

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES OF MRS ISABEL HARRISON , 139 MAIN STREET, BUCKPOOL, BUCKIE.

She was interviewed at her home in September 1988 by Mrs Patsy Murray on behalf of the Buckie District Fishing Heritage Society .

“Well Isabel did you spend all your childhood days in Buckie? “

“Aye, I wis born in this hoose and lived here a’ that time. I played roon here and had a great childhood, far better than the bairns hiv noo because we were fortunate to be born at the time that we were because we had a secure, safe background wi grannies, grandas, uncles and aunties tat a bade roon aboot. Fin yi wintit a piece yi jist geed intae yer Auntie Muggie’s or intae yer granny’s an it wis aye a bit loaf an’ jam, nae chocolate pieces. The only time that we really got fancy pieces wis birthdays, syne yi hid a party fin yi eest tae get yon iced jennies an d aeyton sandwiches oot a Paterson’s doon the toon. Do yi mine on Paterson’s Doon the toon?”

“Certainly.”

“Di yi mine on Maggie Jessie? Di yi mine the trayckle machine, fin yi wint doon wi a teem jeely jar tae get it fult? They hid a machine that eest tae lat oot the tracyle. Di yi mine on that?”

“Certainly.”

“Abidy played roon aboot an doon at the beach wi lamies, at kick the cannie, heest the flaggie, abidy played the gither. You could have geen the length an breadth of Buckie and naebody wid have hurt yi, yi widna dare walk by the Square on a Seterday nicht noo.”

“Did your pals a came fae roon aboot?”

“Aye doon here there wis Rita Bowie, Albert Bowie and Ernie Bowie. They bade at the bottom of the steppies and Mary and Lisbeth Geddes bade at the ither side o the steppies. There wis Jeannie Clark, Isobel Bowie, Jeannie Bowie, Albert John, Robert Bain, Sybil Bain and then Nannie and Marion Hay and a that crowd Ernie Boyne and them were next tae Elsie. Then yi came up the road and there wis Weelmie King, Walter Ewen, Weelum George, John Geddes and Ettie and Margaret Foam. Efter that there wis Nancy Geddes and her breather, we eest tae hae a joke, ‘Fit wis the safest hoose in Buckie?’ The answer wis, ‘The Coulls because they hid a ‘Gunn’ on either side o them at the ‘Barracks’ across fae them.’ We thocht that wis great. Do you mine on the ‘Barracks’?”

“Aye, doon at the swings.”

“Do you mine fin the slate grey coffin wis found doon aside the aul hairber. They pult doon a building there and found a slate coffin.” (This was in 1936 when the town council were demolishing the tenement block at ‘Hairy Corner’) “

“That must have been somebody who was buried there a long time ago.”

“When we played yi didna need a lot o money. Yi played doon the beach, yi gaithered lamies, a tin for yer weights wi a steen on’t an yi quid play ‘shoppies’. Aye tangles an bits of glass, fite glass wi a gold strippy or a silver strippy that wis a shillin. A littler bittie o the same wis a sixpence, a plain bit o glass that wis a penny and then if yi hid coloured glass, like chemist’s bottles an that, that wis a the different kine o sweets.”

“I kin mine gaun the hale length of the beach lookin for tins for wir shoppies.”

“Aye, we geed richt doon as far as the aul herber. Di yi mine the boats in the aul herber, the Buckpool herber. They took aul boats in there tae brak them up. Wis you iver playin in there?”

“No, no.”

“We eest tae get murdered for that.”

“We wis niver further than the wall (well).”

“When we geed tae the aul herber wee eest tae sneek on tae the aul boats, that wis in there tae be broken up. If yer mither fun oot yi wis murdered.”

“Can you mine when we used to see the nets with their corks spread on the beach stanes and we crawled below the nets?”

“Oh aye. Di yi mine fin they hid the biler there fin they biled up the tar tae dee their ropes. Do you mine fin yi got a hurl on the cairt? Yi sat on the cairt an yi thocht yi wis dick an again fin yi geed tae the Sunday School picnics.”

“Did yi iver ging in a cairt tae the picnics?”

“No we wir Brethren, yi see, and we eest tae gang up tae Drybridge or places like that. I mine eence we went tae Tillynaught. I dinna ken fit wye we got there bit we eest tae ging tae Deskford and Drybridge, nae ower far for the horse and cairt. If yi wis lucky yi got tae sit in the tail o the cairt wi yer legs dangling ower the back.”

“That’s been fun then.”

“And then div yi mine going up tae the station at Buckpool tae get the train to Elgin on the Buckie holiday?”

“Certainly, that was your annual treat.”

“How much money did yi get, wis it a tanner?”

“You got money tae pay you on the boats.”

“Aye yi hid a sixpence.”

“*A walk around Woollies.*”

“Aye ‘n yi maybe bought a purse for thrippence tae hud yer ither thrippence in.2

“*I mine seeing the girders when you was going ower the Spey Bridge and I thought they were huge.*”

“Aye, I thought they were enormous, like the Forth Bridge. In Elgin I eest tae stop at Mrs Officer’s shop on the way up fae the station and spend a haepenny.”

“*You always got something to buy oot of Woollies.*”

“Oh aye, eence on the boaties and syne hame.”

“*Well I want you to tell me about when it was rolling egg day – the fun we had. It was a great day for us.*”

“Oh aye, yi spent weeks a weeks afore yi startit, preparing yer placie at the Gollachy Burn. Then yi geed up an got yer placie a’ ready and when the day came yi geed awa wi yer pace eggs and di yi mine hoo yi geed roon a yer chums wi yer coloured eggs and gave them an egg and you got ane back in return.”

“*I can min fin we hid an enamel basin filled up ower the top wi eggs, a wi different colours.*”

“Tae dye the eggs some used ingin skins- they wir the broon anes, broom blossom for yalla anes. Di yi mine on cooper’s cairt fae eest tae come roon the streets on a Setterday nicht? I kin mine the smell o that fruit yet, his aiples wis a polished.

I tell yi fit I mine maist o a’ that wis objecting strongly tae being at the school an ha’ing tae speak English, because that was really difficult. Why on earth we had to speak English at oor school if defeats me yet. Okay teach us grammar, okay teach us English poetry but leave us tae oor ain language.”

“*Do you mine on any of your teachers, Isabel?*”

“Oh aye, did ee dee art? The art classes that’s the thing that gets me, we eest tae get a strip o wallpaper border and yi hid tae draw it. this wis creative art, nae muckle winner we wir thick.”

“But yi got a good grounding.” “Oh aye yi got a good grounding but yi wis feert, yi wis terrified tae go tae school. If yi geed tae the school an yi wir late yi got the trap. Kin you mine on the peer bairns gan tae school wi holes in their sheen an athing an them comin in an takkin their sheen aff an pittin them aside the fires an pies tae dry. Some o the classes hid spare sheen for the bairns that hidna or quidna afford sheen.”

“*And the country bairns, di yi mine on them?*”

“Aye they came doon fae the country an they wir affen soakin weat in the winter time.”

“*An they hid tae walk a the wye tae the school, there wis nae buses then.*”

“Oh aye and they were a lot healthier.”

“*We a hid tae walk tae school.*”

“Oh aye bit mind you I dinna ken fit happened tae you anes fin you were nae weel, but I mine fin we hid a sair throat we hid tae ging ower tae my granny’s – see ma granny bade diagonally opposite oor hoose here and granny and granda were the maist important fowk in our young lives. Onything new yi geed tae yer granny first, granny saw yer new outfit afore onybidy else, oh aye. If yi hid onything wrang wi yi, granny said if it wis the doctor or if she could cure it first. Say if yi hid a sair throat she hid iodine, some kind o iodine and a lang brush and she held doon yer tongue wi a speen and she hid this brush – ken this we wir petrified, but it cured us.”

“*The family was a unit then, there’s nae such thing noo.*”

“Oh aye, we hid Auntie Muggie along at Great Western Road. My father eest tae ca Great Western Road, ‘small island’ an if yi wis along the toon yi eest tae ging intae Auntie Muggie’s for a piece, yi didna hae tae wait until yi went hame.”

“*You often played wi a the Great Western Road bairns.*”

“Oh aye, I wis one o the Great Western Roaders. Mine the concert we had during the war tae raise funds for the Red Cross. Yi see we hid a big crowd doon here tee, oor Sandy and them when they oot in their cairts, mine there wis a time for cairts, a time for bools a time for skippin ropes an bladies, yi mine, hiplicks and double skippin and French skipping. Yi got a big rope fae yer father. Yi see my father was at the fishin, he took ower fae my granda on the ‘Prestige’ an he geed tae the sailin in atween the fishin until the ‘Prestige’ sprung a leak. I wis four, I mine that day bonny as yi like, we geed along tae my granny’s but when yer father wis awa yer mither wis mither an father baith.”

“*Certainly a lot of fishermen’s wives had tae dee that.*”

“Oh aye, oh aye, an yi widna dare say no tae yir mither. If yi were oot playin and the wifie next door wanted a loaf oot o McWilliam’s yir mither geed oot the door and gave a roar. Yi eest tae rin tae McWilliam’s for that loaf whither yi hid jist been tae the toon or no. It wisna ‘No’. ‘I’m tired’ ‘No, I hivna a bike.’ Ye geed.”

“*The bairns did a the messages lang ago an there wis nae supermarkets. There wis instead a lot o wee shoppies an yi did a the shopping there.*”

“Oh aye, di yi mine on Paul’s, the chipper next door tae Georgie Sandison’s and Mrs McDougall nest door. She selt athin, like a general shoppie.”

“*I mine getting a ha’penny and wondering far tae spend it and looking intae the shop window at the top of the brae.*”

“Oh aye, Mary Jean’s.”

“*Then there wis a shoppie in Land Street and Jean’s in St Peter’s Terrace. We hid three shoppies tae pass on the road tae the school.*”

“Then yi hid Mary Reid’s in Great Western Road, there wis two shops, Mary Reid’s and Mrs Williamson’s but div yi mine Mrs Campbell’s opposite the school – that wis luxury. I mine a ha’penny caramel cup oot a Mrs Campbell’s.”

“Did you get a lot of ha’pennies?”

“No, no, that wis a treat, It wis a ‘maik’ that ye cawd it, It wis a maik an yi quid get a Sherbet Dab or a caramel cup. Div yi mine on them – aye?”

“I mine on the big sweeties that yi sucked an d they changed colour.”

“Oh aye, the Gob-stoppers. The colour aye changed. Didn’t we ca’ them Bull’s eyes?”

“Do you mine the Buckpool station?”

“Aye, Jockie Bosun hid two capes (caps) – an official cape, he wis the porter. I mine on that. Next door tae us we hid Meggie Bosun an fin we made a slidie, it wis wi John and Weelum George, fae oor posie ower tae Paton’s an fin we geed in for wir tae Meggie wis oot wi the saut pittin it on wir slidie for makkin a noise ootside her door.”

“In our young day you could play on the road.”

“Aye there wis nithin.”

“You could see the horse and cairts coming or when there was a bus you could see how many times you could cross the road before the bus came.”

“Oh aye bit then yi see we hid the Copie van, and yi hid Fowler’s van, Fowler the baker’s van an in the mornin yi hid yer rollies delivered. Some o them hid horses and cairts bit maist o the time it wis loonies that came roon wi the rolls and yi hung a bag on yer door knob and yer wis either puttin in the bag or on yer fan licht.”

“You could trust folk.”

“Oh naebody touched them and yer door wis niver lockit, yi niver hid tae lock a door or nithin like that.”

“Can you mine seeing the folk sitting wi their knitting Isabel on the beach?”

“Aye, I mine fin the weemen eest tae tak their basses doon intae the tide tae wash them. Well I hivna seen weemen washin in the tide till I geed tae Greece last eer and there was a fairmer’s wife washin her sheets and I thocht that wis jist like oor mither’s washin the basses.

“The blankets used to be spread on the whin bushes on the beach.”

“Aye bit div yi mine a the fite claes wis putten on the greenie an they geed roon wi a rooser an watered them as they dried up an that’s fir wye they did it.”

“I think the summers were warmer lang ago.”

“Aye, oh aye, and did yi iver mak a tentie oot a harn bags. Harn bags, twa broom poles and preens – Great!. And div yi mine along at the salmon bothy we hid concerts and athin, it wis great. Anither thing I kin mine wis the walk tae the Burnie Gollachy for a drink a watter oot o the wally – Munros - along there, di yi mine?”

“I mine, ‘All who thirst may drink while it runs’ wis the inscription on the stane. And then there wis the Ladies Wally, we went up there for a houp o water. And there wis the ‘Sanny Banks.’”

“Oh aye,”

“Yi didna play in your good claes though.”

“No, no, no yi hid a Sunday outfit an yi kept hit for Sunday then fin yi were deen we it wis passed on tae somebody else and it was their Sunday outfit and then yi hid yer school claes an yi took them aff fin yi went hame for fear o bladding them. It wis aye hame-knitted jumpers we wore. “

“There wis nae such a thing as trainers, we jist ran about in aul cottees.”

“Aye, cottees.”

“Mony fowk the day winna ken fit cottees are.”

“A pair of plimsoles – hale green plimsoles, I used tae gang barfit onywee.”

“Can you mine on any prices, Isabel?”

“I can mine that I had got a new pair of sandals and it was Clark’s double barred sandals and it wis near the war-time and my mither was murnin like mad cause they were 7/6 and that wis awfy dear, hale, hale dear. Fit I’ve deen wi a my old photos is putten them intae scrapbooks and written a the relevant details about athin and my loons have got them. A the old photos o my granny and his.

“That’s a heritage in itsel a that photos.”

Oh aye they are a there. I have put doon athing, fa they are, fit relation they are. I hiv a my widden receipts, my loons hiv got them a.

Fin we were little we eest tae ging wi my grannie tae Rottenhillock (Deskford). She eest tae hire Donaldson’s taxi. She geed up there for a fortnicht tae bide at this fairmie for a break and my Auntie Muggie, my mither an us eest tae go wi her. In the car there wis steelies, poofies, faul doon seats an athin we wir a ram-packed in an we a geed up tae get the gweed o the taxi. This place eest tae hae boarded oot fowk, they wir like the servants fa did the orra work. I aye mine on that cos my grannie aye took up something tae the fowk and then we eest tae gang doon tae Sandend an ma mither and Auntie Muggie had their tokes, their gran hats on and their crepe-de chine frocks tae ging tae the sea side and me in a kilt and socks tae my knees. “

“Can you mine on the food that yi ate – nae fancies?”

“Yi hid yer rollie in the mornin. The rollies wis delivered an yi came hame at denner time an it wis soup an yer mither eest tae mak a steamed puddin tae fill yi up and custard if yi got it and then for yer supper at nicht fin yi mine back yi hid something fried, bit yi aye got safties. Yi didna get sweeties, nae wye, ye quid deet fin father

came hame fae the sailin he used tae ging ower tae Wrights we eest tae get a quarter o Parisian Cream chocolates made by Duncan and a quarter of Liqueurs we eest tae ca them 'bottlies'. My father went awa for months at a time an yi got this half-pun o sweeties . Noo yi quid ait them a at one go or yi quid ration them oot."

"Can you mind on the Yarmouth rock?"

"Aye, we aye got Yarmouth rock and a Bible oor Uncle Tom always took hame a Bible to his.. My Uncle Pat hid the 'Monarch' 'n my father hid the 'Prestige'.

My Uncle Jimmy , he bade in Buckie, he hid the chemist's shop far Pearson's is noo bit he hid tae ging oot o't for unpaid bills. In that days it wis the time o the Depression . They geed awa in the early thirties, Jimmy went tae work for Boots in Cardonald in Glasgow and my Uncle Robert he opened up a chemist's shoppin Paisley but they had tae go oot a Buckie for want because there jist wisna the money - abidy wis peer. I mine fin I startit gaun ae the piano at Miss Thomson's in Portgordon it wis a guinea a quarter bit ee mightna believe this, I widna tell my chums I wis at the music, no way, could I tell them I would have been black affronted. There wis nae keepin up wi the Jones in that day abody wis the same and abody helpit ain anither. We geed tae the Sunday School, we hid a beautiful childhood.

Div ee mine the Coronation? We hid a the flags, my father tane hame his flags and they wir strung fae oor hoose tae yir Uncle Blades across the road. Yi quid touch the flags , they wir that big, bit naebody hault them doon. There wis nae vandalism, abody wis the same. Di yi mine on the ice cream cairts that eest tae come roon?"

"Had you a bike when you were young , Isabel?"

"Oor Jean hid a bike and Sandy hid a bike and I got ane, it cost a pound., second hand oot o Robert Jamieson's fin he first startit up. We eest tae ging up tae Jamieson's wi wir weet batteries tae get them charged up yi see for the wireless. "

"Did you help your mother in the house?"

"Oh aye, we a hid wir jobbies. Yi didna get oot tae play until yi hid deen fit yi wir supposed till."

"The mothers were hard workit?"

"Oh aye, my mither and auntie hid tae gee doon and dee my granny's washin."

"Do you mine on wash day?"

"Oh mighty aye, the biler on an yi hid left owers fae yer denner on Sunday for yer denner on Monday. Then Tuesday wis the day fin they washed up the fite claes cause they were intae bleach and they hid tae wash up the fite claes and hing them oot. Oh aye, the reek quid be seen comin oot o the sheddie. I can mine fine my granny hid bars a soap richt roon the sheddie hardenin and she used tae grate it for soap instead of haeing soap powder. It wis Sunlight soap and she eest tae buy it in blocks in it eest tae be along the wa and underneath the reef tae harden and my mither did her washin."

"A lot a folk long ago were really clever but because of lack of cash they never got to go and further their education, isn't that so?"

" My Grannie Stewart would have been an awfy clever woman, she eest tae write letter for fowk that wis awa. Quite a few fowk yi ken she wid read their letters for them that they maybe got fae their sons in America , Canada or New Zealand and then she wrote back to them."

"Did she belong tae Buckie?"

"Aye she was born in a house in Main Street across fae the Harbour Bar. My granda wis also born in that street."

"Did she go to the Catholic School?"

"No my granny geed tae the Public School then she left and she quidna gee nane higher. I would have said she might have been the kine that skippit classes, she wid have been awfa bright. She would have been the ane that they took their brains aff o, some o her faimly was very bright."

"Your granny had a big influence on you life."

"Oh aye, a very big influence. Yi see my granny and my granda were Plymouth Brethren. My granda and Jimmy Duncan and Willie Rosie wid have been the founder members o the hallie , yi ken, for the buildin o the new hall in West Church Street. My granda was treasurer o that and we a geed tae the Brethren until my granny deet and I would have been 16 when my granny deet. She was in her seventies.

My granda hid T.B. when he wis young and he was ill for a hale year and my grannie nursed him in 100 Main Street. She took oot the winday up the stair , she got the hale winday tane oot.. His bed wis draggit up aside the winday so he wid get a the fresh air . there wis nithin on the fleer, jist a cheer and my granny slept wi im and lookit aifter im and he recovered enough tae ging back tae sea. My granda wid hiv been over six feet tall and thy had eight o a family. My Uncle Jimmy hid fallen when he was little and he hid tae get his leg off when he wis jist a young man. He had tae go tae Southampton tae get his leg amputated but when he was little and on crutches him and Willie Smith were at the launch , ken there wis a boatyard opposite here, Smith 'Bodie' and Jimmy and Willie were aneath the trestle table and as the fussy bottles were teemed they were put aneath the table and Willie and Jimmy they houplit up the dregs and they were gotten on the Sanny Banks paraletically drunk and my granda hid tae cairt him hame crutches an a. I mine my granny tellin me that. I mine my granny saying that she could mind on the stage coaches. .

"Div ee mine on Woollie that came roon wi a cairt. He bade in the Gas Hoose. I mine coming runnin in saying, 'Mam, Mam, here comes Woollie' and he says to me, 'My name is not Woollie, it's Mr Yeats'. Did you gae oot tae him tee?"

"Oh aye he eest tae hae a lot a things . He made things doon in the aul gas hoose. Round here, at the corner that wis Jimmy Dodum. He used tae repair sheen and fin yer sheen wis needin soled and heeled yi jist geed roon tae Jimmy Dodum an he did em."

"You didna throw awa the shoes then, yi got them ...?"

"Oh no they wir a heeled, soled and heeled. Di yi mine on the tacketts?"

"Oh aye. It used tae mak yi skite. Yi wid kick them on the grun tae mak them spark. They wir good for slides."

"Div ee mine on Forty Pockets? He wis ane o the gaun aboot mannies that we eest tae hae. He hid aye on twa raincoats and twa or three jackets. Then there wis Big Joanne. Do you mine on Big Joanne wi her basket. She eest tae come in and say, 'Have ye got an old jacket o yer man's missus?' Then there wis 'Silk for Blouses' He selt dishes. I likit 'Silk for Blouses' he gave me a coffee set for nowt. I eest tae rin an tak his haun, abody else wis feert cause he was coloured. He wid hiv been our first coloured person that really came tae Buckie and then Ali came aefter that , Ali Mohamed . Di yi remember him?"

"The photographer ?"

"Aye. Ali came tae Buckie first wi a pack, yi see, and I wondered if he wis ony relation of 'Silk for Blouses' Travelling families used tae come to Buckie some time in the year. One family had their tents pitched up near where the Pork Factory is now , below the 'Sanny Banks' at the back of the railway. Another family used tae tak up residence far the swings are noo, in the play park. There wis an aul bow factory there at ae time. The two families didn't always agree and fin they had too much drink there wis affen fechts. We used tae like watchin their cairry on bit yi eest tae get dared fae yer mither aboot gan onywyne near the camps. Because yi wisna supposed tae be there."

"That wis oot a bounds?"

"Oh that wis oot a bounds bit oh it wis great."

"You have a good memory, Isabel."

"Mind you Nannie wis jist sayin, yi ken Nannie Hay that deed? Nannie wis jist saying what great times we hid playin and makin shoppies."

"She would have been pleased tae ken that you have got it written doon."

"Yi see she hid a sister and I had nae young breethers or sisters. The great thing wis tae hae a baby tae tak in a pram. I eest tae tak oot the twins. I dinna ken fitna wye they are still livin peer things. I'll tell yi this, if yi went doon the beach yi eest tae be telt aboot Meggie Weerdie. Wis ee iver telt aboot Meggie Weerdie? We wir flegit o her. Somebody wid say, 'Here comes Meggie Weerdie ' and ye wid rin like the hemmers. "

"There wis nae baths, swimming baths?"

"Oh no, no. Yi jist geed intae the rocks an maist o the time it wis an aul semmit and knickers. See tae hear them noo. I workit in the Bulb Factory and tae here yon lot speaking you would think that they come oot of ancestral homes and they wis a as peer as ane another. Yi see I said tae somebody in the Bulb Factory, 'Poor it doon the sirie' and she didna even ken fit a sirie wis. See the walls (wells) on the roads, aye the taps on the road, the aul walls, Muggie Jessie hid ane cos they hid nae watter. They didna hae rinnin watter in the hoose till aefter the war. "

"The wells wis ivery three houses or something like that."

"Aye, there wis ane opposite the corner up here aside Daisie's and then there wis that ane there and there wis ane doon aside far the swings are aside far Maria Slater bade. Oh aye and then Davie Main's shop was doon the road tae."

"Oor entertainment didna cost anything, did it?"

"Well div ee mine on yir flannel baggies wi the camphur , a camphor blockie rowed intae a flannelette and a chiney crocket and yi wore it roon yer neck and yi wore hit in the winter time tae dee aff cauls and then if yi wir lucky yi got a speen-fae o cod live ile or emulsion really."

"Ah well, yi hiv a good memory Isabel about things over the years."

"That's fit life's a aboot, so much noo is forgotten. My Uncle Ake made oor first wireless and then we had a five valve Phillips wireless. My Uncle Ake was making wirelesses fin we wis young. He wis good wi his hands. He wis making crystal sets and athing like that so that's the wye we hid a wireless. Yi see when we hid wir holidays we eest tae ging doon tae Peterhead tae Auntie Nell's. She hid her crowd and there wis a us and that was brilliant , that wis really good. Yi got a new dall's pram for tea coupons , nae gaun ower tae the toy shop and laying by gran things, no nane o that. "

"No, no, yi wir happy wi yer ain entertainment."

"Oh aye fin yi see them noo they hiv a fortune spent on toys and computers and they dinna play wi' it, they are sitting watching the goggle-box or the video. They dinna read nor play nor mak onything. Yir breethers hid times for makkin cairties and yi got a hurl in the cairt and fin they wir auld enough they geed as message boys and yi got a hurl in the basket o the bike.."

"Milk boys?"

"Milk loonies an paper loonies."

"It's all changed."

“Oh aye, it’s a big change and fin yi look roon yi hiv tae ask, are they ony better? No, they are nae.”

“Well what’s your summing up Isabel? Do you think the bairns are happier noo than we were?”

“No because if we hid cheekit back onybody auler than us they wye bairns dee noo we wid hiv been tane in and yer knickers wid have been tane doon and your bare back-side wid have been skelpit. Nae a roar and a threat, yi wid’ve gotten a hidin. If yi geed tae the school and yi hid cheekit yer master or teacher of any kine you wid have got the strap and if yer breether came hame and telt your mither that you hid gotten the strap yi wid have gotten a hidin fae yer mither for being coorse”

But yi wis niver locked away, yi got a row and that was it..”

“ Ah bit yer hidin wis deen and yi kent yi wis gaun tae get it and that wis it. Yi see this go intae yir room and dirt like that - psychology - a lot o dirt.