

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR JAMES COWIE 12 CLUNY TERRACE

Mr John 'Johnny' Cowie a former baker and Salvation Army officer was interviewed on behalf of Buckie District Fishing Heritage Society in July 1988 by a trainee from the Balloch Trust. In May 2003, Allan Fraser, secretary of the Heritage Museum (the name was changed) copied the transcript on to a floppy disc to be used with a computer.

"Well Johnnie where were you born?"

"I was born up in New Street; twenty three New Street, across from the Army Hall is at the present moment, a third o a hoosie, my mither and my father and there was siven o his brocht up there."

"What number were you in the family?"

"I wis last and we hidna a' that muckle room – a room doon the stair an' a closet. Up the stair we hid a bun'en bed and a bed bilt intae the laft, but that wisna enough room so Jimmy and me hid tae ging ben the laft and sleep in a 'shakky-doon' and that wis it. Yi ken fit that wis?"

"Was your father a fisherman?"

"My father wis a fisherman a' his days. He geed tae the lines earlier on. He geed tae the lines, he hid a boatie o his ain, BCK244, the 'Vine'. My mither eest tae sheel and bait – sheel the mussels and bait the lines and then cairry them Doon in her creel – a skull and creel Doon tae the hairber – twa three women the gither and comin hame they eest tae come back and rest on Joe Grant's railings."

"Fae Buckie hairber?"

"Aye, Buckie hairber – an that was fit they did and then aefter that they geed tae the heerin fishin of course. My mither hid geen tae the guttin in her time and my breathers a' geed tae the sea aefter they hid spent a year or so in the roperie or laft that wis makin ropes 'n nets and the quines geed tae the guttin."

"You said yi didna go tae the sea?"

"No, my faimily and my father said, 'Look dinna go tae the sea, there's nithin in't' – of course that time a day the men wisna getting a livin and there came a time they widna ging unless they got a guarantee o' ten shillings a week. They got that whither they went or no, but afore that yi jist got fit yi made and that was it so I said, 'Ah well, I'll bide ashore.'

"What sort a job did you do?"

"Well I wis a message boy wi Wullie Lobban for a year and I geed in an served ma time wi Charlie Forbes for a baker wi Charlie and the wages at that time. I started at twelve bob a week and I feenished wi thirty-nine a he peyed me aff because he quidna afford tae keep on a journeyman but I got a job aefter that wi Young's. Here I got twa pound ten a week and I widna ca the king my cousin. Aye twa pounds ten a week. Oh aye. But I wis wi Charlie Forbes's partner doon in Yarmouth selling loafes. Charlie sent them doon in boxes and Hannah and me geed doon. Hannah geed doon in the train and I geed doon in the 'Lavinia', the drifter, tae save a fare and we selt the loafes tae the boats. "How were the loaves transported tae Yarmouth?"

"They wir transported by railway, the railway doon, the railway doon tae oor shed."

"Were they packed in special crates?"

"No, no I dinna ken if I'll tell yi this bit it wis fag boxes and that yi ken – Gold Flake and that kind o' boxes. Some wir in cardboard boxes that we got fae Roddy Munro and we selt the loafes at ninepence tae the boat, big loafes, big pan loafes. Fourpence halfpenny for a sma ane, bit doon there they cost one and a half penny"

"And was it maistly Buckie boats that yi supplied?"

"Buckie and Portgordon. I hid a dose o' boats. I hid near fifty boats."

"Can yi mine the names o' ony o' the boats that yi supplied?"

"The was the 'Regent', the 'Forelock', the 'Mint', the 'Lea Rig, the 'Winner' fae Portgordon and fit yi ca him Portgordon – Breedsie Buchan 'The Rose' up here. Alex Laitins, we hid twa o' them, the 'Rose' and the 'Coreopsis'. We hid a the good kine o' boats fae Buckie. The 'Available' that wis anither ane o' mine. We eest tae watch a' the big funnels coming up the river."

"How did you get paid for a' that loaves that yi supplied?"

"Well they peyed them through the salesmen; they got their bills weekly an athin wis peyed the same as their grocer fae the salesman."

"Did yi supply housewives as well fin yi were workin wi Charlie Forbes?"

"Oh aye, oh aye, yi hid the shop as well, butter rolls an athin in the mornin then the van geed oot a day and some o' them hid twa vans. Poppy geed as far as Portknockie and Finichty wi his van."

"Horse-drawn vans?"

"Aye, horse-drawn vans – horse and cairt."

"Far wis the horses kept?"

"The stable roon the back (on Baron's Lane) and they wir dual purpose. The stable roon the back and there wis a hole at the side and they threw the dung oot intae fit they ca'ed the midden. Hit did for the gairden and if we wis deen afore four o'clock in the aefternoon we hid tae cairry baskets o' dung up tae the gairden till half past five."

"Can yi describe the inside of the bake-hoose – what sort o' ovens yi hid?"

“Well we hid Scotch ovens built intae the wa. They wir actually ootside at the back bit covered in it a spare bit at the back but in the bakehouse itsel the ovens were intae the wa’s an athin hid tae be fite washed twice a year, the wa’s an athin a’ that kine.”

“How many staff wid have been in Charlie Forbis’es?”

“Charlie’s at that time, noo wait till I see. There wis George Hutchison, the boss and his son Dod Hutchison and Grantie Brown’s breather, Toshie Brown fae Portgordon and Dod Hutcheon and there wis me and there wis Wattie Stewart, Ronnie Lyon and I canna mine if there wis onybody else or no.”

“And that wis a jist plain breed that yi baked?”

“Mair or less, cheese cakes, ice cakes that wis the only fancies we hid that time o’ day.”

“Cakes, fruit cakes?”

“Aye, Christmas time yi workit in the mornin richt on till ten o’clock at nicht. Christmas time yi were makkin cakes and that and yi got nithin extra, yi jist got the same pey.”

“I suppose the fishin hid a good lot tae dee wi that, if they hid a good fishin they bought the fruit cakes?”

“Aye. Aye, that’s the hale thing. Aye, yi depended on yir fishin an athin wis built roon the fishin.”

“Everything was built on the fishin in Buckie lang ago, wasn’t it really?”

“Yi can see that wi this territory roon here yi see. This corner far I bide it wis ca’ed the fishin corner, we hid athin within wirsels. We hid the bakers, Fowler, Johnnie Wilson, the butcher, Campbell the plumber across the road. Crookie the licenced grocer, George Geddes the ordinary grocer and Hillocks, they did the shewing and weemen’s claes.”

“A drapers shop?”

“Aye and then we hid Johnnie Calders, the shoemaker, he made watter beets, leather watter beets, made and shewed them, cost aboot sax poun.”

“Hand sewed them?”

“Aye, hand made, and then Wilkie Ross, the painter, we hid athin within wirsels here at this corner. And the pub, Maver’s Bar. The Anchor Bar wis far Willie Oag’s hoose is noo.”

“Good trade in the pub?”

“Ah well, they did a richt, the men geed in by comin up fae the hairber I suppose.”

“Whit happened if they overstayed their time?”

“Well I mine ae time my mither telling me that big Doddie and them geed up by yi see fae the hairber and she said, ‘Far’s Doddie Coup? Oh, he says, ‘He geed in by Maver’s’. ‘Oh well’, she says, ‘that’s a’richr. So she pit on yer shawlie and geed awa doon and stood up beside im and he says, ‘Fit are yi needin?’ She says, ‘The same as you’. He says, ‘Come on hame then’ and that wis the feenish o’ that. But oh no it wis hard times that time o’ day. Taitie next door tae his in New Street, there wis aboot sax o’ us in hooses the gither, she bocht a hale load a peats and the mannie came roon and teemed them oot in the middle o’ the street and they pairted them oot in bundles fit iver it wis.”

“Divided them equally?”

“Divided them equally as far as they quid and somebody geed roon the back o’ Taities, oot o’ the road and cried, ‘Fa ya’s this?’ The answer wid be, ‘Oh that’s Jeannie Cons, that’s Nell Bullen’s and that’s Isa Rosies’ and so on (The last were not surnames but were in fact ‘Tee’ names.) and that’s the wye they wir a’ yarded the gither.”

“Did they tak them in herring baskets?”

“Aye yi cairet them in in heerin baskets, aye, yi did the same wi sticks. They bocht a load o’ sticks and teemt them oot in the middle o’ the street.”

“Hard wid blocks?”

“Aye fae the country, and yi teemt them oot in the middle o’ the street an yi geed awa and pairted them oot.”

“And did they get coal fae aff the larries?”

“Well there wis generally three coal cairts comin roun- McWeelum, the Lime Company, Murray and Cowie and Sandy Reid. Fower coal cairts came roun and I’ve seen them come in tae the street, three ahin ane anither and them a’ ringin their bells but yi a’ hid yir ain coalman and then the fisher fowk at that time, when I wis wi Willie Lobban I geed roon wi fit yi caud the fisher orders that wis afore the summer fishin started. The weemen took in as muckle as dee them a’ summer because they quidna afford tae dee it later. The bocht ither things like twa stane o sugar.”

“Loaves and breed and?”

No, no.”

“Groceries?”

“Twa stane a sugar, ten jars a jam an a’ that kine o’ things, pieze, barley.”

“You were the message boy?”

“An a eest tae hurl them roon in the barra and yi maybe got a saxpence. That wis a big tip and of course that wis at the eyne o’ the fishin they pide that and if there wis nae fishin they didna pey it. Yi see abody dependit on the fishin.”

“Oh they took in their stores before the boats went away?”

“Aye, the hoose, yer mither an them took in a this afore the boats geed tae sea.”

“And what kind o’ food did yi get?”

“Oh good enough mait! Neeps and tatties we wis brocht up on and cabbages and tatties, things a that kine we hid aye a rice puddin on Sunday and if there wis neeps and tatties left they wir putten intae the oven in a bowl and faiver wis hame fae the school first got the skin aff the top.”

“Was it a range that yi hid for a fire?”

“Aye the oven wis at the side o’ it and faiver wis hame first got the best o’ the soup and then yi got a shave a loaf wi trackle on the table and yi didna ate it till supertime.”

“Did you mother dee her cookin on that fire?”

“Aye athin wis deen on’t. We hid a crook and she hang the kettle on the crook abeen the flames, athin wis deen on the fire.”

“Did she rise early every morning and clean that fire oot?”

“It hid tae be cleaned oot at nicht and in the mornin set wi sticks, paper and coal every mornin but later on we hid a gas ringy for bilin the kettle bit aefter-hin this gas cookers came in. They got them for twa poun.”

“An fit aboot water?”

“Water? Oor water wis outside at the back. We hid a wally outside at the back but later on after that my mither put water in up the stair. Barclay (John Barclay and Son. Plumbers, Slaters and Gasfitters.) came up and put water up the stair.”

“And there wis street walls?”

“Street walls? Aye there wis three in New Street, ane at the top, ane across fae oor door and there wis ane doon at the boddam and there wis ane doon at the Seatown here that I mine on. Yi jist furlt the nob an got yir water free but I mean yi hid tae cairry a ‘yer water, yer drinkn watter an a’.”

“An fit aboot lightin - hid yi lichts? Wis it paraffin yi used?”

“Oh ma mither hid gas bit fin we came in here we jist hid gas ben the hoose an a; the rest wis paraffin. We put in water fin we came in here. That wis in 1945.”

“Of course the Gas Hoose is jist doon ablo here.?”

“Aye doon the brae and that’s anither thing we cairtit up bags o’ sunders. I mine it wis seven pence ha’penny for a hunnerweight o sunders. Nae eese wi half a hunnerweight, yi cairtit them up on yir back and that helpit tee eek oot yir coal, yi see?”

“Oh I see, aye. Is this a’ the jobs the boys did?”

“Aye that wis pairt o’ yer job and then in the mornin we eest tae rise, Jimmy an me an took week aboot gin up tae Jimmy Mair’s for a tuppenny vane syne up tae McWeelums for a make up in a pillowslip. For a saxpence yi got a loaf, outside loaf and twa –three cookies an that if it wis a shilling yi got twa loafs and twa, three cookies but they nivver lat yi oot a McWeelums, the fower o’ them the gither wid say, “See!” and they gave yi a piece o’ a broken ricie or twa. They nivver lat yi oot without a piece.”

“There wis a lot a poor times but there wis a pride in the fisher fowk?”

“Oh aye they widna ging tae John Gordon. (Poor Inspector) John Gordon wis the mannie that time thit yi hid.”

“There wis nae such thing as family allowance?”

“Oh no, no, no, we nivver got family allowance fin we wis new mairit. We hid three bairns afore we got oor family allowance, an we got five bob a week.”

“They jist hid tae manage, the aller anes helped the younger anes?”

“That’s the hale thing then, yi handed doon yer claes.”

“And fit aboot yer schooling?”

“Well, yir schoolin. We nivver hid a new book at the school, yi aye got fae somebody else. If they wir last year’s yi got them for ninepence and the year fore yi got for saxpence or thrippence. It wis nivver new books. Ye quidna afford new books but them that hid new books handed them doon and selt them ower again and yi bocht them for thrippence.”

“Had you a slate at the school?”

“No I hiv workit a slate bit I hidna a slate at the school. No I canna mine hayin a slate at the school bit they hid slates and skillies richt enough but I think they worket books and jotters at the school in Miss Reid’s.”

“It wis the basic reading, writing and tables and time – tables?”

“Aye reading, writing that wis a; yi got, aye. Then aefter the exams were oot was to get left the school and get away tae work tae keep the faimily gaun. There wis nae peying boords that time, nae maitter how big a faimily there wis, fin yi got yir pey or wages or yer fishin yi handed it ower tae yir mither and that was that and if yi note onything yi got it.”

“She looked aefter a; the money?”

“She lookit aefter the hoose an athing.”

“I think that’s dying oot noo?”

“Oh that’s awa. They hiv tae pey their boords noo. Fin I wis in Charlie Forbis’s I wis gitten twelve bob a week and I gave her the twelve shillings and I got a saxpence back on Setterday nicht and that took me intae the Palace for fowerpence and tuppence for chips oot o’ the laney.”

“Did yi iver go doon tae the hairber for a fry?”

“Well wir pocket money and wir Peter Fair money wis a’ gotten aff o’ the hairber. Yi geed doon tae the boats and yi scranned, fit they ca’ed scrannin. Fin the boats wir landin their heerin if the basket touched onything and the heerin fell off yi ran and grabbit it. Yi maybe got twa or three that wye or if it drappit aff the nets. The men didna stop yi fae deein that. Yi got a that syne so eence yi hid a dizzen or a dizzen and a half ye geed awa up the toon and yi selt them tae Mrs Innes or some ither fowkies. Mrs Geddes, the Sweetie Shoppie, they bocht them. A wifie up on High Street on a Friday nicht gave yi a saxpence for a dizzen. That wis a lot and fin we saved up abeen twa shillins for Peter Fair we wis all the way.”

“What sort of claes did you wear?”

“Well it wis jist ordinary ganzies maistly, hame wiven, ganzies, fisher ganzies.”

“Did yir mither knit a; yer ganzies?”

“Aye bit aefter that syne yi got them bocht wi a tie, knitted tie attached tae them. I mine on gittin that.”

"Short troosers?"

"Aye we wis stinkit oot wi the troosers. Fit did yi ca' them again?"

"Serge troosers?"

"No tinker – tinks we ca'ed them. They hid an awfy smell. Moleskin troosers and the ither anes wis corduroy."

"Fit kine wis moleskins because somebody else telt's aboot moleskin.?"

"Oh they wir a heavy weerin troosers bit they hid an awfy smell. Moleskin troosers wir hardweering, they did yi a yir time and then if yi wis better aff yi got that corduroy."

"And fit about boots or shoes?"

"A pair a beets that ye hid, lacing up beets and if yir beets wis needing solin well, ye didna ging tae the school that day if yi wis cried for. Oh no, Johnnie canna ging tae the school the day his beets are in the shoemakers. Ye'd tae wight till yi got them back afore yi quid ging oot tae play. That's true."

"Was there a lot a peer bairns in yer class?"

"Aye. They wir a' in aie class. Onybody that hid a boat or ony a that kine was a bittie better. Skipper lads were a bittie better aff, bit I mean they hid gear and nets, well, I mean, they got their net shares an that."

"But if they hid a poor fishing they suffered as well?"

"Aye they suffered as well."

"And Buckie suffered?"

"Oh definitely, there's no question aboot that."

"When times were prosperous they built a' that hooses in Cliff Terrace?"

"Aye,"

"Yi jist hiv tae look at the dates they were built abeen the doors and ye'll see that."

"Aye in Cathcart Street that's fisher hooses built up there but doon here we hid thackit reefs an that doon here. The first street tae be built in Buckie without thackit reefs was New Street."

"How auld is this house?"

"It wis Bella Symon's fin I wis a loonie at the school. I eest tae come roon the gale o the ane next tae" it wis broken and jump ower in here. She'd a shoppie and we bocht sweetsies an that, Bella Symons, that's eers and eers ago."

"Its probably ower a hunner year auld?"

"Oh its ower a hunner eer auld, och aye its ower that."

"This is probably been Buckie lang ago."

"This is the fisher toon, as I say athing was self-contained.."

"Was this the Cat-Bow?"

"Aye this is pairt o' the Cat Bow. This is the Cat Bow here, 'Nine-O's' wis up at the top far Jimmy Sutherland's wis."

"I dinna suppose they could afford doctors and that lang ago?"

"No yi niver got a doctor unless it wis affy serious. I cuttit my leg jumpin on an auld drifter's lums doon at Hamiltons (Engineering Works) and I hid tae get the doctor tae shew that but failin that if yi wis nae weel yi wis cured usin aul-fashioned remedies. If yi hid a sair throat yi pit a stockin roon't, a switey stockin roun yir throat and that cured yi. Syne there yi are and if yi hid a sair belly it wis syrup o' figs."

"That wis the hame cures?"

"Home cures or if yi hid a bleedit nose, they pit a cauld door kye doon the back o yir neck and that stoppit the bleedin. It must hiv jeelt the bleed somewye. I dinna ken fit wye it workit."

"I saw an auld photo recently in the Fishing Heritage when the Salvation Army hall was in Baron Street. Can you mine on that?"

"I was converted doon in Baron Street but somebody said to me later on, 'Was that your first connection with the Salvation Army Association?' I says, 'No.' Fin we wis loonies we eest tae gang doon and pit divits on the heed o' the lum and reek the fowkies oot. That wis my first connection. It wis doon the brae in the auld hallie. It wis the auld Methodist Kirk, the Methodists shifted up the brae when they built a new kirk and the Army got the auld hall."

"I think I once remarked about that scarf that you've got on, that you got it fae a Salvation Army man that died."

"Aye, the ane that I got was fae Weem fin Weem died. He wis a great player o' the mandoline, an accordion an athing o' that kine and Hannah, my wife, is very musical and when after Weem died, Ellen, his wife, came doon and gave me his scarf, a lovely multi-coloured fair-isle scarf."

"Oh no, that's nae it. It wis a coloured ane – that's right"

"Aye a coloured fair isle scarf and Hannah got his flat bottom mandoline. She still his't yet and she plays hit."

"He was a good man?"

"Weem was a good old soldier, he workit day and nicht, a kin o' weather, geed oot in the open airs in'athin, collected in the country, collected afore I wis iver thocht aboot. They did a marvellous work, him and Alex Mora (Murray) and Findlay fae Buckpool. That lads wis in the Army afore me, they wir gan there fin they wir getting buttons in envelopes instead of pennies."

"Is that right?"

"Oh yes, I mine Weem tellin me a wife gave him sax buttons."

"You've geen roon the pubs and that?"

"Oh aye. I was converted in 1950 and as time geed on Alex Murray eest tae tak me roon the country on the bikes tae collect and aefter he geed awa I cairrit on. I eest tae gee up as far as Orbliston and the Cranloch on a push bike collecting up as far as the Boat o' Brig, ower the Boat o' Brig and doon the ither side tae Fochabers. That was deen

on a push bike but aefter that of course we got a scooter but as time geed on they didna dee the same country collection they jist geed tae Fochabers and Mosstodloch.”

“Fin yi go intae the pubs fit kine o’ a reception did yi get?”

“A marvellous reception in the pubs. When we started the pubs here it was a Lieutenant Stewart that we hid. ‘Do you do public houses Johnnie?’ he asked. I says, ‘No we dinna dee public houses.’ ‘Oh’ she says, we are going to start.’ Roon the pubs on a Thursday a week or twa afore that and asked permission and they all said, ‘Oh aye’ and Jockie, fir yi ca’ him, Cooper, he wis doon in the Star. ‘Here’s Johnnie, I’ll gee yi a start’ and he gave me five pence and that wis a lot tae get. I said the papers winna be for three weeks yet, I’ve gor them ordered and that wis the start o’ that. Well fin we first geed roon the pubs that time there wis only about five pubs in the toon that time fin we geed roon. There’s clubs and pubs am athin noo. We got awfy good receptions. We wis niver turned away and abodys affie good tae yi in the pubs. I wid say that, very, very good tae the Army in the pubs and of course there is bitties that we dinna tell about.

“Do you mine about funerals lang ago?”

“Oh well it was the horse drawn hearses lang ago, yi see, fit they ca’ed the funeral horses – twa horses, they were weel kept – bony brutes. The last time that I can mine wis either Sam Dosie’s hoose in Gordon Street or Georgie Reach’s at 26. That’s the last time I mine on a horse drawn funeral.”

“Fit about weddings? Can yi mine on weddings?”

“Oh aye, the fisher widdens wis grate affairs. Nowadays there’s a widden every week bit lang ago the fish widdens wis aefter the summer fishin or aefter the Yarmouth fishin and they got a poun or twa for their shares an they hid their widdens. It wis a great time and a lot o’ them was held in the Fishermen’s Hall. They made them thirsells, stewed beef an athin, an pastry. Fowlers, auld Fowler and his wife, that’s Linn Fowler’s father and mither, oh they wir good tae his. If there wis a fisher widden in the Fishermen’s Hall fin we wis bairns we wid’ive lookit through the pailin and she wid say, ‘Come away in boys’ and we geed doon and sat on the grass and she came oot wi triffle an we didna ken fit triffle wis.

“That wis the days eh?”

“The widden a’ day and the dance at nicht – it wis a great time.”

“You and your wife have geen a long and excellent service to the Salvation Army, have you found it rewarding?”

“Definitely, we have made friends and met people we would never have met, ordinary people in Buckie and even in the present day they gin by me, ‘Hello Johnny’. There wis a lad came tee me last week and said, ‘Hello Johnny’ and shook hands. He syne said ‘Ye got yir yalla card last week, did yi?’ I says, ‘Aye, bit fa are yi?’ He says, ‘Ee dinna ken me, I ken you that’s a thit metters,’ an he shook ma hand again and said, ‘I hope you have a good time.’”

“Is your sight nae sae good noo?”

“No, this ee wis tane oot sax or siven eer ago and it’s a false ee that’s in there and I canna see very weel wi this ane.”

“You have seen a lot o’ changes in Buckie over the past fifty years, what’s the biggest change you have seen?”

“Transport far aie thing. If yi ging up New Street or Gordon Street or Hall Street yi canna get up for cars noo, ivery man his a car, some o’ them his twa. See lang ago it wis jist the doctor that hid a car and Willie McLean o’ Rathven, that wis a’ the cars that wis. As I said yi quid teem the peats oot in the middle o’ the road, naebody bathered, yi could traivel up the middle o’ the roads.”

“Was this a tar macadam road?”

“No, no, it wis metallad, jist stanes ca’ed metal. I mine fin they built the ‘Bowlin Green Brae’ I mine fin the boats, the big boats came in wi cobbles, square cobbles, took them up wi horse and cairt and they built the Bowlin Green Brae richt up tae the Square.”

“Cassie stanes?”

“Aye, cassie stanes, that wis for the horses gitten a grip. Yi see, since they hiv tarmakit the hale thing but Low Street and the Bowlin Green Brae wis a’ cassie stanes.”

“I think yi need a lot mair money noo for livin?”

“The fowks are well off bar fit they eest tae be lang ago.”

“Even pensioners are well off.”

“Pensioners is, I would say, quite well off at the present moment. The hale thing is if yi are a pensioner and you hiv claes, I mean the like a me, I hiv twa three suits and I’ve twa-three pairs a sheen there, well, I dinna need tae buy them, bit if ye hid tae buy them, if I hid tae ging an buy a pair o’ sheen or buy a suit a claes or a coat the pension widna deet.”

“Oh no. But yir better off in yir ane hoose than yi are in a home.”

“Oh, definitely, oh aye, we came in here in 1945.”

“Have yi been up roon the homes tae see how the auld folk live?”

“We ging up tae Bilbohall files, but then Hannah was in the Old Folks Home up at Clydeville, she spent 14 years there. It wisna auld folk, it wis bairns that they hid there that time.”

“You are an affy content man.”

“I’m quite happy, I’m the richest man in Buckie. I’ve a good wife, I’ve five of a family, sixteen grandchildren and fourteen great grandchildren. Fit mair quid yi ask for and they’re a ‘weel enough off.’”

“An excellent life! You’ve had yir ups and doons.”

“Oh, we’ve hid wir ups and downs.”

“And yir still the gither.”

“That’s the main thing. If yi keish oot or casted oot or fechted wi ane anither aboot onything in the hoose niver ging tae yir bed athoot makkin it up and I’m lookin forward tae meeting my Saviour when I am finished wi this life. I’m looking forward tae hae’ing a good time in the next ane.”

“Well thank you very much, that’s been a very interesting talk and I have enjoyed meeting you. Thank you.