

Dubby Beets and Ripped Breeks!

By Sandy Scott

In reminiscing what seemed to be long Summer days of my youth, where Summer lasted for month upon month and the furthest we would go was to the Inner Beattie at the Cove shore, I was remembering getting to and from our primary school, now Loirston Annexe.

In Primary one and two during the 1970s, I seem to remember having to walk the heady distance from Sinclair Crescent to school using the 'long route' along the main road and past Mr Leven's the Post Office (after the Post Office was closed in Old Cove) and up the big hill before lining up at the hand bell, announcing the school day had begun.

In the winter we were issued reflective vests to go over our jackets and under our satchels. I can still smell the distinct rubber smell of new vests! The idea that a school might close due to snow, hadn't reached Cove and we trundled through all



The Cove school bell and weather vane (dated 1865) which were on the gable wall, are now installed at Loirston School.

The old Cove Library on Cove Road was replaced by the new which opened in November 2005.

weathers, ever grateful when we reached the Library that signalled the start of school premises.

Of course as we grew older, 'the shortcut' was taken to get kids back home sooner, in time to watch Blue Peter or Roobarb and Custard! I think the latter was on nearer 6pm. So off we set leaving school, across the football pitch, heading for a well-worn path through fields, (no 'American houses' had been built yet) but first, the burn had to be navigated and the inevitable barbed wire fence.

It was on one of these occasions, that having gained rite of passage due to being 8 years old that I would try to jump the burn, missing the fact that barbed wire has a particular property of catching slightly flared trousers. I never thought a small burn could harbour so much mud! End result.. a squelching boy turns up at home, trousers ruined and feet soaking! I remember thinking if I had done it on the way to school, Mrs Westland or Mrs Cattanach may have helped me dry out in the school kitchens before heading to Mrs Aitkens class (I remember Mrs Aitken had identical twin daughters) but alas no!

Dubby beets and ripped breeks... I may have missed Roobarb and Custard that night!

