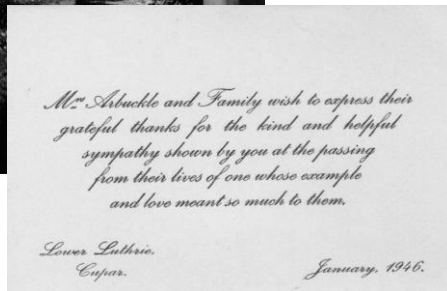


DOWN THE BAY



When Aunt Jeana moved to Lynedoch in 1947 with her two sisters and Grandma, we as boys looked forward to the annual trip (8 miles). That was before the days of Health & Safety, sitting on top of the load, one half full of dung, the other half of logs. The trailer parked outside the back gate at Lynedoch and we helped the tractorman to barrow the dung to the back garden and the logs to the log shed.

Willie



Not long after Mum and Dad got married (1945) and moved to Lundie Castle, Aunt Jeana and some of her friends used to cycle over from Lynedoch, getting the ferry and then travelling the 7 miles out from town to visit. I remember a photo of one of these visits.

Angus



Trips along to Bay Road were often marked by walks down to Wormit Bay where we would try to crawl up the concrete ramps leading from the shore. There was one part of the beach which we reckoned was best for skimming stones - but that was maybe just a figment of our minds.

What was not a figment of my memories was one occasion when Aunt Jeana and my brothers walked along to the White House. On the way back we found the tide had come in, leaving us to scramble up the banking.

Andrew

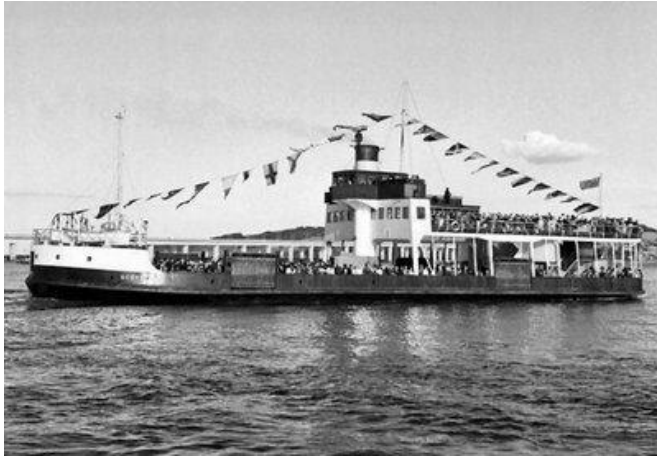


At Lymedoch, when Dad and Mum got fed up with us, Aunt Jeana took us out for walks, usually along the beach, running up and down the sloping wall supports. We were along the cliff path the night of the Wormit train crash and I remember the smoke billowing up from the engine, as we rushed back to find out what had happened.



I often stayed at Wormit for my holidays and I was allowed to go up to the station to meet Aunt Jeana from the train at lunchtime or teatime. During the day I would cycle up and down Bay Road on my tricycle and write down house numbers, and at night Aunt Jeana would tell me who lived at all the houses.

Gina



When we were young and had travelled across to Lynedoch on the ferry to see Grandma Arbuckle, it was Aunt Jeana who kept everyone's spirits up, as we played and had tea in the upstairs lounge overlooking Wormit Bay.

Jim

I do remember bits and pieces about our visits to Lynedoch as young children. Having sailed across the Tay on the 'Fifie' ferry, Grandma would gather us all round and we would play party games, particularly at New Year. I seem to remember Aunt Jeana and her sisters were all very much part of that. My brother Jim and Aunt Beth used to fight like a couple of cats, but no-one ever fought with Aunt Jeana - she was always lots of fun. They were dedicated to their mother in those days, and worked hard.

John (Lundie)

One trip to Lynedoch was to see the Coronation in 1953. A small black and white television sat in the corner of the room and we -the children- were asked to keep quiet for what seemed like hours as the crowning of the Queen took place. Then compensation came with lots of cakes for tea.

Andrew

Watching the trains go over the bridge and watching a football match taking place on a sandbank.

Margaret B

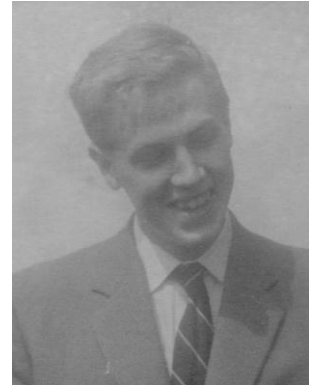




When Grandma became less able we would meet at Lynedoch on a Sunday night, often with the Lower Luthrie and Lundie Castle families (sorry, Edinburgh cousins—you were either too small or too far away) watching "What's my Line?" with Aunt Jay, Aunt Jeana and Grandma. While visiting Aunt Jay in her later years, I would often look into

the lounge/drawing room and tell Mags that there were times when there were 6+5+7+3 of us in that room, and that included Grandma lying on a chaise longue and Ian from Luthrie who liked bouncing on the furniture much to his aunts' annoyance (although they never said so).

Willie



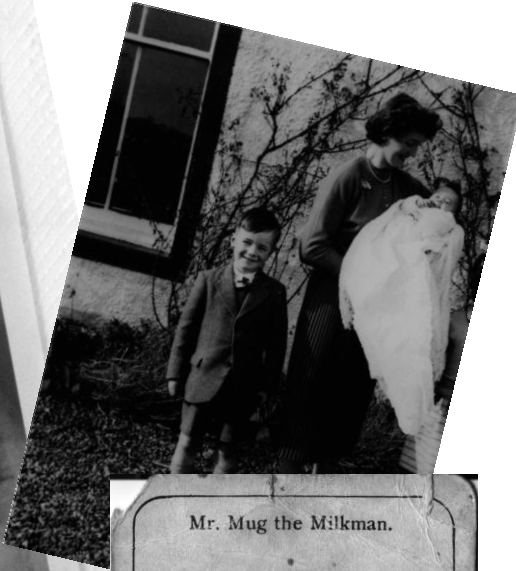
After Grandma became bed bound, Aunt Jeana and Aunt Jay would take turn about of sharing the lunch break by coming back over the Tay Bridge by train to look after Grandma along with Daisy Martin. Aunt Jeana reminded us recently of one morning when she and Aunt Jay were running for the train, when Aunt Jay discovered she had left her false teeth at Lynedoch. Aunt Jeana had run on and got the Stationmaster to hold up the train until Jay arrived Aunt Jay was told by one of her fellow travellers, "Well, Jay, you just caught this train by the skin of your teeth". Little did he know how near the truth his words had been!

Gina



We loved the Sunday journey on the 'Fifie', a regular half-hourly service - always great excitement driving onto the ferry boat from the pier, at what's now Discovery Quay. We arrived at Wormit and headed upstairs to see Grandma Arbuckle, with her plaited hair, lying in bed; and up more stairs to the front room, where some of the rest of the family would join ours. The Logie family were too big to play with in the way that small boys would generally play, but 'The Minister's Cat' was a game that we all enjoyed, and the letter 'L' was a favourite (would it be a 'Lundie', 'Logie' or 'Luthrie' cat?).

Peter





Grandma sitting in bed with her long pigtails. There were no hugs, just a warm handshake. Walking along Bay Road to the bridge - my brothers and I shouting to get the echo. We enjoyed skimming stones, watching for seals on the sandbank and having tea upstairs, with baking and fancy cakes with the best crockery.

Annette



Aunt Jeana's my godmother, but none of my early memories of her are serious. Christmas, with her in the back garden ringing Grandma's little bell, trying to convince me that Santa was on his way and I should get to sleep double quick (I still believed in him for years after I should because of that!!) - *Wind in the Willows*, with her as Ratty, Aunt Jay as Mole and me as the "Wee Toad" (that took a bit of living down!) - Aunt Jeana dressed all in white for a game of tennis at the club back along Bay Road.



Grandma had her stroke the year before I was born, so nearly all my memories of her are of an old lady in bed - although I remember one occasion when she spent a little time in a tented swing-chair-thing in the back garden. Aunt Jeana always made sure Grandma's room was filled with laughter - watching *The White Heather Club*, Dad somehow managing to erect my first tent, by attaching the ropes to the bedposts, 'Aunt' Daisy's tales of "Wallace the Lion" and singing *Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do* (it's the only music I remember from Aunt Jeana & Uncle Bob's wedding reception) - and black grapes, which we never had at home.

Jean

Grandma Arbuckle died when Willie and I were on holiday with Andrew Logan, Jimmy Braid, Bob Niven and Stan Bayne in Nice - if you please. Mr. Logan came to Glasgow Airport to collect us with ties to put on to go direct to the funeral. There was a dance at night in the Seaforth Hotel, Arbroath - I think it was Pat and Maggie Laird's wedding dance and we were quite keen to go. Dad didn't think we should but Mum was on our side and if Aunt Jeana expressed a view it would certainly be for going.

John (Logie)



John and I were on holiday with another four boys in July 1962 and when we arrived back at Glasgow Airport, James Logan (Margaret's father) was there to meet us. He told us that Grandma had died while we were away and that the burial service had been delayed until John and I returned. This duly happened at the family grave in Cupar Cemetery. We retired afterwards to Lynedoch for the customary "tea and buns". While at Lynedoch, John and I happened just to let our father know that there was a wedding dance in Arbroath that we had both been asked to. What we did not tell him was that both our girlfriends were to be there too. Father did not think it

was appropriate that we leave our Grandmother's funeral to go to a wedding/ wedding dance and told us both so. However Aunt Jeana heard this and I distinctly remember her words, "Remember, John, you were young once". He had no argument to that and we were allowed to go. It so happened that both these girls became our wives 3 and 3½ years later, so Aunt Jeana's intervention probably saved the course of history.

Willie