



Inverarity

a Parish Patchwork

Contents

Foreword and Dedication ~ page 5

Introduction ~ page 6

Author's Note - *by Elma Reid* ~ page 7

Inverarity Sketch Map ~ page 8

The Land and its People - *by Dave Walsh* ~ page 9

The People's Story

Place Names in Inverarity - *by David Dorward* ~ page 19

Kincaldrum Post Office - *by Marion Elrick* ~ page 20

Kirkbuddo Post Office - *by Isabella Mudie (Webster)* ~ page 26

Burnside of Kirkbuddo - *by The Todd family* ~ page 28

Skills of Yesteryear ~ page 32

A Childhood at Fothringham - *by Emily Hendry (Howie)* ~ page 37

Mid Lodge - *by Dora Johnson (Sharpe)* ~ page 38

Happas ~ page 47

Kemphills - *by Ian Wilson CBE* ~ page 48

Greenhillock - *by Mrs Kerr* ~ page 49

Gallowfauld - *by Nan Joiner* ~ page 50

Memories of Inverarity - *by Ruby Lawrence* ~ page 53

Carrot - *by the Carnegie Family* ~ page 54

Inverarity School and Kirkbuddo School ~ page 56



Holemill, The Mill of Inverarity, Grangemill, Kinreich Mill and Kincaldrum Mill ~ *page 64*

The Various Trades of Cuttyhaugh ~ *page 70*

Colour Section

North Bottymyre - *by Jim Bruce ~ page 71*

South Bottymyre - Angus Riding for the Disabled - *by Jean Thomson ~ page 71*

Drowndubbs - *by the Cant Family ~ page 73*

The Church ~ *page 75*

Kincaldrum, Kinreich Farm and Meathie ~ *page 84*

Ovenstone ~ *page 91*

Labothie ~ *page 91*

North Tarbrax - *by the Elder Family ~ page 92*

The Sturrocks of Whigstreet - *by the late Ronald Sturrock ~ page 95*

Memories of Whigstreet - *by Brian Fitzpatrick ~ page 102*

Kirkbuddo Station - *by Gordon Simmers ~ page 105*

Newton of Fothringham - *by the Nicoll Family ~ page 107*

A. M. Phillip, Muiryfaulds - *by Alex Phillip ~ page 110*

Lads and Lasses o' Pairts ~ *page 120*

Community Events~ *page 129*

A Century of Fashion ~ *page 131*

A Last Word - *by Elma Reid ~ page 136*

Bibliography ~ *page 137*

Acknowledgements ~ *page 138*

Foreword

This book is written for the information and entertainment of the reader. History is not invented but learned and much of the social history embodied in the following pages has either been written, or narrated, by the people of Inverarity. We have relied on them for its authenticity and thank them most sincerely for their input.

I would personally like to thank Dr Dave Walsh for his huge contribution to the book. His advice and expertise were invaluable, so too were his photographic skills and I am truly grateful to Mo for her patience and encouragement throughout the past year.

Dedication. To Ian and our family;
*Eliane and Steven. Andrew, Joanne and our grandsons,
Fraser and Cameron, who thought they would see
Granny more often when she retired. Maybe next year!*

Introduction

When, in April 2000, the then Kinnettles Heritage Group launched its book, 'Kinnettles Kist', many people in that parish and others from neighbouring districts, began to see how much of the past had been largely unknown to them. There was a new enthusiasm for finding out and recording more about the parish, which culminated in the programme of winter and summer meetings, which have run ever since. Many people, who would previously have avoided the very subject of heritage, began to participate in evening talks, guided walks and trips, field walking and even archaeological digs.

About the same time, we became aware of a demand for such a publication in our neighbouring parish of Inverarity. The committee discussed the idea at its meetings and met with, and recruited, various individuals in Inverarity who showed enthusiasm to be involved in such a venture. We decided that initial funding for the project was to be supplied from the Kinnettles

Heritage Group's own funds. Resources to print the book were beyond that pocket however and so the Group revised its constitution and adopted the new name of Kinnettles and District Heritage Group. It was this body, which applied successfully to the Awards For All programme of the Heritage Lottery Fund, for funds to print this book. We are also indebted to the Inverarity Community Council and another generous donor, who wishes to stay anonymous, for further funds, which topped up the total amount for publication.

None of this could have happened without the generous advice and access to information, which were afforded to the publication team, by people from Inverarity, Angus, Scotland and in some cases much, much further afield. There are many people to thank and we have attempted to do so in a section at the back of this book. However, I feel we must single out for special commendation Elma Reid who, despite being from Inverarity, had already done a great deal of the writing and editing of

Kinnettles Kist. She waded into the new Inverarity project with an infectious and doggedly persistent enthusiasm that soon began to produce results in the form of photographs, memorabilia and above all, a flood of personal memories from older folk in the community. These she has drawn out and crafted into a very entertaining read, which tells Inverarity's tale as it has never before been recounted. She has redressed the balance of the histories of previous centuries by giving prominence to the lives of ordinary, hard working people who through their labour, humour and loyalty have made Inverarity the place it is today. The Kinnettles Kist was nicknamed 'Norman's book' in honour of Norman Knight, who conceived the idea. There can be no doubt that this is 'Elma's book'.

It has been a hard, but worthwhile, task and we hope you will enjoy your copy of 'Inverarity a Parish Patchwork'.

Dave Walsh,

Chairman of Kinnettles and District Heritage Group.



Author's Note

This is a book which tries to take account of facts which are recorded, but also included are stories by the people, as they remember them. The text is therefore laid out using key features, usually farms, but taking account of other important areas of community life, the School, the Kirk, the Hall.

Most important of all, this book reflects key memories passed down through generations; some of these will bring a smile to the face of the reader and others will perhaps cause some surprise.

I hope that the reader can therefore 'dip' into the book and perhaps pass on to future generations the idea of recording events and storing the information regarding their own life, work and leisure in Inverarity during the 21st century.

*Elma Reid,
Author of 'Inverarity a Parish Patchwork'.*

The Land and its People

Setting the Scene by Dave Walsh.

The majority of this book will report the people who live, or have lived, in Inverarity. This section is to provide the backcloth of information on which their stories are played.

Parish location and geographical features

The area now known as Inverarity comprises a predominantly rural region of approximately 44 square kilometres. Its greatest dimensions are approximately 10.5 km from east to west and 7.5 km from north to south, but the boundary is very irregular, following a variety of natural and man-made features. The Parish has been formed from the three older parishes of Meathie-Lour, Inverarity and Kirkbuddo. Clockwise from the north it has borders with Forfar, Lour, Carmyllie, Monikie, Murroes, Tealing, Glamis and Kinnettles. At present it is grouped with the latter two for ecclesiastical purposes, though civil boundaries include it in the West and Dean ward of North Tayside.

There are very few outcrops of the underlying rock to be seen, because of the covering of glacial and alluvial soils, which contribute so much to Inverarity's economy. However a study of the geological maps indicate that the underlying rock types are mainly the sedimentary Old Red Sandstone series which are, in places, shot through by bodies of volcanic lava called andesite. There is a small fault, which runs roughly southeast to northwest from Kirkbuddo to Fotheringham hill. The overlying soils have been mapped as part of the Macaulay Institute's Soil Survey of Scotland and perusal of the relevant charts show a predominance of water sorted material overlying an old red sandstone till. In general the soils are capable of producing a wide range of crops, though there may be restrictions in specific areas, which relate to adverse gradients, drainage or climatic conditions. There are peat deposits on Dilty Moss and in places on the southern Sidlaw boundary.

The main water drainage of the area is via the Kerbet and Corbie burns, which merge just to the south east of Inverarity School. The name of the parish is derived from the Gaelic *inbhir* meaning the creek or river mouth of the Arity. However the name Arity is sometimes used in reference to the Corbie burn, though the Ordnance Gazetteer of 1885 clearly uses it in reference to the Kerbet. The Corbie burn rises on the Sidlaws around Lorns hill, though it gets a substantial contribution from the Gallowfauld burn, which comes mainly from the hills above Finlarg. The upper course of the Kerbet burn runs mainly in man-made drainage ditches from Dilty Moss. Ainslie's map of 1794 calls the watercourse by Drowndubbs and Burnside farms, the Burn of

Kirkbuddo. There was a small tributary of the Kerbet burn, which enters the main stream at Holemill and runs from the area of the Roman Camp. It may be that, if the name Kerbet is derived from *Caerbuite* (*Buite's Camp*), then this was once the main source of the Kerbet burn and it is only drainage of Dilty Moss in the last two centuries which has made the flow from that area greater, so that the name has been transferred to that part of the headwaters.

Broadly speaking the land takes the form of a horseshoe of higher ground around a broad valley, which descends fairly steeply from Whigstreet to Seggieden. The Kirkbuddo, Dilty, Finlarg and Meathie area are mostly much improved higher moorland. At one time the lower part of the valley would have been a swampy morass with scrubby native tree cover (*a bit like Restenneth Moss now appears*), through which the river would have meandered on its way to the swampy area, which the Dean Water now drains. The land in the base of the Inverarity valley continues into the drained land in Kinnettles.

On the southwestern flank of the parish the land rises to Finlarg and Hayston hills. Like these two hills, the chain of low hills, such as Labothie, Carrot and Lorns Hills, on the south of the parish, are mostly thin soiled heather moor. Fotheringham hill has been planted with trees for many years. It is likely that approximately 4,000 years ago all the higher ground would have been covered with broadleaf forests in which oak would have predominated. The relatively treeless state of the hills now can be attributed to man's clearance of woodland for agriculture, and climate change over the period.

Templelands in the Kincaldrum area and this may indicate some past ownership by the Knights Templar.

In 1360, King David II granted a charter of barony of *Innerratie* to Alexander Lindsay. Later that decade he granted the lands of Bonnyton and Newton of Balgersho to Patrick of Innerpeffer. These estates were originally part of the vast Earldom of Angus. In 1395 King Robert III granted to David, Earl of Crawford, the baronies of Downie, Ethiebeaton, Inverarity, Clova, Guthrie, Ecclis, Ruthven and Glenesk. This process of favouring the aristocracy with land (*no doubt for services rendered*) continued over the years, though the land itself remained in the gift of the monarchs or their superiors, such as the Lindsay family. In the early part of the 16th century, the greater part of the barony of Inverarity was acquired by Fotheringham of Powrie and has largely remained with the family ever since.

Similar changes in ownership and stewardship of lands occurred elsewhere in the Parish over this period. For instance, Kincaldrum was recorded as being in the hands of Sir John Wemyss of Rires (*perhaps Reres in Fife*) in the middle of the fourteenth century. Later it was passed to the Guthrie family who were recorded as owning not only Kincaldrum, but also Lour, Guthrie and other lands. One of the conditions attached was that the barony had to have its grain milled at the monk's mill at Kinreich. Thus it is apparent that the church still had interests and rights in the land. At this time the parish of Kirkbuddo was a detached parish of Guthrie and was not merged with Inverarity until 1890, whereas the merging of Inverarity and Meathie occurred in about the seventeenth century. Lour was separated at this

time and added to the parish of Forfar. Kirkbuddo was earlier passed to the Earls of Crawford, like Inverarity, and from them to the Guthrie family. The Kirkbuddo portion was acquired by the Erskine family early in the sixteenth century and remained with them until relatively recently, when it was sold to tenants and other local estates.

This account of the land use and ownership is necessarily brief and those interested in knowing more, would be rewarded by reading the volumes entitled 'Angus or Forfarshire, The Land and the People', written by Alex C Warden in 1884. There are two sections of particular interest, namely Inverarity, and Guthrie, which covers Kirkbuddo. Caution should be exercised because, whilst having all the appearance of a well researched work, his account sometimes conflicts with that maintained by local landed families, who maintain their own records of ancestors and transactions. History is largely an interpretation of surviving recorded, or sometimes legendary, accounts of past events. As such it frequently suffers from a paucity of information, as well as the evolving social structures of our society and the changing attitudes of those who interpret the information.

The built Environment

The parish has a number of relatively old buildings, which are worth mentioning, though most of these date from the time of the agricultural improvements in the 18th century.

Villages and Hamlets

There are no villages of any great size, though there are conglomerations of houses and farms at

Inverarity, Gateside and Whigstreet. Kirkbuddo, Gallowfauld/Tarbrax and Hatton also sport several dwellings close together, though these are more reminiscent of the cottons (*'cottar touns'*) of earlier centuries. In the past, the higher population supported local shops and businesses at Gateside and Whigstreet. Better personal transport, (*though not the public variety*), and increasing concentration of national shopping chains in the main regional towns, have not helped the viability of such small shops and businesses. Thus whilst some of the buildings which housed local businesses are still present, they are mostly modified to dwellings. A Sturrock and Son have diversified operations such as their sawmill at Whigstreet, to the fabrication of high quality timber building components. A M Phillip's business at Muiryfaulds has grown from a small garage to a large commercial and agricultural sales and servicing enterprise.

Churches

The kirk at Inverarity is now the only actively used church in the parish and will be described in more detail elsewhere in the book.

There was an ancient church at Kirkbuddo on a knoll to the west of Drowndubbs farmsteading. This was associated with St Buite, an Irish monk travelling through Pictland on his way back to Ireland from Rome. The graveyard was in use until relatively recently and a very old cross-slab or grave slab, with a weathered cross carved upon it, was removed from here for safe keeping and exhibition at the Meffan Institute in Forfar.

The old church of Meathie is still present, but in outline only, on the hill above Easter Meathie. This was associated with the Bower family of Kincaldrum and Meathie and there is a commemorative plaque in a section of wall. There is also a small collection of old carved stones from the original church, including the Sacrament House shown here.



The Sacrament House at Meathie Kirk.

The older OS maps show the ‘supposed’ site of a church and graveyard on the edge of the Corbie Den near Hatton. Evidence for this has not yet been identified.

Schools

There is still a primary school at Inverarity. In 1835 there was also a private school located in a building immediately to the south of the present school, but this is now a dwelling. Kirkbuddo School closed in 1972 and was also converted to a private dwelling. Its initial conversion included an engraving and sculpture workshop in one of the old schoolrooms.

Waterpower

There are several local farms, which incorporate the term mill in their name; Holemill, Mill of Inverarity, Grangemill, Kinreich and Kincaldrum Mills. Old 18th century maps mark all, except Grange and Inverarity, as corn mills and these depended on the local watercourses for their power. Because the Kerbet and Corbie waters were liable to rapid rise and fall, they could not have been used year round, especially at harvest time when there was often relatively low rainfall. As a result most of the mills had dams and millponds in which to store water against a time of increased demand. Most of these are difficult to see nowadays, having been ploughed over, but were clearly marked on the first edition (1865) of the Ordnance Survey maps.

Of the mill buildings remaining, Holemill and Kincaldrum Mill are both in a state of considerable disrepair, but close to public roads and worth study as recognisable mills. There are also very early

historical references to the corn mill at Kinreich (*see below*), though not in the present buildings.



An 1865 OS map of the Kerbet and the mills on the stretch from Inverarity to the Dundee/Forfar road.

Only three other local uses of waterpower have been identified; two sawmills at Grangemill and on the Fotheringham Estate (*installed on the site of an earlier drainage tile manufactory*) and the Wauk mill, which was just downstream from The Mill of Inverarity. This would have been, as the name implies, a wauking or fulling mill, where wetted cloth was shrunk and pounded to thicken it up. Other uses such as the flax spinning at nearby Douglastown, do not seem to have been adopted in Inverarity, perhaps because the Inverarity burns had unreliable and lower flow.

In addition waterpower would have been used for such activities as threshing on many farms and the

1865 OS maps shows milldams and sluices at a number of steadings in the area. A later development was the round engine house associated with some local farms and these, initially horse mills, illustrate the later adoption of more sophisticated and dependable power sources, such as steam engines.

Mansions

The Fotheringham family have resided in at least three houses in the parish, as evidenced by etchings and paintings. However the association of the family with Inverarity is so long that there may have been others before these. One such putative site lies just to the west of the present Hill House, though one old map marks only a summerhouse in this locality.



OS 1865 map showing the first Fotheringham mansion and its layout.

The first two houses of which we know something, were in the area to the east of the present Fotheringham Home farm, adjacent to the site of the

original parish church and graveyard. The earliest of these is probably the one shown on the 1865 OS maps. The old kirk and possibly associated dwellings were demolished in 1754 and this was probably simultaneous with the building of this first known mansion house.



The first Fotheringham mansion house on which we have information.



The second known Fotheringham mansion.



OS 1926 map of second Fotheringham mansion and its layout.

The next house was designed by an Edinburgh architect, David Bryce, and was a much turreted Scottish baronial structure, which bore the date 1861 above the main entrance. It was sited in about the same place as the one it replaced and its general layout is shown on the 1926 OS map. On the south, rear, facade there was a balcony with double stairways leading up to it. The gardens to the south do not appear very different from the older versions on the maps. As is typical of many long established local estates there is a disused icehouse, which is built into a steep bank beside the Corbie burn. There is an unusual round doocot close to the Home farm; the birds occupy the upper part of the structure, whilst underneath is a cattle shelter. Access to the nesting area is by means of a centrally placed ladder. There is also a walled garden to the west of the south drive, which has frequently been rented out to local market gardeners since before the



The Fothringham doocot today.

second world war. A fine wooded drive led south from the first and second houses, down the Corbie Den and over the side of Lorns hill (*about where the A90 now runs*) to the Fothringham estate of Powrie (*or Poorie*). Unfortunately occupation by a series of military units during the last world

war left this house extensively damaged and Major Fothringham, the present laird's father, decided to demolish the old house in favour of the more modern and manageable Hill House, which lies to the north of the Kirkbuddo road.



An old photograph of Kincaidrum house in its heyday (*early 20th century*).

Kincaidrum House is now a ruin, but was a large, square house which was originally built in the early 19th century on or near the site of the original house occupied by the Bower family. The Baxters, of Dundee jute mill fame, subsequently enlarged it. In its heyday it had three floors, with 16 bedrooms on the upper two. There were also five large public rooms as well as billiard and smoking rooms. There were eleven servants' rooms on the lower floor, together with all the other rooms needed to service such a large house. The 1926 OS map shows a fish pond and a boathouse on the other side of the Hayston to Gateside road. It also had a large walled garden and a Ladies walk down the side of the Kincaidrum mill lade to the Kerbet below. The house was sold just after the last war on the condition that it was not to be dwelt in again.



Kirkbuddo house today.

Kirkbuddo house is a smaller, but no less attractive mansion. It was the seat of the Guthrie, Erskine and Jackson families. However in recent years it has passed fairly rapidly through several hands and much of the associated land has been sold to local farmers.

Military Remains

Despite being a very rural area there has been a surprising amount of military activity within the parish over the centuries and some of this involved non-native people.

Possibly the earliest example was the Roman Legionary force which was directed, in person, by the 'African Emperor' Septimius Severus. He and his two sons, Caracalla and Geta, accompanied the legionary incursion, supported by naval supply. This was to punish the Meatii and Caledonii (*later called the Pictii by the Romans, because of their painted or tattooed bodies*), who 'having broken their agreements and taken up arms were to be put to the sword'. They established a legionary camp, Carpow, on the south bank of the river Earn, near the confluence with the Tay and from there were able to harry the Meatii in present day Fife and to cross the Tay by a pontoon bridge to harass the Caledonii and to make expeditions to the north east and probably beyond. The legion seems to have been split into two parts: the larger, which travelled by the previously used Strathmore route and a smaller, which went along the Carse of Gowrie to Longforan and thence via Kirkbuddo. These two forces appear to have met again somewhere in the Mearns area. As a result a marching camp of some permanence was established at Kirkbuddo, with a deep ditch and rampart.



The 1800 year old ditch and embankment of the Roman temporary camp, in Whigstreet woods.

There were at least four gateways into the camp, each guarded by an outlying section of ditch and rampart. The whole camp had an area of about 60 acres, with sides of 2350 by 1100 feet. There was also an annexe at the southeast corner, which may have been for prisoners, or for personnel who were permanently based at Kirkbuddo. However, most of the military would have been marching through the area and would have stayed only for short periods at the camp. The camp was in use by the Romans only from 208 to 211 AD, during which three expeditions were mounted into the north of Scotland (*though the country would not be known by that name for many centuries to come*).

The camp was then abandoned as the Roman Empire gradually withdrew from northern Britain and eventually fell altogether as a world power. The camp may have been used by St Buite and his followers a few centuries later, but by the middle of the 18th century it was known locally as Norway Dykes, in the mistaken belief that it had been built by invading Norsemen. It and several other such camps were drawn to the attention of Captain Robert Melville, one of General Roy's surveyors, and he immediately recognised its true origins. It was surveyed and mapped in 1754, which was fortunate because in later years land improvement caused all the part beyond Whigstreet wood to be ploughed out.



A 1979 aerial photograph of the Whigstreet woods area, which shows the extensive cropmark outline of the Roman camp. (Crown Copyright: RCAHMS).

It is now only occasionally visible on aerial photographs taken in dry summers, when the grain grows better in the deeper soils where the ditch once was. However, the ditch, walls and entrances within the woods are still plainly evident, which is remarkable when it is considered that they were probably thrown up within a few days, nearly one thousand eight hundred years ago.

Thereafter, it is highly likely that warriors were recruited from the local inhabitants to vanquish the invading Saxons at the battle of Nechtansmere and subsequently for the many conflicts, which the British Isles has been involved in over the centuries, including the civil war. Certainly many families have produced old photographs of relatives in uniform and the local war memorials record those who lost their lives in more recent conflicts.

During World War II there were two military sites in the parish. Various units were based in Fothringham Mansion house and the first of these was a Polish 'War Preparation' group (*Parku Uzbrojenia*), who seemed to get on very well with the locals. Not too much is known of the military activity they performed, but they will crop up in several accounts of older folk who knew them. Later units were less appreciated and the last, from the 'Recce' Corp, lived up to their name by demolishing parts of the Fothringham mansion, during high-spirited emulations of Samson between the balustrades of the balcony rail.

At Douglaswood, to the south of Burnside of Kirkbuddo, there was a very well defended unit, which was part of the radar surveillance chain established around the coast of Britain.



Local Defence Volunteers

Finally, the Local Defence Volunteers should be mentioned, drawn from local men in reserved occupations such as farming. Most of the farmers and their men were involved and we have a photograph of one of their route marches at the Bents.

A route march by the Local Defence Volunteers, at the Bents during WWII (Courtesy of Mrs Nan Joiner).



*The
People's Story*



A Bibby's outing to Ireland including several Inverarity Farmers. (Courtesy of June Richardson.)

Place Names in Inverarity

David Dorward MA. LLB.

A graduate in Arts and Law of the University of St Andrews, and nephew of one of Inverarity's dominies, David practised as a solicitor before joining the staff of his old university, where, for thirty-two years he enjoyed being an administrator among scholars, and occasionally aspired to being a scholar among administrators.

Married, with two sons, he engages in the recreations of golf, gardening and fishing, all of which activities combine happily with his favourite hobby of pondering the meanings of names, personal and of place. 'Scottish Surnames', 'Dundee: Names People and Places' and 'Scotland's Place-names' are some of his publications.

David spent many happy holidays in the Inverarity area. He stayed at the Schoolhouse with his uncle, Thomas Dorward, who was Headmaster of Inverarity School from 1937 to 1950. While there David enjoyed fishing on the Kerbet.

One particularly outstanding memory is, alas, not a happy one. 'I recall one time, I would be about 12, I strayed further east than usual and crossed the fence into the Fotheringham policies. I was accosted by a lairdly and imposing man who indicated that the estate would be well free of my presence, and I went quietly. When I reported the incident to my uncle, he was aghast, and told me that this must have been Major Fotheringham and that the trespass which I had committed would be no help to neighbourly relations, (and I caught no fish)!'

David, in response to questions about place names in Inverarity, has generously agreed to allow excerpts from his forthcoming book, 'The Sidlaw Hills,' to appear in ours.

Excerpt from 'The Sidlaw Hills.'

Bractullo

Gael, breac tulach.....'speckled hillock'

Carrot

Possibly Gael, caraidh 'at the mossy place'

Corbie Den

Scots as written 'crow valley'

Drowndubbs

Scots as written 'flooded mud patch'

Fotheringham Hill

Old English, fodoring ey 'foddering island'

Harecairn

Scots, hair cairn 'hoar cairn'

Hatton

Scots, ha'toun- 'hall or manor farm'

Holemill

Scots as written 'mill at the hollow, recess or cave'

Inverarity

Gael, inbhir charaide 'confluence of the pair' (of streams)

Invereighty

Gael, inbhir 'a confluence'

Kincaldrum House

Gael, cinn caled druim-..... 'at the end of the hard ridge'

Kirkbuddo

Probably Gael, cathair (from caer) Buithe. 'fort of Buite'

Labothie

Poss. Gael lathach bothan.. 'poss. marsh of the little hut'

Lorns Hill

Poss. Gael, lornach..... 'miry' (but (s) unexplained)

Ovenstone

Prob. from surname Ovens or Owen - 'Owen's toun'

Tarbrax

Prob. Gael, tarr+ Scots brak 'tarr-mound'
'brak-broken up round'

Kerbet Water

....A water-name, reflecting name of source, Kirkbuddo.

Kincaldrum Post Office

by Marion Elrick

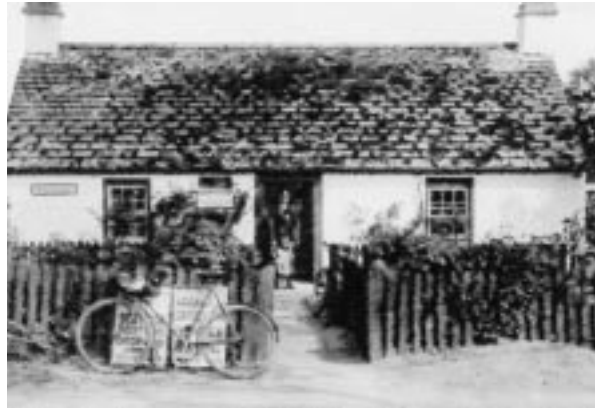
*My family took over Kincaldrum
Post Office, at Gateside, in 1928.*

I was born there in 1931.

In addition to the Post Office, it was also a Telegraph Office - we sent telegrams from there, and received them there by telephone, then delivered them in the area, from just beyond Kirkbuddo Cross Roads on the one side, to Foffarty and Hayston on the other, and from Nether Finlarg and South Happas to Kinnettes House. Deliveries were done by bicycle. We also sold newspapers and magazines - mostly the DC Thomson range.



Kincaldrum Post Office at Gateside.



Kincaldrum Post Office and Marion with
Postie Beattie.

For many years the postman on our round was 'Postie Beattie'. He lived in Glamis, and every day except Sunday, in all weathers, he got up early, cycled in to Forfar to pick up mail, and cycled out from there, delivering mail en route, reaching us about 9am. From Gateside, he continued delivering round the Kincaldrum area, and over by Govals, Muirside, and Hosenet to Nether Finlarg, and back down the main road via South and North Tarbrax, Gallowfauld, Muiryfauld, Keirton and New Grange, to reach us again by about 12 noon. He stopped there to have something to eat with us, and pick up the mail. It was our job to empty the letterbox (*in the side of our house and reached from inside the house*) and frank the mail ready for collection. In these days, all post offices had their own frank, so any mail posted in our letterbox was franked 'Kincaldrum Post Office'.

In the lead up to Christmas, the post office in Forfar used to send out bags of parcels by bus for the

addresses beyond our house, and we sorted these out and employed a local person to deliver them, to help postie out. Someone in the area used to get a parcel of venison sent every year. In these days there were no polythene bags, so the venison was wrapped in brown paper. By the time it reached us for sorting, blood was seeping through the brown paper, saturating it. I have never been able to eat venison - every time anyone mentions it, my mind conjures up a bloody brown parcel and I just can't stomach it!

After Postie Beattie retired, his round was taken over by Postie Hampton. Apart from the fact that he lived in Forfar, his delivery round was just the same - still done by bicycle. But he had only one arm! And remember, he did this in all weathers, with a basket on the front of the bike containing letters and parcels.

It was also our responsibility to look after the telephone box at Gateside. During the whole of the time I attended Forfar Academy it was my job to keep this box clean, and empty the money out when it was full. For that I earned 2/6d per week (*equivalent to twelve and a half pence in today's money*). That was my pocket money while I was at school!

The Village Shops

In the 1930's my Grand Uncle and Grand Aunt, Mr and Mrs Irons, lived round the corner - in the house that is now called 'Davela'. It was run as a croft - they had two fields between Gateside and Keirton, one along at Loanfoot, and a small three-cornered one between their farm steading and Kincaldrum Lodge. In addition, Uncle Bob ran a small carrier's

business. He had a horse and flat-topped cart and collected goods from the stations at Kirkbuddo and Forfar, or off the bus, and delivered them around the Kincaldrum area. Mrs Irons also had a little shop, selling cigarettes, sweets, biscuits and lemonade. Biscuits didn't come in packets in these days they came in large tins and were weighed out for the customer. When the Irons family left there in 1938, we took over the sale of cigarettes and lemonade. We didn't sell sweets until after World War Two when they were no longer rationed. I may say at this point, ours wasn't the only shop in the area, a lady called Bella Ramsay had a shop at North Tarbrax, where her stock included some groceries as well as sweets etc. There was also a general store at Whigstreet, run by Joe Sturrock and he too drove a van round the neighbourhood, selling groceries and general provisions. What I remember about him was that he always arrived at our place singing 'Molly Malone' at me.



Joe Sturrock at the door of his general store at Kirkbuddo (1920's).

Across the road from us lived the blacksmith - his smithy was further along on the same side, across the 'burn'. The smithy was joined on to the joinery workshop, run by the Andersons, who lived across from their workshop.

There were three main centres in the community in these days: the school, the church and the hall.

Inverarity School



The old building at Inverarity school, where Marion was taught.

When I was growing up, the old school was used. In the early 1930's the dominie (*headmaster*) was Mr Lind, but he left in 1936, just around the time I started school, and Mr Dorward took over.

When I started there were two classrooms, the older classes taught by Mr Dorward, and the younger ones

by Miss Betty Carnegie. When the war started, and evacuees were sent out from Dundee to live with families in the neighbourhood, a third classroom was opened up and a third teacher employed.

At that time, the only houses near the school were the two next to it on the Gateside Road (*now one house*), and the house over the wall from the bottom of the playground, occupied in the 30's by Mr and Mrs Wells. There was a bicycle shed and the girls'

toilets outside the door to Mr Dorward's room, and another bicycle shed near the door to Miss Carnegie's room. The boys' toilets were at the bottom of the playground.

There were no school dinners. Instead we had the soup kitchen (*previously a washing house*), just over the wall at the bottom of the playground, where the soup was made in the wash boiler. Mrs Wells made

the soup. The older girls in the school worked on a rota to help with the preparation of the vegetables. Each day, during the interval, two girls would go down to prepare the vegetables. These same girls would then get out 15 minutes early at lunchtime, to have their own soup. They each then presided over a table while the rest of the pupils had theirs. The soup was set up on the table in pails. The first bowlful was ladled out by the girls and set on the table ready for the pupils coming in. Second helpings were then ladled out as required. I can't remember for sure, but I have a feeling that we sometimes took our own bread with us, if we wanted to have bread with our soup.

In the classroom, we used slates and slate pencils a lot, especially in the younger classes. Part of our equipment in our schoolbag was a tin containing a wet sponge to wash our slates. In the higher classes we used pen and ink more often. The desks had holes in the corners to hold the inkwells, and it was usually the responsibility of one of the pupils to fill the inkwells.

School picnics in these days meant trips to Montrose or Arbroath beach, followed by a meal in a hall somewhere, and being given a paper bag with food in it to eat.

Entry to school was April or May, and we changed up to our new class each year at that time. The school leaving age then was 14. At 11 or 12 years, we could sit a bursary examination, for entry to Forfar Academy. If we passed, it meant free books and free bus season tickets. Many of the pupils didn't sit, but stayed on at Inverarity until they were 14. They got

more advanced lessons, including such subjects as algebra and geometry. I remember when I started to attend Forfar Academy in August 1943, with the classes at Inverarity having changed in the previous April/May, I had already had two months of algebra and geometry, with the result that I had a head start on my town classmates.

Inverarity Church

In the 30's and early 40's, the Minister was Mr Black. He had an artificial leg. He visited around the parish regularly, always riding a bicycle, which had one fixed pedal while he pedalled furiously with the other one. A friend of ours recalls that if he met you out and about and wanted to talk to you, rather than come off his bike he circled round and round you while he talked.

Two memories I have of him: I remember one occasion when I had delivered a telegram to the Manse he asked me to wait. When he came back, he handed me a halfpenny stamp, saying 'Take that back to your mother and she will give you a halfpenny for it!' So he was recycling before the word was invented! Mind you, in these days a halfpenny would probably have bought a gobstopper or a sherbet dab. Another memory was of him coming in to the Sunday school one day to talk to us about the rainbow. He said if we wanted to remember the colours of the rainbow, we should think of the word *ROYGBIV*. I remember thinking that was stupid - there was no such word. But to this day, if someone asks about the colours of the rainbow I think *ROYGBIV* - red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet!

The Hall - Fotheringham Pavilion



An older picture of the Pavilion building near the Fotheringham Home Farm.

Our local hall was Fotheringham Pavilion, which belonged to the Fotheringham family and was situated behind the Home farm buildings.

It was a wooden building, with the main door in the centre. Outside steps, lead to a door, and into two cloakrooms, men on the right and women on the left. From the cloakrooms, doors led on to the platform, and then down steps to the main floor. Opposite the platform, there was also a double door. Latterly, a hut was added at that end, where teas could be made and served. There was never any alcoholic drink served.

There were open fireplaces in the main hall (*opposite the main door*) and in each of the two cloakrooms. Later, stoves were installed, one at the end near the platform and the other at the bottom in the diagonally opposite corner. These were used instead of the open fireplaces.

In the early days, there was no electricity, so lighting was by Tilley Lamps. These were set out during a concert and we had to sit quietly in the dark while the lamps were heated up and lit.



Mrs Carnegie lighting the Tilley lamps in the Pavilion.

There were a lot of events organised for Friday evenings; whist drives and dances, concerts and dances, for example. The former usually finished about 10.30pm, and the dancing then went on until 2am. At whist drives, people would offer to 'take a

table'. That meant they would organise four people to come to their table (*themselves and three others*), and provide the food for their supper. At the dances, people didn't sit in groups, the women sat down one side of the hall, and the men down the other.



A Scottish country dancing class in the Pavilion.

Around the very early 1940's, a man called 'Dancie' Kydd used to come out from Forfar to take dancing classes. He had classes in Highland dancing for the youngsters at 4pm, and the same evening had what he called 'ballroom dancing' classes. Because there were not enough adults attending the classes, he took children in these classes too. The dances he taught were those danced at the local dances in these days, e.g. Military Two Step, Gay Gordons, Eightsome Reel, Lancers, Quadrilles, etc. He played the fiddle for us dancing, and if we went off in the wrong direction we got a whack with the fiddle bow to send us in the right direction!

Miss Young from Forfar took the Scottish Country Dancing Classes. Her sister came with her, to play for the dancing.



Back row left to right: Janet Spence, Susan Millar, Mrs Coventry, Mrs Menmuir, Peggy Smart, Phyllis Blacklaws.

Middle row: Miss Young, Mrs Howie, Mrs Elrick, Mrs Millar, Mrs Carnegie, Mrs Steven.

Front row: Anna Carnegie, Sheena Stewart, Marion Elrick, Emily Howie.

A lot of groups met in the hall, and at times it was used most days of the week. Some of the groups were; the Guides and Brownies, probably started about 1948, and a Scout troop which started about the same time.

The Curling Club also had some of its functions in the hall. At one time there was a square of concrete in the wood between the farm steading and the drive to Fotheringham House, and in the winter it would be flooded on frosty nights so that they could have open air curling.

Embroidery Classes

I also remember during the war going to knitting bees. We were sent khaki wool from somewhere (*presumably Red Cross or some similar organisation*), which we knitted into socks, fingerless mittens, and balaclava helmets for the soldiers.

WRI met once a month. Two memories: Just after the war, I think at Christmas 1948, the WRI decided to give a Christmas Party for the children of members. They asked Aileen Bowie (*local infant teacher and Guide Captain*) and myself to organise the games. I think there were about 90 children there, all ages from babies to 14 years. (*If there weren't 90, it certainly felt like it!*) Mrs Fotheringham had managed to get a supply of Christmas crackers from somewhere, and we made the mistake of letting the children pull these at the outset. All of the crackers contained one of two things, a whistle with curled paper which straightened out when blown and popped back into its curl again, or metal toys in the shape of frogs consisting of two sheets of tin hinged together, which, when pressed, cracked. After that, all the children wanted to do was chase each other round the hall, tooting and cracking for all their worth! The noise was indescribable! We would try to get them organised into circles. After considerable effort we would get a circle formed, and say to them 'Just stay there until we get another circle'. After a struggle, we would get a second circle formed only to discover that it was made up largely of children from the first circle! Aileen and I were going off to a Guiders' training weekend at West Linton the following day, and I remember we sat in the train whispering to each other because we had no voices left.

Then in March 1954, the co-operative exhibit for the annual County WRI Show was a store cupboard, and Inverarity WRI decided to enter. Mrs Menmuir, Gateside, offered to make a haggis. She had never made one before, and thought she should have a practice first, so she ordered two sheep's stomachs from the butcher. I happened to go round for a message the day they arrived, and she said to me 'Have you ever seen a sheep's stomach?' Since I hadn't, she invited me in. She had a large earthenware bowl sitting on the table, and she started

lifting out the first stomach, yards and yards of it! She had thought a sheep's stomach would be the size of one haggis! And she had bought two! But she made haggis with them both and everyone at Gateside lived on haggis for weeks after that! And they were good!

The Drama Group

A group of us used to meet to put on plays. We never actually gave ourselves the title of Amateur Dramatic Society, but I suppose that was what we were. Some of the people involved were: Will Joiner, Dave



The Inverarity WRI in costume for a Pavilion show.

Guthrie, Ruby Gleig, Peg Curtis, Molly Menmuir, Martin Mowbray, and myself. I suppose there were others, but I can't remember. My mother wrote three act plays and helped produce them.

We were sometimes asked to perform at neighbouring areas. I remember going to Guthrie and Roundyhill, for instance. We would hire a bus, and, because there were a number of young girls in the group, some of the young lads working in the area would go with us to fill the bus. On one occasion, when we went to Roundyhill, I remember that one of our props was a jar of jam. To make it easier to carry, my mother melted a table jelly and set it in a jam jar. At the end of the play, when we were packing up to allow the dancing to begin, the jam jar was somehow overlooked, and one of the Roundyhill organisers thought it was a gift for the raffle! In due course, by a strange coincidence, it was one of the young bothy lads with us who won the jar! Some weeks later he said to my mother 'I don't know what kind of jam that was I won in the raffle at Roundyhill, but I had an awful job spreading it on my piece'.

The Coronation Year 1953

When the date for the Coronation was set, a Coronation Committee was formed consisting of one member to represent each of the groups using the hall. I went to represent the Guides, Jean Cooper (Govals) represented the Sunday school, and I think Mrs Carnegie represented the Rural. Chic Elder may also have been on the Committee, but I cannot remember any of the others. We decided to organise a series of events beforehand to raise some funds, so that everything happening at the Coronation would be free. In these days, very few people had electricity

and therefore there were very few TV sets. We decided to hire a large screen TV and set it up in the hall so that people could come and watch the Coronation at any time during the day, for as long as they wished. Members of the Committee did stints throughout the day serving teas and sandwiches etc. It was a cold, wet, miserable day, and I remember cycling up and down to the hall throughout the day to do my stints. In the evening, then, we had a dance, and once it was dark we stopped for a while

to go up to Carrot Hill to light a bonfire. We then came back to the hall and danced till 2am. On the following Saturday, we had a coronation picnic.

Finally, a word about Whigstreet where, in these days, there was still a school for Kirkbuddo, and events and dances were sometimes held there. For a time there was a very important annual event, the dance at New Year when the Provost of Kirkbuddo was elected.



A tug of war at the Coronation Picnic.

Kirkbuddo Post Office

Mrs Mudie was born Isabella Webster in 1912 and was brought up at the Post Office of Kirkbuddo, in Whigstreet. Mrs Mudie's mother ran the Post Office until the early 1930s when the postal unit was taken into the village shop, run by Joe Sturrock.



Mrs Mudie's mother outside her Kirkbuddo post office.

Kirkbuddo Post Office

Isabella Webster was one of nine children born to Mr and Mrs John Webster who began their married life in the house which was built for them, and functioned as Kirkbuddo Post Office. Isabella is the sole survivor of their nine children. One brother was Andrew Webster and his son Gordon runs the builder's business today. Her sister Alice became

Mrs Brown, (*mother of Colin Brown*), and Alice's mother-in-law, Euphemia Brown, made the soup for the schoolchildren at Kirkbuddo school, from the house where they lived at Herrin'Ha, before moving into Springbank, further up the Scronley road.

Isabella's uncle Geordie Nairn and his wife Maggie had Scronley farm back then. They had one daughter Jean.



A wedding party photographed outside Kirkbuddo School.



the Second World War. It landed in a field at Little Lour but she thinks it was a British plane and she remembers that no one was killed in this particular incident.

Isabella smiled as she recalled the characters of the day; the 'Boss' Sturrock and Jimmy Mick, one of his joiners; old Mrs Nairn

who gave her a whole twopence for delivering the paper to her house; the huge turn out of children who walked to Sunday School at Inverarity church where her father was beadle for many years.

Then the story of the great snowstorm when no one arrived for church and the Minister and the beadle waited patiently, but still no one came. The Minister began bemoaning the fact that no one had turned up for church that morning whereupon the beadle, Mr. Webster, stated, 'Weel, weel Meenister, let's face it; if we wisna bein' pay'ed, we widna be here aither!'

Top Left: A recent photograph of Mrs Mudie.
Below: The Girl Guides at their camp in Glen Shee.

Isabella Webster married Dick Mudie in 1933 and they left Whigstreet to run their own blacksmith's business in Aberdeenshire where she has lived for most of her life. She has fond memories of 'Whiggie' and how everyone knew everyone else and all got on fine together.

This photo of Liz Sturrock and Charlie Norrie's wedding was taken at Kirkbuddo school, where the wedding reception was held. Most of 'Whiggie' was at that wedding and Isabella can identify almost all of the people seen here, even though seventy years have gone by since that day.

Isabella, like so many others of the district, has fond memories of Girl Guide camps and one such camp was up Glen Shee, around the mid to late nineteen twenties.

She clearly remembers outstanding events, like the day when a plane came down, near 'Whiggie,' during



Burnside of Kirkbuddo

A lifestyle explained by a farmer's wife and family.

Mrs Todd clearly remembers the move to Burnside of Kirkbuddo from Lundie Mill in 1940. It was the time of blackouts, gas masks and Regulations and a cold, cold wind. To the Todds, Burnside seemed to be the windiest place on earth but they must have become used to it as they are still there over 60 years later!

According to Mrs Todd there was, in the 1940s, an Army post at Douglaswood, just up the road, and she remembers the prisoners of war working in the fields at Downiemuir. She also recalls feeding the prisoners when they came to help at Burnside during the harvest time and the never to be forgotten day when the bombers flew so low and loud over Burnside that they scared all the horses.

Poultry Keeping

Keeping hens was a steady job for the farmer's wife and Mrs Todd acquired 200 new chickens each year, which would be housed in four big henhouses, (*taylor-made by Alex Sturrock of Whigstreet*). From the hens she would have as many as 60 dozen eggs which had to be washed and packed in sections in wooden

crates, 30 dozen in a box ready for the egg lorry which came from Dundee once a week and took them off to market. Ducks were also kept at Burnside in one duckhouse.

Then there was the butter to make, in a glass churn, which her daughter Barbara remembers wearily turning for what seemed like hours, waiting for the milk to separate. They also made crowdie cheese and there was curds and whey as a treat on a Sunday.

The Pig Killing

The farmer's wife had a very busy life in those far off days. There was the day the pig was killed, and one was killed every year. That meant a lot of work, which had to be tackled immediately. After the killing, the carcase was hung up until tea time then cut up into very many pieces; there were two front hams and two back hams but you usually gave one away to the people who had been helping with the killing. Nothing was wasted. The remaining three hams were cut and cured in a barrel of salt then hung up on a cleek covered in muslin to keep out the blue fly. Proper mealie puddings were made and kept in a barrel of meal. The middle part was the belly and it was also used; trotters and head were boiled and used in the making of potted head. Sausages were made out of all the odd pieces of pork and shanks made a grand pot of soup. It all sounds so brutal now, in the 21st. century, but that's how it had to be in days gone by, as there was no alternative.

Housekeeping

No mention has so far been made of the housework but that too had to be done. After an early rise in the

mornings, grates had to be blackleaded once the ashes had been cleaned out and the fire laid and lit. Sometimes the dish of the day, maybe mince and doughballs with neeps and tatties, would need to go into the large oven (*part of the fireside range*) in the early morning to be ready for dinner time, which could be as early as 11.30am or 11.45am. There was an extended dinner break because the horses used on the land (*no tractors*) needed a decent break before beginning their work in the afternoon at around 1.00pm.

During the afternoon the farmer's wife might have to do the ironing if it had been a good drying day. No electric irons then, just the block that you threw in the fire until it was red hot then you removed it carefully with the poker (*or other instrument*) placing the red-hot block inside a shield before proceeding to iron the items in sequence. You ironed the difficult clothes first i.e. flannel shirts when the iron was at its hottest then moving down to the most delicate fabric whilst the iron was at its coolest. No thermostat control in those days, just your own common sense! Of course you would have remembered to place another block in the fire when you removed the first one. This way you always had a hot iron until you had finished off the pile and placed them on the pulley to air. Almost everything had to be ironed in those days because very little was uncrushable and most items were well creased having been dirlid up and down the washing board earlier on that morning then squeezed through the mangle (*wringer*)! If there was time after the ironing, the farmer's wife might have time to bake a scone or two in between gathering in all the eggs for washing.

Teatime was around 5.00pm - 5.30pm, and ham and egg was the order of the day. After all, you had the ham which you took down from the cleek and shaved off a rasher or two, and you had the eggs, freshly collected that afternoon, not to mention the bannocks and scones, which the lady of the house had somehow managed to bake in between egg collecting and ironing!

Milking Time

Did I mention the milking? No, well that was another job for the lady of the house or the children, as soon as they were old enough to sit on a milking stool and fend off that filthy tail which kept taking a nasty swipe at you every now and again, not to mention the cloven hoof of a temperamental old cow! Then the milk was poured into flagons, jugs and bowls and put in the dairy. No refrigeration of course, just stone slabs which were very cold and usually kept the milk, butter and cheese fresh on all but the hottest of days.

Pet Lambs

The Todds also kept lambing ewes and yes this was even more work for the farmer's wife. There was always the 'puir wee thing' which had been abandoned by its mother or had somehow been left to die. No fear. This little scrap of life was brought into the kitchen where it lay in front of the fire being fed periodically until it was fit enough to go out into a shed, along with the other 'orphans'. Some didn't make it of course but it was surprising how many responded to the TLC on offer by the farmer's wife and the children.

The Mill Day

Then there was the mill day! More work for the farmer's wife! The mill came from Newtyle the night before and fourteen to sixteen men would arrive in the early morning and the first thing needed was breakfast. They were quite happy with filled butteries; eggs and spam were popular. Once that was over, the dinner had to be prepared and that was usually quite a substantial feed; soup, beef and tatties and a pudding of one kind or another; rice pudding or bread and butter pudding were favourites but semolina and custard didn't go amiss either, especially if there was home-made jam to smear over the top! Such a huge crowd of people meant that they had to have two sittings, if using the farmhouse kitchen, or set up trestles in the barn and have lunch out there in one sitting. It was a big relief when the threshing day(s) were over and things got back to normal.



A threshing mill at Burnside.

Visitors

Other visitors to the farm were few but there was Chae Edwards, the baker from Letham. You looked forward to fresh rolls, paris buns or heckle biscuits. No worries when a cat jumped out as Chae pulled out a baking tray. 'Oh it must have jumped in at my last place when I wasnae lookin'', said Chae, quite unperturbed. Chae was a most obliging man and would offer to take your 'cumies' in to be charged and bring back your fresh ones. The accumulator was the acid filled bottle which you fixed, by the use of red and green terminals, to your wireless to give it the power to produce sound, sometimes only after you had rubbed the verdigrease off the terminals with a piece of sandpaper. They had to be handy with their hands in those days! During the war years it was the custom of many households to put on the wireless at 6.00pm every night to hear The News. A chill would creep along the spine as the voice of Lord Haw Haw would boom out over the airways, 'Germany calling! Germany calling!'

Sometimes a fishman arrived from Arbroath or a woman carrying a creel of fresh herring, having walked all the way there, only to have to walk all the way back. Sometimes there was the butcher; Joe Smith from Letham, and it was fine to have a change from pork! The grocer was the Co-op, (*W. Middleton*) from Forfar. The very occasional visitor might be a packman on a bike, with his case of goods, which he proceeded, if given half a chance, to spread out on your doorstep. These visitors would bring news of the neighbouring countryside. Back to the farming life. It should be said that not only was there no electricity in those early days but there was no running water either. Water had often

to be pumped from the well, which could be quite some distance away. At Burnside they had a trout in their well until one day it died, having been fished out of the well by some well-meaning person. The family were quite sad to have lost their trout. Any surplus water ran to the horse troughs and of course there was no bathroom in the house so the family, like all other families at that time, had to take it in turns having a bath in front of the fire. The enamel bath would be filled with hot water and the first, usually the youngest, would have their bath, in order to get off to bed first, then each in turn would take their bath, the water being changed as often as they could keep boiling kettles on the open fire.

After a hard day it might be possible for the lady of the house to retire early to bed but no such thing happened; she would get out her knitting and proceed to knit each of her men-folk a pair of socks, grafting in the heel and toe with great care, then as they became worn, darning them until there was little left to darn. Thriftiness was seen in those days to be next to Godliness! The men-folk were not idle either in the evenings because they had to 'see to the horse' at about 8 o'clock each evening before supper time. Cocoa and a biscuit, then to bed by nine o'clock for an early rise at 5.30am or 6.00am and another day's work on the land.

One night a reporter from the Courier called in to take a 'farm photo' for the paper. The Todd bairns were washed and ready for bed but they needed no second bidding to throw on their clothes again and rush outside to feed the calf. The calf did not mind either, not if it meant a second chance to sink his head into a bucket of milk.



Barbara and Watt feeding the calf its second supper.

A Child's Memories

Barbara remembers fondly, or sometimes not so fondly, washing piles of dishes, dusting her bedroom, only to be sent back to do it again, if it did not come up to scratch!

In the Springtime there would often be orphan lambs to care for and that was an interesting job - much better than dusting! Also in the Spring there would be tatties to plant, only to be lifted again in the autumn when the backbreaking job of tattie picking began. During the Summer harvest, (*the Hairst*), there would be stooking to be done and then back to

help Mum feed the men in the field at 'midser' time, and of course, for a change, there were always berries to pick at Granny and Grandad's place.

The thresh was always a busy time and it meant all hands on deck, but the best job was tramping the barn then sliding down from a great height, almost from the rafters, to be caught at the bottom by Dad. The work went on all year; feeding the hens, collecting the eggs, cleaning the eggs, packing the eggs into crates ready to go off to the egg grading station.

A typical meal would be mince, tatties and neeps, followed by a milk pudding with stewed apples at lunch time, and at tea time it would be sausage and egg, home-made oatcakes (*bannocks*) and scones. Next, clear the table, wash the dishes then scoot outside to feed the calves their milk from a bucket. Around the fire in the evening Barbara would be taught to knit and sew whilst listening to the radio; sometimes reading comics was allowed. At a younger age, play was more frequent and a pram made out of a box and set on wheels was Barbara's pride and joy as was her doll's house, also made out of a box. It was great fun playing at 'houses' and laying the table for dinner. Dock leaves were the plates; dock stems were rhubarb pudding and dock seeds were mince. A handy plant was the humble docken! Wild flowers too were a source of great interest to a child and many were collected and pressed, to be preserved forever.

Barbara, upon looking back on her childhood, remembers only sunny summer days, running around barefooted, never hungry, even in wartime. There always seemed to be plenty to eat; fresh fruit

in season, fresh vegetables, fresh eggs to go with the bacon and the occasional rabbit for the pot. The only rationing Barbara can remember was of sweets! She does recall having a gas mask, which she kept it in the bag with the rabbit on the front. Her baby brother had a ball shaped cabinet, like a diver's helmet, and he fitted inside this contraption. The only real 'feel' of war came right at the end when the heavy bombers flew low over Burnside and the horses took off, terrified out of their wits. Barbara thought her Mum had a soft spot for the German prisoners of war who helped on the farm at harvest time. They had a piece as well!

There were happy days growing up on Burnside and the children, Barbara, Watt and Bill, were never bored, but if the word was spoken, they had a job to do!

Watt Todd's Wartime Clippings

Watt Todd provided a clipping about Douglas Wood Radar Station. This article reports that, just before the Forth air raid in October 1939, the Air Ministry Experimental Radar Station at Douglaswood, had shut down temporarily. They were off the air for about an hour, for their regular maintenance check and during this time a station on the south of the Forth normally covered them. Unfortunately, it appears that they were both off at the same time due to a fuse, which had blown. By the time normal service was resumed, the enemy bombers were on their way in.

Did Rudolf Hess fly over Inverarity? The article also stated that Douglaswood tracked in the aircraft bringing Rudolf Hess to Scotland. The controllers

were not aware of this, until the next day. They had kept tabs on a strange aircraft, which they knew was an enemy, because it hadn't responded to any of the transmission codes. They even had a bit of an argument about it because it was such a small plane. The following day the operators at Douglaswood were told that it had brought Rudolf Hess on his now famous visit to Scotland.

Editorial note: Official records show that the route taken by the Hess plane was much further south, crossing the British coast near Holy Island in Northumberland. However there has always been an element of 'mystery' to the whole episode.

Still bristling with the excitement of it all, soldiers, whilst on duty the very next night, heard rifle shots. The Black Watch, who were guarding the station, leapt into action. All the great iron doors were slammed and they got ready to destroy the apparatus. Eventually things quietened down and they found that a sentry had caused the commotion. He'd seen what he thought was a man coming towards him waving a white flag. In accordance with Regulations he'd shouted, 'Who goes there,' three times. On getting no reply, he'd fired, but the man waving a white flag turned out to be nothing other than a horse, with a white blaze!



A plane of the type used by Rudolph Hess on his flight to Scotland. (*Messerschmitt 110*)

Skills of Yesteryear

Due to modern farming methods, the rural skills of yesteryear are dying out, or may have already died out, in some parts of the country.

Fifty or sixty years ago young children used to build stubble stacks in the grain fields, a skill no doubt passed down through the generations.

Stubble stack building would be done by the farm bairns, often large numbers of them in those days, copying their elders. Some kids used their carties, dragged along by rope, to haul stubble from further out in the field, just like the adults leading sheaves to the stack-yard. The process began with the ripening grain being cut, leaving only the stubble. The stacks were made by plucking the stubble stalks from the ground, often at the end rigs. These stalks were then laid flat on the ground in a circular shape, root end to the outside. Layer upon layer was built until enough height was reached to put a peaked top on it. They looked like smaller versions of the full-sized stacks, with the length of the stubble acting as the radius. A good training for the future skills, which they would doubtless need, for adult life on the farm in those by-gone days.

The skill of good stack building dates back to pre-combine days when the binders would cut the standing grain and tie it into sheaves. These in turn would be set up into stooks, then after a period of time for ripening, these stooks would be forked on to a bogie and lead off to the stack-yard. There they would be built into circular stacks with pointed tops to keep the weather off until they could be threshed out by the mill. The final touch would be the corn-dolly, carefully crafted and then fixed to the top of each stack.



Stack Building.

Following on from the stack building would come the thresh when the travelling mill would arrive to thresh out each stack then the grain would be bagged and carried up to the loft.

Scything

Another rural skill, which was an art in itself, was scything grass. In the 19th century, grass was nearly always cut by scythe and the wooden part of the scythe was called the 'Sned'. There is a story of a

special scythe, which was called 'The Lucky Slap Sned' (see *Sturrock* entry)



The Sned
(Kindly submitted by Aileen Rodger (nee Mowbray)).

From left to right: Mert Mowbray (Aileen's Grandad), unknown, Jim Alexander.

Alexander Sturrock produced these in his workshop at Luckyslap, on the hilly road between Wellbank and Kirkbuddo in the winter months, when this bit of road was often blocked with snow. Making sneds and wooden cartwheels kept the men well occupied at this slack time of year. The blacksmith fitted and set the scythe blades and this was another job, which needed skill and good craftsmanship. The cartwheels too were almost completely made in the workshop, all except the metal rims and these were also fitted by the blacksmith. Not only did the blacksmith have to show skill in fitting these ancient implements but the user had to be just as skilled.

The Lucky Slap scythe had a double-shaft whereas the earlier scythes had only one long sned with two handgrips. An expert scythe cutter had to advance with

rhythmic strokes, cutting close and leaving everything behind him all trim and neat. In cutting corn the man used the scythe and the women-workers, usually two, would follow on helping. One would lay the cut corn in bundles and twisted a few corn stalks into bands, the other would bind the sheaves and stook them. These stooks usually consisted of eight sheaves set up in pairs on end, leaning against each other. Here was another age-old skill, seldom seen nowadays. Some had the knack of setting up the stook correctly, and others hadn't and within a night, theirs would have fallen, or been blown down.



Gathering sheaves for stooking.
(kindly submitted by Alan and Lena Davie).

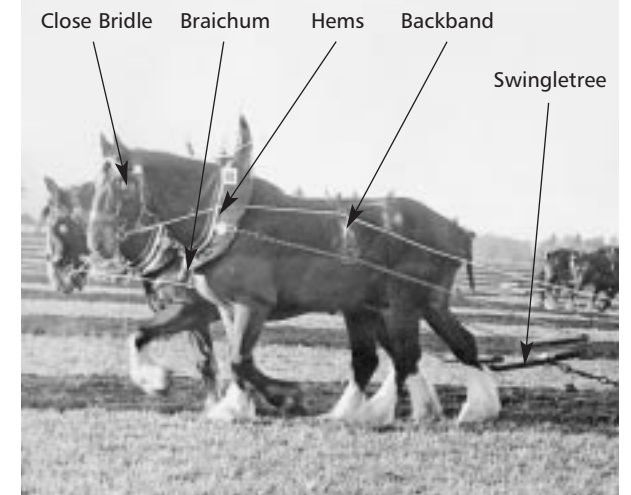
Farming, pre-mechanisation, took much time, patience and a degree of skill. Ploughing itself took up a large part of the farming year; horses, ploughs and ploughmen could often be seen steadily plodding up and down the fields from the October of one year right through to the April of the following year.



A ploughing match team at the Keirton Farm of Dick Sharpe, late 1940's, (kindly submitted by Dora Johnson).

The Day of the Horse and Plough

The art of good ploughing was often put to the test in the Ploughing Matches held around Angus, including Inverarity. These were usually held at the weekend and ploughmen spent days polishing the horse harness in order to present a 'bonny pair.' They frequently handmade the decorations (usually blue and white) which tied up the tails and manes of these beautiful beasts. The horses, usually Clydesdales, were washed and groomed until their coats shone and their white fetlocks feathered faultlessly over the great hooves. The harness used for a ploughing match was often quite different from that which they wore throughout the week for ordinary work. The ploughmen would attach what were called 'the clear hems' for a ploughing match. Ploughmen used this phrase when joking with each other when dressing up to go out on a date, or to town. 'Aye I see you've got the clear hems on today!'



The ploughing pair in harness.

The hems were attached to the braichum (collar), which went round the horse's neck enabling it to pull an implement. (Hems were the hooks, attached to the braichum, which took the chains to the backband then to the swingletree, a sort of crossbeam to the plough).

For a ploughing match the horses would often wear the peaked braichum, as opposed to the less ornate



A champion horse at a show fifty years ago (1953).

rounded one, called a Doddie, used during the week. The braichum was held out to the horse by the horseman, peaked side down towards the ground, then the horse would push his head through the collar of the braichum which would then be turned round by the horseman so that the peaked part pointed skyward. If a horse was reluctant to put its head through the collar it was often referred to as a cold-shouldered beast. Is this where the expression being given the 'cold shoulder' came from, one wonders?

When some horses were asked to pull, first thing in the morning, they were reluctant to do so if the braichum was hurting on their shoulders. If the skin was broken from a bad fitting collar, that would stop them pulling as well. The term used here was 'broken shouldered.'

The Close Bridle

This was a bridle, which fitted closely round the eyes of the horse in order that its attention was not deflected in any way. The reins attached to the bit, were threaded through the iron hoops on the hems then back on to the back band, and along to the hands of the ploughman. The tieback went from the plough chain of the 'hander,' (*just a short rein between the pair*) to the bridle of the 'offsider' to steady him down so that they pulled together as a pair. Control of the pair was achieved by

the ploughman, using the rein of the 'hander', the horse on the handside (*at the same time as he held the stilts of the plough*). The other horse was the 'offsider' and he also had a rein travelling back to the hand of the ploughman. The 'offsider' was usually the less experienced horse, whereas the 'hander' was the more reliable, steady one. The hand horse worked on the land whereas the offsider worked in the furrow.

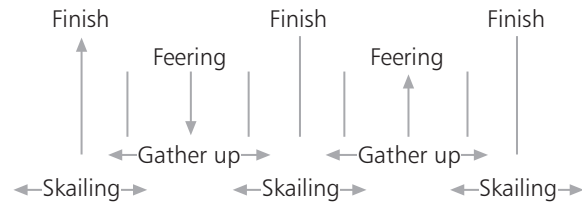
The Britchin

Other parts of a Clydesdale's harness were the britchin, which fixed to the back of the saddle. This was a piece of harness that went over the horse's back down to hip level and from the band across the horse's back there was a short chain at either side which fixed into a hook on the shaft of the cart so that when the horse reversed, he pushed the cart backwards. This was used when carting but not at a ploughing match. The saddle obviously fitted snugly on to the beast's back and the rigwoodie, went over the saddle to take the weight, again not used at a ploughing match. The old style swing plough was used during ploughing matches and this was followed, in later years, by the Yankee plough (110A).

The Ploughing Match

The match would begin by the ploughman being asked to draw a straight, well-set, furrow; where the 'finishers' had left the previous year. He had no say in which piece of ground he was given as these were drawn at random. The feering was set up by the ploughman himself and it had to be as straight as could be, then he had to begin ploughing and in so doing, 'gather up' clockwise round the feering which he had made. When the rigs closed to within six feet

or so they had to 'skail' it out, (*plough the part alongside their first furrow*), always with the lie of the land and in accordance with the drainage system. It was this which determined the number of rigs and strips of land assigned to each ploughman. (*Thanks to Davie Ramsay for his assistance here*).



Field layout during a ploughing match.



A ploughing match team getting to the tricky part.

The 'gathering' and 'skailing' carried on over endrigs and other parts of the field. The farmer, whose field it was, should never have to tidy up behind a ploughing match. The field itself had to look like a work of art at the end of the afternoon's proceedings!

To learn these skills it was essential to watch, and listen, to the older, experienced ploughmen. 'Ye cannae gae wrang if yer richt fae the start!'

This skill was taken very seriously and ploughmen took the whole match-day very, very seriously indeed. It was often said that here was a skill, which was improved by contest. Competition was stiff and ploughing match cups and medals were much sought after.



Ploughing match medal 1953.

There would be first for feering, first for ploughing, first for their finishing technique, first for the straightest furrows and even one for the first one to be finished first! Then there was a cup for the best pair, the best matched pair, the best decorated pair, the best-groomed pair, the best harness and finally, the best turned out pair.

Of course there were many arguments as to who should have won and this leads to the question; what is good ploughing?

'The furrow slice should be straight - agreed. The slices should be the same thickness throughout, cut the same breadth and at the same height - agreed. The furrows should be parallel and run in a horizontal line - agreed.' Where is the argument then, you might well ask. Ploughing match judges gave their decision and that was that! It is recorded

that they often then left by the back roads, under cover of darkness! They do say that beauty is in the eye of the beholder and so it must have been when an unpopular decision was reached at a Ploughing Match.

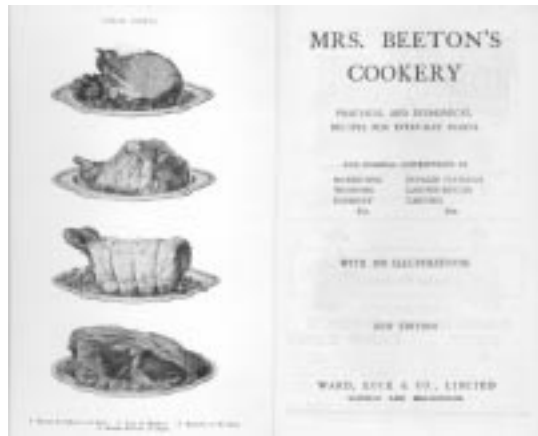
The Angus Show was another major event in the farming year and a huge effort was again put into showing the great beast, the Clydesdale horse, at its best (*See page 34*). Hours of grooming, hours of patient reassurance and hours of preparation before the judging began, but no true horseman grudged this unpaid labour, such was the pride they took in their pair. Sometimes only one horse was shown, depending on which category they had been entered in. Again time-honed skills were evident on the day of the Show. There was much appreciation by the large crowds who used to gather around the ring to applaud the horseman who won the cup for the best turned out pair, or the best turned out Clydesdale in its category, at the Angus Show.

Ploughmen in Inverarity shared many proficiencies, not all of them linked to the great outdoors. One domestic skill was the art of making good brose; an oatmeal and boiling water mix, 'supped' from a brose bowl using a horn spoon.

These lads were often skilled musicians, self trained and playing many instruments; melodeon, fiddle, Jews harp, the saw, the spoons; usually unable to read a word of music; every tune learned by ear and practised on long winter evenings until note perfect! No TVs and videos in those days! Entertainment had to be created by themselves. There was much laughter and banter and honest fun.

Countrywomen

Countrywomen too professed many skills, most learned at their mother's knee. They were taught how to knit and sew at a very young age then they graduated to rug making, (*clottie rugs*), crocheting and quilting. Cooking skills were a necessity: first porridge, then bacon and egg, mince and tatties, followed by baking skills; bannocks and girdle scones then sponge cakes and biscuits. A clottie dumpling was an essential skill, followed by jams and jellies, pickles and preserves, not forgetting the odd 'cuddle mi' dearie' wine at Christmas. Mrs. Beaton's recipe book was a 'must' for every young girl starting out in her own kitchen for the first time!



Mrs Beaton's famous book.

Then to the outside work. When very small, a girl would be allowed to feed the hens and gather in the eggs then she would be encouraged to draw up the milking stool and make a few attempts at extracting milk from the milk kye, avoiding kicks and the odd swipe from a dirty tail. Milking by hand was a skill;

some girls never managed it successfully and others had no problems right from the very first attempt and could milk six cows in no time. There followed the butter making and the endless turning of the milk churn, no electrically powered churns in those days. There were usually orphaned lambs to be looked after and the children did well at this job, fighting to be the one to hold the bottle of milk to each greedy little mouth, or to be the one wholly responsible for feeding up the turkeys for Christmas dinner!



A child's work is never done
(kindly submitted by Chic and Sheila Nicoll).

Depending on how strong and willing a girl was, she could be taught to fork sheaves, stook sheaves and lead a carthorse round the field 'lading' in the grain harvest. Some women travelled with the threshing mill and 'loused' the sheaves all day and every day, no matter how 'stoorey' or 'shoogley' it was on top of the mill. This was a hard job, as was 'pooin' neeps'.

Some countrywomen did all of these skilled jobs, as well as bring up a large family. Multi-skilled was the countrywoman of yesteryear as can be seen from the following tale.

The Guidwife

Davie Ramsay, a local farmer, remembers a story told to him by his father about his grandfather, George Ramsay, whilst he was 'gaffer' and staying in the farmhouse at Whitehouse of Tealing. One autumn the farmer asked Davie's grandfather if his wife would like to 'pu' neeps.' George asked his wife Isabella and she said she would, but what was the pay like. They ascertained that it was to be one penny for 100 ells, (*one ell was about a yard*), and the neeps were to be laid in a row, four one side and four in a row on the offside so that the cart could pick them up with ease.

Davie's granny pulled turnips for two days then the grieve sent the foreman for a cartload of turnips. He never came back, and still he never came back, as the day wore on. Eventually he reappeared in a bit of a state and told Davie's grandfather that he'd better go and look at what his guidwife had done. A trifle concerned, his grandfather made his way to the neep field and found to his astonishment that his wife had 'pu'ed the neeps' but had left them lying where they were. No attempt had been made to put them into rows for the carter to pick up easily. When asked what she thought she was doing she replied, 'He asked me to pu' neeps for one penny for 100 ells and that's what I've done. If he wants them to be put into rows then that's another one penny for 100 ells!' She got her two pennies for 100 ells pu'ed in rows. No flies on granny!

A Childhood at Fothringham

by Emily Hendry (Howie)

*The Howie family; William Scott,
his wife Eva, son David and
daughter Emily, came to
Inverarity in May 1941.*

My father, known as Scott, a professional gardener, rented the gardens from Fothringham Estate and ran them as a market garden. We lived in the house at the gardens. There were glasshouses and two acres of a walled garden. All kinds of vegetables and fruit were grown including peaches, nectarines, grapes, figs and lovely tomatoes. Twice weekly my father took fruit and vegetables to Forfar in a Morris Commercial lorry with covered sides and hawked the produce around the houses in town.

My father was also a member of the Inverarity Home Guard and went out on night exercises. There was a prisoner of war camp at Douglaswood and a prisoner called Walter came to help my father in the garden and lived in the bothy attached to our house. He was also a professional gardener and had a

market garden in the Russian Zone of Germany. He was a lovely person and played a zither. After he returned to Germany, although my father had his address, he was unable to contact him.



A formal photograph of Eva, David, Emily & Scott Howie.

My mother was very musical and played the organ and started a small choir in Inverarity church during the time of Rev Walter Black and Rev William Paxton. She also played the piano in the hall (*situated*

at the back of the Home Farm) for Scottish Country dancing and WRI and Guide concerts.

During the great snowstorm of 1947 my mother required to be admitted to Dundee Royal Infirmary for treatment. All the side roads were blocked and it was impossible for an ambulance to reach Fothringham. The farm grieve (*Mert Mowbray*) and farm worker (*Jim Alexander*) filled a box cart with straw and a horse pulled the cart to a waiting ambulance at Gateside on the main Dundee-Forfar road.

My brother David and I attended Inverarity school and Forfar Academy. David served his apprenticeship as an electrician and worked in Forfar and Dundee. He also helped with the Inverarity Scouts.

I trained as a GPO telephonist and worked in the Brechin and Forfar Telephone Exchange until the system became automatic.

I was sad to leave Fothringham in 1949 when my parents moved to Menmuir. Growing up in Inverarity was a wonderful experience for me. I made a lot of life long friends and I could not think of a better place to have spent my early years.

INVERARITY WELCOME HOME FUND (Registered under War Charities Act, 1940).—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the APPEAL on behalf of the above Fund is now CLOSED. To assist the Committee in compiling a List of Recipients, an Appeal is made to all who served in His Majesty's Forces, Merchant Navy, Nursing Services, and Land Army to send in their Names to me, the Undersigned, by Dec. 31, 1945. Parents or Next-of-Kin of those serving abroad should apply on their behalf. The Eastern Boundary is a line drawn north and south immediately East of Sengden and Labothic.—(Signed) W. SCOTT HOWIE, Secy., Market Gardens, Fothringham, by Forfar.

Emily's father took a part in organising this worthwhile cause.

Mid Lodge

*Life at Mid Lodge, Fothringham
by Dora Johnson (Sharpe)*

I was born and brought up at Mid Lodge, Fothringham 1919-1949, the latter date being the year of my marriage. Childhood days were happy and carefree and I spent much time making my own amusements, as there were no other children closeby for regular playmates. I attended Inverarity Primary School and further education at Forfar Academy, reached by cycling either to Gateside or Invereighy Lodge, where I would be picked up by bus.



Mid Lodge Plaque.

Glimpses of Days Gone By

A few glimpses of places and memories of life during my stay in Inverarity. Thinking back to my home at Mid Lodge there was a drive which led to the old Mansion House close to Fothringham Home Farm, and there, under the two bridges ran two burns; one was called the Corbie Burn which flowed past Mid Lodge, the other was the Kerbet which passed the old Mansion House. On the left hand side of the drive was a grassy area where two fir trees stood. These were planted to commemorate the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of York in 1923, (later King George VI and Queen Elizabeth). For some reason the 'Duchess' didn't grow so well as the 'Duke' and on a visit to the area several years ago, I noticed they no longer existed so I assumed both had been cut down in more recent times. Also between the two aforementioned bridges lies a wooded area stretching to a point upstream from Inverarity old school. At this point the two burns meet to continue as the Kerbet Waters. The wooded area was called the Mesopotamia. I suppose such a foreign name came to be used because this was a piece of land which lay between two burns, hardly the Euphrates and the Tigris, but good enough for the locals.

To go back to the first bridge on the drive near to Mid Lodge, facing west, there was a field and then the dog kennels, then further up the brae, on the right hand side, was the 'Henny Brae,' so called after the great number of water hens frequenting it for a time, before making their way to the Corbie burn.



Dora sitting on the Mid Lodge bridge. Fothringham mansion is just visible behind her.

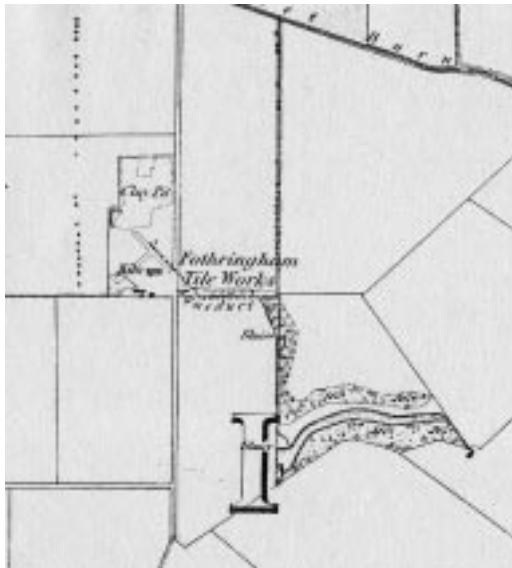
'Henny Brae' was planted with beech trees so close together that the sun was almost obscured, but rich leaf mould lay beneath this shaded canopy and it made wonderful compost for winter bulbs.

Towards the burn a cone-shaped icehouse was built into the sloping ground, with its entrance facing the burn. This building was beautifully shaped with bricks and to enter, one had either to jump, or step down, the few inches to reach the base. Many a time the inside was well covered in beech leaves blown in by the wind, but otherwise empty, so many decades having passed since it was last used.

The 'Ladies Walk'

The 'Ladies Walk' stretched from the old Mansion House through the policy parks and wood to the Seggieden road. Through a quaint little gate, across the road, the walk continued right up to the Woodhill and was lined on either side by chestnut

trees. (This was before the present house was built and one can only nowadays imagine the straight line it took after crossing the public road). At the top of the walk and in the Woodhill itself stood two walnut trees, one on either side of the drive, though I never saw any sign of walnuts! Turning left at this point and continuing through the wood towards Meathie, near to the farm itself, stood, in a clearing, a cottage where my Granny and Grandfather Sharpe lived, on coming to Fothringham after their marriage in the parish of Culross, Fife, where my uncle, Joseph Sharpe, was born in July 1874. It must be 60 or 70 years ago since I visited the Woodhill and the house was then very dilapidated, but traces of blackcurrant bushes in the front garden brought back vivid memories of tedious picking but wonderful sessions of jam making.



1865 Map of Fothringham drainage tile works.

The 'Tiley road,' was a local name for the public road from Mid Lodge to where it joins the Seggieden road (now the B9127). On the west side of this road, where the present sawmill is situated was a tileworks and an aunt of mine was born in Tilework Cottage on 1st January 1880. I don't know why the Sharpe family was living there at the time, as Mid Lodge was the Head Gamekeeper's house for many years. According to the 1881 Census Return, Tileworks Cottage was occupied by a John Dunn, who was a gamekeeper. Some time later the tileworks presumably ceased to operate and the sawmill took its place.

EXTRACT SHEET OF BIRTHS, under the 27th Sect. of 27 and 28 Vict. Chap. 61.

No. of Birth	Name of Child	Sex	Name of Father	Name of Mother	Name of Registrar
1	John Dunn	M	John Dunn	Ann Dunn	J. J. Sharpe
2	John Dunn	M	John Dunn	Ann Dunn	J. J. Sharpe
3	John Dunn	M	John Dunn	Ann Dunn	J. J. Sharpe
4	John Dunn	M	John Dunn	Ann Dunn	J. J. Sharpe
5	John Dunn	M	John Dunn	Ann Dunn	J. J. Sharpe
6	John Dunn	M	John Dunn	Ann Dunn	J. J. Sharpe
7	John Dunn	M	John Dunn	Ann Dunn	J. J. Sharpe
8	John Dunn	M	John Dunn	Ann Dunn	J. J. Sharpe
9	John Dunn	M	John Dunn	Ann Dunn	J. J. Sharpe
10	John Dunn	M	John Dunn	Ann Dunn	J. J. Sharpe

Witnessed by the Registrar of Births for the Parish of Fothringham, on the 1st day of January 1880, at the residence of the Father of the Child, John Dunn, Tilework Cottage, Fothringham, Fife.

The birth certificate.

The sawmill wheel was water-driven and fed from the dam situated in a wood a field breadth to the east. I was lucky enough one day to see the sluice being opened and the water surging out into a 'ditch' on its way to the sawmill. The trout in the dam had a 'mossy' taste and were not very palatable so best left alone to continue their lives in the dam.

Close by the sawmill area was a curling pond and curling was a hugely popular sport at that time. This pond only needed limited maintenance by way of keeping the banks around it from falling in and the cutting down of tall weeds around which ice would

have formed, thereby spoiling the playing surface. I also remember the artificial pond at the Home Farm being constructed but I recall it was never so popular as the natural one at the sawmill and it eventually fell into disrepair. When the ice was bearing on the natural pond, word got round that curling would take place at night, as well as during the day.

Picture the scene. A clear, frosty, starry, moonlight evening and placed around the pond, on stands, were lights fuelled by naphtha. We could see the flares if we stood at the top of the brae behind Mid Lodge. The shouts of the players wafted across the intervening fields. I can remember hearing shouts of what sounded like, 'Soop, Soop,' which I took to mean, 'Sweep, Sweep.' Curling was well named 'the roaring game.' At the end of the game the players adjourned to the curling house, as it was known and, according to Uncle Joe, a jolly time was had by all. No doubt friendly arguments took place about how some stones should have been played differently. I am sure a few stories were also exchanged! The curling pond is no longer identifiable, nature over the years having obliterated its existence.



Fothringham curling club's hut by the site of the clay hole.

Fairly close to the curling pond at the sawmill was the Clayhole, the name of which is self explanatory. This was a 'Dangerous Area To Be AVOIDED.' These were the words used many many times to warn me never to go near it and always keep to the road. The site is now overgrown and no one would know what lurks beneath, but tales were often told of cattle beasts which disappeared down into the Clayhole, never to be seen again!

There was a sandhole just off the back entrance to Bonnyton Farm on the right hand side (*west*); perhaps the combination of this sand and the previously mentioned clay, had some bearing in the production of tiles at the tileworks.

The Corbie Den road was a well-kept continuation of the drive, after crossing the public road at Mid Lodge, and was over two miles long, ending at South Lodge. Landmarks on the road, in order, from Mid Lodge were; the iron bridge, the black rock, then the stone bridge. A further stone bridge, of lesser note, stood nearer South Lodge where the burn was much narrower. Beyond the first stone bridge was a wooded area on the west side of the road called The Knowes. This is the only place I recall seeing capercaillie, probably around the 1930's.

At one time charcoal burning took place at the Knowes. Workers came from outwith the Inverarity area and they fed hardwood into cylindrical slow burners, the result being charcoal, but what it was used for, and by whom, I don't know. The site of the Knowes was also popular for Scout Summer Camps and I remember in particular a troop coming from Broughty Ferry on more than one occasion. We were

all invited to the campfire entertainment the night before their departure. I also seem to remember other groups of youngsters camping there.



Dora pointing out the 'Iron bridge' in Corbie Den.

On the other side of the Den, beyond the Knowes and nearer South Lodge, was a more sparsely wooded area where, what seemed to a child to be a never-ending sea of green stretched for miles, at ground level. This of course was the place where

blaeberrys grew in abundance. When the fruit was ready for picking, I was enlisted to help in this wearisome task. Uncle Joe then took the fruit to the cook at the Mansion House where it was made into the most delicious jam. The taste lingers on!

Further on in this area, beyond the third bridge, there were no trees but a straight avenue of rhododendron bushes. When in flower they could be seen from the Dundee/Forfar road, and also the Happas road; as one beautiful long pink line.

Water for Mid Lodge came from a spring-fed well (*in the Den*) which was built of brick with a concrete base, and the overflow was a round brick tile taking the water in a channel to the burn. The top was covered with two flagstones. When the pipe burst, which seemed to be quite often, Whyte the plumber in Forfar was called to repair it. As a pre-school age child this was an occasion to be investigated so I used to go for a 'chat' with whoever was doing all the digging, and prolonged digging meant that I had more time and more 'chats'.

High up, on the front of Mid Lodge is a plaque dated 1887, the date the house was enlarged by building the upper storey, and this plaque bears the initials of Colonel Fotheringham; Walter Thomas James Scrymseour Steuart Fotheringham. Linking up the ownership of the estate, the Fotheringham Coat of Arms used to be situated on a wall at the back of the platform in the Pavilion. I was told that Grandfather Sharpe and family were moved to a house elsewhere on the estate whilst Mid Lodge was being renovated and at one point to Tealing Lodge, which also belonged to the Fotheringham family.

Landmarks

A well named landmark was the Cocket Hat which was a three cornered wooded area resembling a hat of that shape, sited at the junction of the road west of Mid Lodge and the road running from the old school to the Bents and ending at Muiryfaulds. This second named road was known as the Cocket Hat road.

Other landmarks, which I remember, were, Cadgerton Brae, running from Gateside to the Keirton farm road-end. Tammy Randall's Brae ran from the top of the brae, which was just beyond the now demolished Invereighty Lodge, on the old Dundee/Forfar road right down to Kinnettes road-end. All of these landmarks were shown to me by my Uncle Joe, no doubt passed down to him by his father, John Sharpe, who was Head Gamekeeper at Fotheringham before him.



The East Tarbrax tollhouse, after it had been turned into a dwelling.

The seven mile stone, seven miles to Dundee and seven to Forfar, stood at Lorns Hill but at the start of the war a Directive was issued to the effect that all information, which might be useful to the enemy, be

removed so the wording was erased and finally this landmark disappeared altogether. Signposts had also to be taken down. In the 18th century tolls charges were levied on people using certain roads and the Tollhouse in the parish of Inverarity was situated at Tarbrax and related to the Dundee/Forfar road.

Toll fees were very expensive for the ordinary traveller though farmers and coach companies could negotiate for a total sum for the whole year and this was often cheaper in the long run.

An example of the charges made (*as set out in the 1789 Act of Parliament*).

4 wheeled coaches and carriages drawn by 6 horses; 3/-

4 wheeled coaches and carriages drawn by 4 horses; 1/6d

4 wheeled coaches and carriages drawn by 2 horses; 6d

4 wheeled coaches and carriages drawn by 1 horse; 4d

Wagons, carts, sleds etc. drawn by 6 horses or more; 2/6d

Wagons, carts, sleds etc. drawn by 4 horses or more; 1/6d.

Each horse, mare, gelding or mule, shod led or ridden; 1d.

Each score of asses, oxen or unshod horses; 5d.

Each score of calves, hogs, sheep or goats; 21/2d.

Many tollkeepers managed to supplement their income by selling spirits to 'drouthy' travellers and many of the tollhouses became known as 'dram shops' and then were converted into village stores.

William Jamie wrote a verse or two about the Tollkeepers who lost their jobs after the abolition of the 1789 Act and the introduction of the railways in 1840.

The Tollman's Lament

Nae mail coach noo wi' nimble wheels,
Gaes through my bar wi' bags and mails,
An' gone is coachie wi' his tales,
Sae queer an' odd
An' silent noo the guardie's hailes,
To clear the road.

Nae roadmen noo the chorus swell,
Nor packman billies waught their ale,
Aye when they cam I weel could tell
They wadna hain
But noo, alas! Anither tale,
A' by train.

The Roadmen

Thinking of roads brings to mind another scene from earlier times. Who could forget the sight of the two local roadmen amidst a pile of large stones? A recess was cut out of the roadside at convenient intervals, something similar to a small lay-by of today into which these stones were emptied, probably from a horse and cart, and maybe later, from an early motor lorry. The roadmen's work was started by breaking up these stones into small pieces suitable for road mending and this by a heavy hammer and chisel only, no mechanical aids then, yet the roads, as I remember them, were beautifully kept. No choked ditches, no deep potholes, and verges which were always cut and tidy. These were men who took a pride in their work.

Visiting on foot

People seemed to visit each other quite often in my young day and if a shortcut between houses could be taken then that was an advantage, especially on foot. One such shortcut started at the top end of the church glebe (*on the B9127*), up from the Manse of Inverarity following the course of the Kerbet. This was the way we took when visiting the Todd family at Grangemill.

Businesses in Inverarity parish

I remember the blacksmith's shop at the junction of the Happas road and the Carrot road, just beyond Hatton farmhouse. The Gleig family ran this and I particularly remember Robert Gleig in his older years, and his sons Selve and Will, who carried on the smiddy for several years afterwards. I sometimes watched them at work and wondered how they managed to turn a red-hot piece of metal into horseshoes. I can still hear the clang of metal on the anvil.

On the Carrot road and in the last house on the right hand side, at the Hatton, lived Sandy Thomson, the cobbler. There he made and mended shoes, boots, school bags and saddlery.

Willie Hill lived in the house on the west side of the Dundee/Forfar road at Tarbrax. He had a pony and flat-topped cart, on which goods were transported, mainly to Forfar railway station.

One interesting piece of information learned quite recently from an exhibition in the Meffan museum, Forfar. Peter Reid (*famous for Reid Hall, Reid Park etc*) had a connection with Inverarity in that his

grandfather was a vet in the service of the laird of Fothringham. His father was a wheelwright in Inverarity and left to live in Forfar in 1790. A more recent link with Fothringham came about when the Reid Hall, having been burned down on 31st January 1941, was rebuilt in 1950/51, using 600 tons of stone taken to Forfar from the demolished Fothringham House.

Pheasant Rearing

I remember Uncle Joe rearing pheasants in a field between the burn and the kennels. Pheasant eggs came from a supplier in England and prior to their arrival, he went round those in the district who kept hens to see if they had any 'cloakers'. These were hens, which had finished their laying season and were now ready to hatch chickens. For a small charge these hens were bought and settled in 'coops' before being introduced to the pheasant eggs. During the period before hatching I liked to feed and water the hens and after the young pheasants appeared, I enjoyed doing the same for them and watching them grow. After they were released into the woods I continued to feed them on designated sites, usually enclosed by branches and as I grew older I continued feeding them on my own if Uncle Joe had something else to do.

The Shooting Season

During the grouse season, beaters were drawn from the area, usually boys and girls from about twelve upwards, also neighbouring gamekeepers.

We gathered at South Lodge in the early forenoon where we were given our white flags and set out to

the farthest point of the moor near Petterden. The first drive was to a line of butts lying roughly behind South Lodge (*butts were made of heather and turf, built to shoulder height and long enough to accommodate two people; a 'gun' and a loader*).

The drives continued along the moor until we came to each set of butts then it was dinnertime. Back to South Lodge where we youngsters maybe had a big bottle of lemonade and a piece, these having been left there earlier. The word sandwich wasn't used then!

In the afternoon, Uncle Joe, with his red flag, assembled a fairly straight line to work our way along the moor, finishing behind East Happas. After a hard days work tramping in the heather and very often sunburnt and bitten by bugs, for our days work, we young ones were paid four shillings and sixpence, the equivalent of twenty two and a half pence today!

The Surrogate Mother

We once kept four geese hatched by a hen. For their convenience we sank an old black sink into the ground with the rim at ground level. It was an amusing sight to see the four young ones swimming around and having a bath while the hen stood guard. Judging by their antics maybe they were wondering why their 'mother' wasn't joining them. Communication may have been difficult! They eventually found their way to the burn and seemed to enjoy their newfound freedom. When they were mature they were good watchdogs as they created such a noise when anyone approached the house. To some extent they also acted as a lawnmower by plucking the grass.

1. Betty Neave 2. Betty Milne 3. Grace Gleig 4. Dora Sharpe 5. Eck Neave 6. Jack Joiner 7. Tam Bunch 8. Wattie Johnston 9. Jock Young
10. Alan Davie 11. Willie Sharpe 12. Joe Sharpe 13. Alan Cant 14. Will Leighton 15. Ebenezer Sharpe 16. Peter Bruce.



A beating party setting out down the road behind the South Lodge, 1935. (Courtesy of Dora Johnson.)

Visitors to the district

During the 1920's, and maybe slightly afterwards, a fish man from Arbroath came round the district. His means of transport was a pony and lightweight flat-topped cart. I don't think many people knew his name because he was just referred to as 'the fishie'. Herring were one old penny each and thirteen to the dozen. Only large families could take advantage of this bargain and our family certainly couldn't - no fridges in those days! I kept white fantail pigeons for a while, usually a pair and never more than four. Who brought these to me? None other than 'Fishie'. When one pigeon occasionally disappeared, 'Fishie' was told and the following week he would bring a replacement.

A larger flat-topped cart drawn by a bigger horse also visited the district from time to time. I never knew where this man came from, nor indeed his name. This vehicle had a wooden post at each corner to which was attached a wooden rail. To the outside of this rail, hooks were attached. Anything with a handle, mainly crockery, was hung on these hooks for display. Obviously these articles had to be above head height so that no one would come into contact with them when examining the goods on the flat surface. Of course this four-posted contraption served another purpose. When it rained a waterproof cover was thrown over and his wares were kept dry.

During this period an annual visitor to the area was the 'ingin Johnnie', wearing his familiar black beret. He arrived on a bicycle with his double strings of onions slung over the handlebars. These onions were



The Sports Committee of the 1930's (courtesy of June Richardson).

Back row left to right: Chic Elder, Willie Anderson, Dod Mowbray, unknown, unknown, unknown, Will Gleig, Mr Alexander, James Scott.

Middle row: unknown, unknown, unknown, Joe Sharpe, Roy Jackson, unknown, unknown, unknown, Peter Gleig, unknown.

Front row: unknown, Mr Elder, unknown, unknown, Mr Elder, Billy Wells, unknown.

deftly arranged by their dry stalks, one above the other, along a length of straw. Usually the price was two shillings and six pence (*twelve and a half pence*) for the double string.

School Sports Day

One of the highlights of the 1930's summer season was Inverarity Sports Day, held on a Saturday afternoon in the same field as the doocot at the Home Farm.

All the usual events associated with a sports day took place and athletes from quite far afield took part in their particular sport. Prizes were awarded for the best efforts. Children were also catered for and a small area was allocated for running, jumping, sack race, three-legged race and so on. Again prizes were given out. A football match also took place in the field, probably a five-a-side and I imagine a stated time was played to allow all the teams a chance to produce the eventual winners. Music during the afternoon was provided by a Pipe Band and strangely enough the sun nearly always shone brightly on that day. Sandy Iannarelli from Forfar was there with his ice cream cart and refreshments were served in a marquee.



The children's race.

Leading up to this event the Committee met on the Friday evening to erect the Sports ring and any other equipment necessary, also the platform for the Highland Dancing, then the wooden forms with backs and collapsible seats and legs, along with folding wooden chairs, were brought over from the Pavilion and placed in one area at the ringside. When not in use these forms and chairs were stored under the platform in the Pavilion and someone, preferably an agile fellow, had to crawl on his stomach to haul them out; not the cleanest of jobs!

This sporting event attracted quite a number of spectators and those who were unable to get a seat just stood outside the ring, or sat on the grass. I am almost sure the last Sports Day was held in 1934.

The Grey Bus Service

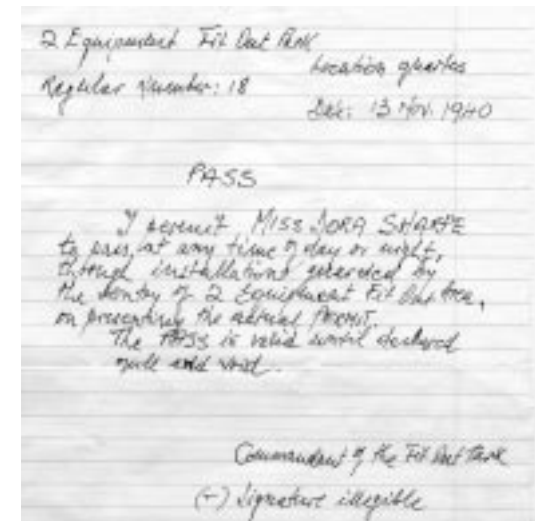
In the early 1920's another event which was looked forward to with eager anticipation was the introduction of a bus service between Dundee and Forfar and I clearly remember being taken up to South Lodge to see the first bus coming up the road from Forfar. These early buses were, of course, single deck ones and a feature of the interior was a wooden framed glass partition almost reaching up to the roof, halfway along, on either side of the centre passage. I cannot think what purpose those partitions were supposed to serve but everyone hoped they would find a seat behind one as they helped to break the many draughts sweeping along those primitive public service vehicles. One of the early bus services, if not the first, was called the 'Grey Bus Service.'

The Polish Soldiers

During the war the old Mansion House was used for military occupation, the first being the Polish soldiers. Anyone in the estate who used the driveways was issued with a Pass in order to get past the guards. No one knew what was written on their Pass because it was in Polish.



Dora's Polish Pass.



Translation of Dora's Pass.
(Thanks to Dr Paul M Zarembski).



Local folk entertaining some of the Polish soldiers at a Whist Drive (*The Herald* 16.11.1940).

The Poles were quite sociable and were invited to some houses in the parish though language difficulties occurred from time to time. They attended functions in the Pavilion as duty permitted and on one occasion at least, friends were invited to a dinner in the Pavilion, quite an experience to taste continental food! One of the officers was a violinist who enjoyed coming to Mid Lodge, especially when he knew that some of our friends who could play the piano, were to be there. Thereafter, we all enjoyed a lovely musical evening, followed by a cup of tea and something to eat, although food rationing was in force at the time.

After the Poles left Fotheringham a number of British units took over and finally one unit, called the Bath unit, arrived, but to which regiment they were

attached was never made clear. One young Welshman learned that we had an organ and he asked me if he could visit to have a tune on it. He informed us that prior to his call-up to the Forces he had been the organist at his local church. He certainly could play it well.

Aeroplane incidents

I also remember one day, during the war, when a German seaplane crashed near Fauldiehill, Arbroath, just outside the Inverarity area. Prior to the start of the war, in 1938, the Mercury Maia separation took place over the Woodhill, in Inverarity, possibly on a test flight. Then the most exciting of all air incidents happened when Sir Alan Cobham, Barns of Claverhouse made a forced landing in a field at Newton of Fotheringham. Many people walked over to see the plane and I was allowed, with others, to go

into it. This was exciting although there was not much to see inside.

The 'Welcome Home Fund'

During the war a committee was formed to organise a 'Welcome Home Fund' (*see Howie clipping*) so that those from the parish, returning from the Forces after the war, would receive a small money gift. All kinds of functions were held in the Pavilion and in fact any idea, which could produce money to augment this fund, was welcomed. I was able to take part in a lot of the activities because I was not called up to the Women's Services. Instead Angus County Council employed me in a reserved occupation on the clerical staff of Angus Civil Defence Headquarters in Forfar (*Arbroath had its own Civil Defence arrangements*). The Forfar Headquarters started off in a part of the Palais in Castle Street and latterly in Couttie's Wynd, after the premises there had been suitably adapted for the purpose. Eventually this building was converted into houses.

In the early stages of the war those who weren't engaged in other civilian services were encouraged to attend classes in First Aid and Home Nursing. These were held in the Pavilion and suitable instructors came out from Forfar. At the end of the session a verbal and practical examination took place. This was observed by Dr Sinclair, the then Medical Officer of Health, who asked questions and those who showed ability to cope in an emergency were awarded Certificates. I attended these classes as my daytime job allowed for this. 'Thirty years of happy memories of Fotheringham.'

Happas

The Davie family are the longest established tenants on Fotheringham estate.

A study of the historical records for the Happas Area has yielded the following information. In the Census Return of 1841 James Davie, aged 66, is recorded as being the farmer at Happas. (*Alan Davie's great, great, grandfather*). He was followed by his son James (*Jack*) Davie who is recorded in 1861 Census Return as farming 30 acres of land at East Happas, employing one labourer to help him. Jack and his wife Ann are recorded in 1861 as having seven of a family, John 16, Mary 14, James 12, Jean 9, Margaret 7, Helen 5, and Janet aged 2. Obviously the 1871 Census Return shows everyone as being ten years older and Jack and Ann are now farming 40 acres whilst Thomas Patterson is recorded as farming another of the Happas farms (80 acres) with the help of one man. Ten years later in 1881 James Davie is referred to as a 'Pendicler' (*presumably one who farms a pendicle*).

By 1891 a much more comprehensive list of the farms of Happas appears in the Census Return. At East Happas Mrs. Davie (*widow*), John Davie (*son*), Mary Davie (*daughter*), James 12 (*grandson*) and Alan (5) (*grandson*) are recorded. Residing in South Happas is the Cook family of seven and in North Happas is the Paterson family of five. Also listed is a farm called North Mains of Happas and a family called Millar lived there in 1891.



Ploughing Match (*Midser*): Alan Davie, Eck Neave and Jim Ramsay tuck into their bridies during a ploughing match.



Alan Davie (*the next most senior!*) ploughing in a slightly more modern way.



Alan Davie (*senior*) ploughing with a pair of horses.

Kemphills

*Mr Ian R Wilson CBE,
of Kemphills.*

Ian was born in January 1941 and grew up at Kemphills Farm, the home of his parents, John and Mary Helen Wilson. This was the time when World War 11 was raging and rationing was in place. That was more of a concern for Ian's parents than for Ian, being such a young child at the time. There was no Hydro Electricity Board service to Kirkbuddo and so the lighting in the house was by tilley lamps. Later Ian's father purchased a diesel engine and a generator and they then were able to make their own electricity, which supplied light to the farmhouse, the cottar house and the farm buildings. Later on Kemphills was connected to the mains electricity supply.

Prisoners of War

Ian too remembers that there was a prisoner of war camp located in Douglaswood, up the hill from the farm. Ian states, 'I have never understood the system in operation at that camp.' He refers to the procedure whereby every morning for quite some time two German prisoners of war would cycle down to Kemphills every morning and work on the farm all day with his father and then cycle back up the hill to the camp in the evening. Eventually an Italian prisoner of war replaced the two Germans.

Ian's parents subsequently arranged with the camp Commandant that this gentleman could stay in the 'bothy' at the farm and thus not have to cycle to and from the camp.

'I still remember the day the British soldiers came to collect the Italian gentleman as the war had come to an end. I was four and a half years old and was out in the fields with my father and the Italian gentleman whose name I think was 'Cavaleira'. When we came back to the farm the British soldiers had thrown all his personal effects onto a blanket, tied the four corners together, then placed all of it in their truck ready to depart. They had not of course at that stage encountered my grandmother who had come to stay with us, having retired from her own farm. The young officer was informed that there was no way that Cavaleira could leave until he had had a bath, as he was dirty from working all morning in the fields. Likewise he would also require to have lunch, and finally a decent period of time to say his goodbyes to our family. After all this had been accomplished he sadly left. He was a man who had had no option when in Italy, but to fight in a war that he did not believe in. That possibly explains my initial thoughts on the system of why these prisoners did not make an attempt to escape as the allied prisoners did when in captivity in Europe.'

The Church

According to Ian, 'the church was a place you went to every Sunday'. The Minister was Mr Paxton who not only was a fine Minister (*I was told*), but a very talented musician. He regularly visited Kemphills

and we had enjoyable evenings with him. As there was no television, it was necessary to make your own entertainment in the evenings. In our family my mother was a pianist and church organist, my elder brother played the piano accordion, my younger brother played the violin and I played the piano and became organist at Letham church at age 15. My first music teacher at the age of six used to cycle to Kemphills once a week to give me my one-hour lesson. Her remuneration for doing this was 7 shillings and 6 pence. In the church you sat in the same pew each Sunday, and I believe you paid a fee for your pew. All men wore suits to the church and young boys wore short trousers, shirt and tie, and a jacket. These were your Sunday clothes for one year after which they became clothes you could wear anywhere appropriate. They were of course, replaced by new 'Sunday clothes' for the next year. I remember one Sunday afternoon walking round the side of the farmhouse whistling and bouncing a football, when I met my father. He asked me if I had to do that. To this day I still don't know whether he objected to me whistling on a Sunday, or to bouncing a football, or possibly both!

Another memory was that of the Boy Scout troop which met for their weekly meetings at Fotheringham Pavilion. 'From what I remember it was an active group with quite a large membership. Fotheringham hall was also the venue for many dances and social evenings. Even when television was launched, there was limited programming and people continued to go to the hall to attend concert parties. The performers were mainly local people who could either sing or play a musical instrument that

entertained the audience, and normally did so for nothing. The dances on a Saturday night were popular, notwithstanding there was no bar and thus one could not drink alcohol. The hall was adjacent to the Home Farm and I don't believe in those days of the 40's and 50's there were any issues of wanton vandalism to the buildings or indeed the contents of the buildings.'



Ian kicking a football in his Sunday best - on another occasion.

Ian says, 'I look back to those years in the 1940's and 50's as happy times. You knew your neighbours. You helped your neighbours and people respected

each other's property. People had a pride in their work, and in the activities of their family. When we went out in the evening, each going our separate ways, i.e. my parents doing their thing and my brothers and myself going our separate ways, we only had one door key. As my parents were usually first home they unlocked the house to let themselves in. The door was then left unlocked for the rest of the

night with the last person home finally locking the door. During that era there was an unspoken discipline of what was acceptable practice in how one conducted oneself in the presence of others. We still had to hear about 'social correctness' and were probably the better for not having heard of it.'

Ian left Scotland in 1961 to go to London then left the UK in January 1962 to go to India and he subsequently spent the next 37 years working in a number of countries throughout Asia and also the USA. According to Ian you will still, to this day, find in a number of Asian countries these same 1940's/50's values referred to earlier. Then the simple act of

letting your children go out to play feeling that they would be completely safe or walking at night without fear of being mugged, was the norm. 'We seem to have lost something along the way,' says Ian.

Greenhillock

Submitted by Mrs Kerr.

There have been Kerrs in Greenhillock since 1763. John Kerr's Great Grandfather, John Carr, changed his name to Kerr.



He also changed the name of the farm from Blackhillock to Greenhillock. He was succeeded by his son George, whose new lease stipulated that he must cart stones to Dunnichen Kirk. George died in 1864 and is buried in Dunnichen graveyard. The farm was passed down to the next generation, a son called John, who ran it until he died in 1941. He had been but a lad of five when the railway line was opened. Mrs. Kerr's late husband, John, took over the tenure of the farm at this time and in 1948, he bought it. Mrs. Kerr stayed on in her bungalow at Greenhillock, after her husband died, then in 1991, she moved to Letham.

Gallowfauld

The Census of 1841 shows a number of weavers staying in the pendicles at Gallowfauld.

An extract from the history of Don and Low Ltd., Forfar, reads *Anxious to increase the supply of weavers, as well as to reduce wages, the Board of Trustees was instrumental in breaking the restrictive power of the incorporations in 1751. This almost certainly contributed to the sharp increase in the numbers of handloom weavers in Forfar.*

An additional feature of the Parish of Forfar was the existence in the landward part of small possessions of land as will maintain a cow or two and sometimes a horse, which were rented by weavers who combined their manufacturing operations with subsistence agriculture. Industry merchants were relieved from the burden of paying wages of fulltime labour, as well as the costs of fitting up looms - which were often owned by the weavers themselves'.

Names of weavers are recorded as Morton, Alexander, Brown, Robertson and Neave. There are other occupations listed in the 1841 Census of the pendicles at Gallowfauld. These are shoemaker, shepherd, agricultural labourer, and farmer.

Ten years later in 1851 the weavers are listed as 'weavers of brown linen'. By 1881 the Census form became much more detailed e.g. farmer of 24 acres, farmer of 59 acres; housekeeper, general domestic servant, gardener, crofter/market gardener, basket

maker, housekeeper and many, many children were recorded as scholars by the end of the 19th Century.

Pendicle dwellers whose names keep cropping up time and again between 1841 and 1891 are Alexander, Anderson, Archer, Chalmers and Downie. Taken from the Valuation Roll of 1922-23 we see the name Alexander at Gallowfauld farm and in the pendicles David Findlay, James Neave, James Alexander and James Robbie with William Neave living 'in the wee white house' and Robert Archer 'lived in the cottage in the field at Neave's near the bridge - razed to the ground'.

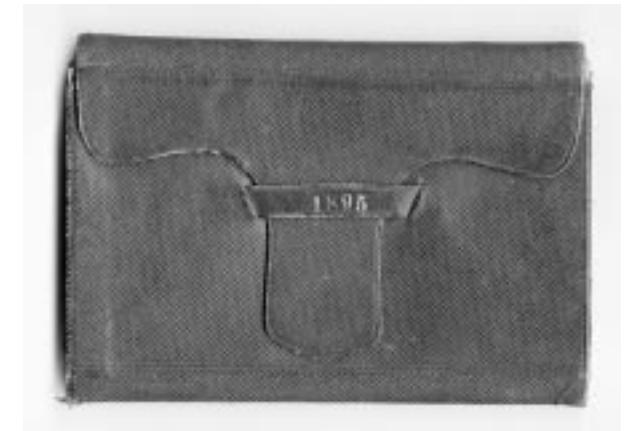


Some of the old domestic articles from Nan Joiner's collection.

At Newton of Fotheringham, William Duncan is listed as inhabitant/occupier but represented by David Joiner. David's father was Abner Joiner who was grieve at the Newton. It was about then (1922) that David Joiner took up the tenancy of West Gallowfauld.

The Joiner family tree today shows the present occupiers of Gallowfauld to be descended from Abner and Margaret Joiner, early 1800s. Abner's son David was born in 1890 and his son William was born in 1915. William's son, David, presently farms Gallowfauld.

One of the most interesting 'finds' to be examined and documented was the 1895 working diary of Davie Anderson, the local joiner, (*submitted by Mrs Joiner*). This notebook is still in very good condition and the writing is, for the most part, legible.



Country joiner Davie Anderson - notebook (1895).

From this little notebook it is possible to gain fascinating insights into how life must have been over 100 years ago in Inverarity. It would be impossible to include all the information in the notebook but a few entries are appended to this section for your interest. There is evidence of the lives of the people, be they ordinary working people, or be they lairds or ministers living in mansion

houses. There is evidence of the thrift of the people living then, no throw-away society one hundred years ago. New articles were seldom bought and old ones were seldom thrown away, simply mended and used again and again.

The various 'trades' can be glimpsed; millers, weavers, plumbers, shoemakers, blacksmiths as well as the farmers, both men, gardeners and roadmen, each relying on the local joiner in one way or another. The currency is of course pre-decimalisation sterling; for example 12 pennies in a shilling; twenty shillings in a pound. The joiner therefore could be working for 8d. per hour which would be less than a shilling (*our 5p today*). Davie Anderson had to hire in men to help him and the Mr Gleig (*referred to in the notebook*) could have been Ruby Lawrence's father. Mr Wilkie could have been



Davie Anderson in town (possibly Aberdeen).

a garden labourer, referred to in the 1901 Census Return, living at Cuttyhaugh. There are numerous references to the livestock kept in those days; pigs, hens, bees, and cows all of which would have provided various types of food for the household and the horses kept would have provided the horse power needed to pull farm implements. (*No tractors in 1895*).

One or two entries read as follows:

Shelf - 5 feet 2 inches by 9 inches. Stool - 3 feet high and a hatch 3 feet wide for the meal mill at Kincreich Mill.

Bee hive - 23 inches by 19 inches for Mill of Happas.

Closet seat 2 feet x 22 inches; 11 inch hole 8 inches from the back; 17 inches from the right hand side to the centre.

The closet shelf was 3 feet 9 inches x 6 inches with hooks.

West Mains barn door - 9 feet 9 inches (8 or 9 boards). 1 rake 3 and a half x seven eighths x 9 feet 9 inches. Buckeye binder length of arms 5 feet 4 inches x 1 and a half x a half. Crosspieces 5 feet x 2 feet

Keirton hen house - 18 feet x 10 feet x 9 feet and 6 feet high.

Elder's pig house - inside 4 feet long x 3 feet wide. 30 inches high at sides. Outside - 7 and a half feet long x 5 feet wide.

Muirside horse wheel 12 feet x 7 feet from wall to centre. Length of mill 12 feet and 3 feet for feed board. Fanners 8 feet x 1 foot from front of mill. 20 inches from wall to mill. Mill 3 feet x 2 feet wide. Length of belt 14 feet x 6 inches outside of pulley. Cogwheel 5 feet diameter. Byre travis 6 feet from wall to heel.

A poem submitted by Mrs. Nan Joiner, which reflects another part of farming life, the days of the travelling mill, now indeed 'a ghost of bygone years.'



"The Travellin' Mill"

A week afore the mill was due, the Mannie guid his roonds
-tae organise a squaddie fae the neebouring ferm toon.
The Showin' time and Hairst time - there wis aye a fair bit hash,
But the croonin culmination, came the day we had a thresh.

The mill came hame the nicht afore, twas mair than often late.
We pluttered in the gloamin getting levelled aff and set,
The mill lads powin' here and there, getting' a'thing sorted oot
For the start the following mornin' when the men cam in aboot.

Fir ance - they'd got her yokit; twas a satisfying soond.
On a quiet day the hummin' o't could be heard for miles around,
Especially when an anterin shafe guid doon a naked knot
And she gifted oot a Voomph as it gid a stumblin' o'er her throat.

The men fa gathered in aboot made fourteen o' a crew.
And there put on to handle grain, to fork or big a soo.
Aye mill lad did the feed- in, anither gaen aroond
skyting iyl in a' the following bits, tae keep her quietened doon.

The forkers work wis tirin', be it shaves or be it stray
It wasnae near as bad as humpin' barley bags a' day.
Half quarter bags were a' designed fir naething else but graft
And they left you shaky leggit as ye humphed them tae the laft.

The laftie stairs aboot a toon had aye a nesty knack.
They were aye awkward to negotiate wi' anything on yer back.
They were naird whiles and neekit but for the biggest fa't ava
Was the ane in fower gradient that wis common tae them aa.

When we loused and got wir dinner bye, the men fae ither toons
For critical comparison set aff upon their roonds.
They hakit here and hakit there, gave this and that a powk,
There was aye great fascination wi' the gear o' ither fowk.

When athing weel taen thro it hand,they adjourned tae the barn
Tae tak the weeth fae aff their legs and swap the latest yarns.
But they hadnae lang tae lyter for the mill resumed at een
And they sprachled up and raxed themselves tae start the efterneen.

Twa weemin at the lousin kept the feeder weel supplied
And a steady shoor o' grain was bein' bagged up and weyed.
But the mannie in attendance wi' a speculative ee'
Wis girmin' aboot quality as weels the quantitee.

When a the ricks were by, heezin vermin start spewin' oot
But they jukit oot o sicht again wi' bairns in hot pursuit
Little kenin that their hidey hole widna lest for lang
For there's no a lot o' shelter when they start the himnest gang.

When she's finished and got roaded and the men had worn awa
An eerie kind o' silence began tae settle ower aa
For the Corny was knackit and the foonds a stripit clean,
Just a stray soo and a heap o' caff to show she'd ever been.

The travellin' mill's lang defunct, she's fairly oot o' grace,
And ye'll seldom see a gaitherin' noo o' fowk aboot a place,
For the modern mill's a combine, wi' a steerin' feed and gear
But there's files I think I hear her yet.

A ghost o' bygone years.



Aerial view of Govals Farm showing stacks waiting to be threshed out. (Courtesy of Mrs Lily Cooper)

Memories of Inverarity

Ruby Lawrence (Gleig) was born at North Lodge, Fothringham (1916) where her father was joiner on the estate for 46 years before he retired to live in the white house at Tarbrax.



The Queen's Guides, Evelyn Scott and Pat Lawrence.

Ruby was married in 1943 by the Rev Walter K Black, when she moved to live at Gateside Road, where her children were born, then to Spittalburn, and finally to Forfar in 1976. Her daughter Pat, along with Evelyn Scott of the Bonnyton Farm, was a Queen's Guide; two of the first in Inverarity.



Girl Guides and Brownies attend a christening at Lour.

Schooldays were happy days, especially when the two schools of Inverarity and Kirkbuddo, met to enjoy their annual summer party given by the Fothringham family and each child was given a gift appropriate to his/her age.

Sports Day was also a day to remember with competitors coming from as far away as Fife to take

part in the cycling race or the dancing competition. The dancers got off the bus at Gateside and walked all the way along the road to Fothringham carrying heavy cases of outfits and items needed for dancing, e.g. swords, canes and so on.

They danced the Highland Fling, the Sword Dance, the Cake Walk and the Irish Jig, to name but a few.

Ruby also tells a lovely story of a couple by the name of Mr and Mrs Inverarity who, in 1966, were anxious to spend one night of their honeymoon in Inverarity but they could not find lodgings anywhere. Someone remembered that Ruby's two daughters, Pat and Muriel, were on holiday and Mr and Mrs Inverarity were sent to ask if they

might have their bedroom for the one night. Ruby and her husband agreed and Mr and Mrs Inverarity stayed for only one night as the girls returned from holiday the very next day. Imagine Ruby's delight when the same Mr and Mrs Inverarity returned this summer to visit her on the 1st. August, some 37 years later. Now retired, they were having a 3 months holiday from their home in Australia and could not resist making a visit to the lady who had been so kind to them all those years ago.

Carrot

The name doesn't appear to relate to the names Cart and Carron (both water terms), and with the stress being on the first syllable the element caer and cathair, (a fort), can be discounted. The first part could be Gael carr - rock ledge - with a locational ending. Or possibly cor - a round hill; or even corr - a snout. Carrot seems to have been a settlement-name, lending itself to the hill on the South, and so any of the above are possibilities and it is difficult to say which is most likely. What is beyond doubt is that the name of the humble vegetable isn't involved; there was no word in Gaelic or Scots for carrot!

*Excerpted from
'The Sidlaw Hills,' by D Dorward.*

Mrs Grant (Miss Betty Carnegie) is the aunt of Graeme Carnegie the current farmer of Carrot Farm. Mrs Grant taught at Inverarity School from 1937 until 1946. She recalled how in those

days there was great emphasis placed on the basics; Reading, Writing and Arithmetic. She taught three or four classes at one time. After singing a hymn in the morning the children in her class would be organised into groups. She would hear the 'reading' of the youngest group while another group read silently to themselves and another group might be doing sums quietly. They would then change round so that each group had the attention of the teacher for some part of the morning. They used slates and slate pencils (*skaillies*) for the most part in the younger sections and pen and ink further up the school. The children did most of the hard work in the mornings and more leisurely work followed in the afternoons. There would perhaps be Nature Study, if time allowed, and Mrs Grant herself took the senior sewing class (*girls*) whilst a male teacher took the boys for gardening.



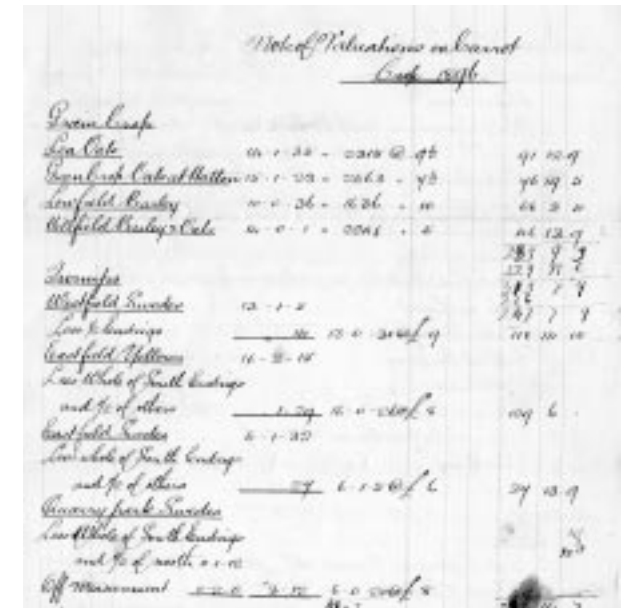
The writing of the day.

Records

Graeme produced interesting records which show the terms and conditions of lease of Birkenbush farm in 1857, between James Carnegie Gardyne Esq. of 'Finhaven' and William Carnegie. (*Note change of spelling and meticulously handwritten documentation. No photocopies, scanners or computers then.*)

Roup Roll

Graeme also produced a Roup Roll dated 11th. August 1905 which belonged to his grandfather Mr William Carnegie, Birkenbush.



Some of the more interesting items listed:

- A hen box, which sold for 2 shillings (old money);*
- A swing - 2/6d.*

A potato digger - £3.00.
 Sowing sheets - 6 shillings.
 Pick and mell - one shilling.
 A barrow - eleven shillings.
 Steelyard - £1/2/6d.
 A bushel measure - six pence.
 Reaper - 17/6d.
 Two bridles @ 5/6d each - 11 shillings.
 Two brechams @ 13 shillings each - £1/6/-
 One bull - £15/15/-
 Two stürks @ £8/5/- each - £16/10/-
 Horse 'Rick' - £46.00.
 Mare 'Gip' - £32.00.
 Horse 'Bob' - £43.00.
 Horse 'Diamond' - £8.00.
 Mare 'Rose' - £3/10/-
 Hatton, one cow - £50.00.
 Pig - £3.00.
 Mill dust - £2/4/6d.
 Seed potatoes - £7.00.
 Oats - £22.00.
 Coals - £6/6/-
 Manure - £121/16/-
 Sheep foggage - £7/10/-
 One ton of cake - £10/6/-
 Sheep pasture - £5.00.

**Note the high cost of power in those days.
 Horse power!**



Above: Angus Show Committee 1930.

Back row left to right:
 Willie Carnegie (*Hatton*), Colin Syme (*Mill of Inverarity*),
 Will Scott (*Bonnyton*), Mr McQueen (*Auctioneer*),
 David Cobb (*Grain Traveller with Scott Graham*).

Front row left to right:
 Unknown, Unknown, John Steven (*Seggieden*), Grandad,
 Unknown, Carnegie (*Carrot*), Unknown.



Left: Carnegie family wedding where even the dog was invited.

Inverarity School

There are records, which show that the 'old' school and schoolhouse were in existence in 1841 when Mr David Lyndsay was Schoolmaster.

There would appear to have been another schoolhouse in Inverarity at around this time, **1841-51**. This school can be seen on the old maps and is in fact a house, still in use today. (*Sited immediately next to the playground of the old school on the south side*). In 1851 it was called the Female Schoolhouse, occupied by a widow named Mrs. Anne Simpson, who is recorded as being the teacher of Mrs. Fotheringham's Female School. Mrs. Simpson was the mother of two boys; Alexander, aged 6 and William, aged 4, and she employed one female servant by the name of Elizabeth Brown, aged 19.



Old map showing the Female School.

1871 - a local lady by the name of Miss Ann Smith, aged 36, is recorded as being Head of the Fotheringham Female School, living in the Female schoolhouse, along with her sister Margaret, aged 38 and her nephew William, aged 8 years. The Return of 1871 would appear to be the last recorded entry for the Fotheringham Female School.

Meanwhile, in 1871, Mr Alexander Trotter, MA BD. is recorded as being the Schoolmaster living in Inverarity Schoolhouse with Barbara, his widowed mother of 69, and his unmarried sister of 30, also Barbara. They all came from Berwickshire. Mr Trotter left on 31st August 1877.

By the turn of the century in **1901**, Inverarity School is recorded as being a Public Elementary School, still under the Headship of Mr. Peter Elder, aged 43, still living in the Schoolhouse with his son David, now aged 18, an apprentice Accountant, and daughter, Elizabeth, aged 16, and a young girl of 14, from Arbirlot, Agnes Ramsay, who was employed as a general domestic servant.

(Mr Elder had been appointed in September 1881 and he stayed as Headmaster of Inverarity School until his retirement on 17th November 1919; a total of 38 years in the parish.)

1920 - 1922	Mr Robert Forbes
1922 - 1926	Mr Peter Crerar
1927 - 1937	Mr Robert Lind
1937 - 1950	Mr Thomas P Dorward
1950 - 1979	Mr W Ewart Hendry
1979 - 1985	Mrs Pam Farningham
1985 - 1990	Mr David Forbes
1990 -	Mrs Morag Thomson

Snippets from Inverarity School Records 1874 - 1901

The school record for June and July 1874 refers to poor attendance due to Fieldwork. This was another great drawback to the country scholars of 130 years ago; they were needed to work in the fields; either to help sow and reap the crops or to herd cattle. Nevertheless, when they did attend school, the work seemed to be far in advance of what they are taught nowadays at the same stage and age. According to Inverarity School records they were engaged in 'First Class Arithmetic commenced to 'Barter', as an application of Proportion. Second Class Arithmetic to Compound Multiplication (*Money*). Many pupils attending Secondary School nowadays would find this beyond them, and indeed might not be able to tackle such problems until fourth or fifth year Secondary, if at all!

After a holiday of 17 weeks the school reopened in the new buildings on 14th December 1874. Seventy pupils were in attendance. Four days later the Record reads, '*Schoolroom damp, cold and uncomfortable*'. There was deep snow which according to the register of 25th December, '*affected the comfort of the pupils*'. The pupils did get New Year's Day off however - 1st January 1875, but the children continued to be '*wet, cold and uncomfortable and indisposed to give proper attention to work*'. By 5th February 1875 the attendance had improved because the weather had improved!

Despite the problems with attendance and the school building, **the Inspector's Report for the**

year ending 28th February 1874 remarks, *'This School is, on the whole, in very good condition. The first appearance of the School reflects great credit on the ability, energy and careful attention of the Teacher. When the accommodation is made sufficient for the large number of very healthy looking children in attendance, we expect to see a very flourishing school.'* Signed: Inspector AC.

May 28th 1875 entry reads: Monday a holiday being the Queen's Birthday. *(This would presumably be Queen Victoria).*

In an entry dated 29th October - 2nd November 1877 there is mention of the Fotheringham School. *(The last Census Return to note this school was in 1871).* This school may have closed in or around 1877 because the entry reads: *Miss Smith, Sewing teacher resumed her work on Monday. The sewing classes are now taught in the Classroom of the School, instead of in Fotheringham School, as hitherto. The Teacher was instructed to draw up a new Timetable to suit the change of hours and work and to submit the same to the Board for approval.*

Ailments of the day

Amusing words were used to describe the ailments of the time. One entry of March 18th - 22nd 1878 reads: *The attendance is below the average this week owing to sickness and chiefly to an attack of the 'buffets' which has taken place in the school.*

One can only hazard an 'educated' guess as to what the buffets might be and that the attack happened 'in the school!' Surely not!

No flush toilets in those days! Pity the school cleaner! And it continued for some time!

April 8th-12th reads: *Owing to buffets, measles and potato planting, the attendance was very irregular.*

Time off

April 22nd-26th 1878 was Lour Races Day so the school dismissed at 3.30pm 'in order that the children might get home before the roads became crowded.'

A wonderful image - the Inverarity roads becoming crowded all the way to Lour!

Poor souls. By the end of April that year a number of the children were still absent due to Potato planting, Measles, Buffets and now Chicken pox. *(And we moan if they have a cold today - National Health Service, all is forgiven.)*

Some things never change of course and, in **February 1879**, there was a huge snowstorm resulting in only 10 children appearing for school and they were then sent home again. Tough going getting there only to be turned back, to walk home again! Don't suppose they minded!

The next catastrophe to hit was Whooping Cough, especially among the younger pupils. They did not have an easy time of it in those days.

Small wonder they were wearying for the holidays by September.

8th July 1886 records the school as being used as a Polling Station in connection with the Election of a Member of Parliament. Time off again!

Then on **6th August** the Forfar Games was held, when many pupils were absent once more.

One problem which has remained constant in schools through the ages, as recorded in the Inspector's Report for Inverarity School, in 1887.

'Firmer discipline is desirable. There was a strong inclination manifested by many of the pupils to talk while working exercises.'

Topics covered with the Infant class are listed as: The Vine, The Oak Tree, A Book, A River, Porosity, Sponge, The Spider, Cow, Horse, Dog, Cat, Mouse, Sheep, Bear, Whale, An Apple, An Orange, A Letter, Coins and Water. Small wonder they talked!

The entry for 16th December 1887 reads; *'through the kindness of Mrs. Fotheringham, the soup kitchen for the school was again opened on Tuesday. Each child is supplied with a basin (or more if required) of hot soup for a halfpenny. The Headmaster is authorised to give any deserving child his soup free'*. Over 90 pupils have daily taken advantage of the soup kitchen.

By December 1888 the Roll of Inverarity School stood at 137.

Permission Required

January 1890 started off disastrously. 81 were absent and many were ill in school so the Headmaster dismissed the school at 12.30pm. Shortly after three

o'clock he received a note from Rev Patrick Stevenson, Chairman of the School Board asking, '*a report of the circumstances under which the school was closed this afternoon.*'

A copy of this entry was sent to Mr Stevenson in reply.

January 21st. '*Owing to the illness among the pupils the attendance today was still further reduced, 88 being absent. Two had to leave through illness.*' The Headmaster wrote to the Chairman of the Board asking if it would not be advisable to close the school. He was directed to go on with the work, and the children were therefore kept the whole day.

By January 22nd. The attendance was much worse than before, 109 being absent. The Headmaster again reported the matter to the Chairman of the School Board and again asked what should be done. He was instructed to close the school for the rest of the week, after giving the 25 pupils present their lessons during a forenoon attendance.

By the end of January 57 pupils were back at school but two teachers were off owing to illness so the Headmaster had to carry on the work himself.

Far worse was to follow. On 28th May 1891 Inverarity School had to close because of an outbreak of typhoid fever among the children. It reopened on 3rd. July of that year, having been closed for four weeks.

The Typhoid Epidemic at Inverarity

(newspaper cutting from the Forfar Herald of 7th Aug 1891)

At a meeting of the Forfar District Committee of the County Council on Monday at Forfar - Mr Andrew Ralston, Glamis, presiding - the County Sanitary Inspector (Mr Anderson) reported another two cases of typhoid fever at the farm cottages at the Mill Farm of Inverarity. One of the patients had been removed to Forfar Infirmary. The suggestions in his former report and made verbally, had been mostly carried out in a satisfactory manner. The only exceptions was the removal of a drain at the roadside, and that of a drain passing under part of the school floor. He would respectfully suggest that power be given him, either to order the fumigation of houses and supply disinfectants at the expense of the occupiers of houses where infectious diseases have been, or to do so at the expense of the Local Authority.

The Convener of the Public Health Committee (Rev Dr Stevenson) suggested that in order to prevent the school children from drinking the water from the stream, which was polluted by a drain, the drain be lengthened and carried further down, and he moved that it be remitted to the Sanitary Inspector to obviate the danger in that way.

Mr Mitchell, Quilkoe, could not agree with this, and asked if there were no other children to consider further down the stream. He suggested irrigation, as he believed that to be the best scavenger.

Another member of the Committee, Mr Peters, did not think it necessary that the ratepayers should be asked to go to more expense in lengthening the drain as proposed by Dr

Stevenson, and was of the opinion that the discipline of the school ought to keep the children from where they had no right to be. He also questioned if the children had been drinking the water. He could not find out a case, and there was abundance of good water at hand.

Rev Dr Stevenson held that the children would drink in spite of all instructions.

Mr Peters pointed out that the matter was not referred to in the report by the Sanitary Inspector, and Mr Craik of Kingston, thought that it was a matter for the consideration of the Inverarity School Board.

The Sanitary Inspector was instructed to report on the matter.

On the motion of the Rev Dr Stevenson the matter of supplying disinfectants was remitted to the Health Committee.

On a happier note another Newspaper article reports around 1990's as follows:

Stepping back in time

CHILDREN FROM INVERARITY PRIMARY SCHOOL RECEIVE A TASTE OF VICTORIAN DISCIPLINE.

'Children from all over Dundee have been stepping back in time for a taste of Victorian education.

An old attic, over Ancrum Road Primary School, houses a replica classroom from the 1800s, complete with hard wooden benches and an authentic antique globe.

Before stepping through the door, visitors are handed linen smocks to cover colourful 20th century school uniforms.

Every Wednesday, Nancy Davey leaves her desk at the McManus Galleries and heads for the school to don Victorian dress and teach a Primary 6 or 7 class the timetable of a 19th century school.

Children are drilled in Spelling, Arithmetic and Comprehension, and in common with early education methods, are not allowed to leave their desks, or speak, unless spoken to'.

The Victorian way of life was rigidly ordered.

One unfortunate consequence was that all pupils were made to write with their right hands - something that the youngsters of today find difficult to deal with.

Nancy Davey says the mock schoolroom in Dundee is a very useful tool.

'The Victorian era seems to be very popular with young children. This project is a great way of bringing history to life.'



Pupils of Inverarity School experience Victorian style teaching in the 1990's.

As the children of Inverarity School researched the Victorian era they found out for themselves what their school was like in 1875.

They recorded that Inverarity School was where the dining hall is now and that was the whole school building, back in the 19th century. It had three classrooms then and housed about 120 children at that point in time.

The children found out that each classroom had lots of heavy desks and two children sat at each. The desks each had a lid with a long shelf underneath. At the top right hand corner there was a hole into which an inkwell fitted. It was at the right side because everyone had to write with his or her right hand. If they didn't the teacher would smack them on the knuckles with a ruler. Each room had a stove, which was the only form of heating, and the teacher's desk was always placed very close to the stove.

The children also found out that in 1875 the Minister of the parish then, Rev Stevenson was Chairman of the School Board, and was in the school quite often, taking various lessons, including Latin. If the schoolmaster wanted to close the school early he had to get permission from the Minister.

A newspaper article written sometime in 1953, the Coronation year

PRESENTATION OF SCHOOL FLAG

'A pleasing ceremony was performed at Inverarity School last week when Mrs Baxter of Kincaldrum, who was accompanied by Mr and Miss Baxter, presented to the school a flag gifted by her and Mrs Steuart Fotheringham of Fotheringham. Mr Baxter, who occupied the Chair, gave an interesting account of the British Empire; and Mrs Baxter, in making the presentation,

exhorted the children to uphold and respect the British flag, and always to act the part of true and loyal citizens. The children sang 'Flag of Britain' and several other patriotic songs, and gave hearty cheers when the flag was hoisted. Messrs Todd and Syme, members of the School Board, also took part in the proceedings. Thereafter Mrs Baxter entertained the scholars at tea.'

In 1958 a new, prefabricated building was erected beside the County Council houses, and the 'old' school is now used as a dining hall and for general purposes.

In 1954 when data was collected for a historical map of the district, Mr W Ewart Hendry was Headmaster and the school had ninety pupils and three teachers. In 1966 there were two teachers and forty-five pupils. Over a period of nearly fifty years the school roll at Inverarity, like most country schools, has dropped. This drop in numbers is largely due to depopulation. Farmers are running their farms using far fewer farm workers as machinery becomes more and more automated. Some farmhouses are now occupied, and/or owned, by people who work in the nearby towns or cities.

Now, in 2003, the roll has risen slightly, and there are three teachers and 50 pupils, 12 having started school (*Primary 1*) in August 2003. The number will increase to 56 by Christmas 2003 when 6 little ones start in the Nursery section.

'Memories of Inverarity School' by a former pupil

A former pupil of Inverarity School, Ernie Carnegie, now residing in Letham, fondly

remembers the day that a visiting magician pulled his mother out of thin air. Ernie was five at the time and a magician was performing some tricks for a Christmas party. Parents were invited and Ernie's mother had been a little late in arriving at the school so was asked to wait on the other side of the partition until the magician had finished his first trick. A wave of the hand, a puff of air, the partition slid back and there stood Ernie's mother! To a five year old boy that was quite a trick!

Another unforgettable memory was not so pleasant because Ernie, along with some other boys, climbed up on to a Bren gun carrier. Some Polish soldiers were visiting the school to give a talk about the war. The enthusiasm of the schoolboys cost them a few strokes each, using the punishment of the day - the belt! Were you one of the other boys? Come on, own up now!

School Liaison; in the 1930's!

The Schoolmasters themselves were not above having a little fun and letting their hair down - for a good cause they put on a concert calling themselves 'The Hilarity Five'.

Three One Act Comedies were performed in Kinnettes Hall in 1932 in aid of Inverarity, Kingsmuir and Kinnettes District Nursing Association.

Playing piano for the whole evening's performance was Mr Robert Lind, Headmaster of **Inverarity School**.

'The Decoy' saw Mr Boom, a retired tradesman, played by Harry Officer, Headmaster of the **Murroes School**. Dick Tarrell, a young man played by W L Scrymgeour, Headmaster at **Kirkbuddo School**. 'The Worm Turns' again saw WL Scrymgeour play a part - he acted as Thomas Simmons whilst Mrs Lind (*wife of Schoolmaster*) played Mrs Simmons. 'Peace at any Price', again featured Harry Officer, this time as John Bell, son-in-law of David Birnie, whilst young Sandy Lind played Wee Alexander.

Between each play there was a break where an excellent singer kept the audience enthralled. No other than Joe Sturrock from Whigstreet! A resounding success!

Their next venture was to be held in the Pavilion, Inverarity, on 24th February 1933, on behalf of Inverarity Men's Club, a play in the Doric called 'Mains's Woonin,' where there were to be 40 artists!



Inverarity School production of Aladdin, 1930/31. Left to right: Nellie Forbes, Ena Wilson, Helen Young, Lizzie Bell, Grace Gleig, Ed Milne, Robin Lind, Mary Balfour, Dora Sharpe, Betty Mark, Evelyn Carnegie. Front: Maggie Ross.

Kirkbuddo School

Kirkbuddo School and schoolhouse lie alongside the road which runs from Burnside of Kirkbuddo to Whigstreet. Some of the School records are missing but the following is a list of Head Teachers from 1881 until 1972.

The Census Return of 1881 shows a Mr James Duncan to have been schoolmaster and sub postmaster at Kirkbuddo School with his daughter Agnes as his housekeeper.

Teachers 1895 - 1972

Andrew S Cuthbert1895/96
 Ms Annie M Burnett5/11/1918 - 6/7/1931
 Mr Wm L Scrymgeour.....4/8/1931 - 7/8/1934
 Mrs E Dewar5/11/1934 - 26/1/1940
 Mrs Dewar died and Mrs Cruickshank took over on an interim basis.
 Mrs AD Lamb..... 19/11/1940 - 30/9/1955
 Miss Christian Fenton..... 5/12/1955 - 1/7/1960
 Mrs Cruickshank again filled in on an interim basis.
 Mrs R Paton.....24/10/1960 - 10/7/1972

Log Book begins 26th August 1927



A 1927 photo outside Kirkbuddo schoolhouse.

1928

- May 25 Empire Day - annual visit by Miss Erskine Jackson - songs and recitations of the Empire.
- June 15 Work on building new classroom begun.
- Aug 27 Extended holiday - still building - all pupils in one room
- Nov 9 Alterations completed.
- Dec 14 Report refers to excellent room for younger pupils well heated cloakroom and improved playground with shelter shed.



A 1931 photo outside Kirkbuddo schoolhouse.

1931

- Dec 11 Soup kitchen opened.

1934

- Aug 7 Assistants Miss J T Wylie and Miss Stott (*relief*) in charge.
- Nov 5 Mrs E Dewar new Head Teacher.

1935

- Jan 8 3 pupils 'of the nomadic tribe' admitted.
- Nov 27 Miss Wylie - presentation. 29/11/35 marriage to E Elder. (*Helen Jackson's mother and father*).

1939

- Jan 21 Teachers making evacuation survey.

1940

- Feb 5 Mrs Dewar ill. Mrs Cruickshank interim.
- July Mrs Dewar dies.
- Nov 19 Mrs Lamb - new Head Teacher.

1941

- Nov 3 Assistant to Forfar. No replacement.

1943

- Nov 22 Hot dinners from Forfar.

1948

- Aug 25 District Nurse. NHS Cleanliness inspection.

1953

- Aug 17 Assistant not available. P7 to Letham.

1954

- Jan 28 Rev Paxton - Voluntary Chaplain.

1955

- Sept 30 Head Teacher Mrs. Lamb retires.

1956

- Apr 26 Calor gas stove received.
- May 25 7 single desks and chairs.

1957
 Jan 1 New Year Dance for funds for School picnic. £6.

Aug 19 Now one teacher school..

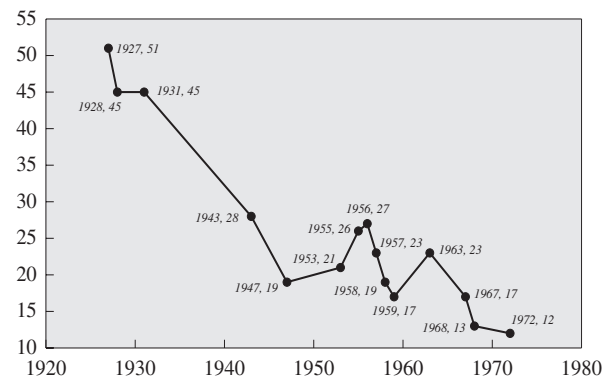
1959
 May 27 Hot cupboard - dining room.
 July 3 G.P. room. Kitchen, sinks etc.
 Aug 21 Mains water connected.
 Aug 25 New School Chaplain monthly.

1960
 July 1 Miss Fenton to Roundyhill.
 Oct 24 New Head Teacher. Mrs Elizabeth R Paton.

1967
 Sept 20 Educ. Psychologist - 2 pupils reading.
 Oct 17 Dental clinic in playground.

1968
 July 1 Combined with Mattocks, Wellbank - outing to Pitlochry.
 Dec 20 Dundee Rep. Aladdin.

1972
 July 10 Kirkbuddo school closed.



School Roll Chart 1927 - 1972.

Again the decline of the rural school can be seen here in the records of Kirkbuddo School. Despite desperate attempts in the 1950s and 60s to attract a higher roll, the writing was on the wall as far back as the early fifties. This decline began as the countryside grew scarce of young folk and many rural schools had to close their doors.

‘Memories of Kirkbuddo School’ by a former pupil

Pat Morrison (*Sturrock*) reminded the author of the happy days spent at Kirkbuddo School in the mid 1940’s when they were both in Primary 1. ‘If we were very good Mrs. Lamb allowed us to dead-head the geraniums and water the pots. In the springtime there were daffodils to pick, as well as dusty golden pussy willows, and jars of ‘taddies’ collected from the burn, all to be set up for the painting and drawing classes. Happy days!’

The following verses are some of the author’s favourites and it is hoped that they provoke some thought about education yesteryear.

‘A Wee Country School’

There’s something on in the schule the nicht.
 The windows are a’ ablaze wi’ licht,
 To the country folk it’s a welcome sicht
 When there’s something on in the schule.

There’s maybe a whist and dance afoot,
 And the fowk’ll a’ gather frae roond aboot,
 Nae matter foo’ far, they’ll a’ turn oot
 When there’s something on in the schule.

It’s maybe the nicht for the W.R.I.
 There might be a visiting Rural forbye,
 Then - the tongues will wag and the gossip fly,
 They a’ look to their nicht at the schule.

It’s aye Friday nicht that the Men’s Club choose
 To play at their games and swap their news.
 Oh! There’s aye something on tae banish the blues
 When the lichts are on in the schule.

Noo alas! They’ve closed the wee schule doon,
 And the bairns are ta’en to a schule in the toon,
 And a’ the life in the district’s gone
 Since the lichts went out in the schule.

How to teach arithmetic in Scots

An amusing tale of how an old dominie taught basic arithmetic. (*Resources needed - one bag of marbles.*) The youngsters were each given a supply of marbles and told to squat down on the floor of their classroom. The lesson began with the old dominie bellowing,

‘Put down fower bools! D’ye ca’ that fower, Johnnie? I’ve anither name for’t.

Weel dune, Tammy! Ye’ll be a man before yer mither yet. Tak them a’ up but twa, noo! Did ye no’ hear fat I said, min? Gin I come owre your fingers ‘twice,’ I’ll learn ye tae coont ‘twa’ some better. Noo, lift ane and leave ane.

Fat’s your fingers made o’ Bobbie? ‘at ye lat a’ your bools gae scatterin’ owre the flure that wye. Yer fingers is a’ thoombs, I’m dootin’ Tak them up noo. Put doon sax! Coont them ane by ane min.! Confoond ye, canna ye stop when ye come tae sax! Tak them a’ up and we’ll try again.

Ane - Geordie, I’ll ha’e to gi’e ye a lickin’, I doot. D’ye no’ ken fat ane is? Hoo mony heids ha’e ye?’

Subtraction

An early, easy, rhyme used to teach subtraction?

Ten green bottles sitting on the wall.
Ten green bottles sitting on the wall.
If one green bottle should accidentally fall
There'd be nine green bottles sitting on the wall.

And so it would go on until there were no green bottles left sitting on the wall!

The games of childhood

How many readers can remember playing Hop Scotch? Or what did you call it in your school?



HopScotch stones showing the numbers scored ready for a game.

The following satirical verses are taken from an article written by Professor H. D. Bracefield which questions the 'old way' of educating pupils.

'Rammin' it in'

'Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow,
Slam it in, jam it in,
Still there's more to follow.

Rap it in, tap it in,
What are teachers paid for,
Bang it in, slam it in,
What are children made for?

Rub it in, club it in,
All there is for learning,
Punch it in, crunch it in,
Quench their childish yearning.

For the field and grassy nook,
Meadow green and rippling brook,
Drive such wicked thoughts afar.
Teach the children that they are
But machines to cram it in,
Bang it in, slam it in -
That their heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mould it in,
All that they can swallow,
Fold it in, hold it in,
Still there's more to follow.

Faces pinched, sad and pale,
Tell the same undying tale,
Tell of moments robbed from sleep,
Meals untested, studies deep.

Those who've passed the furnace through
With aching brow will tell to you,
How the teacher crammed it in,
Rammed it in, jammed it in,
Crunched it in, punched it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed it in, caressed it in,
Rapped it in and slapped it in,
When their heads were hollow.'

Inverarity School, Millennium Year.



Holemill

Holemill was farmed by Dick and Elizabeth Watson for twenty four years from 1946 until 1970 and a selection of old photos were kindly supplied by them.



The mill at Holemill in 1888, when the waterwheel was still present.

Not much evidence is left nowadays to show what mill life was like at the time when this photo was taken. Doubtless Holemill, like lots of other old establishments, had been rouped out when its function as a working mill ceased.

The Roup

'First cam twa-three dishes wi' hunders o' cracks,
An auld timmer ladle, a boxie o' tacks,
A girdle, a brander, a toaster, some mats,
An' a strong metal trap for catchin' the rats;
A dizzen tin cans, some auld knives an' forks.
An ancient saut bucket, a baggie o' corks,
A crakit tea kettle without bow or lid,
For the haile rickmatick jist five shillin' was bid.'



Dick Watson at a recent roup, where his son-in-law Pat Lawson was the auctioneer.

Which items were interesting this crowd of people and what did they go for?

Yes we have all been there! Struggling home with some item or other, wondering why on earth we bid for it and what on earth we'd do with it!

The Peter Smith story

A synopsis of the Smith historical account, written by Neil, May, Arthur and John Kidd of Holemill.

'Ever since we came to Holemill Farm, Kirkbuddo in 1970, a steady stream of visitors from South Africa has arrived at our door, all descendants of Peter Smith, born in 1829, and brought up at Holemill, his father's farm.

One of a large family, Peter decided to seek his fortune across the seas. (*His older bachelor brother, Thomas, was already in Natal, South Africa.*) Peter and his young wife, Ann and their first three children, arrived off Durban, around 1860 after a three month voyage. They were landed, penniless, on the beach.

Peter managed to rent a farm in Natal, but luck was against him. On his father's farm at Kirkbuddo, he had learned to plough with horses, and he tried to use them on his own farm, but in the first season the horses died of grass sickness and he lost nearly all his cattle from lung disease. With his funds low and his cattle gone, things looked bleak, but Peter Smith did not give up.

He trekked to the forests of the Drakensberg Mountains and cut timber which he sold to the settlers, taking mainly cattle in payment. Soon he had quite a herd and was ready to start farming again. In the meantime, his brother Thomas urged Peter to come and take over the running of his farm, so the family trekked there with their cattle and all their belongings. There, a further two children were born to Peter and Ann.

Within a short time Peter discovered coal on his land and started mining. He was the first man to mine coal in Natal. People came from far and wide, and Peter gave a part of his land for a town to be built. As its founder, he named the town, 'Dundee', after

the nearest large town to his childhood home, Holemill, Kirkbuddo, Scotland.

The Smith family flourished, and 'The Smith Homestead', is now a tourist attraction in Natal. The humble cottage was built in 1864, using home-made bricks. Peter and Ann Smith, their five children and Tom Smith, lived in that cottage. Today there is a plaque at the door saying that this was the home of Peter and Ann Smith of Holemill, Scotland. Nearby you can stroll round the small private cemetery where Peter, Ann and some of their children and descendants lie.

But Peter Smith did not forget his Scottish roots. In the graveyard of Inverarity Church, just to the right of the south gate, stands a gravestone erected by Peter Smith of Natal, 'in fond remembrance of his parents', of Holemill Farm, Kirkbuddo.

Peter Smith, the founder of the town of Dundee, Natal, has hundreds of descendants, most still in South Africa. Year by year they continue to make their way to our home, Holemill.'



An old rural scene of reapers at Holemill.



Gravestone in Inverarity kirkyard erected by Peter Smith.

Visiting Dundee in Natal

When the opportunity arose for Mrs Kidd to attend a conference in South Africa, held by the Association of Country-women of the World, she decided to combine it with a visit to the other Dundee. She also wrote to Dundee City Council asking if they were interested in the link between the two Dundeers.

The Lord Provost gave her a letter of greeting and a gift to take to the mayor in Dundee in Natal. The South African Dundee has a population of about 20,000 and is the centre of an agricultural area. Like its Scottish counterpart it boasts a Dundee High School.

Mrs Kidd has been invited to visit many of the people from Dundee, Natal, who enjoyed her and her husband's hospitality when they made their pilgrimage to Holemill of Kirkbuddo. Among them is the great-great-grandson of the original Peter Smith, who also bears his name.

An extended newspaper article appeared on January 28th 1960 in The Natal Daily News entitled:

A FAMILY OF NORTHERN NATAL PIONEERS CENTENARY REUNION OF SMITH 'CLAN'

On Sunday the Smith clan will gather in the pretty little Presbyterian Church at Dundee - sturdily built of stone which has mellowed through several generations - for a special service to mark the 100th anniversary of the arrival in the area of Thomas Paterson Smith (the 1st). He was one of the first Europeans to trek to Northern Natal and in 1859 he received a grant of 3,000 acres from the Government which he named Dundee, because he was born in the Parish of Inverarity, near Dundee, Scotland.

The Mill of Inverarity

John Syme's grandfather, John Syme, acquired the Lease of Mill of Inverarity, and three fields of the Home Farm, from Mr David McLaren in 1884.

A contemporary newspaper article gives insights into the present John Syme's grandfather.

Familiar Figures of the Markets

Although an 'incomer' to the county, there are few figures more conspicuous in the agricultural life of Central Angus today than that of Mr John Syme, Mill of Inverarity.

With his square-topped hat, stubby beard and well-seasoned briar pipe, more often in his hand than in his mouth during market day discussions, he represents the typical Scottish farmer of an earlier age, to perfection. In his skilful cultivation of arable land and his shrewd management of live stock he, at the same time, stands for the practical application of modern ideas to the sound farming principles of that earlier age.

It is nearly 38 years now since he settled in Angus as tenant of what is reckoned to be the best farm in its parish, and to the cultivation of its 300

acres, or thereby, he has all along applied sound commercial principles. He has never gone out for the fanciful stuff, but has conducted his operations on the strictest economic lines, keeping his land in good heart, breeding and feeding his cattle with a watchful eye to sale ring results and making good use of sheep-breeding possibilities when the possibilities in this direction were more remunerative than they are today.



Unlike that 'bonnie fechter', his brother, the late Mr. Colin Syme, is long associated with Seggie, Milnathort, the tenant of Mill of Inverarity is a strong Unionist in politics and a strong upholder of protective tariffs as a means of benefiting the agricultural industry.

A family group

A Family Group Return gives details of Mr David McLaren, born 1813 at Lethendy who farmed Mill of Inverarity for 41 years then Kinpurney, Newtyle

until his death in 1897. He was married to Elizabeth McFarlane Loudon, daughter of the Minister of Inverarity Church, Rev George Loudon. She was born in 1833 and died in 1922 at Sidlaw House, Newtyle. They had eight of a family; Elizabeth 1865, Frances 1868, William 1874, Alice 1876, George (no date), Lizzie (no date), David died in South Africa in 1911, and Jessie (no date).

By the time of the 1891 Census, John Syme had taken over the Mill of Inverarity seven years earlier in 1884, with his wife Ann and their son John aged 1, They employed a general domestic servant called Ann Nairn and Mr Peter Salmond is listed as a visitor to the Mill in the 1891 census return. In the Bothy are listed five male farm servants. Alexander Watson, aged 19 was Head, followed by James Gove, aged 17, James Dargie, aged 19, David Webster, aged 14 and Charles Milne, aged 40, from St Vigeans.

Ten years later the Census Return of 1901 shows John Syme still farming the Mill of Inverarity with his wife Ann and they now have two sons and two daughters. John C now 11, Peter S aged 9, Isabella C aged 5 and Annie Dorothy aged 3. Their general domestic servant is shown as Jessie Kenny from Tannadice.

Mr Syme employed four men at this time; Donald Chalmers, aged 19, from Kincardineshire was in charge of the horses, Duncan Blair aged 17, from Kingoldrum also had horses to look after, Robert Bell from Tealing, although only 14, also had to care for his horses, and David Stirling from Forfar was only 16 but he too had to look after the horses. All four men lived in the Bothy at the Mill of Inverarity.

Another interesting feature noted in the 1861 Census Return is the mention of Bridgend Cottage where a Shoemaker by the name of James Cameron

lived with his wife Jane, son Henry, aged 11, and daughter Ann, aged 3 months. They also had a lodger named William Weir who was a widower, aged 69, and a Mason's Labourer. He had originated in the Inverkeilor area. Bridgend Cottages are shown on the old maps as being sited in the Mill field, on the bend in the road going up towards Bonnyton, opposite the Council Houses.

Listed also as living in Bridgend Cottage (*there must have been three cottages*), are Mrs Margaret Watson, aged 28, a ploughman's widow with a son, William, aged 2 and a daughter Mary, aged 1.

In the third cottage lived Andrew Anderson, a sixty six year old farm labourer with his daughter, Catherine, along with two lodgers, Robert McKay, aged 23 and Peter McEwen, aged 28. Both men were Masons' Labourers.

Next listed is the Bridgend Shop, which is described as a Linen Weaving Shop.

Further literature about the Mill of Inverarity can be found in Enid Gaudie's book. 'The Scottish Country Miller 1700-1900.' The account of swine at Inverarity Mill shows that in 1834 the miller's pigs were fatter than those elsewhere and fetched a much better price than all the others. The miller also had more pigs to sell than anyone else (*18 to 5*). The locals used to say, 'I ken the miller's swine's aye fat, but I dinna ken whose meal they're fed oot o'!

'The Saturday Column by Craigie' 1972

The steading at Mill of Inverarity was being demolished to make way for new buildings. A local newspaper article featured an interesting find.



Aerial view of the Mill of Inverarity prior to demolition.

A tin of 50 cigarettes, which was stashed away by two schoolboy smokers over 50 years ago, has been rediscovered by the boys' nephew as he demolished a farm steading. The cigarettes were found by Mr. John Syme, farmer at Mill of Inverarity, by Forfar. They'd been lost by his uncles, Robert Syme (66), Little Lour, by Forfar, and Walter Syme (64), Middle Drums, Brechin. And the cigarettes, a sealed tin of Gold Flake, were found to be still smokeable but 'a bit tasteless.'

As schoolboys, in about 1917, Robert and Walter had saved up enough of their dinner money, by going hungry, to buy the cigarettes for their school holidays. They hid them in the farm steading under some boards. But that was the last they saw of them.

'We thought one of the farm hands might have seen us and taken them, or that the rats had rolled the tin out of our reach under the boards,' explains Robert. This week, when the steading was being demolished, Mr John Syme, who knew of the story, was keeping an eye open for the tin, but was more than surprised when he

actually found it. He took them along to his uncle Robert, who was amazed. 'The label was still quite readable, the seal intact and the cigarettes in good condition,' says Robert. 'I smoked one but it was a bit tasteless.'

(Article submitted by Mr John Syme, Mill of Inverarity)



A more recent aerial view of the Mill of Inverarity.

A childhood memory

Another story told by John Syme is of a childhood memory from around 1953 when he and a friend heard, and saw, a plane in difficulty as it flew over Inverarity. The pilot ejected and landed at the point of the Mill field where the two burns meet. Research shows that this was a North American early jet fighter, a Sabre being ferried from the United States to North Luffenham. The ferry pilot was John Butryn and he was part of a Canadian squadron based in Rutlandshire. He survived the experience but his plane flew on to crash at Wellbank.

Today, the residents at the Mill of Inverarity are John's daughter Alison, her husband Rob and their three children; Victoria, Rory and Tom. John and his wife Maureen live closeby.

Grangemill

Grangemill, Spittalburn and North Bottymyre are all farmed by the Jackson family as part of Invereighty Estate.

John Jackson farms Grangemill, brother Dave and his wife Helen, farm Spittalburn with their son Willie Jackson farming North Bottymyre (as of 2003).

John and Dave's grandfather was William Jackson, blacksmith at Cuttyhaugh Smiddy in the early part of the 20th Century.



Jackson family at Cuttyhaugh in the 1920s.
(Courtesy of Chic Nicol).

Interesting entries from census returns

In the Census Return of 1841, the farm of Skair is listed with Grangemill although it actually lay closer to

Spittalburn. At that time Alexander Smith and Alexander Robb lived at Skair (*which no longer exists*) and both were agricultural labourers. At Grangemill there was William Watson who was retired, Alexander Todd, George Laird, James Sutter and James Boath all of whom were yarnmillers. In another dwelling at Grangemill there lived a farmer by the name of James Smith. A third dwelling at Grangemill was home to James Laird, a yarnmiller and Elizabeth Laird who was a weaver. At Bottymyre lived James Winter, a farmer, and in the other Bottymyre lived David Norrie.

By 1851 James Smith was farming 100 acres at Grangemill and he employed three agricultural labourers and six millers. His mother-in-law, Amelia Scott, a retired grocer, also lived with he and his wife at Grangemill. They employed a house servant named Janet Gray. In another dwelling at Grangemill lived Thomas Adam, a farm carter and his wife Mary, a handloom weaver, along with their family. In Grangemill bothy at that time there lived three grain millers; Robert Clark, Alexander Simpson, and James Patullo.

Forty years later in 1891 Robert Millar, a farmer lived, with his wife, Jane, in Grangemill. At Bottymyre there was William Anderson and in the other Bottymyre lived William Nicoll.

In 1901 at South Bottymyre, David Smith, a farmer, and his wife Jane, lived with their family; Alexander and John (*twins*) aged 5 years, Hector and Lizzie (*twins*) aged 1 year.

Hector was the grandfather of Hamish and Fraser Smith, twin sons of the late Don and Iris Smith, Mill of Invereighty (*and previously at South Bottymyre*).

Kinreich Mill

By A Millar.

The Millar family moved into Kinreich Mill in the early 1930s having come from Tibbermore. This mill seems, from the Census Records, to have been extremely important to the area and gave employment to a number of millers and their apprentices in the mid to late 19th Century.

In 1841 Andrew Gow farmed Kinreich Mill with his wife Janet and son George who was an apprentice engineer. George Cochrane also lived there and he was a Linen Merchant. Ten years later Mr. Gow is recorded as being a Millmaster, farming 120 acres and employing four men and two house servants. By the end of that century Peter Moir was farming Kinreich Mill (*confirmed by entries in Davie Anderson's notebook*).



Kinreich Mill.

Kincaldrum Mill

The monks needed the mills to produce flour and meal for their own use and so thirled all tenants on Abbey lands to their mills.

According to Warden's records, in 1478 Sir Alexander Guthrie of Kincaldrum was charged

by the Abbot and Convent of Coupar, before the Lords of Council and Session, with withholding the multures of the corn at a mill built at Kincaldrum; the barony of Kincaldrum being thirled, according to the monks, to their mill at Kinreich.

Sir Alexander and his eldest son died at Flodden and so his grandson, Andrew, inherited the property of Kincaldrum. He, in turn, passed it to his second son Alexander and Kinreich went to his third son, George. Alexander's son, David Guthrie of Kincaldrum, became sureties to the Privy Council for

the printing and publishing of the first edition of the Bible of Scotland by Alexander Arbuthnott in 1576.

Records show that in 1895 the Baxter family owned the Mill of Kincaldrum and George Irvine is listed as the 'late miller' so perhaps he had moved on to Kinreich Mill by this time. He is noted as being the miller at Kinreich Mill in 1895. (*He had earlier been recorded as the miller at Kincaldrum in 1871*). By 1935 David Davidson is listed as tenant and occupier at the Mill of Kincaldrum and in 1959, Mrs Jessie Davidson is shown as occupier. What remains of the mill is ruinous



Part of Kincaldrum Mill buildings.

The Various Trades of Cuttyhaugh

The 1841 Census Return shows Cuttyhaugh with the same spelling as today although later on, it changes to Cuttiehaugh, then back again. In 1841 there would appear to have been at least four houses at Cuttyhaugh.

1841. In the first listed dwelling was James Hendry, aged 40, who was a **Meal Miller**. (*Perhaps he worked at Kinreich meal mill, just down the road*). His wife was Margaret, aged 35, and they had five children in 1841. James, aged 15, who was an **Apprentice Meal Miller**, Charles, aged 12, Margaret, aged 5, Isabella, aged 2 and Thomas, aged 2 weeks. They had two fifteen-year-old girls staying and perhaps working for them as servants, Ann Lamont and Margaret Allan.

At the second listed dwelling lived Thomas Adam, aged 35 and his wife Mary, aged 30. They too had five of a family ranging in age from 9 years to a baby of 3 weeks. Mr Adam was a **Sheep Dealer**.

In the third dwelling lived William Webster and his wife Betty, both aged 25. In 1841 they had three of a family ranging in age from 7 years to 11 months. Mr Webster was an **Agricultural Labourer**.

In the fourth dwelling house lived Henry Hazels and his wife Helen, both 25. They had three of a family, five-year-old twins and a younger child of three. Mr Hazels was also an **Agricultural Labourer**.

1851. Ten years later the Census Return of 1851 shows only two dwellings listed. In the first was Alexander Smith, a fifty-year-old **Agricultural Labourer, Grocer** and **Stonemason** hirehand who had come from Perthshire. Also listed was Isabella Wood, aged 78 and James Young, aged 31 with his son William, aged 3. His widowed mother-in-law, Margaret Cowley, aged 69 acted as their house servant.

The second dwelling housed John Robbie and his wife Margaret, both 53. Mr Robbie was an **Oatmeal Miller** employing one journeyman and one apprentice. His son Andrew, aged 17 was a **Journeyman Miller** and another son, David, was an **Apprentice Miller**, aged 13. Margaret was 15 and Janet 6 years of age. There was also a granddaughter, Margaret Smart, aged 8.

1861. By 1861, there is only one dwelling listed as Cuttiehaugh but there would seem to be at least three families living there. Margaret Gall aged 29, a **Handloom Weaver**. William Dick aged 23, a **Mason Journeyman** and his wife Jane, aged 24. John Mill, a 26 year old **Ploughman** and his wife Liliias, also aged 26. David Robbie, aged 24, a **Meal Miller journeyman** and his wife, Betsy aged 22.

1891. By 1891 another tradesman was living at Cuttyhaugh; George Chalmers was a **Shoemaker**.

Then in 1901 John Cook Jackson came to Cuttyhaugh and it became a blacksmith's workshop with James Downie as the **Apprentice Blacksmith** at that time. It continued to be a blacksmith's workshop for the next forty years until **Blacksmith Ernest Strachan** retired. In 1976 it was bought by the Reid family, John (*Ian*), Elma and their family, Andrew, Eliane and Steven. Here was another change of use, to that of a small soft fruit business for a number of years.



1979 aerial picture of Cuttyhaugh showing the 'round stone' in the lawn to the right of the driveway, (*used by blacksmiths for forming cartwheels*).

Today there is only one dwelling known as Cuttyhaugh, another house nearby being known as Invereighty Cottage. In recent years there have been a number of alterations to the bridges, buildings and roads near Cuttyhaugh, all in the name of progress.

North Bottymyre

Jim and Margaret Bruce settled in North Bottymyre after their marriage in 1945. They worked long hours to make the farm a success, at the same time as bringing up their two daughters Jean and Mabel.

In the forties, farming was hard and conditions primitive compared with today. There was no electricity and no running water, except by windmill pump, but if it was too calm for the windmill to turn, then they had to pump water by hand for all their livestock. Life did not get any easier for the small farmers and Jim and Margaret decided to diversify, a brave decision in those days. They decided to set up a modern egg production unit, one of the very first of its kind in Angus. Margaret took command of this operation and her great energy and expertise brought success for many years, until they retired, though they remained to spend their leisure days at North Bottymyre. Everyone was made welcome to their home and there were some great 'cracks' over a dram or two! Jim and Margaret Bruce spent 57 happy years of marriage at North Bottymyre, until Margaret died in 2002.



North Bottymyre seen from Wester Meathie.

Jim Bruce told this tale about North Bottymyre. To reach their farm 'you had to come up by the side of Owl wood.' He explained that it wasn't too difficult to guess how this place had got its name, but then went

on to ask, 'You'll have heard of No Man's Land then?' Having confirmed that it had nothing to do with the more usual wartime meaning, Jim went on with his story. 'It's the strip of land which runs between North and South Bottymyre, so named in 1919, because it was said to belong to no one.' This was later confirmed in the writings of Rev James Miller. The story goes that Jim Bruce's grandfather, John Miller, (for some time beadle at Inverarity church), and the Minister, feeling sorry for the tinkers' bairns encamped in the wood beside No Man's Land one Christmas Eve, decided to make it a real Christmas for them. Late on Christmas Eve when the tinkers had all gone off to bed, the Minister, the Rev James Miller, and the grandfather crept up to the encampment and proceeded to hang little parcels (*giffs*) on the branches of the nearest fir trees. In the morning the tinkers' bairns screamed with delight but before unwrapping the gifts, sped down to the Manse to see if indeed these parcels were really meant for them.

The tinkers came every season to work in and around Inverarity and they were, according to the locals, a really decent set of people, hard working and honest. They did not steal, caused no vandalism and were respected by all. One couple, who left North Bottymyre in 1925, returned in 1955 to get married. The Reverend James Miller calls this chapter in his book, 'Santa up a Fir Tree.'

South Bottymyre - Angus Riding for the Disabled (Written by Mrs Jean Thomson).

'Derek and I moved into our new home at Invereighty on October 29th 1969. It was five years later, in 1974, that I was asked if I would organise



The RDA centre at South Bottymyre.

the Angus Riding for the Disabled - a small group of disabled children who rode once a week along at Kinnettles House on a Saturday morning. Mrs Walker Munro and Sally Atkinson had started the small group with four children in 1971, but for various reasons they decided to hand over the reins to me. I decided to change the venue to Invereighy and Sally continued to help me for a year.

We had a lot of friendly and reliable people to help. In no time we managed to give the opportunity of riding to more youngsters, which, of course, meant finding more suitable ponies and more helpers to lead them and walk alongside. Everyone enjoyed riding along woodland paths and round the fields. A good time was had by all.

In 1980, HRH The Princess Royal came to help us celebrate the 10th birthday of the Group and cut a special birthday cake. She gave us such a happy day, arriving at 12.00 noon and staying until 4.40pm.

Despite everyone enjoying the riding at Invereighy, if there was a rainy Saturday morning, it meant about fifty or more phone calls to cancel the riding. Derek and I decided that an Indoor School was needed so that riding could go on, whatever the weather. The evening riders (*Tuesdays and Wednesdays*) could go on for longer too, because with a lit indoor school there would not be the problem of dark evenings in October.

Plans were finally made, and after a Trust was formed, with several people helping to provide the money, the building was started.

In an amazingly short time of 10 months, the Centre was built, including arena, stables, tack room and stores. The first rides took place on October 22nd 1996, after the building was blessed by Rev Andrew Greaves, minister of the charge of Inverarity, Kinnettles and Glamis church.

The following April we had the great pleasure of entertaining HRH The Princess Royal and her husband, Captain Timothy Laurence.

We now have an outdoor arena as well, so that riders can practise Dressage, and riding in a more limited area. The Group is growing from strength to strength, with 50 riders and more waiting to come. This has only been possible because of the huge number of voluntary helpers who turn out every week, some 40 in all.

Under the guidance and teaching of our Chief Instructor, Elinor Phillips, some riders travelled to Cardiff in 2001 for the Special Olympics and returned with gold medals. Recently, in 2003, Nicola Reid, one of our riders, went to Dublin to enter the Special Olympics World Games. Nicola did well and returned with one gold and one silver medal, and she came fourth in another competition. Not all riders can reach such dizzy heights!

The all-important thing is that everyone, whatever their disability, can enjoy riding and be helped physically and mentally. We miss having the riding at Invereighy after having it here for 23 years, but the new facilities offer a better chance for youngsters to improve their riding and therefore obtain more satisfaction from it.'

Drowndubbs

Drowndubbs (shown as South Mains of Kirkbuddo on some old maps. Ainslie's map of 1794 lists it as Drowndubbs, using various spellings). It is recorded that in 1872 Drowndubbs could only be reached by fording the Kerbet!



Aerial photograph of Drowndubbs farm and cottages.

Alan and Anne Cant farm Drowndubbs and were good enough to supply information and photographs. Alan's father, Alex. Cant, took over Drowndubbs in 1942. There are field names of great interest on Drowndubbs, for example The Chapel Field; The Cairnrigg; The Haugh Field; East moor and West moor which lie into the hill where the

Gallow tree grows on Gallowhill, Kirkbuddo. The Chapel field originally boasted an avenue of oak trees, leading to the Manse but these no longer exist. The private burial ground contains the Erskine Jackson grave enclosure and that of George Ogilvy Esq., who died in Edinburgh in 1848. He was the nephew and heir to Lt Col Francis Erskine.

Other named graves at Kirkbuddo

Janet Bell, spouse to John Mudie of the Ward of Kirkbuddo 1723. Leonard Black, in memory of his wife Mary Anderson who died 1846. Henry Petrie, maltman in Arbroath, and his wife Isabel Keard, in memory of his father James Petrie, sometime farmer in ground of Kirkbuddo 1735 and two of his children. Peter Smith, farmer of Drowndubbs 1831 and his wife Catherine Mudie 1850. Some of these surnames live on in the area to this day.

Also named are James Taylor late tenant of Ward of Kirkbuddo 1862 and his wife Ann Taylor 1862 'they were kind and loving in life and in death they were not divided'.

There is also recorded in 1853 the death of James Taylor and his wife Jessie Weir 1859. She died aged 33 and their daughter Eliza died in 1853 aged only 10 months. Their other daughter Mary Ann only lived to be 16 years of age and died in 1872. As was common in those days, some children died at a very early age.

Alex. Nairn died in 1905 and his wife Barbara Taylor predeceased him in 1900. It seems to be the case that, in this area, there were lots of people by the surname Taylor and one wonders if they were all related.

Secundus Cuthbert was schoolmaster at Kirkbuddo and died in 1900. His wife Jane Bell died earlier, in September 1896, only seven weeks after her son James died in Chicago, aged 29 years. A very sad year for Secundus.

John Spark died in 1866 and his wife Margaret Smith died ten years later in 1876. Their son John had died in 1853 aged 14 years and daughter Margaret in 1870, aged 28 years. Again a family lost in their early part of life.

An interesting article about Drowndubbs, Kirkbuddo, appears in the Biographical notices of Forfarshire Regiment. It is entitled:

Robert Mudie, Loanhead, Kirkbuddo.

Robert Mudie was born on the 2nd January 1702, the youngest son of Robert Mudie, tenant of the small farm of Loanhead (*now part of Drowndubbs Farm*), who died in 1722, when Robert succeeded to the farm. It is said that Mudie was a descendant of the old Mudies, proprietors of Brianton and Gilchorn, Inverkeilor.

On 4th June 1734, Robert Mudie married Janet Paris, by whom he had seven children; Euphemia, Barbara, John, Jean, Francis, Adam, and Isabel. Robert was an Episcopalian and in 1745, joined the Insurgents under Lord Ogilvy, going through 'The Adventure'. The Insurgents were those who rebelled against the establishment. After the disbandment at Clova he returned home, where for a time he lurked, and then, undisturbed, resumed his rural occupation, dying in 1765.

Mudie was the grandfather of Robert Mudie, the author of many works, including 'The British Naturalist,' and 'The Feathered Tribes of the British Isles.' He died in London in 1842, and was the great-great-grandfather of the compiler of the notes on the Forfarshire Regiment.



A badge showing the form of St Buite's cross.

It is recorded that 'The church of Crebyauch or Carbuiddo (*Kirkbuddo*) was dedicated to St Buite before 1275 and was ruinous before 1682. The ruin and the Manse were demolished in 1822. The small burial ground at the site of the church is reached by a bridle path. An ancient beech tree stands at its centre'.

Two gravestones depicted the Cross of St Bude (*Buite*), one is still in the graveyard and the other one was restored in Edinburgh then gifted to the Meffan Institute in Forfar. The cross on the pulpit fall in Inverarity church (*gifted by the Cant family*) was copied from the Kirkbuddo stone.

The Guthrie Connection

Although seven miles away, the church of Carbuiddo (*Kirkbuddo*) has long been associated with the parish of Guthrie.

Sir David Guthrie of Guthrie was James 3rd's Lord High Treasurer and was laird of Guthrie. In 1472, James 3rd granted patronage of Kirkbuddo church to Sir David Guthrie. David Guthrie wanted Guthrie to be made into a collegiate charge (*independent of*

Arbroath Abbey). This did not happen in his lifetime but in 1479 the Papacy consented and Guthrie became a collegiate charge and at that time Kirkbuddo church was attached to Guthrie collegiate charge. It had all to do with the teinds of the church, which went towards paying the Minister. At the time of the Reformation Kirkbuddo church remained attached to Guthrie and until 1682 the people of Kirkbuddo had their own Chapel and the Minister officiated every third or fourth Sunday at Kirkbuddo and the parishes remained linked until 1901. Some local people can remember being told by their forebears how they would set off walking in the morning to go to church seven miles away, taking a piece with them to stop and eat, en route.

One of the legends associated with St Buite

Buite mac Bronaig, the founder of Monasterboice in Ireland, died on the same day St Columba was born (7 December, circa 531). His lineage is traced to a king of Munster. The Life of St Buite relates that he went to Italy for his monastic training then he returned again in the thirtieth year of his travelling abroad. His fame had been spread on the way and certain holy men from Germany, sixty in number, joined him of whom ten were of the Christian brotherhood and ten were nuns. They sailed to the land of the Picts.

Just at that time Nechtan, king of Pictland, died and the holy men were invited to his funeral to keep watch over his body and pray for him. They duly arrived at the house where the dead man lay and Buite, the man of God, shut himself away from the others and devoted himself to prayer. When he had finished his

prayer the dead man, King Nechtan, rose again and all were amazed. Grief changed to joy and God was glorified in his saint. The newly risen king bestowed the fort in which the miracle happened, with all that it contained, on the blessed Buite, which he himself consecrated as a monastic cell. King Nechtan Morbet reigned from about 457 to 481. Buite's name is found in Kirkbuddo, some three miles south of Dunnichen, and in the stream name Kerbet.

One of the stained glass windows in the Lowson Memorial Church in Forfar depicts the raising from the dead of the Pictish king Nechtan Morbet by St Buite at Dun Nechtain.

(Kindly submitted by Rev Allan Webster, Moderator of Angus Presbytery 2003-4).



The window in Lowson Memorial Church, Forfar.

The Church

The Church was a dominating feature in the life of the rural communities throughout the 18th Century. The Churches then were often dark, gaunt and foreboding looking buildings with a few very small windows. The floors were usually just earth with generations of families buried beneath them. The roofs were thatched with heather in those days because straw was too valuable a commodity to waste on roofing. There were no seats at all in the church at the beginning of this century. People stood within the building often bareheaded (a mark of respect?) until the Minister began his preaching, then they put on their bonnets for the rest of the service.

At 6 o'clock on a Sunday morning a bell awoke the community then at 10 o'clock another bell rang to signal the start of the first service. Not all bells at this time were housed in a belfry at the top of the church roof; some were simply attached to a

high tree in the kirkyard. At this second bell the people would enter their Kirk where the Precentor led the singing of a psalm. The Minister entered at the sound of the third bell, hat on head, and he bowed to the various heritors in order of precedence. Two services lasted the greater part of the day with only a short interval between, when the Minister, and the people, drank refreshments.

In town churches, during the services, the Elders combed the streets to bring in offenders. Apparently they were even entitled to enter private houses to seek any absent from Worship.

There was also a service in the Kirk on market days, usually consisting of a sermon. Kirk Session meetings were numerous and lengthy, starting at eight in the morning and often lasting all day.

The Minister HAD to visit each family in his parish numerous times a year, at certain times of the year, i.e. to catechise all the family members, to catechise each servant, to offer a solemn address and conclude with prayer. This was the custom until 1810.

The average income of a minister in the first half of the 18th century was about £40 per year. It is recorded in a General Assembly Report of 1749 that 600 livings yielded £24-£60, and 340 livings yielded £70-£100. In 1810, the minimum was raised to £150. The Minister was also paid with some bolls of oats, pease and barley. His manse of five rooms and kitchen was low-roofed and heather thatched. Here was an age very different from ours.

The first Church of Inverarity stood in the grounds of Fotheringham estate on a site known as the

Kirkton. It was moved to its present location in the mid 18th Century.

The second Church of Inverarity was built in 1754, and opened after 'sermon continued in the fields,' for four months.

According to one of its mid 19th century ministers, it was 'substantial, superlatively ugly, supremely ugly, and improvable only by dynamite and rebuilding.' Conversely, the Manse, seemed almost modern, the surroundings being so roomy and pretty that it might 'almost be taken for a gentleman's place,' so said its occupant. The Church had seating for about 500 people and Peter Vandengein cast the bell in 1614, according to the inscription on it. In the Churchyard there are many curious tombstones, the oldest bearing the date 1646. This one, along with others, must have been brought from the original site of the Church.

The Kirk Session records of the day are full of quaint information. In 1725 a Fast was observed because of 'great rains, much of the corns not yet cut down (29th October), and much not yet led to the barnyards.'

In 1741 badges were given to 37 Parish poor, permitting them to beg. Curious items of receipt and expenditure are recorded, such as;

'111 halppennies and doits from collection sold by weight.'

'Seats in new loft rouped.'

'Fines of 2/6d and 5 shillings for breach of promise of marriage.' The Bell tow occasionally needed repair and among other things, a hand

bell, sandglass, sundial, 'Skull' and 'Brood to gather the offering at Church door,' had to be provided for 'the use of the Kirk.'

A new black, or cutty stool, was got in 1736, 'the public seat of repentance being ruinous,' and it continued to be used until 1829. 'For ale, pipes and tobacco' at a burial, a certain sum was paid, and a new Bible bought for poor scholars.

Under the heading of penal offences may be quoted, 'Meeting at penny weddings,' 'Sabbath drinking after marriage,' 'Clandestine marriage,' 'The Mill was started on the Sabbath night,' 'Making a coughing on the Sabbath Day,' 'Profane swearing in the face of the Session,' 'Drunkenness,' 'Scolding one another on the Lord's Day,' 'Profaning the Lord's Day by idleness and staying at home at time of Divine Worship.'

By the end of the 18th century there were written records drawn up from the accounts of the various Ministers of the different Parishes and Rev John Webster concludes his account by saying the following about the people of the Parish of Inverarity.

The Character of the People

They are, in general, industrious and sober, pleased with their situation, but not without ambition to improve it, remarkable for their attendance at church, and improved both in their moral and religious character.'

Inverarity Church and its Ministers

The church of Inverarity was dedicated to St Monan and belonged to the Abbey of Lindores, whereas, the church of Meathie belonged to the Abbey of Coupar in Angus.



Inverarity Church can be proud of having had some of the most noteworthy ministers of Presbyterian Scotland preach from its pulpit.

After Rev George Loudon 1831, there came, in 1867, one of the most noteworthy preachers ever to grace the pulpit of Inverarity church, Rev Patrick Stevenson. Born in 1835, son of Dr Patrick James Stevenson, minister of Coupar Angus, and brother to John Stevenson, who later became minister of Glamis.

Patrick and John attended the parish school of Coupar Angus where Mr Kinlayside, who believed strongly in extra curricular activities, taught them. He took the boys on fishing expeditions and on walks where he taught them the names of plants and animals as well as their habitats. Patrick and John, in later life, paid tribute to Mr Kinlayside's teaching of nature study and botany and John became one of the leading cryptogamists in Britain.

Patrick also attended the High School of Edinburgh where he lived with his father's uncle, Professor Brunton. The two brothers met up again at St Andrews when they entered United College in 1849, Patrick at age fourteen and John at age thirteen. Patrick took an Arts course but, in addition, studied Chemistry and Medicine because he thought that it would be a good thing for a Minister to have some medical knowledge. He also favoured Mathematics and took up an interest in Astronomy. In 1851 the two brothers became entrants to St Mary's College where each studied for a divinity degree. They were eventually licensed to preach on the same day, 16th May 1859. Patrick then went off to become assistant to the Dr Adie, minister of Dundee. There followed a spell as assistant in the parishes of Farnell and of Alyth then he became assistant to Dr Wylie of Carluke.

After a period as minister of a small chapel in the grounds of the Marquis of Bute at Mount Stuart, Rothesay, in the year 1867, Rev Patrick Stevenson was appointed by the Trustees of Fotheringham of Powrie, to be minister of the Parish of Inverarity, (*vacant by the death of Rev George Loudon*). He was inducted to this charge on 23rd August 1867 and he held a hugely successful pastorate in Inverarity for the next thirty-eight years. Rev Patrick Stevenson knew his parishioners well, 'and bore himself as the equal and the helpful brother, both of the lairds, and of the ploughmen.' At the same time, he was always carrying on some study or other; theology, astronomy or botany but never failed to maintain a strong hold on his parish, 'where he was respected and loved by his parishioners and all who knew him.'

Rev Patrick Stevenson taught the people of Inverarity that, the first things and the great things in the Christian religion are; 'a man is to be judged a Christian according to the practical attitude he takes up towards God and his fellowmen,' rather than any liturgical beliefs he may hold. Here was a man intent upon imparting a clear message to his people; some felt that from the pulpit he was preaching over their heads but the message he preached to his people, 'by his life and by the efforts he made for them, was perhaps more powerful than his preaching in the pulpit.'

A number of letters talk of Patrick Stevenson's utter unselfishness and his concern for others at all times, even whilst on holiday. 'He was especially the friend and helper to the poor. No time, trouble, or expense was spared to help them; and all was done so quietly, just as a part of the day's work.' Rev Patrick Stevenson catered for even the 'casual wanderer through Inverarity'.

He had many invitations to leave Inverarity for a greater, and perhaps more influential circle, but he always declined, saying that his true place was in this rural parish where he ministered to the sick, the lonely and the bereaved, as well as offering a helping hand to those simply passing through the parish, such as the numerous gypsies and their families who confided in him and knew him as 'friend'.

As well as writing many letters on the natural life of the countryside, the flight patterns and the habits of local bird colonies, Patrick Stevenson's other great interest was the science of Astronomy.

On completing the twenty fifth year of his ministry at Inverarity, the congregation presented him with

a valuable telescope, which was erected in a wooden house on his lawn. He shared the pleasure of this telescope with his people and they were often invited to nightly lectures on the lawn; so successful were these that he was asked to repeat them in Forfar where they proved to be extremely popular!



Rev Patrick Stevenson with his telescope.

Another great interest lay in the world of education. Patrick Stevenson was very fond of children and he appeared to understand how they thought and felt, so his Sunday School teaching was bright and effective. He was elected as head of the poll to the first School Board of Inverarity and acted as its chairman from 1873 to 1882, and again from 1888 to 1891. He was also chairman of the body of the managers of Kirkbuddo School, appointed jointly by the School Boards of Guthrie and Inverarity, during the whole of its existence from 1874 to 1890, when the district served by the school was annexed to Inverarity (*see Schools story*). He acted as superintendent of the local examinations of St Andrews University at Forfar for many years, and took a great and friendly interest in the candidates.

Patrick Stevenson did not appear prominently in church courts although he was a warm friend to any church movement tending towards enlightenment, and was a member of the National Church Union, a body of ministers and laymen formed in 1897, 'for the defence of reasonable freedom in the church,' attending its meetings and contributing to its discussions. He had no great liking for the ordinary business of Presbytery and Assembly and was often absent from their meetings.

Rev Patrick Stevenson died in 1905 and his remains were carried to the grave in Inverarity Churchyard where it was seen how many of every rank, and of all churches, had respected and loved him.

A simple cross of grey granite marks his place of rest. It bears the following inscription:

*In Memory of
The Rev Patrick Stevenson,
Minister of this Parish.
Ordained 23rd August 1867.
Died 20th August 1905.*

Aged 70 years.

A man of marked character and varied gifts.

A faithful preacher and servant of Christ.

A devoted Pastor and a true friend.

'In Thy light shall we see light.'

(Biographical details by Allan Menzies. D.D.).

Another diligent preacher and friend of Inverarity Church and its people was Rev George Bremner 1906 who collected, and wrote up, the Roll of Service and Honour for the men of Inverarity who fought in the Great War 1914-1918.

The War Memorial in Inverarity Churchyard also shows the names of those who died in the last World War, one of which reads Flight Lieutenant George Lawrence who died in North Africa, (*brother-in-law of Ruby Lawrence*).

The next Minister at Inverarity Church was Rev James Miller 1921, who also loved his people dearly - so much so that he took to writing about them. 'The Crack O' The Parish,' was a thinly disguised, warm-hearted swipe at some of the 'characters' who lived in, and around, Inverarity. 'A Clerical Pilgrimage,' followed after he had left Inverarity for pastures new. It too still brings a smile to the faces of its readers.

An extract from 'The Crack o' the Parish'

'The Big Hoose gardener was telling me the other night that he had registered up to 15 degrees of frost, and 20 degrees is enough to rot the turnips in the drill. Work on the land too, had been at a standstill. The last fortnight of our men before the flittin' was idle set, except for a day at the threshing, or an hour or two at the potato pits, though this was a cold job little relished by the workers.

'The 'ca' canny' policy is no' a payin' proposition on this stunt,' said Broundubs last market morning, as we passed a labour bureau gang at work at the pits. Despite these drawbacks however, we do not get unduly depressed.'

'Every chance we'll sune see an end o' the frost, and then we'll ha'e a fine open winter,' said Meathie the other day, as we wended our way to the laird's private curling pond, which in turn serves for the bowls in summer, the roarin' game in winter, and a dancing floor on hectic nights.'

'That's my recollection o' a November ending o' frost an' snaw. Though I mind well, in 1878-79, it began as it did this year, and we werena oot o' its grip 'til April. The Tay wis frozen ower at its mooth. It wis on Sabbath, December 28, o'1879, that the Tay Brig went doon. Man that wis an awfu' year for a'body. Then, as noo, though, we found the curlin' a grand relief. There's nothin' like a spell o' the 'roarin' game' to make one forget his worries. A guid curler maun concentrate. And concentration prevents worry. Ye're ready for your bed when the licht fails.'

(kindly loaned by Mrs Lillian Carnegie).

Extract from, 'A Clerical Pilgrimage'

Amusing misunderstandings as heard by a prison Chaplain.

Prisoners had to keep their own rooms in those days and they had to be kept in pristine condition. One day a warder bluntly instructed a raw rough diamond to 'Wash your cell.' An hour later the warder returned only to find things as before. 'Did I not tell you to wash your cell?' the warder demanded. 'So I ha'e Sir,' was the reply. 'I've washed myself, ears and everything.'

A lover of ambiguity, Rev James Miller, recorded many misreadings, which appealed to his sense of humour. 'Wanted - a strong cart horse, to do the work of a country Minister!'

'A car will come round Sir, at ten o'clock to take you straight to the Asylum.'

A certain Minister, determined to have an extra special service one Christmas, wished to acquire a large board upon which could be written a suitable Christmas text, but he had to keep to the minimum charge. Imagine the joiner's astonishment as he read his instructions. 'Unto us a child is born; nine feet long by five feet broad.'

(kindly loaned by Mrs Ruby Lawrence)

In the mid 1920's Rev Walter Kilgour Black came to the parish church of Inverarity after Rev James Miller. Many stories are told of Rev Black cycling to meet up with his parishioners. All the more admirable because Rev Black had an artificial leg and so his bike had a fixed pedal - this never stopped him though.

Rev Walter Black had a son, Douglas, who became a medical doctor. After attending the local school at Inverarity and then Forfar Academy, he left to study in St Andrews University. Douglas went on to become Sir Douglas Black, president of the Royal College of Physicians in London after a spell as a medical student and doctor in Dundee. Here was a man not afraid to speak his mind on behalf of those less fortunate than himself. (*see section Lad o' Pairs*).

The following is a copy of a newspaper article, which Rev Walter K Black wrote in 1950, presumably in response to a previous article, or query, about church bells.

Old Church Bells

8 Carlton Street,
Edinburgh.
September 19, 1950.

Sir,

The present parish church of Inverarity, Angus was opened for public worship in October 1754, but the bell, which still sends forth the call to worship, is dated 1614, the same year as one of the Crail bells.

The said bell was transferred from the pre-Reformation church, which stood near the former mansion house of Fotheringham and about a quarter of a mile from the present parish church.

I am etc, etc,

Walter K Black,
Formerly Minister of Inverarity.



Inverarity church bell.

After Rev Black left the charge of Inverarity, the Rev William Fimister Paxton became its Minister. Inverarity church then linked with Kinnettles church on 30th June 1957 but Mr Paxton died on 12th April 1958. The linking arrangement was then terminated on 21st September 1958 to permit union (*same date*), with Kinnettles.

Rev W Paxton has an inscribed silver plaque, dedicated to his memory, on the Christening font in

Inverarity Church. This font was gifted by his family to the Church in January 1961 and reads:

*'To the Glory of God
and
in memory
of
Rev William F Paxton M.A.,
Minister of this Congregation 1946 - 58'.*

Another similar silver plaque is fixed to one of the three chairs which sits in front of the pulpit in Inverarity Church. This one is dedicated to the memory of the local nurse, Nurse Stronach, who served the parish around the same time. She must have experienced working with three Ministers of the church during her spell of twenty years in Inverarity; Rev W K Black, Rev W F Paxton and Rev D G Whyte.

Her plaque reads:

*'To the Glory of God
and
in grateful memory
of
Isabella J Stronach,
Nurse of Inverarity and District.
1940 - 1960.
Died 21st September 1960
These chairs were gifted by her many friends.'*

Another servant of the church who experienced working with three Ministers was Dave Menmuir who was beadle for over 20 years at Inverarity Church. A Lectern Bible, in his memory, was gifted to the Church (*in 1999*) by his widow.

The next Minister was Rev David G H Whyte, who transferred to Inverarity from the charge of Keig and Tough, to become minister of the united

charge of Inverarity and Kinnettles on 6th April 1959, until his retirement (*in the interests of linking with Glamis*) on 23rd March 1982. Mr Whyte finished off writing a chapter (*in 1967*) for the County of Angus book, started by Mr Paxton, in 1951. Chapter 39 is entitled, 'The Parish of Inverarity by the late Rev William F Paxton and the Rev David G H Whyte.'



Rev David Whyte and the Elders in the 1970's.

Notes from this extensive chapter run as follows;

History of the Community

The parishes of Inverarity and Meathie dedicated by Bishop David in 1243. The present church was built in 1754; the church bell dated 1614.

The Church

The attitude of the people seems to be non-committal and if regular attendance is anything to go by, then to the majority of the people, the church means very little. There are a few who are very regular attenders and out of a total congregation of 260, there are 40 or 50 on an average Sunday morning. On special occasions the church is well filled and practically every marriage and baptism is now solemnised in the church.

The church of Inverarity is now united with that of Kinnettles and despite the weakness in church attendance on the ordinary Sunday, the church and its ministry holds a high place in the life of the community.

Population

In the year 1801 the population is recorded as 820. By 1961 it had declined to 687.

Since 1961 the decline has continued, due in part to the fact that fewer workers are needed on farms nowadays, one man operational machinery having taken over the work of many; e.g. combine harvester and potato harvester.

Housing

Dwelling houses consisted of two mansion houses at Fothringham and Kirkbuddo; farm houses and farm cottages, the latter varying in number according to

the size of the farm to which they are attached and occupied by married farm workers, single men being accommodated in **bothies** (as pictured) and a number of cottages occupied by estate workers. There are very few bothies, and this type of accommodation is fast disappearing. There are two schoolhouses and a Manse. Twelve new houses have been erected near the school by the county council, two for roadmen and the rest for agricultural workers. The population is therefore widely scattered throughout the parish with hamlets at Gateside and Kirkbuddo.



Kirkbuddo

Formerly a detached part of the parish of Guthrie, Kirkbuddo was transferred to Inverarity in 1890/91 by the Boundary Commissioners. Area; one thousand four hundred acres. Features the remains of a Roman Camp. Connection with the Munster saint Buite (*d.521*), granted a fort by the King of the Picts and built a church upon it (*not the church of Kirkbuddo at Drowndubbs*).

Sub-post office and shop at Whigstreet; railway station for goods traffic; a bus route (*Forfar-Letham-Dundee*) passing Kirkbuddo crossroads. A school at Holemill attended by 17 pupils.

Education and Health

There are two schools, one at Kirkbuddo and one at Inverarity. There are 17 pupils at Kirkbuddo (*one teacher*) and 50 at Inverarity (*two teachers*). Many of the children attend the newly erected Forfar Academy (*1965*) after leaving primary school. Regular visits are made by the resident district nurse and the education authority employs a dentist who attends at regular intervals. Tuberculosis is now almost non-existent, almost certainly due to the free milk supplied to schools.

Occupations

The majority of the people are engaged in agriculture. Farmers are finding it difficult to recruit labour as more and more people move into town and find employment as joiners, plumbers, motor mechanics and other trades. Many young girls go into offices or go off to train for nursing or teaching and some go into factories. Many farmers' daughters train for domestic science appointments. Within the parish there are two post-offices and three shops, two joiners, a blacksmith and garage proprietor.

Agriculture

Farm sizes vary from 50 to 600 acres and much of the land is sown in oats, barley and a little wheat. Beef cattle are reared, some bought at Forfar Market but many are imported from Ireland. After fattening the cattle are graded in Forfar and delivered by rail

to various selected destinations. Much of the best meat goes to England. Potatoes are a main crop and these also go to the English market although some are exported to Spain, Africa and Israel. The gathering of this crop is also a source of income for men, women and children who can receive as much as two pounds a day. Other crops grown successfully are raspberries and peas. Turnips are still grown as winter fodder for cattle. Most farms carry some poultry and there is a specialist poultry farm at North Bottymyre. (see *J Bruce section*). The tractor has replaced the horse and there are only two working horses left in the parish. Owing to help from the Ministry of Agriculture, improved methods of farming, government subsidies, better wages and conditions, the farming community is very prosperous now.

The Way of Life

There is now no evidence of any real poverty in the parish as even the poorest person has a well-appointed house with all the modern conveniences. Very few are without television and radio and in some cases central heating has been installed along with refrigerators, deep-freeze units and washing machines. Some farmers have two or even three cars and some farm workers travel to work by car. Television and the motorcar have greatly affected the social life of the community; the village hall is not the centre of social life and activity that it once was. A number of organisations still meet however; The Scottish Women's Rural Institute, Inverarity meets in the school. The Men's Club meets in nearby Kinnettles Hall. A branch of the Women's Guild

meets once a month and a small number of Girl Guides meet in the school. Curling is one of the chief pastimes of the men, especially the farmers and members of Fotheringham Curling Club enjoy their games and competitions at Dundee Ice Rink. Outdoor curling is now a thing of the past. Local concerts, whist drives and dances are not so common. Although reading has decreased, people are learning through the media of radio and television and rural communities are much less parochial in their outlook.

Natural history

This section was prepared by Thomas P Dorward, one time schoolmaster at Inverarity who was a keen student of natural history.

Roe deer reduction noted due to extensive tree felling during the two world wars. The red squirrel is quite common but not many foxes to be seen. Lots of dippers have been seen in Fotheringham Den and heron too but no heronry. Kingfisher and sandpiper are spotted moderately often with snipe, redshank and grey wagtail appearing in marshy areas. Less common species recorded in Inverarity are; waxwing, redstart and cirl bunting. Also spotted, though rarely, are redwing, fieldfare, great spotted woodpecker, goldfinch, little auk, spotted flycatcher and treecreeper. The long tailed tit is being recorded more often and bullfinch, jay and magpie have been seen in wooded areas. Sandmartins nest in the banks of the Kerbet and in old sandpits. Large numbers of lapwings were known to have perished in the storm of 1947 but they are increasing once more. Marsh

and sedge warbler can be heard through the night and there are many hundreds of rooks in Fotheringham Den. The dotterel has not been seen for a long time but game birds such as grouse, partridge and pheasant are numerous and capercaillie have been spotted too. Extensive felling of trees has allowed the spread of bracken and willowherb and tiny golden saxifrage can now be seen. Ling covers the moors as does bell-heather and cross-leafed heath; three varieties of orchis, as well as grass of Parnassus and cotton grass are common. Pigeons still annoy the farmers but the rabbit population has been almost entirely eliminated due to myxomatosis.



Rev John Sherrard and the Elders (1980's).

After Rev D G Whyte retired, there followed Rev John Sherrard, who was inducted to the newly linked charge of Glamis with Inverarity and Kinnettles on 26th October 1982. John Sherrard

worked tirelessly for each of the three parishes but he had a special place in his heart for Kinnettles Church and set about trying to restore it to its former beauty and glory and he succeeded in so doing, prior to his demission on 31st October 1989.

Rev Andrew Greaves was inducted to the linked charge on the 28th September 1990 and, under his leadership, the linked charge became a union between Glamis, Inverarity and Kinnettles in 1996.



Rev Andrew Greaves and Elders (mid 1990's).

Rev Andrew Greaves, together with Vicky, his wife, was heavily involved in organising and running Link Overseas Exchange from its base at the Manse at Glamis. This scheme sent young folk to work for up to a year in developing countries. Their experiences abroad helped shape many for the rest of their lives. Rev Greaves was also responsible for setting up numerous schemes in and around the church of Glamis; the Points of Pilgrimage Tour, the opening up of the paths to Saint Fergus Well; this project

being the winner, out of 600 entries, of the 1993 Shell Better Britain national environmental award, presented by David Bellamy, and The Training for Work programme, which Sir Harry Secombe, through a Highway broadcast, presented and which included a baptism at Saint Fergus Well.

Rev Andrew Greaves demitted office in August 1997 to be followed by Rev. John Murdoch who was inducted on 31st March 1998. He too 'put the churches on the map'. When a TV company recorded, and later broadcast, Songs of Praise, which took place in Kinnettles Church on a glorious Monday evening, 31st May, 1999.



Rev John Murdoch with David Pate and Sandy Ingram in Inverarity Church.

After Rev John Murdoch demitted office on 31st August 1999 he was followed by Rev John Gardner who was inducted to Glamis, Inverarity and Kinnettles, on 26th. September 2000. This time it was the turn of Inverarity church to be filmed during

a Sunday morning service. Glamis, during the year 2002 became the hub of a great deal of activity and filming, but this time for a most sad reason; the death of The Queen Mother, on 30th March of that year.

At this point in history it was hoped that the building known as Kinnettles church could be offered to Scottish Redundant Churches Trust, to be kept as part of our Scottish heritage. However, in accordance with Regulations, the building had to be put on the open market in the first instance and this took place in October 2003.



Rev John Gardner and his wife Helen

Rev John Gardner's last service was held in Glamis Church on 29th June 2003. Thereafter the charge of Glamis Inverarity and Kinnettles was placed under the guidance of Interim Moderator, Rev David Taverner of St Andrews Church, Kirriemuir.

Locum Minister Rev John Davidson arrived to take over the helm on 1st September 2003, and Rev John Gardner demitted office on 31st October 2003.

Kincaldrum

Kincaldrum is listed in the Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland 1873 as 'a mansion in Inverarity Parish, Forfarshire, on the north east slope of wooded Kincaldrum Hill, 5 miles SSW of Forfar. It is the seat of the Right Honourable William Edward Baxter (b.1825; suc. 1871), Liberal MP for the Montrose Burghs since 1855, who holds 581 acres in Forfarshire and 1201 in Fife, valued at £880 and £3,287 per annum'.

Kilmaron Castle, a mansion in Cupar parish, Fife, standing one and a half miles north west of Cupar town, is described as a splendid edifice, build after the designs by Gillespie Graham, it was the seat of Sir David Baxter, Bart. (1793-1872), a manufacturer and munificent benefactor of Dundee, at the death of whose widow in 1882, the estate 1201 acres, of £3,287 annual value - went to the Right Honourable W E Baxter of Kincaldrum.

A chapel was erected some time after 1659, on the margin of a den at the foot of Kincaldrum Hill. It was burnt by a party of Royal Dragoons in 1745, and remained roofless and ruinous for many years. The ruins were removed in 1816.

(New Statistical Account 1845. A J Warden 1880-85.)

The earlier story of Kincaldrum, leading up to this point, may be read in William Marshall's account of the 'Historic Scenes of Forfarshire,' (*kindly loaned by Blair Thomson*). It states that from 1395, the Earls of Crawford had Kirkton, Hillton and other lands in the district and it would appear that the lands of Lour and Inverarity had been in the possession of a number of families of historic note.

At an early period, they were the property of Henry of Newth, Knight, who had to resign them to the King for failing to render unto him the services due for them.

In 1267, Alexander III gave them to Hugh of Abernethy. When his extensive estates fell to heiresses, they passed by marriages to the Lindsay, Stewart, and Leslie families. Lesly's wife was heiress of the Lour portion, and Norman de Lesly got charters of it in 1390. In 1464, George Lesly, first Earl of Rothes, granted a charter of the barony of Lour; the lands of Muirton, and half of the lands of Carrate, with the superiority of the barony (*Lour had before that been erected into a barony*), in favour of David Guthrie of Kincaldrum, Treasurer to the King.

After passing through some other hands, the Earl of Northesk acquired the barony in 1643, and in 1694 David, fourth Earl of Northesk, sold the dominical lands and Mains of Lour to David Fotheringham of Powrie. By 1875 they formed part of the Powrie estates, and the fine mansion of Fotheringham occupied the site on which the old Kirkton once stood.

One version of the Bower legend

The story goes that Alexander Bower of Meathie and Kincaldrum in 1745 was in the prime of life, married and travelling on the continent when he heard the news of the arrival of Prince Charles Edward in Scotland. He immediately returned home to Kincaldrum and, raising his tenantry, joined the Forfarshire Insurgents, being appointed a Lieutenant in Lord Ogilvy's Regiment.

After the war was over, and the disbandment at Clova, Colonel Kerr of Graden, Roxburgh, returned to Kincaldrum, where Mrs Bower and her boy were. During the daytime the refugees took to hiding in the neighbouring hills, and at night returned to Kincaldrum House for food and shelter.

One night, after supper, a party of Hessian Dragoons, in search of fugitives, surrounded the house, and while part remained outside, the officer and others entered. At this time all the lower part of the house had iron stanchioned windows, so, on hearing the noise, Colonel Kerr made for one of these, which he knew had a loose bar, through which he went, only to find himself in the hands of two of the enemy, who took him prisoner.

Lieutenant Bower sought refuge in a secret closet off a bedroom, the aperture to same being covered by an old cabinet. In their search the soldiers removed this article, and discovered Bower. He gallantly attempted to defend himself, it is said with a poker, and knocked some of the enemy down, but, after being severely wounded, was captured.

He was removed, first to Dundee, then to Perth; and in an article written by the Lieutenant's grandson,

Mr Graham Bower, it is stated that, 'having a fine head of hair, the Dragoons knotted it to one of their horse's tails, and dragged him in this way for about two miles, to a place called Cothiewards (*Cuttywards*), near Findrick, where a poor man, of the name of Saunders Kinnear, was hauling up broom, who, on his bended knees, interceded for his master, saying, 'If you will only put the gentleman on a horse, I will gie you a' the siller I hae,' which amounted to ten pounds. The relief seems to have come too late however. He was then mounted behind a trooper, carried to Dundee, from there to Perth Prison, where it soon pleased God to relieve him from his tormentors, having expired from the brutal treatment he had received.'

Mrs Bower, although in poor health, followed her husband to Perth, where, learning that the Duke of Cumberland was at Stirling Castle, she went thither, and interceded for her husband's life. At last the Duke consented to grant it, on condition that he would leave the country and never return; and he gave her passes for her husband, herself, and their child, a boy of six years of age. Mrs Bower immediately returned to Perth, only to find that her husband had meantime died of his wounds and cruel treatment. The sight of the dead body so terribly shocked her that she fell forward over the corpse and expired. The two bodies were placed in one coffin and brought to Kincaldrum House, where they lay some days previous to interment.

A strange story is told in connection with this part of the tragedy. James Bower, a relative, being anxious to secure the property of the deceased insurgent, bribed the soldiers stationed in the district to kill the

infant son, he being the next of kin; but the nurse, when she heard them coming, hid the boy in the coffin containing his dead parents, covering him with the pall, and so escaped detection.

The bodies were buried in the Chapelyard on the farm of Easter Meathie, which then belonged to the Bowers of Kincaldrum. There is a tradition, now almost forgotten, that, when buried, Mrs Bower had on a very valuable finger ring. This being known, the gravedigger came after nightfall, and opening the grave, proceeded to appropriate the ring. In his effort to do so, he cut the finger, when a cry proceeded from the corpse. The story has lost what further took place; but according to the Chartists, it is said a mob left Forfar bent on mischief, and wrecked the Bower tombstone, so that the exact burial spot is now unknown.

Lieutenant Bower had married in 1736, Margaret St Clair of Rosslyn, the last of the real St Clairs of that estate near Edinburgh, and their only child and heir was Alexander St Clair Bower, who so narrowly escaped. For better safety he was sent to France in the custody of Miss St Clair, an aunt, where, on the advice and influence of Lord Ogilvy, he was placed in the Scots College in Paris.

On 31st July 1750, a petition was made to the Court of Session by Alexander Bower of Kinnettles, cousin of the deceased Lieutenant Bower, and tutor dative to his son Alexander, setting forth that the said Alexander Bower, an infant, while under the petitioner's tutorage had been taken to France by his aunt, and settled in the Scots College in Paris. The Lords appointed the petitioner curator, and James Hay, WS., agent. On 8th December following,

through some malpractices with the estate, Hay was censured, and suspended from practice for a year. Through influence, it is said, young Bower became a page of honour to Louis XV, the French King, and while in this capacity, took smallpox, which ever after disfigured him.

Alexander St Clair Bower returned to Scotland as a grown man about 1762, and the following year married Margaret, daughter of Robert Graham of Fintry; their daughter Katherine was born in 1764, and son Graham in 1769. Kincaldrum



was sold at Whitsun 1818, to Robert Stirling Graham of Altamont, and he died at Monimail, Fife 3rd April, 1844, and was buried there. Another daughter Margaret was born in November 1771 and died January 1885. She was married in 1789, to Patrick Carnegie IV of Lour, grandfather of Colonel Patrick A W Carnegie IV. The youngest child Anna was born in July 1773.

The Baxter connection

The estate of Kincaldrum had, at one time, belonged to the Earl of Angus and it was at Kincaldrum House, on 26th July 1871, that the death occurred of the well known and highly esteemed, Mr Edward Baxter, one of the merchant princes of Dundee, and one of the honourable traffideers of the earth. Kincaldrum then became the property of his son, the Right Honourable William Edward Baxter, for thirty years Member of Parliament for the Montrose District of Burghs and late Financial Secretary to the Treasury. He died on 10th August 1890. His son Edward Armstead Baxter DL JP of Kincaldrum and Kilmaron, born 25th September 1848 succeeded his father and he died on 7th January 1933, then his wife Isobel Scott-Elliot died in her 81st year on 26th December 1943.

In 1806 the firm of William Baxter and Son erected a flax spinning mill on the Glamis Burn, consisting of 16 frames. The machinery was driven by a 16hp. water wheel. In 1820 a steam engine of 10hp. was introduced with a view to making things easier during the summer months when the water in the burn was low. A plash- mill for cleaning the yarn was



also introduced. This mill employed 60 to 70 people. The cloth was known as Osnaburgs and sheetings. From this small beginning grew the large firm of Messrs Baxter Brothers Ltd., Dundee, which gave work to so many people from Dundee and the surrounding district.

The Valuation Roll of 1895-96 records Edward Armstead Baxter as the proprietor of Kincaldrum estate and George Washington Baxter of Invereighy, Ashcliff, Dundee as proprietor of Invereighy estate. Forty years later the estate of Invereighy is registered under its Trustees with Dame Edith Baxter living on the estate. Likewise Kincaldrum estate is listed as having the Kinreich Estate Co.

Limited as the proprietor with Mrs Isobel Baxter living in the mansion house.

Alexander Spence came to West Mains of Kincaldrum Farm in 1944 and farmed it for thirteen years until he died in 1957. John Spence succeeded his father, he having already bought the farm of West Mains in 1952. In 1953 there was a sale at the mansion house and then the Spence family, after the lead was stolen off the roof, took down the roof itself and turned the house into a deep litter for hens, the locals affectionately renaming the ruin 'Leghorn Hotel.'

Above: Kincaldrum Estate, 1926.

Kinreich Farm

Mrs Ina Morton now living at Taranty Road, in Forfar, holds fond memories of her time spent in Inverarity during the early part of the last century. Ina Norrie was born in 1914, daughter of John Keith Norrie and Mary Jane Leonard of St Vigeans. Ina's father worked on the farm of Kinreich for Mr Ammand, who was the farmer at that time.



Ina and her dog in the garden at Kinreich Farm.



The Norrie Family. Keith is at the back, Jessie who died in 1927, then Lizzie to the right (*Mrs Sturrock of Meadowgreen*) and Annie to the left (*Mrs Milne*). Ina herself is at the front.

Ina was the youngest of the family, having three older sisters and an older brother and all attended Inverarity Primary School. After leaving school, Ina went to work in the Manse at Inverarity where the Minister was Rev Black. One mistake she will never forget making as a young girl in her first job; it happened one day when she was asked by Rev Black to go out to the coalhouse and bring in some churls.

Not knowing what churls were, Ina decided she would bring in the largest pieces of coal she could find. This, of course was a mistake, as she soon found out. She did not realise that churls were the smallest pieces of coal. Now if Rev Black had asked her to bring a shovelful of dross Ina might have understood!

Another regular job, which Ina was expected to do for Rev Black, was to wheel his bike to Gateside in readiness for him to mount when he came off the bus from town. His was a slightly unusual bike, as it had to have a fixed wheel because Rev Black had a wooden leg.

Then there was the day her mother sent her to Forfar for messages. Ina always got a 'penny' for sweets but alas - on this particular day Ina had bought over the allocated amount of sweets and had no money for the bus home! Thunderstruck she looked wildly around and luckily spotted a friend who kindly loaned her the money for the bus home. Ina never did tell her mother about that escapade!

Characters of the day were Davie Anderson, the local joiner, Mr Anderson, the local blacksmith whose daughter Mary married Chae Findlay of the Govals. Peter Elder was a teacher at Inverarity School followed by Robert Forbes, Peter Crerar and Mr Lind. The lady teachers who are remembered by Ina are Miss Rodger who stayed in Forfar and Miss Webster who stayed at Kincaldrum.

Other cherished memories are of days spent with the Girl Guides. The highlight of one Guide camp was the ride in the charabanc, which belonged to the laird.



Guide camp outing in a charabanc.

Kinreich Farm 1946

Twenty years later a new farmer came to farm Kinreich; David C Pate. The farm was bought in 1953 and David and Margaret Pate were married in April 1953. Keirton was also acquired in the 1950s and Wester Meathie in 2001. Soon both David and Margaret had become involved in all kinds of community and church work.



Kinreich farm in 1947.



David Pate (*Snr*) during a TV interview in 1979.

WRI



Cutting the cake at the WRI Diamond Jubilee in 1981.

Left to right; M Kidd, R Jackson, E Spence, A Elrick (*Past Pres.*), M Pate (*Pres.*), M Robertson, E Watson, A Caldwell, N Joiner, A Russo.

David has a great interest in Inverarity Church and recounted the story of the church bell, as he had heard it.

The story of the Church Bell

Inverarity Church bell was cast by a Dutchman, Peter Vandenghein in 1614. The story tells of some Dutch immigrants who had fled from Holland only to be caught by a storm at sea. They had no fresh water and illness had broken out on board. They sailed into the Tay estuary but, because of the sickness, they were not allowed to land and had to sail on. Once out of sight of Dundee, they came ashore in desperation, often as far as ten to twenty miles inland, in order to obtain fresh water and a cure for their illness. Some of these Dutch people settled in Inverarity and elsewhere. Eventually they decided that they wanted a bell for their church and knew where they could obtain one - from their homeland - Holland. Two bells were delivered to Dundee by ship; one was brought to Inverarity Church and the other was taken to Kinnell Church.



The story of the Dispatch Rider

The tables were turned on David when he was asked to tell another story; about himself this time. He was asked about his days as a Dispatch rider. He was none too keen to talk of his adventures on his motorbike, suffice to say that he went 'fast.' He modestly stated that, through being a member of the

Home Guard in the 1940's, he had been appointed a Dispatch rider because he had a motorbike! There was possibly a little more to it than that. The dictionary definition of Dispatch-rider is given as, 'an *official* messenger on a motor bike!'

A far cry from the days when the lands of Kincreich were owned by the Abbey of Cupar, which made its money from the tenants of these portions of land. Nevertheless there have been many great changes in farming during the fifty seven years of David Pate's time at Kincreich and a number of these changes have been recorded.

Sheep shearing at Kincreich.



One of the first potato harvesters at Kincreich.

Long service awards

Both the late Dan Gall and John Davidson received long service awards for having worked on Kincreich farm for thirty years.

The next generation

Tradition has been maintained and 'young' David Pate and his wife Elizabeth have carried on working for the community of Inverarity, David having been Chairman of Inverarity Community Council for a number of years and Elizabeth is at present Secretary of Inverarity Guild. They have two of a family; Gordon and Helen.



John Davidson receiving his award from Lord Airlie.

David Pate (*Snr*) explaining his methods to a delegation of French farmers.



Meathie

Easter Meathie are partly in the Parish of Forfar and partly in Inverarity but Wester Meathie is wholly in the Parish of Inverarity.

The lands of Meathie had probably been disposed of, as were the other lands of the Abbey of Cupar before, and in view of, the Reformation. Sir David Guthrie acquired Wester Meathie, Lour, Carrot and other lands about the middle of the 15th Century. On 8th August 1558 William Kynnymont (*Kinmond*) of Wester Meathie was one of the officials at the service of an heir.

The Youngs of Seaton were in possession of Wester Meathie at the beginning of the 17th century. On 10th June 1630, Sir James Young, Knight, son and heir of Sir Peter young of Seaton was retoured in Seaton and in the lands of Wester Meathie.

Blair of Balgillo appears to have succeeded the Youngs in Meathie, and on the 4th April 1665, the father of William Blair of Balgillo, heir of Sir William Blair Knight, was reinstated to the lands of Easter and Wester Meathie.

The brothers Bower had probably acquired the Meathies from the Blairs. Alexander Bower of Kincaldrum was proprietor of Easter Meathie and

Patrick Bower of Kinnettles was laird of Wester Meathie.

The lands of Meathie were acquired from Alexander and Patrick Bower by a branch of the Grahams who retained possession for a long period of time.

At the end of the 17th century, or the beginning of the 18th century, James Graham of Meathie married Elizabeth Wedderburn, heiress of Pearsie, in the parish of Kingoldrum. In 1755 Patrick Carnegie, third of Lour, married a daughter of James Graham of Meathie. James Graham possessed Meathie from approximately 1767.

About the middle of the 18th century, James Graham of Meathie married Grisel, daughter of Sir Alexander Wedderburn of Wedderburn.

James Graham of Meathie was one of the first partners of the Dundee Bank in 1763 and he is also included in the list of partners for 1777. His eldest son James was a merchant in London, and the estate of Meathie was sold.

In the genealogy of the Wedderburns Graham of Meathie (*presently 1824*) of Balmuir then represented Dundee (*Viscount*) in the main line.

By the end of that century Wester Meathie was occupied and run by the representatives of William Adam per Robert Adam, Ladenford, George Watson being grieve in 1895/6. The early part of the 20th century saw the Findlay family in Wester Meathie, before the Steven family bought it in 1931.

Lettings entered in the Rental Books of the Abbey of Coupar Angus. (*Angus or Forfarshire, by AJ Warden*).

Wester Meathie



John Steven in front of Wester Meathie farmhouse.

Easter Meathie

Easter Meathie and North Meathie had been farmed by the Warden family from around the turn of the century until 1st August 1987 when both were then taken over by Andrew and Margaret Brown and their two sons, who came from the Borders area.



Three and a half pairs at Easter Meathie in 1912.

Ovenstone

*Mr Christopher Grant,
Westfield Farm, Forfar,
kindly submitted this article.*

The Grants were farmers in the parish of Inverarity in the 18th century. James Grant was born in 1872 at Grangemill. One of his daughters, Ann, married John Boath (*Jnr*) a linen manufacturer of Forfar. Her brother James Grant (1817-1877) took over the linen business in 1853 and built Academy Street Works. The Grant family owned and ran the business until it closed in 1981. The farming connection was maintained when Alistair Grant (1904-1948) bought Westfield, Forfar in 1943. The farm of Ovenstone was farmed by Grant relations until 1940. James Paterson, owner of Kinnettes House from 1872 to 1882 was related to the Grants.



The present farmers of Ovenstone Farm are Bill and Nancy Allison and their family. Bill's father, John Allison, took over Ovenstone Farm from Messrs Grant at Martinmas 1940. An interesting document of that era has been submitted by Bill and Nancy.

OVENSTONE.

NOTE OF PROPOSED POSITION by the UNITED IS.
the INTERESTS between MESSRS. GRANT, taking
Possession and MR. JOHN ALLISON, taking Tenant.
Martinmas 1940.

GRAZING				
Millfield area	Ac. 21.31.	20. 9-15 @ 238/11/30.	2 493 8 3	
" "	" 2.25	@ 221/7/50.	56 10 2	
East of Road Gate	21. - -	@ 235/13/50.	433 8 9	
" " " " " "	16. 3-54	@ 235/-84.	369 - -	1000 7 3
ARABLE				
Labothie Field	Ac. 20.51.			
Owden	15. 1. 5			
Less 1/2 Brigs	- - -			
	15. - - 13	@ 27/10/-	413 2 3	
Labothie Field				
Tallows	12. 2. 3			
Less 1/2 Brigs	- - -			
	12. 1. 35	@ 27	37 8 5	
Potato Field Seeds	15. - - 14	@ 211/10/-	309 3 10	409 10 3
AFREWORK				
Wear	300 27	@ 2. 100.0 5/30.	62 2 11	92 2 11
WELL & CONDUIT, etc.				
Watering Mill, Straw Carriage, Sheaf Carrier, Harrow & Defling etc.			133 4 -	
Sowing Grass Seeds			3 - -	
Planting of Fields & Sides			65 - -	
6 Iron Stretches			42 - -	
2 Loose Boxes			20 - -	
Watering trough in Byre & Styling in Overst			13 - -	
Stables in Court			5 10 -	
Engine & Pump for Water Supply			14 - -	
2 Watering Troughs in Fields			2 10 -	
2 Washing Houses & Sillars			12 10 -	
1 Water, Range, & Curtain Rails, 19 Slings in Byre			20 12 6	334 13 6
				2 209 2 30

Document Martinmas 1940.

Labothie

*The Milne family came to
Labothie Farm, from Steelstrath
(Edzell direction),
in 1944.
Sandy farms Labothie today.*

On Labothie Moor (*alternative name Bractullo Moor*) above the farm, there is a probable prehistoric burial cairn consisting of a circular set of stones about 30 metres in diameter. Close by is a type 27 pillbox, which was often located near airfields, but in this case was part of the Douglaswood radar station defences. There is a holdfast area near it, for Bofors guns.



Labothie Moor Pillbox.

North Tarbrax

*A piece written by Brian Elder
and his sister June Richardson.*



Aerial view of North Tarbrax in the early 1960's.

Andrew and Helen Elder came to North Tarbrax in 1917 from Burnside of Monorgan, Longforgan with their family of two daughters and four sons. The oldest daughter, Margaret, having by this time gone to Canada, to marry and settle there. The second daughter, Rose, would follow her sister to Montreal but was to return to Dundee after she was widowed.

The remaining family worked hard and when the farm lease was renewed in 1933, a 'modern' dairy was built to house 34 milking cows. Andrew regularly won prizes exhibiting his Canadian Holstein cows and Clydesdale horses at local shows.

The couple celebrated their Golden Wedding in 1940 with a family gathering at the Station Hotel in Forfar.

The Golden Wedding. Mr and Mrs Andrew Elder.

Newspaper article dated 1940. 'From 32 Acres to 500'

From a pendicle of 32 acres to three farms, with a total of 500 acres has been the achievement of Mr Andrew Elder, Tarbrax Farm, who this week celebrated his golden wedding. Mr Elder, who is 74 years of age, is a native of the Carse of Gowrie. Mrs Elder, who is the same age as her husband, was the second daughter of the late Andrew Ogilvie, Padanaram, by Forfar. They were married on the 5th



December 1890 at Padanaram by Rev Alexander Duff. The celebrations should have been held last month, but on account of the death of Mrs Elder's sister the event was postponed until this week, when a family gathering took place in the Station Hotel, Forfar, and the venerable couple were made the recipients of gifts from members of the family and friends. Mr Elder started farming in 1900 at a pendicle of 32 acres on the Castle Huntly estate in the Carse. In 1917 he took over Tarbrax and renewed the lease in 1933 when he built a modern dairy with 34 milch cows. A year later he took over the Garth farm on the Carsegray estate, and in 1938 he also took over Lochhead farm, by Forfar. The three farms extend to fully 500 acres, and five pairs of geldings and two tractors did all the work. Assisting Mr Elder are his four sons - Ernest is managing the Garth, Fred is at Lochhead and Harry and Charles at Tarbrax. Of the three daughters, two are married and residing in Montreal and another is the wife of Mr Christie, farmer, Mill of Marcus. There are two grandchildren.

Local Show Prizewinner

Since coming to Angus Mr Andrew Elder has been a regular attender at the Forfar and Dundee Marts. He is a member of the N.F.U. and the 'Highland' and a regular exhibitor and prizewinner at local shows with his Canadian Holstein cows and his Clydesdale horses.

Andrew died in 1943 aged 76 and Helen in 1956, aged 89.

The family marriages

Isabella to James Christie who settled at Mill of Marcus.

Ernest to Janet Wylie (*teacher, Kirkbuddo school*) farming the Garth - family - Ernest, Helen and Janet.

Fred to Ann Cargill (*East Grange*) going to Lochhead - family Alfred and Ann.

Harry to Betty Chalmers (*West Tarbrax*) moving to the Meadows.

Charles to Jean Smith (*North Happas*) remaining at North Tarbrax - family - June and Brian.

Jean was the only child of Isabella and James Smith living at Hosenet, Muiryfaulds and North Happas. Isabella moved to Alexandra Cottage, Gallowfauld when on her own. She remained there until her death in 1963, aged 79.

Jean was to work tirelessly alongside Charles and her contribution to the life and success of the farm at that time cannot be over estimated. Unfortunately, illness overtook her and she died in 1970, aged 61.

Additional help to work the farm came from Jim Simmers, who spent all his working life there. Jim's sister Chrissie helped both Helen and Jean in the house. The bothy lad Dave Fleming also helped to ease the workload on the farm and Sandy Joiner followed him. Dairymen came and went but longest serving was Alistair Fotheringham who, with Agnes and the family, stayed from 1960, working with both Charles and Brian, until his retirement in 1995. The farm was bought from Fotheringham Estates in 1949.

As well as many other investments made to improve North Tarbrax, with the dairy being the backbone of

the business; a new one was built in 1960 with an adjacent large shed. This was to completely transform the farm buildings and how the byre and dairy operated.

The green Bedford van was a familiar sight each morning travelling to Forfar, where Charles took the bottled milk to Suttie's Dairy in the Glamis Road, for distribution throughout Angus.

Although farming was always to the forefront of Charles' life, he was never happier than when tinkering with broken pieces of metal! Always interested in things mechanical, life's events were usually remembered by thinking back to which car he was driving at the time! Later life saw him take an interest in restoring vintage cars. Amongst others he rebuilt a Morris 8 from scratch. A 1933 BSA, which only required a paint job, was successfully exhibited in various shows, and is still at North Tarbrax today. He was a member of the Strathmore Vintage Vehicle Club.

An enthusiastic curler, Charles won many trophies for and with, Fotheringham Curling Club. He was their honorary secretary for 25 years from 1948 until 1973. His curling highlight was touring Canada with the Royal Caledonian Curling Club in 1965 as a Scottish Internationalist.

Charles was an Elder of Inverarity Church for many years. He died in 1982 aged 75.

Brian, Margaret and their family continue to live at, and look after, North Tarbrax.

A selection of family photographs can be seen overleaf.



Left: The Elder family at North Tarbrax in the 1920's.



Right: Jean Elder with her parents Jim and Isabella Smith.



The Canadian Curlers.



Helen Elder and her sons Ernest, Fred, Charles and Harry.

The Sturrocks of Whigstreet

The late Mr Ronald Sturrock (pictured below) recorded the following information, and before he died earlier this year, he was anxious that we should have his material to include in this book. His request was granted and his son Peter duly forwarded his father's documents to us. We are indebted to both for allowing us to use this account of the Sturrocks of Whigstreet. Ronald dedicated his work to the memory of his granddaughter Catriona.



Alexander Sturrock of Whigstreet (*the 1st*).

The first Alexander Sturrock was born at Luckyslap, (*or the Slap as it was known locally*), on 24th January 1838.

He married Jessie Keillor and his son Alexander was born on 29th October 1865. The family moved from Monikie to Whigstreet in 1872. When he died on 15th July 1894, after 22 years at Whigstreet, his son Alexander, the second, 'the Boss,' took over the business and ran it until he died in 1929.

His wife was Isabella Anderson Johnston (*Mains of Kirkbuddo*). Their marriage took place on 26th December 1890 at Guthrie Parish Church as Kirkbuddo and Whigstreet were part of Guthrie parish at that time. They had ten children. (*In 1892 Alexander the third was born; he was the grandfather of the present Alex. and he was known as 'Auld Eck.'*) Sadly Alexander's twin died. Then came Isabella Jane Sturrock, William Johnston Sturrock, Janet Keillor Sturrock, Joseph Burns Sturrock (*father of Ronald*



The Boss and his family sometime in the first World War.

whose work this is), and (*step-grandfather of Brian Fitzpatrick who has also contributed to this book*), Charles and Ann Sturrock (*twins*) Robert Sturrock and Elizabeth Simpson Sturrock. Their parents were 35 years in business until Alexander took over, following his father's death. He married Christy Ann Fraser and they had four sons; Alexander known as 'Young Eck or Sye,' Roderick Fraser Sturrock, David Crichton Sturrock and Allan Grant Sturrock. They were in Whigstreet for 37 years until Alexander the third died and Alexander the fourth took over in 1966 with his wife Mary Jane Hill. They had a family of three; Mary Jane Dalgety Sturrock, Alexander Sturrock and Christine Ann Sturrock (*Mrs Christie*). The fourth Alexander died in 1988 and Alexander the fifth, the present day owner of the business, took over in that year.

Alexander, when asked by his primary teacher, on his first day at school, to give his full name replied, 'Alexander the fifth!' He and his wife Linda Aitken

are in their 15th year of business now in 2003. They have four of a family: Elizabeth Ann, Alexander, Sarah Jane and John. In total the Whigstreet business of Alexander Sturrock has been running 131 years, to date.



Alexander Sturrock of Whigstreet the 3rd 4th and 5th.

The Sturrock family roots

The Sturrock family have been traced to generations earlier than 1838. They appear to have their roots in the parish of Monikie. There is a list of 118 baptisms from the old Parish Registers starting Johnne (*sic*) son

of James Sturrock and Margaret Marshall on 14th March 1653 and ending with George Nicol Sturrock, son of Alexander Sturrock and Jessie Keillor on 16th August 1869.

Places associated with the family, in the parish of Monikie, are, 1705 Craigton, 1705 Guildie, 1736 Drum. In 1741 James Sturrock and Barbara Cary were in Damhall. They moved to Muirdrum in 1744 where the twins Barbara and Margaret were born. In 1832 James and Margaret Nicol were in the Slap. In 1840 William and Mary Petrie were in Guildie. Also in 1840 Alexander and Clementina Lumgair were in Dangerpoint. Three years later they moved to Craigtoun. George and Jane Ormond had a son Andrew at Greenford baptised on 18th September 1846. This is the first mention of Greenford, the birthplace of Alexander the second. At Downiemuir on 2nd February 1848 David and Elspeth Mann had a daughter Elizabeth baptised.

The flitting

This story (*also kindly supplied by the late Ronald Sturrock*) begins in 1872 when Alexander, a cartwright, flitted from Husbandton (*in the Spring of 1872*) to Whigstreet. He was thirty-three years of age and his wife Jessie Keillor, born in Tealing, was thirty-six. 'The Boss', aged six accompanied them, John aged five and George Nicol, aged two. Alexander was most certainly not the Boss on this venture and indeed disgraced himself in an episode that became a legend in the family.

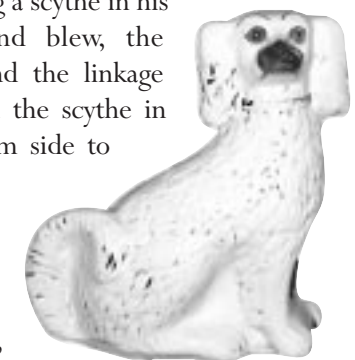
One can picture that day, over 130 years ago. The whole family would have risen early that morning at Husbandton, Monikie. As well as being Joiners,

Wheelwrights and Cartwrights, the family produced their own means of sustenance. Early letters to America show that money was scarce but provisions were plentiful. Two horses and carts would have been yoked up at daybreak and with the help of the extended family, the flitting would have commenced. The presence of other members of the family would ensure also that no items of disputed ownership were transported. When all two carts were loaded, the journey commenced.

The first cart

The first cart was the advance party and got off early. It contained property and provisions. Included were all the tools of the trade and patterns or moulds for the Sturrock speciality at the time, which was the two handled Luckyslap sned or scythe. This scythe was a vast improvement on previous versions and although it cannot be regarded as an invention it was certainly a significant improvement. Indeed the family at Luckyslap were so proud of their achievement that a full-scale model was built. It stood on high ground nearby and consisted of a windmill linked mechanically to a wooden man holding a scythe in his hands. As the wind blew, the windmill rotated and the linkage made the man with the scythe in his hands move from side to side.

Apparently there was no room on the first cart to take the family so the mother,



Jessie, and the two youngest children were safely ensconced on cart two. There was no room for the future 'Boss'. He obviously had not taken kindly to being left behind and had made his feelings known. Fed up of his objections and anxious to get going his father is reputed to have said, 'Here tak they twa cheena dug and get doon the bluidy road!'

Wee Eck

Wee Eck set out following the disappearing first cart and headed for Letham. He was an extremely fit wee boy and there are several stories of his strength in later life. Greenford and South Greenford were soon behind him and he could keep the cart in sight. In due course he passed Bractullo, Newlandhead, and was in sight of Harecairn Farm when, to his consternation, he saw the cart keeping straight on past the route to Whigstreet. Wee Eck knew this part of the world very well. His maternal grandfather Peter Keillor, and Grannie Keillor (*Janet Meek*) lived at Bankhead. It then dawned on him that a heavily laden cart would not get down the Cotton of Ovenstone road, due both to the rough surface and the steepish slopes in parts.

Wee Eck made up his mind. He was going to go his own route to Whigstreet. His chosen route went almost direct to Holemill. He had heard that there, at Holemill, were two large water wheels driving a meal mill and a mill for bruising broom, and there was a large dam full of trout. What an enticement for a wee boy!

Although he had never been there, Dad had told him of his visit to Whigstreet, where he had met the factor to Fotheringham estate and arranged the

twenty one year lease to Whigstreet joiner's shop with its few acres of land running down to the Backlaw. Although Whigstreet had a postal address of Kirkbuddo it lay in the Parish of Inverarity and was on Fotheringham estate, which stretched to where the Backlaw met the Whigstreet road half way through the Roman Camp. William Kydd was the previous tenant and he was a cooper.



Holemill farmhouse in 1888, close to where 'the Boss' laid his head to rest.

A wee bit creepy

As the cart headed down towards Downiemuir and Burnside of Kirkbuddo for a left turn by Drowndubbs and Cotton of Kirkbuddo, Eck took the left turn at Grandpa's farm and passing Harecairn on his left and Gallows Hill on his right, he felt that it was a wee bit creepy. After all, had he not listened in, on the long dark evenings, to the chat of the grown-ups. He'd heard of the old Barony of Downie with its right of Pit and Gallow. He knew not what it meant but to a wee boy it was something not very pleasant and he was, on his

own, making his way past that very spot! The lone tree on the skyline gave him a further feeling of foreboding. Being a strongwilled lad however, he decided there was nothing for it but to carry on regardless. It was not long before he was passing Springbank, which supplied the water to Fotheringham House and Little Lour farm. What a route that water had to take - down through the Knellock farm, Scronley, then to the eastmost field of Ovenstone (*Owen or Ewan's Toun*) to the left bank of the Kerbet burn. This burn itself had a long way to come, rising between Skichen and the Birns at a place known as Dilty Moss. It flowed down passed Kempfills then Drowndubbs, which was accessible, at that time, only by fording the Kerbet. It then flowed past the site of the Church of Crebyauch - now called Kirkbuddo.

Stopping for a rest

After Springbank, wee Eck had an easy walk down the Cotton road with the Knellock and Scronley on his left. After Windyknowes he came to Herrin'Ha and from there he could just see the dam at Holemill and the first of the watermills that he'd been so interested in. Of the flitting cart there was no sign and he lost sight of the houses at Whigstreet (*his new home*) as he trotted down the den and over the Kerbet Bridge. The road was rough and starting to get steep. Wee Eck noticed a small stream coming in to his right from the foot of the Back Law, near to three thatched cottages. A safe place to rest for a little while thought Eck and still clutching the Cheena dug he sat down on the grassy verge. Seconds later wee Eck was in the arms of Morpheus

and not at all visible to the two carts which passed the spot half an hour later! They had stopped for lunch at Downiemuir, deciding to make the flitting 'a day out'. After much searching and calling, the Boss, wee Eck, was eventually found. He was often teased in later life about his pioneering days, aged six!

(Auntie Bell and Auntie Liz told this story to Ronald Sturrock.)

That'll teach him!

As noted earlier, wee Eck, the Boss, was an extremely fit little boy who turned into an extremely strong young man. The story goes that on one occasion at Kirkbuddo station, as witnessed by Thomas Johnston, farmer of the Mains of Kirkbuddo, he saw a man pestering the Boss. Having taken just as much as he could bear, the boy suddenly picked up the man, and to the consternation of the waiting passengers, threw him over a nearby hedge! Doubtless this man would, in future, think twice before annoying any young boy again.

Take that!

The 'Boss' was visiting his brothers in Greenock and they went down for a walk to see the shipyard where Robert worked. There was a small visiting circus, it being the Fair and they stopped before a notice which read 'Ten shillings if you can wrestle the bear.' Using his great strength and no doubt the element of surprise, the 'Boss' was in the ring and had the bear on its back before it knew what was happening!

Inverarity Businessman's death

The following obituary appeared in the local newspaper when 'The Boss', Mr Alexander Sturrock died in 1929.

'The death has occurred of Mr. Alexander Sturrock, for 35 years senior partner in the firm of Sturrock and Son, joiners and timber merchants, Inverarity.

He was born at Greenburn in the parish of Monikie, 63 years ago, and 35 years ago, succeeded his father in the business, which has been 55 years in the Sturrock family. He was a keen gardener and angler, and an excellent shot.

He is succeeded in business by his son Alexander, and is survived by a widow and a family of nine, all grown up.'

Nichol Sturrock wrote this poem somewhere between 1880 and 1890. Nichol was born in 1862 grandson of James Sturrock and Mary Nicoll. James Sturrock recited it to Robert Garioch on the 9th September 1955, in the bar of 'The Old Jail,' in Jail Lane, between Downe and Biggin Hill, Kent, where David Sturrock was a resident.

Bothy Ballad by a Forfar Plewman in Kent

Jist last 'ear at Whitsunday
to Dundee Fair I went;
there I met in wi' Geordie Mont
and agreed to come to Kent.
The wages they'd been very low
that day in Forfarshire;
he said he'd gie me eichteen bob
and a bothy and the fire.
He says, 'Tomorrow's eftermuin

if ye'll come to the quay
ye'll find the steamer 'Cambria',
she'll roll ye frae Dundee.
There wes monie a bonnie lassie
did shed a tear that day,
to see the lads they luid sae weill
gang sailin' doun the Tay.
We steyed upon that auld steam boat
sax and thirty hours,
until we landit at the wharf
o' famous London toun.
We took the train at Ludgate Hill
upon the Dover line;
we lookit out and viewed the fields,
the craps were lookin' fine.
Whan we arrived at Swanley
we had to get out and walk;
we had to lose our Scottish tongue
and learn the English talk.
When we arrived at Great Wested
we wes lookin' tired and lame,
but still we didn't mind it much
so lang as we got hame.
Next morn, when we commenced to wark,
wur horses were fleet and young,
some to brek and some to roll
and some were cairtin' dung.
But Martinmas will suin be here
and we will all be free,
and we'll gae back to Dundee,
our bonny lass to see.

The next story was kindly submitted by Mrs Ann Christie (*Sturrock*).

Granny Frazer

Ronald Sturrock's father was Joe Sturrock who ran the grocer's business in Whigstreet, often travelling the roads with his grocery cart, pulled by the faithful mare Tibby.



Joe Sturrock and his mare Tibby pulling his delivery cart.

Joe's stepdaughters were Dorothy and Chrissie Main and they had an elderly Grandmother, affectionately known as Granny Frazer.

The story goes that one Christmas a long, long time ago an encampment of tinkers settled in Kirkbuddo Woods, not far from the place where the ancient Roman Camp had settled nearly two thousand years earlier. It was wintertime and the tinkers huddled around their fire with their 'cairties' and 'pownies' closeby. One of the men, a bagpipe player, told of how they had been camping at the Cotton of Kirkbuddo before moving to a more sheltered site in the woods. They needed as much shelter as possible because they had just had an addition to their family;

a 'bairnie' had been born in one of the tents that very morning.

This is where Granny Frazer comes in; a woman of great character, when she heard of the birth of the baby in the woods, she told her daughters and all the other young women of the village that they must go and see the newborn baby and take gifts with them. Otherwise, she said, they would have no luck.

The young women needed no second bidding and, baskets full, they set off with Granny Frazer to the snowy woods to visit the new baby. In one of the tents they found the young mother lying on a heap of straw, gazing down in wonder at the baby, lying by her side, a tartan plaid wrapped around both. A

Nativity scene never before witnessed (*nor likely to be repeated*), by those who stood around in awe. (*Adapted from the stories of the late Colin Gibson*).

Snowed up!

Another story of tinkers told by the apprentice to the local blacksmith, a Mr William Irons. The habit in those days was for the local smithy and the local joiner to have a travelling mill and for them to thresh out their crop on the second or third day of the year. This had been done and the grain, which had been weighed into large bags, was put in the shoeing shed of the smiddy. The day after the thresh it had started snowing and it came down heavily all afternoon and evening. The apprentice went off to bed early that evening and was sound asleep when a light shining into his eyes wakened him suddenly. It was his boss, Joe Burns, the Whigstreet blacksmith. He said, 'You'll have to get up Wull and help me shift these bags of grain around a bit.' Despite the fact that Wull Irons thought it was an odd time to be shifting grain, he did not question the boss. After getting his clothes on he stepped outside the smiddy and there stood an old pownie and a cairtie. Inside there was an old man, an old woman and a younger woman with five or six bairns.

The men shifted the grain from the inside to the outside of the pile and left a long deep cavern among the bags for the family to settle down in and they did so immediately. They had been making for Kirkbuddo woods to take shelter from the snow but hadn't quite made it in time.

They were quite well off in the smiddy though, with a fire for cooking. They stayed fully a week until the weather broke and they got going again.

The sequel

The sequel to this story continues twenty years later when Mr Irons had acquired a smiddy of his own at the village of Braco known to all the tinker clans as Brig o' Ardoch.

One day Mr Irons was working in his yard doing some repair jobs when a cairtie stopped and two women climbed down and set off down the village

with their baskets. The guid man leaned on the dyke and called. 'It's a grand day.' Mr Irons agreed and continued with his work. After about ten minutes when the guidman's eyes had never left the blacksmith, something seemed to dawn on him. He walked into the yard and planted himself right in front of Wull Irons. 'You were the young smithy at Whiggie that winter my grandfather got snawed up.' Mr Irons smiled at him and said, 'You'll be a

grandson then.' Indeed he was! He had been one of the bairns that winter, then aged about eleven or twelve.

The election of the new Provost of Whigstreet

The elected Provost of a place becomes the butt for all jokes and takes the blame for catastrophes such as droughts, floods, feast and famine, and the duly elected Provost of Whigstreet was no exception!

He was elected each New Year and held the office for one year. Only one individual succeeded in holding this Office for more than one year and that was Mr David Roberts. There were plenty of reasons for 'pitten him aff,' but he refused to go, and nobody cared a hoot! The actual election took place at the annual New Year's Night dance held in Kirkbuddo School; previously held in the 'smiddy', in the old days.

Apparently the Beadle left the smiddy half an hour before midnight to go down to the Kirk and ring the bell on the stroke of the hour. At the same time the Gamie would aim his gun at the moon and fire off two shots. That was the signal for everyone to proceed to the school, including the womenfolk with baskets of goodies.

Then the dancers would stop their reelin' and hoochin' and the fiddler would drop his musical instrument as a signal for voting for the new Provost to begin.

Somebody would propose a name for this exalted position then somebody else would propose another candidate; nominations were, of course, restricted



The last three Provosts of Whigstreet Left to right: Chae Sturrock, Will Sturrock, Eck Sturrock. (Kindly submitted by Pat Morrison (Sturrock)).

to the men of the community. Then a vote was taken with a show of hands, but nobody minded very much if the electorate put up both hands for the count! There was no age limit and prior to all this, the Provost for the previous year had been thrown out of office for various, dubious reasons.

Stripped of the title

The reason that the roadman, Alex Webster fell from Office was for 'ha'en potholes in the road, liftin' them and throwin' them intae the waid.' Joiner, Eck Sturrock, senior, ended his reign for 'burnin' the mice in his cornstacks.' Brother Chae, the sawmillier, 'didna stock enough clogs and wis aye brakin' his specs so that he wis a drain on the National Health Service.' Another brother, Wull, the garage man, 'didna hae lights on the tap o' his petrol pumps,' therefore failing to give adequate street lighting; and grocer Bill Hoy, 'hadnae enough fags in his shoppie.'

David Roberts finally fell from Office after five years, despite being a braw verse speaker and singer, he was ousted for, 'bein' a bachelor too lang.'

There had been a Provost at Whigstreet (*eight houses*) for over 50 years. The joke, and that's what everyone agreed it was, started when the late blacksmith Joe Burns, and the second Alexander Sturrock, had a competition at the dance to see who would stay longer sober. The winner was to be the Provost, but who was successful that year, is not recorded!

The tradition was finally broken in the early 1950s because as one ex Provost remarked, 'The young fowk are a' married now and have left the district. The auld stagers are getting' too auld. Another thing,

the youngsters are no content nooadays tae dance tae a melodeon. I used tae thump awa' on the melodeon a' nicht. Now they need a flashy band and we canna afford it.'

The dance, which attracted many from round about, raised funds for the school kids' picnic and treat. But because there was no dance, folk made sure that the children would not suffer. The good-hearted and kindly folk of Whigstreet just passed round a hat later on in the year.

Notes on the family history by the late Ronald Sturrock.

(He did not have time to check these out fully. This is what he was working on before he died).

John Sturrock 1832-1888 was an Engineer Surveyor. He built up a private museum of Pictish and other artefacts. On his death the museum was sold in Edinburgh over a three-day period. Many items are on view in museums in Scotland. Probably the most famous item is the necklace of jet beads and plates found in a cist at Balcalk, Tealing in 1880.

Peter who died in 1929, 'born 1863 Peter Keillor Sturrock married Mary Keiller, had issue namely Martin, Elizabeth, Fredrick, another daughter older than Janet (*the source for this article*) and Lawrie who went to America.'

John, known as Jeck married Elizabeth Simpson. Maggie married Hamilton Ramsay and had two sons. Robert had no issue, and Lizzie whose married name was Walker, had two daughters Elizabeth and Joyce.

Diary of John Sturrock, millwright. Note Petrie's came from Mill of Lour and are his maternal relations (*not as in book*). William is the writer of 1838 and 1840 letters to America. This is the Professor Peter Sturrock's branch.

Whigstreet is a name derived from the Gaelic. It relates to the method of agriculture whereby the land was tilled in long strips. It is possible that in very early times each tenant took each strip in turn and control of this was in the hands of the Provost. The 'Provosts' elected at the New Year Ball during the 20th century were an entirely different matter and arose from a friendly dispute between the 'Boss' wheelwright, and Joe Burns the blacksmith who put the iron hoops on the wooden wheels. Legend does not give the name of the first Provost. (*The Courier and Advertiser 7.1.52*)



The wooden wheels.

Memories of Whigstreet

The following are the memories completed on the 15th September 2000, by Brian Fitzpatrick who lives in Paris (cousin of Peter Sturrock). Brian is the son of Mrs Dorothy Fitzpatrick (Main) whose widowed mother married Joe Sturrock.



Although born in nearby Forfar, much of my early life was spent amongst the happenings that went on in Whigstreet in the early 1940s. Because my father was away on duty throughout the war, my mother spent many holidays with my Nana (*her Mum*), in Nana's shop and house in 'Whiggie.' I think that my mother was convinced that there was less chance of being hit by a stray bomb in 'Whiggie' than in 'industrialised' Forfar. My Uncle (*Will Sturrock*), who was responsible for operating the electrical generator each evening, possessed a piece of fuselage from a German aeroplane which had come down midway between Forfar and 'Whiggie.' Which vital location was the Gerry attacking when he was shot down by some brave Forfarshire lads?

I don't think it ever rained whilst I was there; every day was a new adventure under a cloudless sky with only the whine of the sawmill to disturb the peace.



Whiggie sawmill.

Nana's house was built up on stilts to give shelter to all kinds of warm, furry animals or so I was told by

a more learned playmate. I later found out that these animals were called vermin and were the food stock for Fluffy, the cat. She never needed a wartime ration book! Sadly, my grey partner Fluffy disappeared mysteriously, never to return. I later overheard that the gamekeeper, whose speciality was catching rabbits, had probably shot her, as he didn't like cats challenging his livelihood. As a 'take-it-all-in' four year old, I resolved to murder that gamekeeper there and then. Like many resolutions since, this one was never kept!

If the first seven years of one's life can be termed as being the formative years, 'Whiggie' was definitely the place where I developed all my feelings and emotions to a high degree. All my memories of these wonderful times can best be characterised by the qualities explained below. After all, Nan's house was not only bang in the middle of 'Whiggie' but, as far as I knew then, the whole Universe as well.



Gamie Duthie.

Ambition

I decided that when I grew up, if I did go into property development, my ideal house, without a doubt, would be old Mrs Nairn's wee cottage, sited about 100 metres due east of Nana's bigger house,

en route to the important, enormous Kirkbuddo railway station. Maybe she lacked Nana's outside porch with all its geranium pots, the large seashell containing the sound of the ocean and fragile skeleton of a seahorse, but she made up for these deficiencies because she possessed a most beautiful little rose garden, just big enough for me when I grew up. Let's ignore the fact that she also grew painful nettles and thistles to keep out unwanted intruders, her overall size would be just right for a four year old whenever I got married.

Before I could even read any stories, I was often to be found in Nana's lobby, lying flat on a rug next to a bookcase (*the village library*), either thumbing through one of the ten Arthur Mee's Children's' Encyclopaedias, or gazing at the gruesome pictures from 'The Illustrated History of the Great War'. If anyone passed by across the hallway, they would be coaxed into reading me something like the frightening story of 'Who Killed Cock Robin?' Education, for me then, was fairly simple and without any homework. It was looking at many pictures; being told Fairy Tales frequently, and, if ever I sneaked into the forbidden best room, the gramophone, was banging out unheard tunes that I thought came from the 'Snowwhite and the Seven Dwarves', piano music book. I did sometimes wind up the old gramophone and listened to 'Little Old Lady', and 'They're Standing Guard at Buckingham Palace'.

Prosperity to me at that time was not measured in monetary terms. Rather I was going to be rich by owning as many 'Whiggie' produced clay marbles as possible. My rival then, as later, was the farmer across the road. He was rich because he sold a lot of

flagons of milk and thus could afford to own a large oven and possess a rich stock of clay. Maybe it was simply the mud from the field but, yes, I would work at having a bigger oven, which would fill the whole of Mrs Nairn's cottage. That was my ambition before ever going to school.

Tattie picking

Prosperity would definitely not come from doing hard work! I tried that once and that was more than enough. At the promise of a silver threepence from my Uncle Eck, the self-elected Provost of Whiggie, I tried my hand at the tattie picking in the field alongside Mrs Nairn's house. If successful I would have bought the house there and then! Sadly it was not to be. I went proudly up to the starting line with all my relatives and neighbours and that was the last time I smiled that day. My recollection of that scene was my sheer amazement at seeing my mother and my other female relatives decked out in clothes more fit for a scarecrow. In other words, between the strange looking hats at one end and the wellies at the other, there was an assortment of sackcloth that can best be described as multi-coloured rags. In hindsight, maybe the apparel was deliberate for the purpose of fooling the Gerry spy planes overhead. Anyway, as far as my role was concerned, I lasted barely half an hour at that back-breaking, dirty job because I persistently failed to keep in a straight line with the rest of the pickers, and I missed so many Edzell Blue tatties, I received the modern equivalent of the RED card and was kicked into orbit. In other words, I was flung out through the field gate by the scruff of the neck and propelled back to the shop, to

be comforted by Nana. Knowing Uncle Eck, he probably sent me flying with a few choice words.

Curiosity

'Whiggie' was so full of wonderful activities, the likes of which are no longer available to this present generation. First and foremost there was the Blacksmith's Smiddy.



The Smiddy in Whigstreet, where Brian may have learnt to swear like a grown-up.

There, the skills of the blacksmith were superbly demonstrated against a backcloth of heat, hammering, and cursing in the language only he and the horse knew. He once presented me with a lucky horseshoe for my birthday, but unluckily, I lost it soon afterwards.

Then there was Nana's shop. It was a rich Aladdin's cave, with wonderful produce on all four walls and a floor covered with an ample layer of sawdust. I don't know why there was so much sawdust; it certainly wasn't for spitting on, as all the pipe smokers

frequently performed that technique outside the shop. I know that for a fact, because I used to mimic their actions!

The danger and special noise when she used her manual bacon slicer; the skill she showed when using the cheese cutting wire and the regular squeaky noises emanating from behind sacks of flour, sugar and lentils in the back of the shop made the whole building an exciting place to be in. My Uncle Ronald told me that the blue in the Gorgonzola cheese came from maggots! I would stare and stare at the smelly cheese but never once did I spy a maggot. There was the unlimited supply of crates of Strathmore lemonade bottles, which, if I was really good, would come my way. She was also the provider of tobacco, her best selling commodity, for spitting, clay-piped workers. She performed specific tasks in her tiny Post Office, situated in the middle of the shop, but sadly she never seemed to have postcards of beautiful 'Whiggie' to sell to the occasional tourist.

Being the local meeting place, the shop also acted as host to young German prisoners of war who arrived with two purposes in mind, to sell their slippers made of string and to chat up my young Aunt who was getting to an Interesting Age!

Every house had its outside loo at the bottom of the garden or somewhere in the nearby woods. Whenever I was bored, I could be found leaning over the wall of my Auntie's midden looking at the peculiar natural products, or maybe I was counting bluebottles.

Uncle Eck's black car was more often being repaired than driven. It could frequently be seen being tested

over a leaky oil puddle. I did have one or two drives in it, but could never understand why it always had cracked, yellow, Perspex-type side windows and made a noise similar to someone in abject agony.

Fear

If ever I was naughty, I was threatened with an immediate transfer to the 'tinks', possibly never to be seen again. Occasionally these people came to the shop to sell pots and pans and to buy items of food. I would disappear behind the flour bags shaking like a leaf. When eventually I was prised out, I was usually caked in a coating of flour and looked like Mr Pastry.

One day, I ran out of the Smiddy straight into a stranger's car. I seem to think that there was a petrol pump at that point, so at worst; I probably collided with a car that was almost stopped, or was just moving away. Well, did I get a dressing down? Despite the fact that it was probably the only car besides the Royal Mail van that would pass through 'Whiggie' that day, I was given such a telling off by all of the witnesses. Sometime later when I returned the 100 yards back to Nana's house feeling very sorry for myself, lo and behold a Policeman appeared from nowhere to continue with the severe reprimand. Mind you, never again have I ever run out of a Smiddy. In fact I don't think I have ever been inside a Smiddy since that day.

My very worst ever 'Whiggie' experience happened the night I slept in the same bedroom as the very old and scary Uncle Eck. He, no word of a lie, wore a long nightdress and a long bright red sleeping cap

with a toorie. He also kept his side light on, casting eerie shadows around the room. These accompanied by his sporadic snoring made for a very disturbed night's sleep. Being scared out of my wits and certain I could feel my heart in my mouth is not the best description, stronger vocabulary is needed to aptly describe the horrendous experience that I went through that one night. I blame my subsequent baldness on that experience!

Love

If I add up all my 'experiences' at 'Whiggie,' and stir them in the same pot, I must state that I couldn't have asked for a better growing-up phase. If there was a war on, I was completely unaffected by it. I was generously taught and allowed to express myself in all manner of loving ways. Through these times at 'Whiggie,' I learned to love animals, Mother Nature and people. Considering that there were only a dozen houses there, that is not a bad achievement.

Editor's Note: The late author and naturalist, Colin Gibson, in one of his articles to the Courier, mentions Kirkbuddo and a famous Gamie there. Was this the one Brian vowed to murder? Around ten years ago, Colin Gibson wrote of a memory of earlier years when he'd ventured over to Kirkbuddo, with the intention of looking for signs of the Roman marching camp, eastwards of Whigstreet. It was none other than Gamie Duthie who took Colin around the ramparts. At the same time he showed him the nest of a capercaillie as there were a few nesting on the ground at that time.

Kirkbuddo Station

Gordon Simmers spent fifty-seven and a half years in the district of Inverarity, living at Tarbrax. (1933-1990). He was the last signalman at Kirkbuddo Station (1957-1967) when it closed. By that time Monikie, Kirkbuddo and Kingsmuir were run as a triple branch and the Stationmaster at Kingennie was in charge.

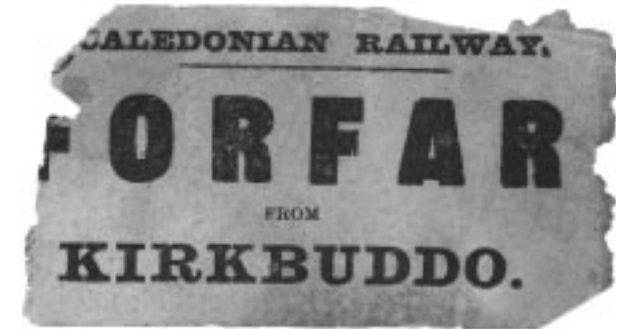


The signal box at Kirkbuddo station, where Gordon worked.

Gordon started as a porter loading potatoes during the six months of winter and later studied the codes for signalling. He was successful in his application to become signalman at Kirkbuddo Station. Following this appointment the railway had to employ a replacement winter porter to load the potatoes for export. Gordon recalls that they also loaded sugar beet from Syme at the Mill of Inverarity and that the incoming trains brought coal for William Sturrock of Whigstreet.

The railway started as a freight line and soon after started passenger services (November 1870). The passenger services were subsequently improved when demand from Angus population centres increased, but were the first to be cut (January 1955) when the Beeching Plan led to the downsizing of the British rail system. On 8 October 1967 the freight services were removed, but there was a special final trip on the line, which was reported in a letter from David Tough to the Courier. He stated, 'On Saturday afternoon a special passenger train with 125 people on board made the final run on the Dundee to Forfar railway. Although the train's speed was limited to only 10mph, this gave amateur photographers an opportunity to follow its progress by car. There was no lack of interest for the passengers, what with sheep straying on the line, detonators banging at each station, country folk waving from fields and houses, 'tattie howkers' stopping work to cheer them past and, as now, the fine scenery. One enterprising family of three girls and a wee boy held up separate posters in a field beyond Monikie, saying, 'Hello', 'Have a nice day', 'Enjoy yourselves', 'Goodbye for ever', which was

well appreciated by the travellers. Mr Tom Merrylees, well-known organiser of OAP concerts, piped the train into Kirkbuddo Station and entertained the folk whilst refreshments were served. A large welcoming crowd was gathered at Kingsmuir, which had been 'the end of the line' since July 1961. At 4.15pm, guard A Westlake, gave the signal, driver J Harvey, gave long blasts on his horn, detonators banged and the train proceeded slowly back down the line to be piped away sadly from Kirkbuddo after signalman, G Simmers exchanged the token for the last time. Short photo stops were made at Monikie, Kingennie and Barnhill, and at 5.55pm, the Forfar line passed into history as the two-coach diesel multiple unit left the branch. Although this was a sad occasion, it was made most enjoyable by the happy travellers, the fine weather and the good organisation of British Rail.'



The last railway ticket.

There are accounts in various railway enthusiasts' books of an accident at Kirkbuddo station on 19th September 1884, which repeated a similar accident in

1877, at Kingennie station. In each crash a passenger train, pulled by the same locomotive (*No. 49*), was derailed at the points, which gave access to the station loop. The loop at Kirkbuddo station could be used by both passenger and goods trains and was 300 yards in length. On the morning of the accident it had been necessary for two trains to cross over the loop. The first train, the 11.00am down-train, from Dundee to Forfar, arrived at Kirkbuddo station at 11.44am and had passed through the loop a minute later. The 11.30am up-train from Forfar to Dundee had arrived a minute earlier at 11.43am and was in the up-loop, the facing points at the north end having been held for it to enter the loop whilst the home signal was kept at danger. Once the down-train had left, the points were left in position ready for the 2.22pm train from Forfar, which arrived at Kirkbuddo at 2.37pm, travelling at about 12mph. Unexpectedly the points split and the locomotive finished up astride the east rail of the down-line with the first three carriages similarly placed. The fourth and fifth carriages finished on the up-rail of the loop with the last carriage remaining on the single line just beyond the points. Everything appeared to be in order when station staff examined the track but the train had actually split the facing points which must have been partly open, as the wire actuating the side bolt had been stretched far enough to allow the home signal to be pulled off. Upon further investigation it was discovered that two teenage brothers had been playing on the track and one had pulled over the track lever to show his brother how the whole thing worked and, despite the boy stating categorically that he had pulled the lever back again,



it was felt that his actions were partly responsible for the derailment. The recommendation was that in future, trains should only run through Kirkbuddo station on the correct line and that signalling and interlocking should be modernised.

Another notable occasion was in the winter storms of February 1961, when pictures of a train being

dug out of a snowdrift at Kirkbuddo appeared in several newspapers.

On a similar occasion in 1898 the *Weekly News* reported:

... passengers were fastidious with hunger and shivering with the cold. Some young men bethought in desperation of the guards van and rummaging about amongst the baskets and boxes, they found about a dozen loaves of bread which had been sent by a Dundee baker to one of the country houses in the district. Hunger and cold combined was too much to be borne and the bread was annexed and divided among the starving passengers.

Newton of Fothringham

The Newton of Fothringham was originally known as the Lands of Balgersho and it belonged to the Abbey of Coupar Angus. The last Abbot of Coupar was Donald Campbell, (fourth son of Archibald second Earl of Argyll), and he had five sons. To each son he bequeathed one of the five estates belonging to the Abbey; Keithock, Balgersho, Denhead, Arthurstone and Cronan. (Historic Scenes in Forfarshire by William Marshall DD).

The valuation roll of the County of Angus continued to show an entry under Newton of Balgersho even after it became known as Newton of Fothringham and part of Fothringham estate.

The Newton of Fothringham was run as a dairy, with a manager living in the farmhouse, until it was taken over by Chae Nicoll, his son Charles (*Chic*) and his wife Sheila (*nee Pattullo*) in 1966, where they ran it as an arable/beef enterprise and in subsequent years they took over part of West Happas and part of North Happas.

The night of the great fire

Chic and Sheila remember this dramatic event quite clearly. It happened around 1969/70 when the three cottages which once stood at the Newton, were lost in a night. It had been a very dry year and some sawdust from the store of sawn up logs ignited. There was a delay in getting water hoses to the seat of the fire. The fire hydrant wouldn't work and everything was lost, but thankfully no lives were lost. As is the way of country folk, everyone pulled together and the occupants of the houses, who had been left homeless, were helped to restart their lives again, but only one cottage was rebuilt after that fire.

Present generations of the Nicoll family

Chic and Sheila had a son Graeme and a daughter Moira. Graeme Charles and his wife Louise Marion (*nee Robertson*) now run the farm, having lived at the Newton of Fothringham cottage in the first years of their marriage, moving into the farmhouse in April 2001. Their twins Scott Graeme and Iona Louise were born on 9th July 2002, fourteen weeks prematurely.



Twins Scott and Iona.

Past generations of the Nicoll family

Chic's father, Charles (*Chae*) Nicoll, worked at the Mains of Invereigthy when he met and married Janet Jackson, who worked at Kinnettles House. Her father was blacksmith at Cuttyhugh at that time.



Wedding of Chae Nicoll and Janet Jackson (30 Dec 1925).

Later on in life, grandfather Charles (*Chae*) Nicoll, a widower, married for a second time in 1969. His second wife was Ann Sturrock, widow of Charles (*Chae*) Sturrock, and they moved into North Happas Cottage.



Great Grandad Alexander Nicoll 1924,
Granny Elizabeth (*Roberts*) Nicoll.

Great Grandad Nicoll (*Alexander*) married Elizabeth Roberts and this is where the local Forfar tailor, John Roberts, comes into the story. His shop was situated in East High Street (*just up from Saddler, the baker*). They had quite a record in tailoring!

Great characters of yesteryear

The great characters of yesteryear are certainly worth remembering with a wry smile. Here we see an old lady who kept a grocer's shop near Douglstown. One day, after returning home from Forfar, where she'd walked in order to have her pint, then walked home again, she remarked to a neighbour that her feet 'were that sair, she hae taen them up and carried them!' This old lady was ninety



Helen Nicoll, known as 'Auld Nellie' 1815-1909 (*She smoked a pipe and lived for 94 years!*).

Great-Great-grandfather Nicoll at the
Plans of Thornton 1845-1930.



before she complained of 'sair feet!' They made them tough and cheery in those days.

Record Keeping

To more serious matters. Farming is a serious matter these days, so serious that many have abandoned it, saying that far too much time is demanded in form-filling and other types of bureaucracy. It was always wise to take a note of things though, even in the old days. You always had a record of what you had done and what you planned to do next. Chic Nicoll was punctilious about keeping a record of what was going on, as can be seen from his meticulously kept record book.

Year	Field Name	Year	Field Name
1887	Barley	1897	Grass
1888	Grass	1898	Grass
1889	Barley	1899	Grass
1890	Hay	1900	Grass
1891	Grass	1901	Grass
1892	Grass	1902	Grass
1893	Grass	1903	Grass
1894	Grass	1904	Grass
1895	Grass	1905	Grass
1896	Grass	1906	Grass
1897	Grass	1907	Grass
1898	Grass	1908	Grass
1899	Grass	1909	Grass
1900	Grass	1910	Grass
1901	Grass	1911	Grass
1902	Grass	1912	Grass

A page from the record book.

The field names, were chosen to describe their exact location. The Kirk field may relate to a nearby long gone Kirk.



A Nicoll family photograph dated 1895.



The Roberts family, 1898.

Newton field names

West Den field, Mid Den field, East den field, Cottage field, West road field, East road field, Dipper field, Corner field, Carrot Low field, East Happas field, Triangle field, South Happas field, West Bents field, East bents field, Hill field, Carrot High field, Hatton field, Kirk field, Smithy field, Smithy Den, North of Den-Happas, South of Den field, North field, West field North Happas, North of steading field, Old Cottage field, Front of Farmhouse field, New Cottage field, Wilderness field, West Happas field, East field West Happas.



A.M. Phillip Muiryfaulds

Eck Phillip classes himself as an incomer to Inverarity because he and his wife have only been here 48 years, nevertheless, Eck has a wealth of experience and 'stories' which must be included in any book on Inverarity.



Eck was born in a cottar house at Wellbank Farm in January 1924 and so is not strictly speaking a born and bred Inverarity native. Mrs (Ann) Phillip, however, first started school at Holemill, Kirkbuddo.

Her father, Andrew Kerr, worked on Little Lour and they lived in one of the two houses at Auld Toun.

Eck first set foot at Muiryfaulds on the 1st May 1955, which consisted then, of a small petrol station with two hand-operated pumps. At that time there was no mains electricity, no water supply and no proper toilet, 'just a wee wooden shed wi' a tin roof,' according to Eck. This memory inspired Eck to the first poem to be included in a selection of his favourites.

'Loo Lament,' by 'The Dykesider.'

Isn't athing fine an comfy noo,
There's even carpets in the loo
But sixty 'eer ago an mair,
The Watteries wir gey cauld an' bare.
Nae fancy coloured toilet roll,
Nae bonnie pot - a timber hole.
Ye'd nae find ony carpet here
Just some crackit waxcloth on the flair.
A timmer sheddie five by fower
Leanin' like the Eiffel Tower.
An' cracks whaur howlin' wind blew in,
The reef - a roostie sheet o' tin.
The WC - for Water Closet.
Ye spent nae time on yer deposit,
For guidness there's nae comfort there
An gie cauld on bits ye haud tae bare.
Foo Water Closet? That aye beats me
For ilky een wis dry ye see.
The fancy pot a stable pail,
I'll nae gang intae mair detail.
Upon the wa' hung wi' threed
'The People's Freend' wis there tae read.
It had been torn up intae squares
So ye jist sat there and said yer prayers.
The seat wis often ro'gh and crackit,
An' whiles ye'd find yer hent en' crackit.
Ye jerkit up yer drawers and sark

Three meenits an' ye were back at wark.
But noo- a- days they sit fer ages
Hoastin' an' sine turning ower the pages.
A cosy place tae sit and smoke
A fine saft sate; easy on the doke.
I dinna want auld Watteries back,
But Lord be here it's the time they tak.
There maun be oors an' hoors lost noo
Wi' gien the fowk a comfy loo!

There was no dwelling house at Muiryfaulds in 1955 and so Eck and his wife were still living in an old cottage in the middle of a field at Bankhead (of Inverarity), which was also devoid of all mod. cons.

Fortunately, at Muiryfaulds, there was a bra' wee burn close by with sparkling clear water which was used for the daily cups of tea. Thankfully there was no pollution and it was 'fu o' troots!' These were regularly guddled for a tasty supper.



Guddling troots (courtesy of Mrs Nan Joiner).

As there was no electricity supply south of Gateside, many of the farms had generators, some quite sophisticated. These would start whenever a light switch was 'switched on' and stop after the bedside light was switched off. Many of the others were much more basic and, in common with all types of machinery, they only broke down at night - which meant a call to the new garage man - to see 'if he was ony use at a'. Thankfully, according to Eck he was able to repair most of them, and like all the really good country folk in the district, Eck would be invited in for a cup o' tea, and, in those days, an occasional dram.

Eck felt that for him, as an incomer, this was valuable work and a great way to get to know the customers especially the really great characters, many of whom



A smiddy.

have sadly passed away now and with their passing, 'a quality of life that I cherished very much,' says Eck. How did they manage to survive you may ask, but they did and were happy with their lot, according to Eck.

Breakdowns

Other emergency breakdowns were generally water pumps, neep cutters and milking machine engines that kept Eck busy with all types of tractors and machinery. There were still a lot of horses on the local farms, and as a result, many of the local Smiddys were still on the go; Ness Robertson at Gateside, Ernie Strachan at Cuttyhaugh, Dave Cathro at the Hatton and Chae Sturrock at Whigstreet.

Eck recalls. 'I have some happy memories of my early days at Muiryfaulds, one in particular when an old farmer arrived on his push bike. He was kind of agitated so I asked if I could help. He said, 'It's that B...Water Engine.' I asked what was wrong wi' it. 'Well,' he says, 'When it was new it taen twa men three and a half days to start the so and so thing and forbye, it's jist never been richt'. Wi' that he taen aff his bonnet and oot o' the snoot produced a puckle oily spark plugs! After I cleaned them he set off on his bike mounting in the auld fashioned way wi' a little foot-rest that stuck oot fae the back wheel spindle. Later I went to the farm and sorted out his problems, much to his delight.'

The Bet

Another amusing incident occurred when Eck was working on a customer's lime spreader lorry. 'Whilst I was working underneath, I asked the customer to

hand to me a special spanner. He taen ower lang for my liking so I shouted, 'you're affa slow.' His reply to that was, 'I'll tak ye on tae the tap o' Lorns Hill for a pound.' This was more than a days pay in those days. 'Right,' I says, 'You're on, but it will hae tae be after lousin' time.' This was 10 o'clock every night including Saturday and Sunday.

However, when the time cam, he 'Let in the hen' and wouldna dae it. Naturally I began raggin' him but unfortunately for me, a young lad, Watt Black fae Easter Meathie piped up and said, 'I'll tak ye on.' Well, whit could I dae? I could hardly back oot, but Watt was just 19 and built like a whippet. I was 32 wi' heavy tackity boots and a 'short leg', (*resulting from a road accident*). Thank goodness it was kinda dark as Watt took aff like a shot. Will Joiner took on tae be referee at the tap o' Lorns Hill. I was aye pechin' my way near the tap o' the brae when Watt wis on his wey doon! However, aince I got turned roond, I got my second wind and was fairly charging doon the brae. As I got near Tarbrax I heard a lad walking - aha, I thought, this'll be Watt fair knackered. Much to my dismay it was only Fred Milne wi' his milk flagon! To my great humiliation, Watt had been to the garage and cam tae meet me wi' my truck to gie me a 'hurl'! Needless to say, I refused his generosity, completed my run, and lost a pound intae the bargain! A pound would buy four gallons o' petrol and change to spare in the mid fifties!

The blizzard

1947 held the record for the worst winter ever, but, according to Eck, the late fifties and early sixties were pretty grim as well. On one occasion, in an

attempt to get back to Bankhead, Eck used a tractor but got completely stuck at the quarry corner, just before Carrot Farm and he had to walk the rest of the way in blizzard conditions. Luckily Eck made it safely home but many did not in those winters and died in the snowstorms, which raged over Scotland then. After walking all the way from Bankhead to the garage the next morning, Charles Elder of Tarbrax kindly offered Eck the chance to stay in the Bothy at Tarbrax for a few nights until the side roads were cleared; a most welcome opportunity gladly accepted. On one occasion many of the power lines were brought down with heavy snow and winds and the power was off for up to five days.



Will Johnston, Peter Johnston and Andrew Scott clearing huge snowdrifts at Kirkbuddo after the 1947 storm.

The spirit of Inverarity

Eck's next story exemplifies the character and spirit of the local folk of Inverarity. An old farmer's widow who had broken her femur was allowed home from hospital to recuperate with her leg still in a plaster cast. When she was due to return to hospital Eck happened to be at the farm repairing a tractor when an ambulance appeared, 'wi a stretcher'. The driver asked Eck which house the old lady lived in. Eck said, 'That one there but if you are wanting her she is on tap o' the threshing mill lousing sheaves!'

This story of course inspires a poem about a Threshing Mill.

'The Hale-Days's Thrash,' by Drew Scott

The auld steam mill cam jinglin' ben
 Te gie's a hale- day's thrash,
 But she wis rinnin gie far late
 An' tongues began to lash.
 'Jings Almichty, whaur hae ye been?'
 Oor fairmer spiered at Jock,
 'Ye promised me on Market Day
 Ye'd be here gin six o'clock.'
 'Blawearie's stacks were kinda weet,'
 Cam back Jock's reply,
 'An' syne the buncher teen a tout,
 The knotter widna tie.'
 Common sense did soon prevail
 An' tempers did subside,
 'Jist gyng an' bank her up noo Jock
 An' come awa' inside.'
 The kitchen fire wis bleezin' bricht,
 The nicht wis fine an' clear.
 An' mortal souls were kennelt up
 Wi' the craitur an' a suppie beer.
 'I'll tak it sharp just efter five,'
 The fairmer said tae Jock,

'And aince I've gaen ma pints a tie
 I'll gie the loons a knock.'
 Gin daylight cam, the mill was set,
 The grieve cam on the scene,
 An' aince the theakin' was turred aff
 We were ready tae begin.
 The tools were duly handed oot
 An' gie'd us a' a lauch
 When windy Bob fae Dummiesholes
 Was pitten tae the caff.
 He'd blawn fer miles and miles aroon
 O' a' that he could dae,
 When they handed him the auld caff sheet
 He'd nothing mair tae say.
 The thrash gaed on wi' muckle speed,
 A brow sicht for tae see,
 The grieve cam doon at half past nine
 An' said, 'We'll hae wir tea.'
 Enamel pails o' steaming tea
 Were quickly tae the fore,
 Pancakes, scones and bannocks tae,
 Jeely pieces by the score.
 We workit on 'til dennertime
 And syne we had a blaw,
 The feed that we sat doon tae
 Was the best bit o' it a'.
 Conversation there was nil
 As oor stammicks we did fill
 Wi' kail an' tatties, beef an' ham
 An' Farola tap'd wi' jam.
 The efternune gaed by like stoor,
 An' soon oor job was done.
 The fairmer he was unco pleased,
 The grain had fairly run.
 He thanked us a' for whit we'd done.
 We'd worked sae weel and willin',
 And jist tae prove his faith in us
 He gaed us a' a shillin'.
 On Saturday, when we gang tae the toon
 Tae spend oor weel won cash,
 We'll speak about the fun we had
 At Bogie's Hale- Day's Thrash.

Now to a story of a different kind

In the fifties there were still lots of binders on the go, before the advent of combine harvesters. As a result many farms had cornyards full of stacks. One of the finest stack builders of that era was Wull Greig at the Hatton of Fotheringham where his stacks were a joy to behold. Wull retired from the Hatton after 37 years of loyal service.



Stackyard.

A path through the woods

When Eck first arrived at Muiryfaulds, Whitemuir Wood stretched all the way west to the now disused wee farms of Knowehead and Hosenet. There was a well-trodden path through the wood, which folk from Govals and Muirside used to catch the bus on the main road. The route of the original Dundee Forfar road branched off at the top of the Lorns Hill to Nether Finlarg Farm, Knowehead and Hosenet and continued down the Dens past the Keirton Cottage down to Gateside Smiddy.

The Molecatcher



Arthur Curtis farmed Muiryfaulds, which, according to Eck, was affectionately known as Docken Neuk at that time and Arthur was well known throughout Angus as an expert mole-catcher. This reminds us of the story of a young enterprising lad, the son of a worker on a local estate. The laird was ruefully inspecting his lawn one morning when the young boy stopped and asked what was wrong. 'Can't you see boy? My lawn is ruined! The lad looked and sure enough, there were mole heaps all over the estate lawns in front of the 'big hoose.' Seeing a chance to earn some extra cash the young boy offered to try to clean up the moles. The laird was somewhat reluctant, sensing a ruse to con him out of some cash. 'Right, young fellow. I'll tell you what I'll do. I shall give you a shilling for every mole you catch then a further shilling if you prove to me that you have disposed of it by the most swift, certain death possible!' 'You're on Sir!' called the delighted youngster. Three days later he called upon the laird to tell him that he had succeeded in the task set him, hoping that two shillings would come his way. The laird looked at him smiling and said, 'Fine, now tell me young man, what kind of certain death did you deliver to the creature?'

'Oh, an absolutely awful death Sir. I buried it alive!'

The Travelling Salesman

Another feature of those good old days was the travelling salesmen who visited the Bothies and the local residents. One of these was a pleasant old Pakistani gentleman who called regularly with his big case full of haberdashery and knick-knacks. He graduated from a pushbike to a 'modern' post-war invention called a 'Cyclemaster'. This was a strong pushbike with a wee two-stroke engine in the front wheel! He always called for a half gallon of petrol. His precise petrol to oil ration was the 'dregs' of oil which drained back into the bottom of the pint bottles of oil. As business prospered he went upmarket with an old motor bike and sidecar chassis; the body for carrying his cases consisted of an old kitchen table set upside down and tied with rope to the chassis, his cases were also tethered with ropes strung round the table legs. He was affectionately known as 'Charlie Daisy', his real name being Chancal Singh Dhese and he called on a regular basis for many years, regardless of the weather.

The vanman

Another great worthie who called regularly, was the unforgettable Jock Birnie, the country mobile grocer, who battled against the elements, enduring the worst of all snowstorms to reach his customers.

Country Vanman

(Acquired by Eck from Allan Whyte)

For I'm yer country vanman, the lad you will agree
Wha's work is no appreciated but still you're glad to see.
I stop ma van outside yer door an' gie ma horn a blow
Then you're sure I'll hae something nice to satisfy ye a'.
Black puddin's, white puddin's and sausages that link
And disinfectant tae - for clearing smelly sinks.



Vanman.

The Milestone Inspector

Another worthie whose name Eck never knew, was called a 'Milestone Inspector.' This old chap appeared with a bag on his back and asked if he could possibly get some grease. As he was on foot, Eck became curious and asked him what it was for. Unbelievably, he took off his boots - no socks - and put some grease between his toes and soles! 'Where are you going?' Eck inquired. 'London', came the reply. 'What are ye gonna dae there?' Eck persisted. 'Och', he says, 'jist turn roond and come back again'.

A hardy old character! Eck gave him something to eat and drink, filled his flask and happily off he went. He too called regularly for many years.

Broken in twa

Eck recalls another old farmer friend who would phone and say, 'Man Eck, there's ane o' my tractors gane in twa wi' us.' Eck would set off thinking the

tractor had really, 'broken in twa', which did happen on the odd occasion, usually as a result of an accident. On arrival he would find it was only the 'Magneto' that had stopped 'sparkin'. One of this friend's favourite sayings was, 'Man Eck, it's no the wark that does ye, it's the fleggs ye get.' How true that statement is to many of us today, reflects Eck Phillip! Another favourite saying often uttered by this farmer was, 'God laddie, I dinna like to hear they tractors 'roarin'. A dog and a stick - that's the life for me!'

This brought another favourite poem to Eck's mind.

'The Dying Ploughboy'

by Rev R H Calder of Glenlivet

The gloamin' winds are blawin' soft
Aroun' my lonely stable laft
Amid the skylight's dusky red,
The sunbeams wander roun' my bed.
The doctor left me in good cheer,
But something tells me death is near,
My time on earth has nae been lang,
My time has come and I must gang.
Ah me! 'tis but a week this morn
Since I was weel and hairstin' corn,
As fu' o' health and strength and fun
As ony man amang the throng.
But something in ma breist gaed wrang,
A vessel burst and blood has sprang,
And as the sun sets in the skies,
They lay me down nae mair tae rise.
Fareweel my horse, my bonnie pair,
I'll yoke and louse wi' you nae mair.
Fareweel my plough, wi' you this han'
Will turn ower nae mair fresh lan'.
Fareweel my friends my comrades dear,
My voice ye shall nae langer hear,
Fareweel to yonder setting sun
My time has come and I must gang.

I've served my master weel and true,
My weel done wark He'll never rue,
And yet forbye, I micht hae striven
To reach the pearly gates o' heaven.
Tis weel my Maker knows my name,
Will He gee me a welcome hame?
As I should help in need afford,
Receive me in thy mercy, Lord.

Bat Water Tea

On another occasion, although this was a wee bit out o' Inverarity, Eck ponders, 'I had been repairing a water pump and worked on, well into the sma' hours. When I finally got the thing going, the cattle drank for ages and I wasna sure whether my replacement pump would pump into the farmhouse, which was very much higher. I went up into the attic where there was a big cold water storage tank to check if there was any sign of water. I took off some of the cover boards to have a look. Much to my horror I saw about half a dozen dead bats in the bottom of the tank! Now this old farmer was one o' they pernickety auld lads who was, 'faired o' the death he would never dee.' If he had kent about they bats he would hae 'conked oot' so I just scooped them oot and set them doon between the couples.

My prayers were answered when the water came. I covered the tank and went downstairs to be thanked profusely by a most grateful, nicely rotund lady, who immediately offered me a cup of (*unbeknown to her*) Bat Water Tea! This I accepted somewhat doubtfully at first, then more graciously, thinking to myself that if both she and the equally portly farmer looked so healthy after drinking Bat Water for years, I was sure it could do nothing but good for me!'



Office Bearers with the Trophies 1962:

Left to right: President Will Sturrock, Secretary Charles Elder, Treasurer Will Joiner, Vice President Alex Cant.

The curling trophies on display are:

The Lady Hay Trophy, The European Cup, The Dundee Club Trophy, The Phin Trophy, The Rescobie Cup, Dundee Angus Double Rinks Trophy, The Fotheringham Trophy, The Coffee Pot Trophy.

'Fothrie' Curling Club

Fotheringham has always been reckoned for its strong and illustrious Curling Club - full of worthies - good men and true. 'We all enjoyed the days when the auld clubhouse at the outside rink was on the go; open fire with blazing logs from the sawmill, paraffin lamps and cheery banter', Eck recalls nostalgically. The rink had been out of use for many years, although the artificial rink was still in use near the Home Farm. The demise of the Fotheringham Pavilion was another mortal blow to the community where the last of the great Curlers' Balls was held.

Davie Ramsay of Mains of Inverieghty also holds fond memories of those far off Curling days. Davie became a member of Fotheringham Curling Club at the age of 17 and he curled there for 40 years. He remembers 'The Roaring Game', as the curling stones 'roared' their way up the rink to the loud encouragement of their players. It was important to shout instructions to the sweepers because, on keen ice, a stone could travel another 10 to 12 feet. The main trophy in those days was 'The Lady Hay', and it was gifted by the Hay family around 1900. 'The Coffee Pot', was another magnificent trophy gifted in the early 1890 and it was the main one before 'The Lady Hay'.

The Curling Stones themselves were left, after each game, in one of the two existing curling houses. Their owners always took away the handles in order that no one else played their curling stones. Davie remembers the days when local bairns had great fun skating on the ice of the Fotheringham Curling Pond when the curlers were not playing a game.

(Information and book kindly loaned by Davie Ramsay).

The Curler's Prayer

by Jeffrey Inglis

When the guid wheat stacks are thackit, an' a chill nip's in the air, when the tattie pits are happit, the curler soughs his prayer.

Oh! John o' Frost! Great Frosty One!
Come 'geal the dam we curl upon,
Or gar yer littlin Frosties gie's
Upon the rink a wee bit freeze.
Oh! John o' Frost! Auld Frosty John,
Gie us GUID ICE tae curl upon.

Oh! Dinna come, ye kindly carle,
Wi' Cranreuch a' the fieds to harle;
But come as gin ye bude to bide,
An' mak the dam one big black slide.
Oh! John o' Frost! Cauld Frosty John!
Gie us SOME ICE tae curl upon.

A' couthy curlers aye are keen
Wi' word an' grip to greet a freen',
Your grip, freend John's, THE curlers' grip,
So gie's a richt guid hearty nip.
Oh! John o' Frost! Keen, cauld, black John,
Gie's ONY ICE to curl upon.

Tak' tent an' come as sune's ye may,
An' thro' the winter wi' us stay,
An' eident mak' ice fit for play,
So curlers keen will ever pray.
Oh! John o' Frost! Kind Frosty John!
Gie us GUID ICE tae curl upon.

When Spring has come an' thou art gone,
We grieve - but love to ponder on -
Thy joys, thou couthy kindly one,
Dear John o' Frost! Elusive John!



Curlers on Easter Meathie ice (*mid 1980's*).

From left to right: Eck Phillip, John Syme, Davie Ramsay,
Dave Dandie, Will Joiner, Jim Herron.

Front left to right: Jim Warden, Will Emslie.

A few years ago Eck Phillip was sent a questionnaire from the local School at Inverarity. One of the questions was: How many farmer customers were there in the local area when you started in 1955 and how many in the late 1990s? Upon checking Eck discovered that there were 48 in 1955 and sadly, due to the constantly worsening conditions in farming, that number had reduced to around 12 at the end of the century.

Another question was: How many vehicles per day used the Dundee to Forfar Road? After checking with Tayside Transport Police, Eck found the approximate numbers; in 1955 it was 2 to 3,000. Today it is one of the busiest sections of the A90 averaging around 18-20,000! These changes remind Eck of changes all around and a poem penned by a friend of his after he received the present of a new anorak. This is what he wrote after checking to see if it was made in Scotland.

'A' things different noo,' by Drew Scott

Cauld winter's winds may sough an' blow
But I'm protected fae the snaw
Wi' claes that's made sae far awa,
In China and Hong Kong.
We used to fill the air wi' reek
To fire oor ain Rag Trade.
And seldom would you hear folk say
This suit is ready made.
Then Tailors' Shops were a the go
Wi' a' thing made by hand.
Wi' suits o' Silk and Serge and Tweed
The finest in the land.
But a' thing's awfy different noo
Ye've umpteen furrows when you ploo,
And very few can milk a coo,
Aye a' thing's different noo.
Fowk wid dander doon the road
And cross ower at their leisure,
But noo the traffic's nose ti tai,
It's hazard mair than pleasure.
The Minister was always held in highest admiration,
But noo it taks three parishes to get a congregation.
The motorways are choc-a-bloc wi' juggernauts and cars,
I think we'd a' be better off on Jupiter or Mars.
But things are affy different noo,

Ye'd need a fortune tae get fu'
 It's Social Credits, nae Buroo,
 Aye things are different noo.
 To fiddle and melodeon,
 We'd dance a' nicht wi glee,
 But even Gramophones are oot o' date,
 Noo-a-days it's HiFi or CD.
 We used to work a fell lang week
 And fill oor ain pey poke,
 But things are affy different noo,
 Hard Work's become a joke.
 Wi' progress gaein on like this
 Ye needna work ava,
 Jist hing intae yer Cash Line caird
 And birze it in the wa!

'Not my car!'

It was around the early 1960s that Eck Phillip sold the Reverend David Whyte a new car of which he was naturally very proud. At the time of its first service the weather was very cold and frosty and on completion of the service Eck's mechanic set off to deliver the car back to the Manse. Taking the 'long way round,' at Cuttyhaugh the car skidded on the ice and ended up in Invereighy Cottage Garden, on its roof. Eck recalls the sick feeling in the pit of his stomach when he went to report the accident to the Reverend gentleman.

'I'm very sorry to report that I have bad news for you,' Eck proceeded to try to break the news gently.

'Oh Alex! Not my car?'

'Yes,' Eck hesitated then plunged on. 'It's upside down at Cuttyhaugh!'

'Oh Alex,' said the Reverend gentleman, 'I wish I knew a stronger word than Bother!'

Eck replied eagerly, 'I could maybe help you there with a few suggestions!'

Thankfully, good relations were restored when Eck's insurance company supplied another brand new car.

Thinking of cars being written off and scrapped brought to Eck's mind a poem about a local scrap merchant.

Scrappie Urquhart'

Next time ye're in Farfar Toon
 Tae Scrappie's yaird ye maun ging roon,
 A richt guid time doon there ye'll hae
 An mebbe get a bargain tae.
 Noo Eck e'll send ye roond tae Dave
 Wha's aye as busy as a slave.
 Syne Dave e'll tell ye whaur tae gine
 Tae get the stuff that's in yer line.
 There's fairmer's stuff baith auld and new
 An' aeroplanes that never flew.
 Pokes galore and washin' cloots
 An tins o' machs for catchin' troots.
 Coo bilers set doon on their hurdies,
 An' wheels aff muckle hurdie gurdies.
 Steam rollers, tractors, motor cars
 Auld swords for killin' fowk in wars.
 Whaur it comes fae guidness kens
 There's athing there but 'Cloakin' hens'.
 There lies the fruits o' man's invention
 But half o' it's past redemption.
 If you hae junk baith great an' sma'
 Scrappie'll cairt it a' awa.
 Athout him it wid be a disgrace
 Wi' auld bed ends lyin' ower a' the place.
 Muckle is Farfar due this man
 For keeping the toonie spick and span.
 Tae a' you Council fowk tak tent
 Gie Simon a fiver back aff his rent!

Meals on Wheels

Eck always enjoyed a banter with Mr. Whyte, the Minister, and he recalls one occasion when away on a day trip with his own sons. Whilst they were looking at postcards to send to their pals, Eck spotted a card showing two cannibals stirring a steaming hot cauldron and at the time a Minister was approaching on a bicycle. The caption read, 'Ah! Meals on Wheels!' Eck sent the card to his Minister without a signature. The next time Eck met Mr. Whyte he was thanked very much for the 'welcome' card. This Minister certainly knew his flock!

Thinking of Ministers and the life beyond brought to mind another poem, which Eck recited - word perfect as ever!

'Sandy Tamson'

When Sandy Tamson stoppit livin'
 He climb'd the stairs richt up tae heaven.
 A lad wi' wings cries, 'Haud on a tick,'
 Yer name's no here, so clear oot quick.
 Noo Sandy says, 'This is a disgrace,'
 A'll just haud doon tae the ither place
 For altho' ma sins I cannae hide
 I'll hae tae get some place tae bide.
 So doon he gaed an' strange tae tell
 The first he met was Nick himsel'.
 Noo Nick says, 'Yer name's no doon - that's queer
 But travel roond as lang's yer here.'
 Noo since ye dinna mak' much soond
 That deid lad there'll tak ye roond.
 He'll tak ye richt thro' a' the halls
 An' ye'll mebbe fa' in wi' some o' yer pals.
 The guide said, 'Look here ma lad
 A' they fowk are doon here for bein' bad.'

That rascal scrubbin' oot the floor
 Killed Kelly's cat ahent the door,
 An' that lad wi' the hingin' lugs
 Was pitten doon for shootin' spugs
 An' that reed-nosed birkie there in the clink
 Drank mair than twice his share o' drink.'
 'Then they twa lads wi' the straggly bairds
 Were nabbit for swikkin at the cairds,
 Whilst peepin' Tom in the strippet sark
 Watched coortin' couples in the dark.'
 There were Sheriffs, Fiscals, Dominies and Bobbies
 Packit ticht inside the lobbies.
 Blacksmiths tae were there galore
 Thieves and rascals by the score.
 Sine Sandy near let oot a yell,
 He spied his friend auld Andra Bell.
 A hearty handshak' they baith geid,
 Sine Sandy says, 'Man Andra yer lookin' weel, supposin' yer deid.'
 Andra says, 'Nae bloomin' winder
 There's nae politics here for fowk tae hinder,
 Forbye we play fitba near every night
 An' there's plenty o' whisky tae keep ye richt.
 In fact it's affa bra doon here, alo'
 Ah shaid hae deid lang ago.'
 But the guide says, 'Noo Sandy, tae bide doon here
 A scoondril ye've just got tae be.
 An up at Inverarity at daein' wrang ye wer' aye gie squeamish
 So it's got nae place at the feenish.
 Noo when tae Inverarity ye gine back
 Mak' richt the things that here ye lack.
 Noo I'll hae tae wark for here's the Deil,
 Sandy Tamson, 'Fare Ye Weel'!!'

Man and Beast

A number of Smiddies existed in Inverarity in the old days but this poem came from Chae Mudie, blacksmith for many years at Clatter Ha' Smiddy, near Finavon, and was sent to Eck by a friend.

'Preservation of Man'

The horse and mule live thirty years
 Without a drop o' wine or beers.
 The goat and sheep at twenty die
 With never a taste o' Scotch or Rye.
 The cow drinks water by the ton
 But by eighteen it's nearly done.
 The dog at sixteen cashes in
 Without the aid of rum or gin.
 The cat in milk and water soaks
 And then in twelve short years it croaks.
 The modest sober bone-dry hen
 Lays eggs for years and dies at ten,
 All animals are strictly dry.
 They sinless live and swiftly die.
 But sinful, ginful, rum soaked men
 Survive for three score years and ten.
 But some of us, 'The Lucky Few,'
 Stay pickled 'til we're ninety-two.

The Wee Country Garage

Eck tells of the time in the early 1970s when the new Range Rovers were first produced, a customer of his had a close friend at the Bridge of Earn who unfortunately was suffering from multiple sclerosis and had completely lost the power of his legs. Previously he'd had a Land Rover converted to hand controls but now desperately wished to have a new Range Rover, which at the time were only produced with manual gears, with no prospect of an automatic version for many years.

He had already inquired at the manufacturers to see if they would modify the current model for him but alas he had no success there. It was at this point that he approached AM Phillip to see if he could possibly help. Eck recalls, 'My first reaction was although it would be a most formidable task, I really wanted to assist. Without going into details of the major



The annual blacksmith's ball.

Local names included are: Will and Susan Jackson, Margaret Todd, Rosie Jackson, Will Gleig, Isabella Webster and Dick Mudie.

conversion, suffice to say we succeeded, much to our disabled friend's appreciation.'

As a result of this, in later tests by a motoring magazine, 'Autocar', we were officially credited with carrying out a conversion to produce the first automatic Range Rover in the world - not bad for a wee local country garage! Eck was later invited, together with the Range Rover to the Rover works at Solihull for valuation and test. AM Phillip were inundated with requests from far and near but as it was not their intention to be 'diverted' from their basic business, they decided they would only carry out conversions for a few disabled drivers.

The highlight for this wee country garage was being asked by a company in Bagshot, who were, 'Suppliers of Select Automobiles, to the Kings and Queens of Europe,' to supply a particular one for King Juan Carlos of Spain, so perhaps we in turn, could claim to be, 'Engineers of the Kings and Queens of Europe.' Eck recalls the day when, 'one of our mechanics and myself, later had the honour of being invited to Madrid and actually met King Juan Carlos at his country palace.'

A man of many talents, one of Eck's greatest was shown in his ability to ride a motorbike with great speed and skill. He is no longer able to race, but Eck never fails to go back to the TT races in the Isle of Man every year where he watches the talents of others, and recalls those halcyon days, fifty years ago, when he too had the greatest tribute paid to him as a racer of motorbikes. (See chapter 'Lad o' Pairs')



Mains of Kirkbuddo.

Left: Will Johnston clearing snow using horse sledge, (from *Kirkbuddo Crossroads towards the Mains, 1947*).

Below: Harvest Home Ball at the Mains, (Mid 1940's).



Lads and Lasses o' Pairts

Their Moments of Glory!

The following is an account of the achievements of a few Inverarity people, past and present, largely gleaned from newspaper articles.

Those still with us were more than a little reticent to divulge this information and it was an achievement in itself persuading them not to insist on 'hiding their light under a bushel' and to allow these interesting pieces to be printed.

Those who are no longer with us put forward no objections at all!

David Cant - A Scottish Champion!

In 1999, Forfar Army Cadet, David Cant of Drowndubbs Farm was appointed the post of Cadet Regimental Sergeant Major of the Angus and Dundee Battalion of the Army Cadet Force. David was ranked the top cadet among 500-plus in the Battalion and this appointment was not only an honour for himself but also for his sub-unit, the Forfar Black Watch Platoon. David's RSM appointment, thought to be the first in ten years, was the final climax to a cadet career, which saw many highlights. During his cadet

service, David also gained the distinction of appointment as Lord Lieutenant's Cadet for Angus, once again an honour only conferred after the most searching assessment of an above-average career. David was selected to train with the United States Marines' Youth Development programme in California, one of only three in the entire ACF. During this appointment he was seen as a hard-working member of his detachment, also finding time to represent the Battalion at football, being a member of the Scottish Championship winning team. He was also a member of the shooting team who were, more than once, Scottish Champions.



RSM David Cant.

Nuelands Juror - A British Champion!

Drowndubbs Farm won, not only a Scottish Championship Award but also a British Championship Award, many years ago, in David's Grandad's time. At the Royal Show at Stoneleigh in 1979, Scotland played a big part in the inter-breed Burke Trophy competition, when the 'Beef Burke' was won by the Hereford breed.



Nuelands Juror.

Nuelands Juror, a bull bred by Alex S Cant and Son, of Drowndubbs, Kirkbuddo, Forfar, Angus, was sold for 13,500 guineas to Australia, the highest priced bull of any breed exported from Britain to that country.

Angus Loses a Laird of the Old School

Men of the calibre of Colonel Steuart Fotheringham, who died at Murthly Castle, Perthshire, on Tuesday at the age of 74, are rare, too rare, nowadays. Fortune made him the custodian of vast estates in Angus and Perthshire, but it also bred in him a deep sense of the responsibilities, which these possessions brought with them.

He was a laird of the old fashioned type, who looked upon his work people and tenants as one big family, and who maintained a close personal interest in them all. On his estates, both in Angus and Perthshire his death is mourned for the loss of a friend. There are many to whom gifts were delivered anonymously who will now know from the fact of their stoppage the source from which they came. He was especially interested in the children, and he showed this interest in practical form. He made himself responsible for

the soup kitchens at the schools associated with his estates, both in Angus and Perthshire. In the lifetime of Mrs Fotheringham there was a picnic for all the children every year, but these were discontinued after her death.

Perhaps his most abiding interest in the affairs of the County Council was the police force. He



was police convener of Angus for many years, and even after his retirement from public life he continued his interest in the force. Few public men have served their county so long and so faithfully as Colonel Fotheringham served the County of Angus. For forty years he was actively associated with the management of its affairs, and for eight years before his retirement in 1932, he was convener of the County. Indeed, he had the unique distinction of having

been elected convener of both Angus and Perthshire.

One of the biggest landowners both in Angus and in Perthshire, he divided his time between his estates, residing at Murthly during the winter and at Fotheringham during the summer, usually from June until November. Lieutenant Colonel Stuart Fotheringham held the extensive estates of Pourie-Fotheringham and Tealing, Angus, Grandtully Castle and Murthly Castle, Perthshire. He attained the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the first Scottish

Horse Yeomanry and as a young man he served in the Scots Guards. He was the only son of the late Captain Fotheringham whom he succeeded at the age of two in 1864. In 1890 Colonel Fotheringham assumed the additional name and arms of Stuart on succeeding Sir Douglas Stewart, eighth and last baronet, as heir of entail to the Grandtully and Murthly estates. He was educated at Eton and in 1903 he married Elizabeth Isabel, daughter of the late Major General Stuart James Nicholson, CB, St Andrews.

The Fotheringhams have been seated at Pourie in Angus since 1492. They sat in the Scottish Parliament, fought and suffered imprisonment for Charles I. In 1676 their various lands and baronies were united and erected into a free barony to be called Pourie-Fotheringham. By the marriage of Colonel Stuart Fotheringham's grandfather with the daughter and heiress of Patrick Scrymsour of Tealing, the Fotheringhams inherited Tealing. Their descent from the Stewarts of Grandtully is derived from the marriage (1656) of David Fotheringham of Pourie to Marjory daughter of Sir Thomas Stewart of Grandtully. Grandtully Castle is claimed to be the Tully-Veolan of Scott's 'Waverley.'

Extracted from 'The People's Journal and Angus Herald,' dated Saturday 11th April 1936.

Mrs Dorothea Johnson (*Sharpe*)



Mrs Dorothea Johnson is the first woman to be appointed as a Sheriff Officer for Dundee and Angus.

Sheriff Principal Miss Margaret Kidd QC, the first woman to be appointed to the

Sheriffdom granted her commission on 16th February 1971. So both ladies can claim legal firsts!

Mrs Johnson has worked with the firm of Killean & Co. Sheriff Officers, since 1964. Of her appointment, she said, 'Obviously I'm pleased to have achieved this. The reason I pursued it was the fact that I could be of more assistance to Mr. Killean by qualifying. The procedure is that you have to sit an examination. In Dundee it is done by two solicitors authorised by the Sheriff Principal. If you answer their questions sufficiently well they decide that you are fit to become a Sheriff Officer. Of course, the whole thing then hinges on whether the Sheriff Principal approves of the commission being granted. She also interviewed me.'

There are other women Sheriff officers in other parts of the country. Mrs Johnson is the first in this area. A Sheriff Officer's work is basically the execution of all civil warrants of the Sheriff Court. As a qualified officer, Mrs Johnson is now authorised to sign many documents she couldn't before.

Mrs Johnson comes from Inverarity, by Forfar. Before her marriage she was a shorthand typist with a Forfar firm of solicitors and then at Civil Defence headquarters and the Public Health Department of Angus County Council. After 13 years as a housewife Mrs Johnson decided to pursue her career once more and in 1961 went to work with a firm of Sheriff officers. Commonsense and fact are the two qualities she thinks are most necessary in her job.

'I thoroughly enjoy it, every minute of it,' she said. 'I find it's satisfying when you can help someone by showing them where they've gone wrong and helping them get back on their feet.'

Subsequently, under the Sheriffdom's Reorganisation Order 1974 and the Sheriff

Courts Districts Reorganisation Order 1975, the Sheriffdom of Perth and Angus became the Sheriffdom of Tayside Central and Fife and all Officers could act in this new area. My Commission was granted on 15th May 1975 to supersede the previous one.

Extracted from The Evening Telegraph dated Monday 22nd February 1971.

Sir Douglas Black

Rev Walter K Black's son, Sir Douglas Black, Professor of Medicine in Manchester University, a former President of the Royal College of Surgeons in London and Chief Scientist attacked the Government's health reforms in 1980. Under a headline reading, 'Doctor 'sad and angry' over reforms,' it was reported in the local paper of the day, that Sir Douglas Black had attacked the Government's health reforms which he believed, even way back in those days, would dismantle the National Health Service. The Black Report reiterated the strong link between poverty and ill health and identified for the first time the extent of social inequalities in health care in Britain. Its assertion that poverty caused ill health, rather than the other way around, led to recognition of the need for a wider strategy of social measures. Commissioned by a Labour Government, but published just after the Tories came to power, the Black Report and its recommendations were shelved following a cool reception from the new administration.

Writing in the British Medical Journal, Sir Douglas Black recalled how one of his first experiences of poverty was watching barefoot children on the streets of Dundee, where he trained in medicine in the 1930s.

(Based on an article from Dundee Courier 1993).

David Mitchell and his daughter Dame Nellie Melba

The world famous opera singer Dame Nellie Melba had connections with Inverarity. Her father, David Mitchell, was born on 16th February 1829, at the small farmhouse known as North Meathie, now used for storage by Easter Meathie.



Neither David, nor his brother James (born 1822), inherited the tenancy of the farm. David emigrated to Australia in 1853 and James to Canada in 1854. Their father William Mitchell, tenant farmer of North Meathie, died in 1849 and his wife Ann Fraser continued to work the farm until she died in 1864. Both are buried in Inverarity graveyard in the Fraser family plot, along with four infant members of the Mitchell family.

In 1857, David Mitchell married a local Scottish girl called Isabella Ann Dow and they, after losing two babies, produced a daughter who later became the famous Australian opera singer, Dame Nellie Melba.

Dame Nellie Melba

Sandy Mitchell, another descendant, has provided a great deal of material connected with Dame Nellie, and his twin brother Wilson provided a signed photograph.

She was a fascinating lady who desperately wanted to please her father, who did not approve of her ambition to be a professional singer. Apparently he would tighten his lips and shake his head whenever the subject was mentioned.

Later on in life, Dame Nellie told the story of how, in her full bloom as a prima donna, she sang in the Scots Church, Melbourne, whilst on a tour of Australia and her father was in the congregation. Later that day they met for dinner and she asked him if he had liked her singing and in typical, dour Scots fashion he'd replied, 'I didna like your hat!'



Signed photo of Dame Nellie Melba
(kindly submitted by Wilson Mitchell).

David studied drawing, mathematics and building construction at evening classes and later took on small contracts and draining work in his spare time. The money he earned, he saved, and was eventually able to pay for a passage to

Australia and he set off with a capital sum of about one hundred pounds, which he apparently held in a money pouch tied around his waist by a belt.

He arrived in Melbourne in July 1852 only to find the town almost deserted as most of the men had rushed off to the goldfields. He decided to follow them there, not to look for gold but to follow his own trade of stonemason. There he found plenty of work and soon was able to save enough money to buy a share in a small contracting business. Unfortunately his partner went bankrupt and soon David Mitchell was again penniless. He walked all the way back to Melbourne where he began again, taking any job he could find, saving every penny as always. This time he set up his own builder's yard in Richmond and lived in a small shack until his workshops were built. By 1856 David Mitchell was known as a reliable tradesman and given many lucrative contracts.

Like many others, David Mitchell attended the Presbyterian Church every Sunday morning and there struck up an acquaintance with a Mr. James Dow whom he'd already met through a business contract. James Dow, an engineer, had emigrated from Dundee to Australia in 1843. The other attraction for David Mitchell was the eldest daughter of James Dow, Isabella Anne, and in June 1857 they were married in June 1857. Thereafter David took his bride to Doonside, the house he had built in Burnley Street, not far from the banks of the Yarra River. Soon a family of Mitchells were trooping down to the Presbyterian Church every Sunday: Nellie, Annie, Bella, Frank, Charlie, Dora Ernest and little Vere.

A man of few words, David Mitchell had an eye for land and livestock and as soon as he could

afford to make a purchase, he did so. He bought property in the Yarra valley and the family spent happy holidays there. Next he bought a vineyard in the same district then another near Coldstream, then even more property. He had always been fascinated by goldmining and in 1870 he formed the Evelyn Tunnel Gold-mining Company with a capital of £16,000. His next venture was in limestone quarrying and to celebrate the opening of the Cave Hill Marble and Limestone Quarries, David Mitchell, who by this time was also a Councillor of the Shire of Lilydale, sent out lots of invitations to many leading citizens of Melbourne.

*Burnley Street,
Richmond,
March 26, 1878.*

*Mr. David Mitchell requests the favour of your company to
a Luncheon on Tuesday 2nd. April 1878, to
Commemorate the Opening of Marble and Limestone
Quarries at Cave Hill Farm, Lilydale.*

*An early answer will oblige, to enable suitable
arrangements being made.*



The list of his building contracts grew and grew; the Old Masonic Hall; the Equitable Building; the Presbyterian Ladies' College; Menzies' Hotel; Prell's Building; the New Zealand Loan Company's Wool Store and the Scots Church. His greatest construction was that of the Exhibition Building in 1880; 700,000 square feet of building costing a quarter of a million pounds.

David Mitchell made his only return to Britain in 1886, when he was appointed Commissioner for Australia to the Indian and Colonial Exhibition in London. He also made his last return to Forfar at that time to find that, his parents having died many years earlier, most of the family had moved away from North Meathie. A canny Scot indeed, David Mitchell left a fortune of one and a half million pounds when he died in 1916. Not bad going for the laddie from Meathie who went to evening classes in Forfar to 'better himself'!

Yet another member of the Mitchell family became famous. Gerald Patterson, Dame Nellie's nephew (her sister Belle's boy), won the Wimbledon Mens' Singles title in 1919 and nobody boasted more strongly about his achievement than his aunt, Nellie (Melba) Mitchell. She used to jokingly say, 'Gerald used to be known as Melba's nephew. Now I'm known as Gerald's aunt.'

Nellie Mitchell died of paratyphoid in the early 1930s and her own city of Melbourne said its farewell to Dame Nellie Melba in the Scots Church which her father, David Mitchell, had built in 1873 - 1874.

(Kindly submitted by Sandy and Joan Mitchell).

Obituary to Major George Erskine Jackson, OBE, MC, WS. 1872-1945

Major George Erskine Jackson of Kirkbuddo was born in the North West Provinces of India, son of Deputy Surgeon General James Rawlinson Jackson, of the Indian Medical Service and of Alice Caunter, daughter of Mr Henry Caunter, of Ashburton, Devon.



Major Erskine Jackson was educated at Bengeo, Hertfordshire and Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he took a First Class Honours Degree in Law.

One of his greatest friends at Corpus Christi College, writing of Major Erskine Jackson after his death said, 'He was without doubt the most popular man in the College, always unruffled in temper, sweet to everyone, yet firm when occasion demanded it. He had the respect as well as the affection of everyone.' Another wrote, 'I should think few boys had so many friends, and never an enemy. Everyone thought highly of him.' A British Officer, attached to the Australian Mounted Division, wrote of Major Erskine Jackson, after his death, 'He served under me, a

younger man, for nearly three years, and I always knew where to go for a sound opinion and advice.

If ever a man served his country well, both as a soldier and a civilian, it was he.'

Orders. OBE, Military Division; MC.

Medals. South African War Medal with three clasps, Johannesburg, Orange Free State, Cape Colony.

1914-1919 War; Bronze Star, 1914-1915; 1914-1918 Medal. The Great War for Civilisation; 1914-1919 Medal Bronze Leaf;

Mentioned in Dispatches; Officers' Territorial Decoration.

Eck Phillip

At the other end of the parish of Inverarity the name of AM Phillip Ltd. means trucks and vans and spare parts - in other words, the local garage. How many people remember Eck Phillip fifty years ago? Perhaps the following is news to you!

Just before the 1949 TT race in the Isle of Man, Eck Phillip was working as a mechanic with Lamb's Garage in Dundee when he was asked by the Vincent HRD Owner's Club if he would like to take a place in the 1000cc Clubman's race. Eck needed no second bidding and, after putting some tools in his haversack, off he set on the long 330 miles to

Liverpool. When Eck reached the Isle of Man he thought that he had better impress the organisers so he put in a very fast first lap. Gaining in confidence he tried to go even faster but finished up wrecking the front wheel of his bike. He was devastated but his spirits lifted when the factory lent him a spare front wheel and off he went to finish fourth in the race - with a broken finger.

One day, just after work, Eck lined up in his boiler suit, sleeves rolled up and ready to race in the Scottish Speed Championships at St. Andrews sands. Other riders probably thought that this was a strange looking competitor but they were left in no doubt of Eck's riding skills when he won this championship 'by a mile.'



Eck winning the 1000cc Clubman Race 1950 on the Isle of Man.

1950 saw Eck, newly married to Ann, back on the Isle of Man giving the spectators the show of their life. One cycling magazine reported 'the sight of A. Phillip airborne was enough to put them off strong drink for ever!' Eck won this race and it was said, 'Alex's was a simply staggering performance.' 'Alex 'Jock' Phillip took the whole section with the throttle hard against the stop.' 'Never before had they seen a thousand Twin roaring through the air like some giant flying saucer.' Eck Phillip recorded the fastest time in the 1000cc Clubman class.



Scottish Speed Championship 1954.

Modestly Eck explained that since his bike was one of the earlier types he had been allowed certain modifications. One was a special seat for comfort, similar to the AJS 7R then he had to change the position of the speedometer so that he could still see it whilst he lay flat on the tank!' According to Eck he only changed it so he could see between 40 and 140mph! He did not want to see it below 40, but he did wish to see it go above 140mph! Asked if he ever braked, and if so when, Eck with typical dry wit

replied, 'When I see marshals jumping out of the way, that's when I brake!'

Alex, being an engineer to trade, did his own machine preparation whilst older brother Will acted as his pit attendant and younger brother Jim, along with his friends, gave signals at various points around the circuit. Eck, being Eck, often ignored all the signals, especially if he was really enjoying himself! After each race the first three riders' mechanics were asked to step forward and strip the engines for post race inspection. The scrutineer smiled when Eck stepped forward to strip his own bike because he knew that he would have to put it all back together again in order to ride home to Scotland! It was said of Eck's bike that it 'showed every evidence of that minute detail which goes to reduce the possibility of mechanical failure to the absolute minimum.' But then we, in Inverarity, know that Eck is a perfectionist, even in his recitations!

Miss Forfar 1960

Pat Morrison (*Sturrock*) of Whigstreet. 'Miss Forfar 1960' receiving her prize - a huge Forfar Bridie from Andy Stewart who was starring at the Palace Theatre in Dundee and had been invited through to Forfar to present the prize. The event was held in Charlie Renilson's tattie shed in Academy Street and was in aid of Forfar Athletic's new stand.

The story doesn't end there though. A short while afterwards Pat's sister Ivy was down in London attending an event connected with her teaching course. It being the first time she had ever been in London, Ivy underestimated the cost of staying down there and ran out of money. Knowing that her



Pat with Andy Stewart.



father Will Sturrock banked with the British Linen Bank and that her 'savings' were also lodged there, Ivy decided to phone the British Linen Bank in Forfar from a kiosk in London. She managed to get through to them but the Bank clerk was obviously just a little bit suspicious of this caller and told her

to wait until he had consulted his manager. A short while later, as the phone kept demanding Ivy to put in more money, the clerk came back and said that he needed proof of identity so he would have to ask her some questions. Ivy agreed that this was but right and waited for the questions. 'Has any member of your family been involved in a famous local event recently?' In the middle of London, stuck in a phone box, amidst tooting horns and the sound of traffic everywhere, Ivy could not think straight. Her first thoughts went to her older sisters but she could not think of anything, which had happened quite recently. She then said, 'Oh my little sister was Miss Forfar recently.' The clerk continued, 'and what happened?' Ivy, having got this far, persisted with the tale. 'Well she was presented with a Forfar bridie by Andy Stewart.' 'That's it. That's good enough for us,' said the clerk. Ivy won through and her money was transferred immediately. A Forfar bridie saved the day!

William Kydd. Whigstreet

Will Kydd's father, also Will, was a brother of George Kydd who was born in Inverarity around 1805. George died in 1879 aged 75 at Muir Edge, Carmyllie in his son-in-law Andrew Lumgair's farm. This information was recorded by George's great-great grandson from Midlothian, and sent to Ronald Sturrock in 1989.

It would appear from this research, carried out by Jack Blair, the great-great-grandson of George Kydd, that Will Kydd was the second son of Alexander Kyde, a master tailor who came from Carmyllie, around the Ward of Carnegie, 1800/1801. Will

Kydd married Helen Brown, who from the 1851 Census, is shown as 11 years his senior. The same Census shows that Will was a master cooper in Whigstreet and probably employed his son William as his 'man'. Will senior was born on 29th May 1802 and Will junior, on 30th March 1830.

Alexander Kyde was the first son of John Kyde of Redhillocks, Carmyllie. At the churchyard in Carmyllie, Alexander and his brother John raised a stone in 1799 in memory of their father John who had died in 1875, aged only 36. This stone has symbols showing scissors and tailor's goose, in addition to other markings.

(This piece was kindly submitted by Alex and Linda Sturrock, Whigstreet.)

(What follows has drawn heavily on an article written by John Burt for The Scottish Field of 1979). Kindly sent in by Ann Christie (Sturrock).

William Kydd lived at Whigstreet and was a wheelwright. Working for Mr Alexander Sturrock, he made wooden bickers in his spare time. Man-made wooden vessels have been handmade in Scotland for centuries. There were two main types; one made entirely from wood and one made up of wooden pieces. It would probably have been easier to make the first type, being carved out of one piece of wood, whereas the second needed to be fitted together like a jigsaw, using many pieces of wood bound tightly so that they would not leak. Coopers were skilled craftsmen and could do this. Long ago, the cooper made not only barrels but other vessels as well. Folk needed buckets, washing tubs, milk churns and other articles, which were used to hold

each larder item. The whisky industry had to be supplied with casks and drinking bowls such as caups, each with a lip to make supping easier.

In those days they had no glue such as we have nowadays and so the age-old skill of the cooper was sorely tested. Willow joinings had to be dry and they had to remain watertight. If bickers were not used regularly they would shrink and leak liquid but when soaked through, became watertight again, the hoops holding the whole thing together. Will Kydd was well known for his excellent 'feathering' skills. (*The join between the pieces of wood*). William Kydd was the only bicker maker to stamp his work. 'Wm Kydd, Bicker Maker, Whig Street', was the stamp.



Bickers made by Will Kydd.

Ian Ramsay Wilson CBE, formerly Kemphills, Kirkbuddo

Ian Ramsay Wilson was born the second son of John and Mary Helen Wilson and grew up at Kemphills farm, Kirkbuddo. All Ian wanted to be was a farmer like his father and uncles. Ian's eldest brother was already working at home, and the farm could not support three members of the family. As Ian wanted to leave school he did so and joined a local bank as a bank clerk. He worked in a number of branches in Dundee, Kirriemuir and Monifieth, until one fateful Saturday afternoon when he was driving into Forfar. He got as far as Craichie and there he stopped to give a young man a lift into Forfar. It transpired that this gentleman had also been at Forfar Academy, was slightly older than Ian, and was on demob leave from the army, having just completed his two years National Service. During the journey into Forfar Ian's passenger informed him that on completion of his leave he was to rejoin his employers, a London based bank known at that time as The Chartered Bank. For some unknown reason Ian asked for their address, (*notwithstanding he still hankered after being a farmer*), and wrote to them. He informed them that he has passed the Institute of Bankers examinations and was interested in discussing the possibility of a career in banking in the Far East.

Two weeks later Ian received a letter from The Chartered Bank inviting him to meet with them in London to be interviewed for a position on their overseas staff. Ian crossed the border into England for the first time in his life, and had the interview at their Head Office in London. The week following

his interview he received a letter offering him a position as a probationer on the foreign staff of the bank. One was required to be twenty-one and a half years of age at that time and, as such, spend six months training in London before being posted overseas.

Ian's first posting was to Calcutta, India. The contract he signed required him to work for four years without any vacation. He was not permitted to get married during that tour of four years and furthermore, he had to learn how to read, write and spell Hindi. After completing the first tour of four years he was permitted to apply for permission to get married, and could do so if the bank approved. On 31st January 1962 Ian sailed from Tilbury for Bombay (*now known as Mumbai*). It was an exciting journey as the bank paid for him to sail first class to India. The journey took fourteen days and slowly introduced him to the life style that was to become such a great part of his future.

Approximately six months into his tour of duty, Ian was informed by a senior executive in the Bank that St Andrews, the Scottish Presbyterian Church in Calcutta, had lost their organist and they wished him to play the organ for three weeks until someone suitable was located. Ian had incidentally been the organist at Letham Church from the age of 15 until he left for London. St Andrews was a big church, with two Scottish Ministers and a large and active congregation. Three and a half years later Ian was still playing the organ every Sunday morning and evening, until he returned to the UK on leave, in December 1965.

After six months vacation, Ian's next posting was Singapore, where in 1967, he and Avril were married. Ian and Avril had known each other for most of their lives, Avril having been a member of Letham Church choir. Their two sons, Ramsay and Mark, were both born in Singapore.

After Singapore there followed postings to Pakistan and back to Singapore. Then eleven years in the USA. These proved to be extremely formative years for Ian as he was able to experience the American banking scene and incorporate the best of their practices with the traditional British International banking processes. From the very pleasant life style of the USA, Ian was posted as Country Manager, South Korea for a period of two years. Following this he then went as Country Manager, Malaysia, for three and a half years.

1990 saw Ian transfer to Hong Kong where he eventually became General manager, Hong Kong, China, Korea, Taiwan and Japan. This was the most responsible position in the Bank overseas, with a staff compliment of over 5,000 and contributing 35% of the worldwide profits of the group, which was represented in forty countries. There were 185 foreign banks in Hong Kong of which Standard Chartered Bank was the second largest. The Standard Chartered Bank was one of three banks that issued the currency notes in circulation in Hong Kong. Ian's signature was on all the bank notes in circulation.

As a result therefore of the bank's position in Hong Kong, Ian was a director of a number of Hong Kong Government organisations, including their central

bank, and because of his position in the financial community in Hong Kong, he was requested to delay his retirement by two years so that he would not be seen to be leaving Hong Kong just prior to the transfer of sovereignty of Hong Kong from Great Britain to China.

managed very carefully so as not to do damage to the Bank and to the standing of the financial community in Hong Kong. Ian appeared almost continually on radio and TV for two days explaining to the public that there was no reason for them to panic. Eventually the public saw reason and conditions returned to normal.



Alexander Sturrock the 3rd.



A bank note showing Ian's signature.

There have been many challenges that Ian has had to face during his career with the bank. Perhaps the most challenging happened one day in 1991 when there was a run on the bank in Hong Kong. The bank had approximately one hundred branches in Hong Kong and, as a result of a malicious rumour, it was discovered one morning that there were thousands of customers lining up outside each one of the branches seeking to withdraw their money. This situation lasted for two days and had to be

January 1998 saw Ian being honoured by the Queen, when he became a Commander of the British Empire for services to banking and to the community of Hong Kong.

Since he and Avril returned home, they have lived in the house that Avril was born in, and Ian has been kept busy. He is a director of J

P Morgan Fleming Asia Investment Trust, Chairman of the Maggie Cancer Caring Centre, Dundee, a member of council of Glenalmond College, Perthshire, and a member of the Court of Abertay University, Dundee.

Ian feels fortunate to have had the banking career he has had, but is honest enough to acknowledge that without the support of Avril and his two sons, Ramsay and Mark, and the innumerable colleagues that he initially learned from in so many countries, and others who latterly formed part of his team, this would not have been achieved.

Alexander Sturrock the 3rd

was in the Canadian Highlanders in WW1 and fought in France. Since he was the only piper left at the end of the war, the Canadian Highlanders presented him with silver bagpipes and a silver dirk.

Community Events



The pulling home of the new laird to Fotheringham.





A Century of Fashion













A Last Word

That which started off as an easy task turned out, in reality, to be a huge venture because of the enthusiasm of the contributors, and we applaud them for this.

Nowadays the 21st century offers the opportunity to all eager enthusiasts who may quickly research and record family data, unlike the old days where much reading and notetaking made for a daunting, often impossible task. Modern technology offers this opportunity to everyone.

I hope that each new generation will continue to record experiences of life, work and leisure in Inverarity and that some may allow their records to be reproduced for others to enjoy reading.

*Elma Reid,
Author of 'Inverarity a Parish Patchwork'.*

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Kinnettles and District Heritage Group

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