

BOB JOHNSTONE - CRAWFORDJOHN - BOGHOUSE TEXELS

Bob Johnstone was a great many things to a great many people, quite apart from the obvious family connections which I will come to later Bob was shepherd/farmer, badminton player, pedigree texel breeder, judge, Lanark market buddy, xmas dominoes pal, incinerator innovator, Ceilidh dancer, show president, Crawfordjohn hall chairman, STSBC chairman, BTSS Director, LL director, Crawfordjohn man, lover of good fun, banter and character.

Of course with all the aforementioned it would be no exaggeration to say that Bob put 100% into them all.

Bob worked exceptionally hard for everything he had and did, I think if Bob were to be associated with any phrase through his life "hard work" would be the words I think would be most suitable!

Bob was brought up to work hard and farming at Boghouse was the place to learn.

The sound of his mum - Mary's footsteps thundering through the lobby at Boghouse before 5 every morning to get milking started stayed with Bob all his life.

He was always an early riser and sometimes didn't think very highly of those that didn't rise very early which some Saturday + Sunday mornings meant he didn't think very highly of myself and my brothers.

Although Bob was an exceptional farmer and could more ably than most do machinery + ground work, fencing and bring out the best of store cattle I think Dad was more a shepherd than anything else.

His love of working with and bringing out sheep has been well known for many years now and his dislike of working with tractors also well known.

The last couple of times Bob jumped in a tractor led to a blow out in a back tyre and then difficulty in finding the handle to exit the tractor. So much so he had to climb out the tractor through the back window.

Yes working with sheep was Dads thing and from a very young age. Aunts still talk about Bob always out working in the sheep pens or shed. Neighbours always saw Bob out with his dogs gathering or doing something at Boghouse then Eastertown.

Bobs hard work on the farm, although tough at times, produced much success and led to many happy days at shows, social gatherings, events and parties, especially the sheep side of things and of course with his involvement in the very first Texel sheep consignment into the country and the formation of the British texel sheep society.

Bob was known by the founding fathers at the time as the "boy of the texel breed". He did a lot of work behind the scenes with the formation of the Boghouse Texel flock and with early recording etc.

With father Ian and Brother Ian they enjoyed a lot of success at early sales and shows. 1979 – 13000gns Boghouse Ian probably the biggest highlight.

When Bob formed his own Crawfordjohn texel flock and when he started up in his own right at Eastertown farm he enjoyed much success in a very short space of time.



Bob at one time or another won every local show he attended with a highlight being champion of champions at local Abington show.

He had champion gimmer at the premier sale at Lanark. Sold for 1700gns and many high sales and averages over the years including 5500 Heluvagid, 4500 brawlad, 2800 ultra special. He also sold at the select 7 sale over the years selling gimmers up to 2000gns.

Bob was stubbornly very commercially minded. When it came to his texels he didn't chase a fancy headed sheep "cos we don't eat the head". He didn't try to breed huge sheep because he said we are just a medium sized breed to produce what the market wants – a 40kg lamb. Bob understood the commercial market more than most and to him the commercial side was the one that paid the bills!

Bob just really knew sheep!! He could pick a breeder better than most people I knew. A good example of this is when he bought Craighead reception for £190gns. Used him for 6 years then sold him at Carlisle for 400gns.

Bob judged more shows than any of us could remember and was very much sought after for this job. He enjoyed this very much but probably not as much as the banter afterwards.

Bob sold reductions of the flock twice over the years to help expansion of the business, trebling the land he and I farmed. I'm especially eternally grateful for that. All this also done through a good long term relationship with Douglas and Angus estates.

Bob spent many years as a director of the BTSS and did his turn as chairman with the STSBC. The good wishes, praise and respect from the Texel family + community has been quite overwhelming.

A text I received a few days ago from a very prominent Texel breeder hit home to me Bobs hard work with texels. It read ... **"Bob's contribution to UK agriculture through his involvement and promotion of texels since day 1 is a continuing and lasting testament to him"**. One of many humbling messages we received in recent days.

The social side of the texels is a major part of the breed and Bob loved the banter and fun involved in all the events and weekend socials etc. The friends both he and mum have had and met through these times have given us a great memories over the years. The breed also allowed Mum and Dad to enjoy a trip of a lifetime to New Zealand and Australia for 6 weeks.

Many of these Texel friends were also Lanark market buddies. Bob loved a black coffee and banter with his friends especially at the new Lanark market when he started to go regularly. Characters galore at the market restaurant and foyet meant you have to have a thick skin and a quick wit. The few times I went in Dads place I found it was always his turn to buy the coffee!! (Which meant I had to buy the coffee!).

Unfortunately Bob now joins several of these characters at a market coffee table somewhere else. Coffee may even be replaced with a colder amber coloured beverage.

The farm and sheep were important to Dad but he also worked hard on other aspects of life. He was president and long time committee member of Abington show. Recently he presented a trophy to the Texel section and was there this year to steward the Texel section, seeking shelter in his strategically parked trailer next to the ring.

When Bob left Biggar School at 14 a letter followed expressing disappointment that he had left. He was thought to be too clever to be a farmer. He was also told at school he was completely tone deaf. So music and dance was probably a surprise love of Bobs.

Bob loved to go to the music festivals and competitions we all attended. He really enjoyed the Perth weekend dances and ceilidhs here there and everywhere. He and Mum also organised a concert every year for many years in Crawfordjohn hall on behalf of the Keith Dickson School of Music.

Crawfordjohn is where Bob was born and bred and he put everything into this very special community. He was hall chairman for many many years and very rarely missed any events in both old hall and the new.

Many great nights and memories made, many milestone parties of his own were held at Crawfordjohn hall. The hall is also where Bob learned to play badminton alongside many others. He along with lifetime best friend Ali Retson would go onto play badminton for many years and gain a terrific reputation. I can't tell you the amount of people I met over the years that told me they played badminton against Bob and Ali, and how good they were. I believe almost capped for Scotland. I remember when I was in my 20's thinking I was a great badminton player when Dad and Ali made a brief comeback. It wasn't good for the self esteem to get completely cuffed by two 50 year olds one of which was approaching 20 stone at the time.

All these years of badminton probably contributed to his troublesome knees. Although many weeks spent in hospital pinning a chipped bone im sure didn't help. The story of how he and another young man got a terrible row from the ward matron for racing down the corridors in their crutches is now legendary in our family. The other young man in crutches turned out to be my father-in-law Robert Struthers. Apart from a badly chipped knee bone Bob also at one time had a dung spreader slip off a breeze block and land on his foot breaking a bone. Bob also managed to put his exceptionally sharp pen knife into his own arm through an artery requiring a rush to hospital.

Bob could play hard as well and enjoyed many nights in the Colebrook Arms with locals + friends. Xmas day dominoes are a highlight every year started by Bob, his father-in-law Bunker Sommerville and the Wilsons over 30 years ago. Many of the locals in Crawfordjohn now go to the pub and play dominoes on Christmas day and then at no other time in their lifes.

Crawfordjohn is an exceptionally special place. Full of genuine character and spirit. A terrific community. Mum and Dads close circle of friends that live here and of course further a field are second to none. We are so lucky to have you all, especially at times such as this.

Most of all Bob was a family man and although not a very expressive man he would do anything for us all. A man of his generation, he wasn't one for being soft. When he was sitting at the top table 42 years ago after having married mum he lent over to her and whispered in her ear "I wonder how the BF tup sale was going at Lanark"? To think that very sale is taking place today.

Mum and Dad worked hard together and had a terrific time together these past 42 years. Bringing up 3 boys that were all meant to be born girls!! – The girls would arrive later.

Bob could be difficult sometimes especially when it came to clothing and food. He never went shopping and was a very plain eater. Exotic things like lasanga were a waste of guid mince. Bob never knowingly ate chicken. Currys were described more brutally than substance emanating from the rear of an ill young cow.

Mum + Dad had many terrific cruises + holidays seen and did far too many things to mention today. All in the company of aforementioned friends and neighbours and of course our close family. The Johnstone side and the Sommerville side of our familys are all the best you could ask for. Sometimes Dad could complain about the noise created when mum and her sisters got together, sometimes he would seek solace out in the sheep shed but he really enjoyed the company and appreciated all his siblings and in laws, nieces and nephews as do all of us.

Dad was at his best when the grandchildren came along with his tickling and his high 5's. We will all really miss the kids coming out the bath at Eastertown with handfuls of foam + bubbles to put on their papas bald head to give

him hair. Dad worked hard to provide for us all and his high morals, dignity, work ethic and respect have hopefully rubbed off as well as his sense of fun and community. We will do our best to make sure these attributes also go to the next generation.

His recent illness never held him back and since being diagnosed 6 months ago he along with mum had a 10 night baltic cruise, attended 4 weddings and had many other nights out + days away including a 42nd anniversary meal only a week ago. Tiredness was his only complaint now and again and frustration at sometimes not being able to work with his sheep. Thankfully the three H's have been on hand to help us through. Harry, Henry and Hugh – your help will never be forgotten!

Dad had nothing but praise for all who treated and helped him at the Beatson and other places. He was completely blown away by the good wishes and visits he received when he was diagnosed and was totally unaware he was so well thought of and respected. He would am sure be overwhelmed by the turnout today as all the family are.

We thank you all so much for being with us all at this time and we hope you will join us all in following Dad back to his beloved Crawfordjohn over the road from Blackburn Farm where he endlessly told us walked to school in his tackity bits.

Bob Johnstone, friend, neighbor, relation, uncle, brother in law, father in law, brother, son, papa, dad and husband. Getting on without you now is going to be hard work. Thankfully we've been taught by the best!

Kenny Johnstone