

HAME AT LAST



I tend to put two names together - Aunt Jay and Aunt Jeana. The first time I think I met Aunt Jeana was about April 1979. I was a student in Edinburgh and in love with Anne (I should add I still am!). I was going to travel north to Edinburgh on my motorbike. It had been snowing but the forecast was for it to ease. I had prepared the bike with polythene

bags over the controls to keep my hands dry. I had wrapped myself up in many layers of clothes.

I called at Corstorphine Hill Crescent to see Anne before I went off and who was there but Aunt Jay and Aunt Jeana. For some reason Alistair and Dinah were elsewhere. Well, I was told by the aunts, there was no way I was going north on the motor bike on a day like this. I said I certainly was and I believe I am very good at sticking to my decisions. However, before I knew it, I found myself very quickly in a car, dropped off at Perth station and looking out of the train window at a clear and drying road. I wondered - how did this happen?

The Arbuckle ladies are very determined. I know. I've married a lady from this family.

Hugh



Another family occasion was held at Lower Luthrie to celebrate Ian's parents' Ruby Wedding. We had a great turn out of all the aunties and uncles for lunch and provided waitress service - in other words Margaret, Sheila and I had our pinnies on! At the time we decided to provide tables and chairs for everyone, since we thought it would be easier for what we considered to be "the older generation".

Now that we are about that stage ourselves, we would feel aggrieved if our family felt that we couldn't balance a plate of food on our knees! I'd better not ask them, in case they reply in the affirmative!!

Grace



Uncle Bob would always insist that I have a dram. My wife teases me to this day that when I started drinking whisky (and it was with lemonade) my nose would not stop twitching until I had finished. It is more than sheer coincidence that many years later that we were visiting Aunt Jeana (now on her own) with all our family and quite a few grandchildren, Aunt Jeana asked Tim what he would like to drink. The answer was "A beer, thanks". Now, Aunt Jeana doesn't do beers, so she offered Tim a whisky. We saw him looking round for a plant and, having no luck, decided the best plan was to knock it back quickly. He had no sooner done this when she insisted that he have a second one!

Willie



In July 2011, we returned to Scotland and once again visited Aunt Jeana and of course couldn't visit without having a "wee dram" (not so wee however)

Tom

As a family, probably about 20 years ago, we remember Uncle Bob and Aunt Jeana's kind hospitality when we were invited to Newport to watch the fireworks display on the Tay Rail Bridge. It was magnificent - we were all amazed by the fireworks and the whole evening left a lasting impression on us all, especially the children who had never seen such a display. The "Ooo's" and "Ahh's" were resounding! Uncle Bob and Aunt Jeana made us all so welcome and made sure adults and children never had an empty glass!

Grace



At another time Aunt Jeana and Aunt Jay came to stay with us. I had just bought a very cheap and very second hand Volvo 144 which I was incredibly proud of. Anne and I took the two of them for a run in it up to Ardross and we had to pass through Shilling Hill in Alness. Well I was shocked! Some of our local worthies had put a line with black paint or black tape across the two letter 'l's in Shilling Hill. This polite, sweet lady in the back of the car chuckled for the whole journey about the place name she had seen in Alness,

Hugh

The other Big Family Event was in 2010, when the Arbuckles celebrated 100 years of being tenant farmers at Lower Luthrie. It was a special day, thankfully blessed with good weather, and the "Luthrie Lot" were delighted to welcome cousins from near and far to a buffet lunch and a blether. Aunt Jeana was in great form and enjoyed being "home" and having a trip down Memory Lane. Sister-in-law Margaret gave her a conducted tour of the house.....thank goodness the duster and Hoover had been out to play!! The lunch kicked off at 1p.m. and the last of the relations went home about 10p.m., so we think the day went well. Judging by the noise and chatter everyone enjoyed themselves.

Grace



Once married, children arrived and Aunt Jeana was still very much in our lives. My two children, Stuart and Catherine, have never had a birthday or Christmas without her there to help celebrate and blow out the candles. She's always been there to give cuddles and tell stories and play games - Poor Pussy being an old favourite, and The Minister's Cat. More recently, the great-grandchildren bring the more modern games, but I don't think they're any better than ours!

Joyce



Before the young Scotts moved to Glasgow, birthday teas were an important part of our social calendar. Aunt Jeana and Aunt Jay were key people that we wanted to share our birthdays with so it was crucial that you contacted Aunt Jeana early enough so she could consult her diary and check she did not have a prior engagement. We will always remember that en route to Brighty Aunt Jeana tried to guess what was going to be on the menu - "Will it be roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, steak pie or salmon?"



After dinner Aunt Jeana is still keen for 5 minutes' meditation. We can appreciate this now, but as children we wanted to play one of her games - the minister's cat, poor pussy or UNO. Staying with Aunt Jeana for a holiday became a regular annual event for me and while staying in Newport I met some fabulous people who I think still refer to me as 'Little Alison'. Bobby and John were always delighted when they saw Grandad and Aunt Jeana's car coming up the road because that only meant one thing to them - we are going to get some Smarties!!

Alison

Aunt Jeana has a great sense of fun. Whenever she arrived, she would bring some sweets and a present. She was very competitive, and would try to get us a better present than Aunt Jay's - I think this definitely worked to our advantage! When I learned to do a trick with a coin and my school tie, she asked me to do it again and again, and chuckled each time. She once came to my school prizegiving, giving my Dad the chance to miss it, which he was delighted about, and Aunt Jeana, I'm really glad you made it to my wedding!

David



There was never a dull moment, playing Old Maid or Scrabble when Aunt Jeana came for her holidays, and I'm pretty sure I remember her trying to sneak a few rude words onto the scrabble board to get a higher score. I forget whether it was Mum or Aunt Jeana who won, but I know it was never me!

Mairi



We went to Wormit and Newport most holidays as the family grew up. Aunt Jeana has always been part of our lives. She has been very kind to us all. Sometimes too kind! Aunt Jeana had wonderful timing at the table. She used to wait till I had buttered my bread or pancake and just as my teeth were about to bite in and enjoy she would say - 'You'll take some cheese on that' or 'you'll have some jam on that'. The joy of eating would vanish in a vapour.

Hugh



For anyone who has ever been in Aunt Jeana's kitchen they may have happened to notice a small Lego-man in a white costume. This small Lego-man was once involved in a great tug of war between myself and Aunt Jeana. I was on holiday in Fife and had taken some toys to Aunt Jeana's including the said Lego-man. When we were getting ready to leave it seemed that Aunt Jeana was reluctant to part with my Lego-man. I was all for arguing it out with her and refusing to part with him without a fight. However, Mum quickly intervened, encouraging me to be generous and to share with Aunt Jeana. I was devastated, but backed down - perhaps not so much to the logic of Mum's argument or a generosity of spirit to Aunt Jeana, but rather the firmness of Mum's voice. And so, every time I go back to Aunt Jeana's kitchen I see that Lego-man standing there, smiling smugly back at me - a reminder of that evening all those years ago. Every so often Aunt Jeana offers to give him back, but after 23 years of standing at Aunt Jeana's kitchen window, he's really become part of the furniture.

Hugh Jnr.



