

FERRYDEN 1989

# DAVY DICK

A PERSONAL MEMORY BY IAN & BETTY PATON



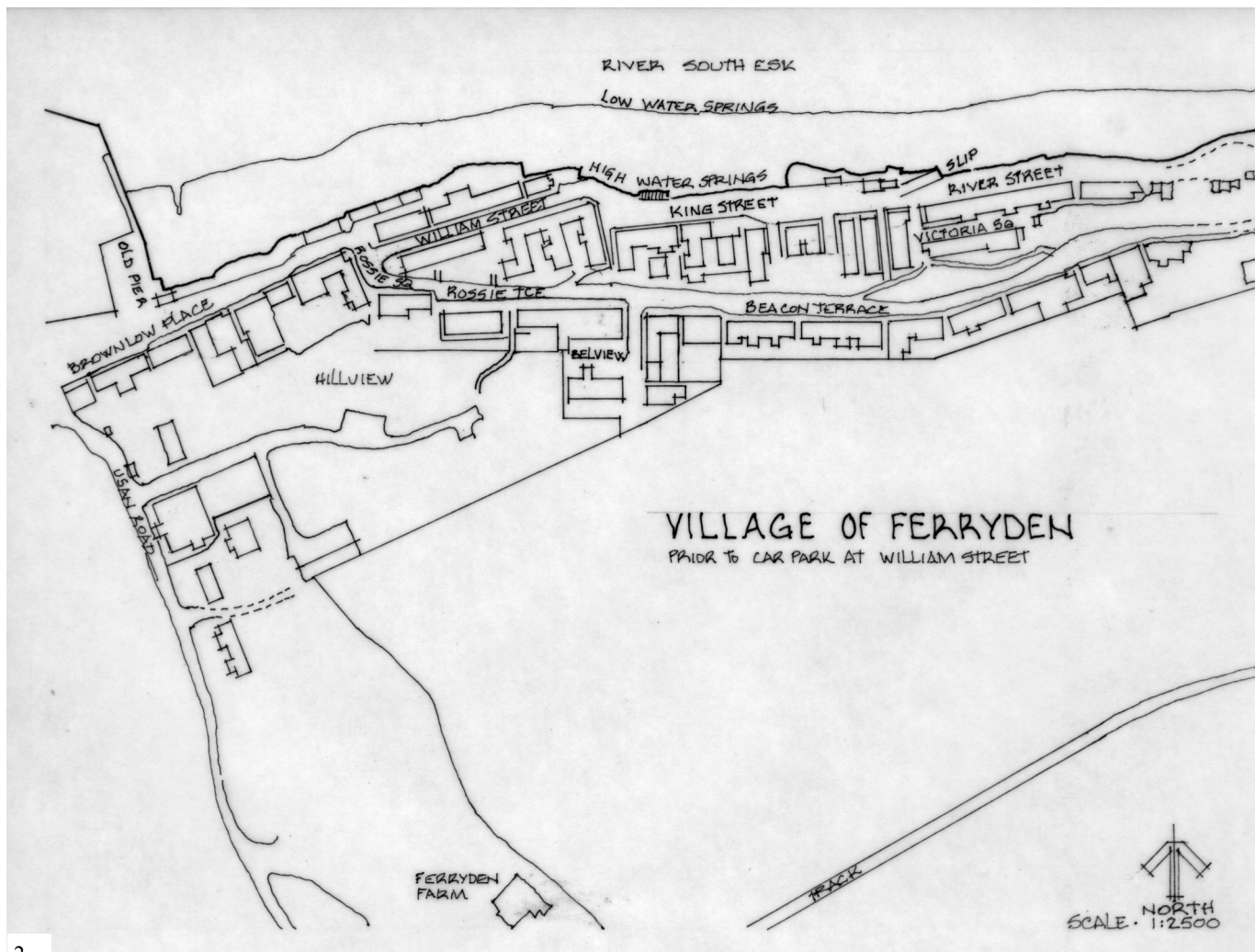
A general picture of part of the village.  
Note the high concrete retaining wall which replaced the organic foreshore sheddies in the 60's.

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**DAVID PATON DICK**  
**30 January 1908 - 31 October 2002**

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Sarah Coull (m.s. Watt)  
Mary Dick (niece)

#### REFERENCES

Old Ferryden 1985 (J West/D Morrison)  
Old Ferryden 2002 (Fiona Scharlau)  
Old Montrose 1997 (Tom Valentine)

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The slip at King Street c1960

## Foreword

You may well ponder why Betty and I felt it necessary to produce this little book: put simply - our return to the village in January 1981 coincided approximately with David's flit from Church Road to 2 River Street, since when David became progressively neighbour, friend and family until his death in October 2002. His passing leaves a void which suggested the need to share our memories with as many as may be interested.

But there is at least one other reason. David was within 3 months of his 95th birthday, which made him one of the oldest Ferrydeners. His life spanned the last century of the second millennium, a century which was arguably amongst the most violent historically, and without doubt a period which saw the most accelerated rate of change to the way we live.

So David's life is a snapshot of a significant period of history. His stories modestly reflect the views and attitudes of the times and seemed worth recording.

The material has been gathered directly from David since 1981. No one who knew him could fail to be impressed by the extent and accuracy of his memory. Nevertheless, there have been a handful of occasions when David's powers of recall have let him down, and this is compounded by our own ability to remember the details as recounted by him. It follows that this modest example of oral history is offered in good faith with no refunds for indisputable inaccuracies! If there are mistakes and omissions, (as there will be) Betty and I would be grateful if you would bring them to our notice for purpose of information and correction.

The format of the booklet stems principally from the fact that the village lies on an East/West axis which makes the landscape format visually logical, and makes reference to the maps with North pointing upwards, visually easy.

The interleaving of transparent paper with the photographs and maps, is done to facilitate the addition of notes and identification of places and faces by readers. As before, Betty and I would be grateful for your help in adding to the record with your input.





c1930

Daidie Davy Dick

Grace West (neighbour)  
at the side of the Lifeboat Shed

Father Jimmy Dickie



## The Early Years 1908—1920

David's story begins in Cellardyke, the Eastern part of Anstruther in Fife, where his grandfather, Daidie Davy was one of the formidable local 'dyker' fishing community. David never knew his grannie, but his father, Jimmy Dick, came to Ferryden as a young man and married Mary Jane Findlay. They set up house in Victoria Square, known then as 'the golden quarry' and David was born in Number 15 on 30 January 1908.

He was one of 5 children, three boys, John, James and David, and two girls, Catherine (Kitty) and Mary. Mary died in infancy in 1918 aged 6 years 6 months. John emigrated to Australia where he died in 1969 without marrying. James married Liz Serafina in Montrose and had one daughter, Mary, as yet unmarried, presently lives in the Seagate, Montrose. James died in 1972, Kitty died without marrying, in 1974 after having been in-service in America and Dundee, and working in Paton's Mill.

Aged 4, David went up the roadie, which still links Victoria Square and Beacon Terrace, to the infant school in Beacon Terrace. His teachers were Miss Ryrie and Miss Gray. His closest pals were Donald Paton (Barber's Geordie's family), George Stewart (the painter) and David Anderson (the stone-mason who lived in Bellview)

Around 1914 when David was 6, the family moved across the road to Number 22 Victoria Square next door to Danny and Grace West. Grace and David's mother Mary used to sheel and bait together. (see page 12)

Sometime during the 1st world war, David's grandfather, Daidie Davy, moved from Cellardyke to live in Ferryden where his son Jimmy and daughter-in-law Mary Jane could see to his needs. Daidie Davy had a single-end on the ground floor at 13 King Street and David fondly recalls time spent there listening to stories of the sea.

Aged 8 or 9, David moved from the infant school to the Senior School, 'Up the Den', where J Spiers Burt had taken over from Harry Adams as headmaster. His teachers were Miss Gray, Miss Scott and Miss Peddie (whom 'Burtie' married).

At playtime, David and Andra Gemlo would run doon the den to Andra's house \*\* where they would get a piece (often a potted heid sandwich) from Andra's mother. David recalls it was common for some mothers to appear at playtime and hand their offspring a piece through the railing. With a twinkle in his eye, David remembers one of his pals who had 'up and doon marks on baith sides of his face left by the railings, where his mither geid him the briest until he was 14!'

Ferrydeners remember Burtie with affection, as a strict but kindly disciplinarian, and many owe their ability to name a wagtail or identify sourocks to Burtie's famous nature walks. Mrs Burt read stories of 'Wee McGreegor' when the class earned a treat.

\*\* see page 31 Old Ferryden 1985 big square window



Jimmy Dickie and Mary Jane Findlay  
David's mother and father



David aged 5

Even when David was a boy, Burtie had already instituted his 'black book:' this was a kind of dooms-day record of the week's mis-deeds. On Fridays, Mr Burt would read out the names of the miscreants, the boys earning 2 or 3 strokes of the tawse, while the girls were made to wear a conical dunce's hat and stand facing the wall in a corner.

During David's time with Burtie, offenders were sometimes *trusted* to write their own names in the black book. Andra Gemlo never did twig that his regular punishments were due to David writing his pal's name in place of his own.

This was typical of David, mischief and fun, in equal measure, a mixture which David drew upon throughout his life. When he was a boy, the Independent Labour Party had a branch in Ferryden in the ILP rooms (the roomies) (see page 27) located in Rossie Terrace, behind William Street with access off the short link connecting King Street with Rossie Terrace, known as the King's Roadie. The secretary of this branch was John West (Johnny Wastie) and the roomies combined the function of political meeting place with recreational facilities. Hardly a night passed without a dozen or so worthies sitting round the open fire playing yooker (joker) or dominoes, whilst youngsters like David played ping pong or billiards on a half-size table.

The air was heavy with pipe and cigarette smoke and the pungent smell of fish glue from the glue pot hottering on the sway at the side of the fire—necessary for gluing new tips to the cues or making running repairs to the table tennis bats.

David found in the roomies, a rich hunting ground for his brand of fun—licking the tip of an opponents cue, or tying somebody's bootlaces together under the table as they played dominoes. One such regular sufferer at his hands was Alex Coull, a near neighbour at No.14 Victoria Square. Alex was known as Elicky Toomble, or Boracky. He had a uniquely sonorous drawl and a violent temper when raised, but he did have a soft spot for the boy David.

As a youngster, David eked out any pocket money which came his way, by helping to weave and mend nets. His very favourite sponsor was Hughie West (Brownlow Place), a son to Geordie West (Menim) and Mug. \*

Many Ferrydeners still living will remember Hughie who was 'affa sair aboot the feet!' Despite having a splendid pair of hand-made surgical boots, Hughie only ever wore his wellies which over the years assumed the up-turned characteristics of his feet, a kind of rubber Aladdin slippers!

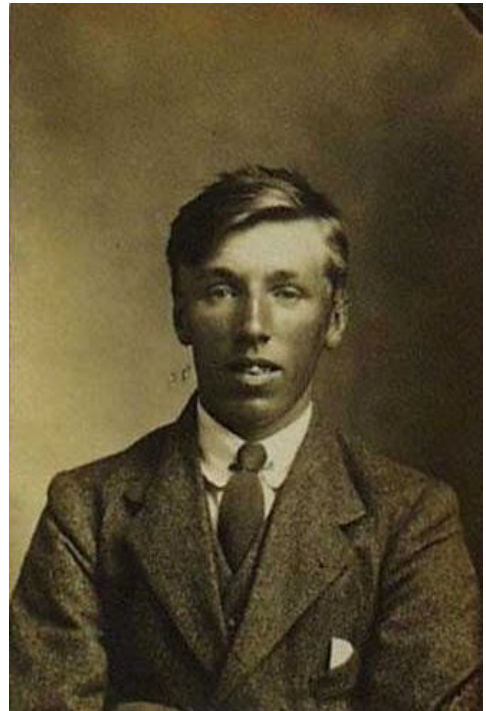
\*see page 26 Old Ferryden 1985



1922      Brother James &  
Wife Liz Serafina



1907      Sister Kitty age 10



Brother John  
who died in Australia

Summer days were passed mainly doon the beach, hauling in any passage boaties lying on their fore and aft moorings, skuggin' for podlies off the rocks or at the pier and when the weather permitted, learning to swim first in the Tanny then the Podlie, two rock pools at the back of the lighthouse readily indentifiable to this day.

Daring to 'cross the briggie in a swell' was a common dare, the briggie being a natural rock bridge adjacent to the lighthouse sewage pipe. Sadly the briggie collapsed in the sixties/seventies.

Winter days meant sledging on the backie (Rossie Terrace) or doon the den (Usan Road), or 'raisin a slide on any icy patch with the tackits in your boots'. The tackits would have been nailed there by Johnny Patonie in his shoemakers sheddie \* in Brownlow Place. (see map page 31)

David well remembered regular visits by travelling evangelists (often temperance driven) and recalled being picked up and placed on a deep window cill by David Moffat, in the meeting room at 9 Victoria Square. (see page 29)

The King's cinema was in full swing and a rare treat for the young David. He would get the ferry boat across and walk home via the West End park and the old brig. Being David, his favourite scam depended upon having a saxpence!

This was critical because the ferry-man at the time, Jimmy? (Marky) 'couldna coont', so when David gave Marky the sixpence and held out his hand for the change, Marky would keep up a stream of coppers, encouraged by David's claim 'Y're short yet Jimmy', until he had enough to pay for the picters and a pie and lemonade at Jolly's shoppie on the island on the road hame.

David remembered one such visit to the Kings to see a film entitled 'Way down East'. It was a drama depicting the life of a lumberjack in the Canadian outback. The primitive sound track made the most of the winter blizzard flickering on the screen, to the extent that David was constrained to remark to his pal 'It's gaen to be some job crossing the brig this nicht!'

Meanwhile, life for David's parents was the unrelenting grind of work associated with earning a living at the sea, digging mussels, sheeling and baiting, shooting and hauling lines, redding lines, barking lines and repeating the process over and over, all for a pittance. David's father Jimmy Dickie sailed with his brother-in-law Andra Findlay (Ackle) on board the Annie. (see page 12) Jimmy Dickie enjoyed the widest respect amongst his peers. His judgment of sea conditions was highly regarded as was his intuitive skill at locating the best 'grunds'. (fishing grounds) He also had the honour to serve as an elder at the local Church of Scotland.

\*see page 32 Old Ferryden 2002 Little girl in doorway



Sheeling

1920 David's mother with Grace West



Baiting



1925

Mary Jane Dick  
m.s. Findlay

Lizzie Stephen  
m.s. Findlay

Lizzie Coullie  
m.s. Pert

**Excelsior**

**Annie**

**Violet**



David loved to talk about his father and recalled one particular story with pride and relish. One day, the Annie landed a spectacular catch at the harbour in Montrose. Andra Findlay, the skipper supervised the unloading with Johnston's tally man whilst Jimmy Dickie down below was responsible for sending up the loaded hampers. For every hamper that went ashore, Jimmy placed a fish in an empty fish box and awaited the final tally with the rest of the crew

Ackle came back to the boat with a scowl on his face. 'I thocht we'd had mair nor that!' was his muttered greeting to the crew, whereon Jimmy Dickie compared the company tally with his own and pronounced a shortfall of 14 hampers. Armed with the facts, Andra and Jimmy returned to the office, where on the strength of Jimmy's word they 'rectified their mistak'.

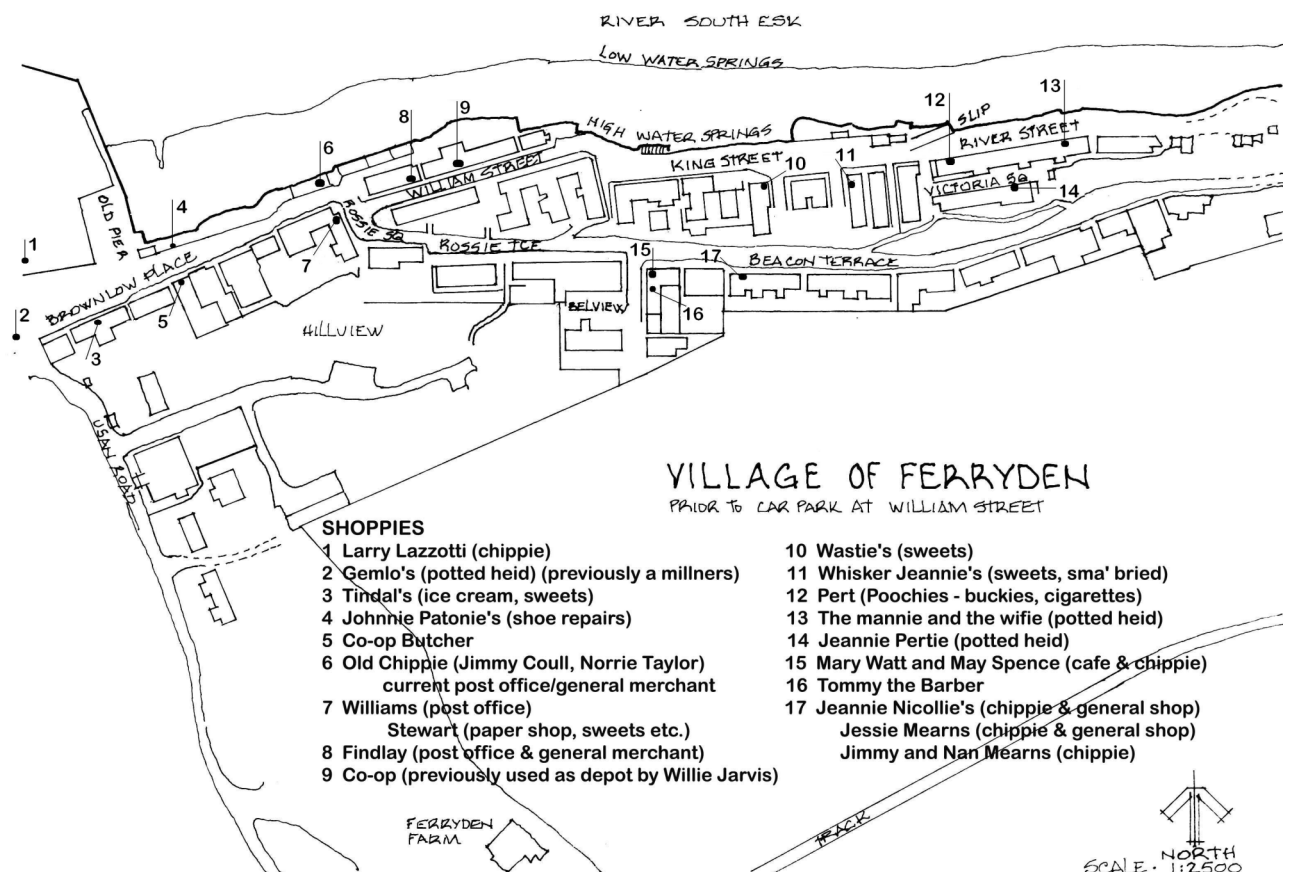
The photograph of 3 women on the page opposite was taken around 1925 on the beach below the 'scooperie' (Cooper's Park), directly opposite the lifeboat sheds across the river. The woman in the centre of the group is Lizzie Stephen (maiden name Findlay but known as Lizzie Broonie), wife to Alex Stephen ('Wheep') and mother of Ackie and Betty Stephen. Women used to use the 'scooperie' to bleach linen\* in the sun and gather handfuls of grass to line the skulls prior to laying out a baited line.

\* See page 21 Old Montrose 1997  
linen laid out on the grass on the braes at Ferryden

The best photograph of baiting a line is on page 26 \*\* of Joe West and Dorothy Morrison's book of Old Ferryden. Mug and Geordie West (Menim) are seen sitting on stoolies each with a skull into which the baited line is coiled. Mug's skull plainly shows the lining of dried grass upon which the baited hooks are laid out. The sheeled mussels are placed on the 'bait brot' (the bait board) which is seen lying across the tub. The grass and hooks are carefully set out at the top end (the gob end) of the skull and the other end of the skull is inevitably the 'erse end'.

One of Jimmy Dickie's favourite sayings was 'A'boday maks a passage'. We had hoped to include this on David's family stone but there just wasn't the space.

\*\* See page 26 Old Ferryden 1985





1926

Salmon fishing below the fluggie.

David is second left with his brother Jimmy struggling with an oar in the background.

Standing next to David is Jimmy Coullie and his older brother Andra ('Jipperty')

### **Working for a living**

When David left school in 1922 aged 14, like so many Ferryden men and women before and after, began his working life in Paton's Mill. He worked with 'Stoorie Jock' for several years and hated every minute of the airless oppressive atmosphere, and took every chance to run across the links to the beach especially during life-boat call-outs. So, when round about 1925, David was offered a place in the Charlton salmon coble, he jumped at it.

The outdoor life and bothy companionship suited him 'doon to the grund'. He loved the banter and the work and the crews rotated between the bothies at Charlton, Usan and the Boddin. Tatties and meal were supplied and coal for the open fire. Jock Watt was in charge of the coble at the Charlton and David recalled an occasion when a persistent strong westerly wind had prevented the crew from fishing the flies for several days. The combination of strong wind and spring tides produced a deal of steep broken water round the flies making it dangerous to risk the boat for fishing and Jock Watt was desperately checking the weather every hour, seeking an opportunity to launch the boat.

After one such reccie, Jock put his head round the bothy door saying 'I think the weather's eased a bittie. We'll gi the nesty bist a trial.' The crew got boated up and David says to Jock, 'Hae ye ever been to Norway Jock?' 'No' says Jock, 'Weel' says David 'if it keeps comin like this, we'll be there afore tea-time!'

In the event they failed to fish the flies, couped the coble in the surf on the way back in and were lucky to escape without loss of life.

The salmon fishing was principally seasonal, and during the close season, fishermen were obliged to seek work wherever it could be found, but mainly on the land. So, David was regularly employed dressing tatties. The photograph on the next page was taken by an itinerant photographer.

As with salmon fishing, the outdoor life was well suited to David and he maintained his links with local farmers to very nearly the end of his days. David was a regular walker, covering on average 25 miles a week on the roads round Duninald, Usan, the Boddin and of course Scurdy Ness. On his travels, he was never without 'a buggie' - that is a plastic carrier bag, to carry home the gifts of a 'boilin o' tatties', the odd neep, generously given by farmers John Reid and John Ogilvie or a 'fry o' fish' from local fishermen Ian Montgomerie and Donald Cameron.



1925—Dressing tatties at Newbiggin  
Left/right—Jimmy Serafina...Meg Cargill.(daughter to Burgess)...Jemima Shepherd (Ms Legg)..  
David... ..Mosey Williams... Dodie Stewart

We once calculated how far David had walked in the thirty odd years since he retired in 1971. On being told he had walked at least twice round the world, with his familiar twinkle, he remarked 'That canna be richt! Or else I must hae missed oot Egypt! I'll need tae start again!'

Sometime around the mid 1930's David left the salmon fishing and the rather uncertain seasonal employment of farm labouring for a job on the railway. The visit to Edinburgh for his medical was the furthest David had ever been away from the village. Exempt from call-up when the 2nd World War broke out, David walked the lines between Montrose, Arbroath, St Vigeans and Forfar for the next 30 years.

As before, this was bothy life again, this time with principally a Dundee based gang, although the gang that David particularly recalled with relish, was led by a Montrose man called Jock Duncan. Jock's main claim to fame as far as David was concerned, was that he kept pigs, and often in the bothy, Jock would produce a leg of his own home-cured pork which was sliced off the bone and fried with tinned *pears* (!) 'What could be better nor that' recalled David, 'sittin at the fire wi a plate o' tatties and hame cured bacon wi the grease runnin' doon yer chin'.

Although David was already in his 70's when our paths crossed in 1981, his ready wit and bright intelligence left us in no doubt that in other circumstances, David's life could have been entirely different. He never lost his thirst for knowledge and sought out the scientific and documentary T.V. programmes, scorning the mind sapping soaps etc. as a 'great weist o' time'.

So why would a strong, healthy, hardworking intelligent man not have married? It would be surprising if David had not had his share of romance in his life, but one encounter left him bitter and disillusioned.

Whilst working on the railway at Johnshaven, David met Mug Soutar and they began a courtship. However, one day at the station in Montrose, David saw Mug on the northbound platform talking to an airman and was left in no doubt that she was not as committed as he. David never did give anyone a second chance and never spoke to Mug again. The photograph on page 18 *may or may not* be Mug, but it was secreted in a small frame behind a picture of David's parents, so it might not be too fanciful to speculate.





Could this be Mug Soutar?



1951 David and Kitty at Kirk Wynd

## Retirement

David took early retirement from the railway in 1970 when he was 63 and when sister Kitty died in 1974, he began the life of self sufficiency which was to sustain him throughout the rest of his life.

One night in 1980, David was wakened by a loud rumbling noise and found that half of the west gable of the cottage had collapsed. The owner of the house was not prepared to have the damage repaired so in effect David was homeless and his first thought was to ask his friend, farmer John Reid, if he had a 'cotter hoose' available. As luck would have it, a cottage on Usan Road was indeed due to become vacant very soon, so David's bacon was saved.

Just a day or two before he was due to move into his new address, he chanced to meet Jean and Jack Gilanders who owned a single end in River Street, so with a last minute apology to John Reid, David moved into No.2 River Street, very close indeed to Victoria Square where he was born.

Jean and Jack made a few simple improvements to the house and made the place comfortable and cosy for David. He sold the family barometer and 8-day clock to Taylors' of Montrose and with the few sticks of furniture he had retained, David was happy there for the next 20 odd years. He could after all see the river and it was handy for his walks doon the braes. It was 'weel kent calving grund', and had the bonus of being 'doon ablow Alf Forge', a near contemporary and friend. Alf and David were regular Christmas guests in our home. (see page 20)

Alf would fall asleep and David would sing all the verses of Amazing Grace with gusto. David's favourite party piece was to fold a linen napkin in the form of a Madonna type bra and for an encore could change it into the shape of a gutted chicken!

David was extremely thrifty. He refused to burn two bars of his fire if an extra 'slippie' would do the job. His needs were simple and throughout his life never lost the pleasure he took from tatties boiled 'wi a drappie gravy sa't' and eaten off the lid of the pot.



Alf

Betty

Christmas 1989

David (feeling no pain)

## Health Matters

To have lived nearly 95 years is testimony enough to David's general strong health. However, there can be few in the village who ever spent more than 2 minutes with him without ever being made to realise his total obsession with the state of his bowels! David's favourite saying in this regard was - 'I can eat onythin, but athin disna agree wi me!' Much is explained by his style of cooking: he would fry one pound of bacon at one go, and leave it all in the frying pan, bringing forward two rashers at a time in the same pan for re-heating as and when he wanted it. The fridge in his little bed-sit was never plugged in. 'The lobby's cauld enough for the milk!'

One winter, David swears he got a bad chest 'aff'n Rita's brith' and was forced to see the doctor. The appointment was with an Asian doctor, and went something like this.

Doc: "Good evening Mr Dick, I am Dr....what can I do for you?"

David: "Doctor, I have an affa cauld, and I'm needing a strong bottle to shift it." (N.B. self diagnosis and prescription at one go!)

Doc: "If you would loosen your outer clothes please, I'd like to listen to your chest".

David removes gloves, overcoat and scarf, unbuttons jacket, pulls up heavy 'slippie' and thinner pullover, finally unbuttoning sark and pulling up vest, (but keeping on bonnet!)

Doc: "You appear to be wearing a great many clothes Mr Dick".

David: "Doctor, it's a coorse nicht oot there and sma' rain oot the East'ard, fit dae ye expect".

A good dose of antibiotics and a comforting bottle of Benylin had him right as rain in no time, adding another couple of lines to his medical notes which over a lifetime amounted to no more than two pages until his health suddenly deteriorated in his last six months.

More recently in the Spring of 2002, we persuaded David that his swollen legs needed treatment. He was all set to go to the chemist and get something from Len McAllister, having already plastered his legs with germolene, another favourite stand-by of his. However he did agree to see the nurse at the surgery, not wanting to bother the doctor.

The nurse asks him to remove shoes and socks. "Mr Dick how long have your feet been blue?"

David: "Since 19 naught eight. (1908) It's bad circulation" (as before, self diagnosis).



Summer 2002. David and Ian on the seattie.  
Jonty Spizer's shoulder is just visible in the background

Nurse whistles in Dr Calder who listening to his chest arranged immediate ECG at Montrose Infirmary, plus 'bloods' all of which were exemplary for a man of David's age, but this signalled the start of a summer of excellent district nursing care and attendance to reduce the swelling.

Unfortunately this exemplary care did nothing to address David's daft diet and eating habits acquired over a lifetime.

The extraordinary distance covered by David in the years of his retirement, owed much to the great care he took of his feet. He had an endless supply of hand knitted socks and tins of Pickles Ointment, recommended by Margaret Bowie, wife of Bertie Coull, brother of Jacob and Jim Watt Coull.

During the last year of his life, he was determined to visit his good friend Dave Pullar at Usan, one last time. We went by car, and as usual Dave made us very welcome. It was a beautiful day and David felt up to including a visit to the Robertsons at the Boddin who built on the alcoholic foundation laid by the Pullars at Usan and also sent him off with a dozen fresh eggs to go with the sea trout gifted by Dave.

After the summer of 2002, the deterioration in David's health was dramatically swift, and after two mini-shocks, he was forced to accept admission to the Infirmary in Montrose. Amazingly, at 94 years of age, David took up smoking cigarettes again, giving up his beloved pipe as 'makin oor muckle miss!'.

David's time in the infirmary was eased a little by the long-time presence there of Joe Coull, husband of Sarah Watt, who as a girl some 2 years older than David, grew up with him as children in Victoria Square where both were born..

A painful fall in the infirmary lavatory triggered David's final decline and in the early hours of 31 October 2002, he passed away peacefully in his sleep.

David touched many lives apart from Betty's and mine and those of our family. His neighbours Jonty Spizer and wife Eleanor and before that Alan and Catherine McAulay: Alf Forge up the stair and latterly his son Mearns and wife Irene: the Pullars at Usan, with a special soft spot for Tracy, wife of George Pullar and the Robertsons at the Boddin: the Reids of Ferryden Farm and all the Ferryden posties but especially Ron Tavendale. Countless visitors were referred to David for his knowledge of the village over the space of virtually 100 years.

After a service in the Kirk led by Rev Dixon with Dr Jim Calder at the organ, David's hearse led a walking funeral to the family plot in Rossie Island cemetery. A flock of wild geese provided an appropriate fly-past, and David was laid to rest.

George Peattie summed it up perfectly the day before David's funeral— "Davy was the last of the Mohicans".





c 1935  
David and his father at Kirk Wynd

### **Postscript**

In 1957 Jimmy Dickie was 79 and took badly in their house at Kirk Wynd. He became bed-bound and David sat up with him most nights assisted by his sister Kitty.

David would help him with his food and so on, and light his pipe for him. Jimmy referred to David as 'ma dog' and David-never a sentimental man- recalls his father's final words when offered the pipe after his supper ... 'Tak it awa mya dog! The tobacco winna bide in an' the matches winna light'.



c 1925 King Street

Left to right—Joanne Findlay (married Wm. Anderson (Minky) in late life): Magdalene Baxter (married Willie Stephen): Agnes Coull (Granny to Robert Paton) and married to Brewster Coull: Bunkies Annie: Jessie Mearns (Si West's wife): Elizabethie: Isy Robb seated (Si Robb's wife): Mug Noble (the Rover's wife). Middle child is Kit Paton (George Tackie's daughter), married 'Bicycle Bill' the pianist.



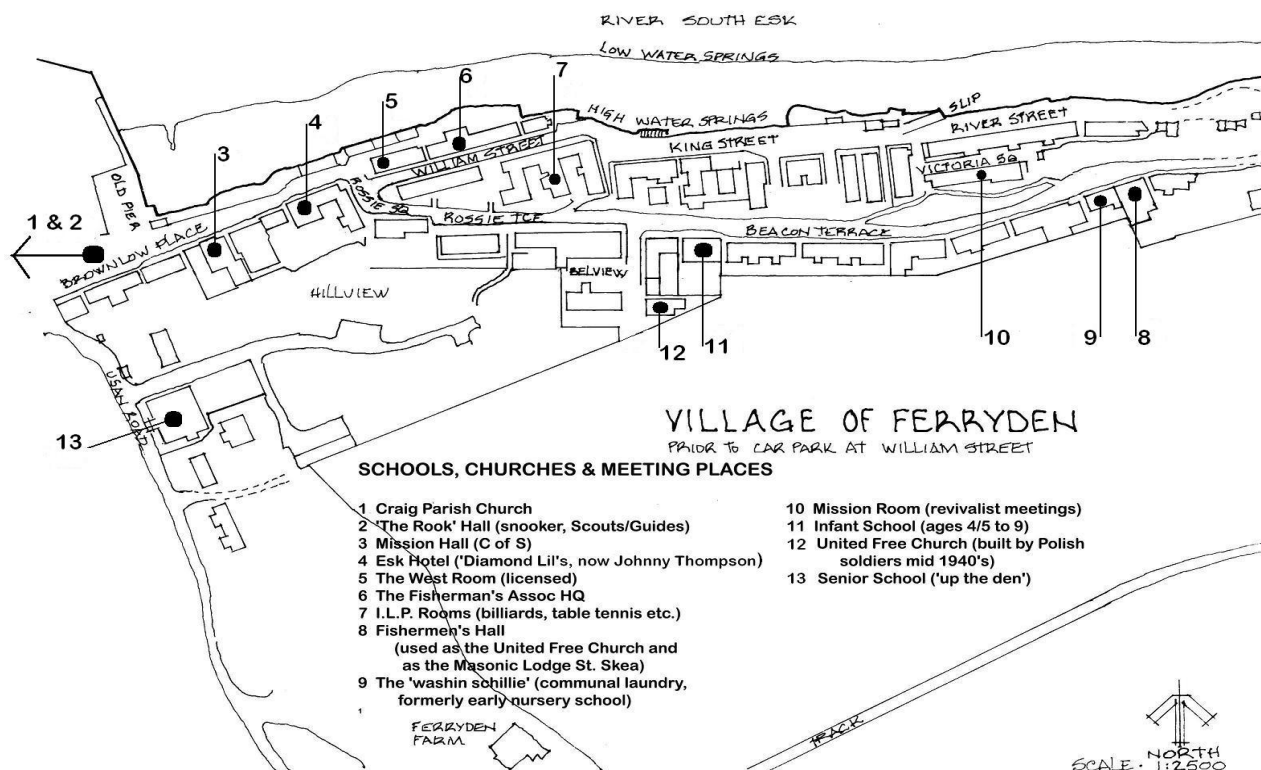
Father and Mother

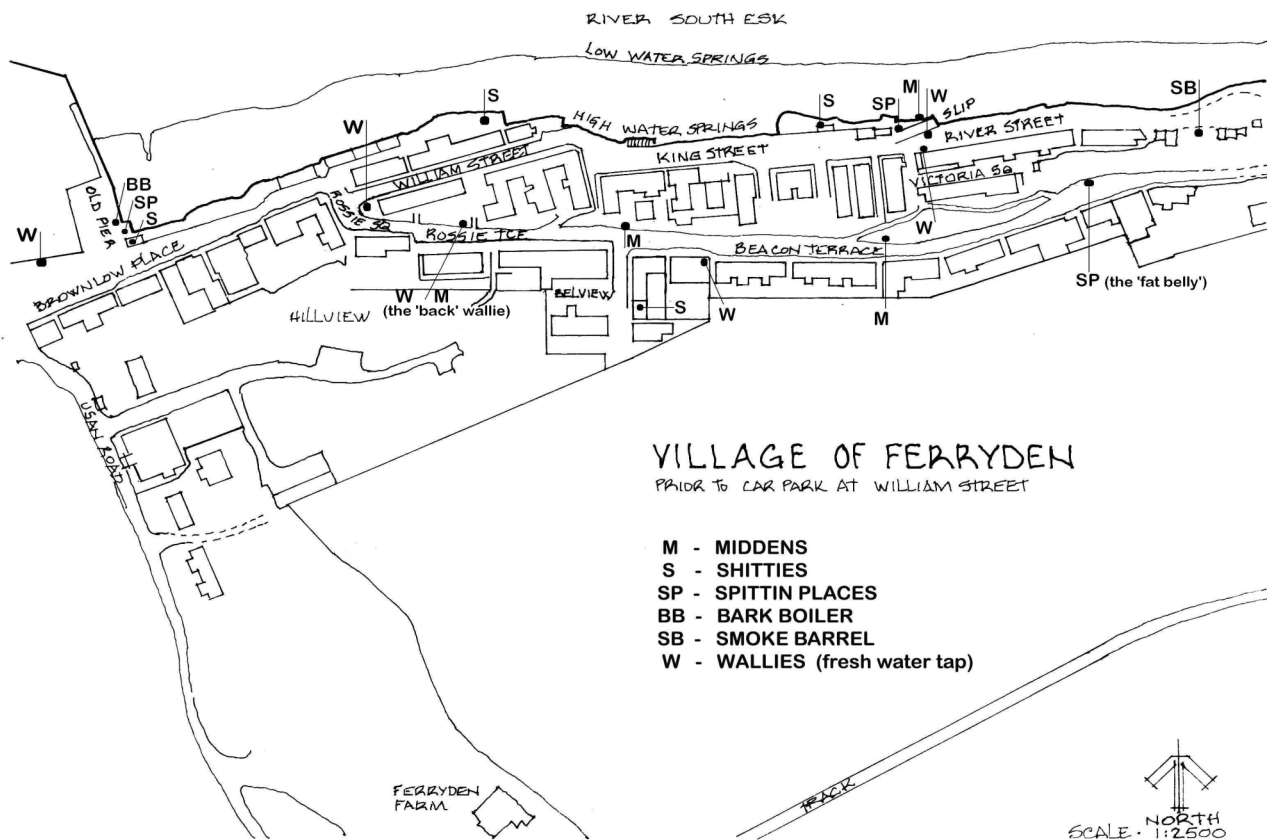


Father and Barber's Geordie



c 1900 The Stell

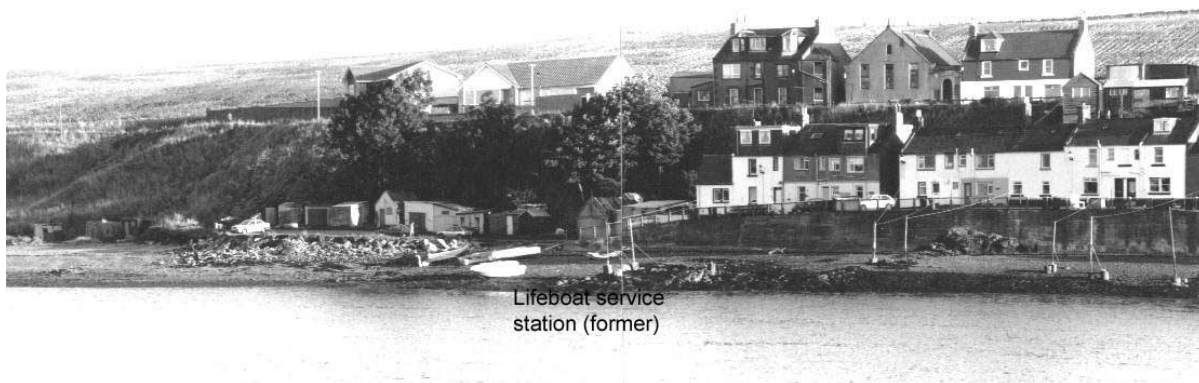








**West end of village**



Lifeboat service  
station (former)

East end of Ferryden

### Some of David's Stories

Jipperty went Wast the toon to visit a cronie who was nae weel.

His freend was near the end, and his guid wife sitting by the bed.

'Mind and get that ten pounds that man's due us' he mutters.

'Dae ye hear hoo braw and sensible he is?' says the wife.

Then after a few meenits -

'Mind and gie that man the five pounds we're due him, he mumbles'.

'Dae ye hear hoo he's ravelin?' says the wife!

Wullie the humphy-back, deed in his sleep. So they laid him oot in his best Charlie Jarvis suit, and the undertaker fitted a spring ablow his heid to make up the space far the humph was in the box.

Marky went along to pay his respects at the hoose, and was saying to the widow wife what a grand freend he'd been, and hoo sorry he wis tae hear o' his passin.

Just wi that, een o' Kennedy's coal lorries went by and the dirlin garred the spring to shak and the deed man's heid to nod.

Marky got sic a fleg, he turned to escape, but one o' the handles on the box snagged the pocket o' his jaikit. Thinkin that the deed man had grabbed him—Marky shouts—'Let go! Let go! Ye humphy-backed bugger, I'm gled ye're deed, I never liked ye onywaye!'

Ae Tuesday nicht in March '36, I c'd see the licht o' a fire across the basin, roond aboot Auld Montrose.

So I got oot the bike and went roond by Maryton tae see whit was happenin. The barns were weel awa, an' the fermhoose was ready tae go.

Een o' the firemen wis hauddin his hose tae the flames, so I says tae him 'Whaur are you frae?'

'I be from Pakistan!' says he.

'Weel, weel' says I, 'Ye havna put'n aff! The Brechin boys are nae here yet!'

When this was happenin, the fermer wis awa in Spain on his holidays, and when he got back, the grieve met him at the station and in the cairt on the way back to the ferm, the fermer asked for a report.

'Weel', says the grieve, 'there's good news and bad news'.

'Tell me the bad news first then', says the fermer.

'O.K.' says the grieve. 'We had a fire at the start o' the month and the barns are a' awa. We saved maist o' the hoose, but we lost a' the beests, twa cairts and the tractor!'

'Good God' says the fermer. 'Quick—gie me the good news'.

'Weel maister' replies the grieve, 'yer daffies are at least twa weeks early!'

Flookie and Borackie went oot to shoot a line for haddock and the line had been set ower by Borackies wife (I.e. set out in the skull). Flookie was shooting the line and at one point, a great lump of tangled hooks flew ower the 'funnel' he was wearing on his left wrist.

'Fit was that?' intoned Borackie.

'Just a puckle hooks!' says Flookie.

'A puckle hooks!' says Borackie, 'it took awa the sicht o' the Norland!'

(The 'Norland' was the horizon above St Cyrus, where the tower of Johnston stands, and was a common navigational aid. As David became more family than neighbour, he would admiringly refer to Betty's spreading behind as 'takin awa' the sicht o' the Norland'.)

This sojer had a awfu stammer, and ae nicht he got a pass to gae into the toon tae the picters. When he was leavin the barracks, he thocht he'd better hae a word wi the guard.

'S.s.s.see when I come b.b.b.back frae the p.p.p.picters, and you say 'Halt! Who g.g.g.goes there?' Jist h.h.h.hing on a m.m.meenit, in case it's me!'

At the regimental H.Q., the commanding officer was carrying out an inspection of the canteen.

He had a little doggie wi him, and stopped at a sojer fa wis eatin his denner. 'Well, young man' says the C.O., 'do you have any complaints?'

'Aye' says the sojer, 'this stuff's nae fit tae eat ava!'

'Oh' says the C.O., and taks a bit of meat aff the sojer's plate, and gies it tae the dog,fa eats it up nae bather. 'There now' says the C.O. 'there doesn't seem to be much wrong with that!'

'I dinna ken aboot that' says the sojer, 'Look at it noo—lickin its erse tae get the tist oot o' it's moo!'

This mannie in America was convicted o' murder and was in the jile waiting the electric chair. Een o' the warders cried in to see him, so the mannie asked if the end cam quick, and if it was sair. 'No, it's nae sair' says the warder. 'Y'll no feel a thing!'

The very next day, the mannie in the next cell was ta'en doon tae the chair and his screams were heard a' ower the prison.

So the first mannie got a haud o' the warder again. 'I thocht you said it was quick and nae sair' says the mannie.

'Weel' says the warder, 'he was jist a bit unlucky! We had a power cut in the middle o' the job and had tae feenish him aff wi' a blowlamp!'

Said the codlin to the flock,  
‘Foo does your mou crook?’  
Said the flock to the codlin  
‘My mou’s no been aiven  
Since I swam by Johnshaven’

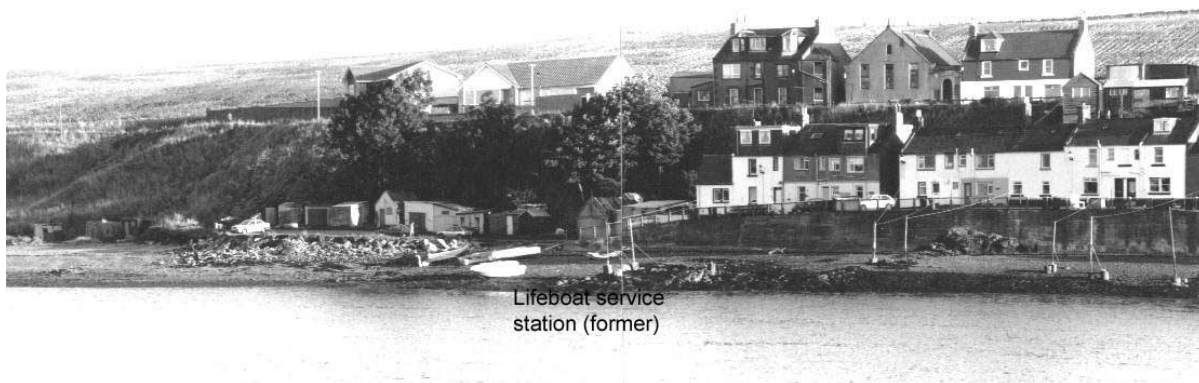




●  
Remains of Ferryden  
infant school

●  
King's Corner.  
(see the slot for the stolen barometer)

A general picture of part of the village.  
Note the high concrete retaining wall which replaced the organic foreshore sheddies in the 60's.



Lifeboat service  
station (former)

East end of Ferryden



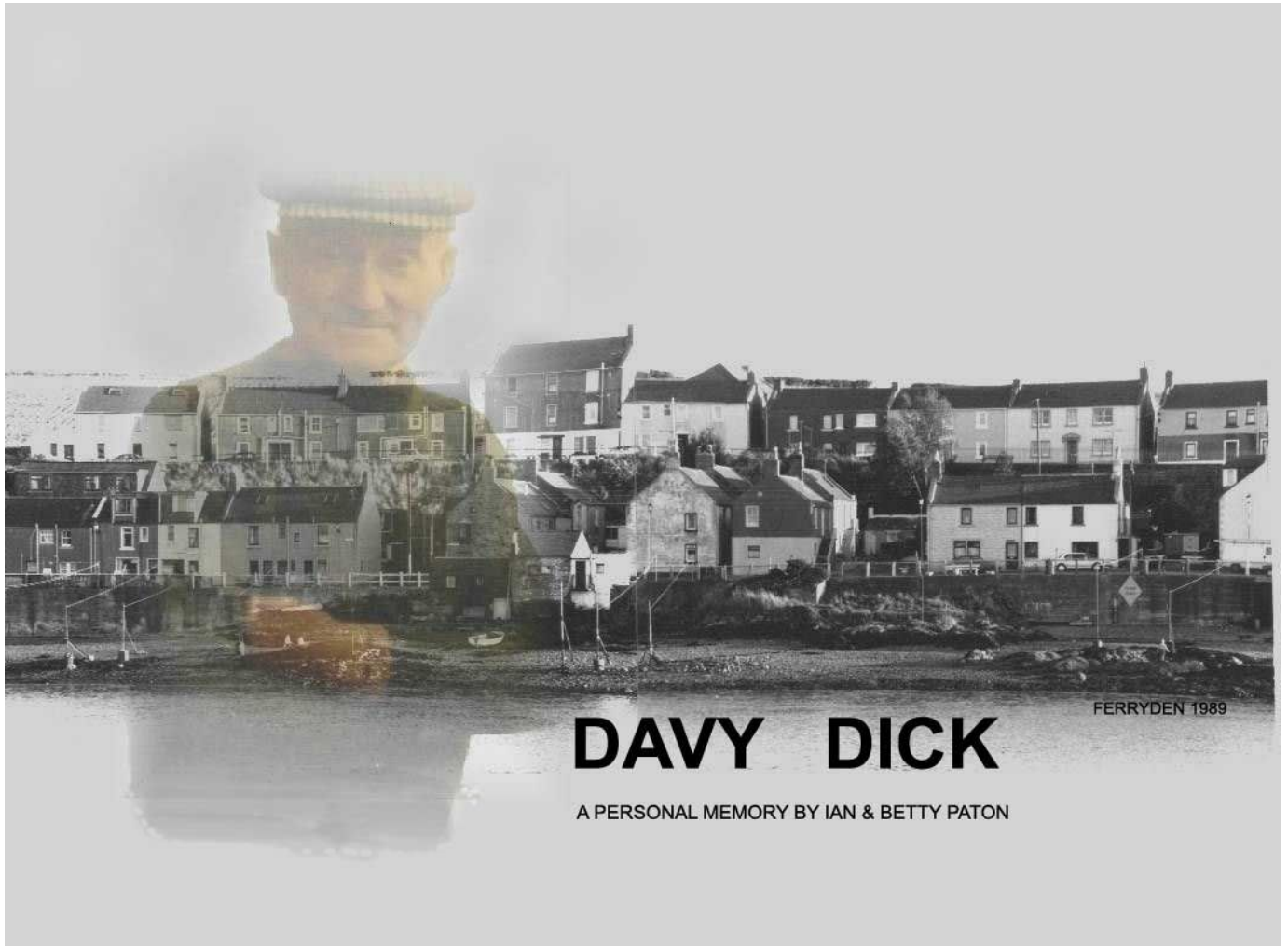
The Stell c 1900











# DAVY DICK

A PERSONAL MEMORY BY IAN & BETTY PATON

FERRYDEN 1989





Jimmy Dick and Barber's Geordie (*Paton*)



Jimmy Dick and son David