



Clan Munro Australia

Newsletter of the Clan Munro (Association) Australia

Volume 16 Issue 2 August 2018

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

We were so sad to receive the following announcement

Eleanor (Timmy) Munro of Foulis



We regret to announce the death of Eleanor (Timmy) Munro of Foulis, peacefully at her home Foulis Castle, on 20th October 2018, aged 93. Much loved mother of our Clan Chief Hector, his sister Charlotte, brothers Harry & John and mother-in-law, grandmother, great grandmother and aunt. Friend to many, including hundreds of Clan Munro members who had the privilege to know her. Chatelaine of Foulis Castle for over 40 years, he will be greatly missed. Private funeral service. Memorial Service later this year.

Hector

A few of the comments from our members
George and I had the privilege to meet Mrs Munro at Foulis Castle on the morning of August 25th 2004. We had made prior arrangements to visit before leaving NZ. An Australian woman was also there with two friends. After being warmly welcomed, we were invited into the sitting room to hear the History of the Munro's. What a knowledgeable person Mrs Munro was, we sat enthralled before a tour of the dining room, new and old kitchens and the out door areas. After the other three women left, Mrs Munro kindly invited George and I back inside to the big room to hear 'our' Munro history. With genuine interest Mrs Munro read the notes we had taken. Wonderful memories of a special morning spent with a very gracious and knowledgeable woman who made us feel so at ease in her company - a gift. She will be greatly missed by so many besides her own family.....Ann & George Munro

Whilst this is terribly sad for Hector and his family, Mrs Munro has had a fantastic life. As a close friend of the Queen Mother, they spent many hours chatting. Both apparently had a wicked sense of humour! She was a very gracious lady and really filled the part of the Mother of the Chief...and certainly enlivened the Castle with her presence..... Caroline & Quentin Munro

When Bet, myself and my sisters visited the castle we were so impressed with Mrs Munro's Clan knowledge and her down to earth attitude. When we were in the kitchen, she told us that she was just making the stock for the soup and was a bit scathing about young mothers were not being able to make real soup. She also told us that she had bought all the curtains from an auction at, I think, the Rose castle, took them home, laid them out on the lawn and unpicked them ready to remake them for Foulis. Mrs Munro was so friendly and welcoming and made our visit a real pleasure.....Bet & Don Munro

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.

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Further Afield in a DC3 – the final part of Wendy Borchers trip to New Zealand

Munro's Train, a poem about one of the Shay locomotive drivers working for the A. & D. Munro company

And there will be more

Don

fantastic life. As a close friend of the Queen Mother, they spent many hours chatting. Both apparently had a wicked sense of humour! She was a very gracious lady and really filled the part of the Mother of the Chief...and certainly enlivened the Castle with her presence..... Caroline & Quentin Munro

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Welcome

Welcome to our newest member, Louise Ryan, who comes to us with an excellent pedigree as she is the granddaughter of Allan Munro, who I am sure, our older members will remember as a very popular Clan Munro representative. Louise is a descendant of Donald Munro who was born 1796 in Caithness County, Scotland, the son of Angus and Christina Graham Munro. Donald married Helen Sutherland (b. 1808) in 1824. They migrated to Australia in 1837 and settled in Hunter Valley, New South Wales.

The St. Ayles Skiff

I come from the little village of Beaully in the North of Scotland and keep in touch with the village through their Facebook pages. I was intrigued when I came across this poster which showed that Our Chief Hector and Sarah of Foulis get involved with the local community. But I had to find out a little more – what is a St Ayles skiff and why the name Grebe?

Mr Google told me that the St. Ayles Skiff (pronounced Saint Isles) is a 4 oared rowing boat, designed by Iain Oughtred and inspired by the traditional Fair Isle skiff. The boat's hull and frames are built using clinker plywood and it measures 22' with a beam of 5' 8". It is normally crewed by four sweep rowers with a coxswain.

The boat design was commissioned by The Scottish Fisheries Museum in 2009 as a vessel for use in The Scottish Coastal Rowing Project. It is suitable for construction by community groups and amateur boat builders.

As of 2017, over 200 boats have been built worldwide, mostly by communities around the Scottish coast but increasingly by groups elsewhere, including England, Northern Ireland, the United States, Australia and New Zealand.

OK, that is the skiff, so why call it Grebe? I imagine that most of you are smarter than me and will know that a grebe is a bird without having to look it up on the Internet. There are many types of Grebe the rare Slavonian grebe is only found in the lochs in the North of Scotland and there are thought to be only 29 breeding pairs. They come from Iceland and spend the winter on just a few Scottish lochs, one of these being near Strathpeffer.



STRATHPEFFER & DISTRICT
COMMUNITY ROWING CLUB



LAUNCH OF ST. AYLES SKIFF "GREBE"

SATURDAY 15 SEPTEMBER 2018 AT
3 PM
AT FOULIS FERRY, EVANTON,
DINGWALL, IV16 9UX

The "Grebe" will be launched by Clan Chief
Hector Munro of Foulis and Alpha Munro MBE

You will see that the boat is being launched by the Strathpeffer & District Community Rowing Club. Strathpeffer is an interesting place, famous in Victorian times for its medicinal spa. It was famous in my time for the dances on a Saturday night at the Pavilion which, by the way, has recently been rebuilt. The town is really lovely with many grand houses and hotels built on the hillside. I spent one summer holiday washing dishes and even serving afternoon teas at the Ben Wyvis Hotel. Quite an experience!!

Further Afield in a DC3

IN THE LAND OF THE LONG WHITE CLOUD

This is Wendy Borchers' story of a trip she and her husband, Max, took to New Zealand on one of the 'Bill Peach Journeys' in a DC3. It also gives a wee bit of an insight into Wendy's illustrious ABC career. Photos are courtesy of Audrey Jackson.

'Spend 11 days exploring the South Island of New Zealand by vintage DC3 aircraft, which is regarded as one of the most significant transport aircraft ever made'

So read the spiel from 'Bill Peach Journeys' which I received in the post one day not so long ago.

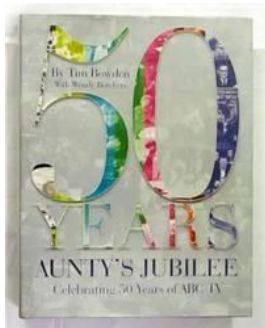
My dad always referred to these World War II aircraft as 'Gooney Birds' so how could I possibly resist the opportunity to spend a whole 11 days travelling about in

such an iconic aeroplane, especially in the Land of the Long White Cloud, which I first visited in 1966 on a working holiday as a waitress in the country's fledgling tourism industry.

When I was working as a film researcher in ABC television at Gore Hill in 1972, one of the programs to which I was assigned was the daily current affairs' program, 'This Day Tonight', compere of which was Bill Peach. At the zenith of the popularity of the program from 1970-74, the ABC's Publicity Department decided to capitalise on the star quality of Bill by issuing 'I Like Bill' (50 years before 'Facebook') stickers and badges, two of which adorned my luggage when I flew to London in 1972.



Bill finally left TDT in 1974 and followed his dream of producing and presenting documentaries such as 'Peach's Australia', 'Peach's Australian Cities' and 'Peach on the Mississippi' which led to the creation of his travel agency, 'Bill Peach Journeys' circa 1984. In 1991 I had the privilege of cataloguing all these programs as part of a research/preservation project, the aim of which was to locate and identify the physical items of film and videotape material in ABC Archives on the subject of Aboriginal culture and history. Many of Bill's programs fell into this category and it was this work which led to my interest in exploring some of the fascinating regions of Australia depicted in the documentaries I was seeing on the small screen of my 'Steenbeck' editing machine.



I met Bill Peach, at last, at an ABC reunion lunch in 2005, after which he agreed to launch a book I co-authored with Tim Bowden called 'Aunty's Jubilee – 50 Years of ABC Television' in 2006, which was a great honour.

Our holiday exceeded our expectations in every way and in the 11 days of our adventure we only had one rainy day, in Bluff and Invercargill. Due to the poor visibility we could not fly over Stewart Island as scheduled, which

was most disappointing for me. When I was last in Bluff in 1966, the ferry to Stewart Island wasn't running due to appalling weather. The South Pole is not so far away, after all and it appears I am destined never to see the island across the Foveaux Strait, the birthplace of my friend, David Swaney.

First stop was Christchurch where we were booked into a new, luxurious hotel in the city centre, directly opposite the Anglican Cathedral which had been damaged so badly during the violent earthquake in February, 2011. The church synod recently voted to restore the building rather than demolish it, the latter course having been backed by the controversial Canadian bishop, who has now resigned her job and which was headline news on our last day in the earthquake-ravaged city.



Wendy in the cockpit

We enjoyed a delicious meal with fellow travellers and met, for the first time, our journey director, Amanda Highfield, who was to be our esteemed leader, psychologist, nurse, den mother and salon-keeper for our whole journey.

We first clapped an eye on our DC-3 was outside the New Zealand Flying Doctor Service (I did not know such



an organisation existed) terminal at Christchurch airport: there she was, our very own transport for 11 days, our Air Chathams' Gooney Bird with a crew of three, Captain – Keith Mitchell; First Officer – Daryl Pettit and our flight attendant – Violet Gordon-Glassford, resplendent in their smart uniforms.

Violet played music of the 'Fifties and 'Sixties to be played in the cabin, which greatly enhanced the atmosphere, as well as our excitement. We all sang along wholeheartedly.

As there were only ten of us on our journey, all Australians except for Myrtle McKenzie, who lives in Christchurch, we were encouraged to spread out so we each had a window and on this first day, an unrestricted view of the Canterbury Plains as we flew to Ashburton, home of a fascinating Aviation Museum, which was the scene of a training airfield for pilots during World War II and where you can still see the 'tie-down rings' on the tarmac which secured the planes against the fierce prevailing winds of the Canterbury Plain. The Museum has some magnificent aircraft on display, from bi-planes to a RNZAF Skyhawk and a Macchi Jet, once used by the famous RAAF aerobatic team, 'The Roulettes', based at Sale in Victoria. I purchased an ingenious solar-powered bi-plane as a souvenir.

We were all languishing outside the hangar watching the descent of hang-glidgers after our tour of the museum, when one tandem hang-glider landed by sliding along the ground on individual and collective backsides, which prompted one of our group to remark that 'it can't have done their piles much good'. One of the hang-glidgers disappeared behind the hangar only to re-appear heading straight for us at great speed, causing me to duck under our table. It emerged that the hang-glider pilot arranged this landing, so he could glide between our DC-3 and a sister aircraft parked on the tarmac. I do so hope he enjoyed the experience.

Later we re-boarded our DC-3 and headed for Dunedin, a city renowned for late Victorian architecture, which sprang up after the gold rush of the 1860's. Once again, our journey was accompanied by the tape of Music of the 'Fifties & 'Sixties, to which we sang along, perhaps a little less enthusiastically.

We enjoyed a lavish lunch at Larnach Castle, which has been magnificently restored by master craftsmen in the last 30 years, enabling us to wallow in the Scottish heritage of the region. We visited the Olverston Historic Home en route to our hotel but found the guide just a



wee bit precious when he kept repeating that we were not to touch anything, then berating us if we accidentally happened to do so, like I did.

After breakfast at 'The Distinction' luxury hotel, we re-boarded our aircraft to Invercargill where, for the



first time, we encountered rain and enjoyed a town tour with a local-well-informed guide before heading down to Bluff, the southernmost point on the South Island, where we enjoyed a magnificent lunch of famous Bluff oysters at a restaurant overlooking the Foveaux Strait and the famous signpost indicating that we were a long way from anywhere.

On the way to our hotel in Invercargill we swung by the 'E Hayes & Sons' Museum which houses a replica of Burt Munro's famous Indian Scout motorbike, which claimed the World Record Class S-A 1000cc in Utah, USA and was featured in the Hollywood feature film, 'The Fastest Indian' starring Anthony Hopkins as Burt, which was released on October 15, 2005.

The film was 'the story of Burt Munro of Invercargill, who spent years rebuilding a 1920 Indian motorcycle, which helped him set the land-speed record at Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats in 1967'



which surely encouraged the nation's collective bosoms to swell with pride.

'From working examples of early vintage machinery to racing bikes of the modern era – you'll find it all here' the brochure told me' and I even found a bulb baster for sale, so obviously versatility is the order of the day in this Museum in Central Otago.

On unpacking my suitcase that night, disaster struck. I discovered I had stupidly left my medication in Dunedin, how I could have done this is beyond me but, happily, Amanda, our indefatigable Journey Director was able to assure me it will be with me again in a couple of days' time.

After dinner that night four of us braved the rain to visit a wine bar in close proximity to our hotel, where we were able to enjoy a glass of wine in front of a roaring log fire. It was during the ensuing conversation that I was to learn that one of our travelling companions, Chris Hartley, formerly of the Commonwealth Bank, happened to know a very dear friend of ours, John Blogg, also formerly of the Commonwealth Bank. I just knew that 'six degrees of separation' would raise its head somewhere on this tour.

The next day we inspected the Croydon Aviation Heritage Centre at Gore, which is another spectacular museum preserving New Zealand's rich aviation history and houses the largest collection of de Havilland aircraft in the 'southern hemisphere'. I was particularly enamoured of the stories of pioneer aviators 'those magnificent men (and women) in their flying machines' before we boarded our very own historic aircraft once again and set a course for Queenstown. Along the way I was invited into the cockpit just as we caught our first breathtaking sight of Lake Wakatipu and the Remarkables, the spectacular mountain range which was devoid of snow this time.

I first visited Queenstown in 1966 when I hired a Holden Station Wagon with a group of five other Australian girls, all of us having worked at waitresses at the Chateau Tongariro, in the North Island and who left on a journey of exploration when the ski season ended in October. Queenstown was probably one of the most beautiful places I had ever encountered, dominated by the majestic Remarkables, covered in a light dusting of snow when we arrived. We found accommodation in the local motor camp and went to see the recently released feature film 'The Sound of Music', which had been shot in a similar location in the Austrian Alps, near Salzburg, so we wallowed in the atmosphere.

Queenstown now is a bustling place, crowded with tourists of all nationalities and is a town which boasts myriad luxury accommodation to satisfy all comers. I feared that the historic Eichardts Hotel might have been demolished but happily, I found it, still nestled on the shores of Lake Wakatipu, presiding over unfettered views of the mountains

and the lake. Queenstown is unrecognisable, even from when I was last there in 1980.

Our accommodation at the Millthorpe Resort, on the outskirts of town, en route to Arrowtown, was described as 'picturesque', which was an understatement and it is also vast. Our accommodation could be described as 5 Star Plus. The resort is a haven for golfers, owned by a Japanese consortium and at breakfast I even encountered some people from Manly who cross the Tasman every year to stay here and play bridge, one of whom had actually been on a Bill Peach Journey once upon a time.

After breakfast we were scheduled to take a luxury cruise on the mega-beautiful Lake Wakatipu for a delicious lunch on board, washed down with local



sparkling wine which was very tasty indeed. I did manage to catch a glimpse of the vintage steamship, TSS Earnslaw which has been chugging around the Lake since 1912. We also drew close to Walter Peak sheep station at the end of the Lake, which could have been the setting for Jane Campion's novel, 'The Top of the Lake'

Continued in our next newsletter

**Sir Ronald Crauford Munro Ferguson
(1860-1934)**

This article by JR Poynter was published in the Australian Dictionary of Biography, Volume 10, (MUP), 1986 and I have been given permission to use it. As you will see, Sir Ronald was a man of very strong character who, I suspect, did not suffer fools gladly!!

Sir Ronald Crauford Munro Ferguson, Viscount Novar of Raith (1860-1934), governor-general, was born on 6 March 1860, at Raith House, Fife, Scotland, eldest child of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Ferguson, M.P., and his wife Emma



Eliza Ferguson, née Mandeville. In 1864, inheriting from a cousin the estates of Novar in Ross-shire and Muirton, Morayshire, his father took the additional surname Munro. Ronald was educated at home

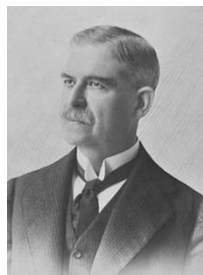


and at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and served in the Grenadier Guards in 1879-84.

He entered parliament in 1884 as a Liberal, winning and losing Ross and Cromarty before taking Leith Burghs, the seat he held until 1914. He had the patronage and friendship of Lord Rosebery, whom he served as parliamentary private secretary and as a junior lord of the treasury. Other political associates were the 'Liberal Imperialists' Grey, Asquith and Haldane; his closest friend was the diplomat and poet (Sir) Cecil Spring Rice, who persuaded him to support Home Rule and to admire Theodore Roosevelt's America. On 31 August 1889 after a visit to India, Munro Ferguson married Lady Helen Hermione Blackwood (1865-1941), daughter of the viceroy, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, an able and imperious woman on whose judgement of politics and of protocol he relied absolutely.

Disappointed by his exclusion from the Liberal government of 1905 Munro Ferguson vainly 'asked for Bombay'. He remained active in parliament but, disliking Asquith and his 'vulgar pushing mob', showed increasing indifference to party discipline. Made a privy councillor in 1910, he refused Asquith's offered peerage, preferring to continue as the first country gentleman of Scotland rather than wear the badge of political failure. Anxious to find a billet suitable for his talents, he refused the governorship of Victoria (as he had that of South Australia in 1895), but accepted the governor-generalship and a G.C.M.G. in February 1914. Despite Australian complaints that the British government was ridding itself of a failed colleague, Munro Ferguson was soon to prove himself the ablest of the early governors-general. He arrived in Melbourne on 18 May.

Munro Ferguson was determined to maintain British parliamentary principles, to represent Imperial policies as the sole official channel of communication between the governments, and to maintain the prestige of the infant Commonwealth against the pretensions of the States, and especially their governors. He was soon in bitter conflict with Sir Gerald Strickland, the pugnacious governor of New South Wales. Aware that the governor-general had specific constitutional powers as well as the monarch's prerogative to advise and warn, he intended to be politically impartial. He believed Labor to be the party of federalism, though he distrusted the power of its caucus and found some Liberals more congenial company. His private observations on Australia were



sharp and candid. A handsome, energetic man, he was kind if frequently choleric, with much of his wife's disdain for the socially inappropriate. Tree-felling was his favourite recreation, even in Melbourne. He came to admire some aspects of Australian life while deploring many others, and seemed most at home with country folk, whom he compared with his Scottish tenantry.

Munro Ferguson's political acumen was tested when Prime Minister (Sir) Joseph Cook on 2 June 1914 requested a double dissolution, hoping to strengthen his precarious majority. Munro Ferguson had excellent precedents for claiming a discretion to refuse the request, and he rejected the arguments of Attorney-General Sir William Irvine that the governor-general was obliged to follow the advice of the prime minister; but after consulting the chief justice Sir Samuel Griffith, convinced that it was in the best interests of both parties, he granted the dissolution. Munro Ferguson was increasingly annoyed that his action was interpreted as acceptance of Irvine's narrow interpretation of his powers. He believed he could seek advice from any source, even the Opposition, and acted on his assumption that he could discuss confidential government business with any privy councillor.

Before the political storm was stilled by the Opposition's decisive victory in the September elections, war intervened. Cabinet was dispersed electioneering, and Munro Ferguson was perforce involved with the minister for defence and the attorney-general in major policy decisions. War transformed his daily role. He continued to travel widely, but social commitments were reduced (and the ballroom of Melbourne's Government House given over to Lady Helen's work for the British Red Cross Society, which earned her appointment as G.B.E. in 1918). Promotion of the war effort became his chief concern: as commander-in-chief he inspected camps, corresponded with British and Australian generals as one soldier to another, complained of the presumptions of the navy (which had its own direct communication with the Admiralty), saw almost as much of the minister of defence as of the prime minister, and judged politics and society in terms of the Empire's struggle for survival, increasingly regarding Australia as a 'Fools' Paradise' ignorant of external realities. Privately he chafed at his distance from Europe, mused that a different fate might have made him minister for war, and considered (perhaps rightly) that Lady Helen had more of the qualities needed to lead the Empire in war than Asquith.

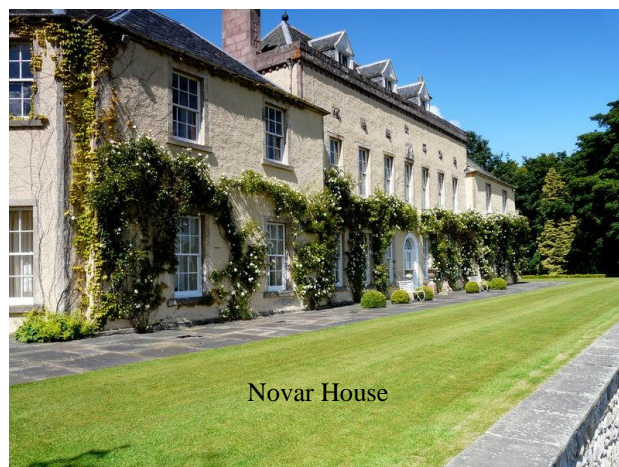
Munro Ferguson did not hesitate to advise and warn Prime Minister Andrew Fisher and the Colonial

Office on all sorts of issues, and complained vigorously when not consulted. In August 1914 he had forced Sir John Forrest to consult Fisher concerning emergency fiscal measures. In September he cabled directly to the governor-general of New Zealand warning against the dispatch of troop-ships without assurance of safety from German cruisers. In March 1915 he refused to appoint a royal commission on the New Hebrides until London had been informed. In May he mediated between British generals and the Australian government on the disputed appointment of a successor to Major General Sir William Bridges on Gallipoli. He deplored Australia's attitude to non-European allies and willingly responded to a secret request from the British government in January 1915 that he prepare 'his Ministers' for post-war occupation of German colonies north of the Equator by the Japanese. He shared British concern over the inefficiency of Australian security measures, and consented in January 1916 to Lieutenant-Colonel (Sir) George Steward, his official secretary, becoming head of a new Counter-Espionage Bureau, active in surveillance of dissidents as well as enemy agents. He was annoyed, however, when seedy associates of 'Pickle the Spy' intruded into Government House.

In October 1915 Billy Hughes succeeded Fisher, beginning five years of an increasingly complex personal and political relationship between prime minister and governor-general. Aware that Hughes was never fully frank with him, he came to believe 'my little Welshman' indispensable to the war effort and acquiesced in manipulation of his goodwill to Hughes's political benefit, risking the appearance, if less often the substance, of the impartiality required of his office.

Munro Ferguson welcomed Hughes's conversion to the cause of conscription in 1916, though critical of his tactics, and when the cabinet crumbled on the eve of the first plebiscite he crossed Sydney Harbour at midnight to console 'the poor little man' in a taxi on the quay. Nevertheless he refused to promise Hughes a dissolution in advance. He was also unhappy with his involvement in the manoeuvres by which the new National government tried vainly to avoid an election. As the war news worsened he supported a second attempt to win conscription, but advised a dissolution rather than another plebiscite. He deplored Hughes's pledge to resign if the vote was lost, and when the prime minister reacted to hostility in Queensland by creating a Federal police force he argued successfully for a more rational plan. The bitterness of the campaign, and especially Archbishop Daniel Mannix's part in it, shocked him.

Munro Ferguson refused Hughes's request to keep secret their meeting in Melbourne to discuss the defeat of conscription, complaining that he was no Charles II to hide in an oak tree 'and besides, a gum don't give much cover'. On 29 December 1917 he



urged him to resign and recommend another Nationalist; Hughes delayed until 8 January and left it to the governor-general to conclude, after diligent interviews with leading figures in government and opposition, that the Labor leader could not guarantee supply and that only Hughes was acceptable to all Nationalists. Opposition criticism of the renewed commission was not allayed by his explanatory memorandum. He attempted to bring all parties together at his special recruiting conference held at Government House in April 1918, but critics continued to identify him with Hughes's political interests. In so far as the charge was justified, it arose from his belief that the cause of the Empire at war overrode domestic considerations.

Munro Ferguson attempted to use Hughes's apparent dependence on him to renew his request that the Executive Council should consider measures as well as approve them. Hughes rebuffed him, then undermined his authority by winning at the 1918 Imperial War Conference the right of direct communication with the British prime minister. Munro Ferguson was shocked, predicting greater Australian independence and eventual alignment with the United States of America, and foreseeing a need for British political representation separate from the governor-general. The dilemmas of Imperial defence uncovered by Lord Jellicoe's visit of 1919 also alarmed him, and although he shared Hughes's contempt for President Wilson and his League of Nations, he watched 'the little man pull the noses of the Mikado and Wilson at the Peace Conference' with trepidation.

Despite some disillusionment Munro Ferguson agreed to extend his term from May 1919 until 6 October 1920, in part to organize the visit of the

Prince of Wales. During the tour his insistence on Federal precedence so offended some of the State governors that they asked that the Colonial Office never again appoint so overbearing a governor-general. Nevertheless, the public farewells to the Munro Fergusons were warm, and the press rightly praised his contribution to such causes as forestry, encouragement of science and the beautification of Melbourne. Munro Ferguson was surprised to find himself sorry to leave, though pleased to return to his estates and consoled with elevation to the peerage.

His public career was not over. In October 1922 he took office as secretary for Scotland under Bonar

Law. Baldwin dropped him in 1924, losing patience with the Ferguson brand of political independence. He chaired the committee reviewing political honours in 1925, was appointed a knight of the Thistle in 1926 and received various other honours. His meticulously ordered papers of his period in Australia were used by (Sir) Ernest Scott for his volume of the official history of the war. A portrait by William McInnes hangs in Parliament House, Canberra.

Lord Novar died at Raith on 30 March 1934. Childless, he had selected a sister's grandson as his heir. Lady Helen died on 9 April 1941

Armadale WA Highland Gathering



Once again Bet and I had our table at the Armadale Highland Gathering which is combined with the kilt run, an event that is becoming more popular each year. We had all our usual events – the pipe bands, highland dancing, heavy events including tossing the caber, medieval people doing their best to kill each other with swords and



the very popular Westies (west highland terriers) everyone's favourite. Of course the clan village is very popular and we were run off our feet answering the many questions thrown at us about which clan they belong to and what tartan they should wear. We even had two clans from the Eastern states this year attracted partly by the fact that the City of Armadale provides the tents, tables, chairs and pin up boards at no cost to the clans.

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*

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