

Malcolm Fraser, stationmaster

Sir – Malcolm Fraser of the Mound was indeed the station master and the postmaster at the Mound in those heady days when the Mound and Dornoch had a railway service. He described Loch Fleet thus:

Birds of every size and colour,

Eggs to correspond;

Ducks of snowy whiteness

Swimming on the pond.

In the 1890s, when my father Donald Grant (who later contributed many articles to the NT from all over the world) was a schoolboy, he used to cycle to the Mound to help Malcolm Fraser with the mail during his holidays.

It was Donnie's job to carry the mail up to Cambusmore Lodge, a task he did not relish because he knew that he had to pass Festoham's cave on the way up and that Festoham, who was a giant, would kidnap him and drown him in porridge if he loitered!

Donnie's eldest sister, Kate, once got off the train and asked Malcolm to send a telegram to Evelix to tell her parents she was waiting to be picked up. The telegram read:

Home from Nigg,

Much fatigue,

Send the gig.

Yours nostalgically – Dr
Helen ('Wendy') Grant,
"Ghriamachary", Dornoch.

The shoppie at the Mound

Sir – With reference to "Happy Days at the Mound" (Letters, 3rd March), when I worked in the Cambusavie Unit an elderly patient (sadly now deceased) used to tell me many stories about the "shoppie" at the Mound, and about the advert which ran weekly in the "Raggie" way back then. It went something like this:

Come and buy our honey, sweet

Manufactured near Strathfleet,

Sold for 1s 3d the pound,

*By Malcolm Fraser, at the
Mound.*

Angustine Sutherland,
"Chadaru", Brora.