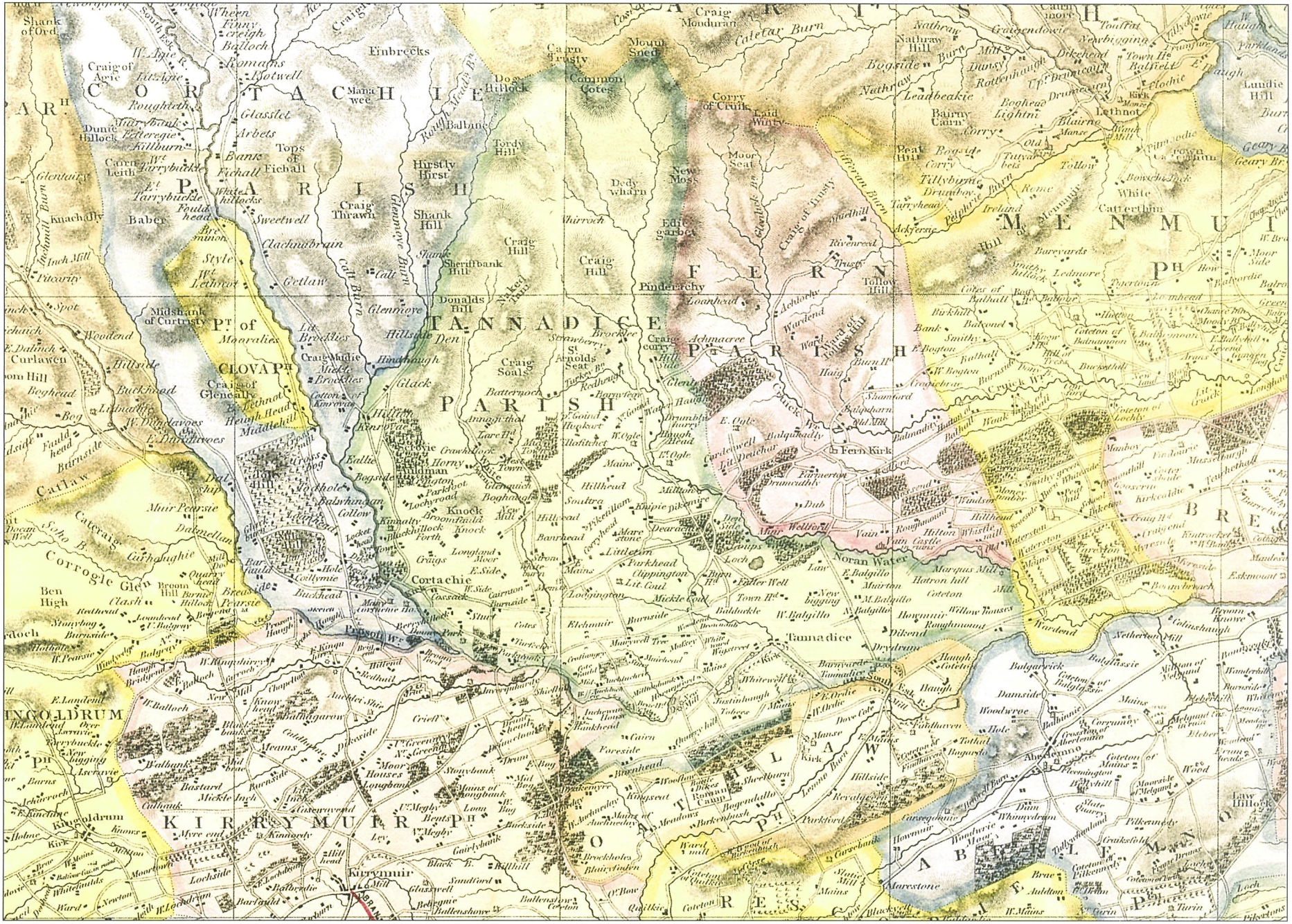
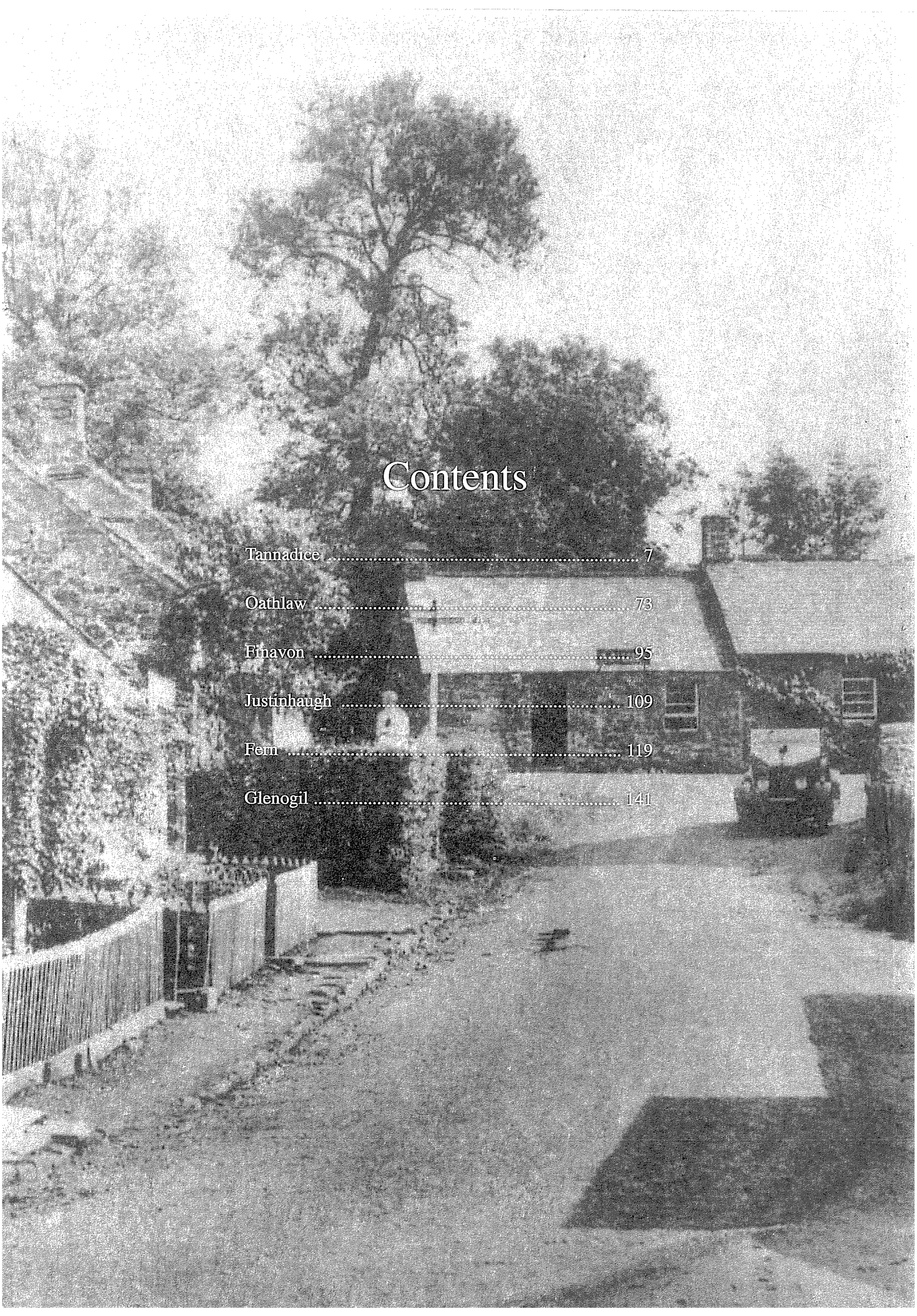
Tannadice and Beyond

Tannadice, Oathlaw, Finavon, Justinhaugh, Fern and Glenogil



A look back at the unique social history of the people of these communities,
set out in their own words and pictures


Tannadice and Beyond
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In Memory

Margaret Meakin, Kate Simpson, Jim Crabb, Charles Crabb, John Joss and George Sturrock who contributed to this book but sadly did not see it in print.

Now they are gone to rest,
We should not idly weep,
For those who loved them best,
Grudge not their sleep.

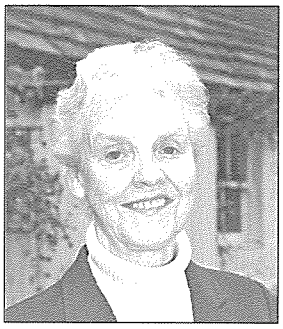
So may they sweetly rest,
And we their memory keep,
For they who loved them best,
Grudge not their sleep.

J.T.Monteith

To those who died serving their country

"Freedom of faith, freedom of speech,
Freedom from want and fear" -
This is the watchward of the true
In countries far and near,
On land, in air, and on the sea
The fight shall never cease,
Till valiant men to earth again,
Bring Victory and Peace.

J.T.Monteith



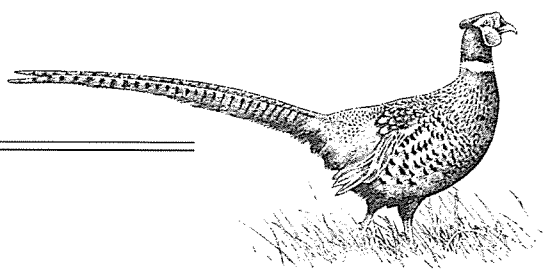
More than a year ago I happened to say that I wished someone would write a book about this area. My daughter said don't just wish it mum, just get on with it. It was she who inspired and helped me get started; thank you Kate.

A group got together and from it a committee was formed and monthly meetings arranged. We are indebted to Anne Craig from the Community Education Department helping us through all the dos and don'ts and, when Anne left, to Kathleen Shepherd continuing with the good work.

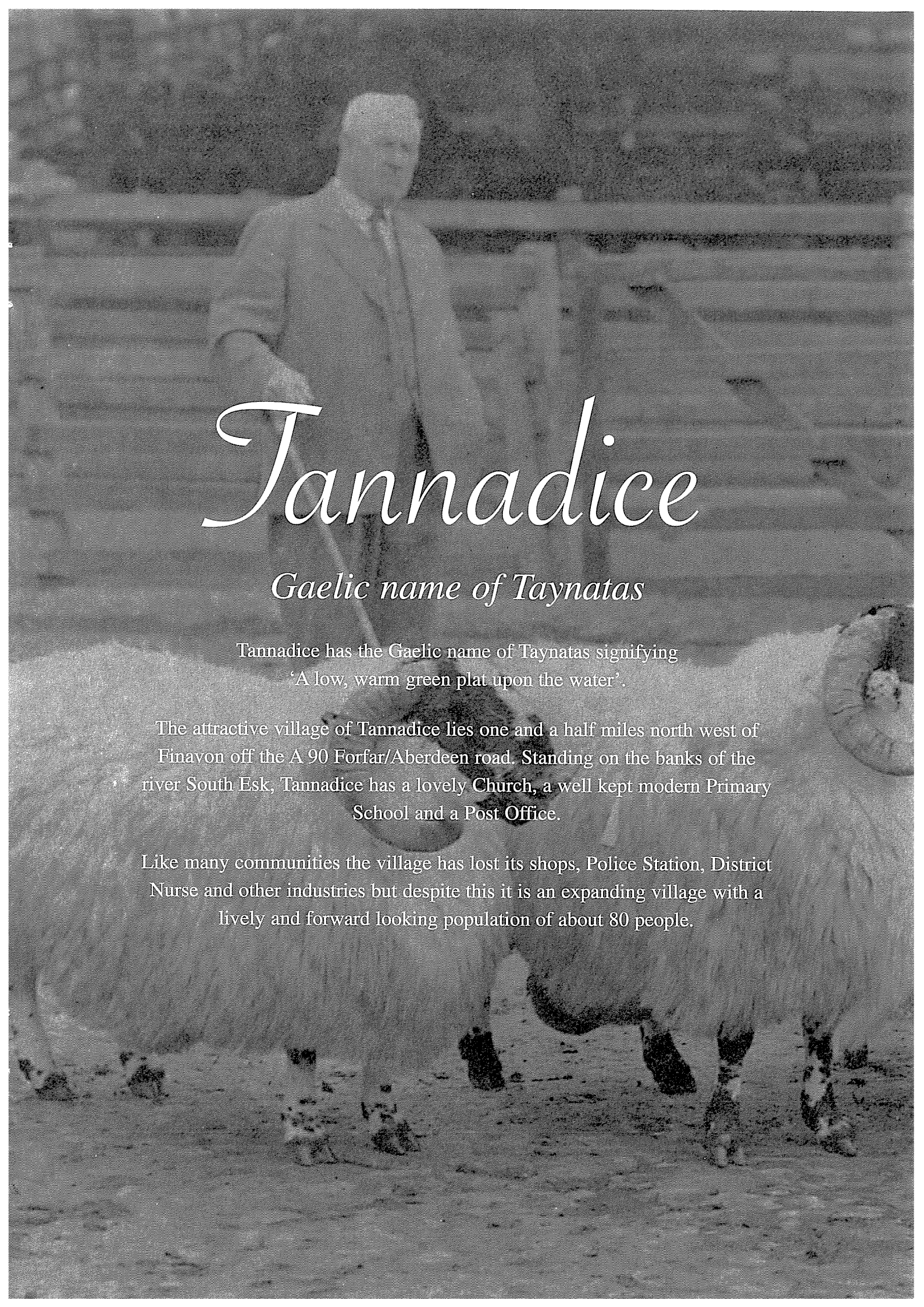
Our thanks go to all those who contributed in any way with material and photographs and not forgetting their time. During our interviews we were delighted with your stories and help. Thanks must also go to Jack Cowper our resident photographer, to Neil Gow for so often coming to our rescue and to the local firms who advertised with us. We also owe our gratitude for the support and guidance of the Angus Council Print and Design Unit. Thanks to the proof-readers, whose job could not have been an easy one. My personal thanks go to the secretaries, Lorna Bruce and Linda Chisnall for all their hard work, to Ethel Innes our treasurer who keeps a watchful eye on our bank balance and to you the committee members who have made the writing of this book so much fun. Our book group has worked very hard and through it all has retained a sense of humour. We hope you enjoy our book about the last 100 years and maybe it will inspire some of you to take up your pens and do a sequel; there is so much more we would have liked to include but time and space have deemed otherwise.

Our book would have been a non-starter without the help of the Heritage Lottery Fund, the Scottish Adult Learning Partnership and Angus Council.

It has been a lovely time for us, meeting in the comfortable and attractive setting of Oathlaw and Tannadice Church extension, truly the icing on the cake.



Isla Monteith



Tannadice

Gaelic name of Taynatas

Tannadice has the Gaelic name of Taynatas signifying 'A low, warm green plat upon the water'.

The attractive village of Tannadice lies one and a half miles north west of Finavon off the A 90 Forfar/Aberdeen road. Standing on the banks of the river South Esk, Tannadice has a lovely Church, a well kept modern Primary School and a Post Office.

Like many communities the village has lost its shops, Police Station, District Nurse and other industries but despite this it is an expanding village with a lively and forward looking population of about 80 people.



In 1997 photographer Jack Cowper captured this spectacular view of the comet named Hale Bopp as it appeared in the night sky over Tannadice Church. The comet was last visible from earth in 2600 BC.



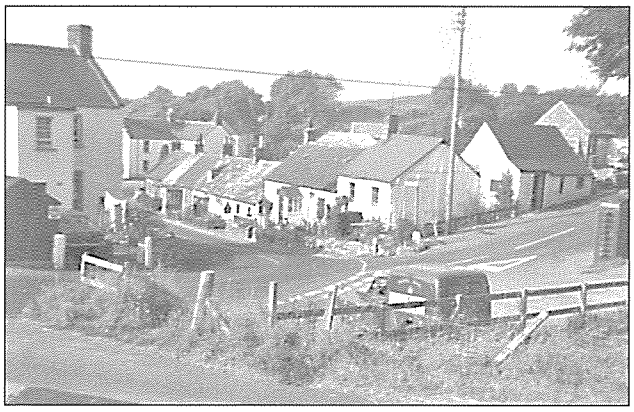
Tannadice and Oathlaw WRI

From left to right: Mrs Grant, Mrs Batchelor, Mrs Sturrock and Miss Robbie

The 27th birthday party of Tannadice and Oathlaw W.R.I was held on 27th September 1952 in Botany Hall at which a presentation of a handbag was made to Mrs Batchelor, Hon. President and orginal member since 1925, by the only other two orginal members Mrs Sturrock and Miss Robbie.

Tannadice Shop and Post Office 1964 - 1980 by Mrs Betty Milne

My husband Jim and I took over the shop in 1964 and were there for over 16 years. This was a very happy but busy time for us and, when the time came for us to leave, we were very sorry to say goodbye.



Shop in Mrs Milne's day

Although Jim had previously worked on farms, he did sometimes help in the shop but eventually went to work in Forfar at Reekie's garage, which was later taken over by Stout Bros. The shop was attached to the house so this allowed us to be open for business practically all day.

We opened up at 6.30am for the newspapers, milk and bread deliveries. All the newspaper orders were dealt with first. It was then that a van with young prisoners from Noranside Borstal arrived and an officer would bring them into the shop to buy sweets etc. before they continued on their journey to Forfar, where they worked in the factories.

The next busy spell would be when the school buses arrived. The children came in from Finavon, Careston, Fern, Noranside, Glenogil, Justinhaugh, Crieff Terrace, Bogindollo, etc, on buses from Jimmy Bean's, Brechin, Meffan's, Kirriemuir, and Bob Davidson's of Forfar. The children would swarm into the shop to spend their 'piece money' before walking up the brae to the school.

We always tried to keep as much stock as possible to cover for every eventuality - not too many people ever left empty-handed. We sold paraffin for heaters and almost every grocery item you could imagine, fresh fruit and vegetables, cigarettes and tobacco. A supply of Bogey Roll tobacco had to be kept for the two main Village pipe-smokers, Atholl Benzie and Chae McQuattie. We had everything from nappy pins to knitting pins.

We had many good and reliable suppliers: Watson and Philip of Dundee, Gellatly of Brechin for bread, Dewar Rhynd of Kirriemuir for cakes and pies, Strathmore Meats of Forfar, McKnight's of Balbeggie for fruit and vegetables, lemonade from Hay's, Strathmore Springs and Campbell's. There was a constant stream of deliveries and sales representatives coming in all day long.

During our time in the Post Office, decimalisation came into being. Although it was a little confusing at the beginning, it did make the accounting very much easier. We always had to try and ensure we had enough money for Pensions, Family Allowance and Benefits to be paid out.

It was a rare treat for us to get away on holiday but when we did, we would be waved off by flag-waving villagers - most memorably by the Rev. James Dempster Taylor and his wife, Lena. We would go away with the caravan for about a week, usually to the north and west of Scotland and sometimes to the Lake District.

The shop was kept in safe hands run mainly by Peggy Todd and Betty Wood but many other good friends and villagers would help out. Jim Stewart and Jimmy Mac would cover for all the jobs and errands that required a car. There was a great community spirit and everyone helped us when they could.

Although there was a telephone box in the village, most people did not have phones in their houses so we often accepted incoming calls for them.

We supplied groceries etc. for most of the camps at Tannadyce House for the scouts and cubs who camped there. Major Neish referred to the shop as the *'Fortnum and Mason of Tannadice'*.

The shop was open seven days from about 6.30am to 10pm and still on the odd occasion someone would knock at the house-door after we had closed. The only days we closed were Christmas Day and New Year's Day - but there was always someone at the door who



Jim and Betty Milne, May 1985, in the garden of the dairyman's cottage

had forgotten something. The shop was a great meeting place for everyone to keep up with each other's news and views; many debates would be held in the shop and most ended up on a good and humorous note. Managing to keep my customers happy gave me great satisfaction. I often think of the fun we had, the challenges which were overcome and the friendships which were made.

Saturday evenings would see a queue of men hovering outside the shop eagerly awaiting the delivery of The Sporting Post and The Evening Telegraph. During the tattie-picking and berry seasons, mid-evening in the shop was hectic as everyone needed fresh bread and 'things for pieces' for the next day.

My greatest regret is that there is no longer a shop in Tannadice. I think back to the changing of the currency to the metric system, and to the times we had scarcities such as salt and cereals. People would at times come from the towns to purchase items which were scarce.

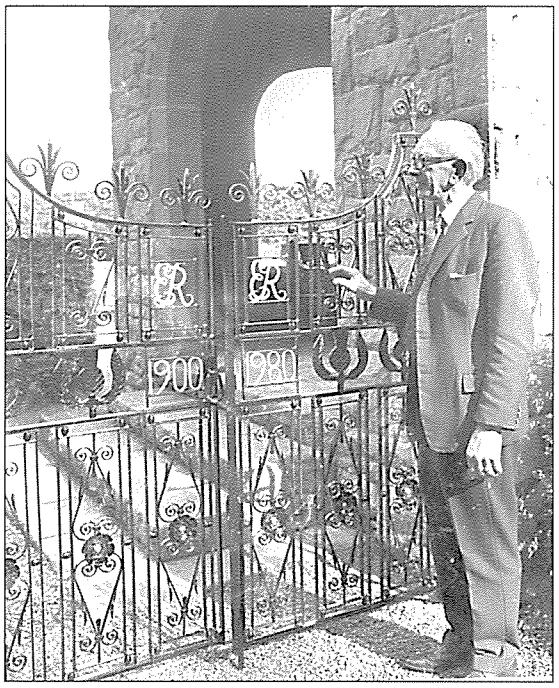
Despite the odd crisis from time to time, once it had been overcome we went happily on to the next challenge and I found that managing to keep all my customers supplied, although keeping me busy, was an enjoyment I shall never forget.

I now live in Forfar but I still return to Tannadice to attend Church and some social events, and to see my many friends there.

The shop was a great meeting place for everyone to keep up with each other's news and views; many debates would be held in the shop and most ended up on a good and humorous note.

The Memorial Wrought-Iron Gates at Glamis Castle

In recognition of his skills, George Sturrock of Baldoukie Smiddy was asked to make a set of wrought iron gates to celebrate the 80th birthday of the Queen Mother in 1980.



George Sturrock at the Glamis wrought-iron gates which he made

The work was carried out privately at the smiddy over 4-5 months prior to the installation of the striking gates at the entrance to the Italian Garden at Glamis where you can still see them in place. On the day of the presentation to the Queen Mother, George and Jessie were joined by two other tradesmen and their wives in a private ceremony on Glamis estate. The Earl and Countess of Strathmore hosted the event.

These lovely gates are well worth a visit in their own right, with the added bonus that they were crafted by a well known and much loved local blacksmith.



Queen Mother, Earl and Countess of Strathmore, George and Jessie Sturrock

Life on the Land with Andrew Ballie

Mr and Mrs George Ballie with their five children came to work for Mr J. Stewart, Mill of Tannadice. Andrew, who was the youngest of the family attended Tannadice School and, on leaving there at 14 years old, got his first fee to work for Mr John Lamont of Boggie Farm.

Like most workers of the land, he moved around various farms. When in 1937 he went to work for Mrs R. Grant and her son, Bob, at West Mains of Whitewell, his wage for six months was £53 plus milk, meal and tatties. Belford's baker's van came twice weekly with a variety of goods. At Whitewell there were three men in the bothy. Andrew was responsible for the first pair of horses, the second man for the next pair, and the 'loon' did odd jobs. Meals were not too bad in the bothy with semolina and cheese always on the menu. Of course eggs were to be had, provided they came from the stable - anywhere else was out of bounds! On his weekend visits home, Andrew's Mum did his washing and always made sure he had a supply of food to take back to the bothy. That's what Mums are for!



Wm. Lindsay Sen. and Andrew Ballie with prize winning Blackface Rams

It was from Whitewell that Andrew went to his first ploughing match at Haughs of Finavon Farm. The horses, a white pair named York and Speed, were used by Fred Scott his brother-in-law and were led by Andrew. The hard work done by Harry, Fred's brother, on the shining harness and turnout of horses, not forgetting the grooming of York and Speed by Andrew, was well-rewarded that day. On his way home from the ploughing match with his horses, he dropped into Finavon shoppie for a packet of 'fags'. Popping his head round the doorway to ask for his cigarettes, he was joined by one of his horses 'Speed' and the next thing he heard was the owner shouting *"Dinna bring that beast in here"*. Andrew made a hasty retreat! As a matter of interest Speed originally came from Canada; maybe all he wanted to say was *"Have a good day!"*

In 1940 Andrew went to work for Mr Will Lindsay, farmer at Eskhill, and it was from him that he learned many different aspects of farming. It was also from Mr Lindsay that he gained his knowledge of sheep, as he was a well-known and successful breeder of Blackface Sheep. All this knowledge was to stand him in good stead when he went to Glamis Estate to be farm manager, winning Reserve Champion and First Prize on more than one occasion with that breed. Andrew's other interest was ploughing matches, at which he was often a judge. In 1967 he was given the honour of judging at the Scottish Championship Ploughing Association Match in Edinburgh.

While at Eskhill, he married Eva Wallace in 1942 and started married life at nearby Kingsbridge. They have three daughters, Lena, and twins Barbara and Muriel.



Andrew Ballie with his horses York and Speed at Forfar and District Ploughing Match at Haughs of Finavon 1940

The band members earned ten shillings each then for a night's playing.

When he was fee'd to Mr Lindsay the pay was £78 for six months. One day Andrew said to his boss that a neighbour was offering £80 to which came the quick reply *"Aye, but would you work there for £80?"* Andrew, when he was at Eskhill, cut Mr Lindsay's hair and remarked that, if he had paid him two shillings and sixpence every time he had given him a haircut, he would have made quite a bit of money! *"Maybe so, but you were doing it in my time"* said the boss - Andrew still has the hair-cutters!

A push-bike was Andrew's first means of transport and then at 18 years old he bought a motor-bike for £3. When at Eskhill, he graduated to a car, a second-hand Morris 8 at the cost of £60. Things were looking up!

Back in 1939 Mrs Grant was needing a band to play at a W.R.I. Dance in Oathlaw School and suggested that Andrew who played the accordion should team up with Chay Mudie, a blacksmith at Clatterha', who played the fiddle, and so the Four Star Band was born. Joining them was Chic Cormack on the accordion and Jim Simpson on drums. The band members earned ten shillings each then for a night's playing. They played at many venues and it wasn't until he went to work as farm manager for Strathmore Estate that Andrew eventually hung up his accordion.

Most of his life Andrew has been blessed with good health except in 1941 when he was rushed to Dundee Royal Infirmary with meningitis. He was three weeks in hospital and only when he had fluid taken off his spine did he feel better.

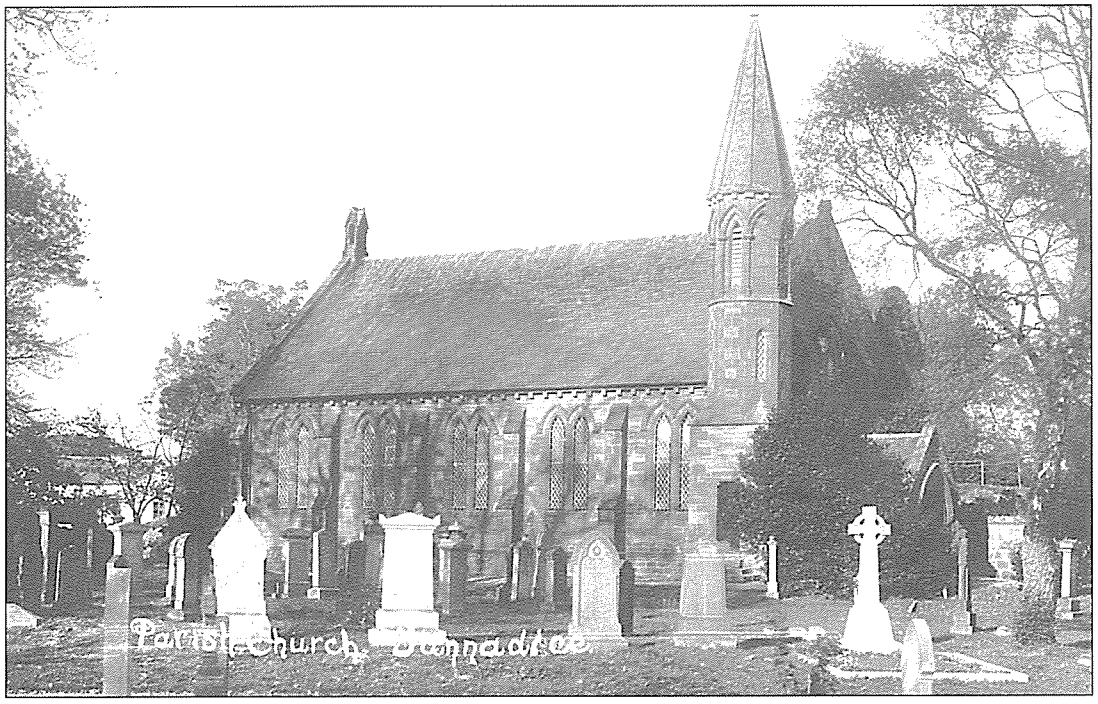
Now living in Herdhill Cottage, Kirriemuir, Andrew is retired and with Eva his wife enjoys a well-earned rest; that is when he isn't working! He keeps in touch with the family of the late Mr Will Lindsay, with whom he was employed for 23 years, and from whom he learned so much.



Four Star Band - Button key accordians: Chic Cormack and Andrew Ballie, Drummer: Jim Simpson, Fiddler: Chay Mudie

The Parish Church of St Arnold's, Tannadice, now known as Oathlaw Tannadice Church

There has almost certainly been a place of worship on the site of the present church in Tannadice since the 7th century, if not the 5th century.



The Parish Church, Tannadice, early 1900

It was probably a Celtic foundation of St Adamnan (the name was later adapted to St. Arnold), who was the biographer of his kinsman, St Columba. He is known to have travelled extensively in Angus in the conversion of the Celtic Church to Roman usages.

In 1187 Pope Gregory VIII granted a Confirmation Charter of the Church of Tanedas to the Priors and Canons of St Andrews, and in 1242 the Kirk of Tanatheys was dedicated by Bishop David de Bernham of St Andrews. He laid down standards for the priests and equipment in his churches, including *"let the font be not of wood but of stone and of becoming appearance, and let it not be put to other uses"*. In the porch is a pre-Reformation font, possibly from as early as the 13th century, but it is said that at one time the women of the village used it as a dye-pot in which to dye their yarn.

The church remained Episcopalian after the Reformation, but a Presbyterian Minister was eventually elected in 1716.

Until the 19th century the church building was very old and basic, though still with a chancel and oriel window indicating its Roman origins. The floor had rough stones embedded in it and the seats were described as a source of discomfort to the congregation. The church seated 650 people. In 1846 a new church was built, but on 4th March 1866 it caught fire through overheating, leaving only the walls standing. In the autumn of that year the present church was opened with seating for 500.

In 1901 the then Minister, Rev Charles Stewart, was presented with an inscribed set of Communion Silver by the Women's Guild. It consists of a flagon, 2 cups and 2 plates in a fitted wooden box.

During the second half of the century there have been several reorganisations of the parishes in the area. In 1962 the churches of Oathlaw and Tannadice were linked. The two parishes were then united and linked with Fern, Careston and Menmuir in 1982. This linkage was dissolved in 1997 and Oathlaw Tannadice Church was linked with St Andrews Church in Kirriemuir.

The St Columba and St Francis windows at the west end of the church were donated in 1976 in memory of the 2nd Lord Forres of Glenogil. In 1992 when it was decided to close Oathlaw Church it was felt important to retain the Oathlaw War Memorial windows. These have been mounted on the north wall of Tannadice Church. The window on the left was made by James Ballantyne in 1923 and that on the right was designed by Neil Hamilton in 1949.

Major alterations were made to the church in the late 1960s. The nave was shortened to form a vestibule and the dark pews were replaced with pews from St James's Church, Forfar, when it was closed. Further changes took place in 1994 to extend the area around the Communion table. A new cross was hung above the pulpit. This is made of iron and was designed and crafted by a member, Tony Fleming. There is now seating for 180 downstairs and 90 in the balcony which is accessed from a door in the tower.

Plans for an extension were developed in 1998. The small vestry was replaced by two rooms to accommodate the Sunday School and Community meetings. A toilet and small kitchen are also included.

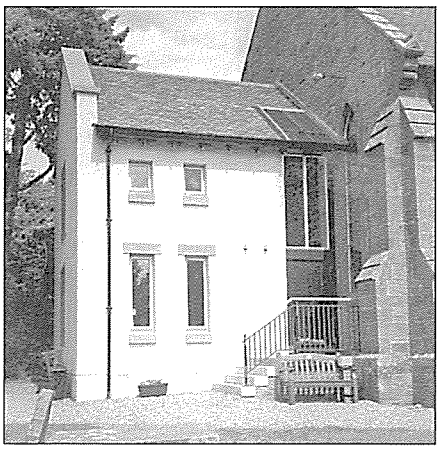
As the foundations were being dug in 2002 archaeologists recovered about fifty bodies, some dating from as early as the 12th century. These were reinterred in the church graveyard.

Ministers of the church since 1900

1895/1902	Rev Charles Stewart
1902/1907	Rev David Fraser Liddle
1908/1916	Rev Brodie S. Gilfillan
1917/1921	Rev Charles E Forster
1921/1925	Rev W R Smart
1925/1929	Rev D Macgilvray Beaton
1930/1961	Rev James McMurray
1962/1964	Rev George Hudson
1965/1982	Rev J Dempster Taylor
1982/1986	Rev A M Mackinnon
1989/1996	Rev Andrew Jolly
1997/2001	Rev W McCulloch
2002	Rev D J Taverner

The Church Today

In 2004 the Church of Oathlaw/Tannadice linked with St Andrew's Kirriemuir continues to thrive under the care of The Rev. David Taverner.



Tannadice Church extension

We now have an extension to the church and a very attractive one at that. The first Saturday of each month we hold a coffee morning. As well as raising funds for the church and other good causes, it is a sociable event and we catch up with all the gossip!

The extension is also used by the Guides and Brownies, the Women's Group, the Toddlers and Mums, the Tannadice and District Book Group; from time to time Computer classes are held and of course meetings of the various Church committees.

Within the Church itself, our Sunday school continues to grow under the guidance of a keen bunch of ladies, Linda Chisnall, Dorothy Gow, Susan Grieve, Keiko Hay and Helen Murrie. Before the children leave for Sunday school, and the little tots to the crèche, run by Urszula Kordecki and Ailsa Simpson, they are treated to a story from the Minister. The stories are enjoyed by young and old or should I say, not so young, and are certainly thought provoking.

We are very fortunate to have such enthusiastic Elders and Congregational Board. The lovely music is supplied

by our resident organist Nancy Davidson and even we not so good singers rise to the occasion. When Nancy is not available to play, Lorraine Francis ably steps into the breach. Lorraine lives in Luthermuir but of course her late parents Betty and Bruce Findlay of Easter Balgillo and their family were well known and respected in the district. Lorraine's playing is also a delight to sing along with.

Our church always has attractive flower displays, thanks to the ladies of the congregation. Mary and Tom Stewart look after our church as well as having lovely flowers blooming at both doors.

As Nancy says in her story of our church, there has been a place of worship on this site since the 7th or even the 5th century and today 2004 we continue to worship in this quiet and peaceful place.



1992: Rev Andrew Jolly with elders at time of 750th Anniversary of Oathlaw Tannadice Church.

Back L to R: George Paterson, Isobel Lawson, Ruth Leslie-Melville, Kate Simpson, Robin Wardhaugh.

Front L to R: Nancy Davidson, Alex Proctor (session clerk), Rev Andrew Jolly, George Robertson and Jim Wilkie

Ramblings of Ed Innes

My parents retired from farming in 1946 and we moved to Tannadice from Glen Lethnot. I attended Tannadice School for a short time only before reaching leaving age. As soon as we arrived in Tannadice, I joined the Boy Scouts, which I enjoyed immensely under the leadership of the great Major Jock Neish, and today I am still a committee member of the Old Scouts Association.



Ed Innes

We were settled in time for the big snowstorm in 1947, when the snow-drifts were as high as the telegraph poles in Broomhill Road. Because of the depth of snow, no delivery vans could reach the village and we either had to walk or ski to Finavon in order to collect provisions.

Hard frosts followed the snowfall, and as there were no mechanical snow clearing machines in those days, all the clearing and digging had to be done by hand and lasted from February to April.

On leaving school, I started an apprenticeship as a blacksmith in Brechin. My weekly pay was 28 shillings per week. I finished my training with Mr. Mudie at Clatterha' Smithy.

One of the local farmers used to bring his donkeys to the smiddy to have their feet attended to. We didn't

look forward to this job, as the donkeys always refused to walk into the shed, so had to be lifted and carried in (no mean feat).

My next employment was at Broom Farm, to be interrupted by National Service. I did my army training at Woolwich, and later served in Germany as a Lance Bombardier in the Royal Artillery.

On demob, I returned to Broom Farm where eventually I was given the job of driving the farm lorry and doing tractor work.

I met my wife Ethel in 1954 and we married in 1959. We lived at the Broom for a number of years and then moved to Tannadice Village to my parents' house. We brought up two sons, Roy was born in 1961 and Gavin followed three years later. Both still live and work quite locally.

I remember many bad winters in the 1950's and 1960's. Angus Council supplied snow-ploughs to various farms, the Broom being one of them. My job was to drive the tractor and snow-plough round the outlying areas - Glenogil, Auchnacree, Fern, Noranside and Finavon. The local roadman, Mr Alex Duncan used to accompany me, and there being no room for him on the tractor, he used to sit in the middle of the snow-plough. When we hit a big snow-drift, the snow flew right over him and he used to disappear from sight, only to reappear like the abominable snowman. There were no cabs on the tractors as there are now, and we sat out in all weathers.

In the early 1960's, we had a particularly heavy fall of snow and as the Broom was a dairy farm, the milk had to be collected each day. The vans were unable to reach the farm, therefore the cans of milk had to be transported to Finavon on the main road by tractor, often taking four or five hours to struggle the one and a half miles.

Farm workers moved around quite a lot at that time, some only staying six months or a year then moving on to the next farm. One of my tasks was to transport the families and all their belongings to their new home by cattle float. This had to be scrubbed and cleaned before each outing. I must have moved dozens of families over the years, but one in particular I remember vividly. The worker's wife was heavily



Ed Innes at the Angus Show

pregnant, and was taken to the maternity hospital that very evening. A close shave indeed (for me that is)! Many of the families had no car or other means of transport of their own, and had to join me in the lorry cab, with their pet cats and dogs.

I remained at Broom Farm for 33 years in all, gaining my long service medal, then moved to Noranside Prison in 1983 as a civilian worker there. I enjoyed my time at Noranside, firstly working with young offenders, and then the adult prisoners. Working shifts was completely new to me, but I thoroughly enjoyed having the morning at home one week and the afternoon off the following week.

On Christmas day 1995, there was a severe blizzard and all the roads were blocked. The heating broke down in the prison and I needed to get there to repair it. My colleague Jim Smart and I set off on foot to walk the five miles to the prison in blizzard conditions. We left the road and went cross-country, making sure we stayed close to the fences. It was all done in the line of duty, but it was nice for Jim and me to be given a commendation from the prison governor for courage and commitment. We commuted the remainder of the week by tractor, as the roads were impassable for other vehicles.

After fifteen years with the Prison Service, I retired in 1998 and now spend much of my time walking, cycling and gardening. Ethel and I like taking holidays in the sun, and spend as much time as possible with our three grandchildren.

Tannadice Estate and School Memories by David Beattie

My parents arrived at Tannadice Estate sometime during 1927, my father to be head gamekeeper. I was born at Tannadice two years later, the same year as the then Mrs Neish departed this life. Anything I may write about prior to this time has been gleaned from my parents and they in turn from estate people there before them.



Tannadyce House

Tannadyce House was something of a showplace. The name of the house was spelt Tannadyce as far back as I can remember, but with the passage of time, seems to have become Tannadice as the village name is spelt. Apparently it did not quite make the grade as what was then known as a 'gentleman's residence'. To qualify for that distinction you needed some twenty-one servants actually employed within the house. Tannadyce House failed by a margin of two as there were only nineteen household staff and by today's standards that is a tremendous number, but these large houses were very labour-intensive. There would be a butler, assistant butler, cooks, dining-room staff, chambermaids and laundry staff. As Tannadyce House had its own laundry and most of the staff had freshly laundered uniforms each day, this facility was as much for the benefit of the staff as for the owners!

My memory of Tannadice Estate, as a boy, was just how permanent and well ordered everything was. At that time Major and Mrs Neish had both died and Captain C.F.I. Neish had taken over as the new owner- so not everything was so permanent!

The Neish family must have been very proud owners of their home and its grounds, and I believe it was not unknown for the late Major Neish to berate ladies who dared to walk on the treasured driveway with high-heeled shoes! At this time there was a man whose sole job was to look after the drive, and this was true all the time I was there.

My first real experience of the 'big house' came round about 1932 or 1933 when it was decided to modernise all the estate houses. For some reason the head gamekeeper's house was to be first in line for this work to be carried out. Why did these houses require to be updated? Well, in our case, there were no fewer than seven of us living in the cottage. In reality it was a one-bedroomed house, with a further bed space in the living room. The house had no running water. The heating came from an open fire with three bars across the front and, bolted to this was a triangular structure known as a swey. This was swung over the fire and had a chain and hook suspended from it, on which to hang pots and pans for cooking and boiling water. Of course the fire also kept us warm. To this day I cannot believe how my mother managed to feed all seven of us with so few facilities. Each night, summer and winter, two buckets of water had to be drawn from a pump, which stood in the garden. Our living room floor was laid with flagstones. The walls had grey painted wood on the lower half and the top was in red ochre. The ceiling was whitened with a lime wash. The only toilet was a dry lavatory fifty yards from the house, and in high summer it was just as well that it was at this distance! Then of course there was the 'midden'. In the winter nights the only lighting was by a single wick paraffin lamp. Yes, our home was in much need of an update, but probably no more than others in the surrounding countryside.

Where were we, as a family, to go while the house was extensively renovated? The solution was no less than to the 'big house' itself! The house had been closed for about two years and for myself to move into what was the main house on the estate was sheer paradise! We were moved into what were the servants' quarters on the ground floor. After living in the somewhat cramped

quarters of the Kennels, the space available to us now was unbelievable, as we had the use of the entire ground floor. Well, not quite, as in the middle of our new house stood a grey painted door, which was always kept locked. The reason for it being locked was that behind it lay the wine cellar! I never found out if there were bottles of wine in this cellar but I imagine there were. All those country homes laid down large stocks of wine and it was only two years since the major had died. It should not be imagined that our pleasure in being there was just in the house itself but also in the beautifully kept grounds that surrounded it. The Estate boasted a beautiful rose garden, well kept lawns, a rockery that the late Mrs Neish had built, and a bowling green. Yes, Tannadice House had its own bowling green! Eventually when the squash court was no longer required, the S.M. (Scoutmaster) took the opportunity to convert it to a swimming pool for the scouts. This meant building an extension to accommodate the boiler. When the pool was to be used it took two days in advance to heat the water. Many, many scouts who would have had no opportunity to do so, learned to swim there.

Previously under Major and Mrs Neish, Tannadice House had quite a reputation as a sporting place; shooting, cricket, tennis and bowls all being played at a very high level. The bowling green, although well kept, was not of regulation size, but that was all to change. In 1939 a new site was chosen and work was well under way, but it came to a sudden end with the outbreak of World War II. I think it was about 1937 that the most tragic accident in the history of Tannadice House took place when Mr Robertson, the head forester, was killed. Late on a Monday afternoon a tree was being felled in the wood behind the bungalow when something went drastically wrong. Instead of falling as intended, the tree swung round and caught Mr Robertson a glancing blow, which was sufficiently strong to send him flying backwards head first into a dry stone wall. He was taken to Forfar Infirmary where he died on the Thursday. I can still remember as a young lad walking to school with his sons, their sleeves patched at the elbows with black diamonds. It was my first experience of anything so dreadful and I still remember the sadness of that terrible incident.

Another terrible but totally unrelated event took place on the 31st January 1953. I am sure many will remember the storms that swept Scotland, and on that day the ferry, "Princess Victoria" sank while crossing the Irish Sea. It was a Saturday, and on that day whole woodlands disappeared. I met the S.M., as we referred to our scoutmaster, the next day, while he was out inspecting the damage. He was close to tears when the extent of the destruction was revealed, as he was a great lover of trees, and many mature specimens were destroyed.

Another tragic event was the devastation caused by the fire in Tannadice House. It happened, I think, in about 1884, and I remember on one occasion S.M. gave the Rover Scouts a short talk on it. I am sure he had photographs of the burnt-out shell and I wish now I had paid more attention to what he said. I am sure the 'Golden Years' of Tannadice Estate probably lay between 1880 and the 1920's, but for me they would have been between 1930 and 1940. During that period everything was well tended and cared for. The S.M. had taken over the running of the estate and at that time employed six gamekeepers, six foresters and six gardeners. He had a lovely new bungalow built, of which he was intensely proud, and he now set about enhancing it further by building a beautiful rock garden in front of it. To create the rockery, red sandstone was blasted at a quarry above Easter Bagillo. Sometime in the mid 1930s he built an extension to the main garden wall and created a glorious herbaceous border. Again my main memory of this time was how well everything was maintained.

I recall a conversation with the S.M. when he told me it had cost £1200 to build the bungalow. A drop in the ocean now, but at that time it should be remembered that to build a four-roomed house would have cost no more than £250. When telling me of this, he went on to

Tannadice House was something of a showplace. The name of the house was spelt Tannadyce as far back as I can remember, but with the passage of time, seems to have become Tannadice as the village name is spelt.

say that a friend of his, who had been a partner in a legal practice in Edinburgh, and then retired to Hillside near Montrose, liked his home so much he decided that he would build a replica. He later found he couldn't, for the cost was just too great. I can still recall the quiet smile of satisfaction on S.M.'s face when relating the story to me.

As for the employees on the estate, a couple were real characters. The first was Daffie Gibson. To meet Daffie early on a summer's evening probably meant that you would leave him near midnight - a most likeable man! The second was Chay McKenzie, the head gardener. It was only years later I learned he had been a foot soldier in the trenches during the First World War - actually he was a soldier in Capt Neish's battalion in the Black Watch. I was to learn not only was Chay a soldier but he was also a regimental piper and this immediately put him amongst the bravest of the brave. Because of the inspiration pipers gave to soldiers in battle, the Germans hated them and invariably they became a target for the German gunners. Perhaps with this knowledge it is little wonder Chay became from time to time a little wayward.

My parents spoke once or twice about flooding which happened in 1923 and recalled that the lodge house at the east end of the drive had a mark on the fireplace which showed just how high the water level had reached. To me this was inconceivable that the South Esk was that high, but I was wrong.

I finished my National Service in August 1951 and I think that it was in November that year that the unlikely happened. One Sunday morning it started raining, it rained all day, it rained all the next day, and was still raining on Tuesday. By that night the Esk had risen to such an extent that the drive was flooded, the lower parks were flooded, and, just as in 1923 the lodge was also flooded and the then occupant Mrs Barrie had to be evacuated. It was the end of the lodge as a dwelling house for shortly afterwards the lead was stolen from the roof, and it was never lived in again. When we lived in the head keeper's cottage, our address was The Kennels, Cadger's Path, Finavon. It turned out that Cadger's Path came from a wide pathway that ran diagonally through the home wood quite near to our house. The cadgers were apparently fisher folk who walked all the way from near Aberdeen to trade their fish. Where they traded their fish I have no idea; they must have forded the River South Esk somewhere near Whitewell. The only other trace of this long disused path that I know of lies alongside the Brechin Golf Course. It is possible even that has disappeared, because a few years ago the golf course was altered drastically. By today's standards it seems a very long way to walk.

Perhaps I should try to define Tannadice Estate. Broadly speaking, the estate was divided into two quite separate parts. The first, known as the Home Policies, was all the land attached to the big house covering an area of approximately 100 acres. It was bordered on the north side by the Finavon to Tannadice road and on the south by the river South Esk, and ran for about a mile from east to west. Within this area stood the home woods, the lawn park and about one mile of fishing rights on the South Esk. The lawn parks were known as such because at one time the whole area, about 40 acres, had been sown with fine quality grass seed - long before my time. In addition, there was an extensive walled garden along with potting sheds and greenhouses. Tannadice house stood on high ground overlooking this lovely parkland with a view down to the river, really an idyllic situation. The second part of the estate was all the ground that lay outside the aforementioned area, and, in the thirties, consisted of no less than seven excellent farms and standing areas of timber. The farms were Nether Balgillo, Easter Balgillo, Wester Balgillo, Barnyards, Corrie, Howmuir and Haughs of Finavon. For some reason it was decided to sell off Wester Balgillo, which was then renamed the Broom. The decision to sell that farm seemed a strange one, because, in those days, the landed gentry parted with land usually with great reluctance.

To this point I've written about the upside of Tannadice Estate, but very shortly we were about to see the downside. This was brought about by a man who had no connection with the Estate; indeed, he didn't even know such an estate existed. He lived in Germany and was called Adolf Hitler.

In September 1939 war broke out and once more, although we didn't realise it at that point, it was to become a world-wide war and was to last six years. However, Tannadice had already survived one terrible war and we saw no reason to doubt it would survive yet

another. It did survive, but in a totally different manner. Within six months all the young men had gone to the armed forces, the estate's 3-ton lorry was commandeered as was the van which had been adapted to carry passengers - mostly scouts. The estate could have lasted some time without showing much sign of wear and tear but certainly not for six years. Even when the war was over, crippling taxation meant the manpower previously available was no longer affordable. By this time there was only one gamekeeper, one gardener, and at the most, two foresters. Looking from the outside, maybe there didn't seem much damage but that was far from being correct. All the lawn parks had been ploughed up for food production and this meant all the farm machinery travelled up and down the driveways and by the end of the war they were in a dreadful state.

Another feature which led indirectly to this decline was the fact that when the war went badly for Britain and France in 1940, a local defence force was formed and the then Captain Neish was placed in charge of it. For the next three years or so, it became almost a full time occupation for him. It was a position he took up with great enthusiasm but really left the estate without effective management.

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Certainly the walled garden and the hot-houses had survived, but even the one full time gardener finally left. Glass became broken and wasn't replaced; tree seedlings entered the greenhouses and grew to such an extent that they finally demolished the entire roof. It really was a very sad end to something which at one time had been rather special. Major Neish died during October 1977 and one year later the big house was once again vacated, but this time just left to rot. Sometime about 1983, I entered once again, through a broken window of what had been my family home only to find the stairways and floors in an advanced state of decay - it simply was no longer safe to even stand on the floor. You could actually see through the floor to the landing below. The Bungalow was now in the hands of a caretaker and the rockery, upon which so much care and attention had been lavished, was also left to the ravages of nature.

As yet I've not written about the man who owned all this property, Major CFI Neish; the third generation, at least, of this family to run Tannadice Estate. No doubt others will write about him, but for myself, he was the most remarkable man I ever had the pleasure of meeting, and I was in contact with him for something like forty years - a man of many talents. Here was this person, quite a wealthy man, the owner of all this land, yet, in so many ways he chose to live a great deal with quite ordinary working folk, especially young people.

From personal experience, you could call at his home at almost any time, and, providing he was not engaged with someone else, you would be made welcome. Prior to the outbreak of war, many of his Saturday evenings were spent in his study surrounded by youngsters, lying about on his chairs or on the floor, watching silent films he rented out for their entertainment. Indeed, not only did he rent films, he actually made films using cubs and scouts as the actors. The 'Gold Cup' was one such example. I've often thought about the different aspects of this remarkable man and I feel certain if you asked one hundred people who knew him well what they thought, you would get one hundred different answers. For myself, what I admired about him - maybe envied would be a better word - was his ability to mix and converse with people from all walks of life. He would, I'm sure, talk to the Queen in exactly the same manner as to the poorest farm worker, and would most likely wear the same clothes - an old tweed jacket and rather baggy grey flannels! He seemed to treat everyone as his equal - a rare quality indeed.

I've been asked to write about any memories I may have about Tannadice School; I never attended the old school but some members of our family did. The new school was built during 1930 and it appears to have

been well built, as the original building seems to be still in very good order. There were three great events each year; the Christmas Party, the summer picnic to Montrose, Carnoustie or Arbroath and the school concerts. For myself, the greatest of the three was surely the concerts, which were normally held in March and played for three nights: Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. The Friday concert was always followed by a dance finishing about 2am. These concerts caused great excitement at the school, involved a great deal of work and was always very well presented. Each of the three nights was always played to a full house, and some local dignitary who was invited would occupy the seat of honour in the very front row. It was these concerts which raised most of the funds to allow both the Christmas Party and the summer picnic to take place.

The excitement to visit places such as Montrose and Arbroath may seem strange in this day and age, but at that time the excitement was real – probably the only outing many of the children would get. For example, I can well remember being taught about the Leaning Tower of Pisa, but had no idea where it was. Since then I have visited it, but at that time it might just as well have been the moon, as there was very little chance of either the children or the adults travelling that far afield.

Probably with hindsight, the most humorous event to happen in my days at Tannadice Primary School occurred during the winter of 1942. Although now no longer there, at the bottom of the school road leading into the village, in what is now a car park, there was a cottage, possibly at one time two semi-detached cottages, because the other end housed a cobbler and shoe shop. At some time during this winter there had been a heavy fall of snow and on our return to school the older boys were sent out with shovels to clear the road down into the village. Most of the morning was spent doing this and just about lunchtime we'd arrived opposite the gable end of this now long-gone cottage. Resting on our shovels someone spotted a hole in the stonework high up on the gable end, and being boys with all this snow lying around, in no time we were trying to throw a snowball into this hole. Many snowballs were thrown, and of course one eventually passed clean through the hole. How were we to know that the hole led directly into the chimney, and that Mrs Edwards was busy frying sausages for lunch on the open fire below? They were an elderly couple, but my goodness could they move! In no time at all they were outside, in a considerable rage, holding a frying pan containing a black snowball and blackened sausages from all the soot and debris which the snowball had brought down! We beat a hasty retreat! As I've said, it was only humorous with hindsight, and certainly not the kind of vandalism we see so much of today - none of the boys harboured any thoughts of harming anyone.

If that was the most humorous event, I'll tell you now of the most violent happening of my time at school. It all began when a village boy reached the age of fourteen and left school. He was well known for his rather 'way out' exploits and the day after he left school, when the other pupils were on their way home, he jumped out of some trees brandishing a knife. I don't think for a moment he had any intention of harming any pupil, but it did give them something of a fright. This particular boy's family had an invalid daughter who was brought to school each day in a wheelchair, and the next day this boy appeared bringing his sister to the afternoon school session. Because of the incident the previous day, some pupils thought it a good chance to get their own back, and a running fight ensued in the school grounds. No one was hurt and there the matter ought to have ended - but no, this boy's mother came charging up to the school and spent all afternoon in a private meeting with the headmaster. On leaving for home the headmaster spoke to us all and we were left in no doubt what was in store for us the following morning! True to his word, after a brief dialogue, he lined up about twenty pupils and began strapping them with the belt. All went as planned until he came to the son of the village policeman, who refused to hold out his hand, the headmaster then grabbed him, determined to show him who was master, and it started the most violent fight I have seen in a classroom. It raged around the room, on the floor, even over the top of the desks, but to no avail, the boy remained unbelted. Eventually he was sent home, and was away from school for about three days but was forced to return and endure 'three of the best'. I'd always thought of our headmaster as a fair-minded man but on this occasion I think he got it wrong, because he was no longer in a position to punish the lad who had started it all.

There was a very sad sequel to this tale. The Police HQ in Forfar decided to transfer the village policeman to Dundee. Where they lived, I never found out, but the lad had to walk to school down the Hilltown. One morning on his walk to school he was crushed against a wall by a runaway lorry and died shortly afterwards. He and I had been friends all through our school years at Tannadice. Perhaps no tale of the school would be complete without the mention of the Rev. James McMurray, well maybe not the minister himself, but most certainly the manse garden where the plum, apple and pear trees grew. I think we must have been the bane of this man's life, for, when the fruit was ready, or sometimes unready, he must have felt that he shared the garden with us! I can well remember the occasion when, after coming out of school, one of the pupils leant his bicycle against the wall and used it to climb up and straddle the wall with his legs. What he didn't know was that the minister was working on the other side of the wall and promptly grabbed his leg in an effort to pull him down. Another battle ensued and fortunately for us the lad managed to escape and we quickly fled the scene.

Sad to say, by this time, at least among the children, the minister was mostly referred to as 'Jimmy Wheeler'. I've no idea where this name came from, but perhaps it was due to the fact that he often took his bicycle for a walk. He was often seen on the local roads with his cycle, but rarely actually riding it, mostly pushing it. No motor cars for ministers in those days!

James Sharp Henderson 1860 - 1936

James Sharp Henderson was the eldest of the three sons of David Henderson, joiner (journeyman) and Isabella Thom. He was born on 1st September 1860 in Montrose. Both of his parents had been brought up on the land, David's father being a farm labourer in the area of St Vigeans, and Isabella's a farmer at Benholm, near Stonehaven.

When James was eleven years old the family moved to Forfar, and, on completing his schooling, he departed in pioneering spirit for the University of Edinburgh. On graduation he taught initially in Dundee, Dumfries and Arbroath High School, but it was in Tannadice, where he then moved as headmaster, that he spent the rest of his career. This was the period in teaching the young when the rod was the norm. During his 38 years in Tannadice, James Henderson succeeded in being a strict disciplinarian and a well-loved local figure at the same time.



James Sharp Henderson senior (left), Isabella Henderson (centre), James Sharp Henderson junior (right), Hamish McNaughton Henderson (infant)

On 8th August 1888, in Forfar, he married Jane (Jenny) Anne Peffers, daughter of John Peffers, master dyer. They had three sons, John (Jack), Frank and James, known as Hamish to avoid confusion with his father. Jenny was involved too in teaching in Tannadice School.

The headmaster's involvement with the community extended far beyond the walls of the school. He was Session Clerk of the church. When the minister, John Herkless, wrote a book on Cardinal Beaton, it was James Henderson who was asked to edit it before publication in 1891. With the outbreak of war in 1914 there was a multiplicity of good works for willing hands

to tackle, and, when peace came, a volume was compiled to commemorate the people of Forfar and District who had given their lives.

When the time came to retire, he and Jenny moved to Carnoustie in 1925. It was his son Hamish who succeeded him at Tannadice School, however, his tenure there was short. With vivid memories of all-weather bicycle journeys to and from Forfar Academy, the new headmaster was determined that his children would be city dwellers, and so, within just a few years, a move to Aberdeen had been made.

It was less than three years after he retired that James Sharp Henderson senior lost his wife, Jenny. She died in 1928, and during his final years he had the company of the widow and family of his son Frank. James died in hospital on 22nd March 1936, and his tombstone is in Tannadice Churchyard. The Courier and Advertiser reported the death of well-known headmaster, Mr James Sharp Henderson.

"During the 38 years he was schoolmaster at Tannadice, Mr Henderson became one of the best-known dominies in the county. During his lengthy term at Tannadice he played an important part in the life of the village. In addition to being session clerk of the church he took a leading part in organisations for the welfare of the district. During the war he was untiring in his efforts on behalf of the troops and war charities. In curling circles he was a prominent figure. He was 76 when he retired in 1925 and took up residence in Carnoustie, where he became equally popular and highly esteemed.

A service was held in Tannadice Church at which the officiating ministers were Rev James McMurray, Tannadice and Rev James Baillie, Carnoustie Old. The congregation included the pupils of Tannadice School, accompanied by Mr James Clelland, headmaster. When the children left the church they formed two lines, between which the cortege passed."



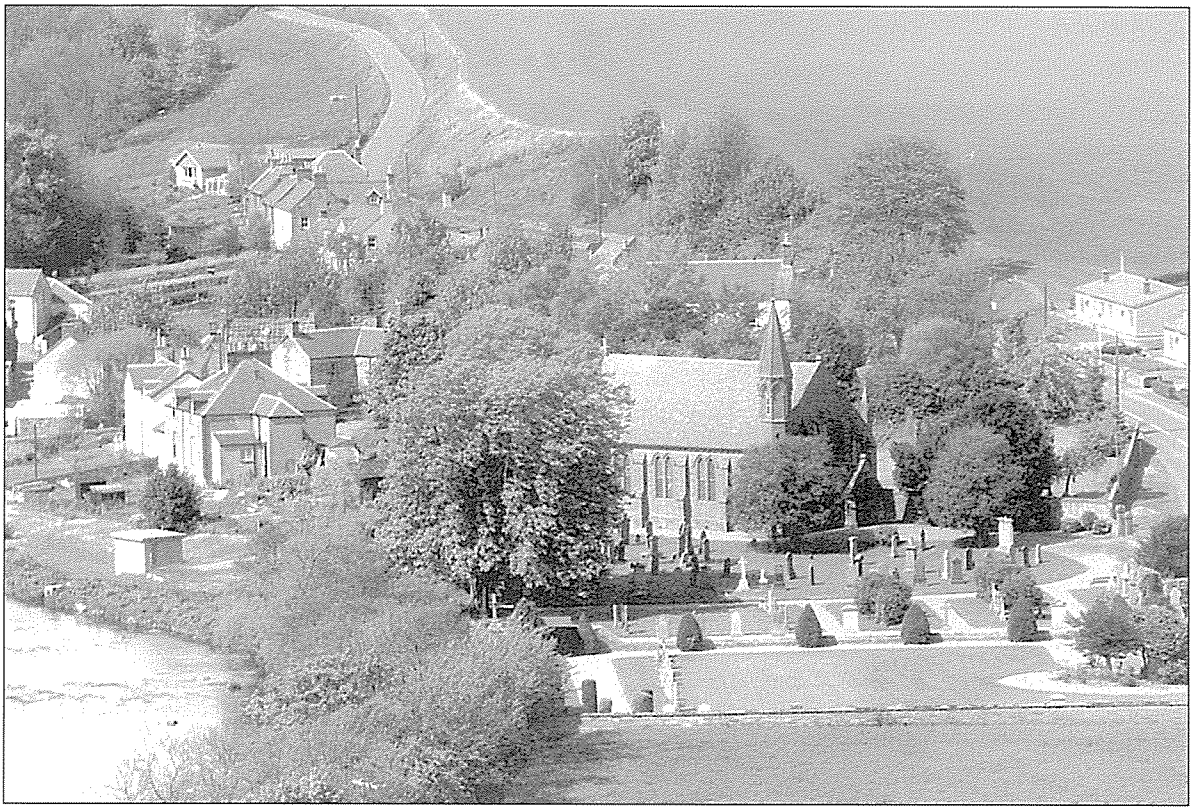
James Sharp Henderson senior (1860-1936) - Headmaster



Jenny Henderson (1867-1928) née Peffers

John P. McCall, formerly of Broom Farm

I was born on a small farm near Stirling, and a few years later in November, 1941, my parents moved to Wester Balgillo, as the Broom was then called.



Tannadice 1979

Being a dairy farmer at that time, my father had intended to go into arable and beef farming, but for some reason he changed his mind and converted the courts for a dairy. After some time, he changed the farm name to Broom Farm, the same name as the farm we had left. This was the Ayrshire Cattle Herd prefix at the farm at Stirling. I was 12 years old at the time and continued my education at Forfar Academy. I had to walk to Finavon for the bus to Forfar. This meant an early start in the morning to catch the bus.

I was a member of the Tannadice Scout Group and followed on into the Rovers. I was also a member of Forfar Young Farmers.

When my father came to Wester Balgillo, there were three pairs of horses and a single as well as a Fordson tractor. The previous owners were the McLaren brothers and their sister, and they had six men working for them. This was during the war and all our cattle and sheep came by rail to Tannadice Station, while David Callander of Forfar transported all the implements. The tractor driver, who worked for Father at Stirling, drove the Fordson tractor all the way from Stirling to Tannadice by road with the trailer full. He stayed in the bothy while the grain was harvested and then the family flitted up on the 28th of November.

When we came to Tannadice there was a village shop, post office and a tailor; the present school was just new, and there were no houses on the east side of Southesk Road. There were quite a few houses in the village let off Wester Balgillo and, after the War, when a Labour Government was elected, Father was advised to sell them to the tenants, as there was a fear that the owners would have to put modern bathrooms into them; this, of course, never took place.

When I left school, I had intended to be an architect or an electrician but, as there was a shortage of labour on the farm, I had to come home and work there. I remember one of the first things I did was to get on my bike and go to Glenogil crossroads to Andy Watt's shop to buy a pair of tackety boots. They were real leather and very heavy; boy, was I tired after the first day with them on! Everything was rationed at this time and Andy Watt's was one of the few places to get boots.

In 1947 there was a severe snowstorm. The end of the Broom road was filled from side to side with snow. We just had it cast with shovels when it blew another storm and we had to start all over again; this time it took three men, one on the road, one half way up and one at the top throwing the snow over the telephone wires. During this time we had to make a road down through the fields through Barnyards and across the railway line to get our milk to Forfar; it was a struggle.

In 1968 we had a fire in the Dutch Barn. I was away at the time and had to rush home. It remains a mystery as to how the fire started, but one man emigrated afterwards!!

We did a lot of travelling to Lanark market with surplus dairy stock. My brother, Gilbert, and I took turn about doing this; then he moved to Milton of Finavon and from there to East Drums at Brechin. I took over the running of Broom Farm and after a few years I moved with my family to Fife where I am now retired.

Alice McCall (née Nicoll)

The first time I came to Tannadice was to spend a weekend with Chrissie Neilson. We were schoolgirl friends and her father was the local bobby; I remember our walks round the village and attending a local dance.

Several years later I attended training weekends held at Major Jock Neish's campsite. They were held the second last weekend in May and the first weekend in June, and I remember one year there being ice on the pails of drinking water and, at that time, I was in the Forfar Rangers and gained the Camping Certificate.

Although John and I had been at school together, I was in my twenties when we started going out. The bungalow on Broom farm road was built for us when we got married in 1956, although we were not to stay there very long as John's mother sadly died in 1958, and we moved up to the farmhouse to stay with his father. Alan had been born in 1958, Irene in 1960 and David in 1962. They were very lucky to have the freedom of the farm, with the Leslie children to play with as well as the Inneses and the Crightons coming up from the village.

I seemed to spend my time driving the children to school, Alan and David to Cubs and then to Scouts, Irene to Brownies and dancing, and all to swimming. In the meantime the Rev. J. Dempster Taylor had come to Tannadice so there was a Church and Sunday school. I used to help Mrs Taylor with flowers in the Church at Easter and Harvest Thanksgiving.

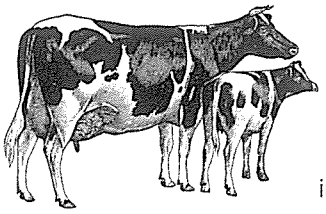
A big house and a big garden kept me busy too, and a deep freeze was kept full with all the garden produce. I was ably helped in the house by Mrs Roberston whose husband and son, both named George, worked on the farm. Ed Innes also worked for us and gained his Long Service Medal just before we left.

Another event every summer was the garden fete held in the manse garden; I don't remember this ever being rained off and we usually made quite a lot of money.

As a scout parent, I was on their committee and eventually became treasurer. Their big annual fundraising event was the Glamis Extravaganza at which the scouts provided catering, a busy two-day event after which they had to clear the site of all litter; a big job but willingly undertaken.

When we left to come to Fife, I was presented with gifts, the most treasured of all being a Thanks Badge from the Tannadice Scout Association - a very proud moment.

It was pleasant to sit on the wee milking stool, head pressed into the cow's flank, galvanised pail between the knees, and hear the 'music' change as the pail filled with frothy milk



"Will you be needin' this?" The ladies packed and got the first available bus back to Montrose!

School homework was very important and Mum always sat with us even after we began to study languages and advanced subjects of which she had no knowledge herself. When it got late and we had not finished, she would pack us off to bed and get us up earlier in the morning to complete it. In addition we all had tasks and responsibilities. There were always two or three cows to milk, which Mum did herself every morning, but I helped with the evening milking and actually enjoyed it.

The byre was always cosy in the winter evenings when we went out with paraffin lanterns. It was pleasant to sit on the wee milking stool, head pressed into the cow's flank, galvanised pail between the knees, and hear the 'music' change as the pail filled with frothy milk. Some of it had to be fed by bucket to the calves, and there were always cats sitting nearby waiting for their share. Next it was taken to the house, to the 'milkhouse', where it was sieved into large jugs and into seven or sometimes more individual 'bowlies'. The morning's milk was mostly needed to fill up the flagons for the workers who collected them from the doorstep at dinnertime, All spare milk was then poured into a 'separator', a machine which worked by turning the handle, causing the cream to come out at one spout and the skim at another. Everything then had to be thoroughly washed and scalded. I did not have the same interest in that part of the procedure. The skim milk was used to make cheese, or fed to the pigs or dogs. The cream was put in a big butter churn on a stand, when enough had been gathered; then we took it in turns to turn the big handle which made the churn go up and over continuously, till the butterfat and buttermilk separated. There was a little inspection window but it was easy to tell from the sound when that stage was reached. The buttermilk was drained off, (some of it used to make delicious girdle scones) and the butter was washed in cold water. In hot weather we sometimes had to fetch ice-cold water from a spring to firm the butter and allow it to be shaped with the wooden 'hands' into half or one pound slabs. We also liked to make fancy shapes, But, before that, we would often take a bit of a thick home-made oatmeal bannock to our mother, who would press down a bit of the butter straight from the churn on to it... a treat I enjoyed, complete with the imprints of her thumb.

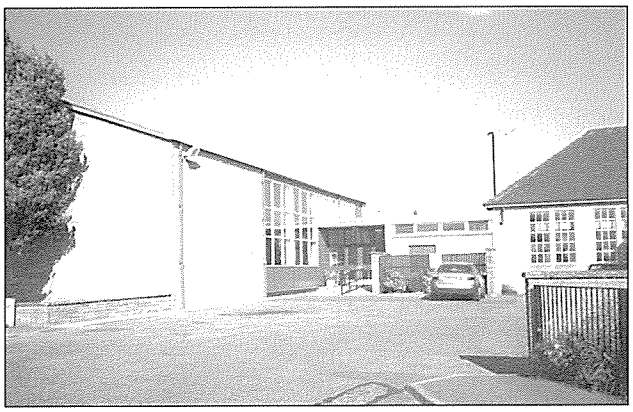
Each morning our 'bowlies' were laid on the table and oatmeal porridge, which had soaked overnight, to make it quicker to cook, was ladled into our plates, Grandy had his own method of dealing with his. He took a spoonful of porridge, using a horn spoon, which was his alone, then dipped into the bowl of creamy milk. He supped only the cream and what was left went to the animals.

I eventually took a degree at Art College in Dundee, followed by Teacher Training. I was employed as a visiting 'specialist' teacher of art, known as a 'peripatetic' or, in fun, 'pretty pathetic'. I visited fourteen different schools in the course of two weeks, and all by bus. They ranged from small one-teacher schools to very big ones in the towns, a mixture of primary and secondary establishments. My favourite was Tannadice Junior Secondary, which I attended two and a half to three days every week. This was where I experienced my greatest job satisfaction. I do not remember even one difficulty with discipline among the pupils. They were all so keen, friendly and a pleasure to be with, and I hope I managed to inspire a few of them.

I left the district when Jim Wilkie and I married in 1955. However twenty years later Jim and I with daughter and son, Isla May and Rae, came to live at West Mains of Whitewell, and we all quickly got involved in the community again. To me, this is HOME.

Tannadice School

The original school in Tannadice is known to have existed before 1872 when, the Education (Scotland)) Act set up Parish School Boards. The Old School, as it is known today, is situated where the Bog Burn enters the South Esk river and is overlooked by what was previously the Old Hotel in Manse Lane. The old school is now a private home.

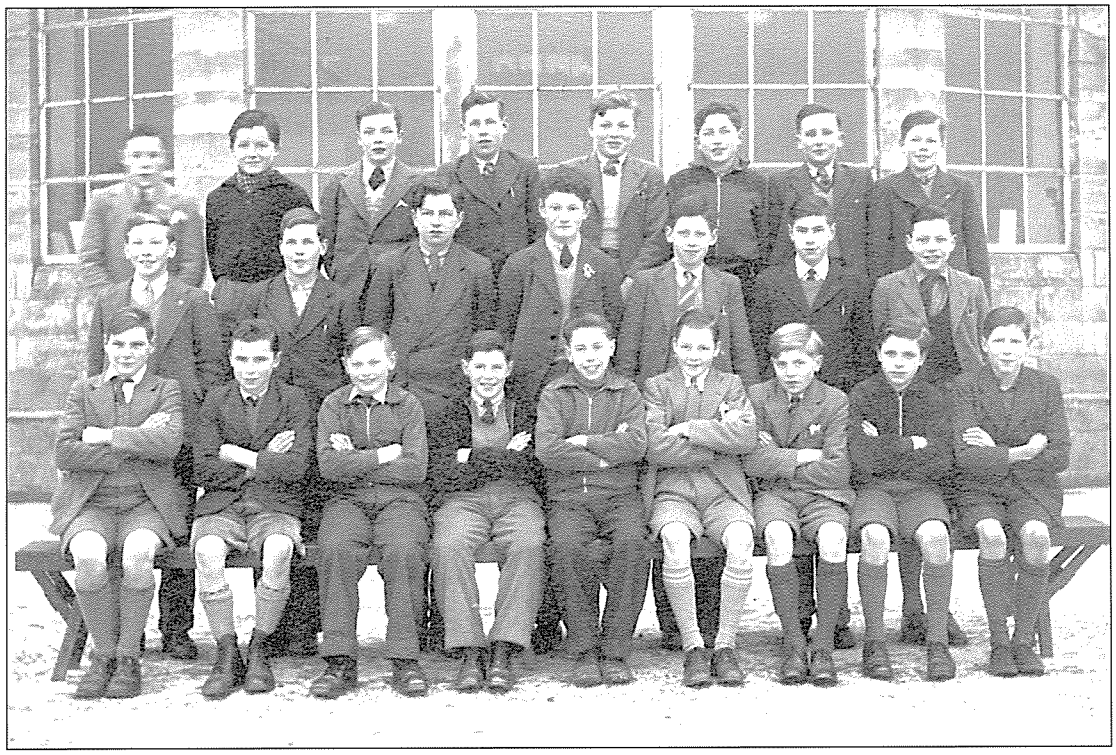


Tannadice School

The present school was built in 1930 making provision for the work of what was then called the Advanced Division, and this continued until the premises were extended in 1948. This was to accommodate extra pupils as the school leaving age was to be raised to 15 years. Many schools at this time were extended using temporary hutments, but this accommodation was clearly limited and lacked many facilities which would have been better for modern requirements. This time the Secondary part of the school took in pupils for three-year courses from Glenogil, Glenquiech and the Tannadice area and from primary schools reaching from Memus to Little Brechin.

Pupils taking up higher education moved on to Brechin High, Forfar Academy and Webster's Seminary in Kirriemuir. About 14 years later the school leaving age was raised to 16 years and further alterations were required to house more pupils and to provide for a wider range of activities.

The proposed accommodation was approved in 1960 and the finance was available in 1962. The work was started in September of that year providing for the addition of three classrooms and four practical rooms



Tannadice Secondary School, 1950

fully equipped for science, wood and metalwork, art and home-craft. A library was also provided, as were ancillary rooms, showers etc. The assembly hall/gymnasium was also built at this time, complete with stage suitable for concerts, plays etc.

This new part was for secondary education and the original part housed classrooms and cloakrooms for primary pupils, along with kitchen and dining room for the whole school. This new extension was officially opened in April 1964.

After the summer break the school reopened in the middle of August with a total roll of 160 pupils. There were 76 in the primary section and 84 secondary pupils.

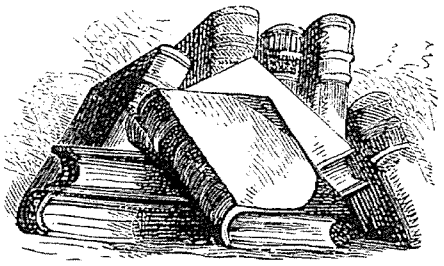
Over the next few years the number of secondary pupils gradually decreased and by the summer of 1970 only 17 remained. At this point the secondary department ceased to exist and only primary classes were retained. This situation still exists today.

The school has an attractive setting in its own grounds and on quite a number of occasions has accommodated pupils from other schools while they had renovations done. I am sure that many pupils from town schools must envy those who attend Tannadice with all the amenities available in such a lovely building.

Tannadice School over the years has had an excellent record as a seat of learning, and this continues. It has been fortunate to have had dedicated head teachers and staff who have had a first-class relationship with pupils and parents, and this must surely be a great foundation for the youngsters of the area beginning their education.

Did you know?

22/01/71	Jimmy McAllan resigned as janitor of the school.
08/02/71	Chic Crighton took up this appointment
11/11/71	The Parent Teacher Association was formed under the Chairmanship of Mr J Gove.
1975	The old school was converted into a dwelling-house.
25/05/76	31 pupils were absent with measles and mumps.
16/10/78	Beth Smart was promoted to 'Head Friar' of school meals.
05/11/79	Free milk was stopped for pupils over 7 years old.
04/12/79	A Texel sheep jumped through a window in the old technical room. The sheep was none the worse but the same could not be said about the window!
10/02/80	School meals cost 35 pence per day (enter inflation, by April they cost 40 pence).
12/12/83	Play Group opened at the school using the former infant room. Mrs Elliot and Mrs Murrie were in charge.



Tannadice School over the years has had an excellent record as a seat of learning, and this continues.

Tannadice 1930 by Bob Craik

The year was 1930 and I was 5 years old. The occasion was the opening of the new school, quite an event for Tannadice, especially for those of us who had not long started our education at the old school in the village.

Many had gathered to admire the imposing new building with its spacious rooms and excellent facilities including central heating, all located on the hill with farm land behind and wonderful views to the south over the River Esk and in the distance Finavon Hill.

After the opening I said to my friend, Charlie Wills, *"Let's go for a walk through the village".* So off we went down the hill to the churchyard, through the gate by the War Memorial, past the Church on the right overlooked by the manse, through the side-gate to Manse Cottage, where Charlie lived with his mother and father, Jim Wills, who was our 'Postie' and also dug the graves when they were needed. Then on a few yards to the house of the bobby, William Simpson, his wife and children, Gladys and Billy, who later became a good friend of mine. Next the roadman, Andrew Scott, who kept the area very tidy and on to the schoolhouse, where the headmaster, James Cleland, his wife, and daughter Winnie lived. Now facing us, the Post Office, Mrs Lowden with her daughter Mary and sons Jim and Willie.

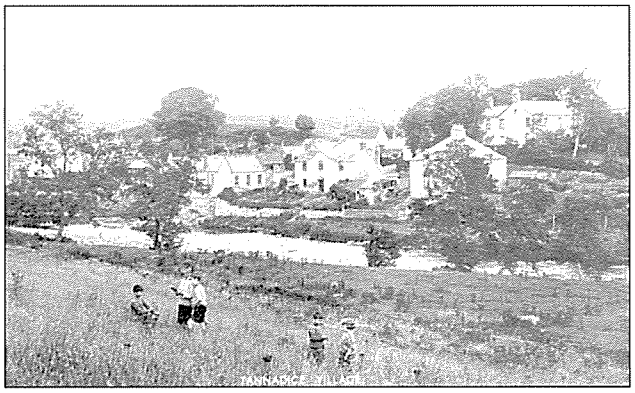
On up the hill over on the right was the manse, home of the Rev. James McMurray, and his granddaughter Mary, both of whom were looked after by a housekeeper, Mrs Gibb. Just before reaching the main road, was a house on the left, lived in by a very old lady, Mrs McQuattie, and her grandson, Ron Anderson. Turn left and on the right lived Aggie Marnock, adjoining the shoemaker's shop of her husband, Eck. Down past the shop of Mrs Caird, a real village character, with her husband Baron, and two sons, Fred and Ian, then looking to the right was the smiddy - now long gone.

Next door we peered through the window at another village character, Will Lunan, the tailor. There he was sitting on his bench, ironing board on his knees, and no doubt telling some visitor of his First World War experiences in France where he served with the Seaforth Highlanders. There was another old lady close by, Mrs Gordon, whose daughter Frances ran a shoe-shop in Forfar. Later her grandson, Jack, came from South America, to attend Forfar Academy, where his father, also Jack, no doubt thought he would get a good education.

Facing us the imposing farmhouse of Mill of Tannadice, but before, that tucked away overlooking the river, the home of the McGuffie family. Papa was cattleman on the farm and lived with his wife and family, Ed, Jim and Mollie. The farm was next with Big Jim Stewart, wife and daughters, Anne and Jean. Jean joined the Police and many years later became Deputy Chief Constable of Lancashire. Now on across the burn and up the path known as the 'Wyndie' to the high road. First house the Balfours, father, mother and David who was about my age, and at the front of their house Mrs Dunn with sons David, Jock and daughter Anne. Next Ivybank with Mrs Robbie and her husband, then the house of George and Elinor Craik and me. My father was the Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages, Inspector of the Poor, and agent for the Scottish Rural Workers Society.

The next house was lived in by Mrs Hosie. Mary Mailor, a seamstress, who made and repaired clothes, lived next door. Round to the front was a very old but active lady who was always dressed in black, Bella Morton. Then we came to the laundry occupied by Jean and Helen Duncan and, above them, next to the road and the last house in those days the Balfours. I remember David, the son.

We continued up the brae to the pine wood and looked back down on the houses where the people lived who were an important part of our lives, as was the village we loved, which would continue to hold many fond memories.



Tannadice Village
Left to right:
Fred Caird, Will Lowden, Ian Caird, George Brodlie and Ella Brodlie

Molly Middleton on the Village

Molly McGuffie (as she was then) arrived in Tannadice in 1928 as a young girl, when her parents came to Mill of Tannadice Farm and ran it as a dairy. Their milkman in 1933, who had a delivery round, was Jock Fullerton.



Jock Fullerton - dairy van

The school was opened in 1930 and Molly was put in charge of the school library, delivering and collecting books from the local residents and leaving them lists to choose from for their next delivery. She also collected savings money at school and took it to the Savings Bank in Forfar.

A lady called Aggie Marnoch cleaned the school and made the soup for the pupils and staff, often receiving rabbits and game from the local gamekeeper. She was a very popular lady and was loved by all the children and adults alike.

At the top end of Broomhill Road was a laundry, which was run by Lizzie Duncan, who used to do a beautiful job and bleached the linen on the grass. Next to the laundry was a fisherman's bothy which is still standing today. The dressmaker Mary Mailer was neighbour to George Craik who was the local Registrar.

Benholm cottage was then a shop run by a family called Beedie. The smithy was at the bottom of the hill but was no longer being run as a business.

Jim Will, who stayed in part of the old hotel in Tannadice, had many occupations which included beadle, grave-digger, school janitor and postman.

Molly remembers the weekly visits of the 'bothy lads' to the local shop to collect their 'messages'. They came from the surrounding farms - Coul, Baldoukie, Broom and Barnyards, creating a happy atmosphere in the village.

A great novelty in Molly's young life was an ice cream merchant who came round the area, selling his wares from a refrigerator situated in the back of a car, driven and owned by someone they all called 'Fatty Fortura'.

Major Neish's father who stayed in Tannadice House was a kenspeckle figure, in that he always wore a bowler hat, tweed coat and spats!

Molly's parents left Tannadice, but she married Alex Middleton and they took over Mill of Tannadice in 1944, returning to her old home and the village she loved.

One of their workers in the following years was a German prisoner of war from the local army camp who was allowed to stay in the bothy because he was of good behaviour. They all remained good friends after he returned to Germany and he and his wife last visited them in 2001, but sadly he has since died.

Alex and Molly left Tannadice in 1962 and moved to a farm in Fife.

They have been retired for many years, and now live in Edzell and this year (2004) have just celebrated their 64th wedding anniversary!

Jim Will, who stayed in part of the old hotel, had many occupations which included beadle, grave-digger, school janitor and postman.

Tannadice L.D.V./Home Guard 1940/44 by David Beattie

Although the Second World War began in September, 1939, it had little affect on people living in rural areas such as Tannadice.

It was not until May/June 1940 that things took a dramatic turn for the worse. Until that time, German armed forces were several hundred miles from our shores but then, with a speed which previously could not be imagined, enemy forces were only 25 miles away across the English Channel.

In view of this dreadful threat which now existed, the Government decided very quickly to form a civilian armed force, to be known as the Local Defence Volunteers and, in cities, towns and villages all over Britain, men flocked to join; Tannadice was not to be left out! The Tannadice unit was placed under the command of the then Captain Neish, the owner of Tannadice Estate, and a veteran Black Watch Officer of World War I vintage.

Two further officers were appointed, the first being W. Wilkie, farmer of Wolflaw, and also a World War I veteran who then held the rank of Sergeant-Major. The second officer was Stewart McFarlane, a younger man who lived at Finavon Smiddy. A sergeant in the form of Bob Dutch, also of World War I, was appointed as unit sergeant.

As for uniform, all that was available was an armband with L.D.V.. Regarding weapons, these amounted to a few shotguns and even fewer sporting rifles. This force, the L.D.V., had one stroke of luck; the Germans never invaded! Indeed, parade-ground training was often done with broomstick handles instead of rifles.

The key point of the area defence was focused on the bridge crossing the River Esk near Finavon on the main Brechin/Forfar road. On the high ground, within Tannadice Estate, sandbag emplacements were built. Close to the bridge, hidden beneath mounds of earth and covered with grass, 44 gallon drums of oil/petrol mixture would then be detonated when enemy vehicles were attempting to cross.

As for the bridge, I feel certain that at one time it was fully wired in preparation for being blown-up, but the necessary explosive charges were never put in place.

To return to the sandbag emplacements, while they were well-constructed and well-situated, the fact remains, they had no weapons with the necessary fire-power and range to make good use of them.

After some months, the armbands were discarded and khaki uniforms made from denim-type material were issued and gradually proper service rifles began to appear. It should be remembered that about this time the British Army had fled France leaving nearly all their weapons and equipment behind them. Weapons were in desperately short supply.

Possibly about a year to 18 months from its inception, proper army uniforms were issued and, at this point, the L.D.V. name was changed to the Home Guard.

During the early days, when shotguns were the order of the day, a new type of cartridge was issued. Instead of the normal shotgun cartridge filled with small pellets, this new cartridge had only a single lead ball about half an inch in diameter. They could always be identified by means of a hole in the top packing showing the lead ball. Because of always being fired from a smooth bore gun, both its range and accuracy were matters of some doubt, but it looked dangerous and probably served as a morale booster.

As time went by, this new force, the Home Guard, became quite a well-armed one, with rifles, sten guns, special rifle-firing grenades and a Piat weapon, the last two intended for use against tanks. In addition to these new weapons, the level of training was stepped up and a firing range was established at Derachie, to give members training with live ammunition. By now the Home Guard could give a good account of itself and, as an aid to this, mock battles were held against army units in Tannadice Woods and surrounding countryside. On these occasions, much firing of dummy ammunition could be heard accompanied by loud explosions. These explosions came from nothing more than thunder-flash fireworks, but, even those, had to be treated with a certain amount of care and caution.

The years passed and about the end of 1944, any threat of invasion had long since gone. The Home Guard was then disbanded, but disbanded with a great sense of loss by many of the members who served in it. These men had become a well-bonded group who had served their country well in a time of great need and I am sure many looked back with pride at what they had done. Initially, to be a member of this civilian army was purely on a voluntary basis, but at some point the government introduced a form of conscription. Yet another aspect of this service was the age group, possibly something like 17 through to 55 and maybe even 60.

This force has been portrayed on television as a caricature/farce, and, in the early days, that may well have been true. It is only the people who lived through those days, who can appreciate the terrible threat they lived under and that force, yes, even the L.D.V/Home Guard was a welcome addition to our defence.

When the War in Europe ended, six long and weary years later, bonfires were lit right across the nation in celebration, and this War was over. In the case of the main bonfire at Tannadice, perhaps it was only fitting that it was fuelled by the oil/petrol mixture removed from the drums that once offered about the only defence of the River Esk bridge at Finavon.

In the years during the War, the people of Tannadice became quite used to the sight of foreign soldiers, mostly Italian and latterly German from the Prisoner of War Camp situated above the village. Many of these, especially the Germans, were detained in the Camp, but it is true that many were allowed out to work on nearby farm fields. They caused very little trouble. However, the very first foreign troops to arrive in Tannadice Village were neither Italian nor German. In August/September 1940 a small contingent of Polish troops arrived and stayed in the Old Tannadice School. They were brought in to help with the harvest; they were just supplied with rations and left to cook their own meals. Considering they were so far from home, they were a cheerful bunch of lads. Had they remained in Poland, they would have been forced into the German Army or possibly even worse! They were a friendly group and very tolerant of the children who used to visit them at the Old School.

My Six Years at Tannadice by June Braithwaite

After my sons were old enough for me to be happy to return to teaching in 1963, I became the PE teacher at Tannadice.

The new wing had been built for a time but no qualified PE staff had been appointed, so I found everyone happy to use the fixed apparatus but the showers took a bit longer to be enjoyed!

I continued working at Tannadice until the last of the secondary pupils had left - in 1969 I think.

I remember one family who lived too close to the school to be picked up by the school bus so, on very wet or snowy mornings, they arrived with wet clothes and shoes. I kitted them out with dry clothes and dried off the wet ones in my own office.

During a very hot summer before we had been allowed a bus to take pupils to Forfar Baths to learn to swim, I took the older pupils to the river for lessons. Later at the Baths with Primary 1, 2 and 3, I would never have managed without the very kind grannies who turned up to dry and help dress children in time to get the bus back to school and their homes.

Mr Petrie's boys made very good furniture in 3rd year - telephone tables and seats etc and one year I took the girls for Domestic Science. Some made housecoats which were displayed in Jarvis's shop window for a few weeks with the boys' furniture.

The Mill of Tannadice by Valerie and Eric Roydhouse

The Mill of Tannadice was a Corn Mill and a Sawmill, and was one of the first properties in Scotland to have an electric light system powered by a mill wheel. The system was replaced in 1951 by a Forfar electrical company, and an apprentice electrician at that time recalls being involved in that job. There are still remnants of wiring and insulators to be found in the attic.

The mill was run by a lade from the Bog Burn and had a dam about level with the Laundry, next to which were fields used as drying greens. The lade was piped under the road, on under the steading then emptied into the South Esk. A pulley contraption from an upstairs room window up to the dam, controlled the opening and closing of the dam. The mill was on three floors, upper, ground and lower level. The upper floor of the steading was occasionally used for village dances as there was no village hall, and children went to dancing lessons. The lower level most probably still contains some working parts of the mill.

The entrance to the farmyard was at Dairymans Cottage and curled round to the right and along by the river; now the lower garden of Mill of Tannadice. Horses and carts turned in at the corner near the bridge,



Mill of Tannadice corner

crossed the ford and proceeded up to the laundry. The last additions to the house were the scullery with the bathroom above.

Ailsa Simpson 1 to 17

My parents, Kate and Morton Simpson, lived in Cortachy Crescent when I was born on the l5th of March, 1987. My sister, Ruth, was born on the l5th of September, l988, when we moved house to stay with Grandad Alastair Simpson, in Glenburnie House in the Westmuir.

Grandad Alastair played rugby for the Howe of Fife. I never knew my grandmother, May, as she died before I was born, but my Mum often spoke of her lovely mother-in-law. My Dad too had stories to tell of her, as she was a great sportswoman, curling as well as being a talented golfer. My grandmother also did a cooking programme on television.

The first house of which I have memories is Moor Cottage, near the village of Tannadice. Ruth was only a few months old and I was almost two years old, when we came to live there. My sister and I shared a bedroom and I remember our Mum telling me that Zara, our Alsatian dog, used to stand guard over us to keep us safe. We had lots of fun at Moor Cottage getting up to all sorts of mischief. Granny Isla and Auntie Biddy looked after us while Mum taught at Northmuir Primary, Kirriemuir, and Dad worked as an estate agent.

As Ruth and I grew older, we were able to play together. I remember Ruth trying to fold up a deck-chair and managing to trap her fingers. This was followed by loud screaming with Granny coming to help her. It was lucky for Ruth that Uncle Andrew was doing some joiner work at Moor Cottage that day, as Granny was unable to



Ruth and Ailsa Simpson ready for school

bend the wood to remove Ruth's fingers, and after what seemed an age she was freed. Her fingers were a wee bit flat, but, after lots of cuddles, all was well.

At Moor Cottage our next-door neighbour was the head-teacher at Tannadice Primary School, Mrs Margaret Pollock, who was strict but always friendly. If we were outside we would always pop our heads over the fence and say hello.

In 1992 I started school at Tannadice and I got on the school bus at the end of our driveway. One day when I missed the bus, our neighbour, Mrs Pollock took me to school. I had quite a time with that school bus! Every day after school, Granny or Auntie Biddy would be waiting for me as I came off the bus; that was the idea anyway. On one particular day Auntie Biddy and Ruth were not where they should have been and I jumped off the bus in some distress and ran to the house crying and shouting their names. Then, who appeared at the end of the drive but Auntie Biddy and Ruth! After comforting me, they explained they had gone for a walk and had been a second late and I, of course, over-reacted and thought that I had been abandoned forever. A similar thing happened when Granny was meant to be at the door and I began to howl when I thought the door was locked and once again I was abandoned. It seemed an age before Granny came to the door but I suppose it was only seconds. Another time the bus driver forgot all about me and drove straight past our house. I could not believe that I had been forgotten but one of the older girls on the bus alerted the driver and she stopped. The driver had seen my Mum coming to meet me and so hadn't bothered to reverse what I had thought was miles but which was only a few yards. There were more tears and more hugs with Mum telling me that I was being a bit silly. I suppose I did over-react sometimes.

My uniform at school was a white blouse and navy blue pinafore, and in the summer, a blue and white dress. In the playground we would run and play many different games, skipping, hop-scotch, etc. There were five girls in my class and my best friend was Urszula. One of my favourite teachers was Mrs Nisbet; I had her for four years.

Mum came to teach at Tannadice and, when I was in Primary 5, I had her for a teacher. These were difficult days for both Mum and me. I felt I was being picked on and thought I could do what I liked because the teacher was Mum. How wrong I was; in fact I must have made Mum's job more difficult than it needed to be. We talked about this when I was older and agreed that there were faults on both sides.

Our pet dog, Zara, had to be put down and we were all very sad. We eventually got another dog, which we named Jade and Auntie Lizzie gave us two kittens named Mavie and Molly. We still have Jade but we no longer have the kittens.

We were lucky to get some holidays with Mum and Dad. Godfrey Darling's parents invited us to stay with them at their home in Jersey. We enjoyed the holiday very much, except that we slept in a house at the bottom of the garden and I was always relieved when Mum and Dad came to bed. Ruth seemed to manage to go to sleep. It was great fun during the day and I remember Godfrey putting a snake on my back. That wasn't so funny but he said it was harmless!

When I was nine years old, we moved to Finavon Castle, where my friend, Urszula, lives with her Mum Audrey, Dad, Marek, younger sisters, Krysia (Ruth's best friend), and Anna. I was so pleased that we were going to live in a flat at the Castle, there were so many places to play, and, of course, all our friends together just like one big happy family. There were from America, Robert and Katie, and their Mum and Dad,

We enjoyed living in Tannadice and were sorry when Dad decided to buy a plot of land in Oathlaw and build a house there. However, we discovered we enjoyed living in Birchwood, our new home in Oathlaw.

Bob and Wanda. Across the landing, Mum's good friend and fellow gardener, Paula Forbes, her husband Colin, son Josh and a daughter Elysia. In the flat below us were Robin and Ruth Jeffrey and son Adam, now living in Kirriemuir.

Our next house was The Old Smithy, which belongs to Godfrey Darling. We enjoyed living in Tannadice and were sorry when Dad decided to buy a plot of land in Oathlaw and build a house there. However, we discovered we enjoyed living in Birchwood our new home in Oathlaw. Our next-door neighbours were Helen and Bruce Stott and their four children, Rachel, twins Rebecca and Jenny, and son Jack. Our families became great friends and many hours were spent in their indoor swimming pool. The sad thing about living in Birchwood was that our Mum was so often unwell and she eventually died after only two and a half years there. We miss her very much; Mum was always strict but she was also fair and full of fun.

We now live in Kirriemuir and, although we miss Oathlaw and Tannadice, we are beginning to like living in town.

Ruth and I attend Webster's High School and enjoy it there - well, most of the time! Ruth plays football on a Saturday and cousins, Joe and Michael Farquharson, play their football on a Sunday, and I am generally at all their matches. It is all good fun.

Mrs Rhoda Bruce (née Lunan)

The Lunans first came to the village of Tannadice in 1890 and my grandfather, James Cromar Lunan, set up business as a tailor in what is now Rose Cottage.

My father, William, the second son, was only two years old when the family came to Tannadice. On leaving school he served a six year apprenticeship to become a tailor. Rose Cottage was obviously a place where tailoring was done as anybody passing would see the sewing machine in the front window of the house, and my grandfather sitting cross-legged at his bench. There was always plenty of work to do with suits to be made. At this time, men who worked on local estates would receive lengths of tweed material from their employers, so a tailor was called on to make a suit.

William decided to go elsewhere to find work so he packed his case and took a train to the City of Glasgow. Work was hard to find and it was not long before he joined the Army. He served with the Seaforth Highlanders at Fort George before being sent to Ireland. While in Ireland he learned to become a kilt-maker, serving with the Army. He thought life was very hard in that country.

In the First World War, William served from 1914 to the end of the War in 1918. While abroad he was in the trenches and met up with Mr W. Wilkie, of Wolflaw. William also fell in with his brother, Jack (from Canada); what a small world it is!

In 1930 my parents, William Lunan and Lizzie Jane Caird, were married. My mother came from Forfar, where her mother Mrs Caird had a shop. She, my grandmother, eventually came to Tannadice to take over the shop and post office. Up to the 1930s business had been very good for tailors, but then the '50 shilling tailors' started and that was that.

My uncle, Jim Lunan, was a marine engineer, and he was married to Nell, one-time teacher at Tannadice School and sister of Alice Shepherd of East Murthill. While on his travels, Uncle Jim brought home a parrot, called Laura, which entertained the customers at Rose Cottage and then across the road in the shop and post office.

I was born in Rose Cottage. My mother, like so many at that time, got no ante-natal care but relied on kind neighbours. It was when I went to school that I was first aware of the district nurse, Nurse Bruce. She did a lot of walking but later had a cycle, before graduating to a car. She lived in a flat at Tannadyce House. Forfar and Stracathro were the nearest hospitals. In an emergency, if an ambulance were required, we had to telephone from the kiosk in the village. The most common illnesses when I was at school were measles, mumps and chickenpox. When the National Health Service was introduced, it was thought to be of great benefit to the community.

When someone died, house blinds were drawn and great respect was shown by the neighbours. I remember in my youth, coffins being carried from the houses to the graveyard. My father recalled the time when he was asked to help the undertaker to carry a coffin from Whig Street outside the village all the way to the graveyard. They had to stop en route for a rest as the coffin was very heavy. Children were told to stay out of sight on such occasions and care was taken as to what was said in front of them. The district nurse was a good friend especially at times like these. Doctors took a more professional attitude. In 1947, one of the Findlays who lived in the Old Smithy Cottage, was born with my Mum assisting at the birth.

When I was five or six years old, I went to Tannadice Primary School. My teacher was Miss Duncan, and she was well-liked. Maps and times-tables decorated our classroom walls. We wrote on slates and later jotters. I cannot recall our school being closed in wintertime. Our classrooms were centrally heated by a coal-fired boiler and our lighting was from a generator; both were looked after by James Wills, our janitor. Our holidays consisted of one week at Easter, four weeks in summer, four weeks in September/October for potato-gathering, and some days off at Christmas and New Year.

In the absence of a village hall, many events were held in the school, such as wartime fund-raising concerts, dances, whist-drives and War Weapons Week. The Girl Guides, of which I was a member, also held weekly meetings in the school. Mr Clelland, the schoolmaster, was a very good organiser, as well as being a very fine amateur photographer. There was a productive garden in the grounds to the south side of the school.

Entertainment in our home during my father's time took the form of musical evenings. When I was young, I played the piano but purely for my own enjoyment. There were dances, ceilidhs, Guides, Scouts, and, when the weather allowed, there were picnics. Television had not arrived but we had the wireless. The children had games to amuse them - beesie, kick- the-can., skipping, hop-scotch, to name but a few. I had a doll and pram to keep me happy. Less energetic entertainment took the form of sewing, knitting and reading. On Sunday I attended Church and Sunday School, where Mrs Gibb, the minister's housekeeper, was the teacher.

During school holidays there was berry-picking at Foreside of Cairn, potato-gathering, beating on the grouse-moors in Glenogil, and Guide Camp. I used to visit an aunt in the City of Perth.

Christmas was a special time celebrated at home with the family. New Year was brought in with friends and neighbours, all in all, a happy time!

When we first lived in Rose Cottage, we had to draw water from one of the four pumps in the village. A day was usually set aside for the weekly clothes-wash, and another for baking, which was done on a coal fire and paraffin stove. There were none of the facilities which we have now, but somehow our mothers managed. Rose Cottage did not have a bathroom then, only a toilet at the top of the garden, not at the bottom as was usually the case!

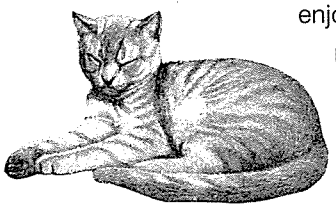
When we moved across the road to the post office, things brightened up when electricity was installed in 1948/49. Before this, we had relied on Tilley and paraffin lamps with wicks. Coal-fires were the only means of heating our home. Mum and Dad kept a garden, with vegetables, fruit and flowers.

I left home when I was 17 years old, training as a nurse first in Edinburgh and then in Glasgow. One year during my training I went home on a visit to Tannadice,

and, while there, went with my girl friend, Margaret Cuthill, to a dance in Cortachy Hall. We had to cycle and, as it was raining very heavily, we were soaked, but by the time the dance started we had managed to dry off. It was at this dance that I met Ian Bruce of Glenquiech, who was later to become my husband.

In 1956, sadly my father died, so I had to leave nursing as my mother needed help in the shop. I did return to nursing for a year to work in Kings Cross Hospital in Dundee. My Mum sold the shop in 1964 and decided to visit her brother, George, in Australia; her visit lasted a year!

In 1958 Ian and I were married in Tannadice Church. Our first home was in Glenquiech, where we moved in with Ian's parents. In time we had two daughters, Morag and Fiona, and two sons, Norman and Angus, so we had a full house.



Ian and I moved to Aberdeenshire in 1968 where Ian got a job as a civil servant relating to agriculture. Meanwhile Ian's parents moved to Burrelton but sadly in 1974 Ian's father died. My mother eventually came to live with us when we were in Aberdeenshire. Ian was transferred to Glasgow upon promotion. We invited my mother-in-law to come and stay with us and she was good company for Mum. In 1985 Ian was offered a new office and position in the Borders. Unfortunately my Mum died before the move, and later, when in the Borders, my mother-in-law, aged 99 years, also died.

We are now living in the Northmuir in Kirriemuir and are enjoying our retirement and lead an active life with many interests, notably ten grandchildren.

Davina Remembers

Jim and Frank Farquharson were brought up on Meikle Coull farm, their father, Frank senior and their mother having moved there in 1945 from Balquhadly in Fern



Frank and Davina Farquharson feeding sheep

When living at Balquadly the boys went to Fern School and later to Denside School, Glenogil, when they lived at Meikle Coull, finishing their education at Forfar Academy. Frank's love of drawing showed in his artwork at school and in later life. He also liked to do caricatures, a real gift.

When Frank left school, he took an apprenticeship with Barclay, Ross & Hutchison, in Forfar, to become a mechanical engineer. After attending Forfar Further Education Centre, he attained his City & Guilds of London Certificate in Agricultural Engineering.

After he qualified he came home to work on the farm and found that his engineering stood him in good stead.

In July 1959 Frank represented East of Scotland Young Farmers on a trip to Canada. The group sailed from Liverpool on board the "Empress of England". While there, they enjoyed excellent Canadian hospitality. The group looked round many farms and helped with the work. It was not all work and no play, however, as they were taken on sight-seeing trips and, of course, there were lots of barbecues and parties.

Mrs Mary Wallace was a friend and housekeeper at Meikle Coull until Frank was married in 1969 to Davina



Frank Farquharson with model tractor

Weighton. Davina took to farm life like a duck to water! She worked hard to learn all aspects of farming, from keeping the books to looking after the animals. She loved working with the cattle and especially the sheep. Lambing time was hard work but, as Davina says, it was also very rewarding; it was a job she really liked.

Frank was a traditional farmer, believing in crop rotation. He took a great interest in his Border Leicester sheep and had lots of success with them. He was also a sheep judge at various shows, Kirriemuir, New Deer, Caithness and Perth, to name a few. When he took his animals to market, he drove them in an E.R.F. lorry. He delivered potatoes down to England and enjoyed these trips, but the roads were quieter then.

Frank developed a herd of Aberdeen-Angus cattle and you only had to look at his herd to realise that he was such a good stockman.

His other interest was a vintage one. He owned a 1929 Singer Junior Tourer, a 1959 Riley and a Massey-Ferguson tractor. Frank held the position of chairman of the Strathmore Vintage Vehicle Club. He and Davina enjoyed driving around the country in their 1929 Singer and taking part in the many events. The vintage car was also used to transport brides to and from their weddings. He surprised one bride who lived in the Borders when he arrived to take her to Church! Frank loved driving his vintage car and he certainly gave many a bride a good send-off.

Caravanning was something else they both enjoyed. Their caravan was like a second home when visiting shows such as the Royal Highland.

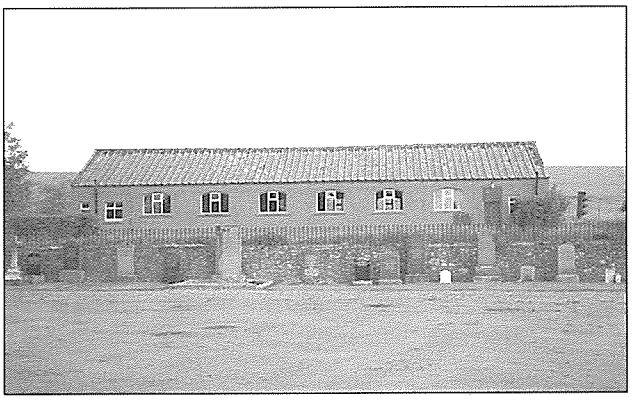
Davina's husband liked gardening and took a great interest in the Onion Roup held annually in Justinhaugh. Frank was the auctioneer on those occasions and made lots of money for the senior citizens of the district. There was always a competition to see who could grow the biggest onion!

Davina, as well as looking after her husband and helping on the farm, entertained with her lovely singing voice. It wasn't only Berkeley Square which had its own nightingale! Davina's many certificates for singing, which she has gained over the years, are proof of how good she is, definitely top ten material. Long may this lovely person continue to entertain us with her superb voice.

Frank sadly died in 1998. He lived life to the full and those who knew him will always remember his keen sense of humour. Davina now lives in Kirriemuir but will never forget the happy times she spent with Frank at Meikle Coull.

The Rise and Fall of Tannadice Village Hall

In the early months of 1948 a committee was formed with the idea of building a hall in the Village of Tannadice. Up until this time social events had been held in the local school and Botany Hall near Finavon.



Tannadice Village Hall

As life became easier after the Second World War, 1939-45, people were perhaps feeling the need to enjoy their spare time, and a local hall seemed a great idea.

With this in mind, the formed committee rolled up their sleeves and began fund-raising. Garden fetes, whist-drives, dances and concerts, etc. all added to the funds, and the fact that £1 for £1 could be had from the Scottish Office spurred them on to greater things.

The idea of converting the Old School in the middle of the Village had been considered but, after much soul-searching, it was decided that a new building was the better option. The committee thought that a site on part of the Glebe would be a good spot, but after corresponding with the trustees of The Church of Scotland, discovered that it was a non-starter! Enter Major Jock Neish, the laird of Tannadice Estate; he was willing to give a piece of land next to the lane leading up to Tannadice School, but only if the sitting tenant, G.K. Smith, Esq., of Barnyards, was agreeable. As he had no objections to this proposal, the site was available. The County Council at this time was trying to buy land on which to build agricultural houses and was keen to get part of the Glebe next to the road. The committee thought this would help their cause in dealing with the Council regarding drainage and water supply. The fact that more people would be living in the Village would add to the necessity for a hall. This gave new heart to the committee and they pressed on with fund-raising.

There were, of course, donations from various people and one day the secretary, Mr Smith of Barnyards Farm, received the following note and I quote:

> *"It has been all along my intention to make a substantial donation to the hall-fund. In these days it is not easy to do it all in one bit so I propose to give something from time to time as I can afford it. I enclose a cheque for £100 which it is just as well the hall should have instead of Sir Stafford Cripps"!!*
>
> *Yours, Colin F. Neish*

(In 1948 Sir Stafford Cripps was the Chancellor of the Exchequer)

Over the next few years much fund-raising was done and, as the country slowly recovered after the War, it was not easy to obtain materials of good quality. In the 1950s things became more available and, by 1953, plans were approved and tenders for the building of the hall were asked for and in due course estimates were available to the hall committee. The following prices were accepted by the meeting:

Mason work	£ 1593 :	7 :	4
Joiner	1337 :	7 :	7
Plumber	288 :	11 :	9
Plastering	348 :	6 :	10
Painting	111 :	16 :	3
Electrical	118 :	18 :	6
Glazier	21 :	5 :	0
Heating	173 :	4 :	0
Parking area	194 :	5 :	0
Hydro Board	30 :	0 :	0
Architect Fees	300 :	0 :	0
Total	**£4517 :**	**2 :**	**3**

Bearing in mind that the Scottish Office gave a 50% grant, the wheels were set in motion, and at last the fund-raising done over the previous years was beginning to show visible signs of progression.

Trustees were appointed to oversee the working committee and were proposed as follows:

The Laird of Tannadice Estate
The County Councillor of the day
The District Councillor of the day
The Church Minister of the day
The School Head Teacher of the day

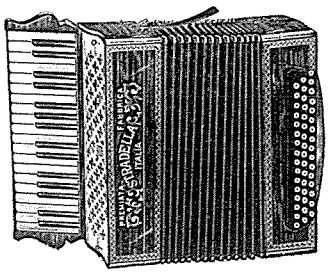
All those proposed to serve as trustees accepted, and their successors have done so for nearly 50 years. After another spell of fund-raising, the building work was in full swing and by the Spring of 1956 the big day was drawing nigh.

Saturday, the 28th of April, at 2.30 p.m., was the appointed hour and Lady Ogilvy was invited to perform the Opening Ceremony. A large turnout of local people attended and the sales stalls were sold out and £220 was raised towards hall funds. The day's festivities finished with a dance at night, the music provided by the Four Star Band.

At the next meeting held in early May it was decided to form a new committee to include representatives from all the local organisations. This proved to be fruitful and the following were represented; Flower Show, W.R.I., Youth Club, Girl Guides, Boy Scouts, Men's Club, British Legion, Rifle Club, and Kirk Session.

During the Autumn of 1957 the hall was used by the Department of Education as an extra room for the school until accommodation was made available there, which was much-needed at that time. This, however, did not interrupt the use of the hall in the evenings and weekends.

Like many village halls, letting it out to other organisations did not bring enough revenue to pay for the cost of keeping the hall in a good condition, paying electricity bills, cleaning materials, etc. To help bring in more money the committee ran dances on a monthly basis with many prominent Scottish dance bands playing at these events: Jim Cameron, Ian Powrie, The Gie Gordons, The Hawthorn, Lindsey Ross, the Four Star, The Blue Bonnets and many more. The average hire was about £18, a big difference from today's cost for a night's music.



Twenty years on and in 1978 the committee was still fund-raising! Over the years many good nights were had but, despite this, letting the hall still did not pay for the upkeep. Painting was needing to be done and a 'Prop-up the Hall Ball' event was arranged. The tickets were £1.50 which seemed reasonable as mince and tatties were served for supper. Mind you mince was only 70 pence a pound! The sum of £233.39 was raised which was a big boost to the bank balance.

As the years passed by, many alterations and repairs were done, new heating, more painting, floor repairs, and the kitchen was in need of an update, and that was only scratching the surface. Every year the committee had to raise funds just to keep the doors open.

It came to a point when a general open meeting was held to get an idea of what the people of the area thought of the situation. Did they want the hall kept open or should it be closed? By this time the floor had become dangerous and was in need of replacing. Many opinions were expressed at the meeting but it was decided that the hall should be kept open.

Grants were applied for and received and with much voluntary labour the necessary repairs were carried out and all was well again! Despite the facilities being much improved (although not the warmest place on earth), the hall bookings over the next few years were poor. The committee found it quite impossible to pay for the insurance, performing rights, and repairs, and, after another public meeting in the year 2001, it was decided that the hall should be closed.

On 22nd April, 2001, an auction was held and the hall furnishings sold, along with all the internal timber, floors, etc. in a bid to raise money to pay for the demolition. The cost of this was to be fairly expensive with regard to the safe removal of the asbestos roof. It was then decided to try to sell the site and building with all the necessary permission needed for this purpose being granted. This being successful, the demise of the village hall was complete.

Tannadice and Oathlaw WRI

At the beginning of the 20th century there was a need for women living in rural districts to meet and get together to socialise and to learn and pass on new skills.



W.R.I Party, October 1975

In July 1925, Tannadice and Oathlaw Women's Rural Institute was founded, although there are no records of the first five years of its existence. During the 1930's the president was Mrs Wright, the minister's wife from Oathlaw. Meetings were held in Botany Hall, just north of Finavon and the hall was heated with a coal fire.

Principal committee members in the early years were Mrs Batchelor, Mrs Lunan, Mrs Cuthill, Mrs Bruce, Mrs Glen, and Mrs Millar who kindly presented a trophy for the member gaining most points in competition throughout the year. Today, we still compete for the Millar cup!

When Tannadice Village Hall was built, the WRI moved from Botany Hall in 1968, to enjoy the more modern facilities, and continued to use Tannadice Hall for the next thirty three years until it closed at the beginning of 2001. Now the meetings are held in Finavon Hotel, where the ladies are served their tea and eats, instead of catering for themselves.

Over the years many craft and cookery demonstrations have been enjoyed by the WRI members, as well as educational talks, health matters, slides and helping with charity work.

Each year a summer outing is organised and this has covered many different venues: National Trust buildings, castles, gardens, theatres and shopping, from as far away as Ayr, Dunoon and Inverness to local places of interest.

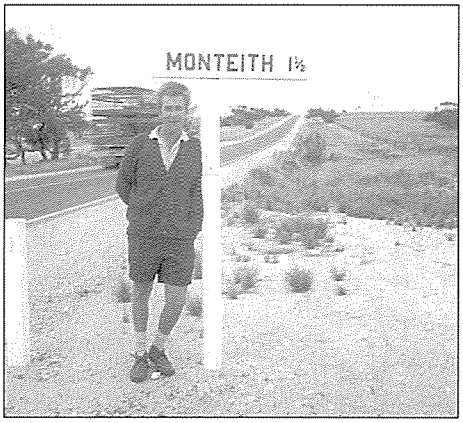
Many happy WRI birthday parties have been enjoyed over the years, and although a party is celebrated each year, the notable ones have been - the 40th held at Dykehead Hotel, the 50th held at Jarman's Hotel, Forfar, the 60th held at Letham Grange Hotel and the 70th at Finavon Hotel.

Next year 2005, Tannadice and Oathlaw WRI celebrates its 80th birthday and is still going strong. Nevertheless we are always looking for new members, and anyone wishing to join our happy group, please contact any current member.

Next year 2005, Tannadice and Oathlaw WRI celebrates its 80th birthday

I'm an 'Incomer' by David Monteith

I was born in November, 1932, and brought up on a farm near the village of Abernethy in Perthshire. Come to think of it, had it been two and a half miles further east, I would have been a 'Fifer'.



David - on his way

Before I left school, my parents sold the farm and moved to Glencarse in the Carse of Gowrie. That was in November, 1948, when my brother, Duncan, went to St. Andrews University and later I left school in the summer of 1949. My first job was on the Newton Farm close to the village, for fifty bob a week; not a lot when a good pair of working boots cost a 'fiver'. I well mind my first job, lime-washing the byre walls; I was greetin' before piece-time. Have you ever had splashes of hot lime in your eyes?

As you read, you are maybe thinking what has this got to do with the Tannadice area, fair comment, but then every story has to start somewhere, and believe me there is no truth in the saying that "life begins at forty". Anyway at that time I did not know that there was a place called Tannadice.

One night in the winter of 1949 I went to an event called "Go as you Please" in the local Hall. This was a night of competitions for singing bothy ballads, comic songs, reciting poems, fiddlin', playing the melodeon, telling funny stories and playing the mouth-organ etc. What a night of fun this was, and, when I heard a lad singing 'The Ball o'Kirriemuir' I decided there and then to try and get tickets for the next Ball. Next day I had a look at a map to see where and how far away Kirriemuir was.

In November 1952 the Wilkie family from Wolflaw moved to Drumhead Farm at Abernethy and, only after meeting them, did I realise that there was a place called Tannadice. The only one I had heard of was the 'fitba' park' in Dundee. Over three years later in March, 1956, I married Isla Wilkie and after another twenty-one years, ten of them spent in Australia, we arrived in this area with our family to live at Foreside of Cairn.

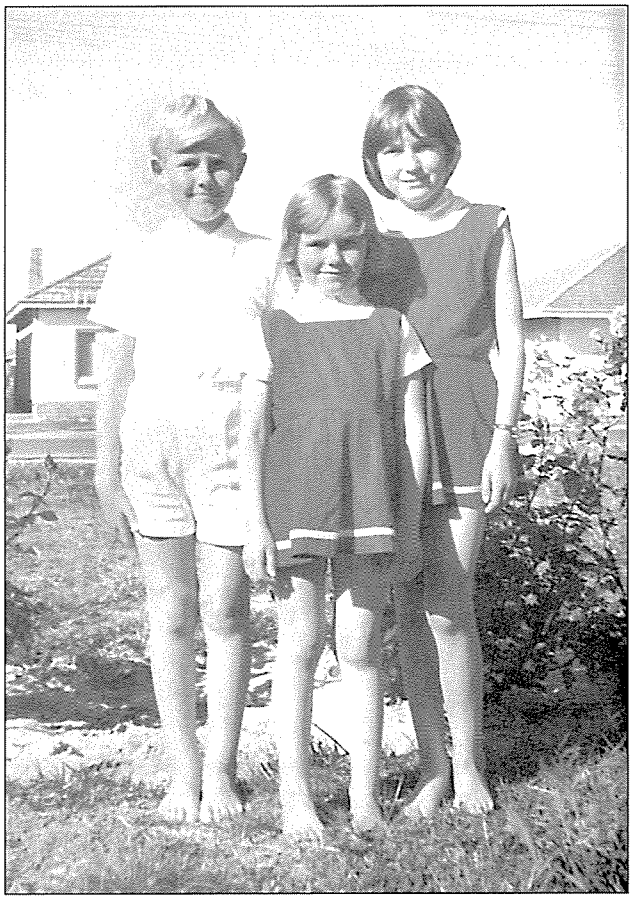
Well, here I was only five miles from Kirriemuir but twenty-five years older and the idea of going to a Ball there had lost its appeal a wee bit.

Isla was pleased to be back in the area and could look across to Wolflaw where she spent the first twenty-one years of her life. On the other side was the Cairn Farm where she had gathered tatties for Sandy Stewart and the fields around Foreside where she had picked raspberries for Messrs McCaig and Goodchild.

Speaking about raspberry picking, Dick Watson had berries at Wolflaw at this time and we went to help one weekend. I had never seen berry canes like them; it was impossible to see down the 'dreels'. We picked in wee plastic baskets, leaving them to be collected later and put into boxes before going to the weigh-in. That was the idea anyway, but, before we got them picked-up, some young 'loons' had sneaked through under cover of the canes and nicked a few. Enterprising chaps! I did not think so at the time.

We were at Foreside for three years. During this time our daughter Kate attended Aberdeen University for one year and then transferred to Dundee University to finish her education. Our son, Andrew, returned to Australia in 1978 and younger daughter Claire finished her schooling at Webster's High School in Kirriemuir.

Across the road at Cairnhill, the Honourable Nancy Arbuthnott lived. She had known Isla and all the Wilkie family for many years and called in for a cup of tea and a chat now and again. The first time Isla introduced me to her, Miss Arbuthnott said *"He'll do, he has good big feet!"* I later found out that in her younger days, she had judged at horse-shows!



Andrew, Kate and Claire Monteith in front

We were fortunate some years later to be invited to her 100th birthday party which was a nice tribute to a lovely person and we all felt privileged to have known her.

During the last twenty-five years I have moved round the area quite a bit, and have lived in the three parishes about which this book is written. From Foreside of Cairn in Oathlaw, I moved to Inshewan, Mill of Tannadice, then Ledenhendrie and Denhead Cottage in Fern Parish, and now I am back in Tannadice again.

No matter where I have lived I have enjoyed myself and have met many people from all walks of life, and hopefully, have made many friends in the district.

In the winters I always enjoyed a few days' shooting at West Mains of Whitewell with my brother-in-law, Jim Wilkie, and at Baldoukie with Dod Sturrock and Curly Millar. We all had some good laughs at each other's expense but that is part of a good day's fun and no-one got upset about it. Sadly Jim and Curly have passed on, but Dod is still batting at '91 not out', and I still enjoy a visit with him and have a crack about days gone by.

I have experienced many happy times in this district and none more so than at the weddings of Claire and Kate. Claire married Colin Farquharson in August, 1981, and they have three sons, Daniel, Joseph and Michael. Kate married Morton Simpson in September, 1983, and had two daughters, Ailsa and Ruth. Great enjoyment has been had from watching our grandchildren grow up, and I also think how lucky they are to have lived in this lovely countryside during their childhood. Another happy occasion was when Andrew came home to live in Scotland after many years in Australia. He is engaged to Ali Lothian, a lovely lass from Kirriemuir, and Isla and I look forward to having her as our daughter-in-law.

Over these last twenty-six years, I have come to like this Angus countryside, its beauty, its folklore and its people. I have enjoyed joining in the activities of the area and learning about its past and, when I drive up the M90 from Dundee and reach that part where the Valley of Strathmore opens out in front and see the hills and glens beyond, I now say to myself and to anyone who is with me 'These are the hills of home'. Who knows, maybe I am not so much of an incomer now!

Over these last twenty-six years, I have come to like this Angus countryside, its beauty, its folklore and its people.

Memories of Tannadice and District by May Kidd (née Falconer)

When the Falconer family moved into Easter Marcus Farm in 1938, I was not yet two years old and too young to remember. Nor, thankfully, do I remember the day when I fell out of my father's car, into the middle of the main road near Finavon. Luckily for me, it was not such a busy road then.



Margaret Fearn in uniform

The Gibson family in the Toll House, including Jean who still lives there, rushed out, gently picked me up and took me into their home. Fortunately I have no recollection of the accident but while recovering at home from my injuries, I remember lying in bed in a room with the curtains drawn, as my eyes could not stand the light, and family and friends bringing gifts.

I remember the annual Tannadice Flower Show in the 1940s, mainly because I was encouraged to enter some of the children's competitions. The one I liked best, because I sometimes won, was the handwriting competition, when we were judged on our writing of: 'Let Tannadice and Oathlaw Horticultural Society continue to flourish'.

Our house at Easter Marcus was always full of people. There were Mum and Dad, John and Jean Falconer, my sisters Jean and Emily, my brother James, and our paternal grandfather, Alexander Falconer. During the war our cousin Margaret Fearn lived and worked as a land-girl on the farm. Helen Macdonald, a nurse from Strichen and a niece of Tannadice District Nurse Barbara Bruce, made her home with us too.

The first wedding to which I was invited was the wedding of Helen Macdonald to Tannadice gamekeeper Bill Robertson in Tannadice Church in June 1946 (or was it '47?). I was looking forward to the wedding as any little girl would. But fate intervened. I contracted measles a few days beforehand and that was that. No wedding for me. The rest of the family departed in their finery. I was left at home in bed, in the care of kindly Mrs Jolly, whose husband Jim worked on the farm. Mum gave me a peach as a treat. I had never tasted one before and I must confess it was a big disappointment, and no substitute for a wedding! Bill and Helen Robertson made their home at Cadger's Path, first of all in Rose Cottage (which our dad jokingly referred to as Honeymoon Cottage) and then in the Keepers House.

I learned to swim at Tannadice, in the 'baths' used by the Scouts, near Tannadyce House gardens. There was the occasional game of tennis on the courts there - hardly Wimbledon standard, but good fun. I vaguely remember, when not very old, being in the house at Clatterha Smiddy while Dad got something mended, and listening to the chat of the Mudie family.

The tattie gathering was an exciting time for a child on the farm - before I was old enough to have a 'bit' I was allowed to sit up on the cart behind the horse and 'oversee' proceedings. Health and Safety rules would never allow this today, but nobody was worried then, least of all me. When the time came to have a 'bit' it was still enjoyable, because there were so many people around. As well as picking tatties at Easter Marcus, I remember doing the same at Wolflaw with the Wilkie family, when my sister Jean was courting Jim Wilkie, who became her husband.

I was a member of the 2nd Brechin Girl Guides, and camped a lot with them, but also enjoyed a camp with the Tannadice Guides, led by Biddy Wilkie, assisted by her sister Isla. I think it was in Glenesk. The weather was fine and we didn't bother with a tent - we slept under the stars!

Our Mum was a Red Cross collector and sometimes I did her round of the neighbours - Mr & Mrs Jim Christie, Mill of Marcus; Mr and Mrs Baird, Noranbank, Mrs and Miss Stourton and Miss Hendry, Marcus House; Jim and Mrs Walker, Little Howmuir (halfway down the Noranbank Road).

Mum was a member of Tannadice and Oathlaw WRI. Meetings were held in the Botany Hall at Finavon. When a Rural concert was being organised, Mum volunteered us, and in these days you did what your mother told you! She said: *"Jean, you'll sing, Emily, you'll play and May, you'll dance"*. And so it came to pass that we sang, played and danced for the Rural!

For four years from the age of eighteen, I was a student at Edinburgh University, after which I came back home to Easter Marcus once again, and took up a teaching post in Brechin. From 1959 to 1961 I was Assistant Cub Leader at Tannadice Cubs, with Bill Robertson as Akela. The boys called me Balloo. We had many lively evenings in the Clubbie, and took part in Major Jock Neish's famous Scout concerts. One meeting night, a wee cub must have noticed I'd had my hair cut. He remarked in a friendly fashion: *"Ah doot Balloo's been hain' a perm!"*.



May Kidd in the garden

On 14th July 1961, I married Neil Kidd in Careston Church, and the Tannadice Cubs formed a Guard of Honour outside the church. It was a complete surprise to me, but a happy one. I was delighted when Jock Neish bestowed on me the honour of becoming the first female member of Tannadice Old Scouts Association.

Around 1959, Tannadice Youth Club was started by Mrs Anne Thomson, Balgillo, and I was a founder member. We met in Tannadice Hall, which was fairly new at the time. Our Dad had been on the Hall Committee. What I remember most about the Youth Club was a fund-raising concert, with guest entertainer John Mearns from Aberdeenshire topping the bill, and the Youth Club members in supporting acts. We dressed up to perform several popular songs, with suitable actions. The ones I remember are the 'Itsy Bitsy Teeny Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini' and 'Paper Roses'. My job was as accompanist on the piano, so I escaped the worst of the dressing up!

It is more than 40 years since I left the district. But the links remain. In more recent years I have played the organ in Tannadice Church for the occasional wedding, chiefly that of my niece Isla May Wilkie, West Mains of Whitewell. A sadder occasion was the funeral in 1994 of her father, my brother-in-law, Jim Wilkie. On that January day, Jim was carried from the church to the graveyard, to the strains of a march, 'James Wilkie of Tannadice' specially composed in his honour a few weeks earlier by Jimmy Shand Junior.

So the years roll on. The 'new' Tannadice Hall became old and has closed its doors permanently. The Scouts and Cubs have a new 'Clubbie'. Now my grand-daughters, Sally and Anna Kidd, are pupils at Tannadice Primary School and I find myself in the audience at school concerts and watching the races on Sports Days. Who would have guessed it forty years ago? Life is full of surprises!

When a Rural concert was being organised, Mum volunteered us, and in these days you did what your mother told you!

Margaret Harris (née Gill), Kent

The lodge house at Finavon, belonging to Tannadice House, was occupied by an elderly couple named Barry. Mr Barry had been very ill and the Laird had his driver stop at the lodge gates while he went to visit the sick man.

On leaving, the Laird said to Mrs Barry, who was very deaf, *"I think he's looking a little better today."*

"No" she replied, *"I'll no' let him oot."*

"I said, he's looking a little better today!" roared the Laird.

"I'll no let him oot. I'll haud his breeks."

"Oh damn the woman," said the exasperated Laird to his driver.

The Tannadice village bobby, named Simpson, was often to be seen touring his area by bicycle, though what he did to occupy his time is a puzzle, for I never heard of anything being stolen or any infringement of the law of the land being committed. Unfortunately he and the headmaster of Tannadice school were at daggers drawn and the atmosphere between them was hardly bearable.

Mr Simpson was a keen gardener and won many trophies for his magnificent patch, so it must have been with some reluctance that he and his family moved to Dundee.

The Simpsons had two children, a boy and a girl, the son, named Bill being fourteen at the time of the move. Tragedy awaited them, for soon after they settled into their new home, a burglar stole all the gardening trophies. Not long after that, Bill was crossing the road and passed behind a lorry parked on an incline. The brake had not been properly applied and it rolled back, killing Bill.



Margaret Gill feeding hens in Tannadice

The Crightons were a family living at Cadgers Path. The grandfather and the father of five children habitually travelled together by motorcycle. Routinely, the young mother, on hearing the sound of the returning motorcycle as it passed Finavon Smithy, would go through to the kitchen and put the kettle on. One Saturday night, after a night out in Brechin, they crashed on the way home at Drum of Careston and, at a stroke, both women became widows and five young children lost both their father and grandfather.

The two roadmen at Tannadice and Finavon could not have been more different. The one in Tannadice lived with the Hardy family in the house between the policeman's home and that of the headmaster – fortunately separating the two warring factions.

Andra Scott of Tannadice worked non-stop, and he was a very courteous man, acknowledging even passing school children with a brief *"Aye"* before continuing his work. Eck Duncan of Finavon, on the other hand, seemed to spend all day leaning on his spade. A good looking man, he would grin amiably to all and sundry, and was always ready for a chat.

When I was little I loved the joke about the two ploughmen in their bothy, preparing to retire for the night. One pulls his socks off and the other looked hugely impressed.

"Michty, Jock, that's a helluva pair of dirty feet ye have."

"Whit aboot yours? Yours are waur."

"I ken, but I'm aulder than you are."

So, the older one was, the dirtier the feet. Can you imagine how this must have appealed to a ten year old who had scant regard for soap and water?



Tannadice School 1908

A local group got together to put on a play at Botany Hall, Finavon, and one of the players had the following line: *"Mary Thompson's getting married!"* she shrieked, and her eyebrows climbed up her forehead in astonishment. *"There's a chance for us a' yet then!"* I looked anxiously at our very own Mary Thompson sitting amongst us in the audience. I thought that, for this event, the group should have replaced the name with another, but I needn't have worried for Mary was laughing even more than anyone else.

Fred Cook lived in the next house to that of the gamekeeper (David Beattie's father) at Cadgers Path. A date had been set for a dentist to attend at Tannadice School for an inspection of all the childrens' teeth. Mr Clelland had kept this pretty much a secret, as he believed that if we pupils found out, most of us would go AWOL. Our dinner lady was Mrs Wills who lived in what used to be a hotel in the village, and we children liked her enormously because she was quiet, kind and pleasant. Unfortunately she inadvertently let it slip to us that the dentist was coming the next day. A little while later, we were all asked to give an example of a white lie. Up shot Fred's hand and he said, *"Er - the dentist is coming tomorrow."* Relief all round, for it seemed that we kids thought the whole thing was a terrifying rumour without foundation. Today's children might wonder at this, but in those days a dentist's drill always felt as though he was using the kind meant for road mending. This quick thinking was typical of Fred, as he was a very bright boy indeed.

I don't suppose anyone really knows why Jock Neish was so called, but it could have been started by my mother and two of her friends, a boy and another girl. When they were all very small children, it came to Mrs Neish's ears that her son's little friends were calling him "Jock" and she was not best pleased. She told him, *"I don't mind you playing with tenants' children, so long as they address you properly."* My mother told me that the next time the four of them were busy with some boisterous game, it was 'Jock' this and 'Jock' that and he suddenly stopped, drew himself up and said, *"If you don't mind, it's Master Ian."* The other boy replied, *"We ken, but we'll just ca' ye Jock."* And the happy foursome immediately resumed playing.

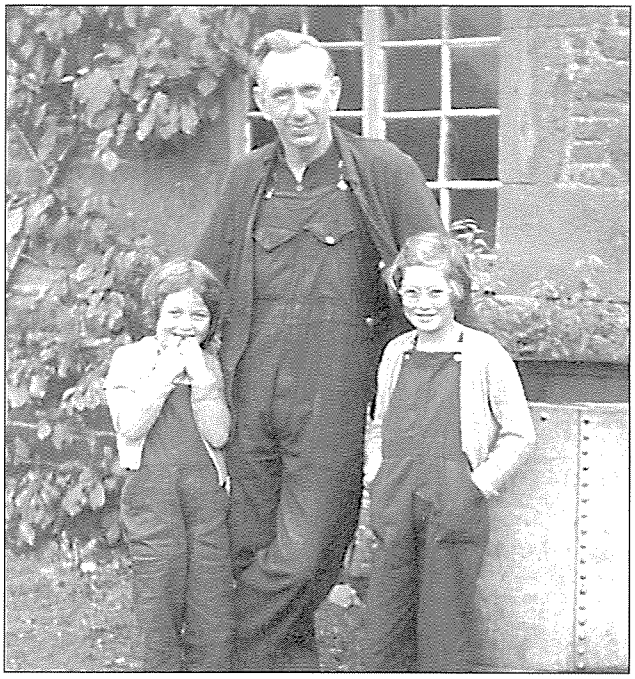
The annual Flower Show held in and around Tannadice scout hut was always a well organised affair and very well attended. Besides the judging of produce in the hut, others were busy with sports competitions and highland dancing. One year, the event was opened with a speech by The Honourable Simon Ramsay, a handsome if rather delicate looking man. The only part of his speech of interest to a little girl, as I was then, was a joke about a very repentant sinner begging forgiveness. *"I'm sorry God. What I did was wrong, and I promise I'll never do such a thing again, but, you see, at the time I did it, I didn't know it was wrong."* And God roared, *"Weel, ye ken noo!".*

Oh, how happy I was to discover that God was Scottish!

Oh, how happy I was to discover that God was Scottish!

Memories of the Smiddy by Lorna Taylor (née Sturrock)

What a wonderful place to grow up. Standing in its own two acres, my sister Elaine and I had lots of space in and around the smiddy to play, and I have many happy memories of making 'housies' in the field, and trying to make shepherd's crooks in the smiddy.



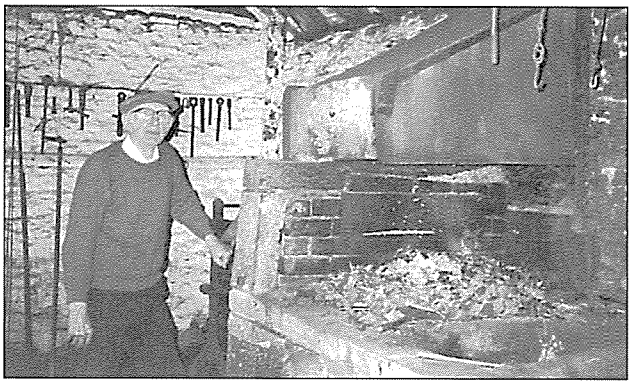
Elaine, George, Lorna Sturrock

The cheerful chattering of sparrows and the chuckling of the swallows which nested in the smiddy accompanied us. As we grew older, we ventured further afield on our bicycles. I remember when my father, George Sturrock, got his first car: before then he travelled to the surrounding farms on bicycle to carry out his work!

The smiddy was always a hive of activity, and a natural meeting place for the men on the farms. As a youngster, I remember the Clydesdale cart horses coming to be shod - patient, gentle giants - but by the end of the 1950's, the tractor had virtually replaced the cart horse, and the shoeing was now mostly ponies. Many is the time I rather timidly held the leading rein of a pony, while my father confidently worked his way round: I used to love how some ponies turned their heads to watch him, or to take in the burning smell from their hooves (the ponies that is, not me!). Dad took care to explain to us how the hoof was just like a finger nail which could be cut, trimmed and have a hot shoe applied without any discomfort at all to the pony. A full 'hot' shoeing took about an hour and a half, and the finished pony went off complete with a manicure of oil applied to each hoof.

Our triangle was also the meeting point for the roadmen from Forfar, Brechin and Kirriemuir, so the smiddy was a regular tea brewing stop. Andra' Scott from Tannadice was my father's extra pair of hands when he was ringing a cart wheel. The hooping ring, which you can still see in front of the smiddy, was in regular use. Andra' kept the bellows going while Dad turned the metal hoop on the fire. The wooden cart wheel had been placed on its side in the hooping rim, hub on the shallow depression. Once the metal ring was red hot the two men quickly carried it outside using long metal tongs and placed it on metal dogs to hold it in position around the rim of the cartwheel. Oh the whoosh of steam as Andra' poured on cold water from the water butt and the ringing sound as Dad hammered the ring into shape around the wheel. I can still smell the burning of wood and hear the noise as I write this.

Talking of hammering - when it was dinnertime or teatime (that's lunch and dinner to you and me now) my mother, Jessie, knocked on the wall between the kitchen and the smiddy with the soup ladle and if Dad was within hearing range he would reply *"dong, dong dong, dong, dong, dong dong"* on the anvil that reverberates with memories of family life to this day.



George Sturrock in Baldoukie Smiddy

Beth Smart

My sister and I were both born at home, at 'The Knowe', Baldoukie. My late father, William Gordon was shepherd at Baldoukie Farm. He was an elder of Tannadice Church and was also Treasurer for a time. The bookmarks on the lectern were gifted by my mother in his memory.

My sister and I walked to Denside School where Miss Jeffrey was head teacher and Miss Volume, who now stays in Kirriemuir, was the teacher. I remember writing essays at school and we were taught to knit in primary school. Our classroom had a big blackboard and maps hung on the walls. At first we wrote on slates and then we had sloping desks with lids that lifted and we were taught to write with pen and ink. Our lunches came in containers from Forfar. The school dentist looked after our teeth and the nurse would come and check our hair. After our primary education we went onto Tannadice School, travelling there by Bean's bus. I left school when I was 15 years old.

Every year during the school holidays we used to cycle to the berry picking at Foreside of Cairn. Sometimes we came home for tea and then went back again. As children we played skipping and hopscotch. I remember having a spinning top and a doll with a pram. At Christmas we would get an apple or orange and perhaps a pencil or socks. Men would work on Christmas day but they would get two days off at New Year. Hogmanay and New Years Day would just be spent at the house and someone would arrive carrying a lump of coal. We attended Brownies at Denside and then went on to Guides at Tannadice.

In 1952 we watched the Queen's Coronation (in the dining room at school) on a black and white television. Afterwards there were races for the children organised by Jimmy McAllan.

At home we grew lots of vegetables and we kept hens and a pig. I remember it was always a Saturday that Bob Kennedy would come to kill the pig and then it was put into a barrel of salt to cure before the hams were hung up in the kitchen next to the pulley for drying the clothes. Around the 1950's a bathroom and a kitchen with a double sink were added to the house. Before that the water was drawn from an outside tap called a 'spigot'. When electricity arrived it was paid through a 1 shilling meter.

I married Jim in 1958 at Finavon Hotel. We then lived at Baldoukie Cottages until 1970 when we came to live in the village. I started work in Tannadice School kitchen in 1969, earning £28 per month. We made up our own menus and these would be checked at Forfar. At one time we supplied meals to Tannadice, Fern, Careston, Denside, Oathlaw, Cortachy, Memus and Prosen schools and there were five of us working in the kitchen, Iris Candy, Mrs Laing, Mrs Strachan, Mrs Benzie and myself. As time went by many small primary schools closed and by the time I left there were only two of us in the kitchen, May Simpson and myself. Now much of the food comes ready prepared - even the potatoes are peeled and all primary schools in Tayside have the same menu.

Before our daughter was born, Jim developed glandular fever and was allergic to penicillin so he went into Stracathro hospital where he was kept for four weeks. He was kept in isolation, had a poultice applied around his neck and visitors could only go to the window to see him. Sheena was two weeks old before he was allowed home.

From 1975 Jim was a Prison Officer at Noranside for 21 years. Our daughter Sheena and son Kenneth attended primary school at Tannadice and finished at Websters High School. Two of our three grandchildren started school at Tannadice before I finished work there in June 2002 after 33 years.

Jim was brought up at Scalleywell, Glenquiech and went to Memus primary school. He remembers on one occasion getting the strap from Miss Bain. He used to carry milk in a flagon to school every day for Miss Bain but on one occasion he was late because something had happened to the boy milking the cows. In protest he stopped carrying the milk for a time. Jim also went to Tannadice School where there were three classrooms, the dining hall and a woodwork/science room where Mr Petrie was the woodwork teacher. There was a garden in front of the school and the produce was used in the domestic science lessons. The toilets were outside near the gate. Many of the pupils cycled to school as there were few cars then using the school road.

Snippets on Employment by David Beattie

There can be little doubt that, collectively, farmers were the mainstay of employment in this area. In 2003 many of the farms work with only the farmer himself, with perhaps a small amount of help when required. However, it was certainly not always so.



Tattie lifting at Baldoukie - Geordie Wood and Billy Milne

Up until the beginning of World War II, an average farm would employ 6-8 workers. Many farms would have four pairs of horses, a cattleman (often assisted by his wife), a general labourer (orraman); some would even have a shepherd and a foreman. Young people may be surprised to learn that farm workers were not entitled to holidays - paid or unpaid. Generally they were given three days off each year, a day in May and November and New Year's Day. There was of course no written contract; just a handshake or even a nod would determine where a worker would spend his next six months. Single men lived in the bothies where sanitary conditions were mostly non existent; the cattle court served!

My recollection of milling days at Glencoul is of the number of fires that took place there. I believe it was the intense amount of grain dust in the buildings which brought this about. In the days of Glencoul Distillery the rather grand house across the road was the home of the exciseman, who was in constant attendance at the distillery. Yes, even then the Government greedily needed its share. This house is now a privately owned Bed and Breakfast.

There was of course employment on the railway, for both Tannadice and Justinhaugh had their own railway stations. Tannadice had as stationmaster Mr Hutton plus a porter, while Justinhaugh had Mr Mcleod as stationmaster plus a porter. As well as those employed at the stations there was also a local railway-line maintenance crew. Mr Euston and Mr Fraser plus one other man made up part of this crew. Like the distillery and the mill, these two have long since departed.

Noranside was and continues to be a source of employment. Firstly as a Sanatorium, then a Borstal, a Young Offenders Institution and now an Open Prison.

Andrew Scott was the full-time roadman who lived in the village of Tannadice, and Andrew was quite a user of tobacco. No, he didn't smoke it, he chewed it. Ugh! Across from the Finavon Hotel lived the other roadman

called Alex 'Eck' Duncan. I don't suppose Eck had a very great education but he had both wide and diverse knowledge. He could converse on so many different subjects and had quite a sense of humour. As a sideline, he rigged up a generator driven by a small petrol engine and Eck was the man who charged the wet accumulator batteries for all the households who boasted a wireless set. This was done at a price of course! No transistor radios then!

The shop at Finavon was also the home of the local telephone exchange. The shop was open 7 days a week and the telephone switchboard 24 hours a day and 365 days a year. Next to the hotel and shop was a filling station with petrol at 1/3d. a gallon - when was this!

Perhaps one of the most remarkable positions was that held by the local postie, Mr Wills. I say remarkable, because he held no less that three jobs at the same time. Firstly as the postman, and this involved delivering his mail by bicycle all year round. Secondly he was the school caretaker and lastly he was the local gravedigger! Mr Wills was a most unassuming man, but he held down three very necessary jobs.

In my days at Tannadice, the minister was the Rev J MacMurray who in his duties was most ably assisted by his housekeeper, Miss Gibb. She was not only his housekeeper, but also the church organist. Miss Gibb was a vocalist who sang at least one - maybe two octaves above anyone else in the congregation and that more or less killed off all opposition!

Traditional forms of employment have largely gone, but have now been replaced by others - diversification!

Recollections of Tannadice School from Sheila I Nicoll

I am writing on behalf of my 93 year old cousin, Marjory Reid, known as Madge who lived with her father, mother and three brothers in the top house in Tannadice after her father returned from serving in the Army in 1919.

Madge's father was employed as gardener to Mrs McLaren, Wester Balgillo Farm, and on market days drove her to market. Mrs McLaren had two unmarried sons who had other farms.

Madge attended the old school at the side of the river South Esk and remembers playing by the side of the river, although she was not supposed to be there. They went down a road from the playground, probably the lane between the school and the Dominie's house, and in the summer played up in the Den.

Mr Henderson was the headmaster at the old school, and wanted Madge's parents to apply for a bursary so that she could further her education. It was not the done thing in these days for girls to stay on at school, so at the age of fourteen her mother took her in to Forfar where she was signed on to 'go into service'. Mr Henderson must have been a very good teacher as he encouraged her to take an interest in reading. Madge has a clear memory of the vast number of books she has read and remembers a lot of poetry. It keeps her going in her later life when she cannot see to read and write. Her letters always had a quotation from something, and she did love writing and receiving letters.

Mr Henderson's son Hamish went on to University, and when he was a student, came and spoke to the pupils at the school. I met Hamish seven years ago, while on holiday, and he now lives in Morningside in Edinburgh. I told Madge about meeting him, and at that time she could even remember one of the lessons he had given them.

Our mother's aunt, Mrs McQuattie, had the shop and Post Office beside the old school. Her grandson was a scout and I can remember him going abroad to a Jamboree before the war. Not many people went abroad in those days, but no doubt Jock Neish would have got help for him. Madge tells me Jock Neish was a 'man's man', and not interested in parties which his mother gave.

Caretaker of Tannadice Prisoner of War Camp - Jimmy McAllan

Jimmy was born in October 1924 in Aberdeenshire and when he left school he worked on local farms, then moved on to wood cutting and working in a sawmill. From there he joined the R.A.F., where he remained for six years, mainly during the wartime.

During his time in the Air Force, Jimmy was stationed at Prestwick, John O' Groats, Tealing and Colchester. Tealing was where many of the pilots were trained, but were only given eight or nine weeks practice before taking to the skies, resulting, as he remembers in several casualties!

Jimmy was then moved to the American base at Colchester and was only there a short time before being put in charge of discipline of a Fighter Squadron. Part of his duties was to guide the pilots in to land, service the planes and accompany them on test flights. After leaving the Air Force, Jimmy was employed by the Ministry of Works as caretaker at a prisoner of war camp at Ballater, and when it closed, moved to the camp at Tannadice.

Tannadice Army Prisoner of War Camp

The prisoner of war camp situated on the hill above Tannadice Village was one of several throughout the country in the 1940's and 1950's.

Little is known about these camps except for local knowledge, as nothing was written or published at that time due to the secrecy of keeping information from the Germans. The camp was built in approximately 1940, and first of all housed Italian and German prisoners of war, followed by displaced persons.

These men were drafted out to local farms to work on the land, helping with the harvest, potato lifting, etc.

Jimmy McAllan, a resident in the village for many years now, came to the camp at Tannadice in 1950. He had his own quarters, where he lived with his wife Mary and two daughters Moira and Alison. Jimmy was provided with a truck (a green goddess) in order to convey the prisoners to and from their place of work. He had to telephone Leuchars weather centre each evening to receive the forecast for the following day and notify the farmers, so that work could be organised. Work sheets had to be prepared for the men each day, were signed by the farmers, and returned. The prisoner's pay was approximately four pounds and 10 shillings per week. There were three cooks in the camp, of different nationalities, and Jimmy remembers them making soup in the old style 'washing boilers'.

Once a week the prisoners were given a film show in the camp and the local children were allowed in to enjoy the films, being charged 6d a time.

The camp closed in 1957 and was handed back to the farmer on whose land it had been built. The farmer used it as a store, until it was finally demolished in October 1988.

When the camp closed in 1957, Jimmy McAllan moved down to Tannadice Village with his family, and a short time later became janitor at Tannadice School, a post he held for twelve years until January 1971. During his years as janitor, Jimmy also underwent training in order to be able to run the local youth club, which was held in the school in the evenings. He enjoyed this very much and remembers they did a successful sponsored walk from Forfar Academy to Arbroath.

On leaving Tannadice School, Jimmy attended an industrial rehabilitation course in Edinburgh for a few months, before learning to be a bookmaker in Forfar. This was in 1972, and after a year he was given a manager's job, a position he held until he retired in 1989.

Sadly Mary died in 1998, but Jimmy and Alison still live in the same house and are very much respected in the village and surrounding area.

...nothing was written or published at that time due to the secrecy of keeping information from the Germans

The Tale of Wilkie's Bull

by David Monteith

(based on an actual happening)

Noo Wilkie's bull was on the dole
An' unco scarce o' labour
He thocht 'twad be a friendly thing
Tae gae an' help a neighbour,
Twas then he spied some heifers braw
Upon Baldoukie's braes
So he louped the fence and crossed the Esk
An' barely wet his taes.

He held on through the barley field
An' ower the road did canter
Says he wi' thae young lassies fine,
I'll ha'e some fun and banter,
Noo he had gotten through the fence
An' heard a heifer sigh
By Jove, he thocht untae himsel'
That ecstasy was nigh.

Twas then his plans a' gaed agley
He'd been a stupid "billie"
When he hidna' made contingencies
For meeting Fairmer Willie.
Noo just like Auld McGonagall
When haudin' up the road
Twas then that Willie spied him
And shouted "A bull b'God".

He wisna' lang in drawin' up
An' loupit fae his car,
But fegs he didna' ha'e his stick
So he grabbed a palin' spar,
He hunted him a' ower the place
He whistled, roared and squealed,
But could he get the muckle brute
Tae come oot o' the field.

Now 'twad be an understatement
Tae say Willie wisna' plaised
By this time he was sweitin'
An' was getting unco raised
For 'twas no' as if an auld stray tam
Was at his tabby cat,
Twas his finest draw o' heifers
An' a Charolais brit at that.

So Willie thocht he'd try again
Ere things got oot o' hand
Says he I'll speak to him in French
For that he'll understand,
I didna' mind ye loupin' roond
An' kickin' up some stour
But by fegs ma' lad I'll sort ye
If ye start tae mak' "amour".

Weel Willie was dumbfounded
He'd tried as hard's he could
But it was fairly obvious
He'd been misunderstood.
Noo, a' the men were at the neeps
Aye, busy at the clat
But Willie had them rounded up
In twa-three minutes flat.

Says he we'll need tae get him oot
Afore there is a weddin'
So they took him tae Baldoukie
And locked him in the steadin'
Weel, wi' the bull locked safely in
An' looking sad and sulky
Man, Willie had an inklin'
He belanged tae Jimmy Wilkie.

So he grabbed the 'phone and rang Whitewell
And fairly let him ken
That his bull had caused a fair bit steer
An' hindered a' his men.
Weel, Jimmy noo was worried
An' had nae cause to gloat
So he kittled up his tractor
An yoked it tae the float.

When he landed at Baldoukie
He was feelin' kind o' silly
An' wi' some apprehension
He gaed ower tae speak tae Willie,
Weel, Willie didna' say ower much
But what he did was clear
Just "Get the b..... in the float
An' tak' him oot o' here."

So Jimmy got hame tae Whitewell
Wi' face maist unco grim
An' wi' gates an' tattie boxes
He locked him fastly in.
But early the next mornin
Found his work had been in vain
The muckle brit had broken oot
An' done the same again.

But this time Jimmy took cauld feet
In fact was scared tae gae
So he went oot tae the steadin
An' sent his young loon, Rae.
Weel Rae, he never dauchled
He cam' doon the road pell-mell
An' turned left at Justin Pub
But ne'er gaed near Whitewell.

He kept straight on tae Parkford
An' tae save him further "pickle"
He took him into Forfar
An' selt him tae Jim Nicoll.
When Rae got back to West Whitewell
As quiet's an "auld kirk moose"
He left his tractor in the close
An' held intae the hoose.

Says Jean "Weel, what did Willie say"
But Rae he couldna' tell
For half the words he hadna' heard
An' the rest he couldna' spell.
An', as for Jim and Willie,
They're the best o' friends again
So, tae the tale o' Wilkie's Bull.
I'll better say "Amen".

Celebrating the 1977 Silver Jubilee - Val and Binks Darling, The Old School

June 7th began a week of festivities for the Queen's 25 years on the throne and Tannadice did it their way!



Mary Wilson - *"Wow, that's hot!"*



Beth Smart, Anne Robertson, George Robertson, Jim Smart, Chic Crighton and Sheena Smart - *"Hurry up Sheena we're hungry"*



Dorothy Arbuckle, the Rev. Dempster Taylor and Lena Taylor
"God Bless this barbecue"



Fran and Fred Morgan - *"Leave some for me, Fran"*

Jessie Sturrock

Jessie Crosbie came to Tannadice in June 1942, courtesy of the Land Army, who sent her to work at Craigeassie Farm, alongside Betty Wyllie and two other girls. She records in her diary 'A nice little cottage with electric light... prospects look bright. We get 39/- per week plus house, coal and milk, and can work as much overtime as we wish'. The land girls were 'adopted' by Mrs Wilkie of Wolflaw, which set up the long-standing friendship with the Wilkie family.



Jessie and George Sturrock

Jessie was raised in Glasgow, where she developed her life-long passions for music and girl guiding. As the daughter of a Band of Hope lecturer, church and church music were an integral part of her growing up, and she became a gifted musician in her own right. She had a lovely trained contralto voice and was accepted as a member of the Glasgow Choral Union. An abiding memory for her of that time was when Kathleen Ferrier sang with the Choral Union.

Justinhaugh Hotel was a centre of wartime social activity, and within a week of arriving at Craigeassie, Jessie was introduced to George Sturrock by the owner of the hotel, Mary Ferrier. They were married in January 1947, and as Mr Rattray, senior, of Miltonbank said when they emerged from the snow in April *"you certainly made sure your new wife didnae run away"*. Home was Baldoukie Smithy which both Jessie and George loved with a passion.

Jessie was very much involved with lots of local things musical. She played the organ at Tannnadice Church and was a member of the Memus WRI concert party for many years, singing solos/duets, and accompanying the group on the piano. She was also a member of the Forfar Operatic Society.

In more recent years, her artisitic talents came forward through the medium of watercolour painting, and she thoroughly enjoyed going to painting classes and making new friends.

Jessie had a life-long interest in the guiding movement. A brownie and girl guide, she went on to become Brownie Owl for the 72nd Brownies in Glasgow; by the late 1950's she had become the Brown Owl at Tannadice. Her daughters, Lorna and Elaine, have memories of helping brownies practice their semaphore skills, in preparation for taking their test with Jessie.

Jessie was an extremely sociable person, and loved nothing more than a knock at the door to herald unexpected visitors. No-one who visited ever left the house without something from the garden or from George's various hobbies - plants from the garden; bags of plums; strawberries, raspberries, potatoes, carrots; a piece of salmon, or if one was lucky enough a pigeon or a pheasant.

She had a lovely trained contralto voice and was accepted as a member of the Glasgow Choral Union.

The Flower Show

Tannadice Horticultural Society was inaugurated in 1856 and in 2004 continues to flourish. In 1956 the name was changed to Tannadice Oathlaw and District Horticultural Society. Membership then was two shillings and sixpence (12 and a half pence) per head and each entry two pence (less than l p).



Tannadice, Oathlaw and District Horticultural Society Annual Flower Show held in Glenogil hall on Saturday 11th August 1994

Flower show winners

Back row left to right:
Sarah Gouck, David Skea, Sam Millar, Bill Wildgoose, Kirsty McLaggan

Front row left to right:
Sarah McFarlane, Fiona Spence, Joy Spence, Mary Stewart, Phyllis Christie, Beth Smart, Leanne Work

Silver medals were presented for most points in each section but this was abandoned in 1953 in favour of prizes, while today Cups are presented.

The Flower Show was held in the grounds of Tannadyce House and in the Scout Hut to which the road was extremely rough, making it very difficult for competitors to protect their exhibits. During the Show there were many side-shows, adult sports and 5–a-side football, but by 1955 Highland Dancing was the substitute for all of these.

A dance always followed the Show in the Scout Hut, entrance was 2/6 for gentlemen and 2/- for ladies in 1952. When the show moved to the village hall in 1962 support for the dances declined and these stopped in 1964. Funds were then subsidised by a whist drive and dance each year. As time passed, office bearers became difficult to find and in 1971 a proposal was made to join Cortachy Flower Show. However this meant loss of identity for the Tannadice Show. Luckily Mr Findlay, gardener at Noranside, agreed to participate and Mr D. Whitton, show manager for many years, involved Mr J. Spalding from Ballinshoe. Mr M.H.J. Hill agreed to continue as president, Mr Findlay became vice-president, Mr Douglas Murray secretary-treasurer, and the Show was saved.

Tannadice Village Hall has closed. In 2001 the Show returned to Tannadice Scout Hut at the Jock Neish Centre to which the road has been up-graded and once again there are competitions and games for the children. Membership fee is now £2 with no entry fee for exhibits.

As Past President Mrs Rae-Smith pointed out the Flower Show is one of the few occasions when our community can meet, and new people should be welcomed and encouraged to take part.

How It Used To Be

Betsy Winter was born in 1919 in Menmuir. She, along with five brothers and four sisters, lived in a cottage with three bedrooms.



Mr and Mrs Will Gordon

Like many houses at this time, it had an outside toilet. Washing Day took place in a nearby shed, where a fire was lit under a boiler of water. Her mother had no washing machine, only a tub and scrubbing board.

When the boys left school it was often to work on the land and to live in a bothy, while the girls went into domestic service in a big house or to some similar occupation. Betsy's father was an excellent gardener and her mother a first-rate baker, like many people at that time.

In some schools back in the 1920s there were outside toilets and, in the classrooms, paraffin lamps were used as there was no electricity. After walking a mile to school, Betsy was given a bottle of milk at mid-morning playtime and then for lunch it was a bowl of home-made soup, served by the dinner lady.

At the age of 14, Betsy left school to go into private service in Lundie Castle, as an under-maid. The female staff wore black dresses with white pinnies and caps. Many large houses employed a cook, kitchen maid, head table-maid, under table-maid, house-maid, and under house-maid, laundry maid and boots girl. The castle staff was sent from Dundee by boat to London where they lived on board while visiting the sights of the capital.

In 1939 Betsy married Will Gordon and came to live in Baldoukie cottar house, Tannadice, where her husband was shepherd for 35 years on the farm. In the beginning they had only a fire on which to cook, but progressed to a paraffin stove and later a gas cooker. Like her parents before her, the weekly wash was done in a shed. Mr and Mrs Gordon had two daughters while at Baldoukie, Joyce and Beth, who are now both married. Although Joyce moved to another district, Beth continues to live in Tannadice Village, with her husband, Jim.

Mrs Gordon, a widow since 1973, now lives in Forfar. She has many happy memories of her childhood onwards and remains her usual cheery self.

Her mother had no washing machine, only a tub and scrubbing board.

Conversational and Other Contributions from Tannadice School Pupils, 2004

By chance all the children whose contributions follow get to school by car - although Calum gets home by bus. However they represent all their fellow pupils. They are happy looking, articulate and polite. We are told that class sizes average twenty-three.

Rachel - Primary 7
Calum - Primary 6
Jenny - Primary 5
Sally - Primary 4
Araminta - Primary 3
Rosie - Primary 2
Ian - Primary 1

Favourite School Subjects

Araminta: *My favourite subject is PE (Physical Education) and I particularly like Gymnastics.*

Calum: *My favourite is PE When I leave school I'd like to be a gym teacher. Once a year we have a Sports Day on the school sports ground.*

Sally: *Maths is my favourite, and I like reading.*

Rachel: *Art and Drama are subjects I like best, but I like sports and gymnastics, too.*

Jenny: *I like Drama, too. I'd like a career in Sports*

Leisure, Holidays and Travel

All like swimming. Calum is a member of a swimming club and if possible goes every Saturday.

Jenny: *I play football and gymnastics.*

Sally: *Horse-riding is my greatest interest. My sister Anna and I ride our ponies most Saturdays and Sundays. Sometimes Mum and Dad take us to the beach to ride. We enter competitions, too.*

Araminta: *I like horses and riding, too. On Saturdays I go to Angus College in Arbroath, to Kids' Cookery Class. I'm the youngest*

Calum: *I help on the farm. I don't mind helping but I wouldn't choose to be a farmer. (I'm not into reading).*

Rachel: *In my spare time I read, and play computer games; I'm also in Tannadice Scouts in the Bulldog Patrol.*

Jenny: *I'm in the Cubs; I'm a Seconder.*

Sally: *I'm in the Brownies, Mrs Chisnall is Brown Owl and we meet in the Church Hall.*

Araminta: *I'm thinking about joining the Brownies.*

Calum: *This year I moved up from Cubs to Scouts; I'm in the Cobra Patrol.*

Musically, Sally plays recorder and viola. Jenny and Calum also play recorder. They get lessons at school. Rachel is having private piano lessons, and Araminta plays piano.

In contrast to 100 years ago, most children appear to get the opportunity to travel and go on family and other holidays. In March, Rachel and Jenny went skiing in Italy, have also visited London and Paris, and hope to go to Florida next year. Araminta's Grandmother and Aunt live in England and she visits them during school holidays. Sally visits her Grandmother in Cumbria and is looking forward to a family holiday in Majorca during the October holidays. Calum's family rented a self-catering cottage at York. He has been twice to France, one of the times with the Cubs, which he really enjoyed. School outings are also popular. Calum mentions a visit by his class to see Captain Scott's ship, the 'Discovery' in Dundee and to Camperdown Park

Food

At school, all have a packed lunch from home or a school meal. Occasionally at school they have a Hot Spot Day which means that one diner will find a Spot on the bottom of the plate or it may be under the chair. The lucky one gets a prize such as a small packet of raisins. Once Rachel was the winner.

Calum thinks it is good that the school Snack Bar is now providing a healthier choice than previously.

On this subject, Ian says "I like sweets because they make me go fast". Ian's handwriting is very good, as is Rosie's. She wrote a very good account, printed below in her own words, of one school occasion.

Our Scottish Afternoon

Two weeks ago we had a Scottish Afternoon. It was in the gym hall. We were dancing with lots of people. The big girls in Mrs Joiner's class they done a dance. At the end we played The Grand Old Duke of Edinburgh.

The following is a poem by Calum:

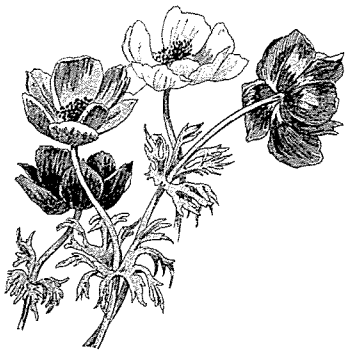
Autumn

The
Leaves are
Yellow-brown
The trees are bare
The leaves are falling
Hibernating
Animals
Autumn
Days

Here is a very graphic contribution by Rachel:

A Road to War

As darkness fell you heard a scream
And panic lingered in the air
The guns fired one after another and soldiers killed without a care
Air-craft hurtled up ahead and you saw bodies lay down dead
The fear in their faces unbearable as you saw the path where their fate led
But brave and bold you stood your ground
And then you felt your loyalty was bound
That's why we will always remember you
For the victory you and others found.

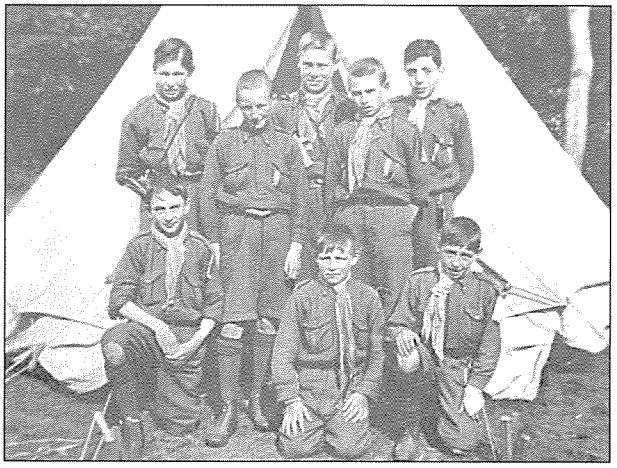


Surely the reader will feel that the future of 'Tannadice and Beyond' is safe in the hands of these young people.

Tannadice Scout Troop from 1913 and Still Going Strong

by Florence and Andy Menmuir and Fiona Darling

C.F.I. Neish was born in 1898, and died on 25th August, 1977.



Scout patrol, 1913
Willie Reid, Will Graham, Hector Crichton
Eddie McPherson, Bob Mailer
David Beedie, Tom Drummond, David Caird

In his lifetime C.F.I. Neish did much to research the beginning of Scouting in Tannadice. He had joined the Troop at 16 years of age, acting as Assistant Scout-master.

S.M. as he was known later believed that the Tannadice Scout Troop began around April 1913. A quote from the County of Forfarshire records dated 1913 stated that Tannadice Troop consisted of 20 Scouts under the leadership of Mr D.C Johnston of the Post Office.

In August of that year Major F.M Crum, Chief Scout Commissioner for Scotland, visited Tannadice Scouts at a ceremony held in the Hall of Tannadyce House. A quote from a Tannadice and Menmuir Trails magazine, *"few of us could have realised that something launched that evening would still be going 50 years later".*

The Scouts today in 2004 are keeping the flag flying under the leadership of the present Scout Leader, Andrew Menmuir.

It is interesting to note that the original Scout Hut stood in the Tannadice School Gardens where the Council houses are today. The shell of the Hut minus its roof is still around after serving its purpose housing the Rifle Club.

The 1914/18 World War intervened and the S.M at that time, Postie Johnston, was called up as a reservist in the R.A.M.C At the age of 17 the then A.S.M, C.F.I Neish, joined up and four years passed before he saw the Troop again. For a while Brian Clayton, an electrical engineer, served as S.M. until he went off to the Royal Flying Corps. Mr Henderson, the Dominie, stepped into the breach and kept things going until the return of the Scouters.



Scouts at camp 1923

As Postie was badly gassed during the War, C.F.I. Neish eventually took over as S.M, assisted by Mr George Craik, Senr. In 1921 the first issue of the now well-known Tannadice and Menmuir Trails magazine appeared - a duplicated affair of 10 pages! The editor was George Craik, Jnr, and the office boy Will Rew. We know only of two copies in existence.

In 1922 Tannadice won the County Flag for the first time under the leadership of P.L. George Craik. The County Flag then was a much shorter affair, lasting only a Saturday afternoon.

1923 was known as the wonderful year which saw Tannadice Troop 'step out on the road'. Up until this time the Troop had made do with the old harness room and the laundry at Tannadice House. The Troop had now six patrols, Lions and Bulldogs, based in Tannadice; Beavers and Tigers under Will Rew at Oathlaw; Eagles under Alec Brown at Fern; and a lone patrol (Curlews) at Padanaram under Jock Leighton, this patrol eventually expanding into the Padanaram Troop.

With £100 raised from a Garden Fete, we bought an ex-Army Hut and later it was converted into the 'Clubbie'. In that year, 1923, we again won the County Flag, led once more by George Craik. The Benmore Shield, a Scottish Championship Competition, was open to winners of County Flags from all over Scotland. Tannadice entered and won against all comers including Edinburgh and Glasgow, where the Shield had remained since its inception. The hero of that day was P.L. George Millar.

That year, too, the Cub Pack started. S.M was bullied into accepting the job of Cub-Master.

Tannadice Troop continued to do well. S.M., having attended a course at Wemyss Firs, gained one of the earliest Wood Badges in Scotland.

In 1924 we again won the County Flag under the leadership of George Craik. This was the year of the Empire Exhibition and Jamboree at Wembley where 34 Tannadice Scouts attended and George Craik had the honour of carrying the Scottish Headquarters Standard on all parades in the stadium. That year we lost the Benmore Shield, coming third. This competition was discontinued.

1925 saw the beginning of a Rover Scout Crew. The S.M. was now Cub-Master, Scout-Master and Rover Leader - quite an undertaking.

Having lost the County Flag the previous year, in 1926 we regained it under the leadership of Curley Millar. For the first and only time the Senior and Junior Scout Football Cups came to Tannadice. A remarkable year!

The next notable event in 1928 was the Birkenhead Jamboree - the Jamboree of mud! Tannadice, as usual, was well represented.

Our first Parents' Night was held in 1929 and was so successful, from every point of view, that it was repeated annually until the War.

The next important happening was the Arbroath Rally held on Gayfield Football Ground in 1931. Despite the weather that day, an elaborate show was staged in the presence of the Chief Scout, Robert Baden Powell. The Tannadice Rovers, having left the Rally, went to Auchengillan, the Glasgow campsite for a Scottish Rover Moot. Here the Rovers were waiting to receive a very surprised B.P. who had just left them at the Arbroath Rally - fast movers indeed! Also this year a party from Tannadice attended the World Rover Moot at Kandersteg.

After a long absence the County Flag returned to Tannadice in 1932, ably led by Stewart McFarlane. It was not until 1935 that the County Flag again returned to Tannadice, this time led by Jimmy McGuffie.



Tannadice Rover's Football Team with trophies
Angus Juvenile League 1949/50

Back row: Alex Stewart, Jim Findlay, Ron Whitton, Jock Grant, Sandy McLean, Dave Whitton, Chic Douglas, George Fotheringham

Front row: Jim Wilkie, Ian Duncan, Willie Douglas, Ken Duncan, Frank Rettie, Gordon Mackie

Because of the large number of entries of Scout Troops, it was an achievement even to get into the first six - the finalists - and for many years Tannadice managed to do this.

On top of Finavon Hill in 1936 a beacon was built, one of a chain from Land's End to John O'Groats, to celebrate the Jubilee of King George V. No tractors in these days; every stick had to be manhandled from the road to the top of the hill. Tannadice and Menmuir Rovers had a joint trip to Norway that year.

The Tulchan Bothy, Glenisla, was acquired by the Troop in 1937. As it was a ruin, the Rovers and Scouts spent several weekends making it habitable, so that they could look forward to many exciting times there. Also in this year Tannadice was fully represented at the Jamboree at Vogelenzang in Holland, and a great time was had by all. The Scottish Rover Moot was then held in Newport, Fife. On this occasion the S.M was invested with the Silver Wolf, B.P's personal recognition of services to the Scout Movement.

The Empire Exhibition in Glasgow, held in 1938, was attended by some of the Troop, a great event which they enjoyed. Tannadice Rovers prepared the site for the next World Rover Moot at Monzie, near Crieff, Nor Walker delivering many tons of firewood for the occasion. It was at the Moot that we first realised that things in Europe were not all they might be. The Polish contingent, among others, withdrew owing to the danger threatening their country. That was in August and, on the 3rd of September, Britain declared war on Germany. S.M was not called up to serve because of a First World War injury but the Troop carried on with modified activities. Tannadice Scouts helped to collect wastepaper for munitions, and, in the course of the War, they raised £325 which was used to send parcels through the Red Cross to those of their members who had been taken prisoner. This was a Tannadice/ Menmuir effort. Every prisoner received a parcel once a fortnight, thanks to the work of the Troops. During the war the Local Defence Volunteers (later to become the Home Guard) was commanded by S.M and many trainings involving the Rovers and senior Scouts were held. It is worth mentioning that two inventions were adopted by the Army - a wall-climbing grapnel, invented by Stewart McFarlane, and a skeleton house,



Rover Moot in Norway in 1949
James Falconer, Fred Wilkie and Jack Arnott

built of wire-net and steel scaffolding, designed to demonstrate the method of searching a house.

In 1945 Peace came and we began to get back to something like normal. Lunan Bay was again open to camping. The County Flag was also revived and in 1946 we came second to Murroes.

In 1947 we acquired the Brocklas Hut when the Newfoundlanders' Forestry Camp was sold up. This was the year of the great blizzard and the Troop was once again called on to deliver supplies of food, using skis. A party of Tannadice and Menmuir Scouts was included in the Angus Contingent to attend the Jamboree of Peace, held at Moisson in France.

In 1949 three Rovers, James Falconer, Fred Wilkie, Jack Arnott, attended the Rover Moot in Norway.

The County Flag had eluded our grasp. However in 1952, it was again won by Tannadice, led by Ian McLeod. 1953 was marked by terrible weather, gales which wrecked the Scout Hut, and we then met in the foresters' workshop. After major repairs to the Hut were done by professionals, the Troop worked hard and, in three months, the Hut was once again in use. Beacons were once more built on top of Finavon Hill for the Coronation of Elizabeth II. Despite the gales and arctic temperatures we managed to get ours lit; many did not.

In 1956 the S.M was awarded the O.B.E for service to Scouting; he had also completed 30 years as County Commissioner for Angus. He had been Rover Commissioner for Scotland from 1931 to 1936 and Training Commissioner for Scotland from 1945 when

he took over from Lord Rowallan until 1950. On Sunday, 22nd April, 1956, Tannadice made history and for the first time on record three Angus Queen's Scouts attended the St. George's Day Parade and Service at Windsor Castle. Two of these were from Tannadice and their names were P.L Sandy Smith and P.L Bill Guthrie.

At this time too, during Bob-a-Job Week Tannadice Troop collected Sixty-two pounds, one shilling and three pence.

After winning a simplified version of the County Flag in 1957, the Troop took part in the Angus Scouts' Centenary and Jubilee Celebration Camp at Tannadice over the weekend of 6th/7th July. Between 500 and 600 Scouts came into camp that weekend.

Also in that year a Jubilee Jamboree at Sutton Coldfield was held to commemorate 50 years of Scouting. The Brechin district provided a patrol of seven which included Ken Smith, representing Tannadice.

In 1961 Lord Ogilvy invited the Angus Scouts to hold a County Camp at Cortachy to celebrate his appointment as Chief Scout Commissioner for Scotland. To make the event more prestigious, Sir Charles McLean, Chief Scout of the Commonwealth, was on a tour of Scotland and was 'commandeered' into visiting the Camp

Despite a record number of entries of 27 teams for the County Flag in 1964, Tannadice came out on top with Gordon Menmuir, P.L receiving the flag from Mrs Anderson, Glenquiech House.

In 1965 four lucky Scouts, P.L. George Findlay and P.L. Donald Murray, Acting Second David Meikle and Scout Ken Keith went on the Scottish Expedition to Andorra, which is a tiny republic in the Pyrenees, sandwiched in between France and Spain.

The Cub Jubilee Year was in 1966 and the Brechin Jubilee Rally was held at Balwyllo, near Montrose. After a series of games and competitions, Tannadice won the Clark Trophy.

During the first meeting after the Tattie Holidays in 1967, the Troop flew their flag at half-mast following the disaster at Aberfan. The Scouts collected amongst themselves and were able to donate £4-18-5d to the relief fund.

The Angus Scout Rally was held at Tannadice in May 1968. The main event was the arrival of the Chief Scout, Sir Charles McLean, and Scouts Gordon Orr and Davie Elliot as chauffeur and footman respectively were on hand with 'Henry the Hillman' to drive the Chief Scout to the saluting base.

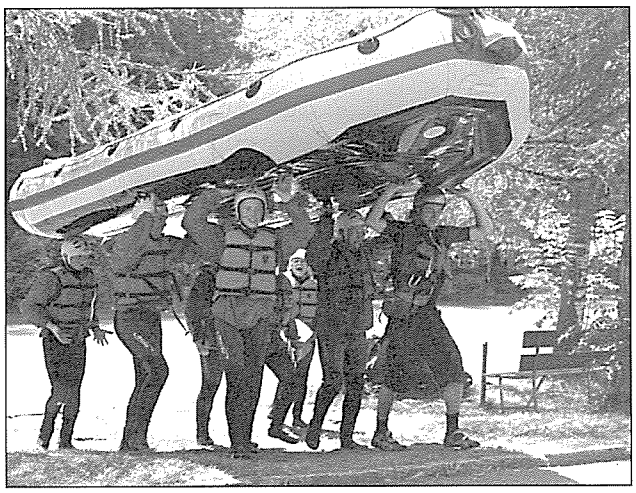
In 1973, the Scouts gave up the Tulchan Bothy which they had tenanted since 1937. They still had Brocklas which was closer at hand for them. As a matter of interest the rent was £1 per year!

A County Camp and Rally was held at Tannadice over the weekend 7/9th June, 1975, to meet the new Chief Scout, Sir William Gladstone. All Cubs and Scouts still at school were granted a special holiday on the Monday for the occasion.

At the Halloween Party the new Group Scout Leader arrived, Captain L.C Darling, R.N Retd. Binks, as he was known, lived in the Old School, at Tannadice.

1984 saw an increase in the Venture Scouts, with several girls joining for the first time. It was over the sea to Skye in 1988 for the week Camp. Jim Wilkie was the Group Scout Leader at this time.

The County Flag was held in Cortachy Castle Grounds in 1990 and Gareth Morrison, the Chief Scout, paid a visit. The next period of three years was a busy time for the Troop. They won 'Scouts Go for a Million' in 1990 and a patrol went to the Ukraine in 1991 with George Robertson, Scout Leader, and the following year the Ukrainian Scouts visited Tannadice.



Returning from white river rafting in Switzerland, 2002

In June, 1997, a Troop of Gurkhas came to Tannadice to build a new Scout Hut. It took only four weeks from start to finish The money raised for this was the result of years of hard work done by many helpers at the Glamis Extravaganza. 1997, also saw a change of necker from the yellow duster to the McLeod tartan.

Summer of 2001 was when the Beaver Colony started at Tannadice and, at the same time, girls joined the Cubs and Scouts

Brechin District Cubs went to Euro-Disney in February, 2002, four boys and three leaders went from Tannadice. At the end of June, Brechin District Scouts went to Kanderstag; ten Scouts and three leaders went from Tannadice. It was a long journey by coach but it was well worth it.

In November a flash flood from the South Esk left the Hut in a terrible state, and the floor and ceiling had to be replaced, so it was not in use for some time.

At the end of May, 2004, the Dundee/Angus County Flag Competition was held at Tannadice. There were 13 teams entered, Tannadice being No.13, but it was not unlucky for them as they won the Angus Section, much to their surprise. The successful patrol, led by Emma McAlister, goes through to the next round, which will include the whole of Scotland, and will be held at Douglaswood, Dundee, at the end of September.

Well done Tannadice!

History of Guiding in Tannadice Area

Isla Monteith on how Guides began in Tannadice

In 1942 Miss M Jeffrey introduced Girl Guiding to Tannadice. She arrived from Dundee to be headmistress at Denside School, Glenogil. She was strict with us at Guides but also good fun. We were taught how to tie many knots, behind our backs and blindfolded, until we were never to forget them.

Our first weekend camp was in Denside School garden. Many more were to follow; I think we camped in every glen in Angus and beyond. We soon learned how to light a campfire and how to cook our meals on it. The Guides were also taught how to fly the Union Jack and the Company flag. The Scouts had their own "Jock Neish" but we had our Miss Jeffrey. We did not have a hut or even lovely grounds to enjoy like the Scouts, but the S.M. (Scoutmaster) was very kind to us. We had the use of his swimming pool: that was great fun. The Guides were invited to Scout dances, parties and the annual Bonfire. Some of the Scouts did not look all that bad either!



Tannadice Guide Camp

Back row left to right: Rhoda Lunan, Madge Cuthill, Moira Adam, Janet Alexander

Front row left to right: Margaret Watson, Chrissie Neilson, Biddy Wilkie, Isla Wilkie

Miss Jeffrey gave up Guides after she was promoted to the office of District Commissioner and my sister,

Margaret Wilkie took over. After she left the area, my other sister, Biddy, stepped in as Captain, with me, Isla, and Chrissie Neilson as Lieutenants. Biddy and I left in 1952, to live in Perthshire.

Tannadice Guides

Miss Jeffrey continued until 1955 when Miss Jean Laing is recorded as being the Guide Captain and in 1957 one of the Tannadice Guides, Ann Boddy was off to Windsor to the Centenary celebrations.

In 1959, Miss Stewart became Guide Captain with 26 Guides attending at that time. 1964 was a real highlight for Miss Betty Stewart, who with Miss Joyce Gordon as Lieutenant and six Guides had the opportunity to go camping in Switzerland.

In 1966, the Guides helped to paint the cemetery house, now the Village Post Office, for the use of the Sunday Scholars. In 1967, a concert and dance was held to celebrate the 25th year of Guiding at Tannadice.

In 1968, Miss Moira Stewart from Cortachy, a former Tannadice Guide, had taken over as Ranger Guider and she held this position until 1971 when she took over the Guides replacing Miss Gordon. Tannadice Rangers helped in the opening of Ladenford campsite and enjoyed outings, skating and skiing as well as visits to Valentine's factory in Dundee and the U.S. Base at Edzell to celebrate American Independence Day. As a service to the community they had sewn together knitted squares supplied by Memus WRI into knee blankets. The Rangers took part in the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme.

Moira Irvine was chosen to represent Scotland on a cruise on S.S. Winston Churchill, taking part in all the duties on board ship, even deck scrubbing!

Miss Stewart continued as Guide guider having help from Miss Robeson and Mrs Smart until Mrs Hutchison stepped in. In 1973, Mrs Robeson reported that the Guides had enjoyed a record hop, skating and a fashion show at Noranside.

1974, Miss Gibson is welcomed as Guide guider.

The Guides had been in abeyance from 1974 to 1977, when Isla returned to Scotland starting Guiding again in Tannadice with Katie Monteith and Jackie Cowper as assistants.

Kate takes over the Guides. Camps were held at Afflochie and Ladenford where the theme was 'The Royal Wedding'. 1983-87 Mrs King is the Guide leader.

The Tannadice Girl Guide Association/Tannadice Guide Local Association

Since 1944, Tannadice Guiding has received support from many, including friends and parents. Many Guiders were recruited after involvement with the association. Help provided has included fundraising, storing of camp equipment and transport. Girls have been provided with the opportunities that Guiding brings because of the involvement of so many in what was initially known as the Tannadice Girl Guide Association.

Brownies - the early years

Denside, 1949-1956

Mrs Millar was Brown Owl followed by Mrs Brown of Denside School. In 1956 Denside wished to be independent and form their own Local Association.

Tannadice

1948	Chrissie Neilson takes charge of the Pack.
1951	Miss Ella Will is Tannadice Brown Owl
1959-66	Mrs Sturrock becomes Brown Owl and during the Jubilee year Brownies attended Revels at Glamis Castle.
1966-70	Mrs Taylor, The Manse, takes over the Brownies and as well as attending the Annual Youth Service at Church in May, the Brownies enjoy sausage sizzles, Halloween and Christmas parties with Denside and Cortachy Brownies, climbing St Arnold's Seat, carol singing at Forfar Infirmary Geriatric ward, knitting squares for blankets for Christian Aid, beetle drives and Thinking Day Services.
1968	The new handbooks provide much excitement
1971-74	Mrs Findlay reports on Brownie Revels, which are held at Tannadice House. Brownies were to have the use of Major

Neish's swimming pool for an hour on Wednesday nights. Helpers included Mrs Whitton and Mrs Galloway.

1976-83 Mrs Racionzer took over the Brownie unit with Mrs Gall and Mrs Robertson as helpers. Brownies enjoyed sponsored walks, concerts, camps at Ladenford, Arbroath and the Jock Neish Centre, a bonfire with Tannadice cubs, a tea party for the mums and performed a play called 'The Spin and Span Stone' as well as helping at the Church Garden Fete. Mrs Duncan and Mrs Elliott were helpers and later Mrs Gooch.

1983-85 Mrs Gooch leads the Brownies in many activities as well as badge work and games. A Nativity play was performed for the parents and friends and Brownies were helping to keep the village green tidy. The Kelpies tried pony riding at Oathlaw and had lots of fun. Miss Angela Robertson was helping at Brownies at this time.

1986 Mrs Wheater helps for a time but by 1987 a new leader is being looked for.



Jessie Sturrock, Betty Stewart and a Brownie

Full Circle? Almost!

Fiona Darling (née Stephen)

Way back in 1974, I was enrolled as a Brownie in the Tannadice Pack, with Mrs Etta Racionzer as Brown Owl and Mrs Ann Robertson as helper. Not many memories spring to mind of that time, but one thing I do remember, is being shown how to sew on a button! We had to bring a button and an old bit of cloot to Brownies to learn the art of sewing. I also remember being in the Scottish Kelpies, keeping a clean hankie in our pocket for inspection and earning a few badges, which I still have, sewn on a camp blanket.

Living as I did at Noranside, we used to get to Brownies on the Prison Van. There was a fair squatter of us kids at Noranside in those days, and the parents would take it in turns to collect us after Brownies. My sister Jill and I used to get 2½p for Brownies, some of which was spent in Mrs Milne's shop, and the rest would have been for 'subs'.

I think it would have been in 1977 that I went on to join the Guides. Mrs Monteith was Guide Leader and Kate her daughter helped her out. How I loved being in the Guides. I especially enjoyed Camps. Cortachy Guides camped with us a lot, and during one camp with them at the Spott we met in with Scouts from Fintry in Dundee. I vividly recall saying to Kate that Rhona Webster (Cortachy) and I were off for a walk down the glen and her saying *"don't bring any of those Scouts back to Camp"*. No Kate, we didn't bring any Scouts back, we just invited the whole Troop for tea the next day! This then started a long friendship with Fintry Scouts.

We camped at Afflochie one year where we helped Colin and Claire Farquharson do up the farmhouse prior to their wedding - Claire tells me that she recently removed the wallpaper in her kitchen to find various bits of "graffiti" there from all those years ago.

At a camp at Cullow near Cortachy, David Monteith came up to help us dig ditches around the tents to save us being washed away - well we didn't want to go home! From Cullow we walked to Crossbog to get milk - aye real milk - fresh from the cow. One or two of us got a shot at milking, which wasn't as easy as first thought.



Fiona Stephen being presented with her Queen's Guide Certificate
by Leader Kate Monteith accompanied by Fiona's dad, her wee sister Jill, mum and other Guides

So much was learned during those years. I always maintain I had great teachers in Isla and Kate, and without them I would never have gained "The Queen's Guide" badge. Some guides had special ceremonies to celebrate their award, but I chose to be awarded mine at a joint camp with the Fintry Scouts. I have since learned that Isla and I were the only Guides to ever have gained "The Queen's Guide" in Tannadice before they changed the Award in the 90's, something to be proud of I guess.

I went on to run two Guide Companies - one in Aberdeen and one in Stonehaven, before being 'Cub-knapped' in 1994 to help with Tannadice Cubs, which I led for 8 years. I then stepped down to take more of a backseat role as Assistant Group Scout Leader. Full circle - well almost. I am secretary to the Tannadice Friends of Guiding.

Tannadice Friends of Guiding

In 1991, Tannadice and Denside Guide Local Association became known as Tannadice Friends of Guiding. Guides and Brownies had been in abeyance since 1988.

Brownies and Guides - Helen Fleming, 1990-1998

In April 1990, Helen Fleming restarted the Brownies with help initially from Leonie Flett and Chrissie Jolly and latterly from Mary Wilson and Fiona McLaggan. Meetings were held in Tannadice Hall. and Brownies enjoyed pack holidays at Ladenford. In 1992 Tannadice Brownies entered a national competition in the Brownie magazine and won 1st prize with a play that they had written. The play was called "Pack Holiday at Quharity". Their prize was a Magical Theatre that is still enjoyed by the Brownies today. The Brownies were then invited to perform their play for Mr and Mrs Grant at Inverquharity Castle and at the A.G.M.

In 1991, as some of the Brownies reached Guide age, Helen decided to re-start the Guides with assistance from Sandra McFarlane and two young leaders, Alison Laird and Lynn Campbell. In 1992, Helen handed over the running of the Brownies to Janet McFarlane and Anne Smith leaving Helen to concentrate on the Guides.

Lynn Campbell and Helen represented the County at the National Thinking Day Service to sing in the choir at St. Margaret's, Westminster in 1993.

The Guides camped four times at Inverquharity Castle. A patrol joined the Swedish Camp at Cortachy in 1994 and in 1996 a group of 16 stayed at the Frutigen Youth Hostel in Switzerland.

Alison Laird was chosen as a Young Leader to go to Austria and Donna Smith attended an International Camp at Gartocharn by Loch Lomond.



Miss Jeffrey, Mabel Comrie, Ella Guthrie, ? Massie, Janet Guthrie, Maisie Grabb, Beth Gordon, Margaret Crabb, Madge Guthrie, Bunty Crabb, Charlotte Nicoll

One of the more unusual badges Helen remembers the girls undertaking was their Farmer's Badge where after visiting the pigs at Broom farm, Helen had to pick them up in her car and take them home, windows open all the way!!!

Lesley McLaren received her Baden Powell Award and Commonwealth Award.

In 1998, after Helen became Assistant County Commissioner and Outdoors Advisor she gave up the Guides and was succeeded by Janet McFarlane. Helen was also Chairperson of Ladenford Committee and played a major part in the refurbishment that has been recently completed there. Helen still keeps in contact with us here at Tannadice and has since helped on Pack Holidays and is always on hand for advice.

Tannadice Guides - Janet McFarlane, 1992-2002

Stepping up from Brownie leader to Guide leader was just as awesome for me as it would be for a girl moving from one section to another. I enlisted the help of my friend Moira McColgan.

The Guides took part in various activities ranging from canoeing to grass sledging. We entertained in old folks homes, the School Hall, the Church and even performed our own version of the pantomime 'Aladdin'.

Tannadice Ranger Guides, Alison Laird and Sandra McFarlane walked across Sicily in 1994 to gain their Explorer Belt. Sandra was selected to visit Thailand in 1995 to take part in a G.O.L.D (Guiding Overseas Linked Development) project. She was presented with her Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award in 1996.

Laura McColgan and Sarah McFarlane were selected to take part in an International Ceilidh Camp and hosted visitors from Zambia in 1998.

Several girls attended the Millennium Thinking Day Celebrations - Footsteps around the World - at the S.E.C.C in Glasgow and Stomp 2000 at Glamis Castle. At Trail 2000, Laura McColgan, Laura James, Sarah and Sandra McFarlane visited all eight Scottish Regional Camps, a feat no other guides achieved. Sarah McFarlane joined an International Camp in Austria in 2001 and attended W.I.N.G.S. (Windsor International Guide and Scout Camp) in 2003. Laura McColgan, Sarah McFarlane and Ailsa Simpson received their Baden Powell Awards and Sarah was the first Ranger Guide in Angus to receive the Chief Guides Challenge.

Tannadice Brownies

Tannadice Brownies have continued with their badge work, activities and pack holidays with Linda Chisnall, helped initially by Lorna Burgess and now by Lynda Findlay.

Tannadice Rainbows

Rainbow Guides, the newest section of Guiding for younger members aged 5-7 years old was introduced in 1991 by April Sasse. After only a few weeks, April left the district and Christine Smith took over. During the next 12 years she was helped by Margaret Allan, Lynda Findlay, Linda Chisnall, Mona Litterick and Jenny Brown. Rainbows enjoyed the usual games and



Brownie picnic at Arbroath

activities as well as many outings after Christine passed her minibus-driving test. Tannadice Rainbows had their very own song, which was put together by Christine and Margaret Allan. Rainbow Riots were held at Ladenford and Forfar, giving them the chance to meet with other units in the area.

Millennium Celebrations - Stomp 2000 at Glamis Castle in June 2000

Angus Guiding held an activity party for all the units in the county ending with a big campfire where we sang the Millennium song. A tree was planted in honour of the Queen Mother.

Tannadice Millennium Celebration

This took place at Ladenford. The Guides camped, the Brownies were in the hut and the Rainbows came along and joined us for an afternoon and stayed for tea. There were over 60 of us gathered together and there was a wonderful feeling of community spirit. The Rev. W. McCulloch, the minister of Tannadice at the time came along to visit us.

Present Day Guiding in Tannadice

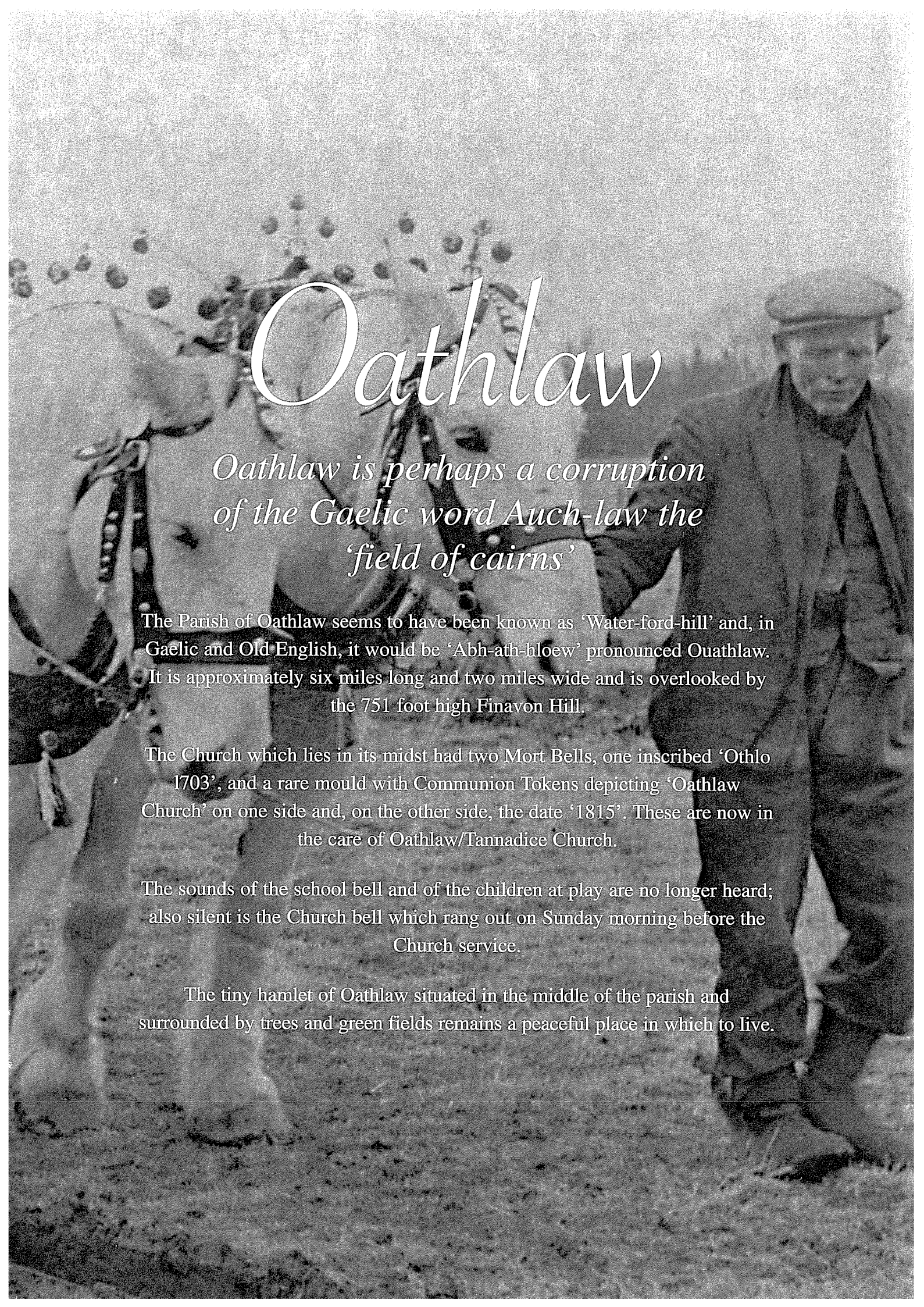
Tannadice Guides were in abeyance for a short time but thanks to Sarah McFarlane and Donna Smith they now meet in the Tannadice Church extension. This is also the current meeting place of the Brownies. Unfortunately there is no Rainbow unit at the moment due to lack of adult leaders but we hope that someone will be looking for a challenge in the near future.



Tannadice Brownies 1992

Jennifer Orr, Emily Telford, Donna Smith, Isla Fleming, Jennifer Laird, Jenna Morrison, Leanne Milne, Lisa Smith, Emma McCabe, Sarah Findlater, Catriona McKenzie, Sarah McFarlane, Fiona Murrie, Sarah Grieve

Brown Owl: Helen Fleming



Oathlaw

Oathlaw is perhaps a corruption of the Gaelic word Auch-law the 'field of cairns'

The Parish of Oathlaw seems to have been known as 'Water-ford-hill' and, in Gaelic and Old English, it would be 'Abh-ath-hloew' pronounced Ouathlaw. It is approximately six miles long and two miles wide and is overlooked by the 751 foot high Finavon Hill.

The Church which lies in its midst had two Mort Bells, one inscribed 'Othlo 1703', and a rare mould with Communion Tokens depicting 'Oathlaw Church' on one side and, on the other side, the date '1815'. These are now in the care of Oathlaw/Tannadice Church.

The sounds of the school bell and of the children at play are no longer heard; also silent is the Church bell which rang out on Sunday morning before the Church service.

The tiny hamlet of Oathlaw situated in the middle of the parish and surrounded by trees and green fields remains a peaceful place in which to live.



Cheese making at Oathlaw School playground

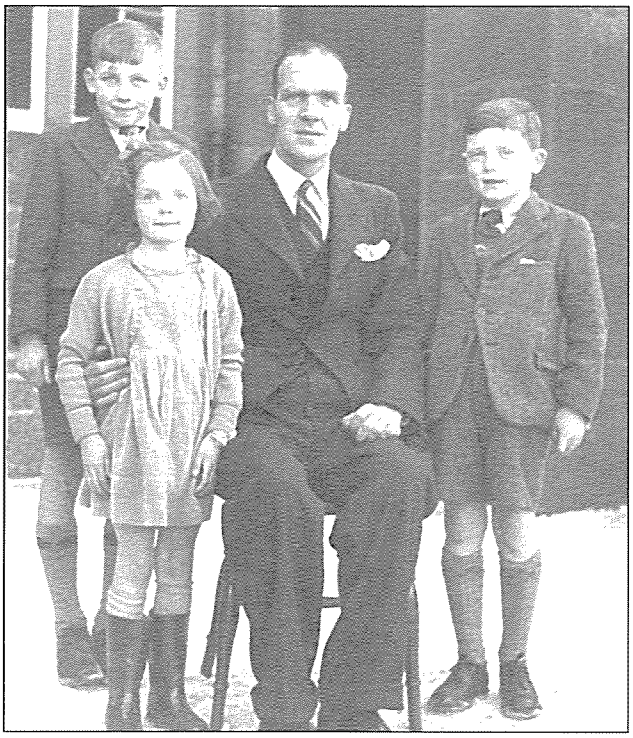


Oathlaw School, 1909

1st Row	1st left:	George Caird
2nd Row	3rd left:	Rhoda Caird (Mrs Christie)
	4th left:	David Caird
3rd Row	2nd left:	Elizabeth Caird (Mrs Lunan formerly of Tannadice P.O)
Back Row	2nd left:	Barron Caird

The Dominie's Bairns by Gordon Snedden

In 1948 George Snedden arrived at Oathlaw as the new dominie, along with his wife Elizabeth and their three children, James (Jim), Gordon and Margaret. George and Elizabeth had been born, brought up, and had lived in Glasgow until 1945 when George took advantage of a post war scheme to go to college for a year and qualify as a primary school teacher. His first appointment was to Andover school in Brechin in 1946 and then, two years later, he was appointed as dominie at Oathlaw School with one teacher assisting.



James Snedden, Margaret Snedden, George Snedden, Gordon Snedden

As far as the three children were concerned, moving from Glasgow to Brechin was a culture shock but moving to Oathlaw Schoolhouse in 1948 was a whole different world! There was a pigsty at the top of the garden, which had been in use prior to our arrival but was never used by us. There was no electricity and lighting was by Tilley lamp, paraffin lamp, or candles. There were no tarred roads - only parallel tracks. No street lights. The nearest bus stops were a mile away at Parkford or Braeheads. The only good thing was that, as we stayed in the schoolhouse, we did not have far to walk in the mornings while other children had to walk or cycle anything up to three miles. We can still remember the excitement when electricity arrived in the village and the roads around Oathlaw (and the school playground) were tarred.

At that time one of the day's highlights was the arrival of the vans/travelling shops that served the country area. The Co-operative came twice a week, as did the butcher and there were other vans as well. 'Onion Johnnies' also visited once or twice a year.

Over the next few years we settled in to country life. We spent many a happy hour at Easter Oathlaw or Wester Oathlaw under the watchful eyes of Dave Whitton, Snr and his two sons, Dave (Jnr) and Ron. We went to the fields when they were harvesting and stooking and played in the farm buildings. We rode on the backs of the Clydesdale horses at a time when farmers were just starting to use tractors. Dave Whitton had one tractor but several horses and, of course, farm workers occupied all the local cotter houses. The bothy at Easter Oathlaw was occupied by an Italian ex-prisoner of war who felt he could have a far better standard of living in this country than if he went back to Italy. We played by the banks of the Lemno burn and in the 10 acre wood. We were frequent visitors to Clatterha' smiddy to watch the blacksmith shoeing horses. We went to the tattie planting and the tattie picking where we started off with a 'half bit' and marvelled at Mrs Robertson from Bogindollo, as she took on a 'bit and a half'. We were paid, if memory serves me right, the princely sum of 7/6d per day for our efforts, all of which went to our mother to help buy clothes, etc. As part of our pay we also received, from the farmer, our 'rations' of tea, sugar, butter, salt, etc. In those days the potato harvest was considered to be more important than education so that, if the weather was bad during the 'Tattie Holidays' we were all given an extra week's holiday so that the tatties could be picked. One family that was indispensable to the tattie lifting was the McPhees. They were travelling people and arrived every year to set up their camp near the village. While they were there their children came to the school. During the summer we picked raspberries every day for Mr McCaig at Foreside of Cairn and were paid 2d per pound. Margaret, who was still very young at the time,

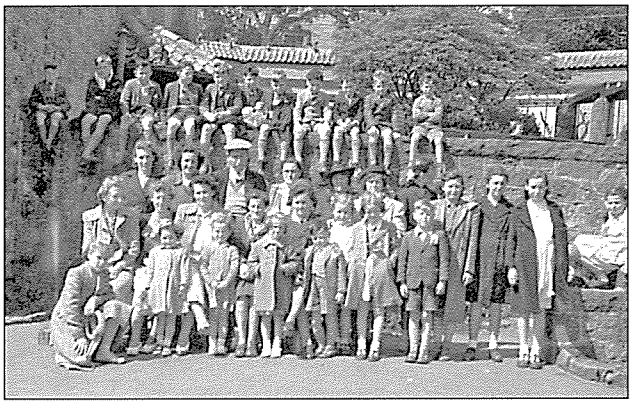
was never very good at the rasp picking and was frequently told by our mother that it cost more to make her sandwiches than she earned for the day!

When we started at Oathlaw school in the late 40s all our class work was done on slates with slate pencils and all our written work was done with old-fashioned pens with an inkwell in each desk. The heating in the school was by a coal-burning stove and it was part of the Dominie's duties to ensure that it was stoked up. One of the highlights of the school year was the Christmas party. The Greenhill-Gardynes at Finavon Castle Estate donated a tree which was decorated by the school children who made chains and lanterns from sticky paper and then stood it in a corner of a classroom. Candles were used for the tree and it was a magical time for the children. Mrs Robertson from Bogindollo made a dumpling for the party every year. There were games galore and a nativity play performed by the children.

There was a store of emergency rations kept at the school so that the children could be fed if they were snowed-in. None of us can remember this ever happening but the school was occasionally closed due to the weather. In 1953 a gale blew down most of the trees in the woods around Oathlaw. Margaret was in Stracathro Hospital at the time suffering from pneumonia and pleurisy and was very aggrieved that the family could not visit her for some days. There was also a very severe blizzard in 1957/8 in which several lives were lost in the County of Angus. On that occasion Gordon, who was in 'digs' in Arbroath at the time, managed to get a bus to Brechin, stocked up with bread there, and walked from Brechin to Oathlaw through the drifts.

Another highlight of the year was the school trip, usually to the seaside. Streamers were hung out the windows of the bus and 'Clementine' and various other favourite songs were sung with great gusto. If the weather was bad at our destination we adjourned to the local church hall and still had a thoroughly enjoyable time.

At the end of each school year the prizes were presented by the Greenhill-Gardynes from the Castle and, as each child went forward to collect their prize, the girls would curtsey and the boys saluted. Gordon still has the 'George B Craik' school shield, which has



Oathlaw School summer outing

the inscription, "*To commemorate faithful service in Tannadice & Oathlaw 1919 - 1939*". It bears the names (starting from 1940) Nora E Whitton, Hamish A McLeod, Agnes Kerr, David Hay, Maureen Mudie, Robert Cargill, Agnes Kerr (again), Charles C Cargill, Isobel M Mudie, Isabella Brown, Ian McLeod, Janet Grant, Gordon Milne, Elma Carr, James Snedden, Billy Dunn, Gordon Snedden and Rosemary Dunn.

Each child got a third of a pint of milk each day and school dinners were brought from Forfar. Short trousers were the order of the day for all the boys at the school, summer and winter, and in fact Jim remembers that he still wore short trousers during his first year at Forfar Academy. The library van came to the school at regular intervals and delivered two large, heavy, flat wooden boxes with a rope handle at each end. Locals who wanted a library book came to the school to make their choice. Entertainment was, of course, very limited. There was no television and the radio had a wet battery that had to be re-charged by taking it in to Forfar or Brechin. The nearest cinemas were five miles away in Forfar. As far as the schoolhouse was concerned cards were the usual form of entertainment. We learned card games by the score, from 'Slippery Anne' to Bezique and it has to be said that our father took these games very seriously and should you play what he considered to be the 'wrong card' then that was quickly pointed out! There were of course concerts and dances, whist drives and beetle drives and various other social events in the school and these were always well attended even on the darkest and wildest of nights. For several years our father put on a firework display in the schoolhouse garden for all the pupils, their parents, and their friends and these displays were always very popular.

In 1953 a bonfire was lit on Finavon Hill to commemorate the Queen's accession to the throne and we all set off to see it. At that time Jim and Gordon were friendly with Ian Penman who stayed at 'Benshie' (Ballinshoe) Farm and his father took us up the hill in his car. He found that, even in the lowest gear, his car would not climb the hill road so, knowing that reverse gear was lower than first gear, he turned the car round and went up backwards! The same Ian Penman went with Jim, Gordon and father Snedden for a camping holiday in Anstruther. This was before our father had any transport. A large tent was borrowed from Major Neish at Tannadice, loaded in to a large wicker basket along with all the other necessities for the holiday and carried to the road end at Parkford. We went by bus to Forfar and then boarded the train to Anstruther. At Anstruther one of the porters allowed us to borrow a trolley and we wheeled the wicker basket through the streets of the town (to our great embarrassment) to the local campsite. Major Neish also gave the Dominie a brace of pheasants every year. Being a 'townie' our mother had no idea how to clean them and had to get someone else to do it for her.

In the mid 50s our father bought his first car from Joe Munro's garage in Kirriemuir - it was a Sunbeam Talbot 90 and it was his pride and joy. He could not drive of course and was actually taught by Jim who had learned to drive on Dave Whitton's tractor! He was in his mid 40s by then and this gives some indication of the standard of living in those days compared to to-day!

Of those who stayed in the area at the time there was Mrs McKenzie who stayed in the old cottage opposite the school and gave sound advice to our family on country life in general. I believe her husband (deceased before our arrival) was a coachman for the Greenhill-Gardynes at Finavon Castle. There were the Malcolms at Parkford Farm (who in later years moved to Forfar), the Retties at Braeheads (their mother was a great home baker - they also moved to Forfar), the Millars almost opposite Wester Oathlaw. Jim Gold stayed at Oathlaw crossroads across from Mrs Mackenzie, the Elders were at Meadows Farm and the Smiths at Battledykes. The Procurator Fiscal stayed at Westwood and the Simpsons were at Bogindollo (Bobby Simpson now stays in Brechin).

Oathlaw School was closed by the Education authorities about 1970 and shortly afterwards they decided that the schoolhouse should be sold. George and Elizabeth Snedden moved firstly to Auchmithie schoolhouse and then to a house in Kirriemuir.

George Snedden died in 1981 and his wife Elizabeth died in 1986. If they had still been alive they would have been amazed at the changes in Oathlaw and the surrounding area with many new houses built and most, if not all, of the farm workers' houses and the County Council houses now in private occupation.

Before he died our father wrote a poem that encapsulated his feelings about Oathlaw and its surroundings:

Bonnie Oathlaw

Oh some folk bide in Glesca, and some in Dundee
On the high hielan hills or the isles o' the sea,
And they sing o' their hameland, and boast it's sae braw
But there's nane o' them finer than Bonnie Oathlaw.
For its air is sae fresh and its grass is sae green
And the woods and the valleys would gladden your een,
And the kind folk aroon ye, in cottage or ha'
Mak' ye glad that you're living in Bonnie Oathlaw.

Oh it's grand in the springtime when winter has fled
and nature's astir in its dark earthy bed,
When the birds build their nests and the rooks
start tae caw
Oh wha widna be happy in Bonnie Oathlaw.
Then the fine days o' summer, the hum o' the bees
A' the flowers in their glory, the green o' the trees,
Or when Autumn paints gaily each rowan and haw
Then there's nae place tae touch ye, my Bonnie Oathlaw.

And even when winter its cauld breath has blawn
And the birds and the bees and the flowers are gone,
When the Hill o' Finavon is mantled wi' snaw
Still ma heart is contented in Bonnie Oathlaw.
Oh its jist a wee hamlet, no muckle weel kent
And yet there, mony gey happy days I hae spent,
And it's there I would bide, till ma last breath I draw
And they lay me to rest in ma Bonnie Oathlaw.

Words by G.F. Snedden
(Dominie at Oathlaw School 1949-70, died 21/12/81)

Laurie Murdie

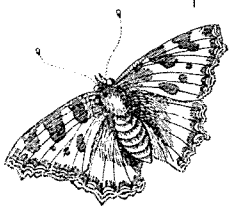
The Rev. Thomas H Wright was the minister when we attended Oathlaw Sunday school.

One day on our way to church from our home at the Baggerton, we were given a lift in the minister's car being driven by the chauffeur. The car was rather an elegant vehicle for a parish minister. We sat in the back behind a glass panel which could be slid open and any instructions such as "*Home James*" given to the driver - all very grand!

Mrs Wright was a daughter of Thomas Guthrie who did much good work caring for the poor and destitute children in the city of Edinburgh. A statue was erected in Princes Street in his honour.

Another memory I have was of a Tannadice Flower Show and Sports Day. It was a very hot day and, before the old men's race, one gentleman who was competing slipped off his trousers and ran in his long drawers!

It was all great fun and rather different from today.



Nan Murdie

I remember going to Justinhaugh for Lunanhead School picnic by brake. This was in 1930 and from that year until 1937 we were regular attenders at Sunday school and Church at Oathlaw.

The Sunday school had three and sometimes four classes as well as a Bible Class. The collections at church were taken by long wooden ladles and tokens were used instead of today's communion cards. The Rev. Thomas H Wright was the minister at Oathlaw at the time.

Every Christmas the Sunday school pupils were invited to the manse to sing carols round the Christmas tree and afterwards we were given a mince pie.

I enjoyed the carols despite not being very good at singing! The walk from my home at the Baggerton was a long way with little chance of a lift, but it never seemed so far on Sundays.

During 1939 to 1945 my mother used to walk to the Women's Guild. In the winter the meetings were held in the afternoon. My mother had to cross fields, negotiate dykes and fences as well as sometimes contend with bad weather. I always admired her spirit and determination.

In wintertime there was usually some kind of entertainment. It was held in the church and took the form of a soiree with excellent singers, or lantern slides with a talk. Afterwards we were given a 'poke' with three or four goodies from the baker. Men would walk between the aisles handing out the bags along the pews. One talk about Oberammergau, with slides, sticks out in my mind. The minister and his wife had been to see the Passion Play and I remember being very impressed with the whole thing.

Every Christmas the Sunday school pupils were invited to the manse to sing carols round the Christmas tree and afterwards we were given a mince pie.

Alex and Nan Proctor

In 1931 I came to Oathlaw district when I was ten years old and enrolled at the local school with Mr R.S. Low Carnegy as headmaster, a very stern disciplinarian and Miss Fairweather as infant teacher. She eventually married Mr Carnegy's brother who was the County Assessor. At that time the school roll was about 45 to 50 with quite a few families with three or more children. After finishing my primary education at Oathlaw, I then went to Forfar Academy until 1937.



Oathlaw School

Back Row (L to R): Miss Fairweather (Infant Teacher), W. Scott, J Smith, A Proctor, W Paterson, G Paterson, W Robertson, J Skea, J McNiven, A Todd, Mr R S L Carnegy (Headmaster)
2nd Row (L to R): G Skea, B Taylor, I Smith, E Taylor, G Taylor, J Redpath, B Todd, F Martin, I Mudie, Unknown, E Findlay, F Robertson
3rd Row (L to R): W Smith, A Bunch, M Wilkie, C Millar, M Kerr, W Taylor, E McNiven, B Wilkie, B Millar, N Taylor, E Findlay, W Proctor, J Findlay
Front Row (L to R): F Patterson, I Findlay, L Taylor, J Wilkie, G Fraser, J Findlay, T McNiven, W Fraser, A Robertson, J Robertson, F McLeod, D Whitton, D McPhee

When I left school, I was taken on as an apprentice joiner by Alex Millar, Finavon. During that time I worked throughout the local area on a variety of jobs. The most interesting, and one which was to continue after the Second World War, was the renovation of many farm cottages. Meikle Coull was one which took place pre-war when five cottages and the bothy were modernised and extended, with bathrooms being the main improvement, and extra rooms added. I wouldn't be surprised if the Coull bothy was the first in Angus to have a bathroom.

There was a redundant distillery at Glencoul, Justinhaugh, which ceased production in the 1920s. I believe the distillery also owned Battledykes Farm, for the distillery drayman kept his horse and outfit there. The Angus Milling Company took over the distillery buildings in the mid-thirties - these buildings had been used as a piggery by Messrs McCaig and Goodchild of Foreside of Cairn. The Company produced animal feed and later was taken over by Bibby's and then closed in the late 70s or 80s.

Pre-war there were dairy farms at Milton Bank, Tobees, Mill of Tannadice, Nether Balgillo and the Meadows, but today Baldoukie, owned by Willie Taylor, seems to be the only one dairy-farming.

In the 1950s due to the economic situations of some estates, Wester Ogil House and then Glenogil House were both demolished. For a few years Lord Inchcape took over Glenogil and Auchnacree and spent a

sizeable sum on general work and upkeep. He had two timber halls built on the site of Wester Ogil House. The second one had the oak floor which was originally in the trophy ballroom of Glenogil House.

In 1941 I reached the age for Call-up and opted for the Royal Air Force to train as a pilot. I was accepted and, as was the pattern at that time, I went to Canada, and did the main part of my training in Alberta. I gained my wings at Medicine Hat in 1942. As a matter of interest , when I arrived at Medicine Hat, there were two ex-Tannadice Boy Scouts on the ground staff - George Imrie, who was Chay Mudie's apprentice blacksmith at Clatterha', and Andrew Ramsay who had worked on local farms, and who joined the R.A.F. in 1938. Andrew was a corporal fitter with ground staff of the unit to which I belonged.



Alex Proctor

I eventually trained operationally on Hudsons for Coastal Command anti-U-boat patrols in front of convoys etc., which meant long hours over the Atlantic. In 1944, I went over to Transport Command, glider-towing, paratroop and supply-dropping and then ended up in Burma helping to supply the Chindits and the 14th Army in difficult jungle areas. Later, as the Japanese were retreating, dirt air-strips were used in Central Burma.

I finished my tour of operations before the Japanese war ended - I was based by that time on the Island of Akyab. In India I was attached to a Transport Squadron flying passengers and mail, finally based at Bangalore, from where I flew to all the main places in India, Bombay, Calcutta, Delhi, Rawalpindi and lots of others.

Due to this experience I could have gone on to Civil Airline flying but in early 1946 demobilisation time came and reluctantly I decided to go home. I felt a commitment to my father, as my mother had passed away very suddenly before I left for the Far East. So it was back to the joinery work again; it took a fair bit of adjustment after being five years away, as, apart from anything else, my pay was about half what I had in the R.A.F.

When I was at a dance in Fern I met Nan Milne who was a nurse at Arbroath Infirmary. Nan's parents lived in a cottage at Noranside. Her father was a very hard-working and conscientious roadman. When Nan moved to Glasgow to do her maternity training which lasted fully a year, our courtship had to be carried on at a distance; travel was not so simple in the late 1940s and 1950s. Later Nan was to become ward sister at Noranside which was a busy sanatorium. In 1953 we were married in the Old Parish Church, Forfar, and were fortunate to get a new house at Bogindollo, where we spent our next twenty years. When Curly Millar retired in 1964, I took over the joinery business, as the sawmill side was expanding and needed all his attention. The old place of work is now a thriving Tractor and Agricultural Implement business.

About the same time I was ordained as an Elder of the Church of Scotland in Oathlaw by the Rev. George Hudson, and forty years on have decided to call it a day as an active Elder.

Nan and I bought our present house in Brechin in 1973, by which time Nan was a ward sister in Stracathro Hospital. She took early retirement in October, 1983, and I retired in 1988. We are still members of Oathlaw-Tannadice Church so we keep in touch with friends in the area and attend many local functions.

When I came to Parkford by David Christie

I started school at five years of age at Kinnettles, and after three months my father got work at Parkford, from where I was able to go to Oathlaw School. When I was twelve years of age I attended Forfar Academy.

The cottage in which we lived at Parkford was, like others at that time, very old and our water supply came from a spring to an outside tap at our door. I shall never forget the taste of the water, which was delicious.



Tannadice Hut - Scouts performing at a concert
Left to right: A Malcolm, F Stewart, D Christie, C Hampton
Front: S Balfour

There were three boys in our family and I was the eldest. My father used to go into Forfar on a Saturday and always came home with a treat for me. This was a piece of fruit, an apple or a pear, or an orange, which cost him sixpence. My brothers were deemed too young to eat fruit!

Mr W. Crichton, the farmer at Parkford, taught me to shoot when I was eight years old and later on I became a crack shot. His son, Ian, and I were playing one day when Ian's mother told him to be careful of the young turkeys and keep an eye on them. Ian was playing with a dock leaf and waved it at this young turkey, which instantly fell down dead. He wondered for quite a while what his mother would say. The cat got the blame!

In 1947 there was a bad snowstorm and roads were blocked. My father and Jim Malcolm had to take bread to the occupants of the houses at Bogindollo, where they were snowed in. The bread had to be collected from Forfar with the aid of two horses and carts. We had another bad storm in 1951 in which a huge birch tree was blown down at Parkford and blocked the road. Quite a lot of traffic was able to drive under the tree but not all, and two lorry drivers had to borrow a saw from my father and cut the tree up in order that it could be moved off the road.

I can remember walking to Foreside of Cairn to pick raspberries. It was a long trek for little legs. We left home at 7am and worked until noon for only one shilling and sixpence.

Each day before I left for school I had to check the rabbit snares. From a young age I had to do a weekly shop for my mother who could not manage into Forfar with two young children. Once I was shown the shops I had to use, it was no trouble and I managed to get all the shopping.



Back: H Malcolm, W Guthrie, D Christie, C Hampton
Front: Unknown, S Balfour, I Crighton, R Malcolm

Most days at home we had rabbit and vegetables to eat. On Saturdays, it might be rabbit at midday but mince and potatoes at our evening meal. We also had good meals at school and enjoyed eating brambles on our way home from school. At Parkford we would eat turnips as they were sliced by the turnip cutter and even had a drink of milk from a gentle cow straight into our mouths.

When I left school I worked for seven to eight months on a farm and then joined the Navy. I was at sea for five years, got married, and then had another year in the Navy.

Wolflaw Farm - My home for 21 years by Isla Wilkie

In 1931 when my grandparents retired and moved from Wolflaw Farm, my parents took over and we lived there for nearly 22 years. Life on the farm was a very happy time for my sisters Biddy and Margaret, my brothers James and Sonny, and myself. Our parents made everyone welcome and we had lots of friends who came visiting.



Wolflaw Farm House

We all went to Oathlaw School and Forfar Academy. It was more than three miles to Oathlaw School, a long walk. There was no bus then but the exercise did not seem to do us any harm. On the way home there was always a turnip to eat and they were so juicy and sweet. Oathlaw School still stands but it is now owned by Jan and Ann Pat Gooch. The road to Oathlaw, although not the M.1, has much more traffic on it now, than when we went to school. Then we were lucky to see a car. Summer holidays from school were usually spent in the berryfields picking raspberries. I have to admit that I ate more than I put in my pail. There were tatties to be gathered but I refrained from eating them! The money we earned at the raspberries and the tatties was used to buy school-clothes and other things such as pencils, rubbers etc. During the harvest-time we often had to work when the harvest was brought in and, as we had our own threshing mill, we were needed for that too. Hay was cut and then when ready was put into coles. There were cows to be milked and that task seemed to be left to the females of the family! Our mother made butter and cheese and this meant the milk-churn had to be turned, usually while reading the 'People's Friend'.

We attended Oathlaw Church, a lovely building, which today is no longer a place of worship. Oathlaw and Tannadice congregations now worship in Tannadice Church and are linked with Kirriemuir St. Andrew's, under the care of the Rev. David Taverner. The singing in Oathlaw Church always sounded good, such were the acoustics of the building.

Christmas was an exciting time on the farm. We hung up our stockings on Christmas Eve and later had great fun finding a shiny new penny, an orange, an apple, and a pencil etc. At this time we always hoped for snow and often were lucky. Our Mum would make a big dumpling with lucky charms and a sixpence. She seemed to have a lucky charm in every serving! She kept a tin of condensed milk in the cupboard to be used for special occasions. I loved condensed milk, so one day I opened the tin and devoured the lot. When Mum asked who had taken it, I too quickly pointed my finger at brother James. I declare she must have had second-sight as she did not believe me.

Parties were a yearly occurrence. Our neighbours, the Smiths, the Skeas and the Fergusons and our family all took turns in holding a party in our homes. Furniture was moved from one room to another, carpet and linoleum lifted. There was dance music provided by our families. We played lots of different games. One game I remember was where we were all asked to put a



Biddy Wilkie, James Wilkie, Margaret Wilkie at Oathlaw School

personal item into a hat. Someone, usually Mrs Smith, was blindfolded and, when she drew something from the hat, she would say "This is a thing, a very pretty thing, and who is the owner of this pretty thing" The owner then had to do a forfeit, dance, or sing, etc. There were many other games, many of which I cannot remember, but I have never forgotten the food which was wonderful.

As children we liked to hold concerts in the steading loft. The wooden floor was scrubbed, and seating, usually a part of some implement or other, was arranged. Our father, who was delighted to have the loft scrubbed, would help us to hang up a stack cover to serve as a stage curtain. Singing, dancing, recitations and plays, even violin music, we did them all!! Mum would do a baking for us and together with lemonade, we served this at the interval. We even had an M.C. (Master of Ceremonies). All very professional!

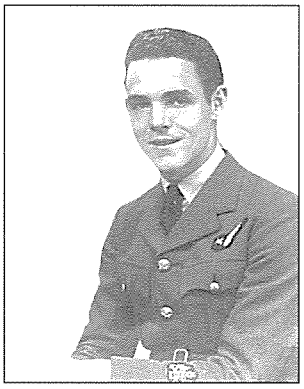
In 1939 War came and eventually food rationing. I think we in the countryside were very lucky. We always had butter, eggs, fruit and vegetables. Coupons were needed for bread (and everything else) but Mum seemed to manage to feed everyone. She was a great cook and nothing went to waste.

The railway line ran along the march between Wolflaw and Foreside of Cairn which was a raspberry farm owned at that time by Messrs McCaig and Goodchild. The railway has gone and part of Foreside now is part of Wolflaw. The man in charge of the raspberry field was Mr Bob Langlands and he was always on the watch for pickers who left berries behind! We were told to go back and pick the row again; I remember it well. Berry-pickers came from all around, many making good money

The raspberries had a lovely flavour, so it was a case of eat two and place one in the pail - my pay-packet was never very good.

Cairnhill, our nearest neighbour, and just along the road from Foreside, was owned by the Honourable Nancy Arbuthnott. Miss Nancy, as she was affectionately known, built this lovely home and lived there until she was 101 years old. The Fergusons lived in the gardener's cottage. Mr Ferguson always had peppermints in his pocket and, when giving me one, he would say "*Give it a sook and a spit, as it is a wee bit dirty*".

For many years our father killed a pig, then cut it up and certain bits were cured, but we were always given a fry of fresh bacon - I still remember the taste - lovely.



James Wilkie - World War II



Isla Wilkie & Jean Falconer at the Tatties

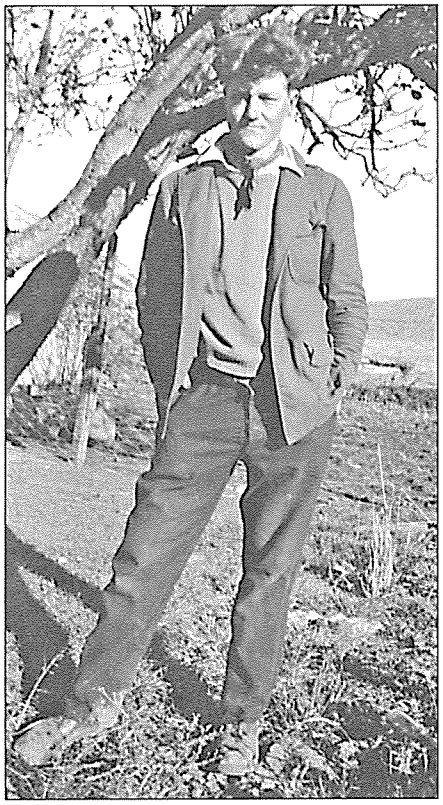
Our brother, James, enlisted in the R.A.F., became a Gunner and eventually a Warrant Officer. We were glad when the War ended and he was one of the lucky ones to come home safely; so many did not. After his marriage he and his wife Jean spent twenty years in Africa before returning to Scotland when they, with a son Rae and daughter Isla May, bought West Mains of Whitewell. Isla May and husband Rob, with daughters Kim and Nicola now live in Australia . Sadly James died in l994 . Jean, along with Rae, continues with the farm, ably helped by his son, Sam.



Bert Shepherd - World War II

Our sister, Margaret, became Guide Captain of 1st Tannadice Guides after Miss Jeffrey. Margaret married Bert Shepherd of East Murthill in 1949. He too had been in the R.A.F. when he was a Wireless Operator/Air Gunner eventually becoming a Warrant Officer. In peace

time he was an assistant scoutmaster at Tannadice. After their marriage they lived in Newtyle where they were able to resume their interest in Scouts and Guides, Bert and his Scout Troop winning the County Flag competition on more than one occasion. I helped my sister Biddy who took over as Guide Captain at Tannadice until the end of 1952 when we moved from Wolflaw to Abernethy in Perthshire. It was there that I met my husband, David, and after a spell in Abernethy , we emigrated in 1966 to Australia, with two daughters, Kate and Claire, and son, Andrew, and then years later returned to this area. Biddy also went to Australia and she remembers our sister-in-law, Jean, pointing out that we five (the Wilkies) were in different continents at the same time.



Sonny Wilkie at Wolflaw

My brother, Sonny, liked working with the Clydesdale horses and this led to his going to his first ploughing match when he was 15 years old. He was thrilled when he won several prizes, one of which was as the 'youngest entrant'. This interest continued until 1948 when he decided to emigrate to Australia. Because he was so young, Mum was sad to see him go. He now lives in Canada with his wife, Margaret, son Mark, daughters Louise and Jackie, and four grandchildren, Colin, Christopher, Kyle and Jessica.

There are now many new houses on the road we walked to Oathlaw School in the 1930s. Battledykes which was occupied by the Duncan family then is now owned by Mr Martin Smith. The cottage on Battledykes where the Skeas used to live is still there and two other houses have been built nearby. Along at the crossroads are Westwood, the home of Mr and Mrs Rae-Smith, and Forester's Croft owned by Mr and Mrs R Galloway. Northwood, owned by Mr and Mrs H Alexander is the next house en route and is situated at the edge of the wood. The house where the Millars lived is no longer occupied. The next house is Birchwood which my son Andrew, with a little help from his father, built for our daughter, Kate, son-in-law Morton and their two daughters, Ailsa and Ruth. Birchwood is now owned by Mr and Mrs M. Kane, with daughters Emma and Ashleigh. Next door is Delwood, the property of Bruce and Helen Stott, who live there with their children, Jenny, Rachel, Rebecca and Jack. Across the road is the farm of Wester Oathlaw where Mr and Mrs David Whitton lived with their children David, Ron and Nora. The farm is now owned by Mr Leslie Learmonth and family. Then comes Lord and Lady Mackie's home, named Benshie Cottage, and over the road Learig, the property of Mrs Jean Whitton, and Sallywood owned by Mr and Mrs M Lunny.

Despite the population having increased because of all the new houses, Oathlaw remains a lovely peaceful place.

Since we left Wolflaw in 1952, different families have lived there. These include Elizabeth and Dick Watson, good friends of ours, who now live in Forfar.
The present owners are Pam and David Murray who breed Charolais Cattle. David is also a cattle judge.

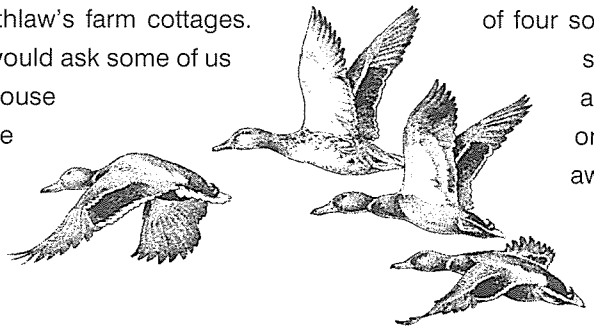


"We as a family were fortunate to have spent our young lives in such a lovely part of Angus"

Mrs Lizzie Grant (formerly Paterson)

I was born in 1910 at the Mains of Brigton where my father, William Paterson, was employed. However, my grandparents, Mr and Mrs W. Paterson, farmed Easter Oathlaw and my father returned that same year to work with his parents. My mother said that when my father registered my birth she had said to make my name 'Elizabeth'. When he returned from the Registrar, he had named me 'Lizzie', so Lizzie it remained. Eventually I went to Oathlaw School, a one-teacher school at that time and Miss Carson was the teacher.

We lived in one of Easter Oathlaw's farm cottages. Sometimes our grandmother would ask some of us to stay overnight at the farmhouse and this was a treat. For one thing, she obviously had more room than we did at home and this we enjoyed.



Life in Oathlaw was quiet but my mother seemed contented with her lot, although she was busy rearing ten children. These were Maggie, Chris, Helen, Mina, Jim, Charles, George, William, Frank and me.

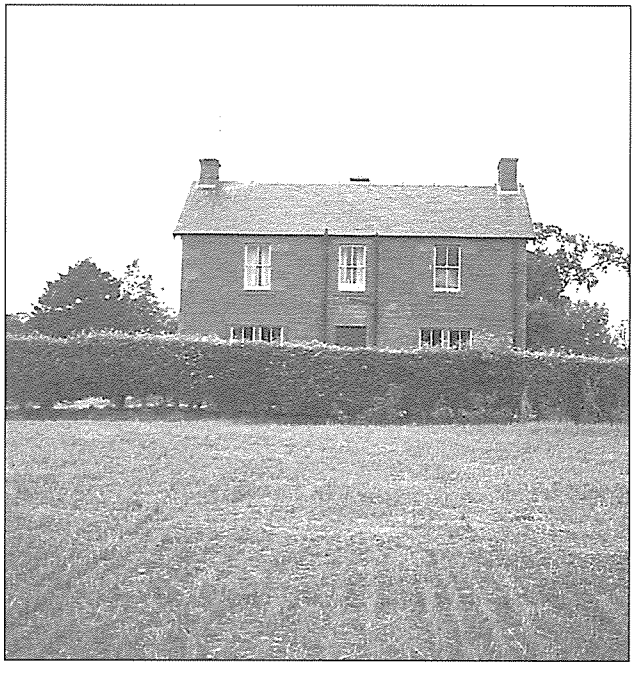
Sadly my grandfather had not been very long at Easter Oathlaw when he died. He slipped off a load of sheaves and broke his neck. This must have been a great shock to the family and, in fact, my grandmother had quite a harrowing time in parts of her life, even losing three out of four sons in the First World War. These sons were Andrew, David, Frank and Charles, Charles being the one who survived. Andrew was awarded the Military Cross.

On my grandfather's death, my father's brother, Jim, who was already living at home, became farmer at Easter Oathlaw. He had always worked there, of course, but now he was in charge.

When I left school I had to go into domestic service. I remember going to see my sister on to the bus at Parkford and that was the day that I met for the first time my future husband, Jim Grant. Jim actually worked at Tobees but had been visiting some of his friends who worked at Parkford. In the course of conversation, he asked me out and this was the beginning of our courtship. After four years, we were married and moved to Hillbarns for two years, before moving into Forfar. Jim worked for Forfar Potato Company, then for many years as a supervisor with the Angus County Council. My husband died in 1983. We had no children - just one of those things - but I have many nieces and nephews and have pleasure from them.

In my youth, I cannot remember attending any functions in Oathlaw, but I did go dancing at Justinhaugh and in Tannadice School. Eventually I cycled everywhere.

I enjoy good health at the age of 93. Perhaps it was all that fresh Oathlaw air in my youth which laid a good foundation! I have to admit that Frank, my youngest brother, does my shopping for me. Friends often take me for a drive round the haunts of my childhood, so it is not very long ago since I went back to see Oathlaw.



Easter Oathlaw

Jim and Isabel Skea's Story

Jim lived with his parents and brothers, Alex, Geordie and David, and sister Nellie, in a cottage on Battledykes Farm, where his father was grieve. Jim, along with his brothers and sister, attended Oathlaw School.

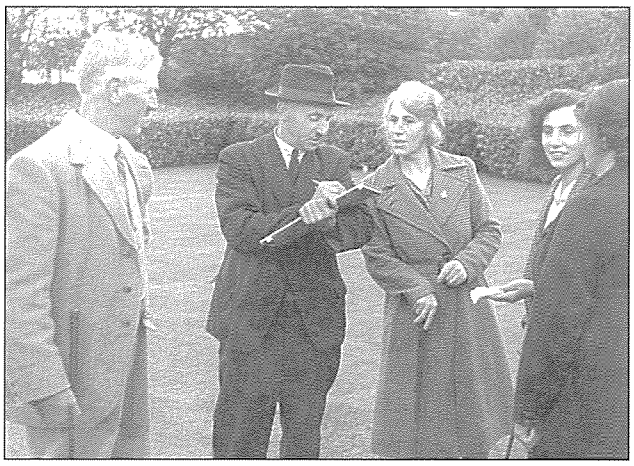
After finishing his education there at fourteen years of age, he went to work at Westwood, a large house situated at Oathlaw crossroads. Wee Jim's job was to clean the boots and shoes, scrub the floors, and wash and dry dishes etc. all for four pence an hour! He left this job after nine months to become orraman at Birkenbush, next-door to Battledykes Farm. He recalls that he was in charge of a single horse, which suffered from yukie (itchy) legs. His boss warned him to be careful not to let the swingle-tree, attached to the implement he was using to scrape the neeps, touch the horse's hooves. All seemed to be going well, when Jim had a lapse of memory and the next thing he knew the horse's body, legs and feet, seemed to be going in all directions. He managed to calm his horse down but not before two horse-shoes flew past his head and landed in the hedge behind him; there was no harm done!

Two years later Jim got work with the Whittons of Wester Oathlaw. Jim remembers Mr and Mrs Whitton bringing him mugs of cocoa and 'pieces' when he was out working in the fields. Jim was about 21 years of age when he left Wester Oathlaw and went to work for McCaig and Goodchild who owned a raspberry farm at Foreside of Cairn. It was during the Second World War and his new bosses were both in the Observer Corps. Mr Goodchild's duties were in an office in Forfar, while Mr McCaig attended to the Observation Posts in the surrounding area. Jim was often called on to help with any work needing to be done at these sites. He also acted as store-man, as ammunition, rifles etc. were kept in a lockup on the property.

Enter Isabel Smith, the young lady who was to become his wife. Isabel, with her brother Joe, began her education at Denside School, and recalls her teacher was Miss Prophet. When Mr Smith got a job as gardener to Mr I.B. Walker, of Craigeassie Farm, near Justinhaugh, the family went to live at Quarryhill, and later they moved to a cottage on the farm. The Smith family of Joe, Isabel, Wat and Lily, all went to Oathlaw School. Isabel remembers on her way home from school 'making eyes'



Geordie at a ploughing match



Left to right: Adam Beattie, Mr Joe Smith, Mrs J Smith and Isobel Smith

at a certain good-looking ploughman working in a field on the roadside. Little did she know that one day he was to become her husband!

Isabel's first job, on leaving school, was as a table maid to Mrs Drummond of Eskhill. After several other jobs, she went to work as a land-girl at Foreside of Cairn raspberry farm. She left here to marry that ploughboy she had made eyes at when coming home from school at Oathlaw.

Isabel and Jim married in 1945 in St. James's Church in Forfar. After working at a few different jobs, Jim was offered a manager's position with Mrs Nicolson of Glenbervie Estate. Jim proved to be an excellent stockman, producing many prize-winning Herefords. He and Isabel were to remain with Mrs Nicolson for the next thirty years. On his retirement he was given life-rent of a cottage on the Estate where they lived for sixteen years.

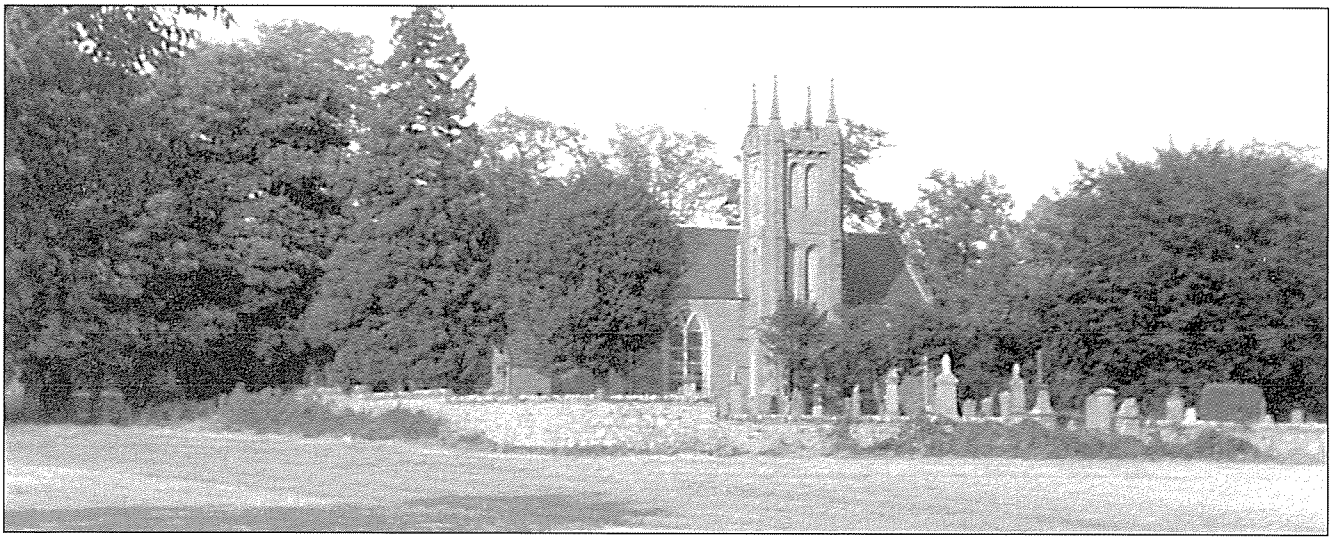
Jim received The Scottish Landowners Federation Certificate of Merit for his long service on Glenbervie Estate.

However, Jim was not the only one with talent, his wife excelled in handicrafts. Isabel's beautiful sewing is much in evidence on her sitting-room walls. At first glance the framed works look like paintings and only on close examination does the superb stitching come to light; truly to be seen to be believed. This talented lady who was a member of the W.R.I., also judged at many local shows as well as at the Federation Show in Forfar.

Jim and Isabel have a daughter Margaret and a son Norman, four grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. They now live in Stonehaven and look back on a full and happy life. Their one regret is that Lily, Isabel's sister, is no longer with them to share their memories, as she died in her early fifties.

Oathlaw Church

The title is somewhat misleading for although the building still stands it is no longer a place of worship, but the burial ground is still being used.



Going as far back as 1380, the records show the Kirk of Finhaven was the parish church. Today's Finavon Castle is now divided into flats and nearby is the ruin of what was once the old Finhaven Castle and further behind it there is practically nothing left to tell one that this was the site of the parish church of Finhaven. This name is the Pictish-Gaelic, 'Fin amhuin' meaning River Croft. In 1618 when the Kirk of Finhaven fell into disrepair the Chapel of St. Mary was built where the present church building in Oathlaw now stands and was known as the Parish Kirk.

The name of Oathlaw seems to have more than one derivation but I like the 'Ath-abg' meaning 'Ford of the Stream'. The road from Forfar crossed the Lemno Burn at Parkford and the South Esk was forded below Ordie.

In 1815 a new church was built on the site of the old Kirk and over the years had many alterations done to it.

It was a very sad day for the people of Oathlaw and district when, on the 13th of August !995, their lovely Church had to close its doors. The beautiful stained glass windows from Oathlaw Church, commemorating the 1914 - 1918 and 1939 - 1945 wars, were placed in Tannadice Church with artificial lighting behind them. The Baptismal Roll and 1914 - 1918 world war Roll of Honour are now also in Tannadice Church along with a picture of the Oathlaw sacramental vessels.

Oathlaw - Parish Church

Rev. Lewis Littlejohn, M.A.	1803 - 1830
Rev. Andrew Cromar, M.A.	1831 - 1835
Rev. Harry Stuart , M.A.	1836 - 1880
Rev. Alexander Ritchie	1880 - 1926
Rev. Thomas Henry Wright	1927 - 1937
Rev. Andrew J. Oliphant	1939 - 1948
Rev. R.S. Stewart	1949 - 1954
Rev. V.C. Bennie, M.A. B.Sc.	1954 - 1956

Linked with Aberlemno

Rev. D.A. Easton	1956 - 1958
Rev. A.C. Russell	1959 - 1962

Linked with Tannadice

Rev. George Hudson	1962 - 1964
Rev. J. Dempster Taylor M.A.	1965 - 1982

United with Tannadice

Rev. A. M. McKinnon	1982 - 1986
Rev. Andrew J. Jolly	1989 - 1995



After church service at Oathlaw - Scout Parade (Oathlaw School in background)

Memories of Oathlaw by Margaret Flora Duncan Redfern (née Campbell)

I was born at Bourtreebush, Oathlaw, near Forfar, on 24th May 1915 at the home of my grandparents, Mr and Mrs David Kerr. My mother was Margaret, one of their nine children. I was christened at Oathlaw Parish Church on 26th September 1915 by the Rev. Alexander Ritchie, the same minister who officiated at my parents' wedding. My grandfather worked at Justinhaugh Railway Station for the Coal Company.

Bourtreebush nestled in the middle of the fields that surrounded it. It was originally a small low-lying farm with cows, chickens, a horse and four fields, and was self-supporting in fruit and vegetables. The water supply, which stood in the forecourt, had an old-fashioned pump with a long handle. The farmhouse was painted white and was on one level with the house at one end and the barn at the other, while the stable, byre, hen house and other outhouses were in between. My Uncle Peter rebuilt this cottage in the late 1950s. My grandmother kept a large number of hens and I think she supplied local people with eggs - genuine free-range eggs!

My mother married David Campbell from Ayrshire and lived in London but every summer returned with my brother John and myself for the summer holidays. My grandfather bought me a Shetland pony, called Dolly, but it was not fully trained and one day it escaped and we never saw it again.

My mother often spoke of Jock Neish and his Scout Troop and also when she was shopping in Forfar she would meet Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, later to become Queen Mother. I was on holiday at Bourtreebush when Princess Margaret was born at Glamis Castle in August 1930. There were great celebrations and wonderful bonfires.

Miss Wishart lived in the pretty cottage on the corner opposite the school and had the post-box on her fence - it is still the same today.

My Uncle Peter and his family lived in the cottage now called Terra and my cousins are Peter, Margaret and Agnes.

Two of my uncles served in the Great War - John Kerr, my mother's twin, and David Kerr, and their names are on the Roll of Honour, which used to be in the porch entrance of Oathlaw Parish Church. It has now been transferred to Tannadice Parish Church.

The people I remember are too numerous to list but among the best known were the Grant family at West Mains of Whitewell, the Patersons at Easter Oathlaw, the Dalgety family at Wester Oathlaw, Col Gardyne and his family further along the road, and Jim Murray and his sister Nettie who lived at Ordie.

I used to go with my grandfather to Kirriemuir in his pony and trap and always had tea in Franchi's in the Square - no motorcars then! He also took me to Forfar to have a kilt made for me.

A train ran twice a day from Brechin to Forfar. My mother and her brother attended Forfar Academy and travelled there by train. She said that when she could hear the train in the distance as it left Brechin, she and her brother had time to get to Justinhaugh Station before it did, by running along 'Tinkers' Avenue'.

The baker and the grocer called once or twice a week as did 'R. White's Lemonade' horse and cart - the bottles had snap-on-tops then!

When I visited Oathlaw in October 2002 it had hardly changed at all, except for Bourtreebush - gone is the beautiful view one used to get from the crossroads across the glen to the foot of the Grampians. Trees and shrubs have grown creating a different but still pleasing outlook.

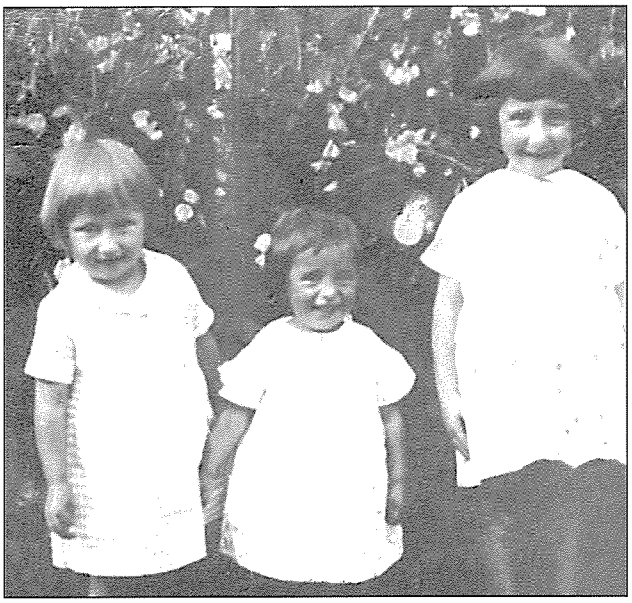


Mrs Margaret Redfern's grandparents, Mr and Mrs David Kerr with her cousin Duncan in front of Bourtreebush in the 1920s

My Father, Chae Mudie, the Blacksmith by Isobel O'Donnell

My grandfather took over Clatterha' Smithy in 1920 when my father was aged 13. My father and his brothers, George, Bert, Will and Dick, all served apprenticeships and became blacksmiths. When my grandfather died, my father's brother, Will, succeeded him at Clatterha'.

After my father had married a Montrose girl, they started life together at Eassie Smithy, where Maureen was born. Uncle Will married and moved to Balrownie, so my father returned to Clatterha'. Soon my parents had another two daughters, myself and Mary.

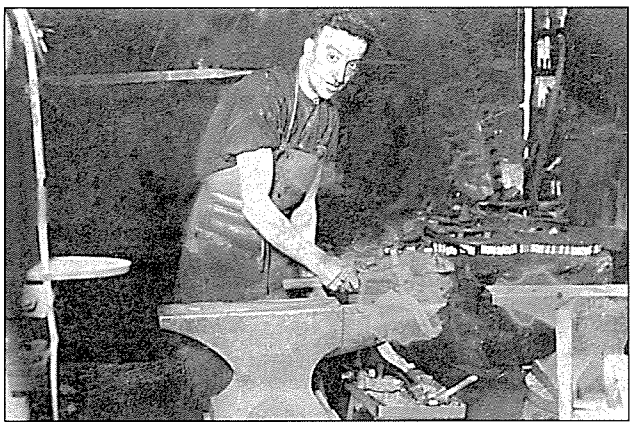


Chae Mudie's daughters
Left to right: Isobel (now Mrs O'Donnell), Mary and Maureen

My sisters and I went to Oathlaw School and one of my memories is of attending a dancing class in the school after school hours, once a week. This took place during the summer months for a few years. The dancing teacher was Mr Kydd (known as 'Dancie Kydd') from Forfar. He was able to dance to show us the steps while, at the same time, playing the fiddle to provide an accompaniment - quite a feat! When he had completed the lesson, he would then walk with us to Clatterha' where he was to catch the bus to Forfar. On our arrival home we would go into the Smiddy to show our father our latest steps and, of course, Mr Kydd would organise a little class, much to our father's delight. My father was very interested in our progress.

Indeed it was his interest in his family that started him to write verse. I came home from school one day, as usual, went into the Smiddy to recite the poem I had learnt that day, and he told us later that it was then that he thought perhaps he could compose a poem. His cash book, which always lay in the Smiddy, was lying handy and it was into it that he would scribble a few lines whenever they occurred to him as he worked at the anvil. In fact he became a most successful poet with his work appearing in various publications, and also being recited by different people at local events and functions.

My father, although busy in the Smiddy, and often working into the evenings too, became quite proficient at cutting hair, and many bothy men around would come regularly to have a hair-cut. He was also a fiddler in the Four Star Band, a local band which played at most of the functions in the district.



Chae Mudie at anvil, Clatterha'

When he wasn't shoeing horses, mending implements, writing verse, cutting hair or playing in the band, he would be engaged in his other great interest, wrought iron-work. On one occasion, such was his skill, that he was invited by the Scottish Country Industries Exhibition in Edinburgh to enter a fire-screen which he had just completed. Many people, who had long admired my father's ability in so many fields, were delighted at this recognition of the craftsmanship of their local blacksmith.

During his working life, my father won several prizes and in 1936 he won 1st prize, a gold watch, for Horse-shoeing in Scotland, an annual competition at that time. Another year he was second, this time winning a sugar bowl. These were no mean achievements.

In 1952, Maureen, who had long been a diabetic, unfortunately died. She had been married for only 18 months.

It was in 1968, when I was at work in the factory, that the Police called to inform me that my father had collapsed and died on the street in Forfar. Then 6 weeks later, Mary, who had been ill for some time, also died. Such a sad year for us.

My husband, Jim O'Donnell, and I were married in 1953, after which we went to live in Forfar, where he had found employment. We had four children, Brian, Kay, Maureen and Kevin, and now there are ten grandchildren. Sadly my husband, who had been ill for about a year, died in March, 2003, a few weeks after we had celebrated our Golden Wedding. This year I shall have lived in my home in Forfar for 46 years.

Kay, my elder daughter who was married to Angus McAulay and had four children, died in October, 2003. She had been terminally ill so her death was not unexpected, but we grieve for such a loss particularly for Angus and their four children, who have now a huge blank in their lives.

My story concludes with a poem written by my father, Chae Mudie, and composed at Clatterha' Smiddy, near Oathlaw, where he was the blacksmith.

Bonnie Justin'

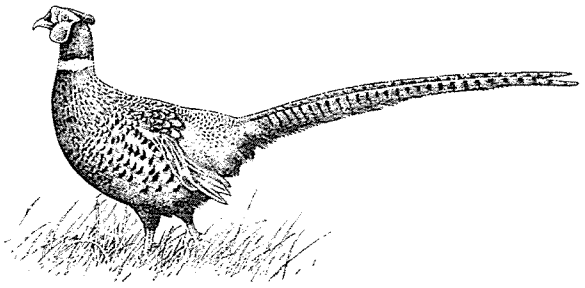
Midway betwixt the Angus hills
Whaur Esk her windin' journey trills
Auld nature stands in a' her frills
Forever trustin '
That man may see her wondrous wills
O, Bonnie Justin'.

The gulley opening' aff the knowe
The burnie wimplin' ben the howe
The close-by fauldin's of the yowe
The auld brig rustin'.
The half-bent fisher in the glowe,
A Bonnie Justin'.

The trees an' shrubs in guid direction
Wi' nearby knapps tae gie protection
Ye coorie, coslet tae perfection
When winds are gustin'
A work o' art defies correction
O Bonnie Justin'.

The little station on the brae
The auld mill-wheel o' yesterday
While Eassie's craigs across the way
Rise up ower a'.
Sae hamely an' sae bricht and gay
Is Justinha'.

Tho' some may wander far and wide
And tak' the world's girth in their stride
Fond memories forever bide
Wi' ane an' a'
That ken the bonnie countryside
O' Justinha'.



Mrs Jean Whitton on her time at Wester Oathlaw

Jean was born in Aberdeenshire and, when her father found employment in Aberlemno, he moved there with his wife and two children, Jean and Jimmy.

Jean attended school at Aberlemno and, on leaving school, she went to work in Balgavies House. However, more than a year later, her employer died and she found work as a receptionist to a Forfar dentist. In 1948 she started work as a table-maid to Mr and Mrs I.B. Walker of Craigeassie. That year she also met her future husband, David Whitton, when she attended a dance at Justinhaugh. They were duly married in Forfar in May, 1950, and moved into Wester Oathlaw to start their new life together. By this time, David's parents, son Ron and daughter Nora, had moved to Easter Oathlaw.

Jean and David had two daughters, Brenda and Carolyne, and a son Colin, who lives in Oathlaw with his wife Carol, and children Karen, Kim and David.

During the first four years of married life, Jean cooked on a closed range which burned coal. She progressed to a small gas-stove and, in 1954, electricity was installed; this was a great boon. No more paraffin lamps and trimming of wicks for her.

She took a keen interest in all aspects of farming, helping out at harvest-time, sometimes feeding the cattle or any other animals, and working in the garden, which today is still a pleasure. Jean remembers cycling to Foreside of Cairn to pick raspberries, complete with child on the back seat.

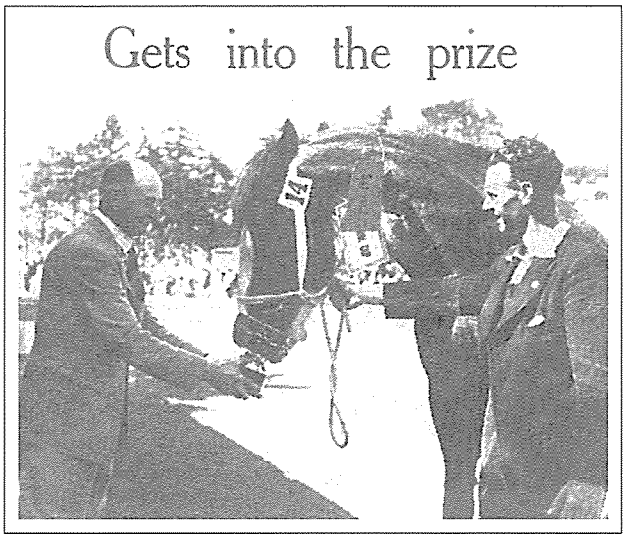
During the Autumn, travelling people camped at Easter Oathlaw, helping out at the harvest. They used to knock on doors asking for rabbit-skins, horsehair for chairs etc. No money changed hands, but a packet of needles, or thread or a comb would be given in exchange.

The Rev. R.S. Stewart was minister at Oathlaw in the 1950s. Sad to say, this lovely little Church was sold for other purposes. Jean now attends the East and Old Church in Forfar.

David, her husband, took a keen interest in the Tannadice and Oathlaw Flower Show, exhibiting, and winning many trophies. The Show was held in the Scout



D B Whitton at a ploughing match (1947 or 1948)



David Whitton with Blossom receiving an award

Hut, with dancing competitions, funny football and many other attractions. Jean recalls the best was kept for last, which was the dance at night. David was also successful at ploughing matches, which he enjoyed.

In 1995, Jean and David gave up farming and moved to Forfar, but David found he could not settle in the town, so it was back to Oathlaw. While a new house was being built for them next to Wester Oathlaw, they lived nearby in temporary accommodation. Although David was happy with the move, his health deteriorated in 1998, and sadly he died.

Jean continues to live in the house they built in Oathlaw and which they called Learig. She has a large garden, in which she finds great contentment. Jean enjoys the WRI, and walking in the surrounding countryside, and she is fortunate to have the help and the company of her family, all not too far away.



Mrs Gordon Milne and, on right Mrs D Whitton Senior taken during harvest at Wester Oathlaw

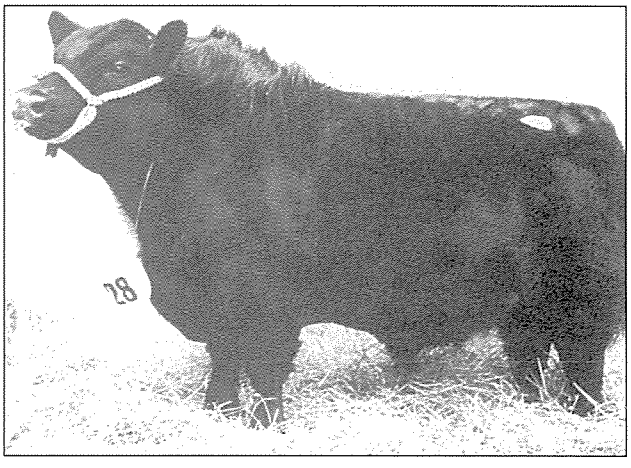
Charlie Murray

Charlie and Lily Murray moved from West Drums to Craigeassie Farm in 1959 with their seven children. Both farms were owned by Boots, the Chemist. Charlie had been employed by Gerry Rankin, a Boots director, and at Craigeassie they planned to develop a pedigree Aberdeen-Angus herd with Charlie as head stockman.

The area was ideal for the family, since there was casual labour available at the berries and tatties whereby Lily and the children could augment the family income. There were Scouts and Guides at Tannadice, providing a social outlet not always available in a rural context.

Charlie did well in his profession, winning championships at both the Royal and Highland Shows, and a reserve championship at the Perth Bull Sales.

Craigeassie bordered Justinhaugh Hotel and Charlie became part of its lively music scene. He had always been interested in singing and would take part in concerts held at the big cattle competitions like the



Perth Bull Sale

The Traditional Music and Song Association of Scotland

North Eastern Regional Festival

COMPETITION CERTIFICATE

This is to Certify

that Charles Murray

gained 1st place in the competition for Men's Singing

held on Saturday 9th June 1984 at Keith

Adjudicator

President T.M.S.A.

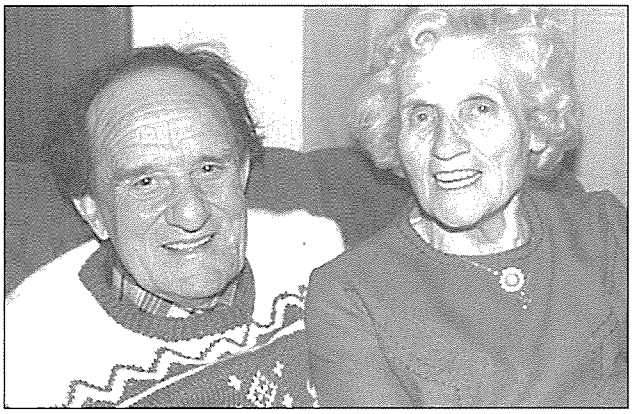
Highland Show. At Justinhaugh, he came to the notice of Pete Shepheard of the Traditional Song & Music Association (T.S.M.A.), who invited him to their festival at Blairgowrie in 1968. From then on, Charlie sang, competed, and later judged at T.S.M.A. festivals in Blairgowrie, Kinross and Keith. At Keith in 1984 he was placed first in the men's singing.

Charlie appeared at folk venues across Scotland. As a talented amateur, he mingled in a Scottish folk scene full of great talents like Ally Bain and Archie Fisher, who remain giants of folk music, and others like Barbara Dickson and Billy Connolly who passed through folk music to stardom at international level. In the mid-seventies, Jean Redpath asked him to appear as a guest on her BBC Scotland TV series. It was a delight to Charlie that his hobby gave him access to professional singers and musicians, and a source of pride to find that they respected him.

In the late seventies, Charlie and Lily moved to Kirkstile Cottage in Oathlaw, and he retired a few years later. Retirement did not really suit him and he returned to cattle work part time as a drover at the local marts where his skills were in demand and he could continue to interact with cattlemen and farmers.

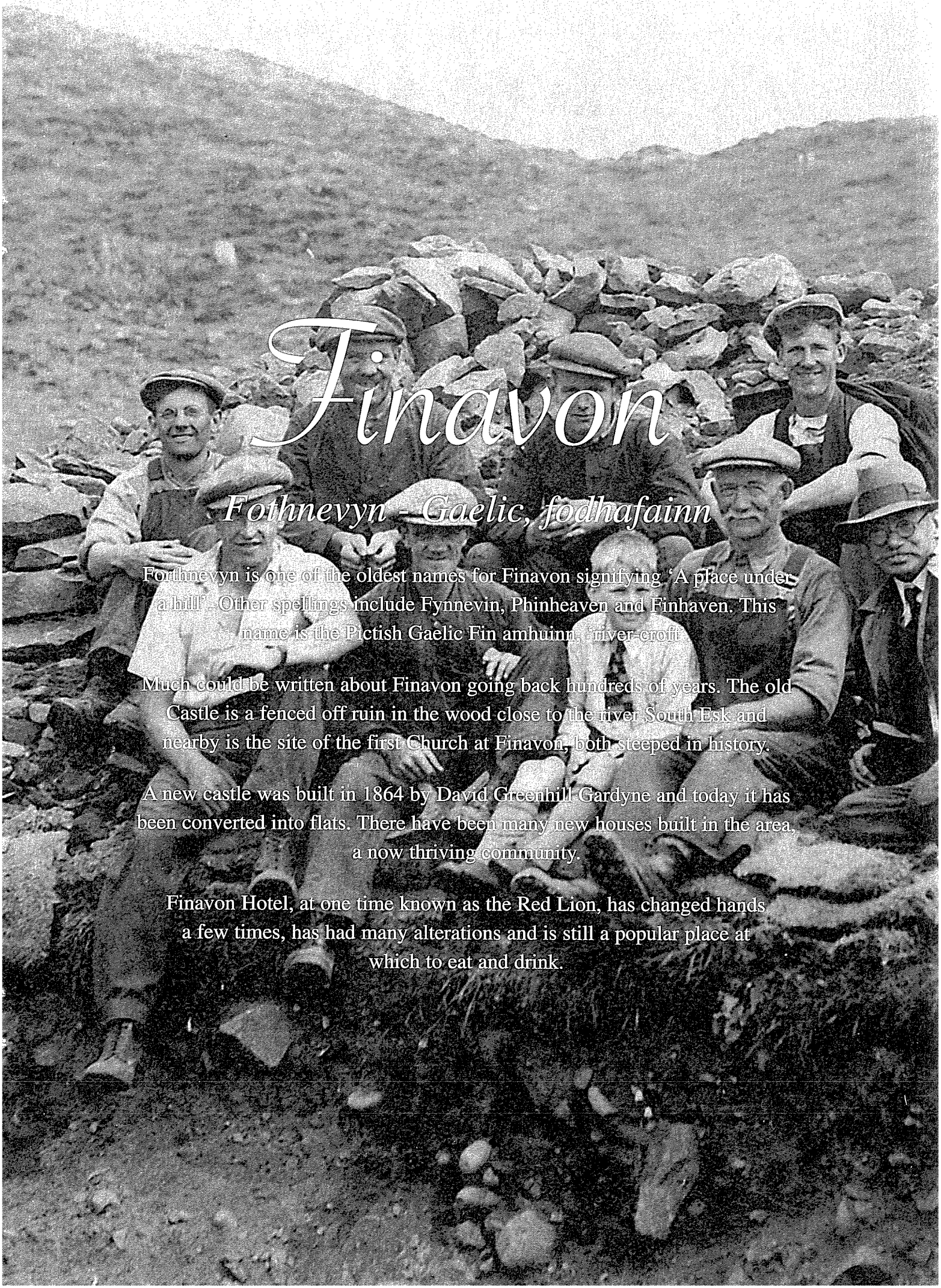
Their children took the route via higher education to professional careers: Lily a nurse in Canada, Charlotte a teacher in Kirriemuir and Stornoway, James a nuclear physicist, Anne a teacher in Edinburgh, Donald a software engineer in Stockport, Grace a teacher in Falkirk and Alistair an engineer at the Matrix in Brechin.

In 1986 Charlie and Lily celebrated their golden wedding, along with their seven children and seven grandchildren. Sadly that was to be the last complete family get-together. Charlotte and Alistair both died in 1987.



Charlie and Lily Murray - Golden Wedding

Charlie and Lily continued to live quietly in Oathlaw until Charlie's death in 1991. In l997 Lily moved to Stockport where her first great-grandchild Jordon was born in 1998. They became great pals, but sadly Lily died in 2003. They were proud of their children and gave them all a good start in life; so much talent in one family. We are fortunate to have known this quiet and unassuming couple, who came to live and retire in the parish of Oathlaw.



Finavon

Fothnevyn - Gaelic, fodhafainn

Forthnevyn is one of the oldest names for Finavon signifying 'A place under a hill'. Other spellings include Fynnevin, Phinheaven and Finhaven. This name is the Pictish Gaelic Fin amhuinn, 'river-croft'.

Much could be written about Finavon going back hundreds of years. The old Castle is a fenced off ruin in the wood close to the river South Esk and nearby is the site of the first Church at Finavon, both steeped in history.

A new castle was built in 1864 by David Greenhill Gardyne and today it has been converted into flats. There have been many new houses built in the area, a now thriving community.

Finavon Hotel, at one time known as the Red Lion, has changed hands a few times, has had many alterations and is still a popular place at which to eat and drink.



The old Castle of Finavon



Marcus Lodge Gate

Agnes (left), Nell (right) - Aunts of Margaret Harris (née Gill)

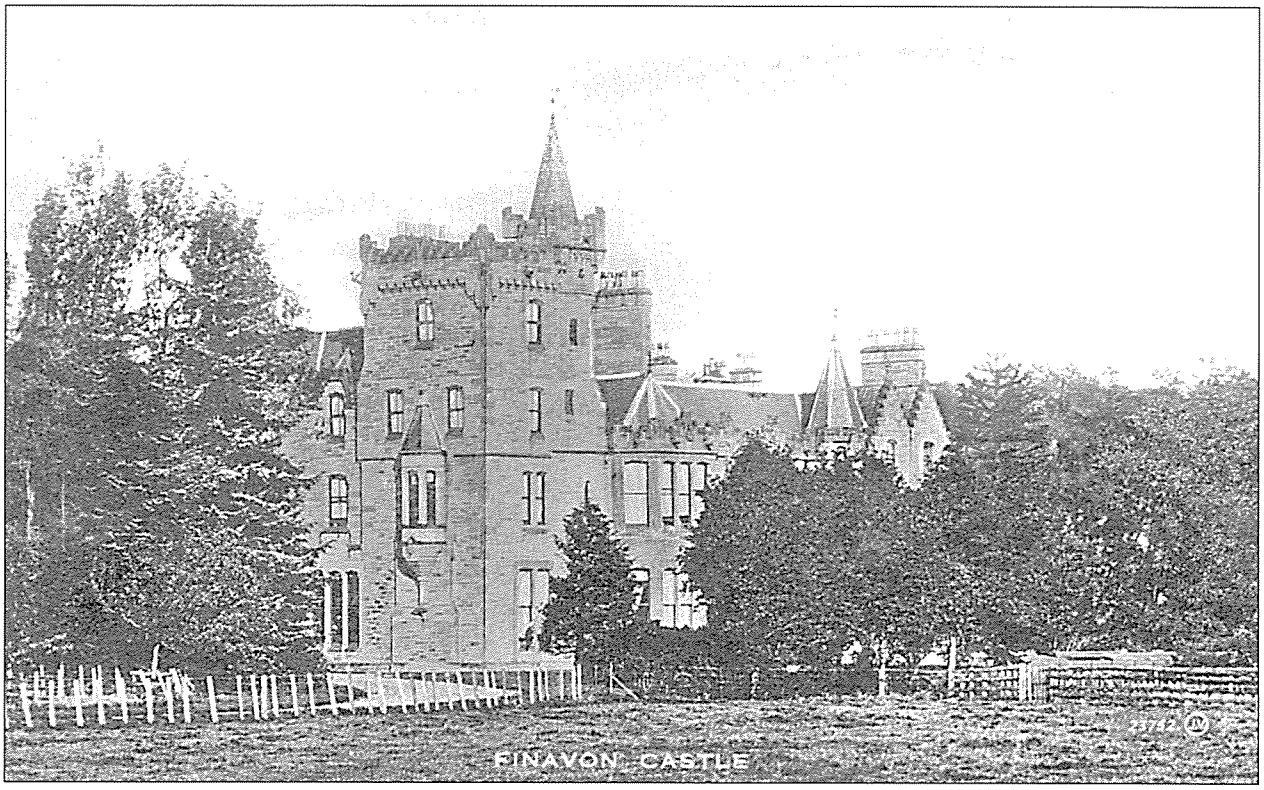


Marcus Lodge

Nell - Aunt of Margaret Harris (née Gill)

Memories of Finavon Castle by Joyce Joy

When war was declared I was in the middle of a three-year training course for nannies. Armitstead Home was situated close to the River Tay and was considered a vulnerable area. It was decided to close it down for safety reasons.



The (new) Castle at Finavon

My friend and I joined the civil nursing reserve and were sent to Finavon castle, which was converted into a hospital for sick babies and children from Dundee - mostly from the Royal Infirmary.

There was a mixture of nurses and Red Cross including Lady Jean Ramsey from Brechin Castle. I'm not quite sure but I think there would have been about twenty nursing staff and we had visiting doctors but none resident.

Although the work was hard with long hours, it had its lighter moments too, i.e. the 'smoking stove'. My friend and I were both on night duty and had the responsibility of caring for about twenty babies and a dozen or so toddlers. We had to wash and change the children and change beds every morning early before Sister did her round at 8 o'clock. One particular morning we had just finished the baby ward; when we were busy with the toddlers, we went to see how the porridge was doing (we had no kitchen to work in and had to make the porridge on a paraffin stove on the landing). To our horror and dismay it had flared up and smoke and soot was everywhere but mostly in the baby ward even covering the beds and babies' faces. We had to work like Trojans to try and get it all cleaned up before Sister came on duty! It is funny to look back on but was certainly not at the time!

We were always concerned about the recovery of our babies and sadly quite a few died. A number of investigations took place and it was eventually discovered that the drainage in the castle wasn't suitable for a hospital and for that reason it had to be closed down. I returned to Armitstead, which had reopened, and completed my training.

Jean (Mother of Margaret Harris) written 1982

So many people, ordinary people, write their life story nowadays that I have often thought, "Why don't I write mine". I don't suppose it will be of much interest to anyone except perhaps my great, and great-great grandchildren, but I'm going to have a go anyway.

After all, I tell myself, it has been quite eventful: sometimes happy, sometimes tinged with tragedy and sadness, but after all, eighty-five and a half years is a long, long time and one is bound to have a few ups and downs during that time.

I feel very ancient when I have to give the date of my birth, 1897, but never embarrassed as some people might be. I'm glad I was born when and where I was, in the lovely countryside of Angus, a place called Finavon, to be exact, in the valley of Strathmore.

Looking back I think I had a nice childhood living in the country, we were free to roam around but if we went far afield, it had to be by permission. By 'we' I mean my youngest sister Esther. She was quiet and dainty. I was dark and a bit scruffy. People were always raging at me for getting untidy. There were seven of us in the family. My mother, who came from Glenesk, was a children's nanny when she met my father in Tannadice Church. He lived in the village of Tannadice with his parents and there they started their married life. They moved to Finavon when they had three children, about ten years before I was born. My brother was eldest and I was the fifth of six girls. We sort of grew up in pairs, my brother was the odd one out. I believe my father had hoped for a boy when I turned up - perhaps that accounts for the fact that I was a bit of a tomboy and preferred the outdoor life. It certainly accounts for my being named Jean, the nearest thing to John, which was my father's name.

My father was a cattle and sheep dealer. I liked working with him when he was in a good mood, but he often wasn't and then I tried to avoid him. I don't think we were ever thrashed - my punishment was usually being locked up in one of the outhouses. My mother was less severe - when I misbehaved she used to look over the top of her spectacles and I knew I had gone far enough. She was very industrious and devoted to her family and I wish I had been nicer to her. I think nothing hurts like remorse. To this day that is my feeling when I think of her. Looking back I wonder if she was happy. She certainly was not discontented - she was a kind, compassionate person, to whom people meant more than material possessions. I wish I had known her better. I wish she had lived longer, but she died when she was fifty-seven and I was twenty. That was 1917 and the First World War was on and I remember how she used to sigh when she read about it.

Someone asked me only the other day if I remembered Queen Victoria. Well, I do remember going on a school outing by charabanc to Montrose (by the sea) to celebrate the coronation of King Edward VII. I wore a red and green dress made by my mother. I was five years old. But my earliest memory is of being taken into a room where my mother lay, her long black hair spread over the pillow, with my new little sister lying in her arms, when I was just four years old.

I don't remember much about my early school days and I don't remember starting school. I, like my brother and sisters, went to Tannadice School, which meant a one and a quarter mile walk each way. I didn't mind that really, there was quite a lot to see on the way and on a lucky day we got a lift, sometimes with the postman with his pony and trap or a farmer with his pony and trap, but best of all was a farm cart - it took longer because the horse didn't run and I was in no hurry to arrive! I was really a dunce so didn't learn very much. The hours in school went by very slowly but the breaks for play and lunch were great fun especially in the summer when we went wading in the South Esk, which flowed at the back of the school. Sometimes we went

I'm glad I was born when and where I was, in the lovely countryside of Angus, a place called Finavon, to be exact, in the valley of Strathmore.

to the top of the village or as far past it as we had time for, to run back on stepping stones in the Boggy Burn downhill to meet the river by the school. Seeing who could cross the Esk the most times during the lunch hour was the favourite game though. I used to have to sit out the afternoon in my very wet bedraggled clothes for you couldn't help getting wet. Showing your pants in those days was just not the thing to do, so we held our skirts up by hand as best we could.

Another thing I liked was running barefooted and in the summer I always took my boots off to walk home from school. My mother didn't like it but I got away with it as my father didn't object - the saving in wear and tear of boots was not to be discouraged!

My paternal grandmother still lived in the village. She had apple trees in her garden and when the fruit was ripe she sold apples to the school children for three for a halfpenny. My friends used to give me their halfpennies to get theirs. Well, you'd think your grandmother would throw in an extra one, wouldn't you (to expect to get them for nothing, that would be decidedly greedy). But did she - she charged me a halfpenny for three apples, the same as the others. I don't think she was what you would call a doting grandmother, not as far as our branch of her family was concerned anyway, but then she had quite a lot of grandchildren. I believe she did have favourites though, the family of her favourite son. My parents didn't discuss things like that in front of us. I arrived at that conclusion by hearing snippets of conversation and putting two and two together. I always considered her very, very old. I can't recall ever seeing her walk about. Until she was bedridden, she was always sitting by the window wearing dark clothes and a mutch on her head and she was always knitting mens' socks for which she charged ninepence for each ounce of wool required. I suppose she needed the money, as there was no old age pension until nearly the end of her days. My father and one of his three brothers used to help her financially and in kind as much as they could. It couldn't have been easy for my father with seven of a family, but my uncle was childless and was her main provider. My father visited her fairly often, but I, like my sisters, used to be sent with things like eggs, butter and sometimes a rabbit, more often than I cared to go. I can't remember anything about my paternal grandfather, so I think he must have died before I was born, nor did I see much of one of my father's brothers, but the other two and his two sisters used to visit us.

My mother's parents lived in Glenesk, a very isolated spot and I remember neither of them. I think my grandfather died when I was a baby and my grandmother before I was born. My mother had one sister and one brother. She was not on good terms with the former, but was very fond of her brother. He was a very nice gentlemanly person who lost his wife, leaving him with a large family, the younger ones being not very old, and one of his sons made his home with us. He wasn't there all the time as he worked on farms and so lived in the bothy provided, but in between jobs he stayed with us. The rift, my mother and uncle versus my aunt, was the result of the latter claiming all the possessions of the home on the death of their father. I say all - my mother did get an iron bed/chair - I don't know if my uncle got anything. I should say my aunt and my mother were brought together, a few years before the latter died, by my sister Agnes, who thought it had gone on for too long. Both were pleased and sorry about the wasted years. So you see, we did not meet up too often with our relations, as of course visiting was not easy. There were no buses or coaches, railway stations were miles apart and not always convenient, in fact it usually meant a long walk. Only the young people could ride bicycles and they couldn't always afford them. We were a bit more fortunate, having a pony and trap, but you couldn't park that set-up just anywhere. Cars were unheard of until the lady of the manor gave up her carriage and pair and got a motor car, as they were called in those days. I don't know what year it was, at a guess I'd say about 1909. The people round about turned out to see the magnificent sight, a green car, actually dark green with light green stripes, with huge brass lamps and the ex-coachman now a chauffeur, dressed up in green livery to match. I wonder what make of car it was. They went along so slowly we could have a good look, and did, and I think the lady enjoyed it. The chauffeur certainly did, proud as a peacock he was.

In those days the main road traffic was carried by horse-drawn vehicles, so although our house was on the Dundee to Aberdeen route, it was quite a peaceful spot. There was the odd bit of commotion though, such as

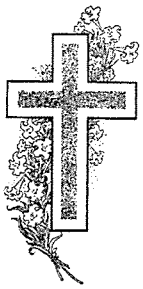
when the threshing machine used to go round the country threshing the corn. It was a clumsy noisy thing and to manoeuvre it round our house to get to the stack of corn was quite a feat for a sober man, but by the time it arrived at our place, the driver could hardly be described as such. He shunted backwards and forwards, and while my father was directing him, my mother and those of us who were at home were staring out of the window, my mother praying that the house would not have it's corners knocked off. It caused quite a stir and my father was always very relieved when it was safely off the premises. There was apparently no choice but to have that particular man, and of course when he started with the bigger jobs in the morning he was very capable, but we were small fry and left till later in the day.

The yearly show held at Trinity in the summer was an occasion we looked forward to. My father sometimes went, I did go in my teens and was very disappointed. Our enjoyment came from just watching the fair people - swings, roundabouts etc. - who passed by a few days beforehand and the procession of horse and traps and some bicycles on the big day, which went on all morning. Then in the evening the grown-ups, the mothers with their knitting, gathered in our road on chairs provided by my mother, to watch all the people going home. So simple, but so much fun.

I think it was Barnum and Baileys circus, which used to travel from town to town in this part of the country, once a year in the summer. It passed our way very early in the morning and my father and mother used to wake my sister and me and help us to hastily put on some clothes. The circus was approaching and we hadn't a minute to lose. They usually stopped long enough for the animals to have a drink and we thought it was just wonderful.

As I have said, I'm glad I was born there. There was such a lot to do to occupy our time. At Easter we used to paint hard-boiled eggs, and sometimes we coloured them by putting petals of yellow broom in the water, then we would take them with an orange to the top of Finavon hill and spend a whole afternoon rolling them downhill till they got so bashed about that we had to eat them. My mother used to summon us home by waving a white sheet or tablecloth. I don't think I ever saw a chocolate egg in my childhood.

From old Churchyard at Finavon - Aikenhatt



The ancient Monument, bearing the name of 'Duo Recherd Beid + + + Vicarius de Finhevyn', was removed in pieces from the old Church site near Finavon Castle, and placed for safer preservation at the east end of Oathlaw Church, in 1904.

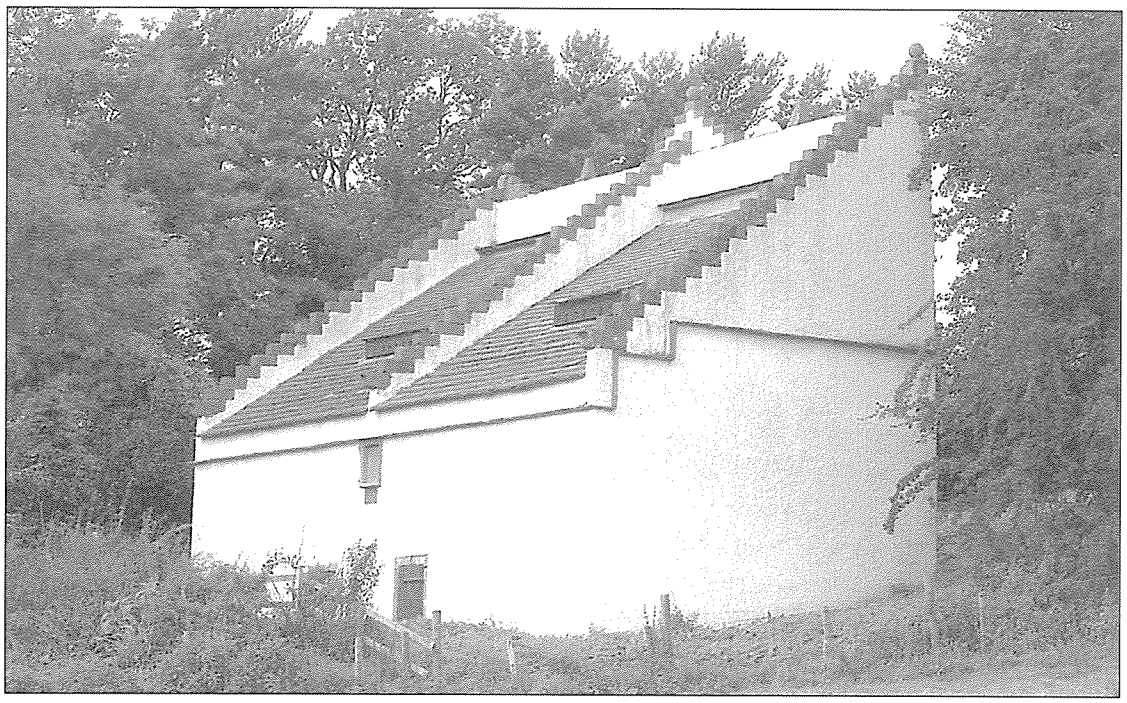
In its former place it was often disturbed, and though latterly encased in a strong wooden frame, at the instance of Lt. Colonel Charles Greenhill Gardyne, it was still in danger of destruction through interference and decay. On this account Colonel Gardyne thought it advisable to have it removed to a place of better custody, and at his expense it was reconstructed in cement and erected in its present situation.

There was another smaller Stone lying on the site of Finavon old Church, bearing the figures of a Cross and Dagger.

It was intended to reconstruct and erect it in the same manner, but on removal it was found so fragmentary and decayed that nothing of a preservative nature could be done with it.

Finavon Doocot

The Doocot at Finavon is the largest doocot remaining extant in Scotland and may well be the largest ever built north of the border.

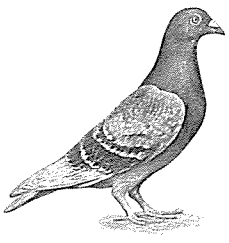


Finavon Doocot

It is rectangular on plan and measures 42 feet and 3 inches from east to west and 22 feet from north to south, the walls being some 3 feet thick at ground level. It now houses 2,443 nesting boxes. A similar doocot at Newliston near Edinburgh is smaller on plan but is taller and originally contained more nesting boxes than Finavon. In 1979 it was converted into a house.

Keeping of pigeons in doocots (which, though designed for a strictly practical purpose, were often ornamental) was originally pursued to ensure a supply of fresh meat for their owners in winter in times when there was never enough winter feed to sustain farm animals, almost all of which other than breeding stock had to be slaughtered at the approach of winter and their meat salted down. Other sources of fresh meat in winter besides pigeons were deer, fish and rabbits kept in deer parks, fish ponds and rabbit warrens where they survived without being fed by man. During the 18th century, farmers in Scotland began to grow turnips which enabled them to feed their livestocks through the winter and so beef and mutton, which were preferred to pigeon meat, were available in that season and the dependence on pigeon husbandry thereafter gradually declined and finally ceased.

Doocots were usually built on lands pertaining to ecclesiastical communities, castles, great houses and the dwellings of lesser gentry. Today, an isolated doocot is often the only indication which shows that one of such buildings was formerly located in its neighbourhood. Finavon Doocot was built to serve the needs of the inhabitants of Finavon Castle, only the ruins of which survive and lie enclosed by woodlands, to the south-east of the Doocot, from which, unfortunately, it cannot now be seen. Finavon Castle was built by the powerful family Lindsay, Earls of Crawford, probably in the 15th century, although it was greatly enlarged in the 16th century.



Finavon Doocot has two chambers and is shaped like a lantern. This design of doocot was developed in the south of France and its appearance in Scotland attests the close ties which existed between Scotland and France at the time when Finavon Doocot was built.

The east and west walls and the central partition wall are finished with crow-steps and the parapet of the high north wall is decorated with a low central pediment of four steps and corner pieces of three steps, all surmounted with ball finials. Entrances for the pigeons are located in wooden swept dormers in the centre of the roof of each chamber, each dormer having eight entrance holes cut in the shape of pointed arches.

Vermin, such as rats, could be very destructive to a flock of pigeons so, to keep them out of the doocot, string courses of stone slabs were built into the walls projecting some eight inches from the wall surface and encircling the building. One such vermin course remains at Finavon located about 12 feet from the ground on the front wall but rising by two steps to about 16 feet on the side walls and remaining at that height on the back wall. Originally there was a similar 'vermin course' located about 2 feet below the existing one but this was broken off many years ago and harled over; and on the north wall only there is yet another vermin course about 8 feet down from the top of the wall.

Each chamber has its own doorway in the front wall. These doorways are only 5 feet high and are designed to be fitted with an outward-opening door on the outside of the aperture and an inward-opening door on the inside of the aperture. In the middle of the front wall and immediately below the vermin course is an armorial panel which at one time contained a stone carved with the armorial bearings of that Earl of Crawford in whose time the Doocot was built.

In 1977 Finavon Doocot was presented by its proprietors, Mr and Mrs Mazur of Finavon to Angus Historical Building Society by whom it has been restored with the help of grants from the Countryside Commission for Scotland and the Scottish Development Department through the Historic Buildings Council for Scotland. In the east chamber of the Doocot the resident colony of pigeons is allowed to continue its existence. The west chamber has been made inaccessible to the birds and in it the Society in association with the Libraries and the Museums Department of Angus District Council has a permanent exhibition entitled 'The Doocots of Angus' which contains:

1. An historical introduction to the subject of doocots.
2. An illustrated account of the restoration of Finavon Doocot.
3. Detailed information about the 67 doocots which were known to exist in Angus on the 1st of January 1978 presented on a rank of hinged panels attached to the west wall.
4. A map showing the sites of these doocots and underneath the map some photographs of other interesting doocots in Scotland.
5. Pictures, drawings and information about doocots, which are known to have existed in Angus, but have been demolished.
6. Information about the husbandry of doocots.

Finavon Hill Excavations

The excavation of the vitrified fort of Finavon, Angus was carried out in 1933/34.

The relics give no conclusive evidence for the date of the monument within the Iron Age but they are not incompatible with the view that it was erected by an early band of Celtic colonists from the Continent.

Col. A.D.G. Gardyne and his tenants, Sir Kirkman Finlay of Finavon Castle and Mr Findlay of Bogardo Farm gave permission for the excavations and rendered help by lending tools etc. Assistance was also given by Messrs Dixon of Forfar, Robertson (Tannadyce) and by Messrs Craik and Milne (Tannadyce). Captain C.F.I. Neish, Tannadyce House showed an active interest in the excavation by lending tools plus the assistance of his whole staff.

(Reference - Excavation of the Vitrified Fort of Finavon, Angus by Prof. V. Gordon Childe. B.Litt. F.S.A. Scot.

Reprinted from the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquarie of Scotland



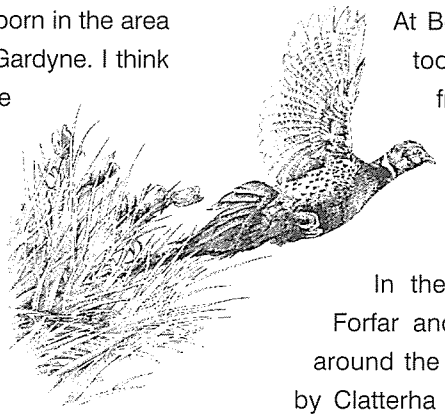
Finavon Excavation 1934

Jim Craik, brother of Bob Craik (extreme left), Jim Findlay, Bogardo (as a boy), Professor Childe (kneeling right)

Mrs Mina Marnoch

My name is Mina Marnoch I was born at The Gardens, Finavon Castle on 11th November 1917 and lived there until April 1924.

My father John McIntosh, who was born in the area was gardener to Colonel Greenhill Gardyne. I think my grandfather was the estate forester and lived near Oathlaw School, and afterwards at Woodside of Finavon.



I started school at Oathlaw when the headmaster was Mr Carnegy. We lived near Mains of Finavon when the farmer was a Mr Batchelor. Down at Milton of Finavon there was an Alan Batchelor, I am not sure if they were related. The cottar houses across from us were occupied by the Smiths and Barries. The Barries later moved to Tannadice Lodge.

At Bogardo lived the Sturrocks who took me to school and I am still friendly with Mary who is a Mrs Watson and lives in Forfar; her brother lived and worked at Baldoukie Smithy.

In the fifties we took the bus from Forfar and walked down by Bogindollo, around the church and school and around by Clatterha Smiddy, or down by Braehead houses and Kennel Cottage where we visited friends.

When I was young I remember visiting the Fairlies at Easter Marcus.

The Battle of Finavon Bridge by Bob Craik

Back in 1940 with the German Army in France and the Low Countries, and the fear growing of an invasion of Britain itself, the Home Guard was formed. Soon the Tannadice section under the command of Major Neish was well recruited and in great form.

The threat was that if the enemy chose to have a landing on the East coast of Scotland and decided to use a main road south as their route other than the coast road, then the Brechin-Forfar-Perth road was the likely alternative. If so, that meant coming through the area of which the Tannadice Home Guard (THG) was responsible and the key to our defence was Finavon Bridge over which the route passed; holding it would seriously delay enemy transport moving south.

The odd evening and weekend were spent training, rifle practice in Derachie Den up by the Noran, and mock battles against neighbouring Home Guards. One of the best remembered was when we had a mock attack by the Commandos arranged for a Sunday morning. The Commandos had been formed soon after the War started and their Depot in Scotland was on Lord Lovat's Estate at Achnacarry in the Highlands. By some high-powered influence it was decided that one of the Commando units would spend a weekend in Angus on their way to the south of England. The place chosen for them to camp out for the weekend was land behind Mary Ferrier's Justinhaugh Hotel. After spending the day exploring the area, some of them naturally decided to spend the Saturday evening in the hotel bar.

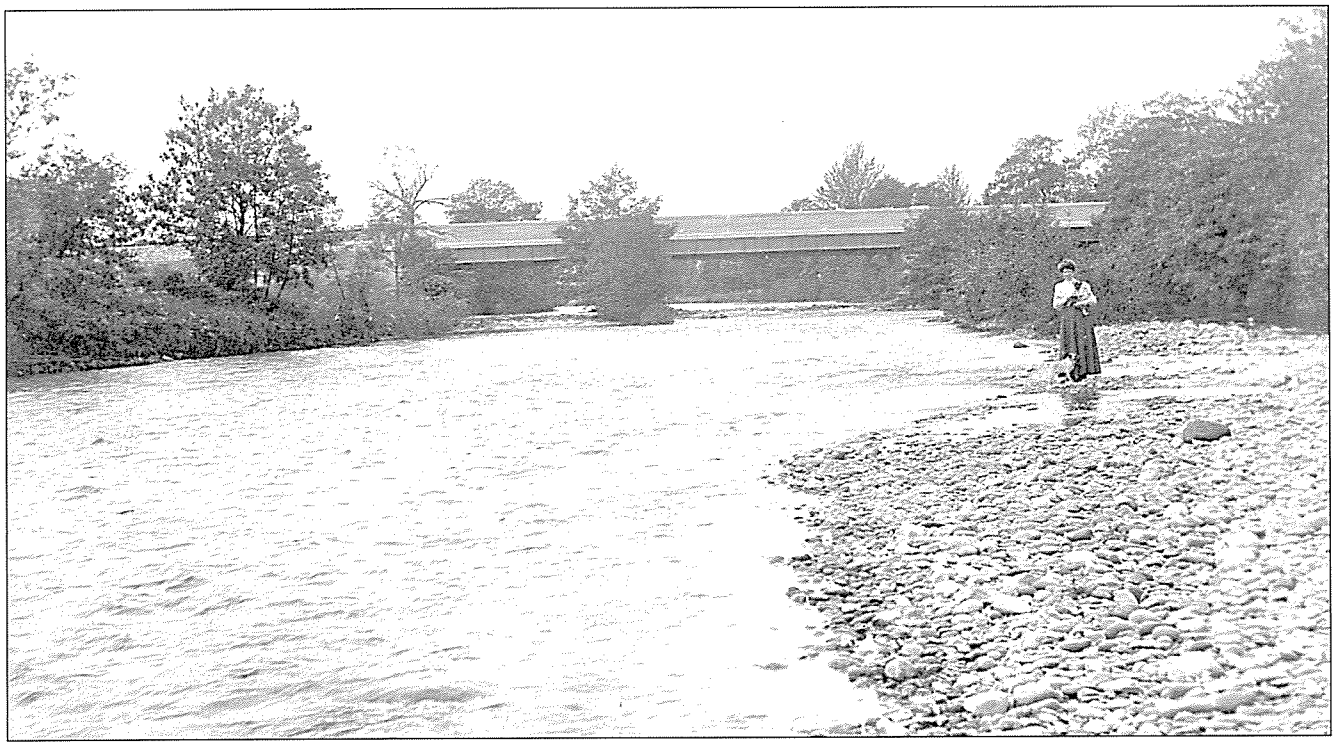
In the Home Guard at the time was one Bob Dutch, a foreman at Noranbank Farm. Bob had served in the First World War and, because of his experience, was now Sergeant. He and several friends went to 'Justin' for a drink and, of course, found and soon joined the Commandos, not that the latter had any idea who they were or that they were tomorrow's 'enemy'.

After a few drinks, Bob Dutch asked

"What are you doing here?"

"We are on our way south but tomorrow we have an exercise with the Home Guard."

"The Home Guard?"



Finavon Bridge

"Yes, we'll soon polish them off though", they replied.

"Have another drink."

"Where are you fighting them?" enquired Dutch.

"At Finavon Bridge."

"How are you going to get there; what's your plan?" he asked.

"We have made a recce this afternoon. At a farm called Barnyards we are taking the track down to the river."

"Have another drink".

"Then we are splitting up half of us at this side and half the other. The water is not very deep, a couple of feet or so, and then we are to make our way down towards the bridge under cover of the trees; it is only about half a mile, that'll surprise them!"

"O.K, I hope you have a good battle - goodnight."

By 11pm Jock Neish in his study had the information he needed to thwart the planned attack on the bridge. The following morning at about 9 a.m. in a field near the bridge a briefing was held. Dozens of Home Guards gathered with their rifles and plenty of blanks and all keen to put up a good show. Bob Dutch was there, Stewart McFarlane, Dappy Gibson, Curlie Millar - some of the cream of the Home Guard. Also present were one or two senior scouts including myself to help in any way we could, not in uniform, of course. That was not allowed until one reached the age of 17.

Soon we all knew what to expect and off we went to our various positions. My task *"Go upstream 400 yards or so to that tall tree, climb it and watch for the troops coming down the track from Barnyards. When you think they have reached the river, run out into the field and signal to our lookout; if any of them later approach you, say that you were out for a walk."*

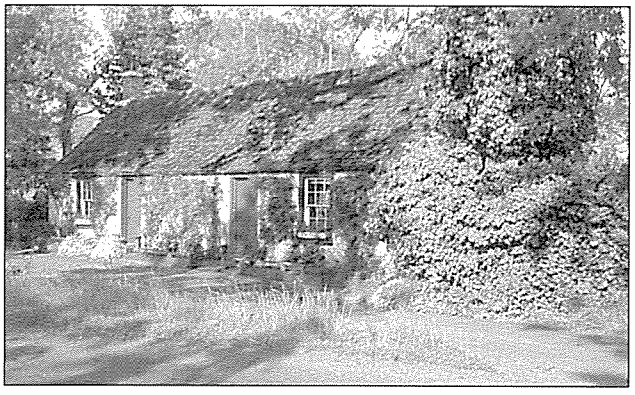
So the battle began!

As instructed I climbed the tree, waited and watched and finally gave my signal. After about 15 minutes the troops in the river passed me by and I waited for the sound of gunfire which soon came, and it all sounded very exciting.

Well, 2 hours later there was a debriefing led by two very senior regular officers who had come to act as umpires. As you can imagine they were full of praise for the efforts of the Home Guard, many of whom had broad smiles on their faces; the Commandos however were a little more subdued. As an onlooker I just hope they had not spotted Bob Dutch.

Cairney Cottage - Childhood home of George Sturrock, Blacksmith

We bought the cottage ruins and land in 1985, in all just under an acre, with the original Brechin road running through the land in front of the cottage, and a small burn to the river South Esk running parallel.



Cairney Cottage, Finavon
One time home of the Sturrock family

We demolished the cottage more or less by hand, not to damage the stonework and flagstones. The roof had been removed (at the time this saved the original owner paying rates). The stone has all been used in the building of our new home, finished in 1990. The house was designed and a lot of the internal work done by John, my husband. The interior and design is for the house to feel old, rather than new. All the stone goes from the floor to the roof centrally in the house, to create a fireplace in the lounge, a wall surrounding the Aga in the kitchen, right up to the roof on the mezzanine floor,



Sturrock Family

so all the original cottage is there. Sadly, John died suddenly in 1999, but he achieved his dream of designing and building his own home. He also designed the nearby suspension bridge over the South Esk Beat for the fishermen. He was a Chartered Structural Engineer and had designed so many buildings, bridges and oilrigs etc, but got so much pleasure from the house and the bridge on the South Esk.

As far as we knew George Sturrock lived here for many years with his parents and sisters. His mother actually did the washing in the burn! She loved her house here so much that even when her husband died she spent her days here, and slept with one of her daughters at night in Forfar! Two of the sisters in their 80's then visited Cairney Cottage as it is now, shortly after we had moved in, and they just loved it all.

We kept the name the same, as we found an old map book in St. Andrews with 'Cairney Cottage' in it in the 1600's.

James Falconer, Farmer and Fiddler

In 1946 at the age of 15 James left school to farm with his father, tenant of Easter Marcus and Marcus Home Farm. The tenancy was established in November, 1938, and James gave up the tenancy exactly 60 years later in 1998.

Leaving school gave him the opportunity to realize his ambitions, one of which was to drive the old 'Fordie' tractor with 'spade lugs'. At that time there were two tractors, two horses (Donald and Jim), two men Jim Jolly and Jim Crabb, and two German prisoners of war who came to replace the Italian P.O.W.

The farm consisted of 200 acres of arable land with 70 acres of moorland, stretching for one mile on either side of the Forfar/Brechin road and bordered on the south by the River South Esk.

An arable and stock farm, the fields, farmed in a 5 or 6 year rotation, ranged in size from 5 to 20 acres. Most were bounded by fences often on top of walls and surrounded by trees. Very little fertiliser was needed and never on grass, rotation and good husbandry being the 'norm'; organic farming really, but, of necessity, this gradually changed in the 1950s, proving beneficial due to the gravelly nature of the soil. Oats were grown until the mid 1950s then, also barley, plus potatoes and turnips and occasionally rye.

In the first year of the Second World War, following a government directive, 8 acres of the moor were cultivated to grow flax - the crop failed. There were signs that in an earlier era, flax had been grown for the manufacture of linen evidenced by the remains of a retting pond and weavers' cottages, and Mr Christie who farmed Mill of Marcus had a sample of his grandmother's linen produced there.

In dry seasons, crop markings were visible and, following an aerial survey, investigations turned up the fact that there had been a Roman Camp in existence in the third Century AD. This has been well-documented

elsewhere. Also close by is evidence of human habitation, such as burial cairns, dated 2000 B.C. and a timber hall dated 4000 BC.

In the middle of the farm, there was a small croft occupied by the Tindal family. Mrs Tindal used to do seasonal work such as tattie planting and gathering. She had a fund of folk lore and stories to tell which helped to keep the younger workers from wearying. On the west gable of the croft, covering its entirety, grew a large two-variety apple tree. Mrs Tindal said *"When that tree goes, the croft will go"*. The tree was blown down in a severe gale on the 31st January, 1953. By then Mrs Tindal had retired to Forfar and another family lived there. The fallen tree was removed by tractor and within six months the croft was accidentally burned to the ground. Fortunately there were no casualties. It made folk wonder.

For recreation Jimmy was a Tannadice Cub, Scout, Rover and Rover Leader but his real love was 'fiddling'. He started to play the fiddle aged about ten going on to become a founder member of the Angus Strathspey and Reel Society. He also played as a member of the Scottish Fiddle Orchestra in the Albert Hall, London, and elsewhere. He formed another group, the Keltic Fiddlers, in 1996. Its members come from all over Scotland and have performed in concerts at home, in Northern Ireland and in New Zealand. The Keltic Fiddlers played at Glamis Castle for the programme televised by the B.B.C. to celebrate the 100th birthday of the Queen Mother, when Jimmy was interviewed by Sally Magnusson. This was hilarious. She asked *"Have you ever fiddled for the Queen Mother?"*, and then amended this with *"Have you ever performed for the Queen Mother"*. The resulting laughter from the huge audience covered her in confusion; she said 'I give up'. This exchange was not of course broadcast.

Jimmy is now retired and living in Forfar with his wife Katherine. They have one son Robert, an artist, whose work can be seen any day on Sandy Kydd's fleet of lorries. Sandy at one time lived at Bogindollo, Oathlaw, but that is another story.



Jim Falconer accompanied by sister May Kidd, 1980

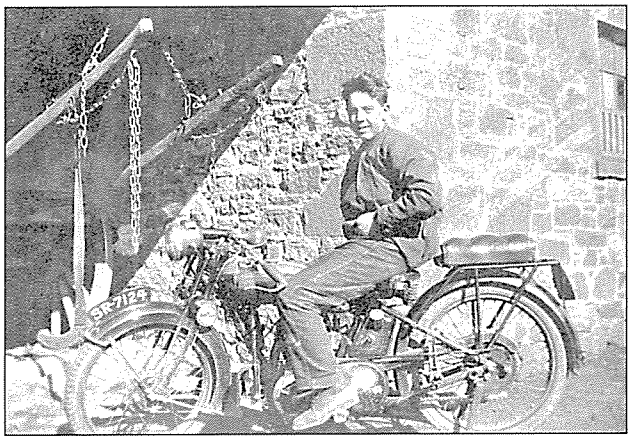
Braeheads to Bog Cottage by Jim Smith

My family, of which I am the youngest, moved to Braeheads around 1931, when my father got employment from Mr Batchelor at Milton of Finavon.

Braeheads, or Doo'cot Cottage as it is now called, was one of five cottages standing at that site. Ours had two bedrooms, one box room and a separate kitchen. A water pump was out the front door, and the toilet was down a wee slope towards the doo'cot. The kitchen floor was of stone; the rest of the house had wooden floors. Mother used to scrub the kitchen floor and then run white chalk around the flagstones. Down beside the doo'cot there were two pigsties; we kept one pig, and like most folks of that time we also kept some hens.

Mother and Father were great gardeners back then. Father always had a garden full of vegetables, and Mother tended to the flowers. I particularly remember the double hollyhocks that she grew with great success. Father's vegetables consisted of tatties, cabbages, carrots, peas, beetroot and kale.

Our family were quite musical, my sister Margaret being very good on the fiddle. There was a family next door, the McNivens, who were also good with the fiddle



Jim Smith

and I remember many a night as a wee laddie, listening to impromptu 'concerts', the cottage being lit by the glow of the fire and the paraffin lamp. More organised ones were held in the Botany Hall at Finavon, which is still standing but not used anymore.

A fortnight before my 5th birthday I started school at Oathlaw. Mr Carnegy was headmaster, and as infants, we learned our alphabet and basic sums on slates. School lunch was provided, a bowl of soup, which in the days of no central heating was most appreciated! We of course walked to Oathlaw Primary from Braeheads, not so arduous in the summer, but time consuming in the winter.



Jim Smith

After school hours we all had about two hours of chores to do, whether it be feeding and cleaning out chickens, or more likely collecting firewood for the fire. However, once all the chores were done we were out playing football, ca'in the gird or racing about in our cartie. In the winter my brother made us sledges - what fun fleein' down the hill at the side of Braeheads!

On the rare occasion that we had a day away, we would either get the horse and cart to Justinhaugh station and have the day at Arbroath, or walk to the end of the road and get a bus to Grange of Connon or Letham.

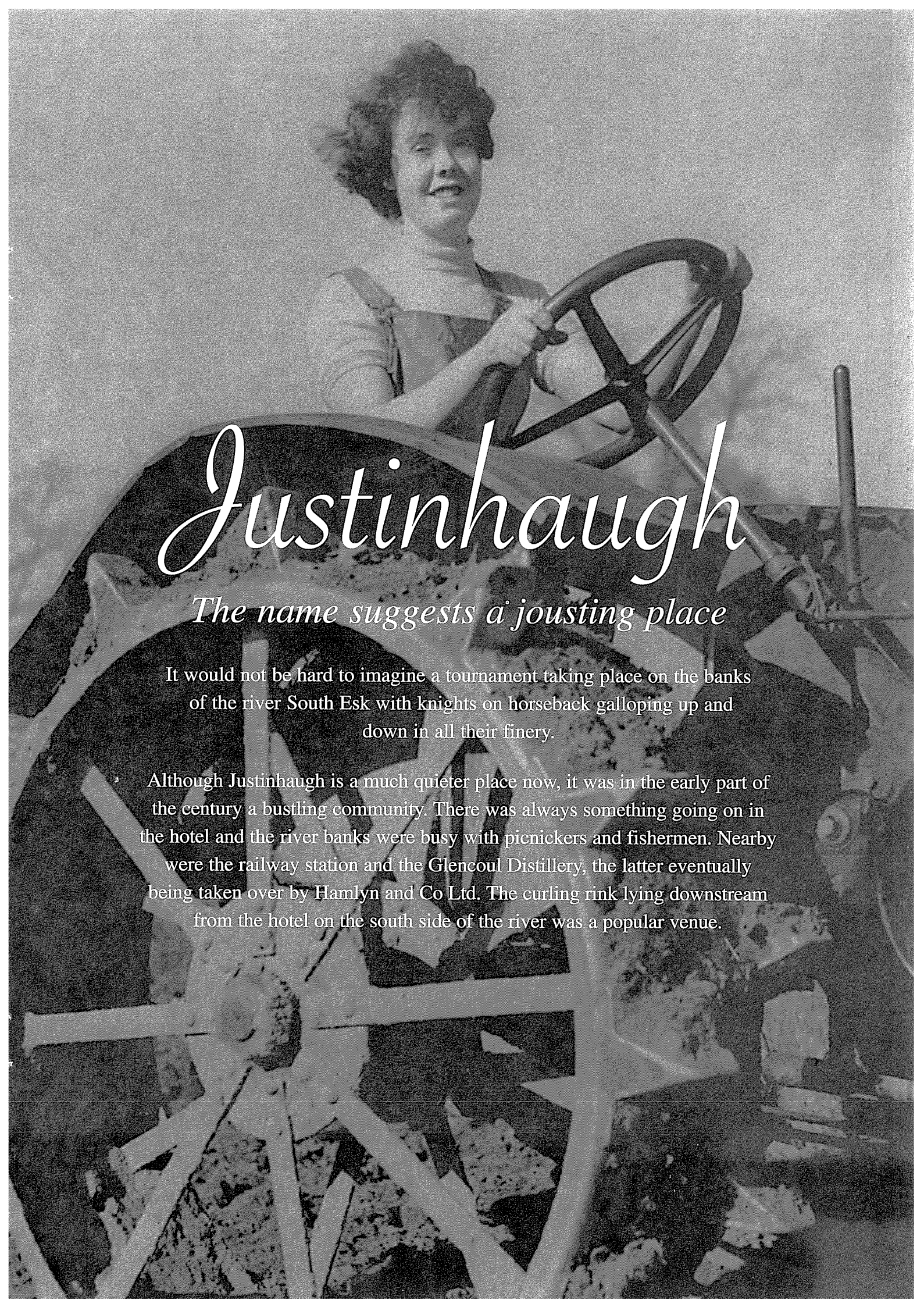
In 1935 we left Braeheads to live at Bog Burn house in Tannadice. This house is no longer in existence, but it stood in what is the play park now. Oh, Mother was none too pleased at this move, as the house was



Mrs Smith, Jim's mother

nothing to Braeheads. It was in a poor state even then, but I do remember it had a huge garden. We had to change schools of course, no more trudging miles, and we could come home for our dinner!

Just before the outbreak of the war we were on the move again, this time into Forfar. I have fond memories of my childhood at Finavon and Tannadice; a country upbringing is still the best kind for children, and I often think back to antics we got up to which would probably never be allowed in today's society, and like the milk, eggs and dripping we ate - it never did us any harm!



Justinhaugh

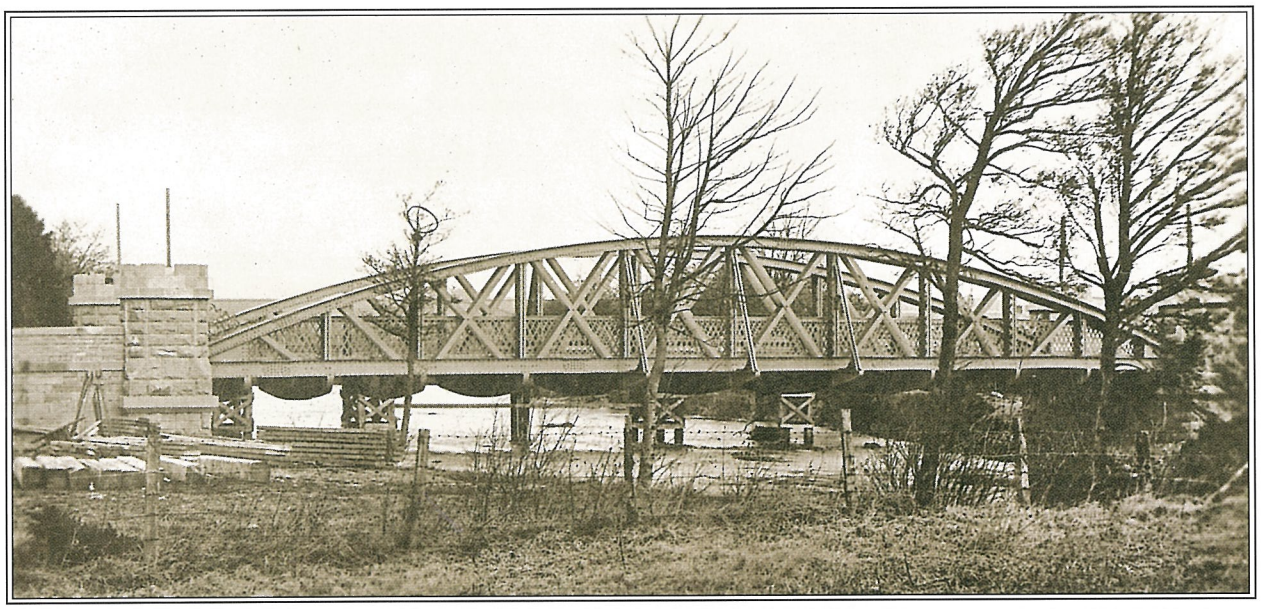
The name suggests a jousting place

It would not be hard to imagine a tournament taking place on the banks of the river South Esk with knights on horseback galloping up and down in all their finery.

Although Justinhaugh is a much quieter place now, it was in the early part of the century a bustling community. There was always something going on in the hotel and the river banks were busy with picnickers and fishermen. Nearby were the railway station and the Glencoul Distillery, the latter eventually being taken over by Hamlyn and Co Ltd. The curling rink lying downstream from the hotel on the south side of the river was a popular venue.



Presentation to Mary Ferrier, Justinhaugh Hotel by Mr D Robertson the local policeman



Justinhaugh Bridge

Justinhaugh Hotel, now a private house

Justinhaugh Hotel dates from before 1901 when the proprietor was John S. Penman. In 1965 there was a fire in the hotel and parts of the interior had to be rebuilt. At that time the hotel was owned by Miss Mary Ferrier and in 1947 Miss Margaret Menzies was employed by the owner and despite the hard work she enjoyed the friendly atmosphere.



Justinhaugh Hotel before the fire

On Mary's death, Margaret, who had married Francis McLeod, son of the local station-master, became the new owner. They had a daughter, May. In 1973 she married Jim Simpson and they now have a son, Jimmy, and daughter, Amanda.

Francis, May's dad, died in 1975, and Margaret, her Mum, in 1993. Sad times for all the family.

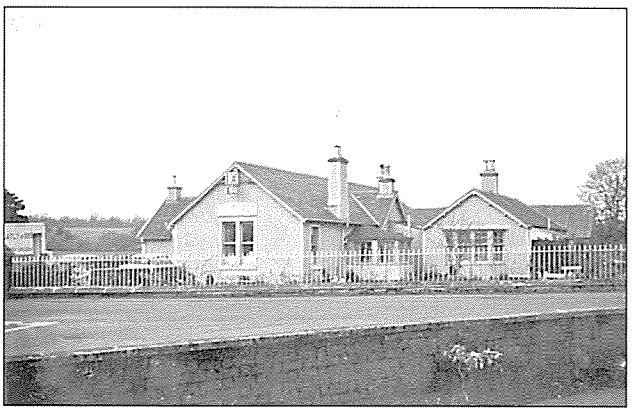
May eventually decided to close the hotel and convert it into a private dwelling. The house is in a lovely setting on the banks of the river South Esk and with the beautiful back drop of the Angus hills.

At one time the hotel was a popular meeting place for those who enjoyed a drink. Of course drinking wasn't its only attraction as there were dances, concerts, functions, musical evenings, meetings, etc. and, of course, the Onion Roup which raised money for good causes. At one time there was a busy curling rink in a nearby field.

It was to this attractive spot, from the early 1900s, that crowds of people came from all around to picnic, play games, paddle and swim. This stretch of the river was also a favourite with the fishing fanatics. At weekends there was always an ice cream van. The sun seemed to shine a lot in those days!



Justinhaugh Hotel fire in 1965

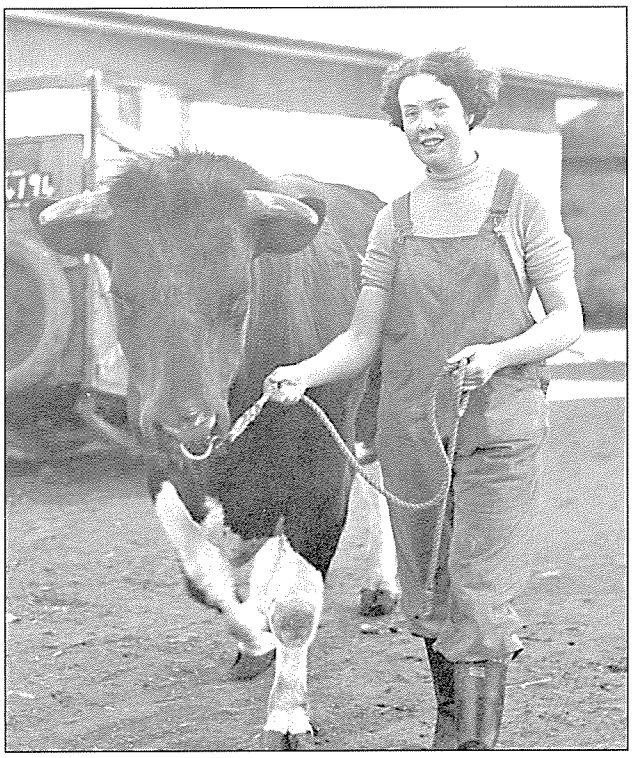


Hotel rebuilt after fire

A Land Girl on Craigeassie by Elizabeth C Lowe BEM (née Wyllie)

I was a member of the Women's Land Army and about the middle of 1942, I was given a posting to an arable farm in Angus. The farm was Craigeassie and it was situated about 6 miles from the County Town of Forfar.

Here it was a completely different set up. This was a very posh place, and the farmer and his family lived in the 'Big Hoose' and he took no active part in the working of the farm. The staff consisted of Mackenzie, the farm manager, Eck, the foreman, Will, the second man, Jim, the third man, Stewart, the cattleman, Smith, the gardener and four Land Girls, Anne, Marion, Jessie and me.



Betty Wyllie

We four girls shared one of the farm's several cottages and did for ourselves (self-catering, it would now be called!) and we all got on very well together. Marion and Anne, the quiet pair, teamed up while Jessie and I were more kindred spirits who liked going out and having fun. We became good friends and remained so right up until 1998 when Jessie sadly died. Marion and Anne shared a bedroom, I had a tiny single room and Jessie's bed was in the kitchen. Consequently, she was very cosy in the winter and nearly roasted alive in the summer! The cottage had electricity and an indoor toilet and washbasin but no proper bath. To overcome this slight problem we had to fill a copper boiler situated in the back kitchen with cold water and then light a fire under it. Then, when the water had reached the required temperature, we decanted it into the large tub which was strategically placed nearby. Thank goodness this piece of apparatus had a plughole and waste pipe leading to an outside drain, so we didn't have to empty it manually. Once a week, or maybe even sometimes twice a week, we went through this ritual and everybody had a bath (including the three single men in the bothy, who didn't have any such luxury in their establishment!).

We took week about of being cook/housekeeper. When it was your week on, you were allowed to start work half an hour after yokin time, and knock off half an hour before lousin time to prepare meals. (For the benefit of readers unfamiliar with such Scottish farming terminology, yokin time means starting time and lousin time means finishing time!) We had our own ration books, of course, the same as everybody else, but we were so lucky being in the country as there was no queuing at shops because the butcher, the baker and the grocer all had vans which came round regularly, and we had our own supply of milk, potatoes and eggs.

The first weekend after settling in and getting ourselves more or less organised, Jessie and I decided to explore the social scene in that part of the world. So on a Saturday evening we went along to the Justinhaugh Hotel, which was situated about a quarter of a mile from the farm. It was owned and run by a lady called Mary Ferrier and was a really lovely little country pub, situated right on the banks of the South Esk river, hence very popular with fishermen. We introduced ourselves as the 'Land Girls at Craigeassie' and were warmly welcomed by Mary, who straightaway invited us to 'go through the beads'. The beads, forerunners to macramé and plastic, formed a curtain in an archway which separated Mary's private sitting room from the public area, and only those who were specially privileged were allowed access to the inner sanctum! We were enjoying our lemonade shandy when Mary

reappeared with two young men. One of those young men was George, the local blacksmith, and he and Jessie took an instant fancy to each other - love at first sight, you might say - and to cut a long story short, four years later they were married and lived happily together for the next fifty two years until, as I said earlier, Jessie died in 1998. I can't remember what the other chap did or even his name - just shows how much interest he had in me, or I in him, for that matter!

Craigeassie being an arable farm meant that the work varied throughout the year, and we Land Girls took part in whatever was going on at the time. Being farming bred, I was allowed to work with the horses and that was a real joy for me. There were eight lovely Clydesdales and they had always to be fed and watered before breakfast. Then there was a strict code of seniority amongst the horsemen - the foreman had always to take his pair out of the stable first, followed by the second man, and then the third, with the Women's Land Army bringing up the rear. The same was true in reverse when leaving the field. There was never any hassle and nobody had to be reminded of the rules, and we all seemed to get into place quite naturally.

The traditional way to bring a pair of horses from the field back to the stable was for the driver to sit sideways on the back of one horse and loop the reins of the second horse round a bit of harness on the first. Well, when in Rome etc, I was doing just that except I made the mistake of holding the reins of the second horse in my hand. Consequently, when that animal suddenly stopped to have a nibble at a tasty bit of roadside herbage, I made an unceremonious landing on my bottom, right at his feet! Luckily no damage was done and the only thing hurt was my pride!

When the potatoes were harvested, they were stored in pits at the side of the field over the winter months. The pits were not as you might think, holes in the ground, but wedge shaped clamps at ground level. The potatoes were first covered with a thick layer of wheat straw, and then another layer of soil. This kept them frost-free until spring. When the risk of frost was over, the pit was opened and the dresser put in position. The potatoes were then sorted out into three categories, (1) seed for next year's crop, (2) ware, i.e. bigger ones for human consumption and (3) brock, fit only for animal feed.

Dressing potatoes in those days must have been one of the coldest jobs on the farm. It was all right for the man who shovelled the potatoes on to the dresser at one end, and the chap at the other end, who manhandled the full sacks on to a trailer. But for the poor souls in between, who just had to stand there and pick out the rejects, it was perishing! With extra socks, gloves and even some hay stuffed inside your wellies, it still sometimes felt as if your fingers and feet were going to drop off!! 'Piecey time', 'mid-yokin', 'elevenses', call it what you like, it provided a very welcome break when we tucked into substantial sandwiches and had a hot drink from a thermos flask. The toilet was behind the nearest hedge, and of course you wouldn't expect to find any washing facilities in the middle of a field! But we always seemed to keep fit and healthy, and never suffered from any of those nasty bugs and bacteria, which appear to be so prevalent today.

If you've ever thought that harrowing a field behind a pair of horses on a beautiful spring day, with the sun shining and the birds singing, would be sheer bliss, then you ought to try it! After my first eight hours at that particular job, I was practically paralysed and the pain in my leg muscles was almost unbearable. Next morning, as I limped out to work, the foreman assured me, with a broad grin on his face, that the best cure was another day's harrowing and I could have hit the sadist! Strangely enough, though, he was right because as the second day progressed, the pain gradually eased but it was about a week before I was able to walk properly again.

Thinning neeps (as we Scottish country yokels call turnips) and sugar beet were jobs we all enjoyed, even if they were a bit back breaking at times but it was probably because there was always a gang of us, men and girls, and there was always plenty of chat going on. The men were much quicker on the job and, when they reached the end of their drills, they stopped for a breather to let us catch up but, as soon as we reached

We introduced ourselves as the 'Land Girls at Craigeassie' and were warmly welcomed by Mary

the headland they immediately set off again - maddening, it was! But we weren't going to let them beat us and with practice we soon improved our speed.

We made hay and we made silage. When and how much was determined by the weather conditions at the time. They reckoned that if the pressure on the barometer was 30 degrees Fahrenheit or over, we were in for a spell of good weather, so haymaking went on apace. The grass was cut by a tractor-drawn mower, allowed to wilt for twenty four hours, then turned over once, or sometimes twice, by a horse-drawn implement known as a tumblin tam, and dumped in heaps around the field. It was then built up around wooden tripods into small stacks ('ricks' or 'coles'), which were then tied down with ropes. In this state it was virtually weatherproof and suffered no damage from rain, so it was left in the field till it was a convenient time to load it on to carts and transport it to the barn at the farm. Good quality hay was a valuable food for the horses and cattle during the winter months.

"Aw youse wi ileskins had oot tae the neeps, and youse without jist gang as weel"

Silage making was not quite so dependent on the weather. The grass was cut the same as for hay, then loaded on to high sided trailers and taken into the steading (i.e. the farm itself), where it was offloaded on to a machine which chopped it and blew it into a tower silo. Molasses was added at intervals to help the fermentation process. This also provided winter feed for the cattle.

Occasionally our workforce was supplemented by some Prisoners of War - Germans and Italians (not at the same time!) - and we got on quite well with them. There was no ill feeling, for we knew that they had been fighting for their countries just as our lads were doing for Britain. There was, of course, some language difficulties, for example when on one very wet morning, the boss said *"Aw youse wi ileskins had oot tae the neeps, and youse without jist gang as weel"*! (Just in case the meaning isn't obvious, allow me to translate: *"All of you with oilskins take yourselves off to the turnips, and all of you without oilskins can just go along as well."*

Corn harvest was a particularly busy time, and we worked all the hours of daylight when the weather was right. A swath was cut by a man with a scythe at each end of the field to allow access for the tractor-drawn binder (no combine harvesters in those days). The binder cut the corn and bound it into sheaves and then dropped them on the ground. They were then picked up by hand and set in stooks - eight sheaves to a stook, in a sort of triangular formation which, one hoped, would withstand a certain amount of wind and weather, and remain thus until the moisture in the grain had dried sufficiently for storing. It was not unknown for some of the stooks to collapse if the weather had been exceptionally rough (or some of the builders not too expert at the job?) and having to go into the fields again and set up wet stooks was positively the worst thing you could imagine; it didn't seem to matter what you wore, you finished up absolutely soaked to the skin!

When the conditions were right, the next stage was to load the sheaves on to a corn cart (a special flat cart with a rail front and back, and horse-drawn this time) and transport them to the stackyard where they were built into stacks some twelve to fifteen feet high then rising to a peak. This was a very skilled job, and we



Betty Wyllie

Land Girls never mastered that art. In fact I don't think we were encouraged to try. A mistake on our part would have been very expensive, and not to say inconvenient, if the stack had collapsed in the middle of winter! Later on stacks were thatched with wheat straw which had been specially baled for that purpose. This straw was also used for covering the potato pits.

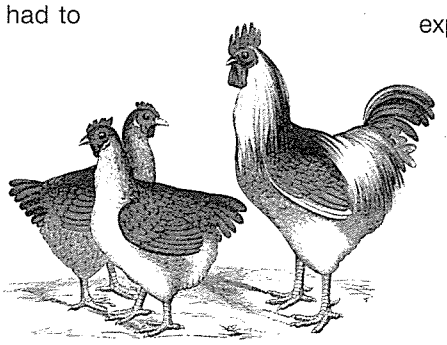
From time to time during the winter months, we did a day's threshing to provide food and bedding for the livestock. So once again we manhandled the sheaves. The thatch was removed from the top of the stack, the sheaves were loaded on to a cart and driven to the farmyard and strategically placed by the doors in the building which gave access to the threshing mill one storey up. A man stood at the head of the mill and as the sheaves were pitched up to him one at a time, he cut the twine which had bound them and lowered the loose stalks into the threshing machinery. The straw was carried on a conveyor belt to the end of the loft and the grain went down a chute into sacks on the ground floor.

Later on the oats were put through a 'bruiser'. This was a machine with rollers, which broke up and flattened the grain and made it suitable for food for the horses and cattle. Some of the wheat was treated likewise and fed to the poultry, and the rest of it went to the local flour mill. Any barley went to the maltings.

There was never a quiet time on the farm. As soon as the fields were cleared of one crop we had to start and prepare for the next one, and that meant ploughing. This was carried out with either a two-furrow plough behind a tractor, or a horse-drawn single furrow. Although this meant long days out in the fields on my own, I really enjoyed this work. Thanks to the expert guidance and patient tuition from Eck (the foreman) I achieved a reasonable standard. So much so that I was persuaded to enter the local Ploughing Match. In a field of twelve tractor ploughs I was the only female competing and to everyone's surprise - including my own - I won two first prizes and one second prize. Drinks all round in the pub that night!

Working with animals was always a great pleasure for me and, from time to time over the six years, I acted as assistant midwife at the birth of calves and lambs. Sadly, the calves had to be separated from their mothers a few days after they had been born and bucket fed, since the milk was all needed for human consumption.

Although we were all truly thankful when the war was over, I was sorry to leave the farm. However, I was fortunate to get a place at Aberdeen University to study - would you believe? - agriculture! We were a 'mature' bunch of young men and women, known as the A.S.R.I.C. - Association of Students Resuming Interrupted Careers...! To fill in the time and also earn a little money before the term started, I worked in a cheese factory owned by the Milk Marketing Board for five months. This provided another interesting experience.

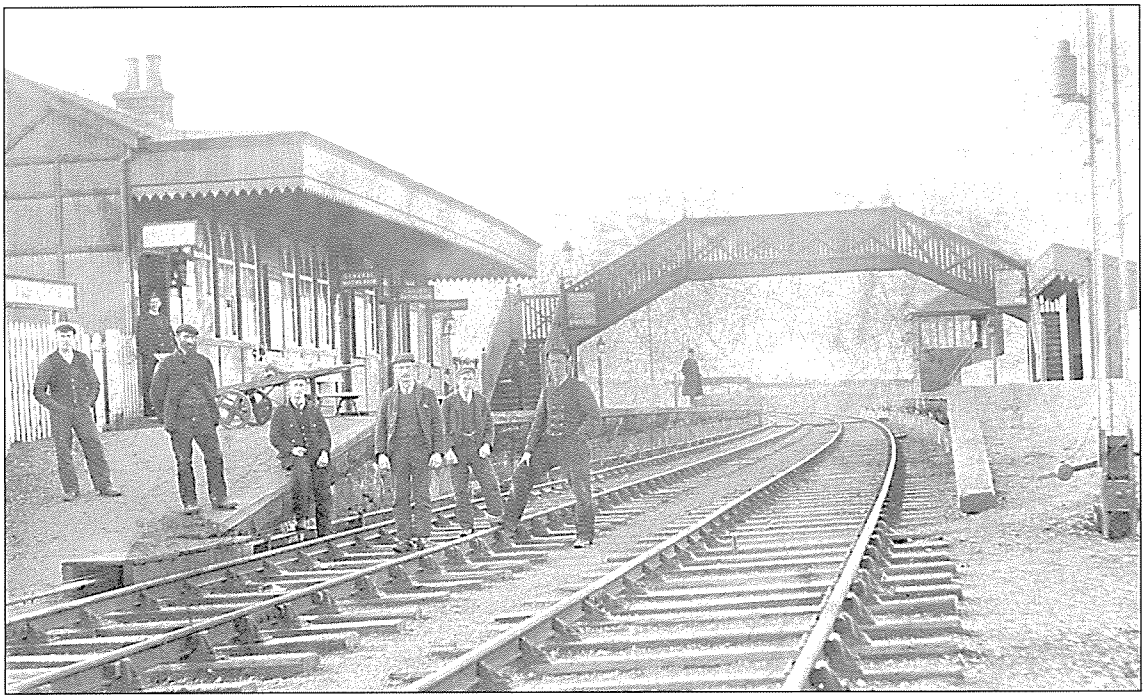


Those six years from 1939 to 1945 I spent in the Women's Land Army are an unforgettable part of my life. In the New Year's Honours List 1946 I was very honoured and proud to receive the BEM.

Is it surprising that three years later I married a farmer!

Justinhaugh Station by Ivan Laird

When the Beeching axe fell in 1961 and closed the Forfar to Brechin line, that part between Forfar and Justinhaugh was kept open for a few years to serve Glencoul Mill, which was run by the then Angus Milling Company whose headquarters were in Kirriemuir.



Justinhaugh Station

Up until the closure of the railway, potatoes and other goods were loaded at Justinhaugh, Tannadice and Careston. Mr R Galloway, who was employed by the Potato Marketing Board, inspected the potatoes for quality. Seed potatoes were loaded in 1cwt. bags into wagons, which were insulated with straw on all sides and covered by a tarpaulin. Potatoes sent for stock feed were loaded in bulk and dyed blue, to prevent them being sold on for human consumption. Cattle and sheep were off-loaded into pens for droving to glen farms. Milk in churns was transported and sugar beet went to the sugar beet factory in Cupar. Some children went to school by train.

Although by now no staff occupied the stationmaster's house or the railway cottages, an engine and two rail vans came from Forfar five days a week to load with clipped oats, which were destined for the racing stables at Newmarket. Two men rode out on the engine to help load the vans, which would then be shunted back to Forfar to join the main line. Glencoul Mill had a special machine to clip and clean the oats, as these were beneficial to racehorses. These oats would not irriatate the horses' repiratory function, which is all important in racing.

On the 4th of August, 1952, the railway closed to passenger traffic.

We bought Justinhaugh Station in 1969, which included the stationmaster's house, station buildings and yard. By that time, all rails had been lifted and we built a large shed which was formerly covering a submarine bay at Rosyth. We then set about renovating the house, bringing in electricity and building an extension, and we eventually moved in on 9th of March 1971. We left Oathlaw where we had lived in what was originally a forester's house on Finavon Estate, and we also had a bit of a yard in front of the schoolhouse. Squire and Sons had previously bought Finavon Estate which included Kirkstyle Cottage and the farms of Easter and Wester Oathlaw, Parkford (now demolished for the dual carriageway), Bogindollo, Birkenbush, Battledykes and the Meadows. So many farms have changed hands in the last fifty years.

Mr Robert Davidson

I was born in a cottage at Craigeassie, where my father was farm manager. The woman who assisted at my birth was Mary Ferrier, who owned Justinhaugh Hotel.

The farmer at Craigeassie was Mr D P Howe who employed nine men and, according to a 1929 record kept by my late father, these were:

Farm Manager - George Davidson (my father)
Foreman and 1st Horseman, 2nd Horseman
3rd Horseman, 4th Horseman
Orramen (There were two Orramen)
Cattleman, Shepherd

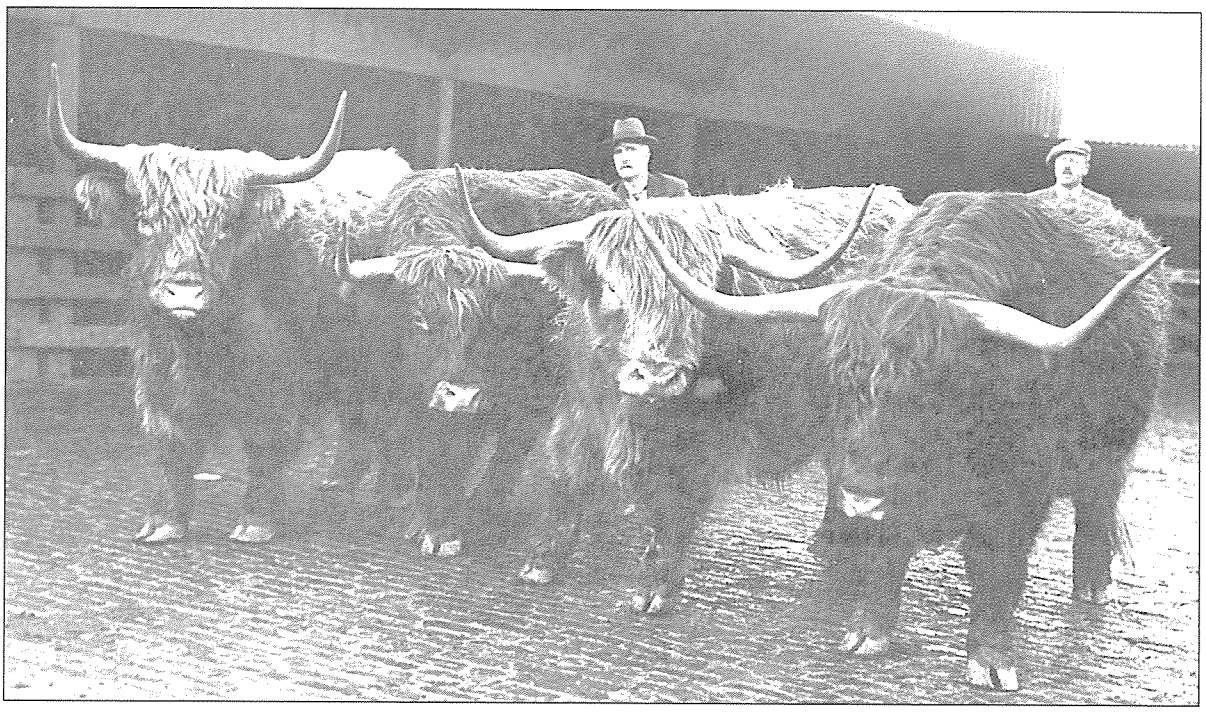
The horsemen had a pair of horses each and there was a single horse which the orramen could use for their work. My father always said that Mr Guild, the foreman, was a first-class man, who made my father's job so much easier than it might have been.

The men would just draw enough of their wages every month to live on and the balance would be paid to them on term day, 28th May or 28th November.

As the River South Esk flows by the back of Craigeassie House, Mr Howe had a 'lade' formed so that he could generate his own electricity supply. In wintertime it was often necessary for the men to break ice, and clear it and any leaves which had accumulated in order to prevent the turbine from being choked. Along with the ice, they often found salmon, which they were allowed to keep. My mother used to clean and salt the fish and place it in a barrel for the bothy-men. It was divided up as evenly as possible.

Mr D P Howe and the farmer at Derachie travelled together to the Oban Bull Sales in 1929 and bought 10 Highland Store Cattle for £110. On the way home by train, they decided they would have five cattle each, and then they would enter them at the end of the year in the Christmas Show at Forfar Mart. Mr Howe said that his cattle would beat the Derachie farmer's cattle at the Show and they duly did! He got the award for 'Best Pen of 4 Cattle'.

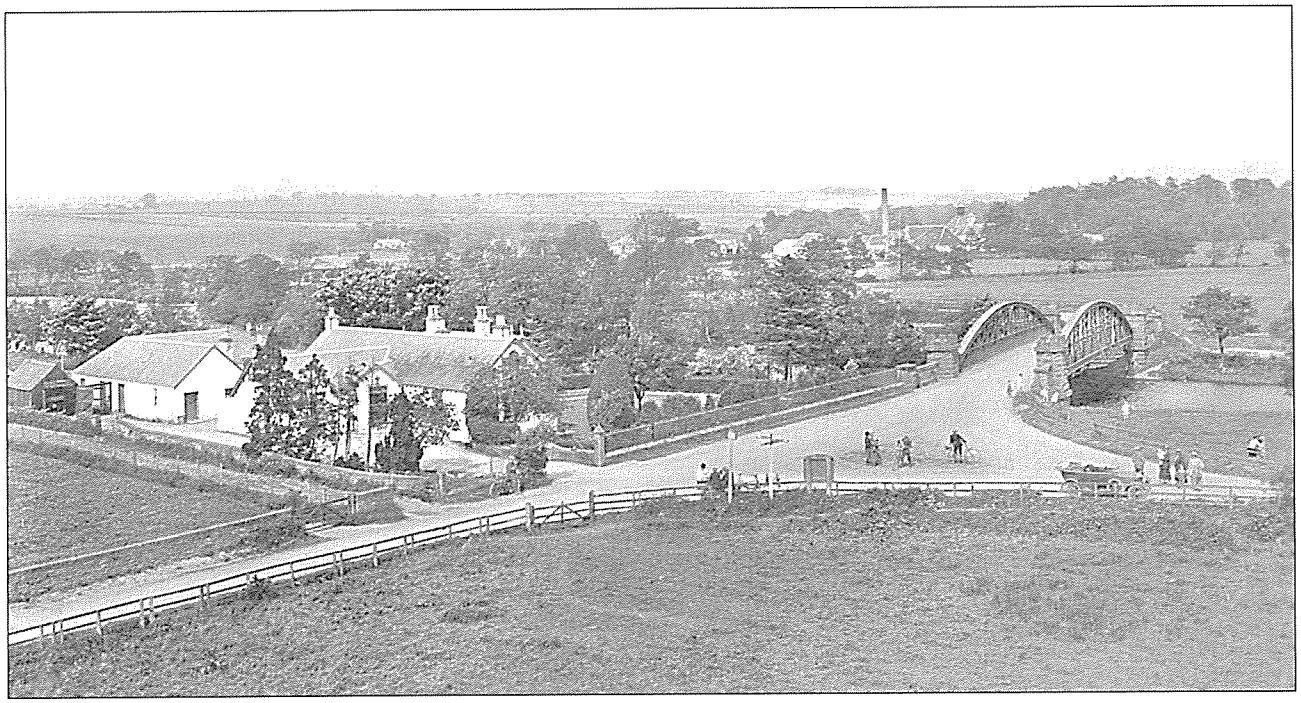
These days I still have a drive around the countryside at Tannadice where my father spent those happy years of which he talked so frequently.



'Best Pen of 4 Cattle' awarded at the 1929 Christmas Show at Forfar Mart (Craigeassie cattle)

Glen Coull Distillery, Justinhaugh

In the picture the high stack of Glen Coull distillery can be seen in the background among the bonded warehouses.



Justinhaugh Hotel and Bridge, 1902

The distillery was at one time a grain mill, converted in 1897 and then back to a grain mill around 1930.

George Willsher, a Dundee wine and spirit merchant, went into partnership with George Duncan a distiller from Northern Ireland. The manager during the 30 year life-span of the distillery was Mr J.A. Gordon although the business changed hands more than once. It was finally taken over by George Duncan in 1913.

The distillery was closed down in 1927 but it took some years to dispose of the assets of the bonded warehouses.

In the early 1930s it was changed back to a mill and the high stack of the distillery was demolished in 1934. The bonded warehouses were converted into modern piggeries using the bricks from the demolished stack.

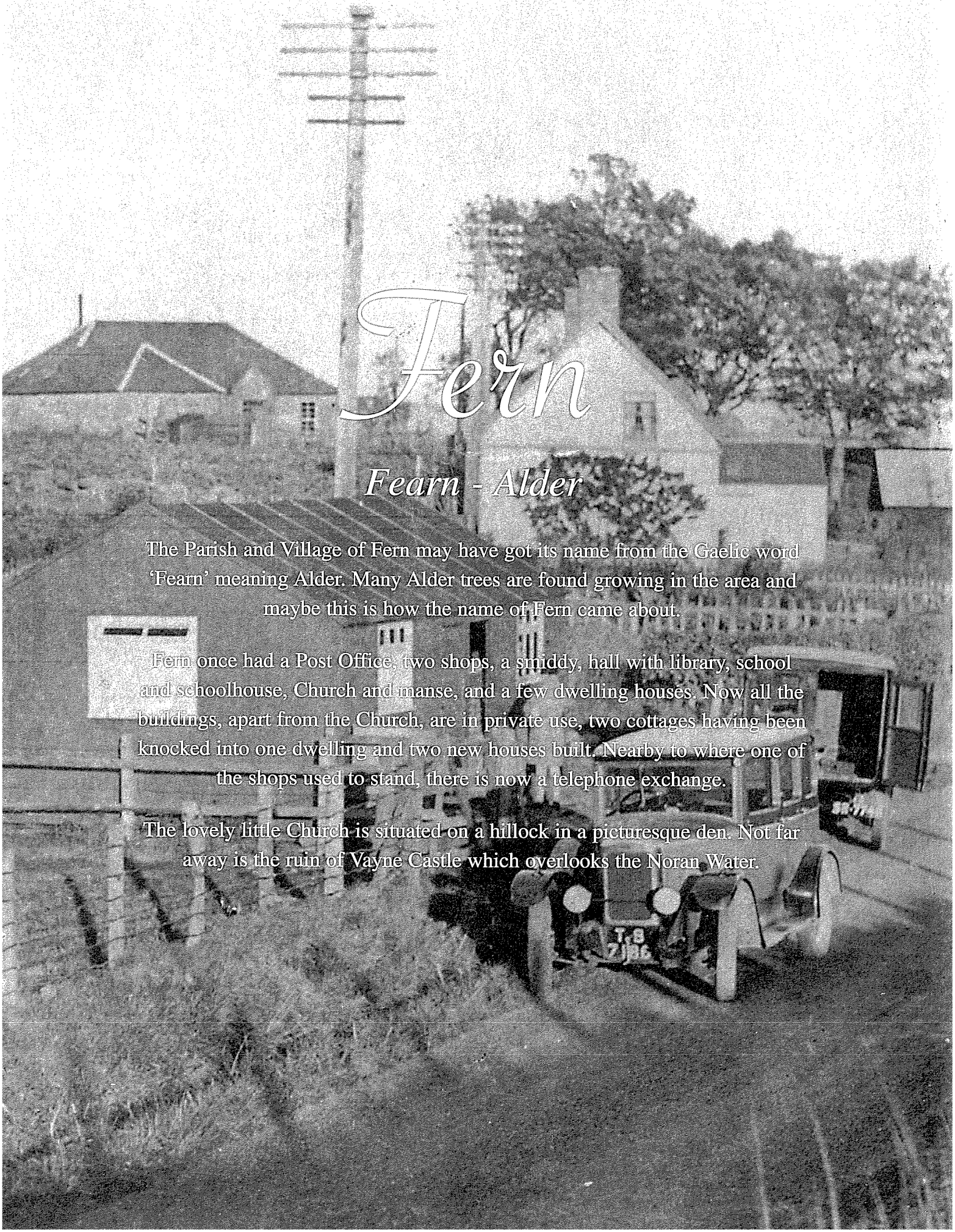
The new owners J A Whamond changed the name to Angus Milling Company and it was then taken over after 1976 by Hamlyn Milling.



It was to change hands once more in 1992, this time going to the Bibby group.

Today the derelict buildings of the once Glen Coull distillery stand waiting for something to happen.

The distillery was closed down in 1927 but it took some years to dispose of the assets of the bonded warehouses.



Fern

Fearn - Alder

The Parish and Village of Fern may have got its name from the Gaelic word 'Fearn' meaning Alder. Many Alder trees are found growing in the area and maybe this is how the name of Fern came about.

Fern once had a Post Office, two shops, a smiddy, hall with library, school and schoolhouse, Church and manse, and a few dwelling houses. Now all the buildings, apart from the Church, are in private use, two cottages having been knocked into one dwelling and two new houses built. Nearby to where one of the shops used to stand, there is now a telephone exchange.

The lovely little Church is situated on a hillock in a picturesque den. Not far away is the ruin of Vayne Castle which overlooks the Noran Water.



Vayne Castle



School Trip to Edinburgh Zoo and Castle in summer 1963
Mrs Knox with Ronnie Knox (left), Shirley MacDonald (centre), Angus MacDonald (right)

The Story of Fern and Fitzroy Fletcher by Rosalind Fletcher

James Fletcher was born in Elgin in 1807 as James Jack. He later took his mother's maiden name of Fletcher. In 1852 in London he married Frederica Mary Hay and settled in Liverpool. They had five children before she died of tuberculosis aged only thirty three in 1863. In the 1870's James retired from his business and set about buying properties in his native Scotland. He first bought Rosehaugh on the Black Isle, then Letham Grange in 1877, and then finally Fern in 1881. He began to make improvements at Letham Grange and Fern, but died in 1885 before they were completed. He left his Angus properties to his youngest son Fitzroy.



Fitzroy Fletcher

Fitzroy was at the time nearly twenty seven. He had been educated at Eton and Weimar in Germany. He had a weak heart, and never enjoyed robust health; but he was keen on country life, deriving much pleasure from walks and picnics at Fern. When he inherited Letham Grange, he finished improvements there, always intending that to be his main residence, for it was situated in a more accessible part of Angus, close to the main railway line to Edinburgh and London. While Fern had excellent farms which he improved, the jewel in the crown of the estate was the fine grouse moor (still listed as being one of the top twenty moors in Britain in the 1960's). He quickly had Shandford rebuilt as a shooting lodge designed to put up, in comfort, a large house party, who would be entertained by the shooting, and impressed by the spectacular views south over the estate.

In 1890 he married Frances, a noted beauty, and daughter of James Macpherson Grant, Australian lawyer and politician, who had in his youth defended Ned Kelly. She had previously been married to Frank Stephen, who was Fitzroy's cousin, and Fitzroy adopted her two sons, Conway, my grandfather, and Tommy. The Fletchers were thus related to Leslie Stephen and his daughter the famous writer, Virginia Woolf. It is known that she stayed at Rosehaugh as a child, and it is likely that she also visited Letham Grange and Fern.

Like his father before him, Fitzroy was a passionate believer in the importance of education and in particular, adult education. To that purpose, the library at Fern was built, with the foundation stone being laid by Frances in 1897. Sadly the books are gone, but the building is still there, with it's Latin inscription, translated in Kath MacLeman's book as:

"The 60th year of Victoria's Reign
The year is optimistic that the years may also spare the building
The inscription is silent about those who are modest
We have three requests -Wisdom each year for those who learn
Dancing each year to those weary with learning
A happy teacher who teaches lessons to be remembered for many years
May you be sweet, red Fern and long may you flourish"

Fitzroy and Frances were very happily married. After only 13 years together, Fitzroy fell off his horse causing fatal damage to his already weak heart, and died some weeks later, on the 5th August 1902, aged forty three. It was his express wish to be buried at his beloved Fern, and for daffodils, his favourite flowers, to be included in the memorial window to him in the Church. His grave is marked by a simple cross in a small enclosure in the churchyard.

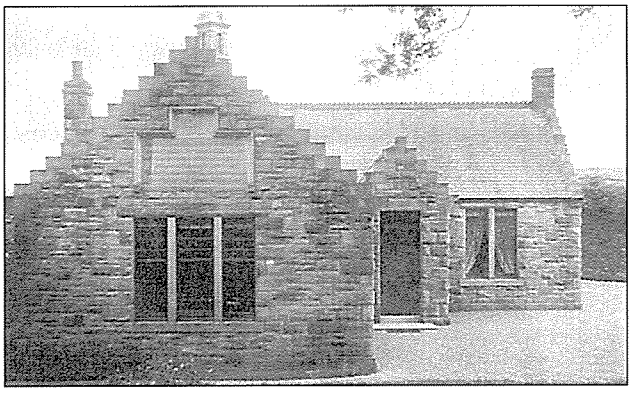
Frances was bereft after his death, and made a further marriage, but divorce followed. She lived on until 1932. It was not considered seemly for her to be buried with Fitzroy, so she lies in St Vigeans Churchyard.

My grandfather inherited Letham Grange and Fern, but in the early years of his tenure, was away ranching in Canada, or tea-planting in Ceylon. He married Ruby Gordon Wilmer, and had two sons, Roland, who died unmarried in 1957; and my father Peter. My father remembered visiting Fern as a boy with his father and brother. After some years the grouse moor and Shandford was let out, rather than being enjoyed by the family. This inevitably meant that the family spent less time at Fern. During the War, my father served with the Gordon Highlanders, and the family remained at Letham Grange. After the War, my father returned to farm at Letham Grange, while Conway spent the last years of his life confined to a wheelchair, dying in 1957. In 1950 my father married Peggy Jackson of Kirkbuddo, descended from a cadet branch of the Erskines of Dun. They had two daughters, myself, and Susan, who is married to Richard Cooke and lives in the area with their three daughters.

Shandford, meantime, had been let by my grandfather's trustees, becoming the childhood home of Victoria Burton, who later married the actor Gregor Fisher. The decision was taken in the 1970's to sell the grouse moor to the late Lord Forres, and the rest of Fern estate to Barings Bank, and thus the family connection with Fern ended.

David and Olga Vernon on Fern Library Cottage

David and Olga Vernon bought Fern Library Cottage in 1989 and several months later purchased the Library, together with added facilities.They came from Flixton, near Manchester, on the border of Cheshire, David now makes violins and other stringed instruments and also has a keen interest in music. These skills were inherited from an uncle who was named Brocklebank, and probably went to England from Scotland. Previous to this, David had his own shop in Manchester, preparing and dealing in violins and classical guitars.

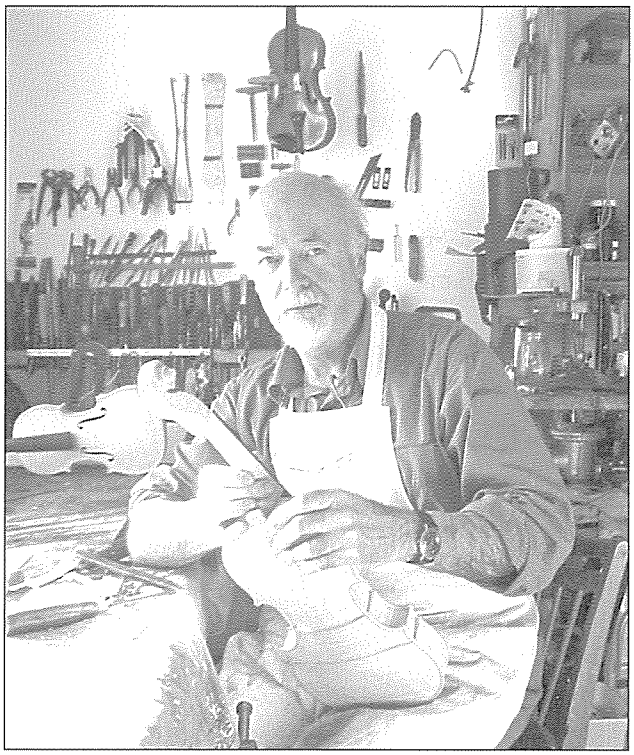


Fern Library

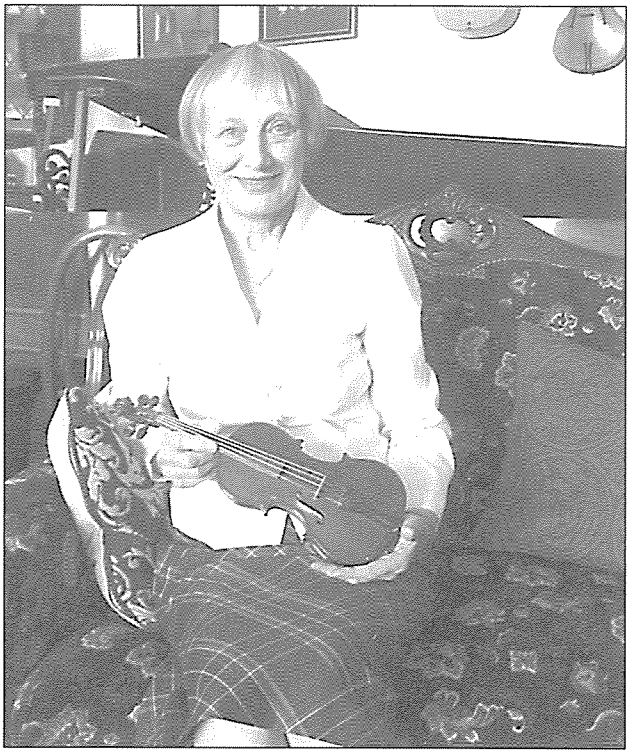
In 1988 he moved to Fern so that he could concentrate more on making than repairing. He had already made violins for the leaders of the B.B.C. Philharmonic and Halle Orchestras. To date David has made approximately 30 guitars, 70 violins, 20 violas and 4 cellos.

His wife, Olga, whose grandmother came from St. Petersburg in Russia, at the end of the 19th century, is equally talented. She made a tapestry pew cover for the Millennium at Fern Church, and has also done other tapestries, paintings and pewter-work, over the years. Olga also has made three violins, including a miniature, under her husband's direction.

Over the years David and Olga have continued to make improvements to their home. A flat roof extension to the hall was fitted with a pitched slated one and a second

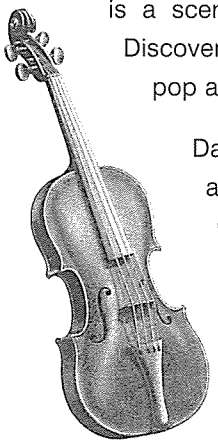


David Vernon making a violin



Olga Vernon with violin she made

window, facing south, was installed in the cottage living-room, providing more light. The passages were changed into a bedroom and bathroom, while, what was once the committee room was altered into another bedroom, and the kitchen was modernised. The kitchen which was long and narrow started life as a cold store at one end with an outside door (now blocked up) and washing-room. Cooking was done on an old kitchen range in the living-room and this room, which then had a stone floor, also acted as a bedroom. An alcove was taken down and this resulted in doubling the size of the kitchen. The original roof was removed, a pitched roof fitted over the old kitchen and alcove, and, at the same time, a porch was made. Only a very close inspection would show that the present kitchen and porch are not part of the original building. James Wink, a former builder from Brechin, who was at that time approaching seventy years of age, started the slating and then left it to David to complete the job.



The garden had been mainly laurel and sycamore, and also had a very large cypress tree with several trunks. Formerly, there had been a vegetable patch and hen-run. David, with the help of Jim Gray of Guthrie, has built walls and tiered the garden to make it easier to maintain. There were banks of 45 degrees on either side of a burn which runs the length of the garden. This provides a very tranquil scene which a passerby can enjoy.

David and Olga have a daughter, Shirley, who lives in the village of Glamis, and who works at Dundee University. Their son, Martin, who lives in Birmingham, is a scenic artist. He has carried out work at the Discovery Centre in Dundee, as well as on sets for pop artists and theatre and television shows.

David is a Past President of Brechin Rotary Club and Forfar Branch of the Royal Scottish Country Dance Society. David and Olga continue to enjoy Scottish Country dancing and their many other interests.

To date David has made approximately 30 guitars, 70 violins, 20 violas and 4 cellos.

Mrs David Allan (Pat Joss) remembers Boggie Farm

John Lamont, my grandfather, owned the Smiddy at Arbirlot before moving to Boggie Farm in November, 1928. He had six daughters, my mother Nellie being the youngest.



Grandad Lamont and Auntie Alice Lamont at Boggie Farm.
Auntie got the farm in 1956.

Grace, the oldest daughter, married Robert Rollo and they took over the tenancy of the Post Office and the Smiddy in the village of Fern. Next in line was Jemima, who married John Low, who was apprenticed to my grandfather and they took over the smiddy at Arbirlot. Another sister, Christina, married William Graham before moving to live in Arbroath. Nellie, my mother, became Mrs John Joss in 1934. They left Boggie Farm but returned 18 months later to work there until my father was 70 years old. My grandfather, John Lamont, was cared for by the third youngest daughter, Alice, until he died in June, 1956. In October Alice married Charles Symon and they lived at the Boggie Farm and, when Charles died, Alice went to live in the Library Cottage, Fern.

My grandfather had a small smiddy for his own use at Boggie and shod all his own horses as well as repairing the farm machinery. He also built a threshing mill for use on the farm and so had no need of the travelling mill. My grandfather having been a blacksmith certainly found it came in handy when repairs were needed.

My brothers John and Neil, my sister Caroline and I were christened in the Boggie Farmhouse by the Rev. Henry Sefton of Careston and Fern. We were all born at Boggie except for Caroline who was born at Maryfield Hospital, Dundee.

My Aunt Alice and my mother, Nellie, were founder members of the Woman's Rural Institute of Fern. There was also a Men's Club but the W.R.I. outlasted it and is still going today but is now joined with Memus W.R.I.

My brothers, John and Neil, attended Fern School which, like so many other country schools, is no longer used as such. They later went to Tannadice where I began my education and I then went to Brechin High School. I remember Cynthia Gammack being my best friend, her father was batman to Major Neish of Tannadice. My sister, Caroline, began and finished her schooling in Brechin. When I was a pupil at Brechin High School I became Head Girl in 1965/66. I remember planting a cherry tree in St. Ninian's Square, Brechin, for United Nations Day. My mother who was watching overheard a lady say *"Well, she's seen a spade before"*. Needless to say, my Mum was very proud of her daughter that day.

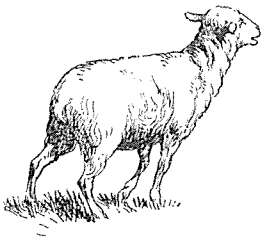


Miss C Lamont and Miss A Lamont
Making cheese for the Highland Show



My mother at Boggie with J Rollo and G Rollo

I now live in Bridge of Weir, with my husband David, where I am a teacher. We have a daughter, Joy, and son, Owen. My Dad, John Joss, who lives with David and me, will be 94 this year; a lovely age for a lovely man. I have many treasured memories of growing up on the farm of Boggie. We have lots of good friends in the Fern area and I remember the Murrays who lived at Balmaddity across from the Boggie Farm as being special.



Tom, 'The Shepherd'

In 1937 Tom's father and mother came with Tom and sister Mary, better known as Muriel, to live at Ledenhendrie cottage situated above Afflochie farm and 700 feet above sea-level. Tom's father, Fred Stewart, was employed as shepherd at Afflochie and stayed there until 1940. At this time Tom finished his schooling at Fern school.

When the family arrived at Ledenhendrie in November 1937 it was a glorious day. The next morning when they got up the weather had changed. There had been a snowstorm and the roads were blocked.

The family moved in 1940 to Guthrie Home Farm where Tom got a job as orraman. About two years later the family moved to a small croft at Woodside of Pitmuies. Over the next seven years Tom worked at Denmark, Colliston and Curleys, Greystone. Eventually he returned home to work with his father who moved about the country 'hoggin' - looking after sheep which had been moved to lower pastures for the winter. During the summer months Tom helped his uncle Gordon Stewart at the sheep-shearing.

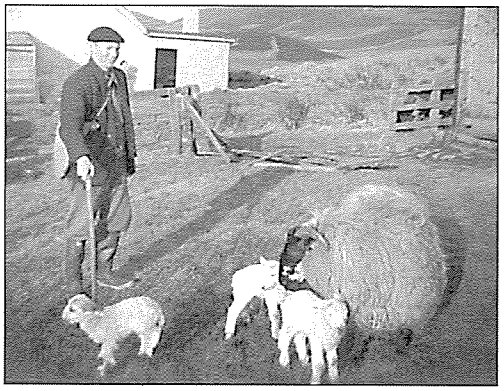
Afflochie and next door Trusto were under the same farmer but the sheep flocks were kept separate during this period.

From 1952 to 1960 Tom returned to the area every year to do the lambing at Trusto. In 1953 he met Mary Edward who later was to become his wife. Tom and Mary were married in Tannadice Church in 1966 and set up house at Glascorrie, Glenlethnot.

In 1970 Tom got a job as shepherd of the Trusto hirsel (flock of sheep) and he and Mary lived in the cottage across from the farmhouse at Afflochie. The sheep at Afflochie had their own shepherd who lived in Ledenhendrie cottage.

Tom was kept busy but was helped by Mary during his time as a shepherd. In 1974 the pair moved over to the farmhouse and lived there until August 1980 when Tom left to become handyman to the late Mrs Ruth Naylor of Easter Ogil.

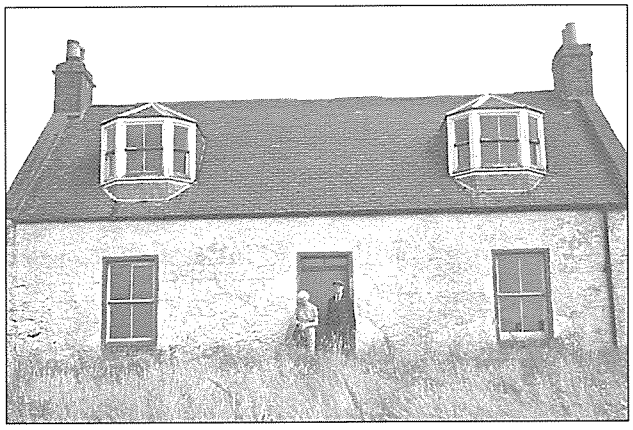
Tom and Mary now live in Memus and have many and varied interests; Mary who excels with her handicrafts and Tom with his lovely garden.



Tom Stewart at Trusto

Memories of Windsor Cottage by Miss M Meakin

My family had an association with Windsor from about 1910. Mr and Mrs Brown who lived there came to Dundee to visit a neighbour of my grandparents. They were introduced and my grandparents were invited for a holiday in Fern. From then until about 1941 when wartime conditions prevented regular visits, members of my mother's family had constant contact with Windsor.



Windsor Cottage

It was a very isolated place, well away from the road. To begin with everyone went by train to Careston Station and walked from there to the 'Old Road', a right of way down the west side of a field on Hillhead of Careston Farm, then along the Cattle Raik to Windsor Cottage. By the time I went, we took the bus to Nether Careston on the Dundee-Brechin Road and followed a track by the side of the Noran Water, across the railway to the Old Road.

My father had a newspaper cutting advertising a displenishment sale of Windsor Farm in 1849. Mr Brown probably worked on the estate and I think the cottage was rented to supplement income. Mrs Brown took in boarders and she kept a cow, hens, ducks and sometimes pigs. She had two permanent boarders, Davy Murray and his invalid brother. One boarder, Will Crook, the estate plumber, installed water in the kitchen, but the toilet was always in an outside shed. In Fern Churchyard there is a tombstone with the names of the Browns and Duncans, for Mrs Brown, after her husband's death, remarried and became Mrs George Duncan - some time before 1922. Geordie Duncan was a gardener at Shandford.

It was a house of hospitality. All the van drivers and the postman had their midday meal there. My mother remembered that on one occasion thirty-seven people were fed in the yard when a brake full of people arrived from Forfar. Yet the cooking was done on an open fire, about a yard long in the stone-floored kitchen. There was a sway with a huge kettle hanging permanently on



Windsor Cottage, Fern, before John went to war.

Mrs Brown (later Duncan) centre in spotted dress

Miss Meakin's grandmother in white uniform



it and a large soup pot and potato pot also hung there. At one side a trivet was used for a giant stew-pot. In the parlour I remember a glass dome with flowers in it and on the floors rag rugs made from old trousers. Fashions were so different then.

When my mother and her family went in the early days there was music and dancing in the kitchen and always someone able to provide the music. I don't know where everyone slept, though there were six rooms.

Mr and Mrs Duncan must have died during the war years. My grandmother was evacuated there, but came back to Dundee. Davy Murray died in St. Drostan's in Brechin where my mother and I visited him.

Jock Farquharson's Story

The area of Fern Parish is twenty and a quarter square miles (six and three-quarter miles long by three miles wide). It was to this parish that Jock Farquharson came to live in 1944 and sixty years on is still living in the area with his wife Marion at Brandyden, Farmerton.

Jock's great-grandparents farmed at Glenley to the west of Afflochie. They are buried in Tannadice Churchyard. His father Jock farmed at Deuchar, where John, the eldest of three sons of Jock and Marion, now resides with his wife Hilary, son Clark and daughter Ashley. Their second son, Colin, Claire his wife and sons Daniel, Joseph and Michael farm Afflochie, while Jock and Marion's third son Bruce, wife Lesley and children Grant and Kirsty, farm at Farmerton.

When Jock's family lived at Kintyrie, Jock aged five started school at Reform Street School in Kirriemuir. He was one of a class of thirty-five pupils. Their teacher was Miss Rattray. Slates were used to write on in the first year. Uniforms were not compulsory.

In 1944 Jock's transport was his bicycle and, in 1950, he had saved enough to buy his first car for £160. The cost of petrol at that time was 2 shillings and 4 pence per gallon. The nearest public transport was Meffan's Bus which ran between Brechin and Kirriemuir. The train picked up passengers at Tannadice railway station, going on to Justinhaugh Station and then to Forfar.

The roadman in the 1950s was Wull Adam or, as he was nicknamed because of his height, "Several Yards". The roads were well-looked after, thanks to Wull. Bring back the hard-working roadmen, who had to carry their tools of trade on their backs, while their means of transport was by foot or bicycle.



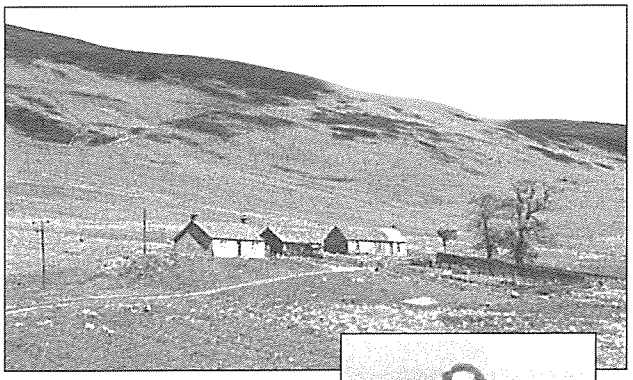
Jock Farquharson and father

Health was in the care of a district nurse, Nurse Barbara Bruce.

Entertainment took the form of musical evenings, whist-drives, dances, ceilidhs, picnics, concerts by local or visiting concert-parties.

The following are some important dates in the district of Fern:

- 1914 The Fern Draughts Club formed
- 1946 The lumberjills leave Fern
- 1947 The year of the great snowstorm
- 1963 The opening of the Noranside Borstal
- 1969 Closure of Fern Observatory Post
- 1973 Electric Transmission Lines
- 1974 The arrival of the Gas Pipe line



Trusto, Fern - Mary Stewart's home



Mary Stewart (née Edward)

In 1972 the blacksmith and the last shop had gone. Before this in 1969 the village school had closed its doors. Originally there had been eighty-three houses in the parish. On a brighter note electricity came to the Parish in 1959.

Jock makes special mention of Tom and Mary Stewart now living in Memus, but who at one time resided at Afflochie Farm where Tom was shepherd. When she was a child Mary lived with her parents at Trusto, a pretty house in the hills to the east of Afflochie. Jock Edward, Mary's father, was also a shepherd. The house they occupied at Trusto has since been demolished.

Mary walked to Fern School from Trusto and never missed a day no matter the weather. Much of the road was a track which filled up with snow in the wintertime and, for a little girl, getting to school each day must have been quite a feat. The total miles she covered walking to Fern School numbered 11,200, and, later to Tannadice 1800 miles. No wonder today Mary is a bundle of energy. She and Tom keep the church at Tannadice spick and span and always have flowers blooming at both doors of the building. At Trusto Mary's father was known as 'Auld Trustie' but in his younger day he was 'Mochrie Jock'. His father, Hugh Edward, got the Long Service Medal which is now in the possession of his granddaughter, Mary Stewart.

Fern Church was rebuilt in 1883 and has in its churchyard the grave of John Macintosh, who led the Fern men in the Battle of the Saughs. He was the son of the farmer at Ledenhendrie. Ledenhendrie Cottage is 700 feet above sea level and overlooks Afflochie Farm. Although the original Ledenhendrie Cottage is no longer in existence, a dwelling house stands on the same site.

Fern also boasts a ghost! A poem entitled 'The Ghaist o' Ferne-Den' appears in The History and Traditions of the Land of the Lindsays, which was written by Andrew Jervise and James Gammack. In this book it says the poem was written by 'some local bard'.



Tractor men - on left Eck Stott (with bonnet) and Bill Mitchell

Noranside Sanatorium by an ex-patient

In the early half of the 20th century, Noranside, now well known as an Open Prison, was a Sanatorium for patients suffering from tuberculosis. It was an ideal site for such a hospital, surrounded as it was then by lots of pine trees and open countryside. I knew very little about the place until the 1950's when I contracted the disease and ended up as a patient there.



Noranside Sanatorium, Fern



Mary Murray at Noranside Sanatorium where she was a maid. Now Mrs Jim Crabb

Many people were under the impression that patients in a sanatorium were "poor souls" and although this may have been the case in some instances, in others it was well wide of the mark, as many patients themselves were unaware of having such a serious illness.

The hospital was divided into sections known as huts. The back huts were for the ladies and the south end was where the men were housed, and segregation between the sexes was very strict. In one case a young husband and his wife were both patients, and were only allowed to see each other once a week!

As I can remember, the treatment consisted of strict bed rest, streptomycin injections every day and several 'pass' tablets which were quite soft, filled with granules and the size of a ten pence piece, definitely not the easiest to swallow! Every week we were weighed and given a blood test, and although we did not feel desperately ill, the healing process was slow and prolonged, sometimes taking several years to clear up. The doctor in charge of the hospital was Dr. Birnie assisted by Dr. Forbes and Dr. Purves the lady doctor.

We were admirably looked after by Sisters Nan Proctor, Jean Gibb and Matilda Gordon (whom we fondly called Tilly behind her back).

The doors of our wards were opened in the morning and closed in the evening, the snow often blowing in on the bottom of the beds in winter, but fresh air was all part of the cure, so they said!

We have many happy memories of our time there. The squirrels were very tame and used to come to the hut doors to be fed. The kitchen, situated on the end of the row of huts was out of bounds to patients, but we used to sneak in, in the evenings and make ourselves toast. One patient persuaded her visiting minister to bring in a loaf of bread, and this inspired her to come out of the kitchen, tray laden, and announce 'holy toast tonight girls'.

Noranside closed as a sanatorium around 1960, by such time tuberculosis was on the decrease and almost eradicated altogether in this country, and that has remained the case until recently when isolated cases are being reported once again.

Mrs Margaret Muir

My father, Alexander Milne, born in 1904, was brought up at Vayne, where his father was farm manager.



My father (left) Alex Milne

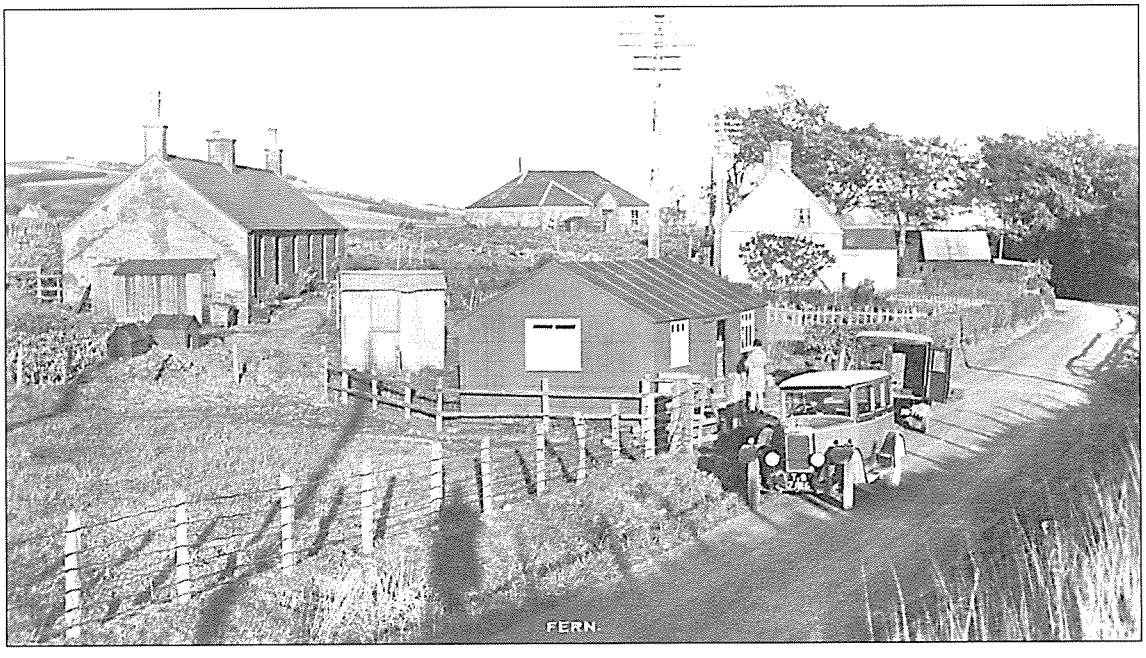
While he was at Fern School, 'Dominie' Miller was in charge, and his wife was "the Missy" (both common expressions at that time). My father recalled one of the games the children played back then, where, in the dark they sang "*cheesie bats come into my hat*", and attempted to catch a live bat in their bonnets. I cannot remember if he ever was successful!

Because his father, my grandfather, died in 1915, my father had to leave school at the age of eleven years. His family had to vacate the tied house they had occupied, but they managed to get a house on Fern Estate on condition that a member of the family always worked there. My grandmother too was employed and she was cook at Shandford. Because my father at 11 was not very tall, he had to stand on a box to harness a horse. This was at Boggie Farm when Mr Buchan was the farmer.

Coal for the village of Fern was brought by my father. He would take a load of turnips to the station at Tannadice for onward transmission elsewhere by goods train, and then he filled up with the coal for the return journey, all by horse and cart.

Although later he had a motorcycle, to begin with his only transport was a bicycle if he wanted to go to Forfar, and my grandmother would have to walk to Tannadice Station and go by train.

My parents met at Afflochie, where Miss Jennie Robertson was housekeeper to the farmer, Mr Jamie Robertson. My mother, who lived in Monifieth, was related to the housekeeper, and was very often invited for holidays at Afflochie. When at Afflochie she would go dancing in the library at Fern and it was there she met my father. My grandparents were keen dancers, and they also went to the dances held in the library in Fern. The library is now a private house.

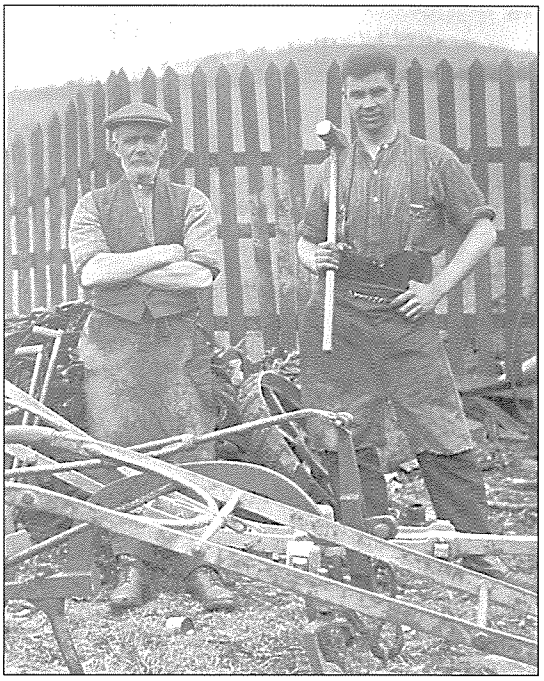


My parents' house at Fern on the left

In those days too, there was great entertainment in the bothies. Many of the ploughmen played a musical instrument and they would have what was called a 'soiree' with diddling competitions etc. and the children would entertain at a 'kinderspiel' prepared by the schoolteachers. The kinderspiel was usually held in the school.

The local blacksmith at that time was George Fraser and he had a son, Ned who was blind. Ned was the postman and he managed to go as far afield as Afflochie and Auchnacree with mail, although, if it was wintry weather my father would help him with the far-out places. Alex Law, who was the assistant blacksmith, was best man at my father's wedding.

My father eventually worked at Noranside when it was a Sanatorium with Dr. Sinclair in charge. He worked there until 1936 and my association with the district ended then.



Left: George Fraser, Blacksmith
Right: Alex Law, assistant Blacksmith

Jim and Mary Crabb

Jim Crabb was born in Claypotts, Cortachy, in 1917. His father was manager at Afflochie Farm, and it was from there that Jim and his brothers, Charles and David, and sister Maisie, went to Fern School.



Jim Crabb and Maisie Crabb

On leaving school, Jim's first fee was on the Vayne Farm. He worked on various places and at one of those farms was bullied by the foreman, who insisted he make all the beds in the bothy and cook the porridge for breakfast. One of the ploughmen suggested Jim should pour some water on the foreman's bed and make the porridge very salty, which he did. The plan worked and young Jim had a much better life in the bothy.

Jim met his future wife, Mary Murray, when she was a maid at Noranside Sanatorium. Mary's parents came from Dyce in Aberdeenshire where she was born. The family moved to Nether Careston and it was then that Mary tried for a job. She went to the newsagent in Brechin where she saw the advertisement for a post at Noranside Sanatorium. After her interview she was informed that the job was hers. Mary was not yet 16 years old then and spent the next three and a half years busy but happy at her work. She left to marry Jim Crabb, despite being advised by the matron that she should hold on to her job! Mary was a good worker and the matron was well aware of this.

Mary and Jim's wedding took place on the 3rd of June, 1939, in the manse at Careston, and, as they left in the taxi for their honeymoon, Mary's mother reminded them that it was also her birthday, so a happy day all round.



Charles Crabb aged about 11 years (early thirties)
School photograph (Fern school)

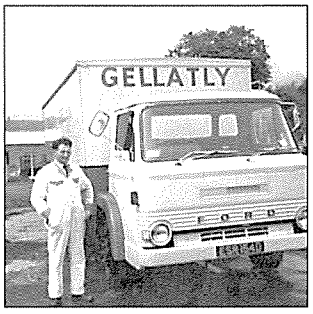
They set up their first home at Nether Careston and later went to work at Easter Marcus. They were there for six years before moving to a new house at No. 7 Nether Careston. By this time they had three daughters, Eileen, Dorothy and Barbara, who were all born in the Fyfe-Jamieson Maternity Home in Forfar. The hospital is no longer there and the site has been used for housing.

Jim had a motor cycle and he often used to say that he had to sell it to buy a pram! He had not passed his driving test and, on going into town with Mary on the pillion, he remembered that he had not got his "L" plates on the bike. He stopped to fix them when a policeman drove up and warned him that he would let him off this time! Jim decided it was time he sat his driving test. This was during the Second World War and consequently all the men were at war, so the tester was a woman, who knew little about driving tests and even less about the bike. He did pass.

Jim eventually left farm work and became a driver for Gellatly Bakers of Brechin, where he worked for eighteen



Jim Crabb ploughing with horses Prince and Donald at Afflochie



Jim Crabb driving a van in the late sixties (was with them for 18 years)



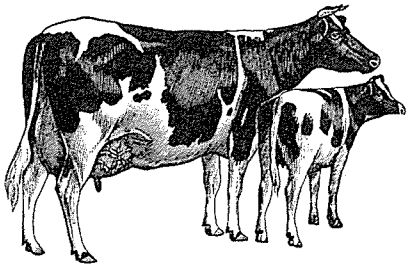
Mary Murray taken at Fern Shop (Now Mrs J Crabb)

years delivering in the country districts. He worked with the Town Council before he retired.

Jim and Mary both liked to sing and two of his favourites were 'The Ball o' Kirriemuir' and 'The Threshing Machine'.

After telling her story, Mary gave an impromptu rendition of 'The Threshing Machine'. Her talent did not stop there, however, because she was also able to play the mouth-organ.

It is regrettable that Jim died before this book went into print. This hard-working man is sadly missed by his family and friends. Mary continues to live in the same house as she and Jim lived in for more than thirty years. She says she is lucky to have her family living nearby.



David and Peggy Skea - Then and Now

David was born at Battledykes farm on the 7th of August, 1928. He had three brothers Alec, Jim and Geordie and a sister, Nellie. The family lived with their parents in a cottage on Battledykes farm where his dad was grieve for thirty years.

David started school at Oathlaw and finished his education there when he was fourteen years old. During his time at Oathlaw school his pals were Dave Watson from Birkenbush, Ron Whitton from Wester Oathlaw and Sonny Wilkie from Wolflaw, who became life-long friends.

David and Sonny, often joined by Dave Watson, had mini 'highland games'. They had tossing the caber, which was a small tree, throwing a sheaf over a high rail, putting the shot, not forgetting the wrestling, all taken very seriously but great fun.



David Skea

His first job on leaving school was to work as a 'loon' with Mr J. B. Walker of Craigeassie. After a short time he went to work on Foreside of Cairn, which was a raspberry farm, owned by Messrs McCaig and Goodchild. His brother Jim was already employed there. David continued working at Foreside for the next two and a half years.

In 1946, aged eighteen, he then went back to work at Battledykes and remained there for the next twelve years. When his father retired, he went to work at Noranside as a tractorman on the farm attached to the Sanatorium.



David Skea at Battledykes

David started playing the drums when he was fourteen years old in the Four-Star Band, which consisted of his brother, Geordie, Geordie's future wife Peggy, and Johnny Ramsay. They were much in demand to play in all the local halls in the area. He remembers one time going to Glen Lethnot when it was a very wet night. He strapped his drums on his back and set off on his bike. The rain never stopped and, by the time he got there, he was a wee bit damp! After Geordie and Peggy left the Band, they were replaced by Lily Smith and May Campbell. The Band later split up and David went to play with Bob Fearn, Bill Hutchison and Mrs Todd; Mrs Todd was later replaced by Nigel Alexander. Today David still plays with Bill Hutchison and David Nicoll. In 2001 they made a CD called 'The Glens of Angus' and later the same year they were booked to do a ceilidh in Hamburg, Germany. Sixty-two years on, David is still playing the drums.

David met Peggy Doig, his future wife, at a dance in Glenogil Hall, in 1955, and they were married on the 22nd of March, 1958. Peggy had lived with her Auntie Annie at Chance Inn, Fern, and, when they married, they bought the house from her.

He missed working with horses and decided to take a job on Wellford Farm which was next-door to Noranside Hospital. He returned to Noranside in 1961, and by this time the farm and hospital were in the hands of the Prison Service. He continued to do tractor work and, at

Build A Cairn by Jock Farquharson

In 1972 a sponsored walk was organised ,starting at Farmerton and ending at "Craig Of Trusto", where a cairn was to be built. The walkers were led by Jock Bruce-Gardyne a local M.P. and Caroline Joss on the bagpipes. Incidentally Caroline's grandfather came to farm nearby Boggie in 1928 and would have been very proud of his granddaughter that day leading the crowd off playing Amazing Grace.



Build a Cairn

The weather was kind and it was only when they got to the top of 'Craig Of Trusto' that a wee bit of mist came down. The hike was four miles to the summit and of course four miles home to Farmerton. If anyone did not want to walk transport was provided by tractors, land-rovers etc by local farmers.

Jock Farquharson who was organising the event made sure everybody was off the hill before he left. He was on his way down when he spotted a young girl making her way up the hill, and it turned out to be Mary Wilson, from the Hilton of Fern farm. The conversation went as follows; *"Mary everybody has gone home"* said Jock, *"I don't care I am going to the top"* replied Mary. *"But the mist is coming down"*, advised Jock. *"I am going to the top"* said young Mary. The top it was!

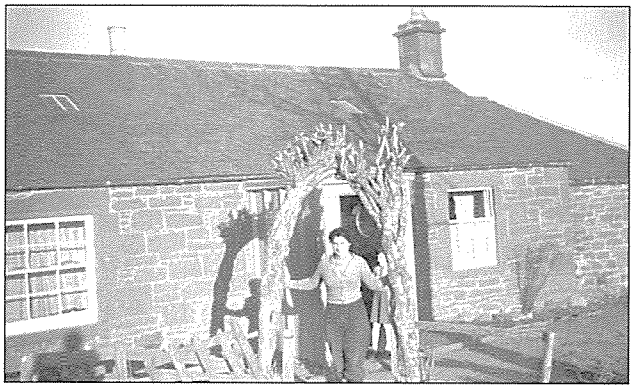
There was a Barn dance at night and everybody had a great time as well as enjoying the music provided by Mike McEwan and the Escorts. Lots of money was raised for good causes then and at many more dances held at Farmerton.

It is not possible to name everyone in the photograph but here are some of them: *Jock Bruce-Gardyne, Caroline Joss, piper, Bruce Farquharson, Frances Smith, Wendy Smith, David and Emily Hendry, Graham Mather, Bruce Stewart from Nevay house and Cyril Butler of Ordie, Oathlaw.* The three men leaning on the land-rover are Wull Gordon from Soutra, Jack Finlay, of Wellford House and Norvel Lowden who was gamekeeper on Fern Estate and lived at Denhead cottage Fern. Jock's father can just be seen leaning out the landrover window.

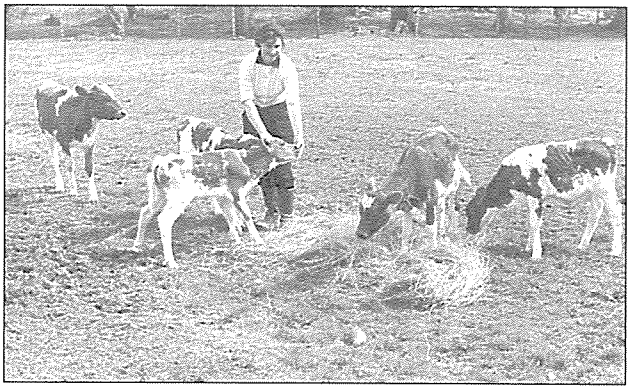
A good time was had by everyone and with all that fresh air who could ask for anything more!

A Story from Down Under by Mrs Nellie Smith (née Campbell)

Although I now have been in Western Australia for the last thirty-three years, I remember the happy times I spent in Noranside, Denside and Tannadice. While in that area I made many friends who were kind and helpful. My two daughters, Ellen and Sheila, are amazed when I tell them stories of my youth.



Denside Cottage probably 1958

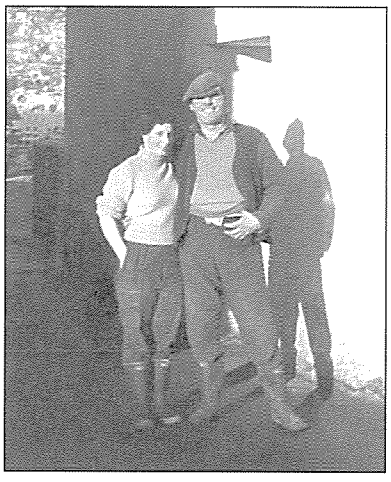


Nellie with calves at Noranside Farm

My family, the Campbells were originally from Ireland, when Mum and Dad, five girls and three boys, came to live in Denside Cottage, a tied cottage belonging to Mr Peter Arbuckle of Derachie, from whom my father had got a job. We lived next door to Mr and Mrs David Skea of Chance Inn. When I think about it now, the people round there must have thought they had been "invaded" by the Irish.

The manager of Noranside Farm called on us to see if my parents had a son needing a job, so I quickly intervened saying I could do anything a boy could do. My first job was 'shawin' neeps, so I must have passed muster because I got the job. I was employed as a dairy maid, having to milk twenty-six cows, using three machines, and then stripping by hand. I then had to deliver a ten-gallon drum of milk every day to the Sanatorium which was attached to the farm.

My boss at the farm was Mr Jim Steven and he and his wife were both very kind to me. I believe that I was very fortunate to be with people who were fun to work with as well as being helpful. These were busy but happy times and I shall always remember being at Noranside.



Nellie and David Skea (tractorman) at Noranside Farm

On the farm there was a horse called Old Tom and everyone from patients to staff and visitors would feed him. Old Tom got very fat and in the end they took him away never to return, a very sad day for everyone.

Life was not all work and no play, as we had staff parties at the farm. David Skea's Band provided the entertainment and it was all great fun.

Now, you wouldn't think that there would be a language barrier between the Irish and the Scots but, when told to go *"look for a bit spartie"*, I thought what's spartie? As I did not want to appear completely stupid, I had to wait until someone went to get the said 'spartie' before I discovered it was just a piece of rope! Thank goodness we all managed to get it sorted out and began to understand each other!

We, the Campbells, wish you all the best with the book which is being written about Tannadice and District.

We thank you for putting up with the Irish "invasion" in 1959, not to mention remembering that we were there at all!

Fern Church

It is said there has been a church at Fern since 600AD. Very little is known of Fern prior to it being taken into Norman ownership in the 11th century.



Fern Parish Church and Old School

During the latter half of the 19th century, when the Fletcher family of Letham Grange had purchased the Fern estate, the present Fern church was built in 1883. Parts of the estate had previously been run down, and whether this was the reason to replace the church or to provide a larger one is not known.

Recently a new grave was dug a few feet from the south wall, which revealed part of the foundations of the old church. The foundations did not indicate whether the new church was built alongside the old church or if it only partly overlapped the old church.

The church is built in red sandstone, with a bell tower and slated roof. There are three impressive stained glass Victorian windows in the east gable end. At the rear are three stained windows added in the early 20th century in memory of Fitzroy Charles Fletcher (1858-1902), who had the church built, and who is buried in the churchyard below the windows. He must have been very fond of Fern and its church to choose to be buried there rather than near Letham Grange or their castle in Ireland.

Alongside the road, and retained by the wall is a grass mound surmounted by a single holly bush, which was part of the early graveyard from which tombstones are absent. There is a stone, with inscription:

'To the memory of the Hero of Fern, John Macintosh of Ledenhendrie, who led a party to retrieve cattle stolen from the parish in the 1707'

Ministers of Fern Church since 1900

Rev John Fergusson	1900 - 1907
Rev Robert Mitchell	1907 - 1937
Rev George Sefton	1937 - 1966
Rev Alexander Mackinnon	1966 - 1986
Rev Andrew Jolly	1989 - 1996
Rev John Forbes	1996 - 1999
Rev Alex Forsyth	2001 - 2003
Rev Alan Watt	2003 -

Fern Women's Rural Institute

In 1952 on the 22nd of April the Fern W.R.I. was formed and became the 50th Branch of the Angus Federation. The first President was Miss Alice Lamont who served in this position for fourteen years.

At this time the annual membership fee was three shillings, compared with today's fee of £7.50. Visitors paid sixpence for the evening then, but now admission is free.

Meetings were held in Fern Library and, in the first year, there were thirty-nine members. The Library being no longer available in 1990, the W.R.I. then held their meetings in the Social Club at Noranside.

Over the years the Presidents were Mrs M. Farquharson, Mrs A. Symon, Miss T. Ellis, Mrs P. Allan, Mrs M. Skea and Mrs M. Stewart.

Fern W.R.I. was frequently successful at the annual Federation Show, winning the Murray Cup, Handicrafts Cup, Lawrie Cup, and the Fairlie Salver. At National level the Anne Wallace Sugar Sifter was won by Mrs Mary Stewart, an honour indeed not only for Mrs Stewart but for the W.R.I. concerned.

Mrs J. Burrows, a member of the W.R.I. and, of course, her husband Jim, very kindly offered their home as a meeting place in order that the members could celebrate fifty years since the formation of Fern Institute.

2002 marked the 50th birthday of the Fern W.R.I.

The members invited their husbands to a meal at the No. 99 Restaurant and Bar in Forfar. Miss Muriel Adam, the Federation President, joined the party and a very happy evening was enjoyed by all.

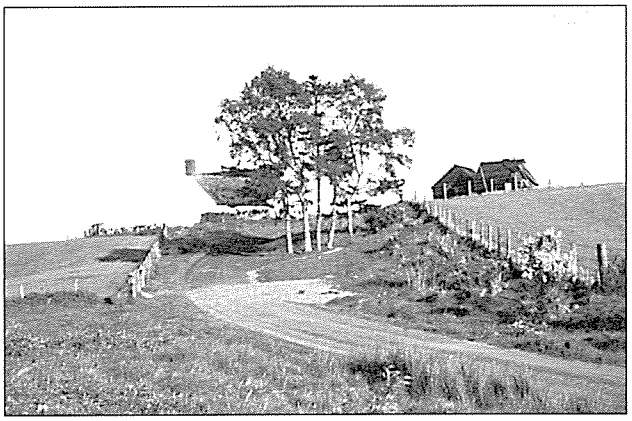
All good things come to an end, and, in 2002, members agreed that the Institute had to close its doors as no suitable place could be found in which to meet on a regular basis. Fern, however, is now amalgamated with Memus W.R.I. and meets in Memus and The Glens Community Hall.



Fern W.R.I demonstration on cake making from the Hydro-Board
Left to Right: Frances Farquharson, Kathleen Smith, Margaret Thomson, Mrs Hughes, Mrs McIntyre, Mrs Millar
Mrs Wardrope, Mary Edward, Alice Symon and Miss Cousins (Hydro-Board demonstrator)

Mr James Shearer

James Shearer was born in Aberdeenshire in 1928 and came to live at Hilton of Fern with his parents in 1932, when he was four years old. The farmer at Hilton of Fern at that time was Mr Dawson



Windsor, Fern

James was one of a family of four, and he remembers every Sunday night the children plus his mother and father all had a 'tub' in the wash house. They took it in turns to bathe with the dog always being last! The boiler was lit in the afternoon to ensure they had plenty of hot water.

Unfortunately, James's mother went in to Sunnyside Hospital, and the family was split up. He lived with his father, who subsequently became ill, had an operation and died. James then stayed at nearby Windsor Farm with the Clyne family. He attended Fern School under the head teacher Mr Addison who was followed by Mr Johnston. Sometimes while walking home from school he would get a lift from Mrs Alice Symon who lived at Boggie Farm and had a horse and gig. His father who was a cattleman loved to fish and they used to do so in the Noran Water and Cruick Burn, both close by.

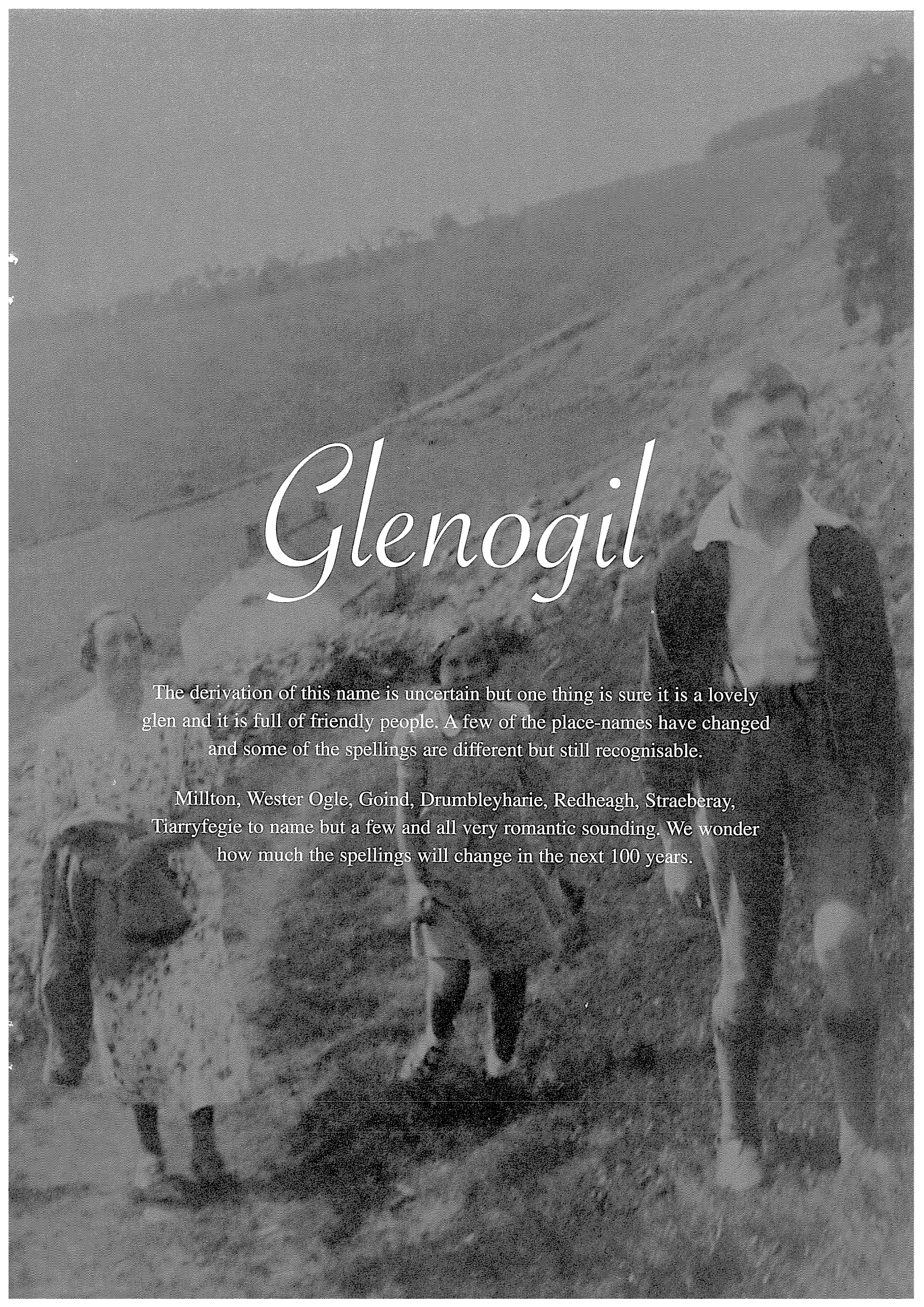
James can remember Mr Rollo being the blacksmith at Fern Smithy, Jim Fyfe being the local gamekeeper and Will Adam the roadman, later it was Alf Young.

James left school when he was thirteen and a half years old and went to Easter Knox, where he helped in the dairy from 1942 till 1968. He then learned about poultry and worked as a manager in Fife till he was made redundant in 1980. His wife then got a nursing job in Brechin and they moved back to the area. His wife's job was as a sheltered house warden at Newington Gardens. Between jobs James spent two years at Vayne Farm as a cattleman, and during his first year there was responsible for bringing out the best five cattle at market.

James's first wife was Ruth Wilkie and they had a daughter Gaynee, but sadly after only two years and three months, he became a widower.

James wears the kilt nearly all the time and has so done since 1979, when he did extra work and spent his earnings on his kilt because he needed a new outfit for his holidays. As well as being elder and beadle at Brechin Cathedral, he and his wife, Isobel Mary, both drive for the Dalhousie Day Care Centre in Brechin.

James's parents are both buried at Fern Churchyard.



Glenogil

The derivation of this name is uncertain but one thing is sure it is a lovely glen and it is full of friendly people. A few of the place-names have changed and some of the spellings are different but still recognisable.

Millton, Wester Ogle, Goind, Drumbleyharie, Redheagh, Straeberay, Tiarryfegie to name but a few and all very romantic sounding. We wonder how much the spellings will change in the next 100 years.



Denside School
left: Domnie,Mr Brown - Right: Dinner Lady, Mrs Adam, Teacher, Mrs Brown

asleep in the straw. The shepherd's wife made bacon and eggs before we set off for home at six o'clock.

Farms and farming are changing and not always for the better. Once there were dykes and hedgerows, many have now gone to make way for bigger fields and to accommodate the much larger tractors and implements. Wheat, barley, corn, turnips, potatoes, oil seed rape, along with carrots and peas, were some of the crops grown. Now small turnips are grown for the supermarkets. Bigger acreages of one crop lead to more diseases which need spraying with chemicals.

At the top of Glenogil there were grouse, deer and pheasant shoots, while at Easter Ogil a yearly culling of crows took place. After the crows laid their eggs, a large bonfire was lit to keep us warm and for three days turns were taken to keep the old crows away. When three days had elapsed, the eggs were of no use, also many crows were shot. There was always a dram or two at the finish!

Feeing markets are now no more. I used to get a holiday on term days, 28th May and 28th November. If we were seeking employment, we went to the Forfar Market and gathered in the street next to Jarman's Hotel and Market Bar. It was there the farmers came looking for workers. Much haggling over a weekly wage for the first six months took place. We were given 5 to 10 shillings to seal the deal, this was known as the 'arles'. The money had to be returned if we reneged on the deal. If we were deemed to be any good at the end of 6 months we would get a 'seek' and haggling would begin all over again for wages, which would include meal, milk and some kind of accommodation.

I remember my first tractor was an old orange Fordson with a combined clutch and brake. No power-steering or cabs then. Next came the wee grey Ferguson tractor, a Rolls compared to the Fordie! The introduction of the dung-loader was a great boost from having to move the dung by graip. The converted horse implements were now being replaced by purpose-made tractor machinery. The combine harvester became a must on the farm. The old trailing combine which dropped bags of grain in the field has been replaced by a self-propelled machine, with its own bulk grain tank to mechanically empty into trailers, Machines are now twice the size and computerised.

Work on the farm was the way to go for many young lads who lived in the country. There were also apprenticeships with local tradesmen. In our area, we had Alec Proctor, Eck Todd, joiners, and the local blacksmith Dod Sturrock, to name but a few.

One funny story I recall was Eckie Todd running out of petrol and local farmer, Wull Stewart, coming to his rescue with a gallon of petrol he got from Dod Sturrock. Wull got Eckie going again with a push-start. On the

following Monday Wull was on his way to market when at Oathlaw crossroads Eckie came out, never stopping, and crashed into the side of Wull's car. The usual hullabaloo followed with Wull saying to Eckie *"Man, Eckie, is this the first time you have stopped since I gave you a push-start last Friday!"*

When I was 14 years old we used to go to whist-drives and dances, sometimes at Glenogil, Lethnot, Fern, Tannadice and elsewhere. We young lads were often asked up to dance by the married women when they did not have a partner. We could not always do the dance and the ladies passed us from one to the other just like a bag of sweeties. We learned very quickly to dance!

I met my future wife, Isobel, in 1966, when she was cook to Mrs Naylor of Glen Ogil House. Isobel and I got married in 1969 in Fordoun Parish Church, Auchenblae, where Isobel's parents farmed at Bankhead. Our first home was in Douf Cottage and in 1975 we moved to nearby Smithy Cottage, where my parents had lived until their retirement. My father kept a tidy garden, and when I was a boy I helped him, or not! Now that I had a garden of my own, my father's teaching came in handy.

My time up the Glen was great. I loved the hills and the wildlife. I did not know until we arrived in the Glen that my grandfather had lived there in the 1920s and that my father attended Denside School. I remember he said that Miss Prophet had been his teacher. Now living at Murthill Mains, with Isobel, I have so many happy memories of my life in Glenogil. Isobel has more time to play the piano and I continue to enjoy my garden.

A Memorable School Outing

One Friday evening in the summer of 1951, four pupils from Denside School, Ella and Billy Guthrie, Denis Milne and I, Beth Gordon along with the teacher Miss Volume, set out from Forfar Station on the long journey to London to visit the Festival of Britain. Pupils from all over Angus were there.

The train had Pullman coaches and because of constant excited chattering we didn't sleep much on the way south. Our group behaved well.

On Saturday morning we had a cooked breakfast at one of the many Lyons' Corner Houses, now no longer in existence. Then we took a short sightseeing tour of part of London, walking in crocodile fashion along the streets.

In the afternoon we had a sail on the Thames to Hampton Court Palace, passing on the way a house with a red painted door where the actress Anna Neagle lived. At Hampton Court gardens we visited the famous maze. None of the pupils got lost! I remember the ponds with the water-lilies.

Our 'hotel' for the Saturday was a deep shelter under Clapham Railway Station. Such shelters were used during air-raids in the Second World War and could each hold thousands of people. Accommodation was very basic. The girls and female teachers slept in bunk beds in one long dormitory while the boys and male teachers were in another. There was a communal washing room for the females and another for the males. Although to begin with we heard the trains constantly rattling past above us, we were so tired we slept soundly.

On Sunday we went by underground to the Festival. On the way there a large group of pupils from Brechin did get lost for a while. Their leader was a student teacher who, being more familiar with the London underground system than some of the other teachers from Brechin, instructed her group to spread out along the platform and board the train at the nearest door, then all join together when they reached their destination. But only she and two others arrived. Having waited for the next couple of trains she had to ask the underground staff to help. Eventually, about one and a half-hours later the pupils turned up, attached to another group. They had been stopped from boarding by the teacher in charge of the second group who had not realised they were not hers, and, of course it was a long time before this enlarged group could all get into the same carriage. As the lady was one of their own teachers they had to do as she instructed.



Denside School 1950/51

Back: Leslie Mason, ? Smith, Charlotte Nicol, Rosemary Murray, Ella Guthrie, Betty Crabb, Mabel Comrie, Beth Gordon, David Murray

Middle: ? Stott, Angus Milne, Ronald Forbes, ? Noble, ? Noble, Madge Guthrie, ?, ? Noble, Janet Guthrie, Bill Stott

Front: Moira Middleton, Margaret Mason, Alexander Lyall, Joyce Gordon, Ron Guthrie, Billy Black, Ruth Ferguson, Miss Jeffrey, Miss Volume, ?, James Comrie, ?, George Watson, Helen Grimm, David Binnie

At the Festival we saw the famous 'Skylon' *(the Skylon was an 88 metre high 'spaceship-like spearhead' in aluminium and steel on the South Bank during the Festival of Britain, but was cut into pieces and turned into ashtrays after the festival)*. Other more adventurous pupils went to the Battersea Fun Park, which was also built at this time. On Sunday evening we took the train home again and in the morning were able to get off at the small stations of Justinhaugh, Tannadice or Careston, whichever was nearest to our homes. Our teacher later told us she was so exhausted that she fell asleep on the bench at Careston Station. These small branch lines and stations were later closed by the Beeching Act.

The whole weekend trip including train fare, meals and accommodation cost £5, which was quite a financial sacrifice, at least for farm workers at that time.

Frank Leighton, Mochrie, Glenogil

In the last hundred years, on my mother's side of the family, my great-grandfather Hugh Edward was shepherd at the Mochrie in Glenogil for thirty three years before he retired to Scalleywell Cottage in Glenquiech. My mother, Mary Edward Leighton, has told me of the many miles that her mother Margaret Ann Edward had to walk to school at Denside in all weathers.



Left to right: Hugh Edward, Margaret Ann Edward, Mary Ann Douglas, Bessie Douglas

I first saw the Mochrie from the hills on the Afflochie side while we, as grouse beaters, were lining out for a drive, and Chic Milne, the gamekeeper for Glen Prosen, who had the shooting there that year, pointed out to me that it was in that house that my Great-grandfather had lived for so long. The only descendant in this parish is Mary Stewart (née Edward) who lives at Memus.

Mary has her Grandfather's certificate from the Scottish Agricultural Society for Long Service for his time at the Mochrie. She used to have it framed hanging on the wall above the fireplace. As far as long walks to school went, Mary herself knew all about that, for she had to walk to school at Fern, from Trusto, Afflochie where her father Jock was shepherd to Jock Farquharson.

Clem Ferguson told me that when she was young, old Hugh Edward used to help her father with the clippings at Midtown. Of course Clem herself was later to live as a shepherd's wife at the Mochrie.

Easter Ogil Farm - Where I Live by William Adam, then aged ten

Easter Ogil, where I live, is a marginal hill farm, growing beef and cereals. There are calving cows and their calves are sold at about eight months to a year old, for somebody else to fatten into beef cattle.



William Adam in front of his house

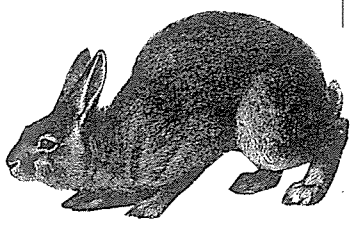
The cereals grown are barley for malting and wheat for making flour and McVities biscuits in Edinburgh. Oil seed rape for making oil and protein peas for making cattle feed are also grown. Silage, hay and potatoes are the other crops grown.

The farm is bordered by the Noran Water, which flows into the river South Esk at Careston. On the river Noran, at the top end of the farm, are the falls of Drumleyharry, but we don't know how they got this name. The farm is very old and built in two parts, dated 1780 and 1836. The farmhouse was built in three parts; the old bit in 1844, the next in 1864 and the tower was added in 1881.

In 1570 Mr Ogilvy, farmer of Easter Ogil was murdered by James Fenton, farmer at Barnyards, Tannadice. When Fenton was caught, he was hung, drawn and quartered for his crime. Another Mr Ogilvy of Easter Ogil fought for Bonnie Prince Charlie at Culloden in 1745. He was found dead on the battlefield with his sword clutched so tight that they cut off his hand to take his sword home to Easter Ogil. The present farmer has tried to trace this sword, but the trail ran out in Edinburgh.

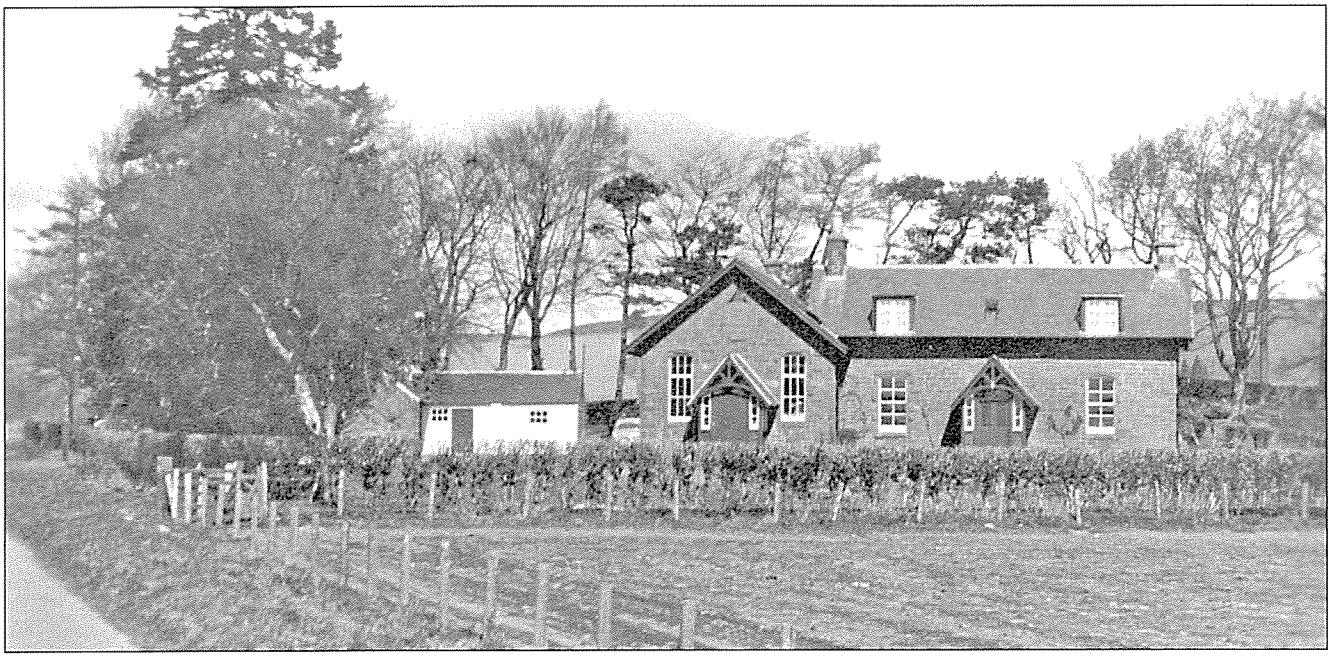
My house was the Blacksmith's about a hundred years ago. It was handy for shoeing horses and mending all the implements.

Down the road a bit is an old meal mill, which is a ruin now but the grinding wheels are still there.



Denside School 1866 - 1981 by Mrs Linda Dinnie

Before 1866 there was a school in the farmhouse at Mains of Ogil. However, the need arose for a school for Girls Only to be built in Glenogil. The two Miss Haigs (relatives of the Earl Haig of Bemersyde) agreed to gift the school and schoolhouse if a suitable site could be found and also to provide the linen and furniture for the schoolhouse.



Denside School, Glenogil

Eventually the ground was gifted by Thomas Wedderburn Ogilvy of Ruthven under a feu charter in 1866 - the feu being *"One penny annually to be paid if asked."* First of all the school was called Denside Undenominational Female School, then changed to Denside Female School and finally in 1875 to Denside Public School - although on the plans it is still shown as Denside of Ogil School.

Miss Margaret Low was the first teacher appointed in 1866, followed by Miss Harriet Crawford in 1874, what happened next we do not know but a Mr H Law was appointed later in 1874 and remained until Miss Annie Smith took over in 1878.

In 1888 Mr and Mrs Cumming from the Mains of Ogil School were appointed to Denside and so the two schools were amalgamated with both boys and girls from 5 years old to 14. More help was needed, so in turn 4 members of the Cumming's family became either a pupil teacher or a monitor. The partition was erected in the classroom in 1891 'for the pupil teacher and sewing mistress', thereby making a small separate classroom. Unfortunately no sewing machine was forthcoming until 1906.

Parents paid for the education of their children but in 1889 under a Local Government Act 'All Infant and classes I-VI were relieved of the payment of fees'- a great help with low wages and often large families.

With the death of Mr Cumming in 1910, Mr Edward Harley became the Dominie and his assistant Miss Annie Prophet succeeded him as Head Teacher on his retiral in 1915.

Conditions were very harsh in those days for both pupils and staff. The long severe winters with heavy snowfalls made trudging to school very difficult and caused the closure of the school for days on end. Farm workers were taken on or dismissed at the Term - the end of May or end of November when pupils aged between 5 and 14 could be moved at any stage of their educational development. Then at harvest time, tattie picking and

during the shooting season the older pupils were required to work. In the 1920's and 30's the school holidays were changed to the beginning of August to coincide with the start of the grouse season in an effort to reduce absenteeism.

As well as the three Rs - reading, writing and arithmetic, religion played a major part in Education. Every month, the minister from Memus would come to the school to take the morning assembly and also to examine the pupils on their knowledge of the Bible. One of the ministers was the Rev. Mr Craig, whose daughter, Elizabeth, came with him to play the piano (which had been purchased in 1904). Mr Craig was the last Trustee of Denside School and up to the time of his death in 1942 collected a rent of one shilling per annum from the School Board and later the Education Authority. The Memus ministers were always made most welcome right up to the closure of the school.

The School Inspector paid an annual visit during the early years and it depended on his report how much grant was sanctioned. If he inspected on a Saturday, then Monday would be declared a holiday. How times have changed.

Most pupils stayed at school all day, so in 1921 Miss Prophet organised a Soup Kitchen which ran from December to March each year. Four rabbits and firewood were given each week by Lord Forres, while potatoes and turnips were supplied by local farmers, Mr Arbuckle (Derachie), Mr Ramsay (Mains of Ogil), Mr Stewart (Soutra) and Mr Anderson (Glenley). Between 2,000 and 3,000 dinners were supplied at three pence (3d) each, every winter.

1922 saw the first regular visits of the School Doctor, Nurse and Dentist - the Dentist returning the following week 'to extract teeth in the necessary cases'. Prior to this, the Medical Officer of Health closed the school when cases of scarlet fever, measles, whooping cough, influenza and impetigo were notified.

A great step forward occurred in 1924 when a water supply was put in, and even a wireless apparatus was fitted up the same year for radio lessons.

When Miss Helen Thomson became Head Teacher in 1934, a change came over the school. For the first time there was a School Outing, when sixty pupils and parents went on a picnic to Carnoustie. Later that year there was the first Christmas party. Around Easter, an Egg Collection resulted in forty-six dozen eggs being gifted to Dundee Royal Infirmary and this annual collection continued until the outbreak of the war.

Royal events were celebrated including the party in the Derachie field for the Silver Jubilee of H.M. King George V. When His Majesty died, the pupils listened intently to the funeral service broadcast on the wireless.

Everyone enjoyed the Coronation preparations for H.M. King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. The pupils received Coronation mugs, books and sweets and had a great day on 12 May 1937 at Tannadyce House - sports, a concert, dance and fireworks with tea at 4pm and 7pm followed by three days of holiday.

Back in 1936 a part of the schoolhouse garden was given over to be a grass playground and a year later the fence was erected.

By 1939 there was talk of war. The school closed at the end of August to prepare for evacuees from Dundee. Fifteen arrived instead of the expected fifty and were billeted in Glenogil. Nine evacuees attended the school, but soon returned home. The Home Guard met regularly in the School for training in case there was an invasion.

Miss Thomson retired in 1941 and was succeeded by Miss Marion Jeffrey.

School dinners now came daily from Forfar, but a supply of Emergency Rations was kept each winter in case of inclement weather. One such year was 1947 - a severe snowstorm brought everything to a standstill for the month of March. Fifteen feet high drifts blocked the crossroads and the drifts at the school gates were seven feet high so the school was closed for the whole of March.

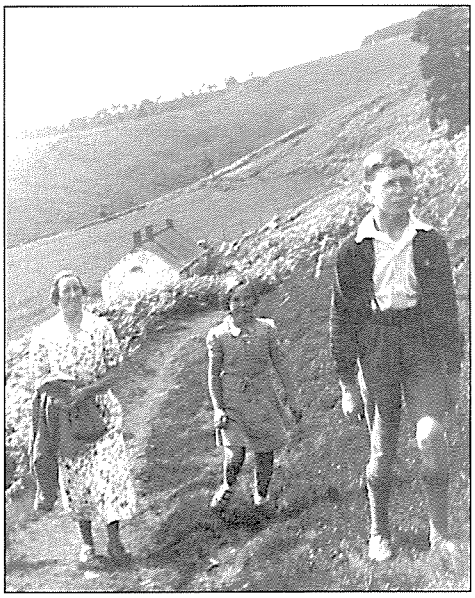
Fortunately food and cattle feed were air-dropped to farms and institutions, so Miss Jeffrey was taken provisions by Miss Doig who struggled through and over deep snow from Noranside to Denside. This air-borne aid was known as Operation Snowdrop, when surplus cattle fodder was collected from farms in England which included some given by my father and grandfather.



Denside School 1968

Jean Anderson (née Gowers)

In 1935 the family moved from England to Auchnacree when Jean was seven years old. Grandfather, Frank Rae was the farm grieve at Auchnacree and Jean lived in the house there with her mother and grandparents.



Auntie Dolly, Reg and me.
Leytack - where Granny Rae stayed

Her father had died earlier at twenty-nine years of age. She attended Fern School for three years. There were no other children near except Janet Small who was her best friend and who now lives in Friockheim. She walked over the hill three miles to school and sometimes she had the luxury of riding to school on the big Clydesdale with the slidey back, while on its way to be shod in Fern smiddy. Once on coming past the wood on the way up the hill, she zoomed right off its back and bounced on the heather! Her uncle looked like a ghost because he thought she had been killed. A story like that remains a highlight of your life. In winter when the snow came, sometimes she would have to stay for a month at home, for there was no other transport bar Shank's pony.

When her grandfather retired from Auchnacree they moved to Douf Cottage, Easter Ogil, but he still kept an eye on the cattle in the parks. Jean, now aged ten, moved to Denside School, where Miss H.B.K. Thomson was head teacher. School dinners were made in the school kitchens by Annie Doig - a favourite being rabbit soup. Douglas Anderson who is now her brother-in-law was in the same class at Denside School as was Johnny

Ramsay. Once a year the children were taken for a day trip to Montrose beach. They were given milk or lemonade and a brown paper bag containing goodies. After passing her Bursary exam, she went off to Brechin High School, which she detested. Jimmy Bean's bus picked her up at the Glenogil crossroads. If she missed the bus she just went home, as there wasn't another bus until late afternoon. Andrew Watt was general merchant and petrol pump attendant at Glenogil crossroads.

Her mother was a professional cook at Glenogil House with Lord Forres.

During the war Jean's husband was in the Home Guard. War didn't worry them unduly because they had plenty of chickens, eggs and vegetables to eat, not the shortages which the townsfolk suffered.

Both Douglas Anderson and Jean's husband William came from Glen Prosen to work at Milton of Ogil.

The Rae family lived at Leytack and had to walk to Fern School from there. Two trees grew in the middle of the hill on the way to Fern, this was half way - and these two trees are still there.

Mr and Mrs Jim Gove

Mr and Mrs Jim Gove live in Montrose where we went to interview them. They are both in their nineties and had many lovely stories to tell.

Mrs Gove was in the WAAF being stationed at Leuchars, Brize Norton and Orkney where she and Jim were married.



Mrs Gove in WAAF



Mr Gove in uniform

Jim left school at fourteen and got his first job after attending a feeing market in Edzell. At nineteen he joined the Royal Scots regiment and served in Palestine, Egypt, France and Belgium. At Dunkirk he



Noran Cottage - home to the Gove family

blew up his truck carrying food rations and climbed into a small boat which took him safely back to Britain. As he says he was one of the lucky ones as so many were not so fortunate. Then in India he qualified as a parachutist and served as a Sgt Major with the Chindits in Burma where he received a bayonet wound in his leg from a Japanese soldier.

Jim eventually joined the police force before becoming ill with TB and landing up at Noranside sanatorium. He remembers the good food and the excellent care given to him. While recovering Jim went for long walks in the hills, breathing in the lovely fresh air. On leaving hospital Jim got a job looking after the Arbroath Water Works in Glenogil. Dr. Birnie, who had cared for Jim when he was in hospital, told him that he could not have gone to a better place to live than Glenogil even if he had gone to Switzerland where, like the glen, the air was pure and fresh.

Jim kept the Arbroath Water Works in good order, making a daily journey to the loch to keep the water supply clean, the railings painted and everything in ship-shape fashion. In wintertime he had to go up to the loch to break the ice. He would only cross the frozen loch after the deer had made the journey safely. Jim had to go to work no matter the weather, climbing down ladders to check that the valves and everything else was in working order. During the night he sheltered in a small hut with a fire to keep out the winter chill. He went back to his home in the morning and after a sleep returned to his work at the loch. Jim took a great pride in his work. Working on his own anything could have happened to him. He used chlorine gas to kill the germs in the water, and sometimes the fumes would escape - not very pleasant.

It wasn't all work and no play however as there was always something going on in the glen. In 1950 when Mr and Mrs Gove came to live in Glenogil they stayed in a lovely two storied stone built house with a nice big garden. Mrs Gove had grown up in England so it was a big change for her in so many ways. She had to get used to being without electricity, but Jim was on hand to attend to the tilley lamps which were then used for lighting. Goods were delivered to the door by a grocery van from Kirriemuir on a Monday. Jean, who drove the chemist van, came on Friday, selling soaps, creams, cotton wool etc. Mrs Gove always gave Jean her lunch, such was the glen hospitality. George, from Aberdeen, brought a van full of ice and all kinds of fish. A draper's van from Forfar sold a variety of clothing and a butcher also delivered around the glen. In winter time when roads were blocked, goods were left at the Gove house and collected later. During this time many deer came down to feed on the farmers' turnips.

Mr and Mrs Gove have two daughters, Fiona and Moira, both caesarean births and this meant going to Dundee Infirmary. When they were school age they went to Denside. The teachers at that time were Miss Mortimer, and then Mr and Mrs Brown followed by Mr and Mrs Dinnie. The girls enjoyed their time at Denside School and liked their teachers. During the school holidays they went potato gathering and berry picking as well as the beating and potato planting. Fiona recalls going to Denside to Sunday school and later to Memus where Margaret Arbuckle was their teacher. There were Brownies run by Joy Wilson and Elizabeth Petrie and Guides, where Betty Stewart was the leader. All this happened in the Sixties when Noranside Sanatorium had changed to a Borstal for boys, who sometimes escaped, and this made it a worry for the girls when walking the two miles back home. Fiona and Moira also had great fun going swimming with Mr and Mrs Dinnie to Forfar Baths and of course their walks with Mum in the lovely countryside and paddling in the Noran water. Growing up in the glen there was never a dull moment

Mrs Gove kept hens, and varied their diet with boiled potato skins. She also gave the hens a spoonful of

brandy to help them through the winter months! The family kept a pet turkey which liked to peck at the window - maybe it had heard about the brandy!

Many memories remain with the Gove family of the time they lived in Glenogil. Jim remembers going to Justinhaugh on his bike to Mary Ferrier's pub, it always seemed to be harder coming home! Mrs Gove loved her life in the glen. There were dances in Glenogil hall, beetle drives, clubs for men and women, rainbow and basket whists, where the hostess had to provide food for their own table. When the dancing began slipperine was sprinkled on the floor to make the dancing easier. They all enjoyed the music provided by Johnny Ramsay and his band. Fiona remembers the dance called the Lancers when the ladies were swung off their feet with their legs in the air! Lord Inchcape built the hall when the loft where they held dances became dangerous due to rotting floorboards. The girls remember Watt's shoppie at the Glenogil crossroads where they bought Duncan's candies and McCowan's toffee bars, oh so good. Besides the shop Mr Watt also did the school bus run. Mrs Gove cooked for Mrs Naylor at Easter Ogil and sometimes baby-sat the Farquharson boys at Afflochie farm.

The young people knew that one day they might have to leave the glen to find work. Fiona's first job was with Mrs Brinton at Fern Manse looking after the children before qualifying as a nursery nurse at Ravelrig and working in Edinburgh. Moira trained as a State Registered nurse and has nursed in many places abroad. She is presently a Macmillan nurse in Hull.

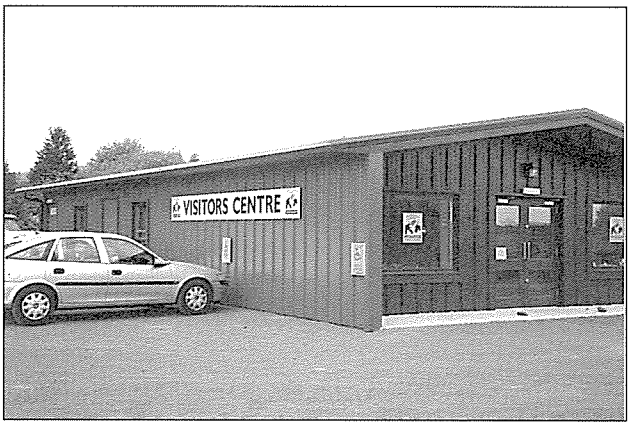
Now many years later the family look back on the happy days spent in lovely Glenogil. Fiona feels that the ways of the glen have changed but she likes to remember the great community spirit that it had.

They will never forget their Mum and Dad who gave them such a good start in life.

Mountains Animal Sanctuary, near Forfar

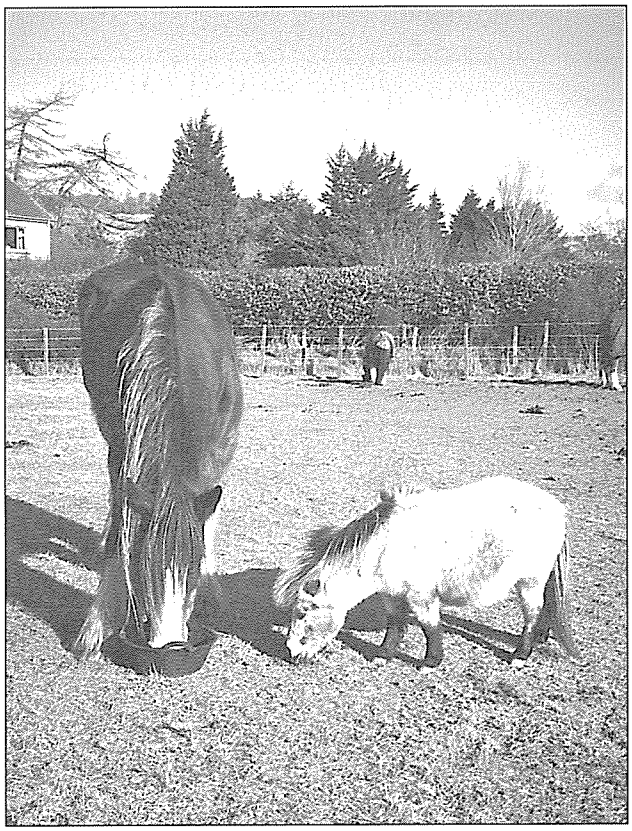
The Sanctuary was founded in May 1982 and registered as a Charity in 1984, by Alan Fraser in Tonbridge, Kent, relocating to present address in Scotland in June 1991.

Its sole charitable activity is equine welfare. The purpose of the Sanctuary is to provide a haven, with food, shelter and medical treatment for equines that have been rescued from cruelty or neglect. The Sanctuary also provides a home and cares for equines that require essential medical treatment, which would otherwise not be available to them. The aim of the Sanctuary is to aid and achieve the physical and mental recovery of the animals, with priority given to improving the quality of life of the animals. After rehabilitation, a small number of equines are placed in nearby, monitored, loan homes.



Mountains Animal Sancturary

From the very beginning, Mountains has had a good working relationship with the Blue Cross and has been home to 25 Blue Cross equines, with 'Bobby' (donkey) being the first to arrive in 1982. At the present moment, Mountains cares for seven Blue Cross equines.



'Heidi' the Clydesdale horse with 'Secret' a Falabella (meaning a miniature horse) enjoying the loving care of the staff at the Mountains Animal Sanctuary.

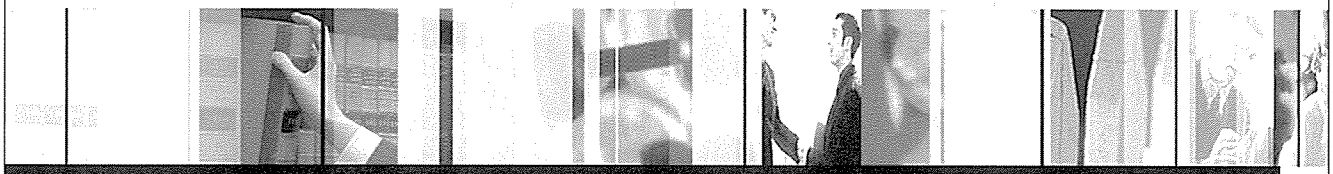
The Sanctuary is the largest equine charity in Scotland, covers 260 acres and the dedicated staff team care for 1456 horses, ponies and donkeys. Facilities at the Sanctuary include a purpose built hospital, which can provide indoor stabling for twenty-five equines and addtional four stables in the C.O.P.D. Unit. An isolation unit, veterinary operating and treatment room, indoor schooling area and associated yard facilities are also provided. A new visitor centre, opened in 2004, assists with fundraising and provides an essential educational facility.

The Sanctuary is open daily from 2-4.30pm during British Summer Time. For further opening times contact the Sanctuary.

Mountains Animal Sanctuary for rescued horses, ponies and donkeys is a Registered Charity.

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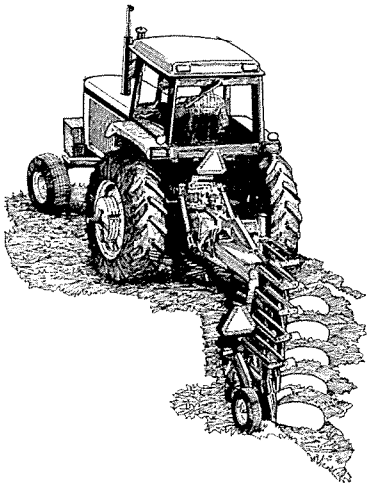
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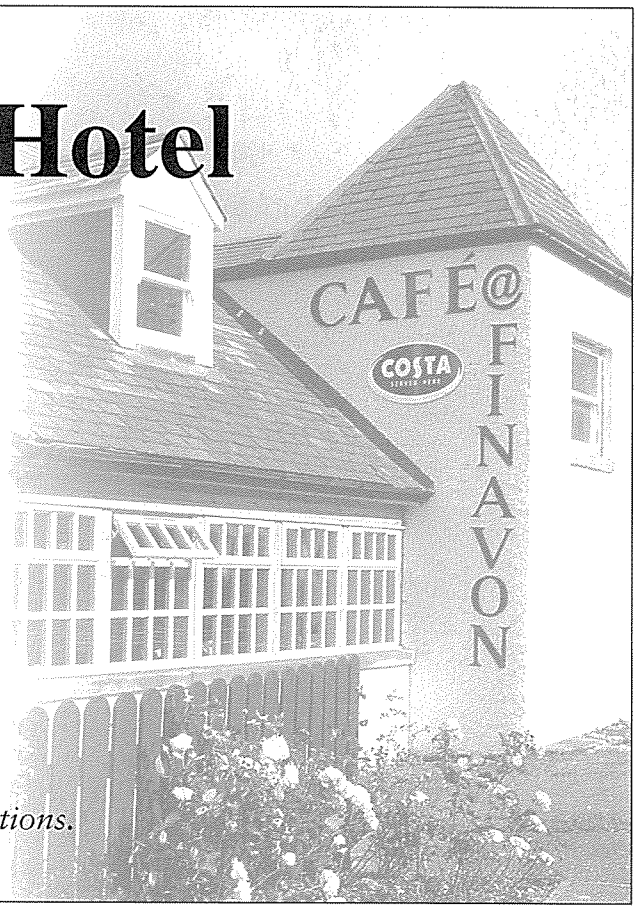
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Norma's Homemade

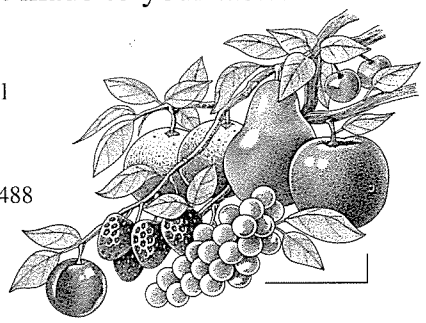
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The Tannadice Group



Back Left to Right:
Linda Chisnall, David Monteith, Kathleen Shepherd, Fiona Darling, Jean Wilkie, Dorothy Gow, David Beattie, Biddy Wilkie and Lorna Bruce

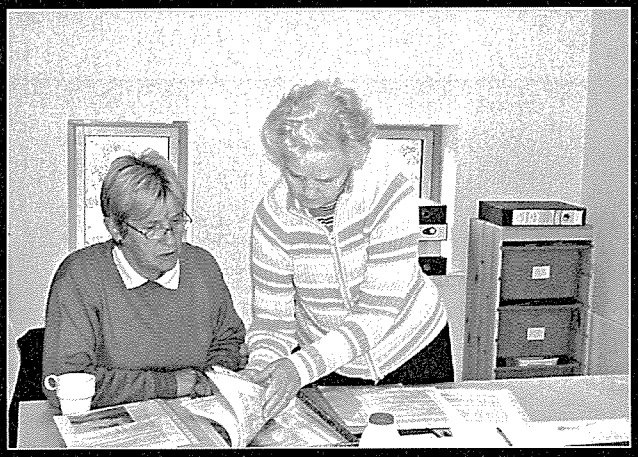
Front Seated Left to Right:
Ethel Innes, Isla Monteith and Mabel Galloway

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
An' foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion!

Robert Burns

The Making of Tannadice and Beyond

A look at the people who were involved in bringing this book together.



Dorothy Gow and Isla Monteith
"I'm sure I saw it here"



Lorna Bruce and Linda Chisnall
"A learning process"



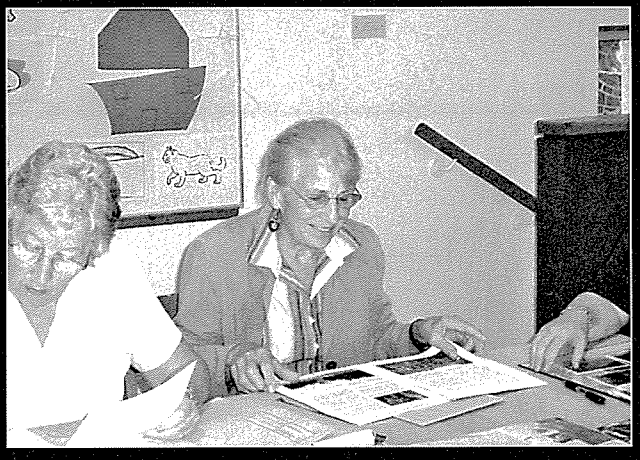
Fiona Darling with David Monteith and Ethel Innes
"Making a point"



David Beattie and David Monteith
"The Two Davids"



Biddy Wilkie and Ethel Innes
"Are you sure this is right"



Mabel Galloway
"Happy with the draft sample"

Now it is agreed that there is endless merit in knowing when to stop.



Kathleen Shepherd
"I'll find out"



Isla Monteith keeping the troops in order



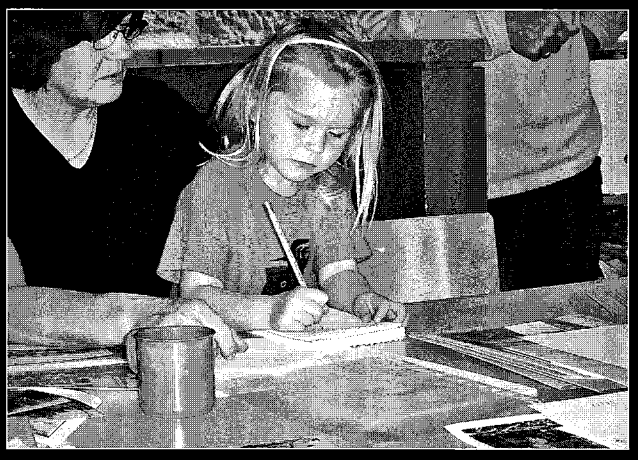
Jean Wilkie and David Monteith
"Look at that Jean"



Isla Monteith with Ethel Innes and Jean Wilkie
"Well?"



All at work



Anne Murrie keeping notes

Acknowledgements

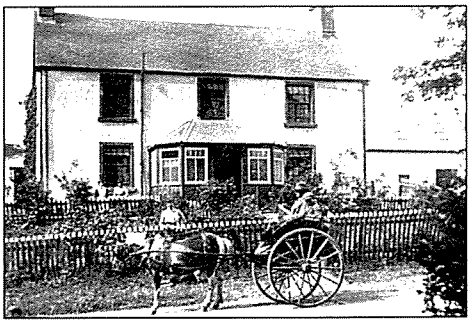
About two years ago a group of people took on a project to produce a book which as it turned out was to provide a challenge much greater than any of them imagined. Through their hard work and dedication they have survived the sleepless nights and stress of co-ordinating the material and making many difficult editorial decisions in preparing the book for the printers. Now the end is in sight the group agree that it has been a very enjoyable learning process, which is still ongoing.

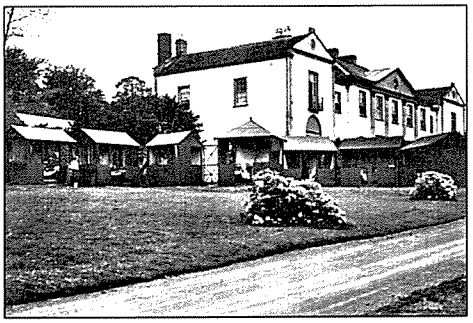
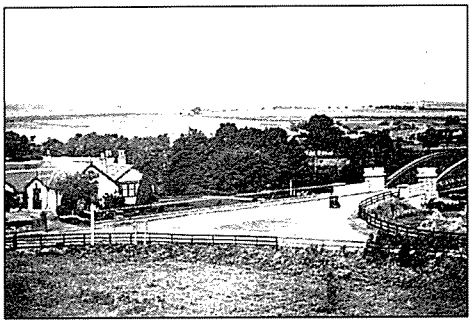
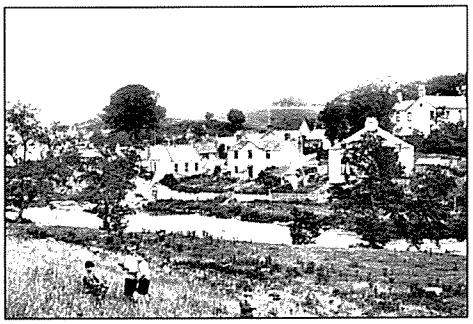
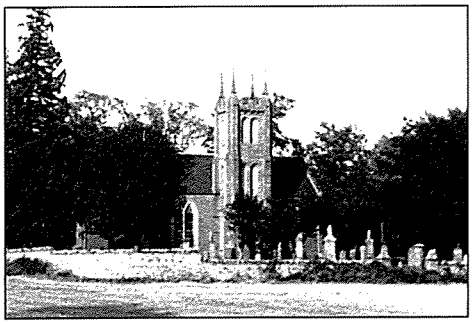
Very special thanks must go to all the people near and far, young and old, for without their interest, recorded memories, and photographs this exciting process to produce a book would not have been possible.

A thank you to the people who sponsored this project through donations and to our proof readers, an important task well done; to Ian Taylor, Angus Council Print and Design Unit and especially to Sharrie Reid, Graphic Designer for her hard work, expertise and guidance to produce a beautiful book using new techniques.

Congratulations to the group. You should be very proud of **Tannadice and Beyond**, an excellent publication capturing the last 100 years, written by the people for the people. I wish the group every success and look forward to their next publication!

Kathleen Shepherd
Community Education Worker (Forfar)



Take a wonderful journey through the years showing how people lived in our local area of Tannadice and Beyond.

We hope to some it will bring back memories and give the younger generation an insight into what it used to be like before they were born.