

ANONYMOUS IN STONEY



JEAN KEMLO

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Front cover: Dunnottar Castle, Stonehaven, Aberdeenshire.

Dunnottar is derived from Gaelic meaning 'Fort on the shelving ground' or 'Terraced slope' referring to the slope on the landward side, it was referred to as Duin-fother in the 7th century.

The impressive ruin of Dunnottar Castle was used in part of the filming of Mel Gibson's 'Hamlet'.



House of Ury (2005).

Ury House (or Urie) one time residence of Sir Alexander Baird stands about one mile west of Stonehaven. Currently a roofless ruin; Ury is a large Elizabethan mansion built in 1885 incorporating parts of an earlier Z-plan tower house which dates from the 16th and 17th centuries. The original tower house was owned by the Fraser's; it then passed to the Keith's Earl Marischal due to marriage. It was later sold to the Hay's of Errol in 1415, but made its way back to the Keith's who bought it in 1647, only to sell it a year later to Barclay of Mathers. It was purchased by the Baird family in 1854 and in 1946 sold to pay death duties to the Holman's. The house was sold to the Wiseley's of Aberdeen and sadly the roof was taken off in the early 1950's

ANONYMOUS IN STONEY

By

Jean Kemlo

Edited by

Stanley Bruce

Published by

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Photography by

Stanley Bruce

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Sun dial situated at the north end of Stonehaven Harbour adjacent to the Tolbooth, it was erected in 1710.

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The War Memorial, Stonehaven.

Introduction

‘Anonymous in Stoney’ what’s that all about? Stoney is the local name for Stonehaven a beautiful, vibrant and expanding town fifteen miles south of Aberdeen in Scotland. So what’s anonymous? Jean Kemlo who’s lived all her days in Stoney sent me her poems now included in this booklet but wanted to remain anonymous; but in my view there’s no point in that, so here are her wonderful poems complimented with some of my own poems, photographs and some information on the fine town of Stonehaven, (Ancient name Stanehyve) and I do hope you enjoy them.

A’ the best,

Stanley Bruce

BSc; I.Eng; MIMarEST.

Going Tae Stoney’s Pool

We’re going doon tae Stoney,
fer a dip in the pool,
it’s outdoor, but it’s warm, cos it’s heated,
but we a’ ken it’s cool!



The outdoor swimming pool, Stonehaven.

Junk Mail

I'm gonna sack the postie,
cos I'm fair fed up wi him,
he only brings mi junk mail,
fit ends up in the bin!

I dinna wint life insurance,
that I can niver use,
foo should I leave mi sillar,
tae pay fer ither folks booze,

I dinna need a funeral,
I think I'm still alive,
an' I dinna need double glazing,
tae help mi tae survive.

The wrinkle cream sent tae me,
wis said tae be a perk,
I've thrown it in the dustbin,
cos it disnae work!

I dinna need breast enhancement,
I'd rather sag alang,
an' the tape I got o' Crosby,
is nae mi favourite sang!

Keep-fit might be really fun,
bit I cudnae stan' the strain,
onywye I'm too auld,
I cudnae stan' the pain!

Thank ye for the invite,
tae test he latest car,
bit I hivnae got a licence,
so I cudnae tak ye far!

But junk-mail keeps mi smiling,
fan it lands upon mi mat,
so keep the rubbish coming,
I winna sack Postman Pat!

Jean Kemlo

One Summer

Nibbling at a flower,
then gracefully to fly,
making the most of every minute, every day,
for soon she will die.

‘One summer’ is all that she will see,
so quickly to come and be gone,
how lucky as human beings are we,
when life seems to go on and on.

Lucky, yet we will meet the same fate;

There is no pre-determined fate for us,
we don’t know when we will pass away
and the butterfly she makes no fuss,
she lives her life just for each day.

Should we live assuming we’ve got plenty time?
Or should we assume that tomorrow we will die?
Would we live our lives differently,
if all we had was ‘one summer’, like the butterfly?

Stanley Bruce



Red Admiral butterfly.

The life cycle of a butterfly can range from one month to one year depending on the species.

80

Another Year

Today dear Lord, I'm eighty
and there is so much I haven't done,
I hope dear Lord, you'll let me live,
until I'm eighty-one?

But then, if I haven't finished,
all I want to do,
would you please let me stay,
until I'm eighty-two?

So many places I want to go to,
so very much to see,
do you think you could manage,
to make it eighty-three?

The world is changing very fast,
there is so much in store,
I'd like so very much to live,
until I'm eighty-four.

And if by then I'm still alive,
I'd like to stay till eighty-five.
and see what happens just for kicks,
when I turn eighty-six.

I know dear Lord, it is much to ask
(And it must be very nice in heaven),
but I'd really like to stay down here,
until I'm eighty-seven.

I know by then I won't be fast
and sometimes I'd be late,
but it would be very pleasant,
to be around at eighty-eight.

I'll have seen so many things
and had such a wonderful time,
so I'm sure that I'll be willing,
to leave aged eighty-nine.

Maybe just one more thing I'd like to say, dear Lord
- thank you kindly,
but if it's okay with you,
I'd love to live past ninety.

.....

Of course, if I lived through the nineties,
(It's just a thought – I only wondered...)
How very nice to pass, the milestone o' a hundred! *Jean Kemlo*

100

The Peacock Butterfly

Although she only lives for one year,
her beauty is beyond compare,
and I could watch her for hours and hours,
transfixed as I blissfully stare!

Stanley Bruce



The peacock butterfly is said to be the most beautiful butterfly in the world.

Live Tae A Hunner!

If ye wid like tae live tae a hunner,
live yer life, dinna be a scunner.
If ye wunt tae see a century,
live yer life, happily.

Happiness brings lang life,
so get yersel a loving wife
an' if she nags an' gets ye doon,
yer life will end early, wearing a froom.

So live yer life,
wi a smile on yer face,
bring joy tae others,
an' peace tae the human race!

Stanley Bruce

Looking Fer Some TLC

Mi daughter gave a gift tae me,
a plant as bonnie as cud be,
it floored in it's plastic pot,
thinks I, that's a beauty I hiv got!

Noo Mam she says, just keep it wet,
feed it weel an' dinna forget,
tae keep it growing strong an' free,
gie it plenty TLC.

I listened tae her guid advice
an' thocht it wid be rather nice,
if I cud shop aroon an' see,
if I cud fin' some TLC.

I wint tae ivery shop in the toon,
searched the shelves up an' doon,
there wis a lot o' garden aids,
waterin' cans, rakes an' spades.

There wis stacks an' stacks o' DDT,
wi thirty percent extra free,
bit nae wye cud I see,
a single tin o' TLC.

Mi bonnie plant,
began tae wilt
an' I became,
consumed wi guilt.

It hung it's lugs, in the plastic pot
an' lost the battle it hid fought.
An' a cos it trusted me,
tae gie it lots o' TLC!

Jean Kemlo

Fireballs

Tak a fireball in yer han'
an' swing it roon an' roon,
swing it an' keep it swinging,
a' through Stoney's auld toon.

Stanley Bruce



George Barrie Fountain erected in 1897.

The Tolbooth



The 16th century Tolbooth, Stonehaven Harbour.

George Keith 5th Earl Marischal had 'Old Stonehaven' created as a burgh of barony in 1624, he also had Peterhead earlier created as a royal burgh in 1593.

The 'Tolbooth' is the oldest building in Stonehaven. From 1600 to 1767 it was the County Tolbooth (the courthouse and the prison), prior to that it's thought to have been used to keep stores for the castle. The building became rather run down in the mid 20th century but was saved by the local town council who lovingly restored it. It was later officially opened by the Queen Mother in 1963, downstairs is now a museum and upstairs a nice restaurant.

It's interesting to note that after the Jacobite uprising in 1745 secret baptisms were dispensed from one of its windows. It is known that three Episcopal clergymen Alexander Greig of Stonehaven, John Petrie of Drumlithie and John Troup of Muchalls who had been imprisoned by Presbyterians for six months in the winter of 1748-49 were frequently visited by fisherwomen carrying creels on their backs with their babies concealed inside brought for secret christenings.

Christian's House

The house was built in 1712. Around 1746 this house was used for Episcopalian services, only a maximum of four were allowed to congregate because of the earlier Jacobite rebellions. The house gets its name from Peter Christian, Solicitor and Sheriff-clerk of Kincardineshire who lived here in the 1850's.



*Christian's House
Doorway.*

In Oor Young Day

We were born before television, penicillin, polio shots.
Frozen goods, plastic, videos, contact lenses, ball point pens.
Dishwashers, tumble driers, electric blankets and drip dry clothes.
We got married first and lived 'the gither efter' (How quaint can you get?)
A 'Big Mac' was an outsized raincoat.
And a 'bit o' crumpet wis fit ye hid fer yer tea'.

We existed afore house husbands, computer dating, dual-careers.
Sheltered accommodation 'wis far ye waited fer a bus'.
We were born afore day centres, group hames and disposable nappies.
FM radio, word processors, yoghurt, young and auld men wearing earrings.

For us sharin' meant togetherness, a chip was a bit o' 'wid' (wood) or a fried tattie.
Hardware meant nuts and bolts, and software wisnae a word.
A stud 'wis fit ye fastened yer collar wi', and going all the way meant riding on the
bus tae the terminus.
Pizza's, M^{ac}Donald's and instant coffee were unheard of.

Grass was mown and coke was kept in the coal shed.
A joint was a 'bit o' meat ye hid on Sundays, an' pot wis fit ye cooked it in'.
A gay person, was the life and soul o' a party.
Aids meant a beauty treatment or helping somebody in trouble.

We must hae been a hardy bunch, when you think on how the world has changed.
Nae wonder we're confused, and there is a 'generation gap'.
But by the grace of God we hiv survived, tae tell the tale!

Jean Kemlo



Todhead Lighthouse.

Richard Henry Brunton (1841 to 1901)

One of Stonehaven's greatest sons he was a civil engineer and a pioneer who designed and built approximately fifty lighthouses around the coast of Japan during an eight year period when he was the Chief Lighthouse Engineer to the Japanese government. Brunton contributed greatly to the modernisation of the Japan in particular the modernisation of the city of Yokohama.

Covenanters' Stone



The rear of the Covenanters' Stone, Dunnottar Church, Stonehaven, Aberdeenshire.

This stone in Dunnottar Churchyard is the 'Covenanters' Stone' or 'Martyrs Stone' a memorial to the Covenanters' 122 men and 45 women who were cruelly imprisoned in the 'Whigs Vault' of Dunnottar castle in 1685 and died as a result of the imprisonment. (The stone was repaired by Robert Paterson in 1796).

The stone reads:

HERE LYES JOHN STOT ATCHISON
JAMES RUSSELL & WILLIAM BROUN
AND ONE WHOSE NAME WEE HAVE
NOT GOTTEN AND TWO WOMEN
WHOSE NAMES ALSO WEE KNOW
NOT AND TWO WHO PERISHED
COMING DOUNE THE ROCK ONE
WHOSE NAME WAS JAMES WATSON
THE OTHER NOT KNOWN WHO ALL
DIED PRISONERS IN DUNNOTTAR
CASTLE ANNO 1685 FOR THEIR
ADHERENCE TO THE WORD OF GOD
AND SCOTLAND'S COVENANTED
WORK OF REFORMATION REV JJ CH J2
VERSE.

The missing names are John White, William Breadie, Marie Gipsone and Jeane Muffet.



The front of the Covenanters' Stone.

A Haven By The Sea

As I drove doon the hill tae Stoney,
a picturesque, yet sprawling toon caught mi e'e,
a fine looking toon, a prosperous toon,
a haven by the sea.

It wis a Stoney man Robert Thomson,
fa invented the pneumatic tyre,
an' mi sixty-mile journey his bin a' the better fer them,
withoot them it wid hae bin dire!

Stanley Bruce

Robert William Thomson (1822 – 1873).

He patented the tyre in France in 1846 and in the USA in 1847. He had many other inventions most notable the 'self-filling fountain pen' which he exhibited at the Great Exhibition in the Crystal Palace in 1851.

Joy

I've done many things in my life
and I've always tried to help others,
I've always done what I could,
when no-one else bothers.

A friend said to me,
“Why do you do all these things?”
And I said simply to he,
“Because of the joy that it brings”.

It brings joy to my heart
and it brings joy to others,
it brings joy to the world,
to my sisters and my brothers.

For our time here on earth,
quickly passes by,
so enjoy and give joy, laugh and smile,
there's no need for anyone to cry.

And what is life, if not to enjoy?

Stanley Bruce



Mercat cross circa 1645 (Re-modelled in 1887 for Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee) and public barometer 1852 on the wall of the Town House of 'Old Stonehaven'. The town house was built in 1790.

2nd January 1716 the 'Old Chevalier' was proclaimed king as James VIII at the door of Fetteresso Castle and also here at the Stonehaven Mercat Cross.

George Keith 5th Earl Marischal



Plaque on the wall of this building (The Marischal Aisle) in Dunnottar churchyard is inscribed as follows: “This building first erected in 1582 was restored by the University of Aberdeen in 1913. It covers the last resting place of George Keith 5th Earl Marischal. He founded Marischal College in Aberdeen in 1593 and is interred here along with other members of his famous house. The hoarse sea winds and caverns of Dunnottar singing vague requiem to his honourable line and him in the imaginations of some few.” The aisle was built by George Keith 5th Earl as a family burial place.



Cowie Kirkyard

The first chapel at Cowie is said to have been built by St Nathalan (or Nachlan) in the seventh century. Nathalan preached the word of God but also taught the locals how to cultivate and grow crops. Legend says that he was a rich man and had great treasure which was wrapped in the hide of a bull and buried in land where the Kirkyard now stands. A well known Cowie rhyme says:

*“Between the kirk and the kirk ford,
There lies Saint Nathalan’s hoard”.*

The kirk ford used to be in the den below the chapel.

Cowie in its heyday was a royal burgh of greater importance than Stonehaven, to the south of the kirk stood Cowie Castle which fell into decline around 1645, scant remains of a wall can be seen but little else.

Within the Kirkyard the chapel of St Mary and St Nathalan otherwise known as the ‘Chapel of our lady of the storms’ was dedicated by the Bishop of St Andrews 22nd May 1276. The chapel fell into disuse soon after the reformation.



Cowie Kirkyard.

Once the roof of the chapel was taken off locals began to remove stones for use in other buildings and legend says that:

St Nathalan’s Steens

*The steens taken fae the Kirk o’ St Nathalan,
will rain draps o’ bleed,
on ony hoose built on ony lan’,
fer they wir taken oot o’ greed!*

Stanley Bruce

The Dutiful Minister's Wife

She smuggled out the Scottish crown jewels,
her life she did dutifully risk that day,
but Dunnottar was about to fall,
so they had to be whisked away.

With the crown under her apron,
the sceptre wrapped, as a staff disguised,
she new she had to save them,
because they were so loved and so prized!

Stanley Bruce

Cromwell's army besieged Dunnottar Castle in September 1651. The jewels were smuggled out and taken to the safety of Kineff Church where the Reverend James Grainger wrapped them in cloth and buried them. The crown and sceptre were placed under a slab adjacent to the pulpit and the sword under another slab at the west end of the church. The jewels were secretly kept here for nine years and every three months the minister and his wife would dig them up and dry them out at the fire to prevent them from deteriorating.

The jewels were returned to Charles II and taken to Edinburgh Castle in 1660. When the Scottish Parliament was dissolved in 1707 they were locked in a trunk and forgotten about until Sir Walter Scott requested a search for them in 1817, they were found in 1818 and since then they have been proudly displayed in the castle.



Replica crown jewels inside Kineff Church.



Kineff old church built in 1738. The preceding church dates back to 1242.

Dunnottar Church

The current church was built in 1782 and can currently seat 400 people.



Dunnottar Church, Stonehaven.

The Church Bells

When you're young,
you don't seem to worry about time,
you don't even notice or hear,
the church bells chime.

You've got all the time in the world,
that's how it really feels,
but 'Father Time' he wants time back
and every minute, every second he steals.

Before you know it,
you've hit the big 4-0,
half of your life is gone,
where did it go?

Half of your life has passed by,
you've spent half of your time,
now can you hear,
the church bells chime?

Stanley Bruce

The first Dunnottar Church was built in the fifth century and stood where Dunnottar Castle now stands. A second church dedicated to St Ninian was built on the promontory in 1276. In 1297 William Wallace burned it down with a garrison of English soldiers. Sir William Keith Earl Marischal built the first Dunnottar Church in its present location in 1394 said to be a sanctuary away from the constant hostilities around the castle. The church was rebuilt in 1593 then replaced with a much larger building in 1782. It was added to in 1869 and in 1903 it was completely restored and extended to the structure we see today.

2007 will be the 225th anniversary of the church.

The Auld Toon

Coming in fae the south ye hid the herring net factory an' the Carron Dam,
a' the young lassies worked at the nets, an in the dam the swans swam.
Next tae that was the Meal Mill an' the Coaching Hoose,
doon the street tae the County Jail, next tae mi skweel.

The 'Auld Toon' wis a busy fishing port,
wi lots o' shoppies fer us kids.

Toffee apples, bannocks, liquorice dabs, an' butteries wis the rule .
wi sixty bairns dashin' doon at playtime, the wifie's made a few quid!

Doon here wis the gasworks, Wordies an' Mathieson's fa made sweets an' rock,
there wir grocers, bakers, tradesmen fer whatever ye needed they'd stock.
The butcher's was below the auld toon clock, seen a' o'er the world at midnight on
Hogmanay.

Fa'n strurdy folk swing balls o' fire up tae the cannon an' back,
tae chase awa the demons, then throw them in the sea.

Jean Kemlo



The Ship Inn Stonehaven Harbour dates from 1711.

The Up Toon (New Town)

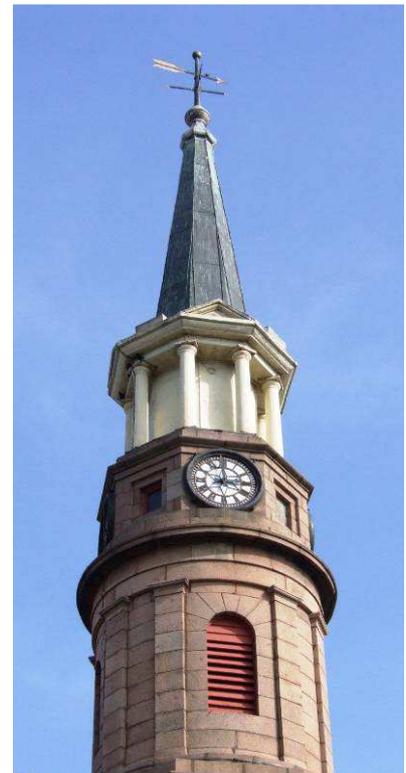
Cross o'er the 'Carron Brig' an' ye lan' in the square,
wi shops an' traders o' a' kind.

The Cowie Burn ran doon the back o' the Toon Hall',
ging doon the lanies an' o'er the briggies an' the beach ye'll find.

The Main Street wis lined wi pubs an' hotels, up tae the Cowie Brig,
then tae the station, an' ye wir in the country.

The cattle wir herded doon tae the mart richt across fae the Picture Hoose,
where wi watched oor heroes for 1/9 doonstairs, an' 2/3 fer the balcony,
wi a matinee on a Saturday fa'n a jelly jar got ye in!

Jean Kemlo



*The County building
(1826) 130' high clock
and spire (1856/57).*

Robbie Burns Memorial Garden.

Situated at the north end of the town on the Main Street there is a nice wee garden dedicated to Burns, this garden used to be the 'Old Brewery Garden' and in this garden as well as a bust of Rabbie Burns there is a plaque dedicated to 'Laura Anne'.



Robert Burns' grandparents are buried in Dunnottar Churchyard, they were farmers and lived at Clochnahill three miles south.

Laura Anne Smith was a young woman whose life was tragically snatched away prematurely. She was attacked by a goat which she was attending and suffered severe internal injuries and died. The plaque was placed in the garden by her mother Mildred Dellbridge who lived in Turner's Court in 1990, and the pink and biscuit orange roses in the garden were specially commissioned by her and created by James Cocker and Son Aberdeen as a permanent memorial to her daughter who loved roses.

A Message Tae Rabbie

Rabbie, oh Rabbie,
yer words are sae mighty an' fine,
maybe one day in the future,
they'll say the same about mine.

An' maybe one day we can sit doon,
(in heaven)
jist ye an' me the gither,
an' write a wordie or twa,
an' hae a gweed blether!

Stanley Bruce

Laura Anne

A young life taken,
cut so drastically short,
a mother's heart painfully
breaking,
longing for support.

Her loving child,
unfairly taken away,
she's justifiably riled,
saddened, in dismay!



Sixty Years On

Stan' at the top o' the Bervie Braes an' view,
an idyllic scene fae the wids tae the golf course ye'll see,
there's still boats left in the harbour, jist fer pleasure,
the fishin' is finished noo an' folk hae mare leisure.

The Cowie Burn, runs straight tae the sea, doon at the recreation ground,
an' at the tap o' the auld toon rinnin' tae the sea, the moo o' the Carron is found.
Wi still hiv the lanies, bit the three briggies hiv a' bin hauled doon,
the landmarks are a' demolished, a' ye see are hooses fae the pool tae the pier in
Stoney toon!

It's a lovely walk on deckin' richt roon the bay,
wi plenty bits tae sit doon on if ye tire alang the way.
Gone are the Yarn-works, the Picture Hoose an' the Whisky Bond,
the Auction Mart, Turner's yard an' Milne's lemonade yard.

Stoney's twice the size noo, the industrial estate's been the heirt oot o' the hive,
sma shops are closed, or turned intae takeaways, pizza bars, or fish an' chips tae
keep us a' alive.

There's hooses richt up tae the by-pass noo, the ferms hiv a' bin sold,
an' plans are in han' fer a big shoppin' mall, but fer a twa mile walk, I'm o'er auld!

I've nae doot it'll be a swanky place, miles an' miles o' corridors,
there'll be escalators fer us auld folk, fa like tae save oor legs,
or ye can ride up tae the tap fleer in a budgie cage.
Ye'll nae hae tae cross a busy street,
but I hope they pit in some seats tae rest mi feet.

It'll be awfa easy tae get intae, but I hope there's a guide tae the exits,
fer folk like me trauchlin roon in circles mi heid in a daze,
trying tae fin' the richt road oot!
They say Stoney's changed fer the better, bit I hae mi doots,
I've bidden here a' mi days, fer it's here I planted mi roots.

Jean Kemlo

Lanies - lanes



A view of Stonehaven Bay from the south.

The Cannon

Mentioned earlier in 'The Auld Toon' was a cannon, this is a very old cast iron ship's cannon which has been unusually set vertically as a bollard into the pavement at the corner of Arbuthnott Place.

At The Pearly Gates

When my time comes,
to stand at the Pearly Gates,
will the ones who greet me there,
be my family and my mates?

Will we all once again be reunited?
Be once again together?
Will we recognise each other
'An' hae a gweed blether?'

Will they all look young?
Or will they all look old and grey?
Will they be as I remembered them,
when it comes to my judgement day?

It doesn't really matter to me,
how they may look or appear,
as long as I can see them all again,
I'll pass through the gates, with no fear!

Stanley Bruce



The Cannon.



At the beach aside the decking there is a dolphin sculpture made from steel rods which was created by Andy Scott in 2004.

Stoney

There's auld an' new things in Stoney,
there's a cannon ye canna fire,
there's a hairber that looks awfa bonnie,
an' it's far Thomson invented the tyre.

There's history a' aroon here,
especially at the Castle o' Dunnottar,
it's majestic, it's magnificent,
boy is it a stotter!

The House of Ury stan's roofless in ruins,
the Covenanters' stone is there fer a' tae see,
an' the new bust o' Robert Burns,
looks a brammer tae me!

The war memorial is mighty fine,
an' it looks doon o'er the toon,
it's a cracker, it's een o' a kind,
an' it can be seen fae miles aroon.

An' then we've got the Mercat Cross,
stan'ing outside the Toon Hall,
an' there's a great big barometer,
strategically placed in the wall.

Noo doon at the hairber,
there's an auld sun-dial at the quay,
it's next tae the Tolbooth,
the auldest building yer likely tae see.

There's sailing boats in the bay,
there's a fantastic heated open air pool,
relax an' wile the day away,
for this place is pretty cool!

The fossil o' a pre-historic creature,
wis found at the Cowie shore,
an' the auld Kirkyard, fit a feature,
is there fer ye tae explore.

And at Hogmanay fa'n the clock strikes midnight,
it's noo seen a' aroon the world,
an' in Stoney fit a grand sicht,
tae see the fireballs being furred!

Stanley Bruce



*Cast iron cycle-way marker at
Stonehaven Railway Station, erected
in 2000 as part of a millennium cycle
route project.*

The End

We shall end now where it all possibly began,
four hundred and twenty million year ago,
a fossil found at Cowie Harbour,
but no, it's not our Jean Kemlo!

But yes, it is the oldest air breathing creature,
the oldest millipede that man does know,
and it has some wonderful features,
just like our Jean Kemlo!

And we look forward to more from our Jean,
because 'we a' ken she's aye on the go',
and this is only a small piece that we've seen,
not a peak, merely a plateau!

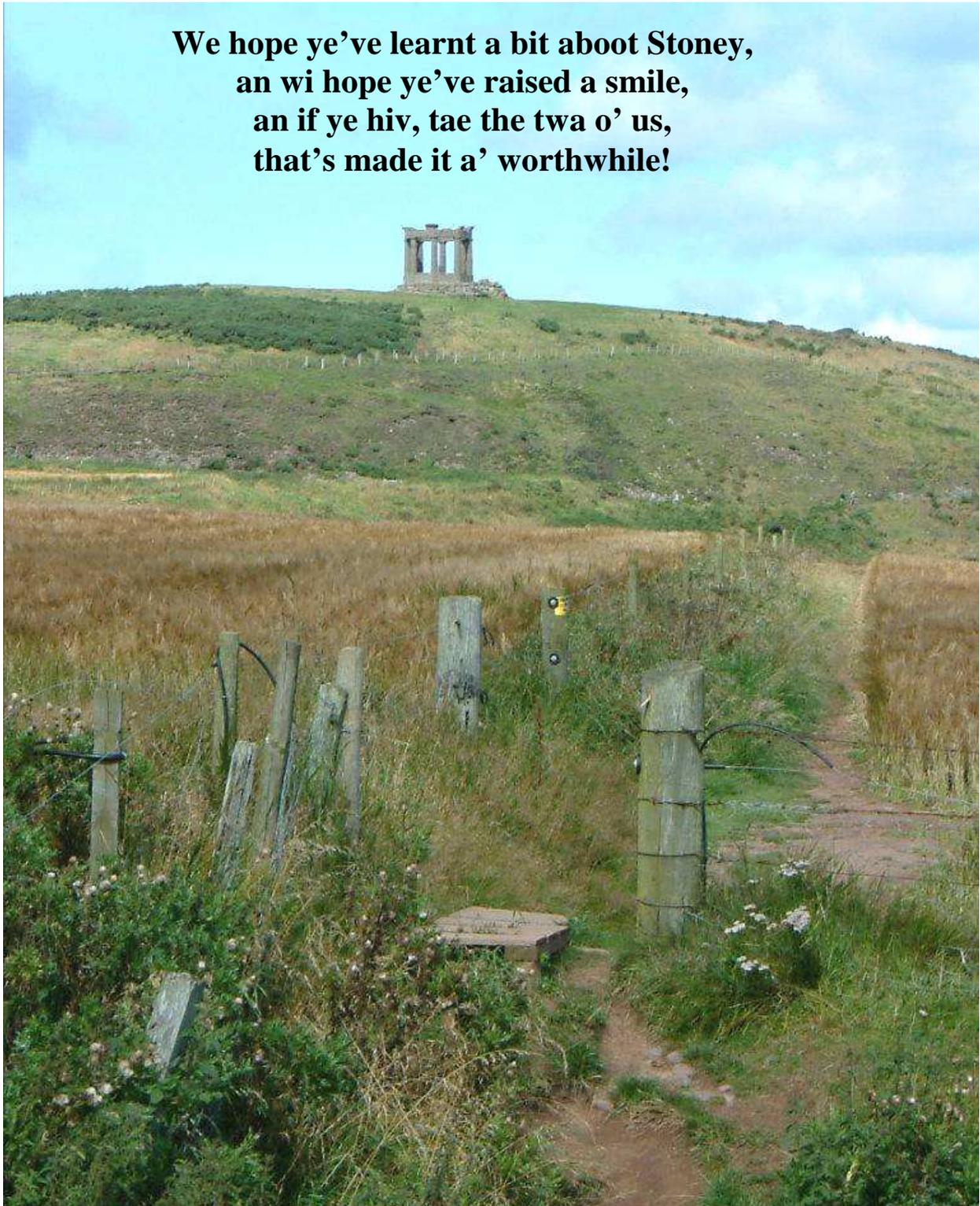
Stanley Bruce

The prehistoric fossil found by Michael Newman a local bus driver and amateur palaeontologist was confirmed as the oldest fossil of an air-breathing creature ever found by experts at the National Museum of Scotland and at Yale University in the USA. The creature has been named Pneumodesmus Newmani in Michael's honour. The fossil is twenty million year older than a spider-like creature found also in Aberdeenshire at Rhynie.



Postcard of Stonehaven Harbour by Valentine and Sons 1923.

'Anonymous In Stoney' is Stonehaven's own Jean Kemlo's witty and intriguing poetry complimented with some of Stonehaven's very interesting local history and photography. A compilation that will be treasured by many.



**We hope ye've learnt a bit aboot Stoney,
an wi hope ye've raised a smile,
an if ye hiv, tae the twa o' us,
that's made it a' worthwhile!**

Stonehaven War Memorial and coastal path looking from the south.