



# Clan Munro Australia

Newsletter of the Clan Munro (Association) Australia

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## Chat

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### Next Newsletter

Our next issue will be a North of Scotland one with reports from two of our members. One visited Foulis Castle and the other checked up on the tree that he sponsored.

Lemlair House was recently up for sale and we will feature that with its Munro connection. If it has not been sold you might want to check it out as a Scottish summer residence!!

For months I have been going to include Bill Munro's story about Ben Wyvis but somehow it always got squeezed out. Now I know the reason - it was waiting for this issue.

Ailsa Stubbs-brown was born in Queensland but certainly falls into the North of Scotland category as her ancestors are from the Black Isle & her family once owned Balnain House (known as the Blue house) in Inverness

And, hopefully, there will be more!

Don

At times I have a section in the newsletter called "The Things We Do." Well, I found that one of the things that Natalie Gretton does is write short stories and one of her stories has won second prize in the DVA Short Story writing competition. So, we start this newsletter with a story by a Munro closely followed by one about a Munro. Natalie's story is about a young boy who was a boat person from Vietnam who eventually arrived in Australia via Malaysia then passing through refugee camps to be finally fostered and adopted here.

Our "Can we Help" section has had another success. In Newsletter No 22, Diana Williams asked for any information about Catherine Munro who came to Australia about 1846. She received a reply from member Margaret Neyle who is descended from Catherine's brother and so another piece of the jigsaw has been put in place with emails flying each way.

Charles Munroe from the USA is on a mission to DNA test members who are descended from the Munro Cadet families in an effort to find a common ancestor. The cadet families are those that are not Munros of Foulis ie Munros/Monros of Kiltearn, Milntown, Obsdale, etc. – there are thirty eight cadet families, There will be no cost involved as the funds required will be raised by public subscription. The taking of the DNA sample is very simple and completely painless. Surname projects are based on the male Y-chromosome therefore, although there may be female descendants, a male descendant is required in this case. If you are interested and would like to know more, just let me know or, if you have access to the internet check out the Clan Munro website at [www.clanmunro.org.uk](http://www.clanmunro.org.uk) and click on Munro DNA under the Clan Munro heading.

Allen Alger's Munro Family CD is now available for Munro genealogists worldwide and combined with Charles Munroe's transcription of RW Munro's Munro family notes, is a tremendous resource. Allen's section alone has about 50,000 names. I will be ordering copies shortly so if you would like to know more, just let me know.

## Welcome To Our New Members

Our newest member is Elizabeth (Liz) Whelan, descended from Sarah Anne Munro who was married to William George Proctor. Sarah Anne died in Tasmania in 1847. This is an extract from her obituary in the Hobart Mercury. "Mrs. Proctor has died at the mature age of 87 years, and longevity seems to run in her family. The deceased lady was a niece of the late Sir Hugh Munro of Fowlis Castle, Ross-shire, Scotland."

**"They have not lost Vietnam, Vietnam has lost them."**

**Abhinyana Buddhist Monk 1989**

## Vietnam 1978

New rice shoots in the paddies pushed up like rows of shiny green soldiers standing to attention. The boy sat on the edge of one of the fields, searching for the small fish which lived there. Perhaps if he was quiet and still, he would be able to catch one, and save his grandmother trying to make the bowl of rice and scraps of meat go further. It would be nice to be able to sleep tonight with a full stomach.

The line tugged, and he started. Slowly he brought the line in and landed the small fish which thrashed desperately around beside him. As the sun sank slowly behind him, he stood, ready to go home and let grandmother know there would be food this evening.

The paddies stretched far to either side of the path he was on. He knew just how valuable the crops were to the villagers who all harvested rice on their plots for the government. Once that crop was done, they planted another for their use in the forthcoming year. The crop had not been good this year and most of the village, including his grandparents struggled to feed their families enough.



The path through the paddyfield led straight to the road which cut the village in half, the straw-roofed houses sitting astride the narrow track leading to the jungle. The yellow dog which haunted the village in search of scraps snarled at him as he walked past. The village was quiet, just murmurs coming from some of the houses where once children had laughed and squabbled. Now most of these children were gone, to other lands, to strangers, but without the fear which was always around them.

He reached the ill-fitting door of his home, pushed it open and smiled at his grandmother as he held up the fish. "Here you are, grandmother, food for us tonight."

"Ah, Tuan, wonderful. We weren't able to buy more rice today; there wasn't enough for everyone. We'll have to wait a few more days. Perhaps you could catch more tomorrow."

Tuan put the fish on the chopping board and went to get more wood for the fire. As he turned to leave the house, his grandfather came in, a grim look on his lined face. The boy stood still, aware that whatever was on his grandfather's mind was serious.

Abruptly the old man said, as he looked at his only surviving grandson, "Tuan, you must leave. We cannot go with you, and we cannot keep you here any longer. There is a boat leaving tonight, and some of the villagers have decided to go. Go with them, and when you have your new home get word to us that you are safe. The others will look after you as well as they can, but you are eight years old now and can look after yourself. If you stay you will have no future except in the fields."

"But grandfather, I cannot leave..."

"Enough, Tuan, you will obey me, as you always have obeyed me before," cut in his grandfather sharply. "Now, get your clothes. Go!"

The boy held his small bag tightly and looked at his grandmother, asking with his tear-filled eyes if this was really true. She looked back and nodded her head quickly before she returned to gutting the fish.

The sun eventually set and the little band of travellers shouldered their packs and took leave of those they were leaving behind. Tuan clasped his hands together and bowed to his grandfather solemnly as he stood in the doorway of the only home he had ever known. His grandmother stood behind her husband, distressed but dry-eyed as she silently said goodbye to her grandson.

The single file of six people and one small boy melted into the jungle, avoiding the easier way of walking down the road for fear of being seen. The jungle, which for all of Tuan's short life had been his playground, now took on a sinister atmosphere in the darkness of night. Gone were the squeals and laughter of young children as they played amongst the dense green foliage. Birds which had flitted around them were now silent in the night. They seemed to have melted away into the night just as he was now. All that were left were older village people. Trees and vines that he and friends had climbed and swung from now seemed to be trying to stop him from going. Vines caught around his feet and arms as he struggled to keep up with the rest of the group.

"Hurry up, or we'll be late and miss the boat." hissed the shape in front of him. "It won't wait, and if we are not there early they may even refuse to take us if there are too many people already."

Hours later, they emerged onto the beach where a small boat was pulled up on the sand and two men waited in the dark beside it.

"Come along, come along, we are all loaded except for you, so you will have to take whatever space you can find once we get aboard." The words spoken urgently by the boatman closest to Tuan made him realise once again that this was really happening. He clambered awkwardly into the boat, and they pushed out to a larger fishing vessel.

Hands reached down to drag the seven newcomers onto the deck as the engine sputtered quietly into life and before any of them had time to brace themselves, the boat slid away. Tuan pushed in between the adults and watched his homeland silently fade to become a blur which gradually, slowly, faded from his sight. The ship lurched and turned.



Ahead stretched the open ocean, full of uncertainty and dangers which he had only heard spoken of in whispers by those left behind.

"Grandfather would never have sent me away if he thought anything would happen to me," thought Tuan,

"Whatever happens to me is meant to be, so I will believe and do my best." He squared his shoulders and took his place with the others and watched as the boat took them towards the unknown...

### Refugee camp – Malaysia 1978

"Oh, God, I hate having to do this. Why do we have to pick and choose which kids can go and which have to stay? I wish we could just pack them all up and send them to Sydney and let them sort them out there."

The woman looked at the children huddled together. She knew, as they did, that only a few of them would be taken from the camp this time because of quotas and lack of willing people to care for them. This was the difficult, heartbreaking side of volunteering with an Australian aid agency. She took a deep breath and turned back to the children waiting patiently.

Tuan sat in the far corner of the room, remote from the other children, who were all around his age. He knew that he would not be picked to go, because no-one would want him. He'd been in the camp for six months, and had seen the six people from his village leave as they were sponsored by distant relatives in distant countries. He was the only one left; the only one with no-one to claim him.

A shadow loomed above him and he looked up to the man who made the decisions watching him closely. "This one deserves a chance, Janie. He's been here six months now and seems to have no-one. I think we should send him for medical evaluation and try to get him to Sydney. They may have someone there who wants to foster another kid."

For a moment it seemed that hope had flared in the boy's eyes, then the blank look returned and he dropped his head again. The woman knelt in front of him and said softly, "I want you to come with me. We are going to see the doctor, and if you are well, we will take you to Australia to live."

Tuan whispered disbelievingly, "I have seen the doctor before, and was not taken, so I will not be this time." He stood, and looking at them said, "I am ready."

"Hell, he's only nine, and he's fatalistic about his future already. He's just about given up, Janie. My kid's the same age as him, but this one's an old man before he's had a chance to be a kid. This is one boy who'll be a boy again, even if I have to pull someone off the next plane to make sure of it."

### Australia 1979

Tuan stood with the woman who had flown to Sydney with him and the other children who had been chosen, still awed by the flight from Malaysia. The scene he'd looked out on had seemed like a framed picture through the small aeroplane window. Lush tropical greens of the jungle circled the city he'd left, and the grey of the concrete buildings seemed out of place. Blue sea gave way after many hours to the redness of the top of Australia. Dry, red and barren, it seemed inhospitable and frightening to the small boy. No more colours of jungles or rivers, just redness. He slept, and woke to the announcement that the plane would soon land. The view from the window now was much more

pleasing, huge expanses of green and blue, which he assumed were large and well-watered rice paddies.

"Ah, there you are," a voice broke into the thoughts of the children waiting with their escort. "I'm Margaret Finlay, and I'll be looking after you all until you settle down and we find you homes."

Tuan warmed to the grey-haired woman who took charge so effortlessly, shouldered his little bag, and followed the others.

A week later, Tuan was brought into the lounge room of the house he shared with Margaret and the other children. Leaning against the fireplace was the tallest man that Tuan had ever seen. He had hair the colour of the sand on the beach where Tuan had lived in Malaysia, and eyes as blue as the summer sky over his family village. His skin was dark, burnt brown by the harsh sun, but this man was young, not old like his grandfather. Beside Margaret sat a young woman, looking at Tuan eagerly. Her cautious smile widened as Tuan stared at her, captivated by her long red hair and dark twinkling eyes. She stood and walked slowly towards him. He thought how small she looked compared to the tall man whose smile broadened as he watched the meeting between his wife and Tuan.

"Now, Tuan," said Margaret briskly, "this is Oliver James and his wife Beth. They have no children of their own, and would like you to live with them. They know you have grandparents in Vietnam, and we have already let them know where you are. As you have no-one here to speak for you or give permission, I am the one who has to decide. But I will ask you first, would you like to go with Oliver and Beth, see how you all get along, or would you rather stay here?"

Tuan looked at the big man, and then turned to the woman sitting beside him. "I think," he said slowly, still stumbling a little over his English words, "that I would like to go with them, but may I come back if I don't like where I go?"

Beth held out her hand to him. "Of course you can, Tuan, as soon as you wish. If you don't like our farm, or us, you may come back."

The man pushed himself away from the fireplace and came to stand beside Tuan. "Let's go, and Margaret will come out to see you next week. We've got a fair drive, so let's get on the road." He took Tuan's hand and smiling down at him, said quietly, "Can I help you get your things?"

*"Well young fellow, that's settled."*

The journey was filled with wonder and interest for Tuan. Both Oliver and Beth pointed out things they thought would be different for him. The grey inner city gave way to smaller brick buildings in the suburbs which in turn led to the green of rich farmlands. The green turned to yellow, and dust, as they drove further into the dry farmlands where Oliver told Tuan his farm was.

Beth looked up from the stove and turned to see a whirlwind bang open the door. Schoolbag dumped just inside the door, the boy ran to her and put both arms around her waist. Dear God, she thought, is this the same little waif we brought home six months ago? Please, God, let us keep him.

Oliver followed him and tousled the mop of thick black hair, now fashionably untidy like the rest of his

schoolmates. His face was brown from so much sun and helping in the paddocks, and the body that had been so thin when they brought him home was now solid and firm. The biscuit tin raided, Tuan ran to change.

"Yabbies for tea tonight, Beth!" he called as he ran out again, banging the door behind him.



She turned to Oliver. "Well, love," he said quietly, "This time tomorrow we'll know if he's ours. He doesn't know that tomorrow's the hearing for adoption, he thinks it's just another extension of the fostering."

"Won't be long," called the boy as he raced off to the dam. He sat, thinking how lucky he had been. They had loved him for this long, perhaps they would love him enough to keep him. They had encouraged him to write to his grandparents, and to talk about his homeland.

Next day after school, Tuan walked up the long driveway to the house, after being dropped off by neighbours. He knew that Oliver was away, and he knew Beth was anxious about something. The apprehension she felt conveyed itself to Tuan, and he felt himself becoming afraid. Beth smiled absently at him as he came into the kitchen, "The biscuits are just out of the oven, Tuan, if you want some. I suppose you're going yabbing, are you?"

"No, I'm not hungry, thank you, Beth," he said, almost in a whisper, "I think I'll change and see if there are any yabbies in the nets."

Walking down to the dam, he thought that Beth looked sad, and worried. He squatted down, hoping and hoping that he would not be sent away. He'd been sent from his grandparents, to a place he did not like, and from there to this place which he loved. Please, don't send me away. I don't want to leave, I just want to be with Oliver and Beth and my friends.

The harsh yellow of the Australian paddocks behind him made the boy's sun-darkened skin seem to merge with the bank of the dam as he crouched, frowning and concentrating on the dangling piece of string. Wind ruffling the water stilled and he saw the yabby about to grab the meat on the string. The strangeness of being able to fish for fun rather than survival was still with him, and the peace he felt here was almost frightening in its intensity. It had been part of his life for such a short time; the fear was still very real it would be removed again....

Lost in his thoughts and fears, he started as a shadow blocked out the sun. He looked up, the sun in his eyes, unable to see the expression on the face above him.

Oliver caught his breath as he saw the naked fear in the boy's eyes. The poor kid thinks he's leaving, he thought. So much has happened to him that he can't believe he's wanted. He stood still, held out his hand to Tuan and said, "Come on, my son, let's go home."

### Donnie Munro

*In my search for well known living Munros to match those Munros who have gone to the great clan gathering in the sky, how could I go past Donnie Munro, musician extraordinaire, artist, writer and champion of Gaelic language & culture. Below you will find Donnie's story in his own words. Check out Donnie's web site <http://www.donniemunro.co.uk/index.html>*

Donnie Munro was born in Uig on the Isle of Skye, the youngest of a family of three. His early childhood years spent between his parents home in the essentially English speaking village of Portree and the Gaelic speaking village of Treaslane in North West Skye, where his grandparents ran their small family farm (or croft). This dual world was a significant influence



on Munro in his formative years, growing up a native Gaelic speaker, suspended as it were between the Gaelic language culture of his parents and forefathers, still embedded in the very agrarian life of the West Highland crofting communities and the ever encroaching, enticing and intoxicating world of the international culture of rock and pop music. Munro started singing from a very early age under the

guidance of his mother who was a singer, a teacher of Gaelic song and an accomplished Gaelic scholar.

Despite these strong cultural and familial influences, Munro, like so many other native speakers of his generation, on entering formal education, was to experience a world which, if not actively hostile to the language and culture through a succession of ill-considered educational policies, probably did as much damage to the future well-being of the language as any other single factor. Munro therefore, in common with his many of his contemporaries, was to experience this curious duel influence and conflict between on the one hand, the tradition steeped in songs and stories of an ancient history and on the other the contemporary English language culture of 1960's rock and pop world. A seemingly uneasy marriage but one which would later re-emerge with great creative force and originality in the work of the Scottish Celtic Rock Band Runrig in which Munro was to play a pivotal role.

During his school years Munro discovered a passion and a talent for the fine arts and at the age of 16 years was accepted for a full time Degree programme at Grays School of Art in Aberdeen where he graduated after 4 years having specialised in Drawing and Painting. During his student years Munro became involved with a number of student bands in the city but it was on his return home to his native island that he was later to team up with his former school friends, brothers Calum and Rory Macdonald who along with Blair Douglas had formed the band Runrig which Munro joined as lead vocalist. During this time Munro moved to Edinburgh where he embarked on his post graduate studies in Education, graduating as a Teacher of Art and Design which he went on to teach at a number of schools throughout Scotland. At that time also, Munro recorded his first album, *Play Gaelic*, with the band and this heralded the start of a long and successful international career with Runrig as they took their fiery brand of Celtic Rock music from the village dance halls to the international arena and into the mainstream of the British Pop charts with a succession of chart singles and albums. During that time the band had the distinction of being the first band to take a Gaelic song into the UK Top Twenty. The band enjoyed major success throughout Europe regularly playing to massive audiences including 5 nights at Edinburgh Castle and the enormous show on the banks of Loch Lomond to 50,000 people, performing with the Rolling Stones, U2 and Genesis and many other international acts.

At the peak of their success, Munro decided he had taken his work with the band as far as it could go and after long discussions with his fellow band members he decided to leave the band. Munro was elected Rector of the University of Edinburgh and this was to signal a growing desire to engage with the world of politics and direct engagement with educational, political issues. Munro was approached by the

Scottish Labour Party, of which he has been a life long supporter and asked to stand for Parliament in his home constituency of Ross, Skye and Inverness West, a challenge which he accepted despite the constituency having long been held by the Liberal Party. Munro however, was successful in taking the Labour Party from a very poor 4<sup>th</sup> to a very closely contested 2<sup>nd</sup> place. He was appointed Spokesperson on Highlands and Islands Affairs by the Secretary of State for Scotland and went on to contest the seat again in the Scottish Parliamentary Election, turning down the offer of a 'safe seat' in Glasgow. Again, he finished a very close second having reduced the former Liberal Democrat majority of almost 10,000 down to a mere 1,000 votes. At this time, Munro was elected first Rector of the University of the Highlands and Islands and Director of Development with Sabhal Mòr Ostaig, centre for the Gaelic language and culture in his home island of Skye.

Munro continues to write and produce his own songs, recording a string of solo albums and *Heart of America* was awarded Album of the Year in the Scottish Music Awards 2006. He continues to perform live shows in the UK and Europe and his most recent album *An Turas* - the journey was recorded live at the highly acclaimed show of the same name in late 2008. He currently lives with his wife and four children family at Scorrybreac House in Portree, traditionally the family seat of the Nicholson Clan to which Munro can trace direct descent back to the 13<sup>th</sup> Chief of Clan Nicholson. Munro continues to work as a visual artist and exhibits at times through the Scottish Gallery in Edinburgh. He has also been a guest columnist for a number of leading UK Titles and has recently presented a number of radio specials for BBC.

A This picture of the Red Cullin was taken by my good friend, John Finlayson, from the window of his family croft in Dunan, Skye



### Congratulations

Quentin & Carolyn Munro are the very proud first time grandparents of IVY AMELIA MUNRO – daughter of GUY MUNRO and Rebecca (Becky). Ivy arrived on December 11 last year and she is just beautiful. You might remember I had pics of Guy & Becky's wedding back in Newsletter 11



### Ron Munro's Convict Ancestors

*In Newsletter No 21, I asked for stories of our convict ancestors. It is estimated that four million Australians are descended from convicts – that is nearly 1 in 5, so there had to be some among our members!! Sure enough, I have heard of another three so far, so keep them coming, we would love to hear about them. First cab of the rank is our old friend, Ronald Fane Munro and this is his story. Ron being Ron, we get a history lesson into the bargain and also his research into his family name of Fane.*

My Great Grandfather on my Mother's side was a convict sent to Norfolk Island at the time of the first settlement which lasted from 1788 to 1814.

I went to Norfolk Island in 2001 and found it to be a fascinating place steeped in history and with the assistance of local inhabitants many of whom do historical research, I was able to find out a lot of information which was not known to me and which led to the discovery of cousins in both Perth and Wellington NZ. I subsequently visited them and this added to my knowledge of my ancestors.

In brief the history of Norfolk Island is as follows.

#### **Discovery**

The Island was discovered by Captain James Cook in 1774 on his second voyage to the South Pacific in HMS Resolution. Although there is no natural harbour he managed to go ashore and was impressed by the fertility of the land, the large Norfolk Island pines which he considered would make excellent ships masts and the abundance of wild flax which he believed would be suitable for making sails. The Island was uninhabited although subsequent research proved that it had once been occupied by Polynesians.

#### **First Settlement**

The British Government instructed Captain Philip who was sent out in the first fleet in 1788, to establish a settlement on Norfolk Island as quickly as possible to forestall the French or any other foreign power from claiming possession. This was done in 1788 and due to the food shortages in Sydney it was able to produce supplies for the colony.

The first settlement comprised marines and a number of convicts who had skills and were unlikely to cause trouble. Due to the difficulty of servicing the Island and the fact that Sydney was by now self sufficient it was decided to gradually withdraw from the Island as from 1808 and in 1814 all buildings were burnt down, livestock slaughtered and the settlement was abandoned

#### **Second Settlement**

In 1825 The Government decided to re-establish a settlement on Norfolk to house Convicts of the worse type and extensive prisons were built to house them. It was to become a place of extreme punishment short of death and prisoners sent there were told that there was no hope of return.

Due to unfavourable publicity, the Government decided to again abandon the Settlement and in 1855 the last convicts were sent to Port Arthur in Tasmania.

#### **Third Settlement**

The men from the mutiny on the Bounty had settled on Pitcairn Island and taken with them native women from Tahiti. Their descendants multiplied and Pitcairn proved to be too small to support them. They became deeply religious and petitioned Queen Victoria to help them to find a new home.

In 1856 Queen Victoria directed that the British Navy ship the people from Pitcairn Is to Norfolk Island

and permission was given for them to occupy the wide variety of buildings there as they were no longer required

Descendants of the Pitcairn Islanders comprising about 1,000 multiplied and some intermarried with free settlers who came to live on the Island which has a population of some 2,000 plus several hundred tourists who visit the island each year.

I have set out this background although you may be well aware of it, as I thought this would help you to understand what follows.

#### **The Origin of the Name" Fane"**

Fane was originally a surname and can be traced back to very early times, but let us go back 500 years to Sir Thomas Fane who died in 1589. He and Lady Neville's first child was Francis Fane, First Earl of Westmorland who married Mary Mildmay. They had thirteen children, six boys and seven girls their last child became the Rev William Fane MA (Oxford). He and his wife Frances Rodney also had thirteen children, eight of whom were boys, the last child was named Catherine.

At this point we leave those with the surname Fane. Evidently when Catherine married the Rev Peter Edge MA (Oxford) on the 26<sup>th</sup> of May 1690, she determined that the surname Fane would be continued on her side of the family as a Christian name. The couple had eight boys and three girls, the second child was named Fane (Edge) He also did his MA at Oxford and after entering the Ministry, married a Margaret Fiske. Margaret and Fane Edge had only one child Peter Edge who also entered the Ministry after doing his MA, at Oxford and he married Ann Truelove in 1746. This couple had five boys, two did their MA at Oxford and entered the Ministry and two others joined the Services. One, William was a Captain in the Royal Navy another, Fane Strange Edge was a Captain in the 51st Regiment of Foot and fought in the American War of Independence. He got into financial difficulties however and sold his Commission for £1500 and returned to England where he married Sara Rushton in 1788. They had four children and the third child was named Fane Edge.

The family sailed for Australia on the Pitt in 1792 and Captain Phillip, Governor of NSW appointed Fane Strange Edge Provost Marshall, ie Mayor of Norfolk Island subject to confirmation from London. Despite frequent reminders from the Governor of NSW it took the British Government eight years to confirm Fane Strange Edge's appointment as Mayor of Norfolk Island and consequently he was not paid during that time although he carried out the full duties. He was however granted 15 acres of land on Norfolk Island where he raised farm animals and produce which he sold to the Government stores. When my three daughters and I were in Norfolk Island we were able to identify the land in question from old maps and visit it.

Now we come to my great grandfather Francis Cox, who was convicted of poaching in England and sent to Norfolk Island on the Salamander in 1791 but soon afterwards was granted his freedom and lived with Sarah Edge the second child of Fane Strange Edge. (It is claimed that there was no one on Norfolk Island qualified to conduct a marriage service).

Francis Cox and Sarah had two children on Norfolk Island, Francis Edge Cox and Fane Strange Cox. When the first settlement on Norfolk Island was abandoned Francis Cox and his family were repatriated to Hobart in 1808 on the City of Edinburgh and their names appear in brass on a monument in Collins Park. Those who were repatriated founded the town of New Norfolk in Tasmania.

In research carried out by my relatives, a reference is made to the fact that the deposed Governor Bligh arrived in Hobart in 1809 and a number of the free settlers from Norfolk Island signed a pledge of loyalty to Bligh as they did not support the action of the NSW Corp in deposing him. Governor Collins supported this movement but later changed his mind and tore up the pledge. Subsequently some of those from Norfolk

Island signed a new pledge of loyalty to Bligh. The story goes on to say *"significantly this group were not granted land at the outset."*

Francis and Sarah were formally married in Hobart and had two more children. Francis must have been a fairly successful farmer as there is reference in the Government Gazette to the fact that he sold 500 pounds of meat and 24 bushels of wheat to the Government Commissariat on several occasions. In 1819 Francis Cox was a district constable at Green Point (near present day Bridgewater.) Unfortunately John Oliver, a prisoner, escaped from his custody and Francis was dismissed for allowing that to happen.

Sarah died at New Norfolk at age 44 and was buried in the cemetery of St. Mathews, New Norfolk. Francis was 78 when he died "of decay of nature" and is buried at St. Marks C of E cemetery in Pontville Tasmania.

The Fane name lives on and my grandson has been named Frederick Fane Watson.

*Compiled by Ronald Fane Munro third child of William R Munro and Alma (nee Cox)*

### Melbourne Anzac Day



Connolly, Wendy's 12 year old grand niece.

*This year we feature Anzac Day in Melbourne in a short report sent in by Wendy Borchers.*

Following the Dawn service, the parade started at the intersection of Swanston and Little Bourke streets and proceeded to the Shrine of Remembrance for the wreath laying. As usual, many thousands watched the parade and cheered the veterans as they bravely marched with their units or drove in cars to the Shrine.

In the picture we see Wendy's niece, Alison Borchers marching with the Five/Six Royal Victoria Regiment Pipes & Drums and playing a side (snare) drum. The band wears Gordon tartan kilts. The excellent photo is by Madeleine

### Sydney Anzac Day



*This report was sent in by Graham Gates*

Overcast Skies and steady rain greeted those faithful people attending the dawn service at the cenotaph in St Martin place on the 25<sup>th</sup> of April. By mid morning clouds had cleared and the main parade veterans marched behind their respective banners, witnessed by tens of thousands of onlookers in brilliant sunshine.

The "Act of Scottish Remembrance" followed the main parade when some twenty pipe and drum bands, drawn from the parade, marched from the Sydney Town Hall to the Cenotaph for the traditional wreath laying ceremony in honour of those of Scottish descent who paid the supreme sacrifice.

The man in the picture in the white shirt is Andrew Gates who once again represented the Clan Munro Association as he has done over the past number of years. We are grateful to Andrew for his preparedness to undertake this task on our behalf.

## Can You Help?

Please let us know if you have success in finding a relative so that I can mention it in a follow up newsletter. We have had success with additional contacts from that follow up message

These are Sandra Williamsons Munros. Andrew Munro Born: 29 Sep 1826 - Falkirk, Stirlingshire, Scotland Died: 13 Nov 1901 - Homeopathic Hospital, St Kilda Road, South Melbourne, Victoria, Australia. Buried: 15 Nov 1901 - Melbourne General Cemetery, College Crescent, Parkville, Victoria, Australia. His parents were Mr Palmer & Margaret Munro (1802- ) and he married Isabella Jennings on the 28 Apr 1853 in Saint Andrew Church, Bombay, India.

He worked as a Clerk at age 20 in 1846. He enlisted in the Honourable East India Company Regiment of Artillery, 28 Aug 1848, London, England, and travelled on the Lady Nugent to Bombay, India. He was discharged from the military at Mhow on 23 Mar 1869. He served as Brigade Quartermaster Sergeant until his discharge at the age of 40 years. He emigrated from India with his family on the "Geelong" in Sep 1869 to Victoria Australia and had a residence in 1901 in Hawthorn, Victoria at the time of his death.

His wife Isabella was born: 26 Dec 1837 - Maharashta, Bombay, India and was christened: 14 Jan 1838. She died: 11 Nov 1938 at 8 Greeves Street, Fitzroy, Victoria and was buried: 14 Nov 1938 - Melbourne General Cemetery. Her parents: George JENNINGS & Catherine JACOB. Contact Sandra at [smwilliamson@optushome.com.au](mailto:smwilliamson@optushome.com.au)

Laetitia Munro who shares names with our "First Fleeter," sent this very vague one. The farthest back I know of my relatives is Alexander Munro who was probably born in a major metropolitan area in Scotland (I think Glasgow or Edinburgh) and that was around 1900. I know he served in WWI. Later migrated to the US, (Belleville NJ to be precise) soon after the war. Without any family with him. I guess the WWI is the best link I have about him. Perhaps there is a register of Scottish soldiers who served and survived that war? I know he served in the same regiment as Arthur Treacher (of the fish and chips fame), or that is what he used to tell us. Since he came alone to the US it is quite possible that other Munro's found their way to Australia, or that the Australian ones can trace to a common ancestor. If you can help contact Laetitia on [Immunro@hotmail.com](mailto:Immunro@hotmail.com)

From Denise Boyko - we are trying to locate Peter Munro who was a primary school teacher at St Helen's Plains (near Horsham, Victoria) in the 1960's. He was a drummer in the Horsham band 'The Draculas' at that time. The band has reformed in the last few years and would like to make contact with Peter. Contact Denise on [mboyko@bigpond.net.au](mailto:mboyko@bigpond.net.au)

## Membership

As requested, I have included 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

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