



Clan Munro Australia

Newsletter of the Clan Munro (Association) Australia

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Chat

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Next Newsletter

Who knows? We have been away for three months & in that time I usually have one newsletter ready and the next one almost ready. So that has not happened this time.

But - I will find something!!

Don

From Ann Munro regarding the New Zealand gold rush site I sent to our email members – “*Thank you Don, found my great grandfather John Thompson from Lawrence, he later became a farmer, land agent and auctioneer and Mayor there.*” If anyone who did not get the email & would like the site address, just let me know.

A lot of movement among our members. Besides Bet & myself who were in Scotland; Quentin Munro & family attended a wedding in Scotland in August they also had a meeting with our chief, Hector so we may get a report on that; Ann Munro who we met at the Gathering in 2007 was in the UK in August and Gail Munro did a tour in August ending with a visit to a relative we connected her with last year. They share a great grandmother & Gail was very excited about that when she emailed me. I hope to have a report on her meeting in the next newsletter.

More exciting still is that Kathryn, Greg & Lachlan Brain have at last, after a great deal of trouble, managed to achieve their dream of going to live in Scotland. They left in June but we were not able to catch up with them as we did not get new their address till just before we left Inverness and we had no way of contacting them prior to that. Hopefully I will have a report on how they are settling down.

In spite of the weather, Bet & I enjoyed our holiday which was spent mostly in Scotland although we did spend two weeks in Spain and also managed to visit Wales, neither of which countries we had visited before. The few warm days we had in Scotland made up for all the wet ones. Unfortunately, because of conflicting dates, we were not able to visit Foulis but something special was happening there, so I will have to find more about that for the next newsletter.

I have lost contact with Eric W Munro from Indooroopilly, so if any of you know of his whereabouts, please let me know. He told me he was moving to a retirement village but did not tell me which one. So I will contact all in the area.

Welcome To Our New Members

None to report, I'm afraid. Please encourage your Munro friends & relatives to join!!

This is the second part of Ailsa's autobiography. As you will remember, Ailsa was just about to start her physiotherapy course at Brisbane university. Interesting to note, for me anyway, that Ailsa went to the UK on the Himalaya. My aunt & uncle may have been on the same ship as they came to visit us in Scotland on the Himalaya's maiden voyage return trip & Bet & I came to Australia on it's last trip as a two class ship in 1963.

I stayed at the Women's College, Chislehurst, which was at Kangaroo Point in those days. To get to the university you walked down Shafston Avenue, down the hill to the ferry, paid a penny to cross the river and on the other side, we walked



through the Botanical Gardens to the university. The buildings were all scattered. Our anatomy classes were held in the old Masonic Building in Alice Street, quite handy actually to the Edward Street

ferry. It was a building that just smelt of the formalin used for the cadavers that we dissected. We did 600 hours Anatomy, and half of that was dissecting, so we knew our stuff when we had finished. From Alice Street, we would have to rush up to William Street where the Physiology lectures were given. Once a week in the first term, on Wednesday mornings, we had to go to Professor Goddard's lecture on Genetics. He was rather fearsome, to us anyway, if you weren't there in position when he walked in then the doors were closed and you couldn't get in. The rush to get up from Alice Street on time was quite a good training effort!!

The first day we walked into the dissecting room we were all horror stricken because we didn't realise that's what we would have to do. At the other end of the room, working round a cadaver was a group of medical students. They were nearly all boys of course, with only two girls in the whole group. Their eyes all popped open for some of us were really very attractive, they thought it was good luck, and they set to work teasing us quite a lot - we were quite likely to find an ear in our pockets if we weren't careful, however we all became very good friends. Anyway, this group of young girls, most of us were 17 except for three who were older, were often full of high spirits and so on.

We spent the afternoons twice a week at the General Hospital. That meant walking up to the city, and getting a tram out to the General Hospital, where we were given our training in massage and movements. Being the first group, we were always finding things not quite ready for us. When we came into our third year, we had no

one ready to take charge of us; we were waiting for Miss Elma Casely, who was coming up from Adelaide to take the position to guide us through our practical work. When she did arrive, we found she was a delightful person, with a very pleasant manner, and she really taught us a tremendous amount. Most of all she taught us to care for the patient as a person, which is also very important in life. Three happy years went by of our work at The General, and this was practical work; we had quite a few polios, and the polio epidemics were coming along more frequently. By this time the war had broken out I was in my second year, in 1939. We weren't feeling the effects of the war very much to begin with, but we did at a later stage.

We were still travelling by tram all the time.....

Conditions became much more difficult as far as transport was concerned. We were still travelling by tram all the time, sometimes hanging on to the running board at the side of the tram when it was very crowded - however, we all survived. In time, Miss Casely really straightened us out, she was a most delightful person and we enjoyed having her, she would take us for gym each day, sometimes it was for our own improvement and coordination, to get us to move less sluggishly, sometimes it was adapted as to a particular condition as part of a treatment program. Miss Casely was a woman of compassion and she tried to see that we developed the same attitude. We had a very happy senior year with her, then we sat our finals, the whole 14 of us, and from memory we all passed.

By this time I had qualified and when America came into the war after Pearl Harbour, the pace of



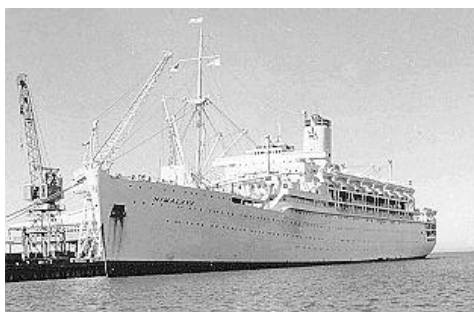
life had altered altogether. There were American forces coming into Brisbane, which was a Garrison City, and we were faced with the possibility of bombing and steps were taken at the hospital to make things as safe as possible. We had no air raid shelters but in practice for alerts we sat on the

steps around the lift wells. This was the only protection we had in case of air raids. Fortunately, this never happened. The war was progressing somewhat, and quite a number of us went straight into the services. The greater number of us went into the army - that is the ones that did not go on to the staff of The General Hospital - who were preparing for more polio epidemics. There was a great call for physiotherapists, and this was really where physiotherapy developed tremendously, the use of it and the need for it, with treatment of war injuries. So the timing of the course was excellent, helping to meet the demand for more physiotherapists in both the services and civilian life.

I spent one year, on the staff at The General Hospital. Short wave treatment had just come, and we acquired a short wave machine, the first one. With the war injuries and progress of surgery, physiotherapists were used much more in the treatment of pre and postoperative respiratory care. Also in the treatment of injuries, so the field of physiotherapy was widening tremendously. As time went on of course, the Salk Inactivated Polio Vaccine (IPV) introduction made a difference in controlling the spread of poliomyelitis, and fortunately, now it's rarely encountered. So, some benefit does flow from these wars. We have seen great development in the treatment of pre and post surgical conditions especially with respiratory problems and in rehabilitation of patients generally. Ante and postnatal treatments have developed which were only just starting when we started our training. Now you find physiotherapists in many different places; in fact equine therapy is also part of physiotherapy, so you find them there dealing with horses.

When Miss Casely wanted to turn return to Adelaide, I took over supervising the final year students. I was in charge of the practical work. I had some preliminary study with her in the year before I took over. I was on the university staff, and I stayed with this particular position for eight years, and enjoyed it very much. I enjoyed the personal contact, with both students and with patients.

In 1949 I handed in my resignation to take effect by the next year. So, in 1950 in March, I left and went on the Himalaya, to the United Kingdom. This was a lovely ship, very new, and it made the journey in four weeks which was phenomenal in those days. I went over with my



friend Edith Walker and we have maintained our friendship ever since.

In the UK we spent six months tripping about. We did quite a bit of hitchhiking, which was done in those days; it was quite safe back then. We went down to the West - starting off from Cornwall we hitched our way back to London, and we enjoyed all the sights that were to be seen. When we got back to London we settled down to a little work. Edith went to University College Hospital and I went to Saint Thomas's. Towards the end of 1951 I came home, very broke and very lost.

To cut a long story short, I went to the South Brisbane clinic practice to begin with and then I moved back to Inchcolm. I got to know all the other people at Inchcolm, including Dr. Thomas Stubbs-Brown. As well as running a private practice there, I kept up some lecturing with the first and second year students, teaching them massage and what we called medical gymnastics. We studied from Arvedson's book of Swedish remedial exercises. I continued this part time lecturing as well as private practice until about 1972.

In the meantime I had become very active in the Australian Physiotherapy Association - representing the state on Federal Council and eventually becoming the Australian representative on the council of the World Confederation for

"Two strong minded people together"

Physical Therapy. This meant I attended the

meetings in different places of the world including London. I went to the Amsterdam Congress in 1970, and later meetings in Santiago, and then to the Montreal Congress in 1974. By this time there had been quite a change in physiotherapy. Practices were mostly more conveniently placed out in the suburbs, and my practice for various reasons was failing, and I obviously had to do something about it, so I applied for the position of full time physiotherapist at the Nambour General Hospital and I was fortunate enough to get it.

I came to Nambour at the end of 1973, where I have been ever since. I married Thomas Stubbs-Brown in 1980 and I retired from physiotherapy about the same time. Tom always quoted "Two strong minded people together" as if he was expecting some thunderstorms, but we didn't ever have any. Marriage and other interests kept me pretty busy; I found there's no such thing as retirement. After Tom died in 1985, I took up croquet which I enjoy very much. I only stopped playing a few years ago mainly because my hands were not behaving properly, nor was my coordination.

Final part in our next newsletter.

Colin Patrick Munro

In our last newsletter we had a little piece about Colin Andrew Peden Munro & this is about his father Colin Patrick Munro. I received a letter from one of our members, Catherine Ives, who told me how much she had enjoyed Colin's broadcasts and she also had the pleasure of meeting him at the 1997 Clan Gathering. What follows is the rest of Catherine's letter.

"My husband Malcolm (who incidently attended Sydney Grammar at the same time as Colin Andrew) & I were recently in Sydney & visited Holy Trinity (Garrison) Church at Millar's Point (the Rocks area) where we discovered "The Munro Plaque" as it is known, on the south wall in memory of Colin Patrick Munro. I have copied the inscription which is as follows:-

CUIMHNE NAGH TEID AS
(A memory that will not fade)
COLIN PATRICK MUNRO
22.9.1905 22.4.1967
Aberdeen Sydney
Scotland Australia
Formerly of the London Scottish
and
The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)
BEF Dunkirk 1940, POE Germany 1940 – 1945
Younger son of Finlay & Isabella
Husband of Barbara, Father of Colin & Finlay

A flag with the red Scottish lion hangs above and there are various military insignia affixed to the plaque as well as the munro badge & motto."

If any of you know of similar acknowledgements of our Munro ancestors, please send them in – we would all love to see them.

Edward Casson Rowntree

Ann Munro sent me this story about Edward Casson Rowntree - a convict who became the great, great, great grand father of their Munro children. Ann says "I am proud to be a descendant of a fine man who turned his life around in Australia working diligently to become an honest and highly regarded citizen as builder, carpenter architect and artist." Thanks also to the Tasmanian Archive and Heritage Office for their help and for giving me permission to use their pictures



Edward Casson Rowntree was born in Thorne, Yorkshire on 22nd June 1811, according to the family bible given to his daughter Sarah Louisa on her wedding day in Tasmania 1859. Edward came from a Quaker family and worked as a farm labourer and farm worker; unfortunately he succumbed to "stealing from my master", to which he confessed; no doubt to put food on the family table. He was tried at York, West Riding on 27th April 1829 and although this was his first offence and his character was strongly recommended, he was sentenced to be transported to Tasmania. He sailed the following year on the Manlius arriving in Hobart Town on the 12th August 1830 to serve his seven year sentence.

With two years sentence remaining Edward obtained permission from the Lieutenant Governor to marry Hannah Nicholls and this he did on the 6th July 1835. The union produced fifteen children; Sarah Louisa, their second child, born in 1838 would later marry Alexander Bruce Smith and they were my great grandparents.

Although the records show Edward as being a farm labourer in England he must have been more than that for, when he served his sentence, he became a carpenter and the Sheraton carpenter's tool chest with its collection of shaping planes that he brought with him can be seen In Narryna House in Hobart.

Edward was obviously a man of talent and ambition and he progressed to become a builder and eventually a very well known architect. His best-known architectural work is the Hobart Town Savings Bank now the Murray Street branch of the Savings Bank of Tasmania and he also designed the Congregational Church at Richmond, Tasmania. He had a very busy architectural career and the Archives Office of Tasmania hold many of his architectural drawings which include private homes; proposed town hall, Hobart; a church for Sorel; a steam flour mill; a Protestant concert hall; a

stone bridge and many others, so you can see that he led a very full life as an architect. You can see more at <http://search.archives.tas.gov.au/default.aspx?detail=1&type=S&id=NS169>

But that was not all, for Edward was also a very talented artist as you can see from this landscape painting which is shown here by kind permission of the Allport Library and Museum of Fine Arts, Tasmanian Archive and Heritage Office. Unfortunately this is the only known example of his work.

Edward Casson Rowntree died at Sandy Bay on 8 November 1893.

Isabella Munro

When Warren Turner wrote to me looking for ancestors or relative he also included the story of his 3 x great grandmother. Unfortunately we were not able to help Warren but, although he not a member, her story is typical of the hardships our ancestors faced I hope you enjoy it.



I am writing to share a story about my maternal Great-Great-Great Grandmother, Isabella Munro, born at Maryfield near Fodderty, Scotland in 1819, to parents Donald Munro & Isabella Cameron or alternatively, Danald Manroe & Betty Cammeron. Isabella married Kenneth MacLennan, a tailor, in 1839, and their first son William was born in 1840. They had other children, but their daughter Isabella Munro MacLennan who was born in 1842 was my Great-Great-Grandmother.

In 1853, Kenneth and Isabella moved their family to Victoria aboard the "Australia", and over the next few years moved north and settled in the area of Forrest Creek, just north of present day Castlemaine. It was here in 1859, that Isabella Munro McLennan married John Harvey McKerrow. They moved to the Ellesmere area in North-East Tasmania around 1862, whilst Kenneth and Isabella stayed at Forrest Creek, which soon changed its name to Mount Alexander.

On 27 Feb 1865, The Black Monday fires hit the area and burnt Kenneth and Isabella out. They had a property on Mountain Creek, Mount Alexander. Kenneth MacLennan had been to the Ellesmere area and had also purchased land prior to 1860, so when the family found themselves burnt out, moved across the Strait. They moved in with the McKerrows at Ellesmere, later Scottsdale. They stayed with the McKerrows for about a year until their own home was established, and continued to raise their family.

Isabella MacLennan nee Munro, lost her husband in 1877, and lived in the area til her death in 1888. Her obituary stated she had lived in the district for 25 years, and had left a large family. I have one photo of her in her early sixties. I would love to know of her ancestry before 1819, but due the distance between us and the ancestral village it is almost impossible to check church records of the area. I would love to know if any of your members have her in their tree somewhere. I live on the south side of Brisbane, and am now a Grandfather, just one of her many descendants alive in Australia today.

Thanking you for your time, I remain yours faithfully, and with best wishes to all members, Warren Turner. Contact Warren at tadhgh50@hotmail.com

Jenny Munro's Orkney

In our last newsletter I told of Ian and Claire Munro Family's visit to Foulis. When daughter Jenny, a photo-journalist, returned home after her visit to Scotland, she was so impressed with the Orkney Islands that she wrote the following article for the Sunshine Coast Daily & the Queensland Times. That's Jenny's brother Angus inside the Ring of Brodgar. If you haven't been to Orkney it's well worth including on your holiday itinerary

THE dark, hooded figure my brother and I pulled up next to was Kim, a London music promoter with a fetish for her nation's intriguing historical past. It was hard not to be infected by her enthusiasm for all that the Orkneys had to offer - that is, 5000 years of evidence of human settlement.

My brother Angus and I had hired a car for a road trip around Scotland, and when we included the Orkney Islands on our itinerary, we expected more of Scotland's world-famous scenery and perhaps some marine life.

What we found was an archaeological gold mine to rival Stonehenge. Six sites on the main island have particular significance; Skara Brae, an extraordinarily preserved Neolithic village; Maeshowe, a chambered tomb; the Ring of Brodgar, a circle of standing stones; the Stones of Stenness, a collection of larger pillars; and other similar stones including the Barnhouse Stone and the Watchstone. Many of the sites are believed to have had astronomical and religious significance.

These are now known together as the Heart of Neolithic Orkney, named a UNESCO World Heritage Site in 1999.

If you're short on time, you can see these all reasonably easily within one or two days, as well as other nearby sites on the mainland, including the two main townships: Kirkwall and Stromness.

Also of significance is Orkney's role in World War 11, with watchtowers still standing alongside the waterways and sunken German ships still protruding from Scapa Flow, providing top diving.

A few more days will give you the chance to explore the other islands, including the more geographically impressive Hoy, home to the majestic seastack the Old Man of Hoy, and other archaeological sites such as the Ness of Brodgar, another prehistoric village.

While there are plenty of organised bus tours, the best way to get around is by car, as I'm sure our sodden hitchhiker was thinking.

Angus and I had just left Skara Brae when we came across Kim, who turned out to be a font of knowledge. In particular, she couldn't stop talking about Maeshowe, where she was heading for the last tour of the day. From the outside, the fairly



Jenny & Angus at Skara

Picking up a hitchhiker was the last thing Jenny wanted to do while enjoying her only full day driving around the Orkney Islands, off the north-east coast of Scotland. As it turned out, it was a blessing in disguise.

unimposing Maeshowe appears as a small grassy mound in the middle of a relatively flat landscape.

You soon realise why Historic Scotland only runs guided tours and sets a limit of 20 people per tour.

Once you shuffle through the 10 metre long entrance, barely one metre high and wide, only about that many people can fit comfortably in the space inside. The

entrance is so long because that's how thick the stone walls are.

The Neolithic people somehow managed to move the massive sandstone slabs from the coastline to this rural site, then layer them flat on top of each other, tapering in towards the top.

Apart from the incredible engineering achievement this site represents, what is also remarkable about it is that it hasn't remained untouched.

Vikings discovered the tomb in about 1100AD - roughly 3,000 years after it was built - climbing in through the top and using it for shelter. We know this because they have left runic graffiti all over the walls. Most of the runes are of the "Olaf was here" nature, while one of the more eloquent inscriptions reads: "These runes were carved by the man most skilled in runes in the western sea."

The Orkney Islands are serviced by air and sea transport, with several ferries daily to and from the mainland at John O'Groats and Gills Bay. Bed and breakfast accommodation is plentiful and probably the best value, although the main towns also offer hostel and hotel accommodation.



Brodgar far left and Skara Brae left give an idea of a time left behind.



Anzac Day, Sydney – Wreath Laying 25th April 2011

Many thanks to Graham Gates who, as usual, sent his report on the Sydney Anzac Day wreath laying ceremony

Once again, as was the case last year, heavy rain fell during the course of the dawn service but did not deter the large assembly gathered for the service. However by mid-morning most of the inclement weather had cleared and the main parade of veterans, marching under their respective banners, were able to proceed through the streets of Sydney town without interruption, much to the delight of the large crowds of spectators in attendance. It was interesting to note that despite the fact that Anzac Day fell over the Easter holiday season there was little apparent falling off of numbers.

In accordance with usual practice the Scottish Act of Remembrance ceremony followed the main parade with the combined bands of pipes and drums parading down George Street for the laying of wreaths at the Cenotaph in Martin Place. This year the wreath laying party consisted of twenty seven participants from various clans who were also accompanied by the sixteen pipe and drum bands playing the "Lament" during the laying of wreaths. The enactment of "The Scottish Act of Remembrance" at the Cenotaph each year is indeed a stirring and memorial occasion befitting of the significance of the day.



Andrew with his wreath

An Honest Scotchman

I look for Munro stories everywhere. The following article appeared in the Supplement to the West Australian dated Tuesday, February 10, 1880 and tells the tale of J Munro. The writing style may be archaic but the story is uplifting. The name Sturat is mentioned in the article & I wondered if this might be Stuart. Let me know if I am wrong - Don

Over the years a number of unkind things have been said about the scarcity of honesty - from the time of the Psalmist's rash statement anent the general mendacity of mankind down to Mr. Gladstone's diatribes against the absence of that virtue in a Tory Government. A writer in the Queenslander however has succeeded in finding a really honest man, and thinks it worthwhile to put his history in record. It appears that in year 1865, a Scotchman J. Munro by name, purchased Canmarroo, a sheep station situated between Condamine and Sturat. A succession of dry seasons set in, culminating in the awful drought of 1868, when starvation stalked grimly amongst the gum trees of Canmarroo, stealing flocks and horses and cattle from their legal owner, and flaunting ruin in his face. But Munro came from a country where men don't give up in a hurry.

He was resolute to battle with evil fortune, tough as pin wire, and brave as a lion. When the horses could not carry a saddle, we have known him walk twenty miles with rations to a shepherd. Once a week, on Sunday, he took his recreation, and walked in nine miles for his mail, and worked every other day from dawn to dark. But, manfully as he struggled, the tide went over him, and the Bank's representative ruled in his stead. In 1869 Mr. Munro sought the shelter of the Insolvent Court. But although compelled to go under, he was of buoyant stuff that was bound to come up in another place. He did, as a drover in the North; then he changed the scene to Victoria; and ten years after his misfortunes he comes back to Queensland again. What for, think you!

Fortune wooed with such persistent energy is bound to relent at last, and latterly the jade has smiled on the resolute suitor. He made, at the time of his insolvency, a list of his debts in connections with that unlucky station. For most of them he could post cheques from Melbourne, but there were few shepherds, bullock drivers, and carriers that could not be found without personally hunting them up, and Mr. Munro came to Queensland and visited his old district to unearth these creditors. Having satisfied every claim, he started for England the other day, and we dare swear if many of the passengers have as light a conscience, the steamer will want a little ballast of villainy from somewhere to keep her in trim.

What a pity J Munro had to return to the old country for this is the calibre of men who made Australia what it is - Don.

Vale Lynette Stewart (Muffy) Munro

So soon after reported the passing of Colin Munro, I now have to let you know that his much loved wife Muffy died in May. We send our condolences to Colin & Brook, Kirsty & Ben & grandchildren Henry, Oscar & Darcy & other family members. A tribute to celebrate Muffy's life was held in June with everyone requested to wear bright colours in remembrance of that lovely lady.

Vale Jean Gordon Munro Scott

It is with much regret that I have let you know that Jean Gordon Munro Scott passed away at the age of forty four. We send our condolences to her Mum & Dad, sister Frances and family.

Vale Margaret June Weeden

I met Margaret when we attended the Clan Munro Gathering at Foulis & we had kept in contact since then. Margaret June Weeden was born 14th June 1934 in Australia & died peacefully in Auckland on 28th January 2011. She married the late Ed Weeden, an American who specialised in timber and was consultant on the design and use of timber supports in the building of the Sydney Opera House. Margaret had a piece of the laminated timber that was actually used. Margaret was a founding member in 2002 of Clan Munro in NZ Our condolences to her son Robert his wife Karen & grandchildren and also to her only brother, Alan.

Can You help

Please 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.

If you have a Jane Munro married to Samuel Gurney Smith in your tree, then Janice O'Neill would love to hear from you. She is searching for any information or descendants of my great, great grandmother Jane Munro. Jane was born in Pulteney (?), Wick, Caithness on the 22nd June 1832.

Jane's father was Roderick Munro, tenant of Balkeith, and her mother was Janet (Jannet) Ross alias McKachin.

Jane immigrated to NSW, Australia, in 1855, and married Samuel Gurney Smith in 1856.

You can contact Janice at jaz.oneill@gmail.com

Michael Munro is looking for James Alexander Munro who was born in 1860 in Glasgow, Scotland. He was the son of John Munro b.1819 in Armadale, Farr, Sutherland. John Munro b.1819 was the son of James Munro b.1796 in the same place. And James Munro b.1796 was the eldest son of my 4th great grandparents Alexander Munro and Barbara Mackay. (I am descended from Alexander and Barbara's youngest son).

James Alexander Munro is on all the census records from 1861, 1871 and 1881. There is also a marriage certificate for him from 1884 when he married Elizabeth B Service in Glasgow, Scotland. However, after that there is no trace of him on any of the census 1891, 1901 or 1911 in England, Scotland or Wales. So I think they must have moved abroad to the "New World". Australia is a possibility as is New Zealand and the USA. I have searched the Canadian census without finding anything.

Sound familiar? Then contact Michael at michaelmunro84@hotmail.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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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.