


THE NOTICEBOARD





Many events and services for Remembrance Day are taking a very different shape this year.

Many of us will go every year to our church or nearest war memorial and remember the men and women who lost their lives in the Wars.

We can't do that this year, so I thought I would put a Remembrance Edition of The Noticeboard together with the history of the Black Isle during the wars.

Let's us keep all those who lost their lives in our hearts and mind and remember those who are still fighting for our country today.

Until then stay safe!
Eilidh
(Editor)



They cover the fields where the men once were,
They cover the graves where the men now are.

Red as blood,
Black as night,
Upon green stalks,
as they hold their heads high.

We wear them with honour,
We wear them with pride,
We wear them to remember
the ones who have died.

They gave their lives
Young and old.
They gave their lives brave and bold.

We salute their courage and we salute their fear,
We remember them now from far and near.

We wear our poppies for those who once were.
Who gave their lives for us to be here.

We stand silent for them.
We stand and salute them.

We wear them with honour,
We wear them with pride,
We wear our poppies to remember
those who gave their lives.

Poem written by Eilidh Richmond

THE LAST POST

ON THE 11TH OF NOVEMBER IF YOU STAND OUTSIDE IN CULBOKIE
OR THE SURROUNDING AREA

YOU WILL HEAR THE LAST POST AND REVALLIE BEING PLAYED FROM UPPER
BREA FINDON AT 11:AM
FOLLOWED BY THE 1MINUTE SILENCE AND THEN THE REVALLIE.



*In loving memory of
Peter Brown Macintyre,
Captain 4th Seaforth Highlanders,
Died of wounds in Flanders, 3rd August 1917,
Aged 32 years.*

*His Father and Mother, Sisters and Brother,
return sincere thanks for kind sympathy
in their very great sorrow, and for
the many loving tributes to his memory.*

*Findon,
Conon Bridge,
Rossshire.*

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Newspaper article. Culbokie Community
Trust [online] available at: <https://www.culbokie-ct.org/index.asp?pageid=680261> (30th October 2020) Provided to CCT by Alistair McIntyre,
give for use in The Noticeboard by Roger
Piercy



THE LATE CAPTAIN PAT MACINTYRE, SEAFORTHS.

Mr and Mrs P. B. MacIntyre of Braelangwell and Findon Mains received the sad intelligence on Monday that their younger son, Captain P. B. MacIntyre, Seaforths, died in France on Friday from wounds received in action. Details of the sad event have not yet come to hand; the intimation of death was the first news received.

Captain MacIntyre, who was 32 years of age, was a well and widely known Seaforth officer. On the outbreak of war he at once left the farm and enlisted as a trooper in the Lovat Scouts. Within a day or two he was nominated for a commission in the Ross-shire Seaforths and appointed transport officer, a position he held at the front for over two years when he was promoted brigade transport officer. Captain MacIntyre joined the Seaforths while the regiment was still in the North, proceeded with it to the war station in England, and, subsequently, in November, 1914, crossed to France with his unit, the first attestation of the Highland Territorial Division to enter the conflict. Of the officers who went out, Captain MacIntyre ultimately became the sole survivor serving continuously with the regiment. When he was attached to brigade transport none remained.

For his work as battalion transport officer, he earned the high opinion of all concerned. Quiet, unassuming, firm and dogged, no matter the difficulties, through the first and successive winters and summers of war, Captain MacIntyre "got there," and got there "on time." Only those who know the difficulties of the position can appreciate the burdenomeness of the work, and the terrible conditions under which at times duty has to be done. Beloved and followed faithfully by his men, he brought his own sound practical knowledge to keeping his horses fit, a task particularly in winter, which has tried and tested many transport officers. His promotion to a more responsible position was very popular and well-earned. He was recently specially mentioned for his splendid services. Otherwise, among his fellow-officers and with his rank and file, he was much respected and esteemed. Naturally reserved, those who broke the crust of his reticence found below one of the finest and most companionable of men; kindly, loyal, and staunch. Among Seaforths far and near his death will be deeply lamented, and sympathy will go out freely to the stricken home in Ross-shire.

In civil life, Captain MacIntyre was an agriculturist. Educated at Inverness and Edinburgh Institution, he took a course in agriculture at Edinburgh University, and in order to round off his business training spent three years in the law offices of Messrs Innes & Mackay, solicitors, Inverness. His father, largely taken up with his work as a member of the Crofters Commission, eventually installed Captain MacIntyre to the general management of the farms of Findon Mains and Braelangwell. The work, for which he was well-equipped by technical training and practical experience, was most congenial to him. In particular he deeply interested himself in the Braelangwell and Findon short-corns, a choice herd, the care, attention, and building up of which was one of the hobbies of father and son. Otherwise he proved himself the worthy son of a great agriculturist, and was one of a bright galaxy of young Ross-shire farmers who promised to carry on well the high traditions of farming in the Highlands. In the civil community he was well-known and widely esteemed, and his death is greatly regretted.

Mr and Mrs MacIntyre and their family of one remaining son and five daughters have the sincere sympathy of a very wide body of people practically all over the Highlands of Scotland, where "the Commissioner" is well known.

A photograph of Captain MacIntyre appears to-day.

The following reference to the late Captain P. B. MacIntyre, Findon, was made in the United Free Church, Conon, at the close of the service yesterday (Fast Day) by the Rev. A. MacInnes:—Dark forebodings crowd the soul day and night, mind and heart are on the

The Late Captain MacIntyre—Continued.

rack. The dreaded news is wafted from the rolling waves of war on Flander's battle front—'Lycidas is dead ere his prime and hath not left his peer.' The shadows deep and cold fall upon a home ideal and radiant with the light and warmth of mutual affection. Exactly three years ago, very early in the morning, realising the near approach of riders, I rushed forward and was just in time to catch a glimpse of a beautiful and earnest face looking up to the Manse windows. It was that of Pat MacIntyre going off to the war. Here was a young man, a gentleman by instinct as well as by upbringing, tender and affectionate in a very high degree, at the call of King and Country, turning his back upon a home to which he was bound by the strongest ties of love, upon extensive farming interests in the skilful management of which his energies had been engrossed, and upon comforts, safety, and prosperity which he might have continued to enjoy without the least abatement of the high opinion of his acquaintances in view of the indifferent state of his father's health, and going forth to face the risks, hardships, and sufferings of war—an inspiration and an example. The impression and feelings of the moment are still fresh. Our young friend's merit was soon recognised, and promotion was rapid. For a considerable time before his untimely death he had held the rank of Captain. He was loved by his men. He enjoyed the confidence and the esteem of his superior officers, as evidenced by private communications as well



Capt. Pat MacIntyre.

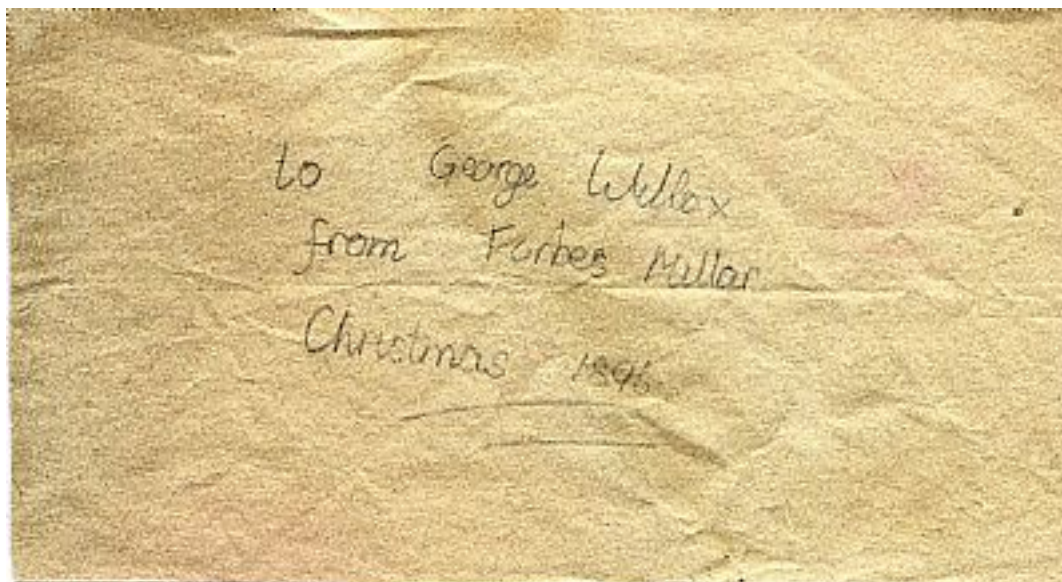
as by the honourable mention of him in public dispatch for his devotion to duty. The deep gloom cast over this congregation and this community by the sad news on Monday morning that he had died of wounds, indicated how great was the public regard for him.

What Captain MacIntyre was in normal times, in the quiet sphere of service and usefulness which he so much adored, he continued to be in the midst of the exciting and exacting circumstances of war, the most dutiful of sons, the most devoted of brothers, and the most faithful of friends. The almost daily letter home, written in a major key, the considerate passing on to another of his 'leave' home, for fear the leave-taking might hurt the delicate health of a devoted parent, the constant thoughtfulness exercised for the comfort of the men under his care, and his perfect freedom from the indiscretions to which youth is prone, especially in the time of war—the outcome of the inviolable regulation of his conduct by high Christian principles—are touches and characteristics which present us with the picture of a life, which, though short in years, has accomplished much and is worthy of imitation. To our young men, to our boys, I would say, be such a son, such a brother, such a friend, and you will not have lived in vain. May the Divine consolations and the hope of a happy reunion where there are no shadows of sorrow and no tears, fill the aching void in the hearts of the bereaved parents, brother, and sisters, deprived of so charming and noble a personality.

Newspaper article. Culbokie Community Trust [online] available at: <https://www.culbokiect.org/index.asp?pageid=680261> (30th October 2020) Provided to CCT by Alistair McIntyre, give for use in The Noticeboard by Roger Piercy



George Willox and Forbes Miller



While clearing and preparing the building inside for the contractor to convert the Old Primary School into the Culbokie Church Centre I found the above piece of paper with writing between two schoolboy friends, George Willox and Forbes Miller, behind some panelling in what would have been the Headmasters room. The date intrigued me as it was only 22 years after the state education school opened.

The names also made me wonder what became of them but sadly I didn't have to look very far as both their lives had been cut short and had fallen during the WW1 conflict in Europe. I found both their names on the brass Commemorative Memorial Plaque now held in the new Culbokie Primary School across the road.

Alastair Rose, Craiglea, Schoolcroft October 2018, letters. [online] available at: <https://www.culbokie-ect.org/index.asp?pageid=680237> (30th October 2020) Provided to CCT by Alistair Rose. Given for use in The Noticeboard by Roger Piercy

Remember The Others

Whilst most years Remembrance Day is remembering our men and women who serve their country in the military, this year is also a year to remember all those men and women who have been working hard at home in our hospital. This has been a trying year for all those working in hospitals be they doctors, nurses, kitchen staff, electricians, porters and janitors who have gone above and beyond in these trying times. So when we stand for our one minute silence let us remember them with thanks.

For the Fallen

BY LAURENCE BINYON

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill; Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres,
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted;
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain;
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.



HMS NATAL

On the 30th December 1915, Captain Eric Back hosted the civilians of Invergordon on the HMS Natal, anchored in the Cromarty Firth.

However, on the afternoon of the 30th there was a tragic and devastating explosion killing 421 crew and civilians' visitors including women and children. During the afternoon of the 30th December 1915, HMS Natal, under the command of Captain Eric Back, blew up at anchor with a great loss of life. 421 crew and civilian visitors died in the explosion, including women and children. 400 of the crew survived.

HMS Natal was a 'Warrior Class' cruiser of 13550 tons. She was launched in 1905 and had an interesting history before the First World War. In 1914 she joined the Second Cruiser Squadron, which by 1915 was based in the Cromarty Firth, in the north of Scotland.

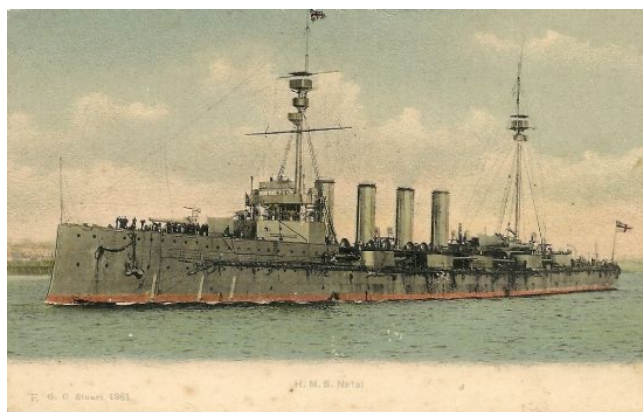
Cromarty Cemetery up at the Gaelic chapel holds 15 war graves and more are in Rosskeen Parish Graveyard. The vast majority of the 414 naval casualties are commemorated at three memorials at Portsmouth, Plymouth and Chatham.

The Natal Gardens was opened on Saturday 15 July 2000, at Invergordon which contains a commemorative plaque remembering the Natal. Over Lockdown the residents of Invergordon created pebbles illustrating how lockdown had been to them as well as the pebbles commemorating the Natal. You can now see a lovely display of artwork in the Natal Gardens.

A buoy in the Cromarty Firth marks where the ship now lies.

(photo on the right) HMS Natal in the early years. Postcard in the Author's Collection. (unknown) postcard [online] Available at <https://www.hmsnatal.co.uk>

(Below) photo of the pebbles at the Natal Gardens in Invergordon. Photo by Eilidh Richmond





D DAY TRAINING

During the second world war Fortrose and Rosemarkie Golf Club was taken over by the military, and the course was used for training purposes.

It was on this course that the military trained in preparation for the D Day Landings. It had been found that the coastline, beaches and road structure from Nairn to Burghead were similar to those at Ouistreham in Normandy. The training exercise involved taking tanks across the Black Isle to Fortrose. They were then loaded on to amphibious crafts moored in the Ness. They then sailed across the Moray Firth to the opposite beach at Nairn.

It only came to light very recently that these exercises had taken place for this purpose as the D Day landings were top secret. If you walk along Rosemarkie beach to Chanonry, there is still evidence of piers that jutted out into the water.

The D Day landings started in the early hours 6th June 1944. Up to 7,000 ships and landing craft were involved, delivering a total of 156,000 men and 10,000 vehicles to the five beaches along the carefully selected stretch of the Normandy coast. The landings would not have been possible without the support of massive air and naval forces, which were much stronger than the Germans.

On D-Day alone, as many as 4,400 troops died from the combined allied forces. Some 9,000 were wounded or missing. Total German casualties on the day are not known but are estimated as being between 4,000 and 9,000 men. Thousands of French civilians also perished, mainly as a result of bombing raids carried out by allied forces.



Remember those who serve before.



Remember those who are no more.

Remember those who serve today.



Remember them all on Remembrance Day.



IN MEMORY OF THOSE WHO LOST THEIR
LIVES IN MULBUIE, FERINTOSH AND CULB-
OKIE DURGHING THE GREAT WAR 1914-1918

MULBUIE

JONH CAMPBELL
JOHN FORSYTH
JOSEPH SMITH
DONALD MCKAY
GEORGE MCLENNAN

FERINTOSH

DONALD FRASER
JOHN URQUHART
DONALD MCKENZIE
KENNETH W. MCLEOD
HUGH J. FRASER. M.M.
MURDO M. MCDONALD
ALEX URQUHART

CULBOKIE

JOHN ROSE
P. B. MCINTYRE
MURDO J. BETHUNE
DUNCAN CROSS
THOS NOBLE
WILLIMA MCKENZIE
FORBES MILLER
KENNETH MCREA
DOUGAL CAMERON
ALEX GEORGE
ALEX ELLISON
GEORGE WILLOX
DAVID J. ALLISON

