



Clan Munro Australia

Newsletter of the Clan Munro (Association) Australia

Volume 8 Issue 3

December 2011

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

Chat



This Month

Best wishes from Bet & Don for a very happy Christmas & all you could wish for in the New Year

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Next Newsletter

Would you believe – a Munro/Ned Kelly Connection

A famous Australian

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Munros & the cinema

A visit to Scotland report

And, hopefully, there will be more!

Don

The Gathering 2014

We now know the date of the next Clan Gathering in Scotland. It will be held on **Saturday 26th and Sunday 27th July 2014**, to coincide with the Commonwealth Games; the Ryder Cup; 700 years since the Battle of Bannockburn and the usual Highland Games - all of which will happen 2014. On page 2 we have a letter from our Chief but the time of writing the date had not been decided.

I received an email from Ann Munro in New Zealand suggesting that obituaries of our ancestors could be interesting to members and sent her husband, George Munro's grandfather's obituary as an example and it makes wonderful reading. It also gives me another way to fill out the newsletter with real stories that are bound to be of interest, so if any of you have obituaries you would like to share with our readers, please send them to me, I would love to have them.

We have two corrections from the previous newsletter, both from Don Munro in Queensland. I had Edward Casson Rowntree arriving in Hobart in 1930 by which time of course, Old Dart had stopped sending us our convict ancestors. Edward had arrived one hundred years earlier. The second one was my assumption that Surat was a misspelling of Stuart in the old newspaper. As Don correctly pointed out, there is a Surat just south of Roma – I will just have to be more careful in future!!

We have the last part of Ailsa Stubbs-Brown's autobiography this month. This really is something all of us should do – not for ourselves, of course, but for our children & grandchildren. Please let me know if you have anything like that prepared & would like to share it with other members.

A couple of genealogy successes – we have been able to connect Dave Munro from WA with John Gordon who lives in Alness, Scotland. Dave tells me that this link has been most beneficial. We have also linked Jennifer Munro with her cousin Cynthia Mooney, much to the delight of both of these long lost cousins.

Welcome to Our New Members

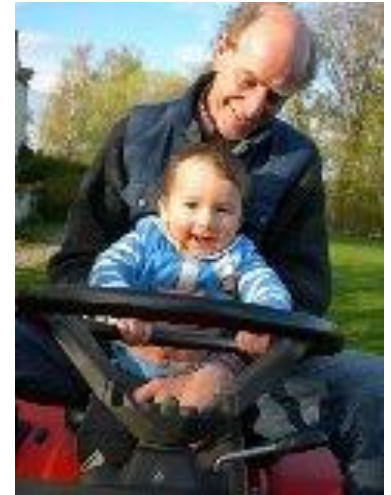
A very warm welcome to our newest member, John Booth who is descended from Finlay Munro & Alexandrina Ross. Their son James came to Australia on the James Moran arriving February 1839 with his mother, brothers Alexander & William & sisters Ann & Christina. Quite a lot is known about Alexander who was a successful builder. Perhaps the brothers worked for him as they were carpenters. Two other members are from the same family.

A Message from Our Chief

Dear Clansmen and Clanswomen,

The 23rd and 24th June 2014 sees the 700th anniversary of Robert the Bruce's brilliant victory over the English at Bannockburn and with a Scottish Nationalist Party Government now firmly established at Holyrood in Edinburgh for the next five years, there will undoubtedly be various celebrations throughout Scotland. 2014 also sees The Ryder Cup coming to Scotland as well as The Commonwealth Games, so it seems like a very good year to hold our next International Gathering. At this point in time we have yet to finalise dates, but it looks likely to be held, either over the last weekend in July or the first weekend in August 2014. Please mark your calendars and I hope that as many of you as possible will be able to join us on this special occasion.

On a personal front, the last eighteen months has been a momentous and very happy time for all of us at Foulis, with our son Finnian's marriage to Ohma (nee Oxley) in late 2009 and our elder daughter Isabella's marriage to Henry Blake on 10th July 2010, closely followed on 13th July by the arrival of Finnian & Ohma's son and our first grandson, Hector Anthony John Munro. These events have given us immense pleasure and we feel most blessed to have our newly extended family all living within easy walking distance. Later this year Finnian, Ohma and Hector will be even closer when they move to The Bakehouse, a recently restored wing in the Castle courtyard. Isabella and Henry now live in one of the oldest houses on Foulis, Teanord on what was originally church lands acquired by a Munro Chief after the Reformation.



Our Chief Hector W Munro of Foulis with grandson Hector Anthony John Munro. Who is enjoying this the most?

This summer my wife Alpha, plans to take part in an interesting archaeological dig in the Castle grounds, aiming to investigate the existence of a possible medieval routeway. This routeway runs past a variety of important sites thought to be medieval in date and could prove to be a main communication route in the medieval period with origins in later prehistory. One of these sites is the motte feature near the crossing of the Foulis Burn to the West of the present Castle and may well be the site of its forerunner. We will report on any interesting finds.

With a burgeoning world population and surging commodity prices, for the first time in decades farming in the UK seems to be back in favour with politicians and public alike. No doubt as food prices rise, which they will inevitably have to, there will be a lot of finger pointing, but for the moment it is quite pleasant for once to be involved in an industry with improving prospects.

We look forward to welcoming you all in 2014.

Ailsa Stubbs-Brown

This is the third and final part of Ailsa's autobiography. As you will remember, Ailsa had retired and her husband had died. This final part tells of her interest in the riding for the disabled as well some of her travels. One of her travels (not mentioned below) was a trip by herself on the Indian Pacific to come and stay for a little while with Bet & myself.

In preparation for IYDP (International Year of Disabled Persons) year (1980-1981) the Maroochy Shire Council and Caboolture Shire Council set up a subcommittee for Recreation for the Disabled. To this end a public meeting was held to arouse interest in Nambour and locally. Those attending were informed of the many avenues that could be

followed, one of these being Riding for the Disabled weekend camps at Currimundi (really to give parents a break) and improvements in access for the disabled to the activities of daily living. There was not a great deal of discussion. After the meeting closed, Mrs Hazel Larard came to the officials, introducing herself and her daughter

Helen. Helen had just returned from the UK where she had worked with disabled children at Riding for



the Disabled establishments, and Mrs Larard was offering the Helen's services and the Larard property as a possible venue.

This offer was happily accepted and within a few weeks both mentally and physically handicapped children were drawn from hospital and locally known contacts to form a small enthusiastic group. A ring of tyres was set out in the open paddock, neighbours and friends loaned horses and saddlery and Palmwoods Riding for the Disabled 'PRD' was open for business. That was the beginning. The first meeting of the committee for Palmwoods RDA was held at Western Avenue, Montville on the 8th of September 1980.

This committee was quite active. One thing it did was to research the whole area of the Sunshine Coast here as to accessibility for the disabled to recreational areas. At that time there was very little and they were really prevented from enjoying life very well at all. We produced a booklet 'Access for the Disabled to Recreation'. The only copy left that I know of is now held by the Historical Museum - if you ask them, I'm sure that they would let you have a look at it - where are listed accessible possibilities in the area. Of course, it would now be very much improved because we stirred up a lot of interest in these things. A big problem was the lack of parking for the disabled, and in particular the wheelies. Also the crossing of the street, one side to the other, sloped kerbing was needed - this was brought to their attention.

Weekend camps were held at Currimundi and it was interesting to see the sigh of relief by the parents, they loved their children but they were very glad to leave them with us for a weekend and have a break. We really had a great deal of fun, it

was hard work carrying rather heavy children across the sands at the mouth of the river there, but they enjoyed it as much as we did. In addition, my Committee did quite a lot in drawing attention of the public to this lack in provision for the wheelies. Some of my people, in particular one disabled person, Mrs Mary Coates, who was a paraplegic, did a lot of speaking to different groups. Transport for the disabled was difficult and attention was brought to the fact that very often all that was needed was an extra step in a bus to enable a disabled person to use that bus.

Another group that we helped was the Sunshine Coast Paraplegic



Association. Attention was drawn to the need for reasonable and accessible accommodation for the disabled. Literature wasn't possible from the public libraries in Nambour. Meantime, from a personal point of view, I had started to play croquet, which I think I have mentioned previously, but I was playing quite a lot, two or three times a week now, and becoming quite involved there and I continued that until about three years ago, when old age overtook me and I wasn't able to carry on any longer. After we married in 1980, Tom and I managed to do a little bit of travelling. We went to the States one time and visited friends who lived in the Rockies. We also travelled in Australia - we motored North in Queensland with some friends from the States - we went up as far as Cooktown; motoring as far as Cairns, then flew to Cooktown and stayed at Lizard Island and enjoyed that very much. Latterly of course Tom started to be not quite so strong so we stayed at home in the years 1984 to 1985 and he died in 1985.

A little bit later I took to travelling quite a bit. Apart from going to the UK and visiting friends there, I did some trips with the Royal Princess over the northern coast of Australia and a bus trip through the Kimberly's down to Perth which was very enjoyable. I've seen quite a bit of Australia in years gone by and am happy now to stay home.

Ailsa completed her autobiography just before she passed away. She brought joy to all who knew her & is missed by so many

Whisson Lake Pinot Noir

I welcomed winemaker Tom Munro as a member in our April newsletter. His ever attentive aunt, Catherine Ives (another of our members) sent me this glowing report of Tom's pinot noir wines from the Weekend Australian on August 27, 28, 2011 by Max Allen, the paper's wine writer. Check out the Whisson Lake website at whissonlake.com. For those of you who, like me, don't know some of the wine industries technical terms, I have added the meaning of a couple of them at the end of the article.

WHISSON LAKE - Never heard of it? - Wouldn't surprise me. Despite being one of the older (first planted 1985) and higher pinot noir vineyards in the Adelaide Hills (the vines shoot over the 600m mark), the wines on Whisson Lake have never made much of a splash: for most of the vineyard's history, the majority of the crop has been sold to other winemakers, with only a couple of hundred cases of estate-produced pinot making their way into Adelaide cellars each year.

Expect to see more Whisson Lake pinots cropping up in better bottle shops and trendy wine lists now: the vineyard's longtime team of owners, Mark Whisson, Bruce Lake and Bill Bissett, has been joined by an

energetic, thoughtful, British-born winemaker,

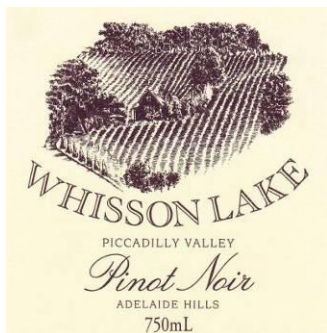
Whisson Lake deserves a place among Australia's pinot noir stars

Tom Munro (Tom the Pom to his mates), whose passion for pinot noir is only matched by his passion for the terroir of this special steep-sloping site.

I visited the vineyard in midwinter last year to taste Tom's 2010 wines in barrel. But before we

started sniffing and sipping, the first thing we did was walk up the hill. (Why oh why do winemakers insist on doing this to overweight, middle-aged wine writers? Is it some kind of test?) And take it from me there aren't many Australian

pinot noir paddocks that leave you this breathless by



the time you've reached the top or that have quite so breathtaking a view over the bucolic Piccadilly Valley.

I tasted Tom's 2010 wines again recently - all safely now in bottle - and they're even better than I remember them in the winery.



The Black Label pinot (\$28), from an exposed block at the top of the hill, is full of open-textured, rustic red fruit; the White Label (\$35), from the main part of the top vineyard has wonderful, slinky plum fruit and an alluring edge of wild stemminess; the Monopole (\$55), from four rows of pinot noir vines in the middle of the hill, has finer, more subtle aromas and a powdery finesse.

The wine that blows me away, though, is Whisson Lake's Le Gris de Noir (\$55): made only from the pale juice of pinot noir grapes, pressed off the skins and barrel-fermented, this faint copper coloured liquid combines extraordinary delicacy and subtle floral perfume with gorgeously seductive creaminess and liveliness on the tongue. Sure, it's a hefty price tag for what you could argue is just a pale, dry rose, but I think the quality and complexity of the wine justifies the dollars.

Indeed, based on these 2010 wines, I'd say Whisson Lake deserves a place among regional pinot noir stars such as Ashton Hills and national pinot heroes such as Bindi or Bannockburn. More: whissonlake.com.

Terroir is the French term given to the sum total of a particular site's geology. That is, its aspect, soil type, macroclimate, microclimate and microbiology.

Gris is neither rosé, white, nor red but rather a light peach/copper colour unique to Pinot Noir.

Old Obituaries

Obituary. The Northern Times Scotland - Mr. George Munro.

This is the first of our obituary series. George Munro was born 6th Feb 1875 at Oldshoremore, Kinlochbervie, Sutherland, Scotland and died 13th Feb 1936 in Dunedin, New Zealand. Let's hope as many of you as possible send your ancestors obituary in to me. We learn so much about them from that source.

The death occurred last night of Mr. George Munro, of Kaikorai, at the age of 61 years. Born in Sutherlandshire, Scotland, he joined the famous Scottish regiment, the Black watch, and during his military career saw service in various parts of the Empire, being for many years stationed in India. He was highly thought of as a piper,



and gained something of a reputation in the regiment with his playing. On his retirement from the army he joined the Leith Police Force, Edinburgh, but in 1910 he decided to come to New Zealand. On his arrival he joined the Police Force, and shortly after came to Dunedin, where he resided until the time of his death. He was stationed at Roslyn for several years, and in later times was arms officer at the Central Station. Mr. Munro retired from the force in July of last year. He was a noted performer on the pipes, and in his youth was a successful competitor in national dances. After he withdrew from active competitions his services were in great

demand as a judge, and was recognised as one of the most capable officials in the Dominion. He was a foundation member of the Dunedin Scottish Society, and for many years had been president, holding that office at the time of his death. Mr. Munro was held in high esteem by a wide circle of friends. He is survived by his widow and a grown-up family.

From the number of persons who attended the funeral of Mr. George Munro on Sunday it was evident that he was held in high esteem by all sections of the community. A total of about 150 cars followed the cortege. The service was at his home in 5 Hood Street, Kaikorai, was conducted by the Rev J.D. Smith. The pall bearers were members of the City Police Force. Pipers William Matheson and Norman M'Pherson led the cortege to the main street playing "Lord Lovat's Lament." The service at

the graveside was conducted by the Rev J.D. Smith. Mr. White, a former member of the Black Watch Regiment, dropped a Red Heckle on the casket, after which Mr. John M'Donald, patron of Scottish Society, of which Mr. Munro was its first and only president, dropped a sprig of heather, and he was followed in turn by each member of the Scottish Society's executive. The following societies were represented: - The Scottish Society of Dunedin, The Gaelic Society of New Zealand, the Caledonian Society of Otago, the Dunedin Burns Club, the Piping and Dancing Association, the St Andrew's Society of Otago, the late Irish Society, Imperial Ex -Servicemen's Association, Council of Dunedin Scottish Societies, Berwick Caledonian Society, Masonic brethren, and members and ex-members of the Dunedin Highland Pipe Band.

Happy Birthday Mabel Margery Munro

Natalie Gretton's mother was 100 on the 24th of September and doesn't she look well



Mabel & Ethel

Here are a couple of photos taken on 24th September, Mum's birthday. She stood up to it all very well but was very tired by the end of the day. Her little sister is in one photo, she's only 94!

We're both well and busy still. We go to Melbourne each Thursday to volunteer at the Thrift shop on the RAAF base at Laverton, I'm Secretary, Mike's Treasurer,

and he's also running a Vietnamese culture, language and history course at our local community centre once a week. I attend my

writing group once a week too so we're keeping active and busy.

This is what Natalie told me about her Mum. Mum's name is Mabel Margery Munro. Her surname before she married William Hector was Rose. She's a descendant of Thomas and Jane Rose, who came here on the Bellona with four children (one born on the ship) in 1793. This was at the time when the colony in Sydney was starting to starve because there were no farmers, just soldiers and convicts. The Governor wrote back to England asking if some farmers could be persuaded to come out, and the Roses did. He was given land at Wilberforce, after the first land he was allocated was not good to farm. Rose Bay was theirs at one stage; the name rosella is a contraction of Rose Hill, where the original land was. So I am a seventh generation Aussie. The closest we came to having a convict in the family line was when one of the grandsons of Thomas married the daughter of a convict. Bit of a shame, now that it's fashionable to have a convict!



Natalie with her Mum

George (Geordie) Munro 1851 - 1936

One of my best sources of Australian Munro information is the Shoalhaven Munros, given to me by Mary Lidbetter. They are all descended from William Munro & Ann MacKay who came to Australia from Lairg in Scotland on the James Moran in 1839 with their children Donald, Anne, Jane, Angus, Hughena, Catherine & Barbara. This story is about Donald's son Geordie. The second part repeats a little of what went before but I thought it worth keeping.

George married Mary McDonald but details of his family are vague. Names suggested are Donald, Georgina and Alexander However George left lengthy memoirs, his first memory being of their house built of cabbage tree slabs at Good Dog Mountain, now West Cambewarra, NSW The farm fronted a small creek flowing into Tapitallie Creek. He remembered his parents getting news of the wreck of the Dunbar in 1857

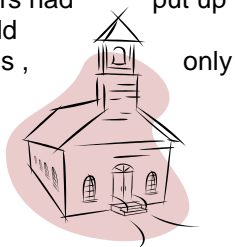
and his mother crying and lamenting the loss of so many lives. At about this time his father sold the farm to Mr Moffit and the family moved to a farm on the Shoalhaven River about 6 km below Bomaderry, and lived there until 1866.

George was sent by his father, when 16, to the



Richmond River to help his older brother William who had selected land at Steve King's Plain in 1866. He travelled with relatives and when they got to Sydney, there was no vessel likely to sail to the Richmond for some weeks so decided to go by the Clarence steamer Agnes Irving to Grafton. Then followed a 4 day overland journey to Casino, no road, only mere track. George joined William and began life on the selection which he said "did not appeal, being too young to understand things". Main work for new settlers was to fence as the station cattle were running on open country. There was no barbed wire and a lot of time and hard work went into the post and rail fences. Everything had to be split for humpies and barns. There was no 40 hour week - the days were not long enough. Provisions were hard to get and very often they had to grind corn and mix it with the flour to make it last longer.

After a few weeks on the farm, he had a chance to go to Lismore to play cricket, probably the first match played there. There were very few dwellings and only one hotel. It was a good day with a dance at night in the old Court House. George made his first visit to Coraki in 1867 to go to church. The new settlers had put up a little church and the Rev. Thom held services..There were no other houses , only Mr Yabsley's further up on the South Arm of the river. This was a busy place, the big shed was finished and they were starting to build the barque "Examiner". George was on the deck when it was launched in 1869.



The cedar getting was in full swing and Mr. Yabsley was cedar king. Cedar was a good price, "the cedar people were the aristocrats of the river and the poor cockeys were nobodies" Cedar getters could get bullocks and rations on credit while the poor settler could not get a bag of flour. Money was very scarce and the nearest bank was at Grafton (100kms). Most payments for timber were done by order writers on an ordinary piece of paper and drawn on Sydney shipping firms. These would pass like notes from one to another and some were dirty and torn that they could hardly be read. In 1869 a lot of maize was planted along the river, but the March 1870 flood spoilt most of it. The water rose very high, came into the house but did not put the fire out.

George, his brother and George Thomas rowed a boat through flood and saw snakes by the thousand, every floating log and bush was full of them, plus rats, mice beetles and spiders. He then went to work at Wyrallah sawmill for 5/- a day humping boards. Prospecting with a friend at Jerusalem Creek followed, but finding nothing, they went to the south beach of Ballina and worked for some time making small wages. Leaving there they went nto North Creek doing clearing and digging cane holes, and George put in the first cane grown on North Creek for the Sharp Bros. who had a small mill at Prospect.



George's next employment was with Mr. E. ross, a Richmond pioneer, shiipping agent and timber buyer for

many firms in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide. George had to raft the timber along the river to the waiting vessels and he learned something of navigation on the Richmond and the trouble experienced at the bar. He can remember 38 sailing vessels and 2 steamers anchored at Ballina; some were there for weeks waiting for favourable winds to get across the bar. One job was to ride to Casino with telegrams. There were no roads and he had to go round by Tintenbar, cross the creek, and head for Teven Creek, up Teven mountain, then through scrub all the way to Johnston's ridges. He had to wait for a reply and then start home again.

After the advent of tugs, Mr. Ross could not keep him on and got him a job with Mr. E. Coleman who had a contract for the telegraph line to the Tweed River, over the Night Cap, probably in 1874, the work taking about 5 months. At that time there was good money in cane cutting on the Clarence River so George put up his swag and started for the Clarence, going along the beach to Clarence Heads. He coo-eed for a boatman to take him across the river but was too late at the mill as they had taken on their hands the day before. Later he got a job at Mr Martin's small mill at Alumny Creek. After a short season there, he went cane cutting at Carr's Creek and then to Chatsworth Mill.

When the season finished, he started for the Richmond with a 40lb swag but lost his way, so turned back to the Clarence, it being Christmas Eve. He was famished by the time he reached the first selection where owner Mr. J. Kenny gave him a meal of beef and damper and boiled the billy. He went to the hotel at Chatsworth and found his old friend James M Kenzxie and helped him drive a mob of cattle to the Tweed. Then he had a spell at home. He worked again for Mr. Ross at Ballina, had job of rafting cedar at Brunswick to the heads, where it had to be surfed over the bar to waiting vessels. In 1877 he got a job with Mr. John Sexton who had the contract for a road from Emigrant Creek bridge to Ballina. George did his writing, kept the time sheets and was working foreman, the job taking 2 years. He became very experienced with a 30-ton punt carrying gravel, after making 221 trips.

Then he took a dangerous job punting material for construction of the first lighthouse at Richmond Heads. In the mid 1880's George took a contract to get and square the timber for the first four wharves on the Tweed. Prior to that he had been for a while in the ironbark industry with Bob Pyers at Deep Creek and had learnt the art of girder-making. Worked with WH Wilson getting timber for the Tweed wharves. This meant a few months hard work and many miles of walking looking for timber. The job was done to everyone's satisfaction, and George then went to Uki, and later returned to the Richmond to find things very bad including disease in the cane.

He went to Western Australia in 1895 at the time of the great gold rush at Coogardie, but got nothing except experience in a waterless, fly-infested place. He returned in 1896 and settled at Rowland's Creek. In 1907 he was living at "Bonnie Vale", Tweed River.

OLD SHOALHAVEN (Taken from the Memoirs of George Munro 1850-1939, written in 1922, and held in the Munro file of the Richmond River Historical Society, Lismore NSW) This repeats a little of what has gone before but is worth including for the extra information it gives.

What memories the name brings to me where I spent my boyhood days. I claim to be the oldest born native male of Shoalhaven. I was born at Cabbage Tree Flat near Nowra on July 10, 1850, a notable time in the history of the country, turning the sod of the first railway in Australia. My first memory is living in a house built of cabbage tree slabs at a place called Good-Dog Mountain, now West Cambewarra. our farm was fronting a small creek flowing into Tapitalla Creek. When I was six I remember my parents getting the news of the wreck of the "Dunbar". I did not know much about wrecks but I remember my mother crying and lamenting the loss of so many lives. When I was about seven my father sold the farm to Mr Moffit and we moved to a farm on the river bank about four miles below Bomaderry and there I spent the remainder of my boyhood days until my 16th year when I moved to the Richmond River and I have not been back since and that is sixty years ago. When I was old enough I used to go across the river to play with some boys who lived opposite. At that time there was no Nowra but there was Nowra Hill. I am not sure but I have been told since that this is the aboriginal name for this hill. Mr. Hyam's store and hotel were the furthest out buildings. There was a road running along the ridge which is now the main street of Nowra. We boys used to go up on this ridge to get geebung and wild flowers especially waratahs which grew there in abundance. It was while living near Bomaderry that the great flood of 1860 happened. To tell of that in full is too much for me so I will only tell what I saw myself. We were taken in boats when the water came into the house on a day not

easily forgotten when gale of thunder and lightning was raging. The wind was with us at first but going through the timber, limbs were falling in all directions, but we got through to Bomaderry safely and went up to Hogan's house near where the Nowra bridge crosses the river now.



Other people were there before us and many more came during the night. There was not much sleep that night; we young ones lay on the floor and the older folk sat up and watched the river. The rain cleared during the night and the morning broke clear and we were let out to see the river. The flood was then at its highest, and lo and behold it was a flood. The drift coming down was a wonder to see, houses, barns, several wheat stacks, furniture and all manner of things, and the masses of timber was amazing. I have seen many floods in the three big rivers in the north since then but never one like that.

Times were very bad for a year or two but with the spirit of the pioneers and some help from the Government, they soon improved and in a few years a memory was all that remained of the disaster. After this Nowra took shape. The flood made it plain Terrara was not a safe place for a town and Nowra was an ideal spot, nothing on the coast to compare with it and so it grew and when I last saw it in 1867, it was a busy village. I am now living on the lovely Tweed, a gem of the state for richness and scenic beauty. I am one of the very few left who have seen the Tweed in its virgin state. Still with all my life's changes I have never forgotten old Shoalhaven.

HMAS Kuttabul

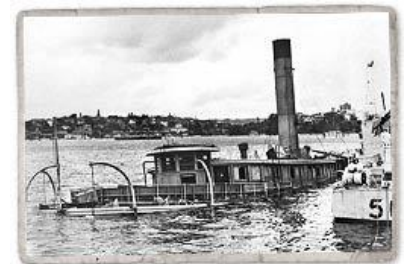
I received the email below & it is self explanatory. If you are a descendant of one of the men who were killed, or know of someone who is, let me know & I will put you in touch with Genes Reunited. Alternatively there is an email button in the message. Please let me know if you are a descendant as it will make a good story for our newsletter.

HMAS Kuttabul Commemoration Project

Dear Donald,

Next year is the 70th Anniversary of the sinking of HMAS Kuttabul.

In brief, three Japanese midget submarines attacked vessels in Sydney Harbour, Australia on 31 May 1942. As a result, the converted ferry HMAS Kuttabul was struck by a torpedo and 21 men were killed.



HMAS Kuttabul - 1st June, 1942 in Sydney Harbour after the Japanese midget submarine attack

Genes Reunited is looking for the descendants of the men who perished on this vessel.

On 31 May 2012, it is planned that a commemoration ceremony will take place, to remember the 21 men who lost their lives on this day. We would like to connect the descendants with the organisers, so that they can be involved in this special event.

Please [email us](#) if you are a descendant of one of these men or if you have any information.

Thank you!
The Genes Reunited team

Munro Martin Park

There must be many such parks, rivers, etc, throughout Australia with the Munro name attached. If you know of any please let me know about them along with the history. This one was sent to me by Daphne Grinberg in response to one of my "Can We Help" questions.

Can't help with this one Don, but I came across an interesting little item while in Cairns over the Easter weekend. Opposite their theatre is Munro Martin Park. I asked a local who Munro Martin was, and he tells me the park is named after the Munro and Martin families, who originally owned all the land thereabouts. They built a private hospital on part of the land just north east of where the park now is, which was run by Catholic Nuns. It later had to be pulled down because it was too small. The park is all that is left of the original land - the city has encroached over the years. I don't know how much land there was originally owned by the Munros and Martins. We do crop up everywhere, don't we!

I did a little bit of research and found that the park is part of Norman Park. In 1954 the Cairns City Council proposed redevelopment of the northern end of Norman Park using funds from the estate of half-sisters Janet Taylor Munro and Margaret Hart Martin who died in 1945 and 1948 respectively, and donated by their niece, Margie Hart Martin for the purpose of beautification of Norman Park. In 1956 the park with its new garden beds and pathways was renamed the Munro Martin Memorial Park. Don

Can You help

Remember, if you recognise any of the Munros below and you are not on the internet, write to me & I will put you in touch.

My name is Sue Law; I am trying to trace my Great Great Grandfather George Munro all I can find is that he was born 1834, Sydney, Australia, I cannot find who his parents are. I was wondering if you could help. I also know he married Mary Matilda Duff Brodie in 1858 Murrumbidgee, N.S.W. Any help with this would be appreciated as I have hit a brick wall. Contact Sue on suelaw@y7mail.com

Can anyone help me with information on my grandfather Charles Evie Munro born Summer Hill Sydney 1891 mother Alice, have no knowledge of father, he later married Elsie Alway from Malvern Victoria and they had two daughters. Thank you Mary Jackson – contact Mary at peterjackson2@bigpond.com

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

* 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

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