanhood, that captured the imaginations the



Southern upper classes (*Ivanhoe* for instance was so popular that medieval tournaments were organised in Southern towns). The concept of the Southern aristocrat as a kind of medieval knight developed during the

period before the civil war as a result of the enormous influence of Scott upon the Planter class. (Robert E. Lee is often described in 'chivalric', even 'Arthurian' terms - Twain satirises this in *The Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*). There was another powerful reason why Scott had struck a sympathetic response in the Old South. In his Scottish novels, Scott had depicted gallant

".....many others have pointed out the huge influence Scott had on Southern character and culture."

little Scotland striving to express her cultural identity against the political and military pressure of the English, and Southerners immediately seized on this

comparison between themselves and the North. This feeling of pressure, of being the underdog, combined with their strong feelings of honour and chivalry, became an explosive mixture.

A very significant part of the Southern population, both in numbers and influence, was of Scottish and Ulster-Scots (Scotch-Irish) descent. In his book *A History of the Old South*, Clement Eaton calls them "the cutting edge of the frontier", "excellent Indian fighters", and "the blue



blood of the South". Many Southerners were descendants of Scottish (and English) Cavalier and Jacobite exiles, or the 1,000 survivors of Culloden transported there after the '45. This 'Celtic' component was a ubiquitous feature of Southern life before the Civil War - Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun (Colquhoun), James K(nox)

"Professor MacInnes of Aberdeen University thinks their lineage is undoubtedly Scottish...."

Polk, Sam Houston, Jim Bowie, Davy Crocket, and Confederate President Jefferson Davis, to name but a few, were reared on old-world stories of warrior heroism. Davis's grandmother for instance was Scottish, and his mother

told him legends from the land of her birth, and even taught him a few words of Gaelic that Davis later took pleasure in teaching his own children. In 1869 he made a highly symbolic pilgrimage to Culloden Battlefield, the site of the final Jacobite defeat.

In his book *The Mind of the South*, W. J. Cash has emphasised the hold of the Scottish clan tradition in the South, whereby the ordinary white farmer stood shoulder to shoulder with the Planter - "like a Scottish clansman to his chief." There was a fierce sense of belonging to a great aristocratic tradition. In this new country this sense of 'clan loyalty' developed into a sharing of the Planter's aristocratic paraphernalia, including his culture, his standards of honour, and even his distinguished ancestors. Like the Highland clan, the ordinary white

man was often related by ties of blood to his aristocratic neighbour, or at the very least, shared the Highland concept of “widely extended kinship”, or in Scott’s words - “associations common to inhabitants of a rude and wild land”.

Before the war, Southerners had identified with the manners and ideals of Scott’s novels. (Professor Osterweiss of Yale University calls the South ‘Walter Scotland’) but after the war, in defeat, they identified even more closely their ‘Lost Cause’ with Scott’s novels of Bonnie Prince Charlie and the ‘Lost Cause’ of the Jacobite struggle for Scottish independence in 1746.

Back in Scotland, ‘The Wizard of the North’ had, through his novels and poems (with the help of other Lowlanders, particularly songwriters and collectors such as Robert Burns, James Hogg and Lady Nairne) ‘reconstructed’ the once feared Jacobites. By the time of his death in 1832, and with Highland society safely destroyed, the Highlands had become a romantic wonderland of noble savages and past glories. In a similar way, the Southerners, who had vehemently opposed Northern ‘Reconstruction’, slowly began to reconstruct themselves in the American imagination. Ironically, according to Taylor, it was with the unwitting connivance of many Northerners, who still longingly regarded the South as having the romantic, aristocratic, and ‘Cavalier’ society that the more democratic and acquisitive North lacked.

However, the South’s stubborn resistance to the North’s attempt at ‘Reconstruct’ them had a much more sinister component. According to Professor Osterweiss – “It was characteristic if not inevitable that the institution

employed to restore the Southern system was a clandestine, quasi-military band of self-styled “knights-errant” in the Scottish tradition, who surrounded their organisation with the symbols of both romantic and folk myth. The Ku Klux Klan – a title and a concept has probable debts to Scott and Goethe.”

The origins of ‘The Klan’ remain a mystery; some suggest it was founded by Confederate veterans at Pulaski, Tennessee - men who “saw themselves as persecuted Scottish ‘klansmen’ riding forth to redress the wrongs being perpetrated by . . . people in league with the hated conquerors.” Professor MacInnes of Aberdeen University thinks their lineage is undoubtedly Scottish, their name being an Aberdeen dialect term introduced by farm workers who belonged to the elite and secret Society of Horsemen, which survived in Scotland well into the 20th century. Whatever their origin, the symbolism is obvious, the fiery cross for instance (in Gaelic the *cross-tairie*), a symbol of resistance and coercion, is straight out of Scott’s *The Lady of the Lake*; a poem ‘inflicted’ on every Southern child.

Scott’s legacy in his own country and in the South, whether we like it or not, was enormous. Today, due in no small part to his influence, it is not the victorious Hanoverian Army of the British, or the Union Army of the American North that stirs the majority of hearts and imaginations. It is the beaten yet un-bowed armies of the Highlands and the Old South, and the lost romantic worlds they symbolised. The question remains to be answered - did they both lose their wars, but with the help of Sir Walter Scott, win, and continue the win, the final victory?

Grace Emily Munro

We have had stories of the pioneer men of the Munro clan but at last I have found one of our lady pioneers who was their equal! This story is a combination of articles taken from the Internet together with some extracts from Jillian Oppenheimer’s excellent book “Munro’s Luck.” Jillian is descended from Grace and Hugh Munro as is another of our members, Morna Scott and her family and there are a quite a few cousins out there as well - my thanks to Jillian for editing this story.

Although not a household name, Grace Emily Munro was a women’s activist and the founder and first president of the Country Women’s Association.

Grace was the second daughter of George and Eliza Gordon of Gragin, Warialda and was born on the property in 1879. In 1898 she married Hugh Munro, a grazier from the Bingara district and eighteen years her senior. Hugh at that time was managing the Keera property and Grace’s influence soon became apparent as she ordered new curtain materials, furniture, food and in time, tennis and cricket equipment and materials for the new tennis court. Under her influence Sundays, which had previously been devoted to church and bible reading, were livened up with cricket and tennis matches played by all the Keera families.

Grace was a strong and dynamic personality, just as determined and energetic as her husband. She had been brought up, with her six sisters and one brother, to ride, to shoot, to drive a buggy skilfully. Yet she could

“... Grace’s influence soon became apparent as she ordered new curtain materials.....”



change from an active country life to a ladylike city lifestyle when the family visited Sydney to live in their city home, Kamilaroi in Darling Point Road. Throughout her life Grace moved between her city homes, which, at different times, included Wyaga in Bellevue Hill, Minarua and 14 Dalley Avenue in Vaucluse, two units in Macleay

Regis, Potts Point and her country properties, Middle Brook Farm at Scone and Rhynie near Bundarra.

After her family was complete, Grace travelled throughout the Pacific and the East, including China, Japan and India. She also travelled to Britain and Europe and later in life to South Africa.

Going back to her earlier life, we find that Grace became increasingly aware of the difficulties of living conditions in rural Australia. Grace and Hugh had four children and, with the death of her youngest son in 1911, she was determined to improve medical services in the

bush. She trained as a sister of St John of Jerusalem and worked with the Red Cross during the First World War.

After the war, Grace lectured for the St John order and organised first aid classes in country areas. She became the first woman to serve on a hospital board in rural New South Wales.

The magazine, *Farmer and Settler*, examined conditions for country women in 1921 and in 1922, Grace organised a three day conference held during the week of the Royal Easter Show in Sydney. The CWA was formed at the conference, with Grace Munro as the first President. Non-sectarian and non-political, the association took its inspiration from the Women's Institutes established in Canada and Britain in the 1890's. Its aims were to improve living conditions and provide amenities and health care facilities for women and children in rural areas. After her appointment, Grace travelled extensively in New South Wales and Queensland forming new branches of the Association. She established the first CWA rest room in Bingara in 1924 and, in the following year, helped to found the first country baby health centre at Moree further to the west.

By 1923, there were sixty eight branches and seventeen Rest Rooms for mothers and children in country towns. The Association appointed bush nurses and established seaside homes at Coffs Harbour and Dee Why in New South Wales, where mothers with their children could escape to the coast for a change from the sometimes-harsh inland climate. Grace campaigned actively for maternity wards in hospitals and separate railway carriages for mothers and children, badgering and cajoling Cabinet ministers to consider women in all forms of government planning. By 1926, when Grace stepped down from the presidency, the CWA had a membership of 4,500 in 100 branches.

Awarded the MBE in 1935, Grace Munro died in Sydney on 23 July 1964, nearly thirty years later. By that time she had seen the CWA spread throughout all States of Australia and into Papua New Guinea, with branches in cities as well as country districts

There's No Place Like Home

Helen Munro sent me this letter before Christmas and I thought I would share it with you as I am sure the sentiments expressed about life in Scotland v Australia are shared by most, if not all of our members.

Hi Don, I'm running a bit late, but then, better late than never!!

I have very much enjoyed your newsletters, and particularly enjoyed the Munro Clan gathering in March. Keep up the good work, and have a wonderful Christmas. Having spent the better part of a full year in Scotland in 1996, and enjoyed every moment of it I must say, I can say with equal fervour that I am very glad my Scottish forefathers chose to migrate to Australia so that we now have Christmas in summer. Winter is wonderful with the snow and the lights, the log fires and the warming Christmas cakes and pudding; however, there is no getting round the fact that it is **COLD!** and **DARK** and as a general rule not very nice to be outside. You slip and slide on the ice on the footpaths, your ears get cold through your fur mufflers, and your fingers are paralysed one way or the other, from heavy gloves or cold. It's dark by 4pm, if it hasn't been dark all day because of the clouds and rain. It does make the lights Christmas lights more appealing and welcome, (you can see them before 9pm!) but its small compensation for a warm sun!

In Australia we swim, eat ice cream pudding, go outside and have fun in the sun in a whole range of creative and imaginative ways. And on top of all that, Father Christmas didn't seem to mind as he found Australia quite easily apparently, and had been visiting here even before my ancestors came. He still visits me and my family and seems not to mind the sun through his warm northern hemisphere woolies. I don't think I am being disloyal to my Scottish heritage, but I'll say it again - I'm glad they chose Australia!



Have a wonderful Australian Christmas, and keep up the good work with the newsletter..... Helen

Genealogy From Ron's Desk

In my small snippets I have mentioned many ways of finding and recording information of our ancestors; this snippet will be of a much sadder note but still just as important for my descendants in the future.

All of you will know of the vast devastation of the Indian Ocean tsunami especially in this case at Phi Phi Island, Thailand. We, I am sure, cried inside when we heard of Troy Broadbridge, married for little over a week, pushing his wife to safety but losing his own life. Also here in South Australia you will remember the 11th January bushfires which claimed nine lives; four of them children, namely little Jack Borlase (2) and his sister Star (4) and their Grandmother from their mothers side. These two seemingly unrelated incidents were very news worthy in Jan and Feb this year.

My family tree has been shocked and rocked by these two incidents. Troy Broadbridge is the eldest son of my cousin Pam, and Pam and I have another common cousin, Diane (who just lost her husband in September last year). Star and Jack Borlase were her only grandchildren. These three entries into my data base were very hard to do. We attended Troy's Memorial service here in Adelaide and we travelled to Port Lincoln for the funeral of the two little children and their Grandmother.

So really we are recording for the future to read what happened in the past, but also, as in my family case, recording the present for the future to read what happened while I was actually alive. These three members of my family will be remembered in history, I am sure, when the tsunami and the Port Lincoln Bushfires are remembered.

We would rather they be still with us..... Ron Munro, Salisbury, SA.

Vale

It is with much regret that I have to announce the passing in December, of one of our Life Members, Mrs Tomiko Munro. Tomiko was the much loved wife of the late Keith Munro and was the aunt of Marjorie Rowlands and her brother Bruce H Munro. Keith Munro married Tomiko when he was a member of the American Red Cross. She will be much missed and we pass on our condolences to Marjorie, Bruce and other family members.

New Arrival

After all of that sadness we have some good news. The Clan is happy to welcome our latest Munro descendant – but not as happy as Margaret & Mike Ahrens who now have a second grandchild, Zachary Keegan Ahrens – that's a good, strong name. Zachary was born to their son Steven and his wife Kirsty on February 21st & weighed in at 3.5kg. He is the first grandchild for Kirsty's parents Gaye & John Lee.

New Munro Tartan – Foulis Sett

Great news about the new Munro tartan being produced by Lochcarron of Scotland – the full story is in the Magazine from Scotland. All of their prices are also in the magazine, so here is an Australian price as a comparison

From All Things Tartan 166 Glebe Rd, Booval QLD 4304 or web site www.allthingstartan.com.au

8 yard 13oz kilt - \$595.00

8 yard 16oz Kilt - \$650.00.

Or if you want the lot ie kilt, seal skin sporrán, brogues, hose, kilt pin, Argyle jacket Made in Scotland, Belt and Buckle - \$1490.00

Ladies kilted skirt - \$365.00

There are a lot of tartan sites on the web so here is one recommended from the UK www.highlandclans.co.uk

Membership

We include our membership fees in case you would like to upgrade or perhaps give a prospective member an indication of our fees. This is not a request for fees; I will contact you when yours are due.

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 Ten Year Dues	\$80.00	

* The fees charged include membership of our parent organisation in Scotland

** Correspondence from Clan Munro (Association) Australia will only be sent to the full member

Clan Munro (Association) Australia Newsletter

Sender

Don Munro
18 Salter Road
Mt Nasura WA 6112
Phone 08 9390 7643
dmun1249@bigpond.net.au

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.

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