

PARISH REGISTER

DEATHS

JEAN LOCK 6th March 2005
- Jean sadly gave up her fight with cancer on March 6th, She and Dick had retired up to Kirkmichael from Dorset some years ago to be near her son Peter, Moira and grandchildren.

They had travelled to and lived in various parts of the world following Dick's RAF career, she was always full of stories of their life in the RAF. She very much enjoyed her garden and all the flowers and vegetables Dick grew for her.

She joined Kirkmichael SWRI on her arrival in the village, and was a very loyal member, she was a past vice president, efficient treasurer, secretary and committee member. She entered most competitions and was an accomplished cook and flower arranger, always willing to help, her cheerful friendly manner will be sadly missed.

She is survived by Dick, sons Peter and Stephen, daughters in law Moira and Mary, 5 grandchildren and a great granddaughter.

JAMES STEVENSON CAMERON 19th April 2005
Born in Alyth 58 years ago, Jim's father was a farmer at The Milton. His first school was Blackwater school and his education was completed at Blairgowrie High School, where he was Dux. He was also the Best Army Cadet.

His first job was as a gillie at Dalmunzie Hotel. This

involved using ponies and a private train which existed at this time. He married Pam in 1965 in the church at Cray. They had two children - James and Karen.

Jim became a member of the church at Cray, which eventually united with Glenshee. He became a Mason and was a member of the Glenshee Rifle Club. He was also a Burns enthusiast, and was interested in the work of the National Geographic Society and in history.

The family lived at Dalnaglar Castle for 18 years. When winters were longer he then worked full-time at the Chairlift. For a time he was a quarry engineer, he worked for the Council and with Marble Cast, as well as becoming an Estate handyman. In all his jobs he displayed a strong engineering bent.

Brought up in the Glen, he was a man of independent spirit who was well-known and well-liked.

He and Pam had the joy of seeing a grand-daughter - Iona - grow up in the family.

DOREEN BIRKMYRE 21ST APRIL 2005
Doreen first came to Dalmunzie as Mr Birkmyre's fiancée. The engagement was nearly called off when he put a large frog on her lap on their first outing for a picnic. She spent her early years with one of her four aunts, first in London then in Nottingham. She gained secretarial qualifications, then enrolled as

a State Registered Nurse. It was whilst working as a private nurse to an elderly Lady in Kilmacolm that she met her husband. It was a Coup De Foudre. They were married in 1939 and spent the War years in Glasgow. In 1941 David was born. His father would say that Pearl Harbour went up as David came into the world. Adelaide followed in 1945. After the War the family bought a house in Perth, where they spent many happy years. Family holidays were always spent somewhere in Scotland, usually in Bettyhill, Kinloch Rannoch or as on one memorable occasion with friends in Hopeman, when Granny Barclay and the family canary Joey were also crammed into the old family Rover, nick-named 'Silky'.

Although the menfolk in the family were keen fishermen, Doreen never got the fishing bug, but faithfully followed her husband to loch and riverside, and spent many hours waiting patiently whilst he would change all his equipment and tackle over and over again. They were a devoted couple and did everything together. They were caring and generous parents.

Doreen was a gregarious person with a good sense of fun. She was always immaculately dressed and always wore a hat and gloves, even when shopping! She and her husband had good friends who were loyal over many years, in particular Loveday Blaikie. She had to nurse Mr. Birkmyre through a long and harrowing illness and through

her care he died peacefully at the age of 88. She survived him for thirteen years. During that time she enjoyed seeing the younger members of the family.

MURIEL MAXWELL SHAW 28th April 2005
- Muriel was the beloved wife of the late Dr William Shaw, she died peacefully in her sleep at Stormount lodge in her 100th year. Formerly of Shaws Croft Glenshee, she will be much missed by family and friends.

Mavis Blair Lodge
JOHN RICHARDSON 11th MAY 2005

John died on 11th May, only 5 weeks after being diagnosed with cancer. Twelve years ago he and Jean bought the cottage in Ballintuim which they visited regularly and when John retired from the bank seven years ago they moved here permanently. John was a committed Christian and was an active member of St Michael's Episcopal Church where he was Treasurer and had the Bishop's permission to administer the chalice at Holy Communion. He was a member of St Catherine's vestry and their representative on the Diocesan Synod, St Catherine's Representative on the joint liaison committee of Blairgowrie, Couper Angus and Alyth Episcopal churches; also Treasurer of St Catherine's Community Centre and the Landsdown Trust. He was also Treasurer of Glenshee area Conservative association. One of John's greatest loves was dyking. He

PARISH REGISTER

Iain Farguhar Shaw

1933 - 2008

Iain Shaw was born in Blairgowrie, the second son of Dr William Shaw, a much respected doctor who is still remembered by many in the area. The family have had connections in Glenshee for a very long time, a fact of which he was very proud.

He was educated at Loretto, where he excelled both academically and on the sports field at rugby, golf and tennis. He was also a first class shot and keen fisherman. He went on to Trinity College, Oxford, where he studied law. He first went into private practice in the City of London before turning to Commercial law. He became Assistant Company Secretary to The Bank of London & South America, then Company Secretary of Grindlay's Bank and finally Group Secretary to the Bank of Australia & New Zealand. He was also a General Commissioner for Income Tax. He married Margot Lindsay at St. Columba's Church Pont Street, London in 1960 and lived in Wavendon, a village in Buckinghamshire, soon to be overwhelmed by the development of the New City of Milton Keynes. They had two sons, William and Alasdair.

As his family had lived in Glenshee for many generations, he and his wife were happy to return there when he retired in 1991. He continued to enjoy his love of fishing and shooting, the latter much less as his mobility was seriously impaired by osteo-arthritis.

His intellect was formidable and his range of knowledge immense, he enjoyed a good argument and whether he was right or wrong argued his corner with humour, rigour and skill.

He died suddenly on July 3rd 2008.

Jean Keiro

1933 - 2008

Jean died 17th August 2008. Born in Tillicoultry Jean came to Kirkmichael with her parents at an early age and spent the rest of her life in the village with the exception of the early years of her marriage when she moved a mere 4 miles to Straloch and her last year which was spent in retirement 13 miles down the road in Blairgowrie. Her father, Postie Coull, was a great character and her mother was a Cameron of the Borland, one of the old glen families and Jean went on to attend Kirkmichael Primary and Blairgowrie High before spending happy years working with the Halley family as an assistant in Kirkmichael Stores. Her marriage to Bill Keiro was the last wedding to be held in the old Duff Memorial Free Kirk and Bill and Jean had one daughter, Fiona. Jean was undoubtedly at her happiest with her extended family which included grandchildren, great-grandchildren and all their friends. Always working she followed in her father's footsteps as a glen postie in the days when the mail had to get through whether by the regulation bicycle or Jean's trusty wee Austin A30 and she finished her career back where she started with a twenty year stint as a popular assistant with the Milne family in the village shop.

Always enthusiastic about horses Jean and Bill were regulars at Scone Races and hospital visitors in her last few weeks as often as not found her watching racing on TV. A keen badminton player in her younger days she went on in life to become something of a pub quiz expert and was one of the formidable team known as 'The Ladies' who

stood no nonsense at the weekly Kirkmichael quiz nights. It has to be said they were also frequent winners!

Well known and well loved by everyone in Strathardle Jean also had a wide circle of friends drawn from regular guests she welcomed to her holiday properties over a period of 40 years and her funeral service saw Kirkmichael Church filled to capacity in a fitting tribute to one of the last true glen-gleners.

Joe Pancaldi

1986 - 2008

Many of you will have heard of the tragic death of Joe Pancaldi from the Compass Christian Centre while mountaineering in July. Joe had been on the Compass team as a trainee instructor for almost two years and had endeared himself to staff and guests alike. His unshakeable and genuine interest in folk, his winning smile and his passion for serving God in the outdoors were trademarks of a young man who above all wanted to share his faith with anyone and everyone he came into contact with. Joe was very much involved with the Climbing Clubs run at Compass during the autumn on Monday and Thursday evenings, and well known and liked by all those who participated in these fun sessions.

Joe had only recently celebrated his 21st birthday, and to describe his death as tragic or untimely seems to me to make us think that God had somehow abandoned him. Many of us have struggled and still struggle with the 'why' but I know, as do his family and all his friends, that God had something else in mind for Joe. As his Dad, Charles, has commented, God must have said 'Joe, you spend that much time with me, you may as well just come and join me!' A measure of the esteem that folk held for this young man was the presence on 24th July of over one hundred folk at his burial in Kirkmichael and almost two hundred at the very moving but celebratory service at Compass in the afternoon. Joe - or Joey to his family - will be greatly missed by all he came into contact with but we know he has moved on to better and lasting things.
Roger Clare (Activities Manager).

CONNIE SUTHERLAND

Connie was born in Leith on 26th April, 1922. She won a scholarship to Trinity Academy where she was very happy and did well in her studies and played the violin in the orchestra. Afterwards, she joined the Civil Service in Edinburgh. At the outbreak of World War II, she chose to support the war effort by joining the Land Army. Her father said she was not physically capable but the call of the land was even stronger. In the days when the Clydesdale horse ruled Connie yoked the horses at Rosefield dairy farm near Balbeggie, spread dung, hoed and pulled neeps, milked the cows, brought in the harvest—all done by hand in the days before mechanisation. Along with her friend 'Wink', she went to the dances in Balbeggie Hall and remembered her Land Army days, although tough, as some of the happiest, inspiring her lifelong love of animals and the countryside.

Connie eventually ended the war at Kinloch House gardens where she met and married Gordon. They started farming together in 1945 at Tombreck on Loch Tayside where Kenneth and David were born and eventually to Borland in Strathardle where Joan was born and Connie remained for the rest of her life. During her life at the farm, Connie was the moral support in the daily struggle of farm life. She held the family together when the storms raged all around. At hay and harvest time, at clipping time and when the travelling mill came round she produced basketfuls of scones and pancakes with lashings of homemade jam and butter and tea for the tired neighbours and farm workers. She was a brilliant homemaker and many a weary traveller was grateful for her hospitality including the travelling bookman who fell off his bicycle laden with panniers of books and spent the night at the farm while Connie sewed together his indecently badly torn kilt. We all had great birthday parties when we were kids and she played her fiddle on social occasions.

Nobody was judged. Everyone was treated with the same kindness and love. All the guests from this country and overseas; Lida and Helenka from Czechoslovakia who came to the farm when the Soviet Union invaded their country and spent summers at the farm while picking strawberries; Stewart, 'Wink's son, who helped on the farm at haymaking; Gwen and her children; Mary and her children; Barbara and her children; Joan and Ragnar and their children and friends from Norway; Frances and David - our neighbours children; the homeless, the weary in spirit - all were given the help and encouragement they needed to face life's trials.

She lived to help others. Her own needs were very modest. She was not ambitious or materialistic. Anything of value she had, she gave it away. She never had a decent kitchen but her resourcefulness regularly produced five - star meals. Circumstances which would have created despair in many people, she managed to survive with dignity and a cheery sense of humour. She was from a generation which had survived two world wars, took hard knocks in their stride and did not buckle under the severest stress. If you expected to see her cry in a crisis then you would be disappointed as she was busy getting on with practical problems.

She was not at all competitive. Many a time at local whist drives she frustrated the most competitively minded players with her inability to understand that the whole point of playing was to win. She just thought it was a good excuse for a blether and a cup of tea.

She enjoyed very much the time she spent with the local 'Rural' and took part enthusiastically in all their activities. The 'Rural' was a very important part of her life and she had good friends in the Institute, the community and the caravan site who remained loyal, right up until the end. Nothing in Connie's life was made easy. She fought for her independence to the last even when she was in great pain. She never complained. It was just an excuse for a joke and a laugh. Her spirit stayed strong all her life and she will always be an inspiration to us all.

Muriel Maxwell Shaw

Muriel died at Stormont Lodge, Blairgowrie, on the 28th April 2005, in her 100th year.

She was born on June 25th, 1905 at Berwick-upon-Tweed and educated at Queenswood School in England and then at Atholl Crescent, Edinburgh, where she met William Shaw, then studying medicine at Edinburgh University. They were married in April 1930 after William Shaw had qualified as a doctor and he joined his father's practice in Blairgowrie. They lived at 18, High Street, Blairgowrie until her husband retired in 1970, and they both moved to Mount Blair Lodge, Glenshee, where she lived until moving to Stormont Lodge in 1996.

She had two children - the elder, Peter MacKenzie Shaw, had just qualified as a doctor hoping to join his father's practice but was killed tragically in an avalanche in Austria. She is survived by her second son - Ian Farquhar Shaw who lives in Blacklunans.

In her 25 years at Mount Blair Lodge she took an active part in the life of the Glen, was a governor of the local school until its closure and a member of the Mount Blair WRI.

I.F.S.

GARY MALCOLMSOM

A tribute to Gary by his friend Chris Ellam.

I first meet Gary, on a cold day at Errol boot fair around 1998, where I bought an old wooden reel from him. Looking back on that chance meeting, I cannot believe it was only 8 years ago, it seems like we had been friends for 20 years.

Gary was a keen fisherman where he made many friends along the river bank, he was quite an authority on vintage fishing Tackle, through which he made friends all over the UK. In fact all over the world. He was a well liked member of his local community, which he helped with whenever possible. Gary was a first class family man and a first class true friend, who will be sadly missed but never forgotten. Finally can I take this opportunity to sincerely thank all Martha and Siobhan's friends, and the people of Kirk-michael for all their help and support through this difficult time.

Donations to MacMillan Cancer Relief raised £250.28. We would like to thank everyone for their kind donations.

PARISH REGISTER

David Stewart

David Stewart Senior (Dave) of Mains of Dalrulzion died peacefully at Blairgowrie Cottage Hospital on 21st June 2005 aged 96 years, having retired from farming many years ago. Although Dave wasn't "Glen" born, he had strong connections with the area. His grandparents and father lived and worked at the "Mains" with his father being schooled at Blacklunans School. Estate changes meant a move from the glen with Dave's father choosing to work in the "Howe", but maintaining connections with the glen when in 1946, he married the eldest daughter of the well known Lamond family of Slochnacraig, Glenshee. After many years, Stewarts returned to the Mains in 1953 when Dave bought the farm which became home to himself, wife Jenny and their family.

Dave was an Elder of Cray Church until it closed. The support of the large number of neighbours and friends who joined the service at the Mains and burial in Glenshee Churchyard was greatly appreciated by his family.

Jean Gilbert

Jean's maiden name was Jean Connor Wilson and she was born in Ballieston, 94 years ago. She was Irish on her mother's side and never forgot her Glasgow connection. During the War she worked for Arrolls. She met and married John Gilbert and they had two daughters – Jenni and Helen. She had the joy of seeing a granddaughter Debra grow up in the family. She was fond of her son-in-law, Garry.

About 60 years ago the family moved to "West Dunidea" on the outskirts of Kirkmichael. The first winter was very severe. As well as being keen on knitting and gardening, Jean had an unusual interest – she was an avid supporter of Rangers Football Club, at a time when few ladies went to football matches! She enjoyed listening to the music of Mario Lanza, Pavaroti and watching old comedy programmes such as 'On the Buses' and 'The Good Life'. She was interested in 'heritage' and was an MS supporter. She was a member of the Parish church.

Jean was much devoted to her husband, whom she had to nurse for several years. The family remember her as bright, with a sense of humour and a dislike of cruelty of any kind.

Donald McLeod

Former distillery manager and ex-golf club captain Donnie McLeod, Pitlochry aged 59 died in Ninewells Hospital. Originally from Kirkmichael, he worked initially in the building trade and was involved in the construction of the Log Cabin hotel. The Cabin was to play a major role in his life, it was there he met and dated Chrissie and where they held their wedding reception.

After a spell as a barman in an Aberdeen hotel, he returned to Perthshire and joined the staff at Edradour distillery and was later promoted to distillery manager.

During his 14 years at the distillery he was one of the local personalities chosen to appear on Art Sutter's TV series.

Moving to Moulin Hotel as a brewer, Donnie was interviewed for a Japanese TV programme. It amused him greatly that a lad from Kirkmichael appeared on TV in that faraway land.

Golf and music were his main leisure interests. A past popular captain of the Blair Atholl Golf Club, he played also in Pitlochry.

On social occasions he was in demand with his accordion music, especially Gaelic airs.

His daughter Katherine is librarian at Renfrew High School, and son John is a data engineer in Glasgow.

They and his wife survive him. A service of thanksgiving was held in Pitlochry Church of Scotland followed by interment in Kirkmichael.

Gleaned from 'The Courier'

EVELYN SMITH

Evelyn died aged 69. She had lived in the glen for 20 years, she moved with her family to the area from Gloucestershire, although Evelyn was a Fifer by birth. She joined the Bridge of Cally SWRI soon after arriving and became involved, giving recitations and acting in plays. Evelyn served on her local committee, first as vice-president and subsequently as treasurer. Her baking skills are still legendary!

She worked many years at the local post office and shop. Showed an energetic streak by attending the Scottish Country Dancing at Kirkmichael village hall, sadly this was cut short by an injury to her achilles tendon. Walking was also a favourite pastime, when it involved her own and the neighbours dogs, known fondly as 'The Persie Pack'.

Coffee mornings were another feature of Evelyn's week, practically from the time she arrived at Bridge of Cally she enjoyed the company of her friends and was also keen to exchange news and gossip on these occasions!

Her health over the last 6 years sadly deteriorated, but throughout she was always cheerful and still caring of others. Evelyn was always happy to entertain visitors and would enjoy long telephone conversations when she was no longer able to go out.

Evelyn married John in 1966 and is survived by him, her daughter Diane, son Paul and daughter-in-law Linda. She also leaves a much loved Grand-daughter Chloe.

Alexander Grant

Alex died peacefully on November 7th aged 84 years. A native of Kirkmichael for some 50 years, previously of Bridge of Cally and Blairgowrie. Alex will be remembered as a well respected painter and decorator throughout his career. He will also be remembered as an excellent cricket player, captained Blairgowrie in 1953 and became one of the clubs honorary vice presidents. He would describe cricket as a great game played slow! Alex's other great sport was fishing and caught a record breaking five and half pound trout on the Ardle. He also played football with Blairgowrie Thistle F. C. He leaves behind his wife Mary, sons Alan, Stuart and Grandson Colin.

PARISH REGISTER

Captain Duncan John Ellin. O.B.E, Royal Navy. **1932 - 2008**

Captain Duncan Ellin was first and foremost a naval officer. He passed into the Britannia Royal Naval College Dartmouth at sixteen and was second in the national list. As a midshipman he served aboard the cruiser H.M.S. Belfast in the Korean War and saw active service in the Malayan emergency attached to 45 Commando, a most successful counter insurgency operation.

Later he transferred to the Fleet Air Arm and specialised as an observer, flying in Gannets and his favourite the Buccaneer. Several staff appointments later he commanded the Royal Naval Gunnery School at Whale Island. He spent six years on the staff of Flag Officer Scotland and Northern Ireland and with the discovery of North Sea Oil came the threat of marine terrorism. He was the Staff Planning Officer dealing with an exceedingly sophisticated operation involving different branches of the armed services in the prevention of such terrorism.

As senior directing staff on the Bangladesh Staff College for some three years, he was accompanied by his late wife, Jill, a posting they both enjoyed. Back in the U.K after a short while with KGFS he was appointed Naval Regional Officer for Scotland and Northern Ireland in the rank of Commodore. co-ordinating visiting warships and liaising with communities throughout the region. It pleased him so much to be back in uniform!

Being Vice chairman of Highland TAVRA, Scottish chairman of the Forces Pension Society and on the board of the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama kept him occupied.

He bought his house in Kirkmichael in 1978 and was very fond of Strathardle. He loved the countryside, enjoyed his shooting and fishing until latterly when his health deteriorated - though he was looking forward to his annual fishing trip to the Findhorn in April.

He is survived by his second wife Carol, his daughter Catherine, sons Sandy and Julian and nine Grandchildren. He read voraciously, had an encyclopaedic memory and enjoyed cooking - a bon viveur who knew a great deal about wine!

Born in Aberdeen, he died in Edinburgh on Easter Day, the 23rd March, 2008.

Gordon McGregor **1921 - 2008**

Gordon was born at Doldy Farm in Glenisla 16th October 1921, where his father was the farm manager. He was the youngest of 13. He spent his early childhood there attending Folda School. Later, when the family took tenancy of Shealwalls farm, he completed his schooling in Alyth.

His first game-keeping job was on the Middleton Estate in Glenisla, and he lived in the bothy there until he was called up for active service in 1940.

People often asked why a Scotsman joined an English Regiment. The truth is that it was decided on the toss of a coin! As his best friend was a Yorkshire man, when they completed their training, they tossed a coin to decide which regiment they should join. Gordon lost and they joined the West Yorks Regiment.

For most of the war he saw action with the anti-aircraft batteries on the South coast of England, where he met his first wife Jean and was later posted to Italy and Austria.

He and Jean had three sons, Gordon, Gary and the late Alis-tair. He leaves his daughters-in-law Maggie, Jenny and the Grandchildren Debra, Kirsty, Ali and Craig; and his Great-Grandchildren Daniel, Joshua, Max and Jak.

On leaving the Army he went back to game-keeping and had various posts in the Crieff area before coming to Glenfermate in 1959 where he was head game-keeper to the Heathcoat-Amory family until his retirement in 1986.

In 1977 he married his second wife, Cath and also inherited a step-daughter Isobel and stepson John and later an additional two grandchildren, Nicola and Lisa. Gordon being a very fit man, John, who at this time was only 22 years younger, found that he had great difficulty in keeping up with him when he was taken up the hill by Gordon shortly before he retired. He once had a pedometer fitted to him for a day and recorded over 17 miles walking on the hill! After a few years at Glenfermate Gordon and Cath retired to their home in Kirkmichael.

His hobbies included fishing with his proudest moment being when he caught a 42lb salmon on the Tay. However, he admits that he had more fun catching a 3lb sea trout, which was then dutifully cooked by Cath. He was also a very good shot at clay pigeon shooting. In his retirement he enjoyed the bowling at the Blairgowrie Bowling Club. Due to the heavy bowls he used, he acquired his alias of 'Boulder Ben' and scattered many a head of bowls.

The choice of the second hymn at the funeral Service was made by his son Gordon, as he remembered his father singing to his children 'I to the hills will lift mine eyes' as a lullaby.

Sandy Webster **1939 - 2010**

Sandy Webster of Balvarran Farm, Kirkmichael, farmer, musician and friend to many, died on Sunday 14th November 2010.

Born in 1939, the youngest of seven siblings after, in order of age, John, Mamie, Bob, Dick, Ian, Keith, and then Sandy. Sandy's parents, John and Annie, were working at Drymen Castle when Sandy was born and shortly after, during the war, they moved to Dirnanean, John as shepherd. They moved on to Middleton of Glasclune when Sandy was 3 and it was at Blairgowrie High School at the age of 15 that he met Myra Ewart who was 13 at the time. They married in 1960 and he became head shepherd at The Middleton where Myra's brother Fraser worked under him for a while. Rory was born in 1961 and Ali 1963.

From the age of 8, Sandy taught himself to play the accordion having found an old "button key" lying around the house gathering dust from which he could extract a tune. He never could read music; the notes on the page or paper looked like "tadpoles" floating around the lines! But he had an amazing "ear" and if anyone wanted a tune all you had to do was hum it or sing it once or twice and he was away. At the age of 19 or 20, at Jimmy Lambie's wedding in The Kirkmichael Hotel, the bride and groom wanted a particular tune and Jimmy having whistled it twice, Sandy was able to oblige them.

Also, at the early age of 14/15, Sandy started shearing and he (shearing along with his brother Dick who died in July 1999) broke the European record for undressing "blackies", in 1960 he sheared 300 in 7 hours 17.5 minutes. He also won numerous other trophies and in 1962 was winner at The Highland Show with both hand and electric shears. Shortly after, the family left the farm at Middleton of Glasclune and Sandy went to work on the Blackwater Reservoir project but still living nearby, in a cottage at The Meadows of Ballied. He would drive a bus collecting the work force and returning them after a full day on the construction site. When the dam was finished after some three years, the family moved to Dundee but with no job prospects awaiting him. The foreman on the new Tay Road Bridge said that there was no job, but on hearing that Sandy had been "shawing neeps" during the winter, he realised this man was indeed a hard worker and promptly hired him. He worked there until the bridge was opened by H. M. The Queen Mother in 1966: three years later Brian, their youngest son, was born.

Sandy was undaunted by unemployment; he could turn his hand to anything and so started rabbit trapping and fencing on a self employed or freelance basis. In 1976, when working at Ardvorlich on the shores of Loch Earn but living at Newtyle, Myra received a visitor from the Premium Bond organisers, explaining that he had been trying to trace Sandy for several months to let him know that he had won the top prize (owning only 3 bonds!). This allowed them to buy Struan Villa with 4 acres on the edge of Rattray, and gave Sandy the opportunity, at last, to buy mule ewes from Lazenby and also rent land around and about, particularly from Ardblair.

In 1984 the family moved to Balvarran Farm from which point onwards it was plain to see that Sandy was at his happiest and very much in his element.

It was after their moves to Struan Villa and then to Balvarran that their shearing enterprise took off - just himself, Rory and Ali in the first instance, and then forming a "gang" of New Zealanders and others, necessitating the purchase of a large caravan to house his itinerant shearers. They would consistently shear 40,000 or more sheep each year all over Scotland until Sandy was in his 50's.

During all the above mentioned activities, his music was vying for first place - but it didn't feed the family - and he would often leave his "ladies" to finish off a job while he went to exercise his accordion. A well known accordionist had to dispose of his beautiful Horner Marina box and Sandy acquired it at no mean expense, having first obtained permission from a higher authority! All who have been lucky enough to hear him play this beautiful instrument have Bill Black to thank for putting it Sandy's way. One of Sandy's favourite pastimes was to play at the local schools - just to watch the children's faces glowing with pleasure. His niece Lorna (brother Dick's daughter) and Gary Mair (eventually to be her husband) together with Sandy, started The Mealluaine Celidh Band in 1992. This was a great success not just locally, and after Sandy Horne joined them they eventually produced a CD in 2009, of which Sandy was very proud.

He was diagnosed with cancer in January 2010, but had not been well for many months; getting him to take advice was not easy! No outsider ever guessed the seriousness and acuteness of the disease - he always had a smile and welcome for everyone. He will be missed by all who knew him, or were just acquainted, or heard him on his "squeeze box", or had his help at numerous sheep handlings in the locality, or as a kind, helpful and thoughtful neighbour, or as a raconteur with a great sense of humour.

His funeral at Perth Crematorium on November 24th was packed to overflowing and Myra and their three sons and daughters-in-law (plus five grandchildren and one great grandchild) would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who attended the service for their support and for all the cards and letters they have received.

Myra, Ali and Caspar (Sandy's Jack Russell terrier, which in fact was Myra's dog in the first place, but enticed away by Sandy and the lure of the quad bike) have moved to Clunie Court in Blairgowrie and it is hoped that they will be very happy, content and comfortable.

Syd Wilkinson **2010**

He died on 23rd October 2010 in his 86th year. He was a sheet metal worker in his early days, always good with his hands. His great love was climbing. After enduring a traumatic adventure in the Laddow Rocks in the Peak District when he got stuck on a climb he was helped to survive by his faith. He then went to theological college and studied to become a priest. The Church sent him to Baffin Island in the Canadian Arctic to work with the Inuit people. He integrated very well and had many adventures, travelling, hunting and climbing with them. On his return to Scotland the Church transferred Syd to Peterhead where he continued his interest in climbing and he was then invited by the famous Scots climber Tom Patey to assist him in the proposed climb of the Old Man of Hoy in 1967 along with Rusty Baille and Chris Bonnington. The achievement was filmed by the BBC and watched by over 15 million viewers. Syd had four daughters with his first wife Norma. He married for a second time Debbie. At first they lived in Cheshire, before moving north to the

PARISH REGISTER

Syd Wilkinson - continued:

Gatehouse in Ballintuim. He bought the workshop nearby and made a living there as a Joiner, Builder and Shedmaker. Latterly Syd became ill with Parkinson's Disease and they moved to the Belmont Castle Care Home together where Debbie died in 2008. On his funeral sheet were the words; "Desire may take me where few others determine to tread. Nature's glory may fill my soul, its storms strengthen my spirit but when all this has been done my wish is to return home for that is where strife has ceased, and I am content,"

John D. Blair (Jock) 1925 - 2010

Jock Blair, was born at Lagandhu Cottage, Ballintuim, was the oldest of 5 children. His father Robert was the chauffeur/gardener of the big house and his mother Molly also helped out there.

Along with his brothers Bob and Donny and sisters Joyce and Betty, he attended Ballintuim school and then went on to Blairgowrie High.

Jock had a very happy childhood and recounted many tales of adventures and scrapes he and his brother Bob got into, one involving small stones, a railway bridge and a policeman!

On leaving school he worked for the Forestry Commission, having been told outdoor work would be best for his asthma.

A few years of the outdoors experience and the freezing winter of 1947 (some things never change!) brought on a desire to find warmer working conditions and he took up an apprenticeship with Johnny Hanman in Blairgowrie, becoming a coach builder.

In 1953 Jock married (after a long engagement!) Jean who was a resident of Kirkmichael, where they set up home; having their son Michael and 3 years later Ann was born. The family moved house 3 times - all within the village!

Kirkmichael Garage had now been built and Jock took up the position as coachbuilder, going on to buy the business in 1972, and with Jean's help and a lot of hard work and good staff, they made a success of the garage which became a central meeting point in the village. They took early retirement in 1988 but stayed on in Smithy Cottage, the house they renovated.

Jock had many interests. As a young man he played the fiddle in the glen orchestra and also in the family dance band, along with Joyce, Bob & Donny. They entertained in all the local village halls, and by his own recall earning about £1 each for a nights playing.

Always good with anything mechanical and having an inventive brain, Jock. Along with his friend Gordon Sutherland constructed their own ski tow using a motorbike and a length of rope - Glenshee eat your heart out!

Jock also, for a long time, was chief fireman with the voluntary fire brigade in Kirkmichael, attending many a hill fire.

Other hobbies included gardening, angling and a keen interest in all sports, playing cricket and golf with varying degrees of failure!

Michael and Ann both married and went on to have their own families - tragedy struck when Jock's oldest grandson Brandon was killed in a road accident; this was a terrible time for all the family and although Jock kept his feelings close, he felt the loss very deeply.

His remaining grandson Richard has delighted his Papa by following in the Blair musical footsteps, playing in his own band while continuing to study at Glasgow University.

Jock had a long and happy retirement, playing and creating his lovely garden, growing a multitude of fruit and vegetables, while Jean attended to the flower beds.

Jock was a quiet, thoughtful, interesting and interested man with a keen intellect, he always had an opinion - although one may have had to wait a while to get it - not one for the snappy retort!

Jock will be greatly missed by family and friends.

One of the last Glenners.

Marjory McDougall Grewar Ritchie 1926 - 2010

Aunty Madge.

On the 26th February 1926, at Kipney cottage, Logiealmond, Isobella and James Niven Duncan became the proud parents of Marjory McDougall Grewar Duncan, Aunty Madge.

She stayed in Logiealmond for about three years till the family moved to Croft na Coil, Ballintuim. (I had to be very careful here and say Ballintuim rather than Kirkmichael!). It was here that Aunty Madge spent all her childhood days; she attended school in Ballintuim and then secondary school at Blairgowrie High. After leaving school she worked at the Trustees Savings Bank in Blairgowrie. She cycled to her work every day from Croft na Coil accompanied by her younger sister Mary who worked at Robertson and Black's. It was whilst working at the bank that Aunty Madge met her future husband Jock. After ten years at the bank she left and got married to Jock, the wedding took place at the Aldchlappie hotel on the 31st January 1953. The night before the wedding was a beautiful moonlit evening but next morning a huge storm got up which resulted in many trees being blown over and, although there was not a huge quantity of snow lying, what there was caused very large drifts. Just getting to the Aldchlappie was hard enough but both bride and groom made it. They had planned to spend the wedding night at Loch Earnhead but this proved impossible so the night was spent at the Clappie.

The early days of the marriage were spent working on Wester Bleaton but when Uncle Jock was offered a job with the Forestry Commission he took it and the couple moved to Dalnaglar in Glenshee.

Aunty Madge was in her element here with the man she loved doing what she wanted to do; with the job at the Forestry Commission came the small croft at Dalnaglar and when Uncle Jock was working in the wood Aunty Madge would be working on the farm. On top of this Aunty Madge also worked part time as a cleaner at local big houses and hotels. It was hard work but during any spare time she had Aunty Madge enjoyed wild life, baking, knitting (especially men's socks, on four needles), music and Scottish country dancing. Aunty Madge and Uncle Jock used to especially like attending the ceilidhs at the Dalruizion hotel where Broon's Reel was her out and out favourite.

Bill Maclachlan **1918 – 2011**

Bill Maclachlan has died following a long struggle with Alzheimer's.

The Maclachlans came to Enochdhu in the late seventies from the south, following a working life with Burmah Oil spent in Burma, India, Bangladesh, Pakistan and latterly the UK, with Bill becoming a main board director responsible for personnel.

After the Edinburgh Academy and Edinburgh University he joined Burmah, arriving in the country just before the outbreak of World War II whereupon he was promptly drafted into the Burma Rifles. The regiment served through the Japanese invasion of Burma during the Burma Campaign and in 1944 played no small part in thwarting Japan's ambitions to annexe India. Captain, later Lieutenant Colonel, Maclachlan, found himself in the thick of repelling the enemy's siege of Kohima which marked the turning point in the Japanese offensive into the sub-continent.

Bill and Lavender were married in Calcutta in early 1945 after the cessation of hostilities. In due course, son Mike and daughter Lee came along, as did five grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren. Always welcome at Tigh na Croft, the youngsters relished their Strathardle holiday breaks, striding out on walks around the glen, fishing in hill lochs, watching as Bill's latest creation emerged from his lathe, learning table manners.

A life mainly spent apart from the Scotland he loved made Bill all the keener to re-establish his roots – with the kirk, with the clan society, with his Edinburgh school friends, with his squeeze-box.

Together with his devoted Lavender he reached out to all in his easy way, whatever their station in life, valuing the efforts of the diffident, warming the hearts of the despondent, challenging the confident to deliver. So many recent conversations have begun 'I remember when your father gave me a chance ... showed me a kindness ... went out his way to ...'

So, please join and encourage the family at **twelve noon on Friday, 25 November in Kirkmichael Church** for a celebration of Bill's life, more remembrances and joyful thanks. Then some refreshments at the Log Cabin.

Mike & Lee Maclachlan

Janet Crichton
1924 - 2012

TRIBUTE TO JANET.

I am grateful to Ronnie, Linda and Irene for giving me the details to let me present just a little sketch of the person that was Janet Crichton

As I speak of her now, I hope that your thoughts will be prompted with your own precious memories of Janet.

Janet was born at Wester Dunidea, Kirkmichael on 26th August 1924, third daughter of John and Catherine Bayne.

She had many happy childhood memories of Balvarran cottages, where she stayed and of Rait where she spent summer holidays with her grandparents.

After leaving school she went into service and worked for Lady Owen at Altreoch and then on the farm for Geordie Roger at the Croft of Dounie.

She and her sisters enjoyed the social life in Kirkmichael - there was one dance where there was a lovely ankles competition - and the sisters won first, second and third places - of course they did not tell their father when they got home!

From Croft of Dounie, Janet left to marry Jim Crichton, her only boyfriend, whom she met when she was 15 years old through her friendship with Jessie, Jim's sister.

They were married in November 1944 and started their married life at Riverview in Kirkmichael.

During this time Janet worked on the family farm at Coltie. They then moved to The Craggan, where they had their family Ronnie, Linda and Irene.

In 1959 the family moved to The Farm in the village where Jim milked the cows and Janet bottled the milk, with few days off or ever a holiday.

In the winter of 1963 the water supply had frozen for the whole village except for The Farm as they had their own supply, so she provided the village folk with milk and water that winter.

There was a variety of work to be done on the farm and in contracting - Janet worked on neep thinning and potato planting for Ian and Ethel Duncan. Neep thinning was one of her specialities and she won many prizes in competitions for it.

It is obvious that Janet was a hard worker all her life - she only stopped dairying in her sixties.

In 1984 they moved to the Mains of Dounie. With the help of Ronnie and grandson Kevin they farmed and had a contracting business but still found the time to go for a run in the car every Sunday and have meals out after all those years without holidays. She and Jim were not ones for great travels - she spent most of her life around three miles from where she was born.

She did, however, thoroughly enjoy a trip to Ireland for her sister's grandson's wedding.

After 54 years of marriage Jim passed away on Boxing Day 1998.

Janet stayed on at the Dounie until 2006 when she moved back to The Farm, where she made lots of new friends and had a great social life, going to coffee mornings, the drop in and the clicking needles where she started knitting again which she loved to do.

She knitted for different charities and two of the outfits were chosen for the first baby born in the new year 2 years in a row.

She also enjoyed going to whist drives where she won many prizes and played until she was 86.

In 2011 she was diagnosed with cancer and felt she could no longer cope. She decided after 86 years in the Glen to move to Argus Care Home in Rosemount where she was well looked after by caring staff and had many visitors which kept her in high spirits.