



Clan Munro Australia

Newsletter of the Clan Munro (Association) Australia

Volume 15 Issue 1

April 2018

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

Chat

This Month

| | |
|--------------------------------------|--------|
| Chat | Page 1 |
| Welcome | Page 1 |
| Munro Around Australia | Page 2 |
| Jean Keenan | Page 4 |
| Donald Munro – Snizort, Isle of Skye | Page 5 |
| A DNA Story | Page 7 |
| Vale Audrey Bailey | Page 8 |
| Vale John Donnelly Munro | Page 8 |
| Membership | Page 8 |

Next Newsletter

We will have the story of Ross John Lambert's recent travels.

Bev Munro-Keyter's story.

I have a couple of other stories in mind.
Don

Good news. Finnian the Younger and Ohma of Foulis have been blessed with another son on January the 3rd. His name is Ulysses John Robert. I did send congratulations on your behalf, which I hope they received.

More good news. The next Clan Gathering in Scotland will be held on 9,10,11 August, 2019 so that gives you something to think about. That date was chosen because the thought was to build it around the 300th Anniversary of the Battle of Glenshiell (1719) the last time the Munros truly fought as a Clan. This from Wikipedia – *"Historian Peter Simpson states that the Munro company ably led by George Munro of Culcairn took a very positive part in the fighting and that their bold action helped in the defeat of the Jacobites under the Earl Marischall. Simpson also states that the battle raged for three hours but the superior power of the Government grenadiers along with the aggressive forays of the Munro Independent Company won the day for the Government. At 9 o'clock in the evening, the Spanish surrendered, three hours after the start of the combat, while the remaining Jacobites fled into the fog to escape execution as traitors."*

This month we have the amazing story of Catherine-Anne Ives' ancestor, Jefferson's (Jeff) Munro's circumnavigation of Australia on an Ariel motor cycle. Jeff's ancestor, John Munro, came out to New Zealand in the Lady Egedia in 1862. On the same boat were brothers James & Richard Munro who were not related to John but there was a motor bike connection. James's grandson was Burt Munro of "The World Fastest Indian" fame. Some of you

might remember the lost medal story I wrote about in Newsletter 43. Jeff Munro in this story is also an ancestor of those medal recipients.

Colin Munro from our DNA guru from Glasgow has written an article about the death of Hector Munro in 1793. He was the son of General sir Hector Munro and was killed by a tiger in Saugor Island near Calcutta, India. Check it out at https://m.facebook.com/LondonReviewOfBooks/?locale2=en_GB

If you are thinking about visiting Foulis Castle here is an update about what you must do. Tours of the castle are conducted on Tuesdays and could you give at least three weeks notice of your intended visit. Times are either 10.30am or 3.00pm. There is no charge for your visit but a donation put in the Clan Munro Association box for the castle restoration fund is appreciated. An appointment to visit the outside and the grounds is not required but please let the Castle when you intend to visit.

Contact our webmaster Ian Munro at info@clanmunro.org.uk and he will arrange your visit.

Visit the clan Munro website at www.clanmunro.org.uk where you will find lots of interesting information about the happenings at Foulis.

Bet and I will be on holiday in Scotland in June & July so if you want us to say hello to anyone, just let me know.

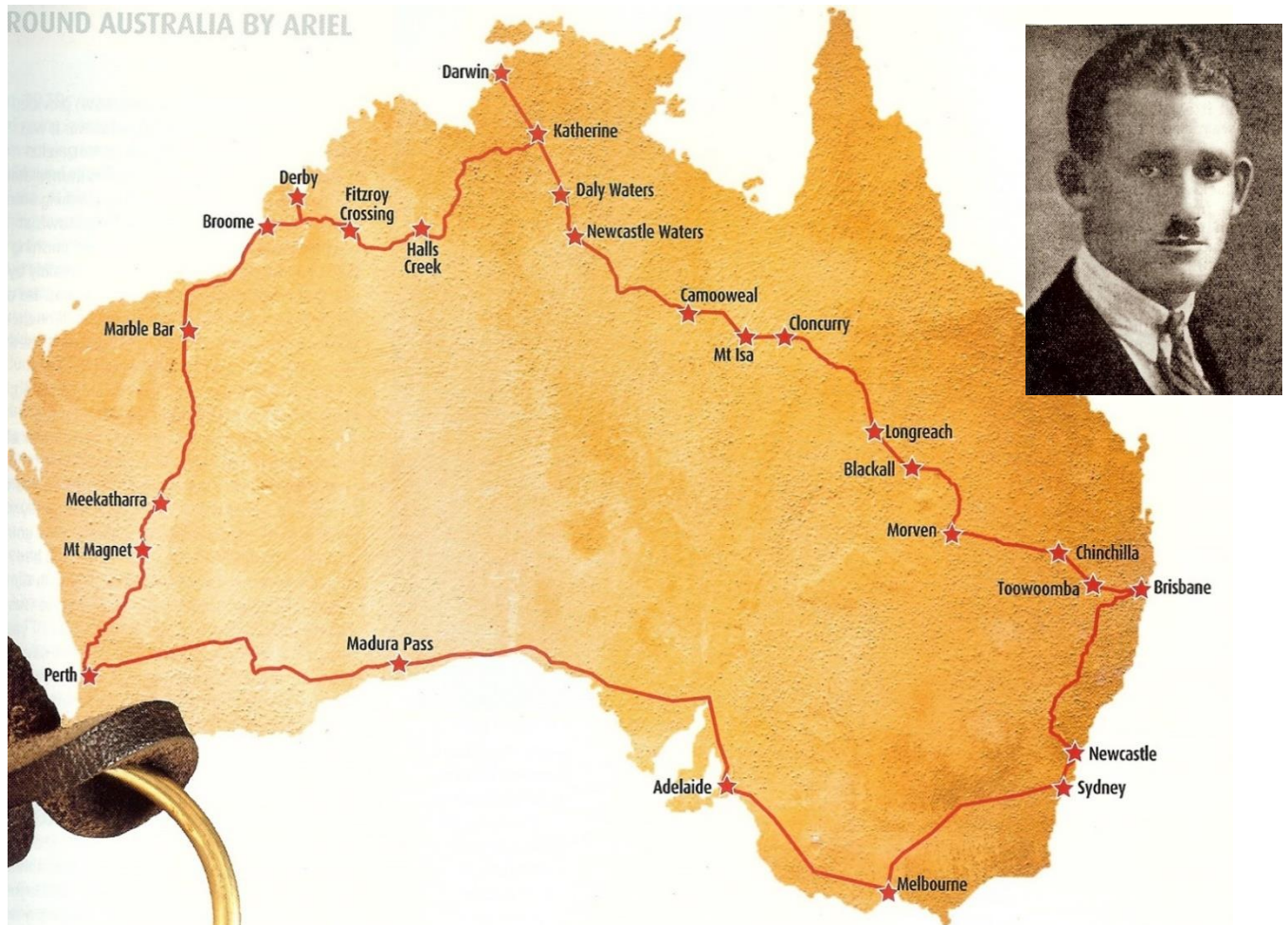
Welcome

We have one new member this month in Beverly Munro-Keyter who arrived in Australia from South Africa via the UK, Los Angeles, Oman & Arabia. Bev is a talented artist and photographer and before coming to Australia worked as an information technology teacher at Royal Guard of the Sultan of Oman & then at the Royal Omani Symphony Orchestra. Bev is descended from Robert Munro who arrived in Durban in 1933 on the "Ubena" at the age of 15. He came from Dalkieth, Midlothian and became a jockey. There is a lot more to Bev's story and I will include it in our next newsletter.

MUNRO AROUND AUSTRALIA 1928

Burt Munro was not the only Munro motorcyclist to set up records. This amazing story has to be read to be believed – I still cannot decide whether Jeff Munro is a hero or if he is just plain stubborn – probably both, you can decide for yourselves! Jeff is an ancestor of one of our members, Catherine-Ann Ives. Some of you might remember the lost medal story I wrote about in Newsletter 43. Jeff Munro in this story is also an ancestor of those medal recipients. The story below was published in the "Old Bike Australia" magazine and the Author, Mr Peter Whitaker, has kindly given me permission to use it.

The Longest Lap



Death defying feats on the treacherous Maroubra speedway were only a prelude to Jeff Munro's greatest achievement. Speedway star Jeff Munro was contemplating several thousand consecutive laps of the killer concrete speedbowl when a mate suggested a single lap of the entire continent might prove more impressive. At stake was the Maudes Trophy – awarded annually by the British Auto Cycle Union for *'the most outstanding feat of endurance by a motorcycle'* – a trophy which Munro believed rightfully belonged down under. The previous year Ariel had won with a 5000 mile non-stop run through Oxfordshire on a Model B outfit. Munro believed a 10,000 mile circumnavigation of Australia would constitute a far more strenuous test of endurance than a ten day toddle between the hedgerows of Crickley Hill and Shipston-under-Witchwood, however he would have been far wiser to consider the task confronting the rider rather than the reliability of his mount.

The 1927 Oxfordshire team included four riders, a brace of A.C.U. Observers and sundry Ariel engineers. What's more, between their six-hour stints behind the bars the riders could retire to the convivial warmth of Banbury's White Lion Hotel. Jeff Munro would spend most of his long days and many a longer night alone in which to contemplate his progress.

Only the few

Munro's wasn't the first attempt to navigate the continent 'on the inside'. During the early 1900's the eccentric Francis Birtles rode or pushed his Speedwell to all corners of the mainland including at least one complete circuit. Arthur Grady was the first to succeed under power – such as there was from his longitudinally opposed twin cylinder Douglas – taking almost six months to be *'first round Australia'* only months before evangelist Nevill Westwood was credited as the first *'driver'* to complete the task.

A Mr. J. K. Warner was next closely followed by the 'Wildflower of the West'; the feisty Marion Bell. This pair battled it out not realising that the adventuring Adventist had already taken the title.

None of these exploits deterred Munro for, other than Birtles, these motoring pioneers had never ventured north of Katherine. Jeff Munro intended not only to be the first to visit *all* mainland capitals but also to be the first to lap Australia on a single cylinder machine, do so in an anti-clockwise direction and possibly grab the record. A fistful of firsts.

Under Way

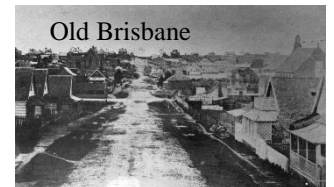
The Shell Company agreed to lay down petrol and oil supplies at strategic points along Munro's route and by



July 17 1928 Munro and his Ariel were on the Wisemans Ferry punt looking forward to escaping the mid winter chill. Only two days later he was enjoying a chilled one with his old mate Bob Webster in Tamworth and thinking the entire exercise could be a 'piece of'.

A day later, lying under his machine in Deepwater on the freezing New England tableland, Munro had his first second thought. And having repaired his first flat tyre whilst enduring a winter downpour no doubt Munro entertained a number of second thoughts. Two eventful days later, after encountering closed roads, more rain and suffering further tyre problems a somewhat more subdued Munro rode into Brisbane where "he was given a wonderful reception and entertained most lavishly by representatives of the Shell Co.". The hospitality continued at Deagin Park Speedway where Munro caught up with a few old mates

before reluctantly departing a few days later. By the most generous calculations Munro had now spent five days in the saddle and three recuperating – the return to Sydney appeared to be a long long way away.



In fact tumultuous rain on the Darling Downs brought the journey to a standstill – and those who have ever attempted to traverse the glutinous black soil plains on a modern enduro machine will sympathise with Munro's plight "so utterly exhausted that when he fell, which was often, he merely turned off the petrol and lay in the mud until his strength returned". Eventually he ascended the Old Toll Bar Road and made it to Toowoomba, a physical wreck; losing the top of his finger and dislocating his hip.

It is truly amazing what perceived recuperative powers a night being feted as a champion provide and, thanks to the generous hospitality of Cyril Anderson the local Ariel distributor, Munro was on his way again giving first gear a real hiding in conditions even worse than the climb up the Dividing Range. Approaching Chinchilla he crashed badly and, in his weakened condition, was unable to extricate himself from under the scorching exhaust which fearfully burned his leg before he passed out. Discovered by a chance motorist Munro was taken to the ambulance station in Chinchilla where his severe burns and a 'wrecked' ankle were attended to.



Despite any logic Munro mounted his battered machine 48 hours later, but his copious injuries forced his return to Chinchilla where it was ordained he remain in bed – under close observation – for a further two days before being cleared to continue. Even then it was with his left foot encased in a hospital slipper – a circumstance that was to persist for a further three weeks notwithstanding the rough going and frequent falls.

Clear skies, obscure tracks

Now on the western plains, the weather having cleared, Munro increased his pace managing the 120 miles to Morven in daylight hours and, leaving that settlement on a track that 'seemed a shade better than anything he'd encountered', hoped to reach Blackall by sunset. Accordingly he used half inch more throttle than usual and touching speeds of forty felt some of his old speedway flair return – until the front wheel ploughed into a patch of soft sand. There was a single moment of excruciating pain followed by oblivion.

Regaining consciousness Munro couldn't move, his leg giving 'a particular hell', but again he was picked up by a passing motorist and taken to Blackall Hospital where it was proposed he remain, yet Munro was immediately demanding a discharge. The authorities, believing him crazy – at least a little touched – confiscated his clothing and kept him in bed for a week.

Black, swollen, plastered in bandages and poultices Munro had adequate time to reflect on his headway at a rate which would see him celebrating Christmas alone with a can of spam in the middle of the Nullarbor; should he survive that long. An acknowledged champion on grass, cinder and concrete Munro had now endured a full career of get offs in less than a month. Surely the time had come to prudently pull the plug but, ever optimistic, he convinced himself that the trials that lay ahead couldn't possibly be worse than those he'd left behind.



Longreach was his next objective and, traversing a track clearly marked by beer bottles, benzine cans and the occasional burnt out wreck, Munro made speedy progress but after another of many minor crashes a passing lorry driver suggested Munro throw his Ariel ahead and ride along to Mount Isa. Munro remained single-minded, he'd set out to ride around Australia, not be carried; at least while his limbs functioned and he could focus on the horizon.

Never ending drought

In 1928 Australia was enduring the fourth year of 'a once in a hundred year drought'. Prime sheep grazing regions had been reduced to a barren and lifeless wasteland across which Munro struggled, increasingly dehydrated and disillusioned. On arrival at the remote Dick's Creek Pub he 'darn near drank all they had'.

The desolate moonscape of mirages ahead eventually became the iron laden Selwyn Ranges where the never ending sand and dust morphed into the flinty, boulder strewn goat tracks linking Cloncurry, Duchess and Mount Isa where Munro spent more than a few hours contemplating his next obstacle, the 6000 square miles Barkly Tableland.

Initially he was encouraged by the expanse of smooth clay plain that lay ahead but before reaching Camooweal he experienced a concealed danger, alkali dust – a substance as fine as flour – which camouflaged endless and seemingly bottomless holes that completely buried his machine. Falls were now more frequent than ever and, kickstarting rendered impossible with the Ariel buried to its fuel tank – Munro was not the first or last to discover there's no bull about bulldust.



A broken clutch cable delayed him further and with the constant effort to drag the heavy machine back to the hardpack, his water supplies were soon depleted. Almost delirious with thirst he resorted to the only water available; from a stinking polluted waterhole brimming with rotting wildlife. The result was a bout of dysentery producing vivid nightmares that often persisted in daylight hours. Now obsessed beyond reason, Munro decided to ride day and night to Newcastle Waters, reckoning this would reduce the need for water and eliminate the nightmares.

By the time he reached the Overland Telegraph his dysentery and dry horrors had almost disabled him and he was laid up with fever for several days at Daly Waters. In no condition to continue, Munro nonetheless did and several crashes later, too knackered to kick over the Ariel, set off on foot, finally crawling until he collapsed – with extreme providence – a few hundred yards short of the Maranboy Inland Mission where he spent a week in sick bay..... **Continued in Newsletter 48**

Jean Keenan

After almost 103 years Jean Keenan, one of Yarrawonga's oldest and best known residents passed away peacefully at Woods Point Aged Care on July 22, 2015 leaving her family and many friends contemplating the long lasting memories she left with them. This was published in the Yarrawonga Chronical and the Uncle Hugh Munro mentioned is the same Trooper Hugh Munro you would have read about in Newsletter 45. Jean is the ancestor of our member, Ian Munro

Jean lived in Bundalong and Yarrawonga all her life. The high esteem in which she was held and her popularity as a citizen and friend was evident by the large attendance at her funeral on July 30.

More than 400 mourners attended the Funeral Mass at Sacred Heart Church Yarrawonga and later at Yarrawonga Lawn Cemetery where she was laid to rest with her husband Frank Keenan. The Funeral Mass to celebrate Jean's life was celebrated by Fr. Steve Bohan.

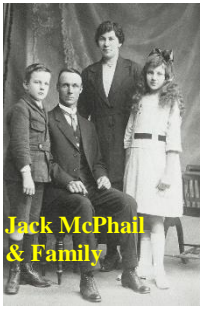
Jean Keenan had many gifts but her love of family, gracious acceptance of each day's challenges and her readiness to help were very special. During the Funeral mass, daughter Claire Johnson and son Phil paid a fine tribute to their mother and portrayed a very fitting picture of the character of the woman the community were privileged to come to know and love.

Lillias Jean McPhail was born on 15th September 1912, the first born of Jack McPhail and Annie Munro of Bundalong. Christened Lillias after her paternal grandmother, Jean disliked that first name. She was glad that her parents had chosen to use her second name. With the arrival of baby Jack twenty-one months later, the family was complete.



Jean had little awareness of the Great War, but never forgot the day' in 1916 when her uncle Hugh Munro, looking quite scary in his Light Horse uniform, terrified her by using his heavy army belt to hang her up on a meat hook. Annie ordered her down, dried the tears and roundly rebuked her brother for his thoughtlessness. Jean remained wary of Uncle Hugh after that incident.

Her long curly hair was a daily trial, but the treatment for nits was an experience to be feared Annie doused the tender head in kerosene before attacking the matted mess with a superfine comb. Many tears were shed that day.



Jack McPhail & Family

Jean attended the nearby Esmond State School, walking there with the teacher who boarded in the McPhail home. Once a week, they drove into Yarrawonga, an hour and ten minutes away. The horse and gig were left in the livery yard behind Kelly's Terminus Hotel while Jean had her piano lesson at the Convent. After some refreshments at a cafe, they set off for home.

She completed her schooling as a boarder at Fintona, in Camberwell, which had been chosen over the much larger Presbyterian Ladies College for their little country lass. She often went out to stay with her cousins who lived nearby, or to her grandmother and aunts at Moonee Ponds. One family of cousins, the Bennetts, were plagued by consumption and spend many school holidays in the clean country air at the farm. Annie would scrub and scour everything they touched, in fear that her own children would contract the deadly disease.

Jean was a confident horse rider and had her own pony, but never learnt to swim or ride a bike. She earned pocket-money by hand rearing the orphaned or abandoned lambs. When she was about twelve, Jack McPhail taught his daughter to drive the car, a secondhand Studebaker with white-walled tyres. Her mother had refused to learn, and Jack was concerned that there was only one driver on the property. Jean got her licence at seventeen by lying about her age. When the canny policeman asked her date of birth, Jack thought they'd be caught out, but Jean was quick enough to change the year.

In her late teens, Jean became the organist of the Bundalong Presbyterian Church. One day, having finished her practice, she scandalised Mrs McPherson by playing the secular Irish song 'Danny Boy'. She was puffed up like a pouter pigeon, but didn't say a word, Jean recalled. However, her mother was informed and there was hell to pay at home. Jean and her brother Jack went by horse and gig to balls at the Peechelba hall. All the horses were rugged up against the cold while the young ones danced the night away, before driving home through the early hours of the morning.

On 27th October 1932, the McPhail family drove excitedly towards Arch Browning's property, 'Riverslea', their eyes on a tiny speck in the sky which grew larger as it approached. 'Smithy', the famous aviator, was offering joyrides over Yarrawonga in the Southern Cross. Jean eagerly paid her 10/- fare while her nervous father insisted that she and Jack take separate flights. He chose to remain on terra firma.



Jean Aged 15

Jean was only fifteen when she met future husband Frank Keenan, four years her senior, at the Yarrawonga Agricultural Show. In the ensuing years they met at tennis over the summer and at balls during the winter. They wed when Jean was twenty-one and settled down on their own small farm at Bundalong, about four miles from her childhood home. Jean settled in to her new life as a wife and subsequently mother of eleven children - only one, Kevin, is no longer with us as he died as child at two years and 11 months. She was always a concerned parent and must have had some worrying times as the children always had some interests which brought with them a certain amount of danger, in particular, speed boats, motor bikes, hot rod cars, shooting etc.

Jean and Frank were keen members of the Bundalong Tennis Club and introduced the children in due course. Jean was a very one eyed Yarrawonga Football team supported and would attend matches with her chair and rug.

As time went on she was destined to meet the various potential partners of her family and welcome them into the group. This led to her becoming a grandmother, great grandmother and ultimately, great-great-grandmother. She knew the names of all of them. Jean shared her social life with Frank as he was a Shire Councillor for 32 years and member of many other committees over many years.



Jean & Frank Keenan

She declared recently she had had a long, happy and family life and enjoyed it all. She was fortunate enough to have had a good mind until the last. The family are grateful to the staff of Woods Point Aged Care for the marvellous care and kindness given to Jean during her stay with them. In the Homily Fr.

Bohan said that Jean, born in 1912 and nearly 103 years old, had enjoyed such a long life, such a full life. Jean lived through two world wars and the great depression and witnessed so many changes, so many advances and developments, Jean and Frank and their generation were truly pioneers at the forefront of these changes and developments.

"At the end of life we can sometime forget the energy, life, adventure and the hard work and sacrifice made," Fr. Bohan said. Today as family you give thanks for Jean - for all she has been to you. The daughter and sister, the wife and mother, the cousin and friend, the grandmother, great grandmother and great-great-grandmother.

"Today as a community we give thanks for Jean and for the contribution she and Frank and family have made to this community over as many years. She leaves us with the legacy of her life and love. May we treasure this legacy."

Donald Munro 1834 – 1931 **From Snizort, Isle of Skye**

Trove is an interesting resource with lots of interesting information. In this instance, I entered Donald Munro and amongst others, came up with this obituary from The Daily Examiner, Grafton, NSW Sat 4 Jul 1931. We have three members (that I know of) who are descendants of Charles Munro and Marion McLeod. If there are more descendants out there, please let me know. I believe the ship they came out on was the "Ontario" not the "Ontarian" as mentioned in the obituary.

The death of Mr. Donald Munro at the grand old age of 97 years, at his home, "Kingsborough," Wharf street, Maclean, early on Friday morning, removes another of that fast dwindling band of noble and industrious men and women pioneers who were largely responsible for building up the prosperity of the Clarence River district. The late Donald Munro, from the time he first arrived on the River in 1854 until he retired in 1918, was closely identified for a period of 64 years with the farming and grazing industries of the Clarence district. Monuments of his industry and thrift are the different farms he selected and acquired, which by his labour were improved to rank among the best farming properties on the river, most being held by his sons, and the others sold on his retirement, at prices reaching £80 per acre.

Donald Munro was born at Snizort in the Isle of Skye, Scotland, and was the oldest son of the late Charles and Mrs. Munro who came to this State with members of their family on December 19, 1852. The Munro family came out in the ship *Ontarian*, in which many of their shipmates died, of fever and other diseases. The family first settled in Morpeth and after spending a few days there went on to Toryburn on the Paterson River. After shepherding for a time, the family moved back to the Hunter in 1854, where the father and family engaged in farming at Miller's Forest. Donald Munro, while on the Paterson with his parents, accepted employment from a squatter named Alfred in shepherding on Jerry's Plains, afterwards coming to Newcastle and working among the Welsh miners in the coal mine for some time.



Hearing of the wonders of the Clarence River and the opportunities offered to young men, Mr. Munro joined a party coming overland to the district and reached Grafton in 1854, where he soon obtained employment clearing a block of land in Dobie street, the site being where Weippert's orchard stands. On the advice of the late W. A. B. Greaves, who was a surveyor at that time, he was prevailed upon to take a five-year clearing lease of farms at Clarenza, owned by the late John Piper McKenzie, of Sydney, who in the early days was well known in Sydney as official assignee. Mr. Munro afterwards took a lease of the farms from Mr. McKenzie and continued renting them for a period of 44 years, afterwards purchasing them. They are the well improved properties at Clarenza held by his sons. After he had completed his clearing lease and rented the farms from Mr. McKenzie at Clarenza, Mr. Munro sent for his parents and brothers and sisters, who arrived on the River early in 1860 and assisted him in working the farms.



Mr. Munro at this time had purchased from the government two blocks on the South Arm which he set about clearing and putting under crop. These two farms are the 39 acres now owned by, Mrs. A. Stewart, and 40 acres owned by Mr. A. J. McDonald. With the introduction of the Sir John Robertson Act, Mr. Munro selected two further blocks on the South Arm being the property now held by Mrs. R. Page. His brother, Hugh, at this time had selected a property on the Woodford Dale side of Woodford Island and was the first selector under the Act. After completing his residence term on the South Arm property, Mr. Munro continued his activities about Clarenza and selected land at the Washpin at Clarenza, and later acquired further, grazing property at Glenugie.

Mr. Munro had his troubles and losses through floods, but being a man of indomitable will, persevered and, besides farming, turned his efforts to breeding and grazing. He acquired from the late William Small, owner of Swan Creek, who was a noted breeder of beef Durhams of that time, sufficient of his cattle to found his herd. Through the years that followed Mr. Munro continued to build up this herd by the acquisition of pure-bred bulls of the beef Durham breed, which he purchased from different station owners in the State. On one occasion, he imported from New Zealand a valuable bull of that breed. He continued the breeding and fattening of cattle right up to his retirement in 1918, when he handed over his paddocks to his son, Mr. Charles Munro who still carries on the work of grazing in addition to breeding cattle.

Mr. Munro was a noted breeder of Clydesdale draught horses and the "D.M." brand of horses was noted throughout the State. One of the Clydesdale stallions brought to the River by him was Brown Chancey, and another as Gallant Scotchman, which was imported from Scotland and purchased later by Mr. Munro in Sydney. Both these horses will be well known to old residents and their strain can be traced among the draughts in use to-day. Mr. Munro continued shipping Clydesdales reared by him to Sydney where they were sold by Inglis and Co., at fancy prices, the brand having a good name. The last shipment to Sydney was made by the old City of Grafton in 1902, when the horses were aboard a

number of days through bad weather prevailing. In later years, Mr. Munro sold his horses locally and in 1918 sold out most of his brood mares. In addition to Clydesdales, Mr. Munro reared a number of bloods for use as stock horses. Mr. Munro exhibited horses and cattle bred by him at the early Grafton shows. He was one of the originators of the C. I and A. Society, being one who went around with a list to get the society established at Grafton. He was a keen and active farmer and a noted judge of horses and cattle. He made a competence which enabled him to retire and end his days peacefully with his wife at Maclean where he had resided for the past 12 years.



A group of clydesdales on a farm in Scotland
– Bet's granny on the right

Mr. Munro was a typical Scotchman, fair and just to all men, whose word was his bond. He was most abstemious, and known as a man who never used a profane or slangy word. He was a keen reader of Scottish history and having a retentive memory could relate early history of the clans of Scotland. One could spend many happy hours listening to his accounts of Scottish life and the early days of his pioneering in this country. Mr. Munro was a man of robust constitution and, although his life was fraught with much hard work and he experienced several severe accidents, he retained his health up to a few months ago, when he was compelled to take to his bed, gradually sinking until he passed away at the time stated.

He was a faithful adherent of the Free Presbyterian Church and a good husband and father. He married Susan McDonald, a daughter of the late Allan and Mrs. McDonald, formerly of Maclean and Palmer's Channel, Mr. McDonald being the second man to open a store in Maclean. Mrs. Munro survives her husband, also three sons and one daughter.

A DNA Story

This is my DNA story ie Don Munro, the representative in Australia our Chief, Hector Munro and who tries his best to keep the unruly OZ Munros under control!

We see a lot about DNA these days and how it can help your genealogy research, so I thought I would tell you the story of my ongoing relationship with DNA.

For a long time, my traditional research took me back to a Donald Munro born about 1806 who married Catherine Dingwall but there I was stuck hitting my head against the well known brick wall - so many of us all over the world have bruised our heads on it that it must be longer than the great wall of China! Then along came DNA with all its promises, so I joined the Munro DNA Project which was initiated in late 2001 by North Carolina Munro researchers with the goal that Family Tree DNA would become a repository of Munro DNA worldwide. Participants include bona fide representatives of the following lines:

- certain Foulis-Munro chiefs and cadet branches.
- President James Monroe.
- banished Battle of Worcester prisoners of war: William Munroe of Lexington, MA, whose descendants were of American Revolutionary War fame and John Munro of Bristol, RI.
- Marilyn Monroe
- Lochfyneside Munros

These are all very grand sounding lines but with only stone masons and farm labourers in my tree, I could not see me belonging to any of them. I was hoping to find some ancestors to help me stretch my family tree back past my 1806 Donald Munro. I found that DNA does work for I did find some Johnstone relatives and they allowed me push my tree sideways, so how good was that. I was able to contact three separate descendants of my great grandfather's brother who had emigrated to Canada. Prior to that I did not know anything about them. I was also able to identify some descendants of one of my great aunts who had emigrated to America, but nothing to push my Munro side back further.

In the meantime, I carried on with my traditional research and found my 1806 Donald Munro's father – would you believe, another Donald Munro born about 1762 and he married Bell Ross. All my ancestors were Donald Munro in a straight line back as far as I can go – not much imagination but that is probably the Scottish naming pattern! Once again I was stuck, this time at my 1762 Donald.

As I said, I had joined the Munro DNA project and about this time, the researchers got in touch with me as my results, among others, were showing that my descent is from the line of one of the Foulis-Munro chiefs or a cadet branch which was pretty exciting as it pushed me way past my 1762 Donald. It would seem that I come down the line of George Munro the 10th Baron who died in 1452, which means I would be from the Foulis or Coul line.

How can the descendant of a long line of stone masons and farm labourers have such ancestors? What is the connection?

It would seem that my 1762 Donald holds the clue as, when two of his daughters were born, their birth certificates show that Donald was a taxman of Ardross and we are pretty sure that this should be tacksman of Ardross. A tacksman leased land from the chief or of one of his relatives and would related to the person he leased his land from. He would have sub let some of this land to crofters, leaving himself some land to work. So it looks as if I have found my link to the Foulis/Coul line but the problem is still there – how do I find my 1762 Donald’s parents? Can some kind person out there with more knowledge than I have help me find them?

Some of you must be thinking about having your DNA tested, so why not take the plunge & do it, if not for yourself then for your children. I only know of four of our members who have taken the test – myself, another who is from the Lochfyneside Munros & one who has managed to get away back to Edinburgh ancestors, one who is still searching and another who has still to get his results. Contact me and I will tell you how to get started.

Vale Audrey Bailey

It is with much regret that I have to let you know of the passing of Audrey Blanche Bailey nee Munro who will be sadly missed. Audrey was a keen supporter of all things Munro, her ancestors were from the Black Isle in Ross-shire and older members might remember that she sent me a piece on that area which I published in newsletter No 7.

Vale John Donnelly Munro

Sad news from Tasmania as John Donnelly Munro, our only member from that state, has died. He is sadly missed by his wife, Lois and children, as well as 13 grandchildren and 17 great grandchildren. John was very active in his community and was from a very old Tasmanian family, his ancestors, from Resolis, arrived from Scotland on the “John Bell” in 1855. Coincidentally, Resolis is on the Black Isle, where Audrey Bailey’s ancestors hailed from.

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 Ten Year Dues | | \$80.00 |

*Clan Munro (Association) Australia
Newsletter*

Sender

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

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.