



Clan Munro Australia

Newsletter of the Clan Munro (Association) Australia

Volume 9 Issue 3

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

Chat

This Month

I received this from George Munro, The Clan's treasurer. Confirmation of the dates

Members of the International Associations will be delighted to know that plans are now well afoot for the International Gathering which is to be held in and around Foulis Castle on the week end 26th and 27th July 2014. Although the planning is very much in the early stages it is intended to close the week end with a major traditional music event

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Next Newsletter

An Oak tree planted at Foulis to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth.

Major Donald Munro MC with a postscript by our Chief, Hector Munro of Foulis

And, hopefully, there will be more!

Don

Our first story this month is a very special one. It comes from our New Zealand members, George and Ann Munro and tells of their visit to Chediston in Suffolk to help the local people commemorate the death of the crew of the Wellington bomber that crash landed near a farm just outside the village. George's Dad was the pilot.

A couple of corrections from our previous newsletter. In the "Foulis Cousins," the first picture is not Leyla, it is another one of Hamish and Hamish's middle name is not Ernie, it is Emle – my apologies to all.

In Newsletter No 29 I did an article on "Munros in the Cinema" in which I quoted an article in the West Australian which said that Gwen Munro was the daughter of Charles Munro. This is definitely not the case as I have received a letter from one of our members, Mrs Wendy Callinan, who tells me that Gwen was her mother's cousin and that her father was Horace Bonar Munro. To complete Gwen's story, she married L Middows but they were divorced in 1946; and in 1947 in Canada, she married D Ralph, Professor of Physics at Louisiana State University and they had two children. What interesting members we have.

It is always a worry when have my newsletters returned. After sending newsletter 30, three were returned, so if you of a new address for the following members could you please let me know. Mrs EG Tear, Bargara Qld; Mr. Ray Munro, Awaba St, Mossman NSW; the other was Mrs Joy Hewett who, sadly, has passed away.

Many thanks to those of you who donated to the Highlanders' Museum Fund. We did not collect a lot but some of you may have donated directly - every little helps.

In our next newsletter, I have included my Grandfather's story in the hope that it might inspire some of you to send me your ancestors story for publishing in the newsletter. It is a slightly extended version of the one that I used in our newsletter No 1, so I hope that those of you who have read the first newsletter don't mind. I will also include the postscript our Chief, Hector sent me about the bonnet in my Grandfather's story.

Welcome To Our New Members

Welcome to our newest member Mrs Sue Crawford OAM. Sue is a member the "Munro Family Group" in NSW whose members are all descended from brothers from Elgin, whose grandfather was David Munro born in Fearn, Ross-shire in 1792. His father was Robert Munro born in 1767. This group is the only one (as far as I know) that have regular family meetings. It would be great if more family groups could do the same.

Chediston war tragedy

This is the very moving story of George and Ann Munro's visit to Chediston to commemorate the 70th anniversary of George's father's death when his Wellington bomber crashed near the village of Chediston in Suffolk. The two New Zealanders, two English and one Scottish crew members all died in the crash. The first part is the report from the Eastern Daily Press newspaper and the second part is Ann's report of their trip.

The son of a New Zealand bomber pilot who died after his plane crashed on Suffolk soil during world war two, has visited the site of his father's death.

George Munro, 73, a retired dairy farmer from Timaru on the east coast of New Zealand's South Island was three-and-a-half when his father, Tom, perished and has no memory of him. But his emotions were evident on Sunday as he was guest of honour at a memorial service at Chediston church, near Halesworth, to mark the 70th anniversary of the tragedy.



He later visited nearby Herne Hill Farm where the Wellington bomber crash-landed on September 10, 1942 on its return from a bombing raid over Germany, killing the two New Zealanders and three British crew on board. Tom Munro was 31 when he died.

Mr. Munro, who made the trip halfway across the globe to Chediston with his wife Ann after being invited by villagers, said: "I've visited Ipswich, where my father is buried, but I've never come to Chediston where my father's plane came down.

"It's quite emotional to finally get here after all these years. The people here have been fantastic and it's amazing that they still go out of their way to commemorate the men who died." Among the people Mr. Munro met was Doug Cady, who was 17 at the time of the plane crash. He said: "When I heard that a plane had come down, I ran up to the farm to see if I could help. We tried to quell the blaze with buckets of water but the flames were too fierce.

"We still read out the names of the men who died on Remembrance Sunday."

This is Ann Munro's report on their trip



This was a very moving day and we were overwhelmed with the love and support shown to us by the locals. Amazing that they honour these five young men every Remembrance Day in November then each decade near the 10th September they do something special.

George's father was avoiding a local village when he crashed the damaged plane into a haystack in the field thus preventing a greater loss of lives.

Wonderful seeing our NZ flag flying proudly above the church then hear the half muffled peals from the 6 bell ringers who rang 3 3/4 hour. A guard of honour to the church door by the Royal British Legion, these dear old men who wished to shake our hands all proudly wearing their well deserved medals.

Service commenced after we laid a wreath at the war memorial in the church grounds; with our flag and Union Jack being laid on the altar, we all sang God Defend New Zealand and God Save the Queen; one verse from each.

There was a very thought provoking sermon from the Rector. Following the service we motored to Herne Hill Farm where the burning plane crashed into a haystack in a field; George's father was avoiding the local village. Doug Cady was a teenager at the

time and with his family took buckets of water to try and quell the fire. While we were standing in the field a rifle sound ripped through the silent air; it was a large branch falling from a huge oak tree.

From here we went to Chediston Hall where Sally the owner, provided a luncheon with help from the women folk; being a hot sunny day we sat outdoors sipping juice or wine and dining. Folk kept coming to shake our hand and thanking us for coming whilst we were thanking them for honouring the five men for the past 70 years.

We were very pleased we went over to met these wonderful people who presented us with a arial photo of the church. We gave them two ceramic vases shaped like a Maori Kete basket and said they were filled with our love for them and their love for the five airmen. The navigator came from NZ also, am still trying to find his family members; two from the UK and one young Scot.

On the 11th we were taken to Ipswich cemetery where Tom and his navigator Jack Stanley lie side by side in a CWWG cemetery prior to catching the bus to Heathrow. We had visited the cemetery on a previous visit but were unaware about Chediston people remembering.

<http://chedistonandinstead.onesuffolk.net/churches/chediston-church/> is a full report in church news letter.

Tom was 36 not 31 as on his headstone as he had given a false birthdate as many did. In fact he was too old to go so he reduced his age. His brother was too young, so he did the opposite – neither came home.

Sir Robert Munro - 4th Baron of Fowlis

In the story of a Munro elopement (later in the newsletter) you will see a similarity between the non receipt of letters in that story & Sir Robert Munro's missing correspondence to Miss Mary Seymour. This story is taken from Alexander MacKenzie's *Munro Family History* 1898. Sir Robert was killed at the battle of Falkirk, when the English soldiers under his command ran at the sight of the highlanders charging down on them.



Early in the present century many anecdotes concerning Sir Robert were floating about among the tenantry of Fowlis, which, if then collected would have formed a handsome and interesting volume. They are all of one character - tints of varied but unequivocal beauty, which animated into colour and semblance of life the faint outline of his heroism. An old man, a Munro, who died about eighty years ago, could for hours together narrate the exploits of his Chief, whom he described as a tall, upright, grey-haired Highlander, of a warm heart and keen unbending spirit. The old man had fought at Dettingen, Fontenoy, Quebec, and several other famous battles. One day the old man when describing the closing scene in the life of his idolised leader, after pouring out his curse on the dastards who had deserted him at the battle of Falkirk, started from his seat, and grasping his staff as he burst into tears, exclaimed in a voice smothered by emotion, "Ochoin! Ochoin! had his own folk been there!" referring to the fact that the 42nd was absent serving elsewhere, in Kent.

Sir Robert married Mary, daughter of the Hon. Henry Seymour of Woodlands, Dorsetshire, Speaker of the House of Commons. The following interesting anecdote handed down by tradition and relative to Sir Robert's introduction to Mary Seymour, places his character in a very amiable light. While sojourning in England after his return from Flanders in 1712 he met with and was introduced to the young lady. The gallant young soldier was smitten by her appearance, and had the happiness of perceiving that he had succeeded in at least attracting her notice. This happy introduction soon resulted in mutual friendship; and, at length, what had only been a casual impression on either side, ripened into mutual attachment of no ordinary warmth and delicacy.

On Sir Robert leaving England for the North he arranged with Miss Seymour the plan of a regular correspondence and wrote to her as soon as he arrived at Fowlis Castle. After waiting with the usual impatience of a lover for a reply which did not come, he sent off a second letter, complaining of her neglect, which had no better success than the first, and shortly afterwards a third, which shared the fate of the other two. The inference seemed too obvious to be misunderstood, and he strove to forget the lady. He hunted, fished, visited his friends, and engaged in numerous and varied concerns, but to no purpose; she still continued the engrossing object of his affections, and after a few month's stay in the Highlands, he again returned to England, a very unhappy man.

When waiting on a friend in London, he was unexpectedly ushered into the midst of a fashionable party, and to his surprise found himself in the immediate presence of his lady love. She seemed much startled by his appearance and blushed deeply but suppressing her emotion, she turned to the lady who sat next to her, and began to converse on some common topic of the day. Sir Robert retired, beckoned to his friend, and entreated him to procure him an interview with the lady, which was effected and an explanation ensued.

She said she had not received a single letter and forming at length, from the seeming neglect of her lover, an opinion of him similar to that which he had formed of her, she attempted to banish him from her affections an attempt in which she was scarcely more successful than he had been. They were, however, much gratified to find that they had not been mistaken in their first impressions of each other, and they parted more attached and convinced than ever that the attachment was mutual. So it turned out to be the case, for in less than two months Mary Seymour became Lady Munro of Fowlis.

Sir Robert succeeded in tracing all his letters to one point - a kind of post office on the confines of Inverness-shire. There was a proprietor in the neighbourhood one who was deeply engaged in the interests of the Stuarts, and directly hostile to Sir Robert, the scion of a family whose members, from the first dawn of the Reformation, had distinguished themselves in the cause of civil and religious liberty. There was, therefore, very little difficulty in ascertaining who the author of the plot was; but Sir Robert was satisfied in having traced it to its origin. Regulating his principles of honour by the moral of the New Testament rather than by the dogma of the so-called "code of honour" which regards death as the only expiation of insult or injury, he was no duellist.

An opportunity of having himself avenged in a manner more agreeable to his character and principles soon occurred. On the breaking out of the Rising of 1745 the person who had so wantonly trifled with his

affections joined the Earl of Mar, and after the failure of the enterprise was among the number of the proscribed. Sir Robert's influence with the Government, and the peculiar office to which he was appointed, gave him great power over the confiscated proprietors; and this power he exerted to its utmost in behalf of the wife and children of the man by whom he had been thus injured. "Tell your husband," he said to the lady, "that I have now repaid him for the interest he took in my correspondence with Miss Seymour."

Sir Robert and Mary had issue –

Robert, who died in infancy

Harry, who succeeded to the titles and estates of the family

George, an officer in the Royal Navy, who died unmarried in 1743

Elizabeth, who died in infancy

Sir Robert, died in 1746 and was succeeded by his second and only surviving son,

Sir Harry Munro 25th Baron & 7th Baronet

James "Johnty" Johnstone

I try to give you stories with a Munro slant but I am sure you will agree that any story that shows the ingenuity of the Scots when they are far from home is worth a mention & the story of James "Johnty" Johnstone is one of those. I am sure you will forgive me this time but there is a Munro slant, for Johnty is my great grand uncle. I found out about him when I put a question to the North of Scotland Family History Society in Inverness. My question was researched away & above the call of duty by Sandra Kelsey with help from Rachael in the Highland Archive. I am so grateful to Sandra for the help she has given me. The article is taken from a magazine the name of which I have not been able to ascertain & is a follow up to an earlier article on the Aswan Dam. The medal shown below is the one presented to "Johnty" on the orders of Sultan Husayn Kamil for services to the nation, specifically for his work on the Aswan dam. It is The Order of the Nile Nishan ai-Nil, Grade 5 Knight. By the way, Sandra & her husband have a connection with Foulis in that they have worked on chronicling some of the aspects of Foulis – something that they would love to get back to some day.



No chronicle of the Aswan Dam works, however rich in detail, would be complete without at least a few reminiscences of one who has for many years lived and toiled on the very site, and has been closely associated with the Aswan Reservoir right from the moment the work of building the first dam was commenced to the present time, where he is still engaged, viz: J. Johnstone - known to his many friends simply as "Johnty."

Mr. Johnstone arrived at Aswan in March 1899 - he came out for Sir John Aird & Co. as a general blacksmith on the building of the original Dam. At that time, where the present Aswan Reservoir Colony now stands, the land was just trackless desert and barren rock right up to the banks of the Nile, with no trace of greenery anywhere near. There was no railway station at Aswan then and the only way to the Dam site was by train to Shellal, thence downwards by path along the river side.

The staff employed on the original dam was almost entirely British, with the exception of the stonecutters, who were Italians. The blacksmiths, the machine fitters, the loco and crane drivers, carpenters, masons, and all skilled labour were British. The unskilled labour was then, as it is now, recruited from the country. There were 13,000 people engaged on the building of the first Dam and during the first two years mechanical aid was

very small indeed.

At first, stone was mostly brought to the Dam from the quarries by donkey or river-craft: - later a broad gauge track was laid along the riverside from Shellal and another along the valley in through the present colony to feed the works with the much-needed granite. That track, although it has since been used elsewhere is the same track that is being used on the present heightening.

During the building of the original dam and also the first heightening, work was carried on for ten hours a day, but no night work was done. Work was hard then, as it is now.

Mr. Johnstone remained in the service of Sir John Aird and Co. the contracting engineers until the completion of the first dam in 1902. He joined the Government service on the Reservoir Maintenance Staff in November of that year and served them for a period of nearly thirty years.

"Was it all work and no play in those days?" Mr. Johnstone was asked. "Oh no, far from it" he replied. "We worked hard but we also had our little bit of recreation. Most of the men were young we played football, cricket, tennis, bowls and there was shooting.

"We could raise two really good football teams, and either of them could challenge any team in Egypt. We played the Egyptian teams and the British Army teams and scored over them every time.

"One game that particularly stands out in my mind was the international football match on Christmas Day 1901. It was a match in which all the players were members of the Staff - Scottish versus English. Fortunately, the match was a draw, but it

was a grand game. I played goalkeeper for Scotland and allowed one ball to pass between the sticks. Sir Murdoch MacDonald played centre forward on the Scottish side. The Scots wore a sash bearing a thistle badge and the English a sash with the rose badge. In the first quarter of an hour of the game, three members of the Scottish team were carried off the field - the Christmas festivities had been too much for them.

"We had many good cricket matches, the military, on most occasions, supplying the opposition.

"Tennis and bowls were also popular forms of pastime, but I myself was more interested in shooting. In the shooting competition I won a gold watch and the challenge shield presented by Sir John Aird."

"During your long stay in Aswan when the army of workers who had helped to build the first dam and the first heightening had gone you must have felt very lonely."

"No, I don't think I was ever lonely. I was always interested in something or other, for I had many hobbies. I have always been a keen gardener, and I was very interested in the growth of the Reservoir Colony and the planning and laying out of its gardens. In fact, I think I can claim the distinction of growing the first cabbage on this side of Luxor, and of having introduced potato growing into the colony. When I first planted potatoes I planted them in the spring time, like we do at home. They grew quickly and were just like scarlet runners, with potatoes no bigger than marbles. Later I tried again and planted during the cold season and got splendid results."

Mr. Johnstone discovered that almost anything would grow in Aswan provided that it was planted at the proper time. It is interesting to note that the soil of which the present colony gardens are composed was taken from the deep depression beyond the joining of the present Aswan and Shellal roads.

Mr. Johnstone was also a keen angler and found fishing in this part of the Nile very successful between the months of March and June. The largest fish he ever caught weighed 137 lbs. He caught 18 tiger fish in one afternoon.

Many notable people came to fish at the first cataract, and they were recommended to Mr. Johnstone by friends in Cairo or by the Cataract Hotel. Her Royal Highness Princess Mary, The Duke of Westminster, Lord Allenby (who stayed a few days at the Government Rest House), Lord and the late Lady Ednam and many others are



included among the interesting notabilities Mr. Johnstone has initiated into the mysteries of Nile

fishing.

During the War, when meat was very scarce a Mutton Club was started at Aswan Dam. Mr. Johnstone bought the little native black sheep, fed them up and then began to cross the breed with a fine specimen of white ram bought from Assuit. The result was a strain of pure white sheep, which provided ample supply of good mutton for the members of the club. As a matter of experiment Mr.

Johnstone reversed the breeding and bred the sheep back into a black strain.

Whilst on the sheep-breeding, the question of clipping their wool arose, but



Johny & Mary Johnstone in their home in Egypt

no sale could be found for the wool. Mr. Johnstone then decided to experiment once more. He enlisted the aid of a few native women, mostly Sudanese, to spin the wool on the distaff. This accomplished, he now made a loom on which to weave his spun wool. He secured the services of a boy who had been taught to weave at the Trades School, and made himself many patterns of good tweed, out of which he actually had suits made. The texture of the cloth was very similar to the Harris Homespun, which is so popular today.

Mr. Johnstone has also grown cotton in his garden, which he had made into suits for himself and others. The cotton was ginned on his self-made hand gin, spun on the distaff and woven on the same loom that he employed for the wool.

Poultry-breeding was also one of Mr. Johnstone's keen interests. For his first poultry-breeding experiment he selected three chickens and a cockerel from Malta - these were English birds and were the first of their kind to be introduced into the colony. He was also very successful with eggs sent by post from Scotland and bred a strain of good laying birds: so successful was he that Mrs. Johnstone did not require to buy an egg or a table bird for 26 years. Mr. Johnstone was justly proud of his results, but two years ago decided to discontinue poultry-breeding.

The local people regarded Mr. Johnstone as the paterfamilias of the district, and his advice was often sought on veterinary questions concerning their cattle, horses, donkeys, dogs, etc.

One incident that stands out in particular amongst the many services that Mr. Johnstone was called upon to render was the cremation of the body of a rich American lady who died at Aswan. The husband wished to take the remains to America, but owing to certain legal formalities, found he could not do so. He afterwards decided to have the remains cremated and was informed that Cooks would arrange to do the necessary for

him. Cooks however, could do nothing for him and he had to return to America again without fulfilling his purpose. However, a certain Doctor in Cairo told him that the one person who could assist him was "Johnty" of Aswan Dam. The gentleman forthwith wrote Mr. Johnstone at great length explaining what he wanted and asking for his assistance. If he could help, Mr. Johnstone was to wire him. "Johnty" wired back in the affirmative and by the time the gentleman arrived at the dam, Mr. Johnstone had built the crematory oven and got it all ready for its gruesome task. The oven was situated in a valley, then in the desert, below the hill known to the present heightening staff as Mount Misery. The American gentleman arrived with the urn, accompanied by the British Consular Agent and the sanitary officials of the Egyptian Government. The body was exhumed on a Sunday morning at four o'clock and a box containing the official document that the body had been removed was put in the coffin, which was immediately replaced and the grave filled in again, and the tombstone laid on top as before. The body was then stealthily conveyed to the improvised crematorium and was placed in the oven without the coffin. After seven

hours the fire was withdrawn and the remaining ashes were carefully swept into the urn, but were far from sufficient to fill it. The sanitary officials and the Consular Agent declared the cremation perfect. The gentleman placed the casket in a suit case and departed for America with it. The official funeral took place in New York and the remains were laid to rest in his vault - thus another example of the ingenuity of "Johnty."

Many queer tales can "Johnty" tell of his experiences during his 30 years at the Aswan Dam, but to recount them would fill more pages than the space in this magazine permits.

Mr. Johnstone left the Government service in May 1929 and in June of that year joined the Staff of Ransomes & Rapier Ltd., on the erection of the sluice work of the present second heightening. When this work is completed he intends to take a trip to Australia to visit his brother there. Afterwards, to return in retirement to his native heather hills in Ross-shire, or to settle peacefully in a milder climate somewhere on the south of England coast.

After his trip to Australia, Johnty ended his days in Inverness as that was the county of his birth - not Ross-shire as stated above. He named his house "Aswan"...Ed.

A Munro Elopement

This is the first part of the story of the family of Donald Munro, one of our newest members. You will note the similarity I mentioned in the article about Sir Robert Munro. The story is as told by Donald's father, Edward & is taken from Donald's book Diaries of a Stretcher-Bearer 1916-1918, published by Booralong Press, Salisbury, Brisbane. Well worth a read...Ed

In 1888, Jane Stocks Sutherland of Latheronwheel, Caithness, in the very northern tip of Scotland, eloped with Charles Munro of Dunbeath, Caithness. They travelled to Edinburgh where Jane stayed with her sister Mary and her husband Robert Munro, Dad's elder brother.



Edward aged 96
and his first great-granddaughter,
Laura McKenna, his "Bonnie wee thing."

Dad travelled on to London to make his fortune. At first he found employment as a carpenter and when he accumulated sufficient means, he wired Jane to come and join him. The course of true love had not been working smoothly. Sister Mary shared her parents' hostility to Jane for not accepting their desires for her to wed an

elderly, wealthy farmer. Mary had adopted the devious method of intercepting Charles's letters to Jane as a means of hoping that Jane would think that Charles had abandoned her. However, by a stroke of good fortune, when Charles sent the telegram to Jane to come to London, Mary and her husband were not at home so Jane received the message herself

and, suspecting what had happened to Charles's previous correspondence, she acted swiftly, packed her belongings and hurried to the station and travelled to London and rejoined Charles.

They rented a house in Farrington Road, Clerkenwell and on 8 March 1888, when they were both nineteen, they married at St James Church. They remained devoted to each other until Charles's death in 1947. Don (my son) obtained this information nearly a hundred years later when he purchased a copy of their marriage certificate which revealed their residence and also the fact that they had raised their ages on the certificate. If they had stated their correct ages they would each have had to produce a record of their parents' consent to the marriage and this most certainly not have been forthcoming from the Sutherlands. There is no record of the Munro Family's attitude to the marriage of their son. Don photographed the church where they were wed and also the house in which they lived.

Not much is known of my parents' movements during the early years after their marriage. The principal event towards the end of their first year was the birth of their first son, William, the start of a fairly numerous family.

It is thought that in Dad's early married years

he was engaged as a carpenter and that later he joined the London Police Force. Where exactly he was stationed we do not know but it is evident that he performed his duties very well. He was always trying to improve his education by reading and gaining fluency in the written use of the English language. He always endeavoured to improve his calligraphy and examples of his efforts indicate his success in that direction. Dad's ability to write both legibly and lucidly attracted favourable attention at his station and he was in demand to write reports for his superior officers. His promotion to Sergeant was fairly rapid.

In the course of time he was transferred to the London Metropolitan Police as a Detective Sergeant in the Fingerprint Department, then in its infancy. It was known as the Habitual Criminals Registry.

Here the fingerprints of all criminals were classified numerically according to the position of the

"Dad was an associate of, Sir Edward Henry, the pioneer of the fingerprint system in Great Britain."

loops and whorls on each print. The results were filed away. When a criminal was arrested, his prints would be taken and referred to Scotland Yard to ascertain if his fingerprints had been previously recorded and thus discover if he had any previous convictions.

When a criminal with previous convictions was being tried, Dad would give evidence and submit the previous prints. In those early days it wasn't always easy to convince a jury that no two similar sets of prints could be found. In one case, when Dad stated that no similar prints had been discovered, a defending barrister stated that it had been thought that all swans were white until black ones were discovered in Australia. In another

case, after Dad had given his evidence, in summing up, the judge did not stress the evidence of previous convictions to the jury who brought in a verdict of guilty but did not accept the evidence of the finger prints. The prosecuting barrister, when later dining with the judge, asked why he had not stressed the reliability of the fingerprint system to the jury. The judge replied that he thought that it was so obvious that he hadn't deemed it necessary. "Anyway I gave the prisoner ten years which is what I would have given him if the previous convictions had been admitted."

In course of time Dad was promoted to Inspector and had he not resigned at the outbreak of the First World War in 1914, he was due to become a Superintendent. I might mention that Dad was an associate of the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police of London, Sir Edward Henry, the pioneer of the fingerprint system in Great Britain.

With my elder brothers, William and Donald, I made visits to Scotland Yard as guests of our father and inspected the famous Black Museum which was not open to the general public. Here we saw items connected with many crimes, including ropes used for hanging criminals and many murder weapons. Many years later, when my wife and I visited Madame Tussaud's and we inspected a copy of a letter said to be written in blood by Jack the Ripper to the Editor of a London newspaper, I was able to tell her I had seen the original at Scotland Yard when I was young.

(I remember my grandfather as a dignified, impressive man who spoke with entrancing accent only slightly showing signs of his Scottish childhood. He always took me into his library to talk about books when I visited my grandparents at their house in Frederick Street, Taringa in Brisbane where they lived towards the end of their lives.DJM)

I will continue Edward Munro's story in our next newsletter. Ed

Vale Joycelyn Munro Hewett

It is with much sadness that I tell you of the passing of Joy Hewett. Joy has kept in touch with me over the years and sent me some of the photos I used when telling of Alexander Munro. She is one of the many descendants of the Munros in Jillian Oppenheimer's book "Munros' Luck." Joy will be sadly missed.

Can You Help

This is an interesting email I received some time ago from Rob de Souza-Daw. You can contact Rob by email at robdesd@bigpond.net.au or by post at 23 Manuka Street, CHURCHILL 3842. I was able to send it to our email members but it was too long to fit in newsletter 30. Please let me know if you do make contact with Rob.

"I am interested in local history and recently I have been researching the attempted armed robbery at the Bank of Australasia at Moe, Victoria on 5 November 1879. Most of my knowledge has come from newspapers and hero who foiled the attempted armed robbery was the local bank manager Hector Munro. A brief summary of the subsequent events are-

- 5/11/1879 Hector Munro, bank manager single-handedly and un-armed, foiled the attempt to rob the bank by armed and masked criminals who were identified the following day as Robert and James Shanks from Jindivick.
- March 1880 London court of directors of the Bank of Australasia awarded a gold watch and chain to Hector Munro
- May 1880 Victorian bank and insurance industry awarded Hector Munro with a silver salver and £200.
- March 1881 Bank of Australasia at Moe closes and Hector Munro is transferred to Traralgon to become the bank manager of the Traralgon Branch.
- July 1883 Victorian Government presents Hector Munro with a gold watch for his gallantry for foiling the attempt to rob the bank at Moe in 1879
- July 1883 Hector Munro is transferred from Traralgon to the Collins Street office of the Bank of Australasia. Subsequently he is promoted to become the manager of the Collingwood Branch.
- 17/2/1890 A warrant is issued for the arrest of Hector Munro for the embezzlement of £1,000 from the Bank of Australasia.

"The anticipated early arrest of Hector Munro did not eventuate. As there are no newspaper articles of his arrest, I assume he was never found.

"In regards to his family, I have been able to establish the following-

8/3/1879 Hector Munro, bank manager of the Moe Branch of the Bank of Australasia married Isabella Asher Smith at Elsternwick. He was born in Aberdeenshire and she was born in Nairn and was the daughter of William Smith of Tain, Ross-shire.

Hector Munro and Isabella Asher Smith's children were/include-

	Birth place	Year	Registration
Jane Munro	Moe	1880	10376
Hector Munro jnr	Traralgon	8/5/1881	13011
Isabella Asher Munro	Traralgon	1883	27036C
William John Munro	Traralgon	5/2/1885	22077
McDonald Cameron Munro	Coburg	1887	27265

"My research reveals there has been several people named Hector Munro. I have been unable to locate a record of this Hector Munro's death nor for his wife or their children.

In the circumstances, Hector Munro the bank manager did not wish to be found by the police or anyone else. Do members of Clan Munro have any additional knowledge of this Hector Munro and his family?

I look forward to your advice."

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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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.