

PARISH REGISTER

Robin Stormonth Darling **1st October 1926 - 17th October 2009**

Many in the Glens will be sad to hear of the death of Robin Stormonth Darling, laird of Balvarran, Enochdhu, on 17th October 2009. He died peacefully at Perth Royal Infirmary of pneumonia, following a long period of ill health which he had borne with great fortitude.

Robin inherited Balvarran from his father, Patrick Stormonth Darling, in 1961 when he was still working full time as a stockbroker in London. Balvarran had originally been acquired by James Stormonth, a Writer to Signet in 1787, and later belonged to Robin's Great Uncle, Lord (Moir) Stormonth Darling, a Scottish law lord and Solicitor General. It was inherited by Patrick on the death of Lord Stormonth Darling's widow, Lady (Ethel) Stormonth Darling, in 1948. She was a well-known character in Strathardle, who outlived her husband by 36 years.

Although in the early days of his ownership Robin was only able to spend holidays at Balvarran, he always loved the place, and gradually, with the help of his first wife Susan, and, over the last 28 years, under the expert guidance of Carola, improved and modernised it with great style. As the years went by, and following his retirement from his full time activity in the City of London, Robin was able to spend more time at Balvarran. He lived there happily for the last 20 years or so of his life.

Robin Andrew Stormonth Darling was born in Buckinghamshire in 1926. He was knocked down by a bus in Gerrards Cross at the age of 8, suffering multiple injuries to his pelvis and ribs, which left him with a slight limp. This handicap did not prevent him from winning the steeplechase (cross country race) at both junior and senior levels at Winchester College, or from captaining the school's second cricket XI. He was joint Head Boy, showing a particular talent for maths and Latin.

He joined the Fleet Air Arm in late 1944 and became a pilot, but the war ended before he saw any action. In 1945 he joined the Army as a regular soldier, a move that gave him the unusual experience of having served on land and sea and in the air. He was commissioned into the 9th Lancers, and, after serving in Palestine and Egypt, was appointed ADC to the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief in Scotland, Lieutenant-General Sir Gordon MacMillan, stationed at Edinburgh Castle. For the last two years of his service in the Army he was an instructor at Mons Officer Cadet Training Unit at Aldershot, where he earned a reputation as a strict and demanding disciplinarian. He also formed many lasting friendships there.

In 1954 he joined Laing & Cruickshank, one of the City's oldest established private-client stockbrokers, founded in 1882. In those days many stockbrokers wore a short black coat, black waistcoat, striped trousers and top hat. As he was 6' 6" tall, it was an outfit that gave him an imposing presence. He soon became a partner, and was chairman from 1980 until the sale of the firm to Credit Lyonnais, the French bank, in 1987.

Outside the City of London, Robin was appointed a member of the board of British Motor Corporation in 1960 at the age of 34, where he remained for 16 years.

At Balvarran he and Carola always entertained generously, filling the house with guests on high days and holidays. He was an excellent shot who enjoyed walked-up grouse as much as he did any driven shoot. Sport always remained an

interest, and he was happy to watch virtually anything competitive, from Ashes Test series to the television game show *It's a Knockout*. During the 1970s and 1980s he hosted an annual family cricket match at Scone Palace.

An enthusiastic and accomplished skier, Robin also enjoyed fast cars. During the mid 1980s he was easily recognisable in his customised pink Porsche, and when stopped by two traffic policemen in Gloucestershire, he was advised that they had been concerned that their car might not catch up with his. He replied: "Had I known that, I'd have gone a bit faster".

For much of his life he retained a pilot's licence, and in 1981 he buzzed a rugby match at a school in which one of Carola's sons was playing. Although the stunt was enjoyed by the boys, one bystander made a note of the aircraft's call sign and complained to the authorities; on landing, Robin was given a dressing-down.

In 1992 he agreed to take on the role of Honorary Consul for Mexico in Scotland, despite having no grasp of Spanish and never having set foot in Mexico. He proudly flew the Mexican flag alongside the Saltire. The occasional Mexican visitor, in search perhaps of a renewed passport, may well have been as perplexed by the remoteness of his consulate as he will have been impressed by its beautiful position.

He regularly completed the Times crossword, and was a quick performer in many mental arithmetic and word games. Accused by Carola of being irritatingly good at answering the questions while watching the television programme Countdown, she put his name forward for the show and he took part in it in 1992 billed as 'a Scottish Laird', he won two rounds. Richard Whitely, the host of the programme, wrote that he was 'the tallest and most gentlemanly contestant we ever had'.

Robin carried on skiing and shooting until he was 80, but his health declined following a fall while he was travelling in Egypt. His last two years were challenging and uncomfortable but he never complained, continuing to fill the house with friends. Even in his final months he maintained a keen interest in managing the land and nurturing the gardens at Balvarran.

Roger Noel Clarke **1948 - 2009**

It is with regret that we announce the sudden death of Roger Clarke, architect. Born in Leeds on 8th December 1948, died in London on 14th December 2009. He was brought up in Lancashire and educated at Westminster School, London.

On completing his education Roger joined Coutts & Co Bankers where he was greatly valued by the Directors for his prowess as a first class golfer. Throughout his childhood he had lived on the golf course at Royal Lytham and had become East Lancashire Junior Champion. He subsequently played off a two handicap.

After several years at Coutts, Roger embarked on his dream of becoming an architect. He studied environmental design at Hornsey College of Art and architecture at The Royal College of Art and London University. After completing his training he worked for a number of architectural practices before setting up in partnership with David Chaloner. Chaloner & Clarke were appointed architects and designers for the original Harvey Nichols Store in Knightsbridge and also for Jean Paul Gaultier.

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Roger leaves a legacy of buildings in the following countries: France, Switzerland, Greece, Finland, Japan, and Saudi Arabia, where he was involved in the remodelling of Mecca for Bin Laden Construction.

In 1996 Roger moved to Scotland with his family and worked locally as well as lecturing at Aberdeen University. He was the architect for the Session House in Kirkmichael plus a number of other local projects. Latterly, he worked in London for Brooks Murray Architects where he was able to work on larger scale projects, which was his preference. He was exceptionally talented and intelligent. Before he died he had returned to doing life drawing and was working on a book about his many experiences.

Roger was married to Sylvia Thorne and leaves a daughter, Aymee and a son, Robert. Aymee has followed her father into the field of architecture.

The funeral, which was held at the City of London Crematorium, was attended by a large number of colleagues and friends. His ashes are to be scattered at the sites of his many favourite buildings across Europe.

Storm Alexander Robert Andrews **8th September 1992 - 12th January 2010**

S. Strong
T Talented
O One of a Kind
R. Ready for anything
M. Mate.

I am sure we can all think of definitions for Storm's name. He was that once met never forgotten person and the name did help you not to forget him! 12 January 2010 will always stay with me as the day my parents lost their baby and Stephen and I lost our baby brother and our life changed forever. You always think a new year will bring a new start for us all, unfortunately this year our new start is how to come to terms with losing someone so special. The thing is Storm was not only special in our hearts, his family, he touched the lives of so many people, many more than we could have ever imagined. He had such a caring fun-loving personality as well as his harmless cheek which went with his cheeky smile.

From a young age Storm had a ten foot tall personality, he may have been small but he certainly made sure that you knew he was there. He loved having fun and loved being around other kids his age and younger. My kids loved their Uncle Storm. In fact he was more like their big brother who they looked up to and helped get them in and out of mischief, but he was always Uncle Storm.

Storm made sure he lived his life to the full from shooting, football, fishing, Tug of War, beating, playing darts, skiing, quad biking, mucking about on his scrambler, snowboarding, trips back and forth to our family in Hereford, holidays with Mum, Dad and Stephen to Spain and Florida, spending time with his friends, scooting around on his scooter and latterly in his little Mini which included a trip to Hereford and back. He packed so much into his short life and I am sure he had a lot more planned. He was becoming a man and a few times when I called home I couldn't tell the difference between him and Stephen; he was just starting to turn that corner from being a teenager to an adult, many people have said that he was "coming into himself a young man" and that was so true.

Well I could write and write but to tell the truth I probably wouldn't stop so I will finish by saying Thank You to everyone who has supported us through this difficult time and Thank You to all Storm's friends as he had fun with you all. I can't name you individually as there wouldn't be enough space, but you know who you are. Please keep hold of your happy memories as they are so special and no one can take these from us and he will live forever through these.

I think we will always expect him to walk through the door, and say "all right, how's it going?"

Karrina Andrews

A poem written in memory of Storm by his Auntie:

Tears in the Leaves
I hear the rustle of the leaves
They hear the whisper of Storm voice he is near now
He is calling for Mom and Dad
He is calling for Karrina and Stephen and his
Nan and Granny
He is calling to you all please don't be sad
The leaves are wet as he leaves
He is crying all the tears for the ones he has to leave
He does not want you to think that he won't miss you he will
It's just that things happened so fast he had no time to say
I am going to miss you all each and every single day
I know that when my Dad hears the rustle of the leaves
I will be with him!
I will never leave!
Don't be sad Mom and Dad the angels called to me
They told me I had work to do with every single tree
So when it's raining outside and the sky looks grey and dull
I will be leaving you tears in leaves they will be ones of
happy times
I want for you to know that life with you on Earth it will
never go
I will be here forever in your hearts inside
I will be with angels now forever free outside
It's time for me to say some words I think you need to know
I love you all till the end of time and I will never let go.

By Marlyn Rae

ELMA COCHRANE **1931 - 2010**

Elma was born Elma Stuart at Woodside Cottages, Soilzarie on 13th Sept. 1931 the daughter of Bob and Sarah Stuart. She spent her childhood variously, between here, the Mains of Dalrulzion and The Wynd, Blacklunans along with her twin Winnie, older brother and sister Sandy and Jean and half brother Jim McPherson. All her schooldays were spent at Blackwater School until she left at 14. On leaving school Elma and Winnie went into service at Soilzarie and then Drumfork before Elma started nurse training at Blairgowrie when she was 16. She married Jim in 1950 and they had two children, Jimmy and Morag. Tragically Jimmy was drowned in 1967. After marrying and while raising the children she worked at various jobs in the local hotels, as relief postie and lastly as a home help. When Morag married Tommy Ogilvy Elma became a devoted and much loved "Granny Elma" to their boys Stuart and Shane and subsequently to their partners Mandy and Carolyn and finally to her great grandchildren Beth, Brodie, Lewis and Bria. All this time she lived in the Glen except during her nurse training although on her time off she would hire a bike to visit home. She lived at various places in the Glen but the last 26 years at Broughenreid where she was joined for the last 10 years by her dog Susie