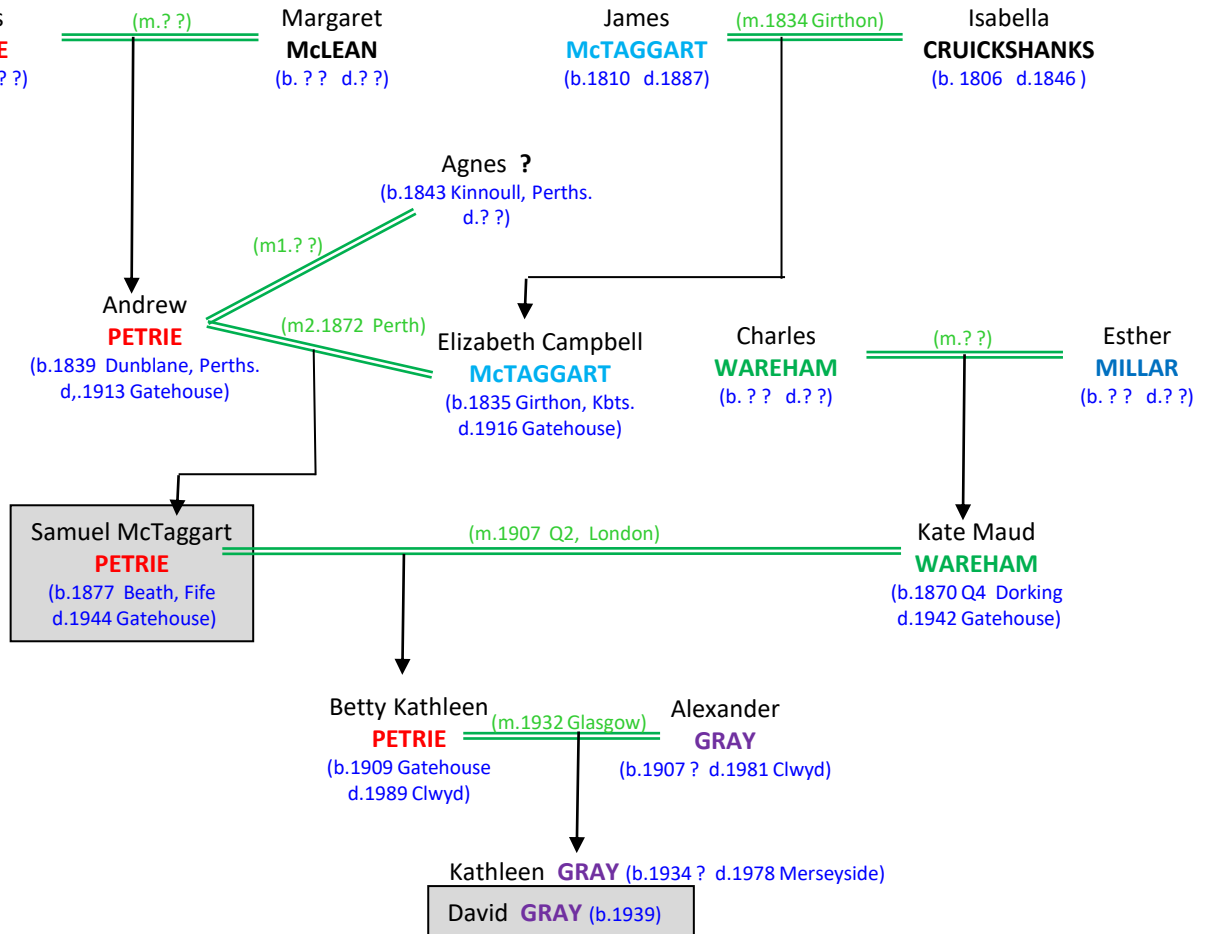
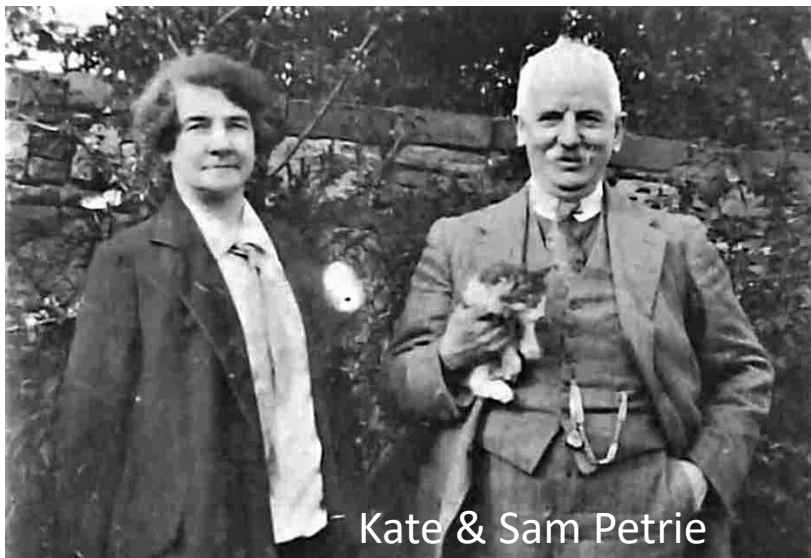


Sam PETRIE and David GRAY

PETRIE ancestry

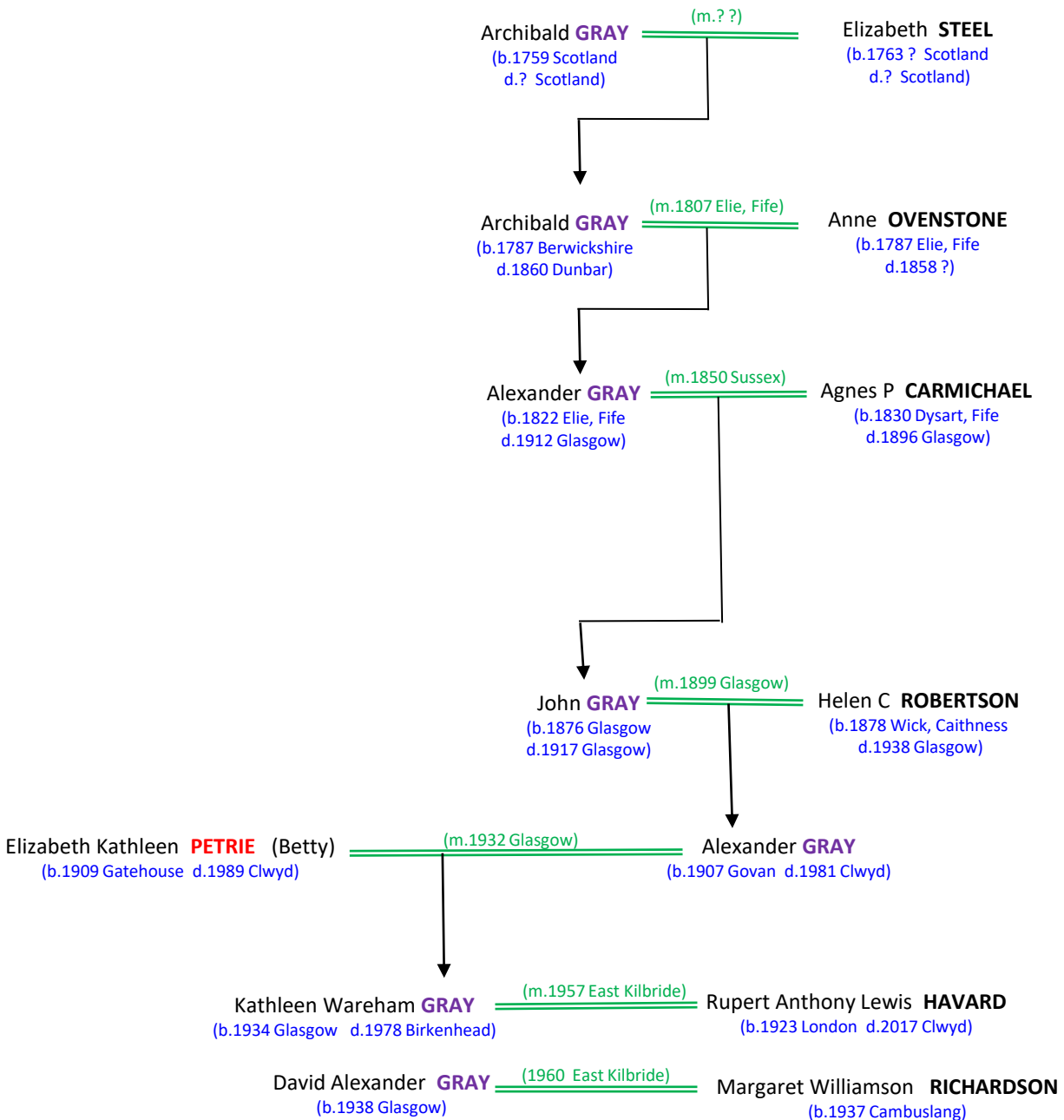


Sam Petrie owned the bakery business at 21 High Street, Gatehouse. His grandson, Technology teacher David Gray now lives with his wife Margaret in New Zealand. Below are some family photos and some of David's poems.



Kate & Sam Petrie

GRAY ancestry



There was an Airdrie-based sawmill business, David Gray Sawmills, which owned a water-powered sawmill that was once located at Burgh Parks near Memory Lane. The David Gray who owned the sawmill business is not known to be a relative of the above David Alexander Gray.

Petrie Gravestone at Girthon Cemetery



Erected
by
Andrew Petrie
in loving memory of
James Petrie
his son, who died at Gatehouse
on the 27th June 1884
aged 21 years.

Also the erector Andrew Petrie
who died at High Street Gatehouse Sept 9th
1913 aged 74 years.

Also Elizabeth Campbell McTaggart
wife of the erector who died at High Street
Gatehouse 8th Decr 1916 aged 81 years.

Also Kate Maud Wareham, beloved
wife of Samuel Petrie, son of the erector
who died at Gatehouse 26th Jan^y 1942
aged 65 years.

Also the above Samuel Petrie, who died
at Gatehouse 2nd March 1944 aged 67 years.

Thy will be done

Alexander Gray
& Betty Petrie
- David Gray's parents



Betty Gray with David & Kathleen



David Gray trying out the bakers' look



Betty Petrie, Freda Hunter (holding pet Jackdaw), Moira McConnel, Mrs Hunter, Vi Keely



**David ("Sam") &
Margaret Gray.**

David was nicknamed Sam
after his grandfather Sam
Petrie – the name stuck !



This poem was written by David Gray (aka "Sam") as a tribute to WWI veteran Charlie Manson who was a keen member of the Gatehouse Angling Club. It was published in the Galloway News in 1971.

To Charlie – A Galloway Angler

Tak it easy noo wee son,
Haud on tae me,
Watch that rabbit hole,
I'll shine the licht where ye can see.

The moon's gone doon,
The water's lookin richt,
Come on wee chap, Gosh,
See that salmon jump; man what a sicht.

*To watch a craftsman is indeed a thrill,
To see auld Charlie tie a nimbleknot,
And watch his gentle touch,
On all the rainbow coloured flies,
Like a mother rocks the cot, on a night dark as pitch,
And cauld as cauld can be,
This artisan of angling
Hands down his gifts to me,
And I treasure every minute,
Of this old dark haired shrine,
Who seeks to join in nature,
With a rod, fly, hook and line.*

Now see here, wee chap,
Dinnae move arroon,
He'll hear your very breath,
So haud yer whist, dinnae mak a soun'.

See that strong ripple,
Aye, just by the Battery pool,
That's where the salmon lie;
They rise and feed and keep themsels' cool.

Drap it gentle like,
Noo cannie, whoa, that's fine;
Keep a loop outside the reel,
Let your fingers feel the line."

*I'm cold and tired of waiting,
For the fishing's fairly slow,
Yet Charlie, getting on in years,
He doesn't let it show,
He sits and waits till time
And water change their wistful ways
And tells of times when as a lad
He walked for days and days
To tread the streams that salmon ply,
To lie there 'neath the stook,
Wi' a hawthorn twig and lots o' time,
And a guddle near the neuk.*

Whee-e-e, that's it ma son,
The salmon's on the line,
Let him run a wee bit free,
Dinnae rush, gie him time, gie him time.

He's keepin ticht, that's good, that's good;
Noo watch, dinnae let him skoot,
Aye, a few quick turns, that's grand,
Man, ye'll be a fisher 'fore this nicht's oot.

He's getting kinna tired,
Keep a ticht haun on the line,
Just bring him in gentle like,
Aye, aye, yer daen fine.

Bring him closer tae the side;
You reel, I'll haud the net,
Oh! That's a lovely fish,
It's the bonniest yin this year, I'll bet.

*I've heard the tales before,
Yet I listen every time,
To days of Himalayan hunts,
And tiger shoots sublime,
I asked of Sergeant Charlie,
To tell his life away,
Twenty years of sweat and tears,
From the "Kosbies" to Bombay;
This man who wandered off
To see his Scottish land,
Returned from war to home,
Who came back wise and grand,
What did this mountain seek ?
A river and a stream,
And time to fish o'er Galloway;
That was the angler's dream.*

EPITAPH:

I see a bonnie river,
I see a bonnie dell,
I see someone fishin'
Farewell auld frien', farewell.

Galloway remembered in New Zealand

*A poem by David Gray (aka Sam)
Published in the Galloway News 1970*

Oh Gatehouse, Fleet and Galloway,
The place I call my own;
I often sit here thinking
Of days that I used to roam;
Days when I used to wander
Up and doon the Fleet,
Roon past the Stanin' Stane,
And the fisher folk I'd meet.

This promised land I live in
Has been awfy good to me,
But my Gallovidian heartache
Will be wi' me till I dee.

I can see it a' sae clearly,
The Galla Hill and Fleuchlarg Burn,
A dauner "roon the water"
When a' the work is done,
Up past Ivy Cottage and
Doon tae Girthon Kirk.
Am I merely dreaming
Or is this dream a quirk
Of fate' to keep on minding
Of one's own home and kin,
Of days spent up at Trool
And sights I saw at Rhinn.

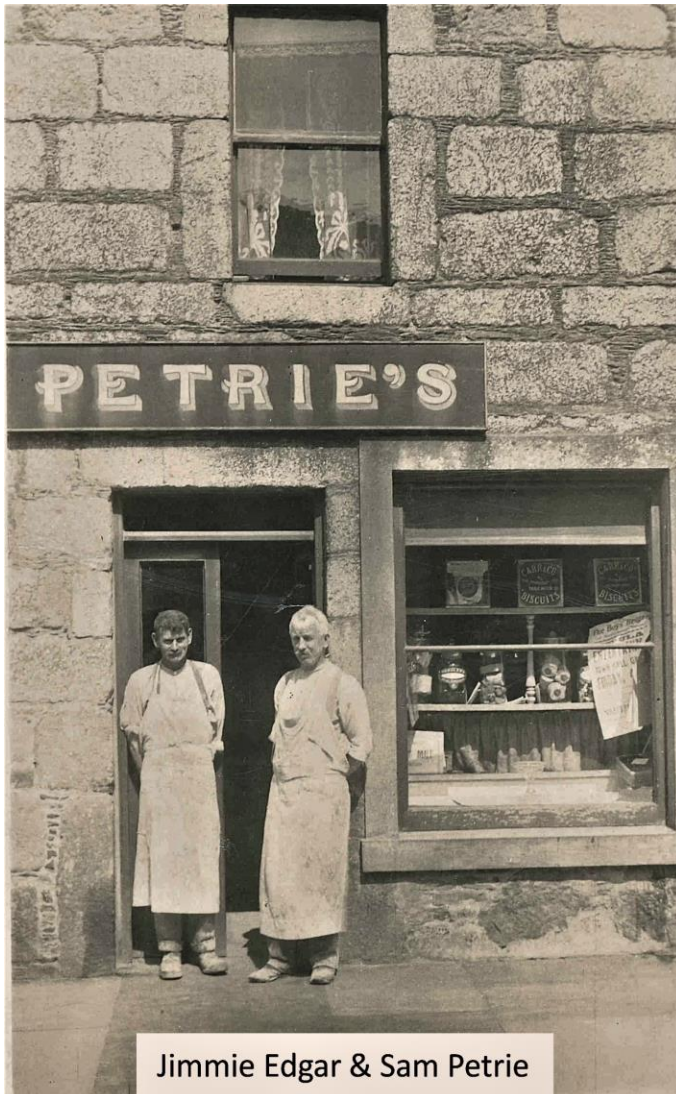
Childhood days are fondest days
When one is free to roam
O'er the land that rich in all
That one call call one's home.
My eyes are closing slowly
And sifting back the years
My heart is up on Merrick,
Loch Grannoch holds my tears,

My feet are firmly planted
O'er a' the Solway shores,
Be it the "Isle" of Anwoth,
Brighthouse or Drumores.
Each part of me somewhere
On Gallovidian land,
Frae Carsphairn tae Dunragit
Frae Cree tae Solway sand

The Southern Cross is shining
And dancing on the sea
The sun shines very brightly,
It's all been good to me.
Then tell me why I often
Dream of the days gone by
When I used to climb the "chessie" trees,
Pluck holly oot the sky
Wi' eyes that blinked at the glimmer
On a' the granite stanes.
Am I merely dreaming
Or is it still the same ?
Do folk still sit at nights
And watch the salmon 'neath the brig ?
Do men still thresh the corn ?
Does the laird still drive the gig ?
Is the heather still as thick ?
And bracken still as broon ?
Or am I only asking
About something gone too soon ?

To the young folk I say this
Be proud as proud can be
Of Gatehouse, Fleet and Galloway,
It means so much to me.

**Petrie's Bakery
21 High Street**



Jimmie Edgar & Sam Petrie

*Retyped article from a 1975
New Zealand local newspaper
Hauraki Plains Gazette*

The Street has not changed

For Scottish-born Paeroa school teacher Mr David Gray, a special function for the Scottish International netball team held last week provided a unique opportunity for catching up on the news from 'home'. Mr Gray and his wife Margaret, billeted two of the visiting girls during the team's stay in Paeroa where an exciting match was played against the Thames Valley side, the score ending at 35-30 in favour of Scotland.

At the after match reception the hosts were introduced to Miss Maeve Wilson, president of the Scottish Netball Association since 1971. Miss Wilson mentioned that she, like David, was from the southern border country, Kirkcudbrightshire to be accurate. Which village? 'Gatehouse', replied Miss Wilson.

'The "well I nevers"' changed to sounds of astonishment as she defined her exact address at the request of Mr and Mrs Gray.

21 High Street – the very house where Mr Gray grew up as a boy before his parents sold it to Miss Wilson's parents in 1949 !

Like David, Maeve Wilson is a secondary school teacher, a coincidence which would appear to be insignificant alongside the odds of travelling to the other side of the world only to meet 'the people who lived in the house before us'.

The news was that the street hadn't changed at all.