



Clan Munro Australia

Newsletter of the Clan Munro (Association) Australia

Volume 10 Issue 1

April 2013

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

Chat

This Month

I hope your Christmas & New Year celebrations went well. Bet & I had a wonderful time as our whole family was gathered together for Christmas – happens every second year.

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Next Newsletter

A story about Cynthia Munro's travels

Wendy Borchers is on a deadline to have the story of Margaret Munro, her convict ancestor, ready for the next issue.

We will try & unravel the mystery behind the genealogy terms such as second cousin, first cousin once removed, etc.

Just to make our new member Robert feel welcome we will have a poem written for a gathering his family held in 2004.

And, hopefully, there will be more!

Don

Our sympathies go out to all of the people who suffered the effects of the fires & floods that we seem to have every year. Unfortunately we were not in able to contribute to any of the relief funds this year but hopefully we did that individually.

Electric Scotland puts out a weekly newsletter which will be of interest to all of Scottish descent. The files can be downloaded at <http://www.electricscotland.com/newsletter> and the pdf versions are at the foot of the page.

I have one member researching her convict ancestor and will be doing a story for me. I would love to have more – there must be some out there. There were of course, real criminals sent out, but in the main, I cannot think of these people as criminals. They were so poor & oppressed that they did what they had to do to feed their starving families, who amongst us would not do the same? So let us remember them and their achievements with pride. They should no longer be skeletons in the cupboard. Australia was, to a large extent built on the efforts of these extraordinary men & women. I know another of our lady members told me that she had convict ancestors but I cannot remember who that was, so please contact me again!!

I came across this on the Clan Donald Queensland newsletter. It is for the outer Hebrides but they will also research Skye ancestors.
"For anyone looking for ancestors in the Outer Hebrides there is a new web site that has been set up called Co Leis Thu? (meaning: Who do you belong to?) This web site is based on research carried out by Bill and Chris Lawson who are internationally known as authorities on genealogy on families from the Western Isles of Scotland. Virtually every household in the Outer Hebrides in the last 200 years has been researched and a resource bank of over 30,000 family tree sheets has been ingathered, together with details of many family who emigrated to Canada, USA, Australia etc."

Their web site is www.hebridespeople.com and is pay per view site similar to Scotlandspeople but they also carry out research for people searching for their ancestors. The fee structure can be found on their web site.

We have had another success in our genealogy section. Check it out in "Can You Help"

Note that 99.9% of this month's newsletter has been contributed by our members, so let's try & keep it that way. **More stories please!!**

Welcome To Our New Members

Welcome to our newest member Robert Alexander (Darby) Munro from Yarra Junction in Victoria. When Robert contacted me he said that he knew very little of his family history but a little research told me that he was from one of the lines from Donald Munro & Catherine MacGillivray & we have told their story in earlier newsletters, so I was able to give him quite a lot of his family's history given to me by one of our members, Lily Sims. Three other members are also from that family. Robert runs a business, Embroidered Sportswear in Boronia, Vic.

Diamond Jubilee Oak Tree

This report on the planting of a commemorative oak tree at Foulis was sent to me by our Clan Treasurer, George Munro

The Clan Munro, one of Scotland's oldest, planted an Oak Tree in the Grounds of Foulis Castle as a living memento to



commemorate the Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth. The ceremony took place following the Annual General Meeting of the Association in early October 2012 and was witnessed by several members of the Council, as demonstrated in the attached picture.

Foulis Castle is the seat of the Clan Chief, Hector Munro, and it was he, along with his mother Mrs. Patrick Munro of Foulis who performed the planting ceremony. Foulis Castle was a favourite stopping off place of the late Queen Mother as she travelled to her northern home at the Castle of Mey in the County of Caithness, where she was made very welcome by her long time friend Mrs. Patrick Munro. Maybe in days to come we will be able to welcome her Majesty to see how the tree has developed.

A Munro Family Story (Cont.)

This is Part 2 of the story of "A Munro Elopement" by Edward Munro in Newsletter 30 and tells of the family's beginnings in Australia and some of the things they got up to - before the advent of television, of course. They really knew how to enjoy themselves and entertain the locals in the process. The comments of DJM are those of Donald Munro AM son of Edward Munro & author of *The Diaries of a Stretcher-Bearer*.

Burpengary 1914

(It is interesting to think that at the time of this journey, Ed was barely eighteen and Chris sixteen. When the family came to Brisbane, they bought a dairy farm at Burpengary north of Brisbane. Ed and Chris were the advance party and left Toowong in a horse-drawn cart for the slow journey of about 40 kilometres which took about three days. DJM).

We arrived in a spring cart loaded with all our effects. We must have made a strange appearance - Chris and I - wearing tiger-shooter helmets to offset the sun. Sam, the horse, knew only one pace, slow and stop, so our progress was not hurried. The road was rough after Petrie and the area was bushy with few houses to be seen. The mosquitoes became troublesome, so to combat them we managed to find an old bucket which we filled with dried cow manure. We tied the handle of the bucket to the axle of the wheels of the cart. The dung was lit and the resulting smoke deterred the mosquitoes.

On arrival at Burpengary, after leaving the main North Coast Road and after travelling along a winding, sandy road, we located our property only to find our house still occupied by a family allowed in by a Mr Leary M.L.A. They promised to vacate the house in a week when they found another house so we had to camp in a shed on the property. The locals were tickled about the new chums' mosquito deterrent and later on we discovered other locals copying our action and hanging combusting dung under their vehicles.

After our house was vacated, and when the rest of the family eventually arrived, one of our

earliest visitors was a local of Scottish origin who gave us a resume of all the local residents, most of whom had peculiarities or nastinesses. We thanked him for his warnings and later found out that, in fact, the Scot was the one out of step.

The After-War Years

The family returned to normal life on the farm and their theatrical and musical talents came to the surface in various ways. The area around the farm still had no paved streets and the road from the farm to Burpengary Railway Station was a sandy, dusty mile, ideal for riding a horse.

Several of these pieces are included below as a small insight into the social life of a small rural community north of Brisbane in the nineteen twenties as people recovered from the war years.

Brother Bob Plays the Highwayman

Around the age of fifteen, my brother Robert was always keen on dressing up. He would have been enchanted if he could have been a lifeguard. However, the environment of Burpengary did not include a recruiting depot for lifeguards and Bob had to satisfy his aspirations



with the garments on hand, some of which were quite colourful being relics from Donald's connections with the Artillery. They included black riding breeches and leggings and a white helmet surmounted with a brass globe whilst Johnnie Walker (a neighbour) had given me a scarlet tunic and a kilt which he had worn as a member of the

long defunct Queensland Scottish.

Bob would invest himself in the tunic, riding breeches, leggings and helmet and to add to his impressiveness, he wore a huge cavalry sword which he had purchased at a pawn shop. He would gallop up and down the road, apparently imagining he was on the battlefield of Waterloo. Travellers along the road would be startled at the apparition, particularly as he generally put on his performance about dusk. Once he put in an appearance at the railway station and when the train came in his horse was startled and reared and Bob fell off, much to the amusement of the train passengers who hadn't expected to see such an exhibition at a quiet station like Burpengary. Meanwhile, Bob slowly arose and after a few well-chosen words to his horse, he remounted and galloped off to the cheers of the passengers.

Occasionally he donned the kilt and the tunic, white helmet and leggings. This made a picturesque ensemble although rather incongruous when worn on horseback but Bob was not a stickler for the niceties of equestrian wear. As a member of the local vaudeville company "The Burpengary Tigahs" Bob was outstanding, garbed in his scarlet tunic and kilt and a Glengarry Bonnet he had salvaged from somewhere, particularly as the rest of the company members were clad in the traditional Pierrot costumes.

The Burpengary Tigahs



This little group functioned for about twelve months as a Pierrot show with the addition of the

mentioned wild Scotsman. Will Munro, our eldest brother, was the organiser, a role in which he excelled, other members being Fred Hill, my wife's brother, who displayed a surprising talent for singing comic songs such as *Watching the Trains go Out* and *In these Hard Times* and by way of variety he also danced the Highland Fling. His sister sang duets with great success with me as a handicap. I also sang sentimental love songs such as *Just A Wearying For You*, *the Indian Love Lyrics*, and *Parted by Tosti*. Clara "Munro, Will's wife, sang soprano solos and duets with me, Alice Maher played accompaniments and piano solos while concerted numbers were sung by the whole company, commencing with our rollicking opening entrance item *Here We Are Again*. Memory fails me as to our closing piece.

The show wasn't as slick as city shows but it was quite popular locally and in the neighbouring townships of Narangba and Morayfield. Each performance was followed by a dance and we got a lot of fun out of it. The proceeds were used

to support local activities.

A 1920-21 New Year's Eve performance by The Tigahs was actually reviewed in the *Brisbane Telegraph*, attesting to a certain degree of unexpected fame.

Dad and the Bagpipes

The bagpipes were a great attraction at Burpengary and Dad was in demand for performing with them at social functions. When there was a dance at the local school hall, Dad would march from our place playing the pipes and local residents would fall in behind. Quite an impressive entry to the school grounds would be made. This was rather galling to the old brigade who for a long time had made a stately entry at 9 o'clock but now these bagpipe-playing interlopers arrived at 8 o'clock and worse still, the festivities commenced then. Of course they wouldn't last, the old brigade gloomily predicted. Others had previously tried to usurp their authority without success and this lot would soon pass on. But this lot were tougher and stayed!

The Family Comedian

My younger brother Charles was the comedian of the family. I feel sure that had he been able to engage in a stage career he would have been a great success. There was Charlie Chaplin-like quality in his humour which was marked by restraint and a complete lack of boisterousness. Typical of his style was an incident I recall when Charles and some children were playing with canoes on the creek. The canoes were made of sheets of roofing iron fashioned into shape and were completely unseaworthy. Charles was wearing a bowler hat brought out from England by father. He was paddling along in one of the canoes when it commenced to fill with water and sink. Instead of scrambling out, Charles sat bolt upright and slowly went down with the canoe. Just before his head went under the water, he solemnly raised the bowler hat in a farewell salute and disappeared under the water with a minimum of movement. He extricated himself from the canoe and swam underwater for some distance before surfacing - still wearing the bowler hat. It was a masterpiece of constrained humour.



Sample Bags at the Royal Agricultural Show

(At the time this was written, children visiting the annual Brisbane Agricultural Exhibition in August each year, were offered bags of miniature samples of various goods ranging from foods like Vegemite to Boot Polish. Today the bags usually contain appalling junk of minimal value. DJM).

I have often wondered what strange influence causes children when they visit the Show to purchase bags of goods which ordinarily could have no attraction for them. What child would purchase in cold blood a tin of floor polish,

a stain remover or a packet of macaroni? What is the secret of the spell which works so profitably for the seller of the bags?

I was misguided enough once to pit my puny resources against the spell. The annual Show was approaching and days before, I impressed on my two hopefuls the foolishness of wasting their money on useless bags of groceries.

I felt that my words had borne fruit, that the spell was broken insofar as my two were concerned, that they at least amongst all the thousands of children visiting the show would resist the wiles of the bag-selling sirens.

We go to the Show. I maintain a firm grip on Peter's hand as we viewed the exhibits, carefully avoiding the blandishments of the bag vendors. In the crush, Don got astray in the dog pavilion. Eventually we arrived at Side Show Alley where we located Don cogitating whether or not it was worth sixpence to see a woman sawn in two or the Wheel of Death. That problem was deferred when I sternly demanded to know what he was doing with two bags hanging on his arm. "Oh those", he replied with a disarming smile. "All kids have bags."

As I trudged wearily homewards carrying half a dozen bags of assorted merchandise, I realised the futility of trying to combat the bag menace.

Edward Munro married Eileen Hill in 1925 and they had two sons, Donald and Peter. Music was always part of the household, my mother being a pianist who was a very accurate sight-reader and my father a capable violinist who played nearly every day if even for a brief time. He was also a pianist who could play extensively by ear having learned Tonic 501fa as a boy in London. He was also a light tenor. At the age of 90, he bought a new violin to replace the one he had played for many years. He was a member of the Queensland State & Municipal Choir and sang in major oratorios and concert versions of operas in Brisbane. Opera records were everywhere in the house. After he retired in 1961 as a senior financial officer with the General Post Office in Brisbane, he took a prominent part in a famous University of Queensland Research Project by the Department

of Psychology entitled *Operation Retirement*. Participants were taught German intensively to try to show that older people could help to retain their faculties through intellectual activity. In the retirement village where he eventually settled with my mother, he and Dr Elsie Harwood, who had directed the University experiment with Dr George Naylor, regularly entertained residents in a series of concerts.

He wrote incessantly, publishing a series of short stories and comments on public affairs in various newspapers in Brisbane, particularly during the thirties. He also kept up a lively correspondence with members of the family in Britain, with others who had migrated to Canada and particularly with his brother, the Rev. Robert Munro, who was an ordained Priest of the Anglican Church. He always loved gadgets though his regular practice of having two radio sets playing while monitoring something on a television set was a source of mild annoyance to my mother. In 1994 The Commonwealth Department of Veterans' Affairs organized a visit to the French battlefields by a very small number of old soldiers. At ninety-seven, my father applied to be included but was very disappointed not to be selected. He died in 1995 at the age of ninety-eight.

He decided that Dunbeath, the family's village in Caithness, should be remembered in the Queensland district of Burpengary where the family had first settled on coming to Australia. Dunbeath is close to Mountain Scaraben in Scotland where the Duke of Kent perished in an air crash during World War II, a place, as my father said, was regularly visited by the present Duke of Kent. The family farm at Burpengary was called "Dunbeath". After an energetic period of lobbying the Caboolture Shire Council, he succeeded in having Dunbeath Drive recorded on the map of the area. In a note dated August 5th 1976, he said: "Lo and behold! Today we discovered a street "Dunbeath Drive". It was a coincidence that the present Duke of Kent came to Brisbane in 1985 to open the Queensland Performing Arts Centre in Brisbane of which the Editor was the Chairman.

The Things We Do

I occasionally have an item on "The Thing We Do" & thought that this remarkable journey by two of our remarkable members, 96 years young Pauline Edwards & her daughter Pauline Blake falls well & truly into that category. First a 5,512 km round trip followed by 1,390 km round trip to finish her dental treatment!! I cannot imagine making such a trip. This is as sent to me by Pauline (the elder) in her Christmas letter.

"February found me in Hollywood hospital under the care of Professor Wood. The melanoma, previously in my finger had progressed into my hand and wrist. Professor removed my lower right limb to arrest the growth. I spent several weeks away from home and then many days each week in appointments with rehabilitation. I had a prosthetic made, and had to learn to write with my left hand. We found special pens which has been a bonus. The loss of the limb makes a huge difference to one's balance, and thus I have had several severe falls as a result. The people at the amputee clinic at Shenton Park are wonderful, and in fact all those we met were most obliging.

"Jimmy and Lee have a bull sale in Fitzroy Crossing each year. Pauline and I drove up with her Isuzu truck and gooseneck to visit them while they were over. We collected a pony for Lindsay en route to the farm and had our first night with Lang at Badgingarra. The next night we stayed at Kirkalocka station with Anne & Jeff. We delivered the pony to Lindsay & children at Three Rivers station and stayed a couple of nights, then onto Newman where we visited Lance & Molly. Next stop Aluskie roadhouse then to Pardoo roadhouse, where we were met by Ann and family friend Ingrid Forester for dinner. We reached Broome the next night, and onto Fitzroy Crossing. The Bull sale was a success, with Jimmy & Lee attaining the top price for their bull. Incidentally he was purchased to have semen sent to Indonesia, and he himself to Pakistan for herd work. We had an enjoyable visit with friends. Returned home the same route, catching up again at Pardoo with Ann. Johnny met us in his lunch hour in Port Hedland, Lance & Molly in Newman, Benny & family at Three Rivers, Kevin Mahony in Meekatharra, and Anne Jeff at Kirkalocka. Ann & Lance were at my unit when I arrived home - away for just a month!!

"While on our 5,512 km drive in the truck & gooseneck, I sought the care of a dentist in Newman, both on the way north and return. As a result, the dentist thought I was local and we had to return for the final work, three weeks after our trip. We drove up in my new little car which my nephew Alan & Amy Wills bought for me. It is a Toyota & that trip (1,390 km) was under a week. First night to a motel in Cue then had a picnic lunch with Lindsay & Corbin & Ella on the banks of the Middle branch of the river, then to Lance & Molly for the treatment. We stayed at Kirkalocka then straight home"

The Things We Do

I think that this email from Daphne Grinberg also falls into "The Thing We Do" category. I have already written about one of our families who had an ancestor with a Granada connection so, do we have any others with West Indian connections? Read on & you will see what I mean.

This is what Daphne wrote "Have I told you that I am an Indexer for the Family Search programme? While indexing records for Jamaica, I came across the following. I am not sure, but it may be that it was Oliver Cromwell who sent many people to Jamaica at the end of the Civil War, basically to get rid of them from England! I send details in case they might be of interest to anyone. I have included the Nixon bride as I have Nixons in my line - perhaps someone else may also."

Island of Jamaica: Marriage
Mt Fletcher in the Parish of St Andrew.
22 April 1903 Daniel DOUGLAS, bachelor age 25,
occupation Cultivator,
to
Henrietta NIXON, spinster age 22.
Groom's father, David DOUGLAS
Bride's father, Henry NIXON

Island of Jamaica: Marriage
Parish of Kingston
15 April 1920
Enos Emanuel CARBY, bachelor age 22,
occupation Mechanic,
of 23 High Holborne Street, Kingston,
to
Cynthia Ivy MUNRO, spinster age 19, occupation
Typist,

of 19 Potter's Row, Rae Town.
Groom's father Charles CARBY
Bride's father Edward MUNRO
Witnesses: Madeline Allicede MUNRO and Ella
Elizabeth DWYER

Island of Jamaica: Marriage
Parish of Kingston
4 August 1920
William Carlton JEWRY, bachelor age 26,
occupation Machinist,
of 4 Percy Street, Kingston,
to
Madeline Allicede MUNRO, spinster age 21,
occupation Store Clerk
of 19 Potter's Row, Rae Town
Groom's father: William JEWRY
Bride's father: Edward MUNRO

Daphne wrote that Oliver Cromwell getting rid of some trouble makers could be the reason for so many Scots being in the West Indies but I afraid it is more likely to be the fact that there were Scots plantation owners and as a flow on, slave owners. It would be interesting to find out how many Scots - especially Munros - were involved in this industry. That's something for you to have a look at Daphne!!

Braybrook Families United. Dodd-Munro Wedding

This wedding report is taken from a 1935 edition of the Sunshine Advocate. It is of interest not only because it tells of the fashions of the day but also because it includes a bit about our member, Pauline Munro Edwards. (That's her in the "Things We Do" section as well!!) She was 19 at the time and already a skilled tailoress. Pauline did not follow that vocation – she became a nurse.

The marriage of Mr. Leslie Robert Dodd and Miss Henrietta May Munro, which was celebrated in the Sunshine Presbyterian Church on Saturday last, was an event of unique interest. The large crowd which assembled was at once an eloquent testimony to the popularity of the bride and bridegroom and an indication of the esteem with which the families are regarded. The bride belongs to one of Braybrook's oldest households. Indeed it may be claimed that the only resident whose record exceeds that of Mr. Munro's family is Mr. Newman, who has not yet ceased to work in his blacksmith's shop on the Ballarat Road. For a period of about 60 years Mr. Munro has lived in the same spot at Braybrook. The

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ceremony in the church was particularly attractive with respect both to personality and artistic taste. The bride wore a graceful frock of water-lily cream satin with silver girdle and shaped with frilled panels into a long, soft train. This was trimmed with orange blossom and a true lover's knot of silver lame. Her veil of rich Limerick lace was an impressive family relic. It was made and worn more than 70 years ago, and during that long period it has adorned many a bride. After its appearance for the fifty second time upon the bride's mother (Mrs. Munro) at her wedding twenty-six years ago, all hope of accurate counting appears to have been abandoned. Two bridesmaids were in attendance, the first being Miss Margaret Munro, twin sister of the

bride, and the second her cousin, Miss Pauline Munro, whose taste and handiwork were responsible for all the charming frocks. Both bridesmaids were dressed alike in silver lame down to the knees, the remainder being in the form of

.....The bride wore a graceful frock of water-lily cream satin with silver girdle and shaped with frilled panels into a long, soft train.....

flared frills of pink silk net, edged with dainty ribbon and having raglan frilled sleeves of the same material. They wore head bands of tiny clusters of pink flowers and silver leaves, also long pink mittens, admirably matched, and silver shoes. As best man Mr. Cliff Dodd, brother of the bridegroom, performed his task with fraternal loyalty and zealous hospitality. Mr. Jack Dodd, also a brother, assisted as groomsman. During the signing of the register a solo was prettily sung by Miss Belle Coull of St. Albans. The music was played by Mrs. Eliason, the church organist. The reception in the school hall was distinguished by that cheerful and cordial enthusiasm which always finds expression when "Nettlefolds" assemble to honour one of their number. Cr. and Mrs. W. J. Pridham were also among the guests and added, by word and deed, another demonstration of their manifold and kindly interests in the affairs and the people of the community. The festivities were happily prolonged towards the close of the day, and with numerous congratulations the bride and bridegroom left to enter upon their larger life. The Rev. W. Evans presided throughout the celebrations.

Armadale (WA) Highland Gathering



Bet & Don

On Sunday, November 18, the City of Armadale held its annual Highland Gathering, the biggest Scottish Gathering in Western Australia. Bet & I had our usual table in The Clan Tent along with eight other Clans And Scottish organisations. The massed bands were great - what a wonderful sight. On the main stage we had many excellent local Scottish acts with top of the bill being the renowned Celtic rock band



Highlander. We had highland dancing, all of the usual heavy events, Scottish craft stalls and a medieval fair. The Gathering also incorporated the Armadale Cycling Clasic. All in all it was a very successful & well organised event with perfect weather and a large crowd in attendance.

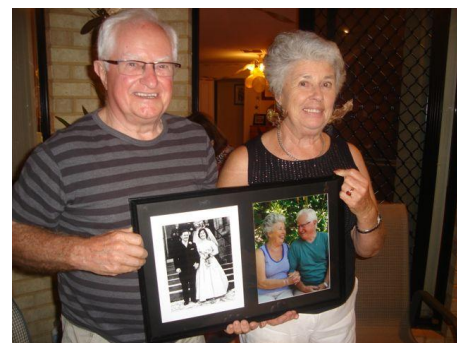
Congratulations



Another bonnie baby Munro! This is a photo of Beatrix Luella Munro, born to Guy and Becky Munro of Enmore in Sydney on November 23, 2012. She looks tiny here but within a few weeks, "Trixie" is now in the top 10% of baby girls in weight and length. Trixie will be visiting her extended family in Scotland for the 2014 Highland Gathering. Trixie is the second grandchild for Quentin & Carolyn Munro.



Bet and Don Munro had two reasons to celebrate this year. First was their 50th wedding anniversary as they were married in Inverness on the 12th of January 1963 (that's old New Year's Day). It was one of the coldest days for many years & although the church steps had been cleared of snow when we went in, it was back by the time we came out again. You can see Bet carefully managing the snow & ice covered steps!! What this meant was that they also celebrate, 50 years in Australa because, only one month later, on Valentine's Day, they sailed from Southampton for Adelaide on the "Himalya" where Don had a job as a quantity surveyor with the South Australian Government on a 4 year contract. What a honeymoon for a young couple!! However, that did not work out (the job that is) and after a year, they moved to Western Australia where they have been ever since. It was 12 years before they managed to get back to Scotland & that was for a holiday – so much for 4 years away!! Bet & Don have three children, Fiona, Catriona & Christopher and eight grandchildren.



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Seniors

This from Cynthia Munro

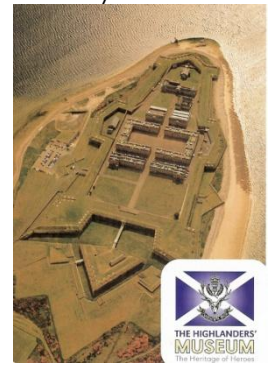
A married couple is travelling by car from Victoria to Prince George . Being seniors, after almost eleven hours on the road, they were too tired to continue and decided to take a room. But, they only planned to sleep for four hours and then get back on the road. When they checked out four hours later, the desk clerk handed them a bill for \$350.00. The man explodes and demands to know why the charge is so high. He told the clerk although it's a nice hotel; the rooms certainly aren't worth \$350.00 for four hours. Then the clerk tells him that \$350.00 is the 'standard rate'. He insisted on speaking to the Manager. The Manager appears, listens to him, and then explains that the hotel has an Olympic-sized pool and a huge conference centre that were available for us to use. "But we didn't use them," the husband said. "Well, they are here, and you could have," explained the Manager. The Manager went on to explain that the couple could also have taken in one of the shows for which the hotel is famous. "We have the best entertainers from New York , Hollywood , and Las Vegas perform here," the Manager says. "But we didn't go to any of those shows," the husband said. "Well, we have them, and you could have," the Manager replied. No matter what amenity the Manager mentioned, the husband replied, "But we didn't use it!" The Manager is unmoved, and eventually the husband gave up and agreed topay. As he didn't have the cheque book, he asked his wife to write the cheque. She did and gave it to the Manager. The Manager is surprised when he looks at the cheque. "But ma'am, this is made out for only \$50.00." "That's correct. I charged you \$300.00 for sleeping with me," she replied. "But I didn't!" exclaims the Manager. "Well, too bad, I was here, and you could have."

Don't mess with senior citizens..... They didn't get there by being stupid.

The Highlanders' Museum

First I would like to thank those of you who contributed to museum appeal. I have sent the thankyou letters to those of you who contributed through me. Hopefully, others did this individually. The money to complete the museum is still being raised, so if you would like to help you can do so by becoming a "Friend of the Museum." There are various grades of membership with the basic one being a £25.00 annual membership. There is also a Joint membership – 2 adults £40.00; Family - 2 adults & 2 children under 16 £60.00; & a Life Membership for a once off payment of £1,000.00.

You can check it all out at www.thehighlandersmuseum.com or contact me. The Clan Munro contributed £15,000.00 to the Museum Fund and there is a Munro Room for you to visit when you go there. The Museum has been completely revamped so even if you have been before there is a completely new experience waiting for you.



Can You Help

As mentioned in "Chat" we have had another "Can You Help" success. In our December issue we had a story of Hector Munro a bank manager who started as a hero by foiling a bank robbery & ended as a villain by embezzling from the bank. The query was from Rob de Souza-Daw who was researching the robbery & the embezzlement. In February I received this email from Jayne Howard:-

"I have found your recent inquiry about Hector Munro, fugitive bank manager (Clan Munro Newsletter, 2012). I think that he is my great-grandfather, as his daughter, Isabelle Asher Munro (b. 1883) is my paternal grandmother. I have tracked the family -- sans their father -- back to Scotland, thence to New York City. I believe that the family joined Hector Munro in New York, and I believe that I have found his obituary in New York. Unfortunately all this research is circumstantial, since there are many Hector Munro's, and I cannot check with any family members who might be able to confirm. 'Tis an intriguing story, if I've researched it correctly."

Jayne & Rob are now corresponding & it could make interesting reading if I get the details.

John Humphrey from Toronto, Canada sent this. "I'm trying to trace an ancestor of mine, John Munro, a mariner (perhaps 'master mariner') and also a ginger beer manufacturer, who lived in Sydney (mostly at 4, Pitt Street - but also at 4 Cumberland St) between 1837 (when he married Priscilla Wemyss) and 1845 - but I don't know when/how/whence he arrived or when he died.

He had a son Alexander who died in infancy, and a son John who became a tallow chandler, married Marianne Dooley, and died in 1880 in St George NSW. Any clues or sightings would be enthusiastically welcomed." Contact John at humphreyjohn@rogers.com or get in touch with me - Ed

I have had a query from Boyd Johnstone who is looking for descendants of Major Charles Alexander Richmond Munro & Jane Evelyn Rowe; their children were Laurence Rondi Munro of Lismore (known as Ronnie), also Barry & Marie; Laurence married Elsie Violet McGuire & their only child is Beverley Merle Johnstone nee Munro, Boyd's mother. Let me know if you can help. You can contact Boyd at boyd.johnstone@my.jcu.edu.au or get in touch with me - Ed

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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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.