

# Within oor ken

## REMINISCENCES

From early in the century  
to modern times  
of living and working  
in Cambuslang

LEAP Reminiscence Group

W I T H I N O O R K E N

\* \* \* REMINISCENCES \* \* \*

FROM EARLY IN THE CENTURY TO MODERN TIMES

\* OF LIVING AND WORKING IN CAMBUSLANG \*

Although the sample is perhaps rather too small to be fully representative it does give considerable insight into the social history of the local area. Indeed, these oral histories do portray a way of life experienced by members of the L.E.A.P. Group - blessed with excellent long-term memory of an earlier Cambuslang in which they grew up.

Tutor: Barbara Brown

- PART 1 CHILDHOOD MEMORIES : WHEN WE WERE WEE
- PART 2 WORK EXPERIENCES : OUR FIRST PAY PACKET
- PART 3 THE WAR YEARS IN CAMBUSLANG : TIMES REMEMBERED
- PART 4 POST-WAR CHANGE : ALL MOD-CONS

L.E.A.P. REMINISCENCE GROUP

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LIGHTBURN PROJECT - GILBERTFIELD COMMUNITY CENTRE

27 October - 15 December, 1994.

REMINISCENCES : Growing up in Cambuslang during the 1920s / 1930s

HOME : House history and situation;

Interior lay-out, e.g. Kitchen and Bedroom(s):

Facilities - Water supply and Sanitation:

Heating and Lighting;

Cooking and Washing; etc.

Furniture and furnishings;

Daily routine - showing how families used their homes -  
e.g. meal times, wash days, bath nights, etc.

FAMILY and FRIENDS :

Social network within the family and local community;

Communications with relatives - the extended family;

Sunday traditions; etc.

SCHOOLDAYS :

In the classroom;

In the playground;

Travel arrangements;

School meals;

Health checks; etc.

FUN and GAMES :

Contemporary street games and play;

Home-made toys

PROVISIONS and SHOPPING :

Domestic home produce - Allotment Gardens;

Local shops, e.g. the Co-op

TRANSPORT :

Public services by road and rail;

Commercial vehicles;

Private cars

ENTERTAINMENT and LEISURE :

Radio; Cinema; Clubs;

Special local events and traditions;

Holidays

SOURCES : Personal Reminiscences and Oral Histories

Conversations with others in local community

"Tales from my ..... e.g. Grandmother"

Contemporary Maps and Photographs

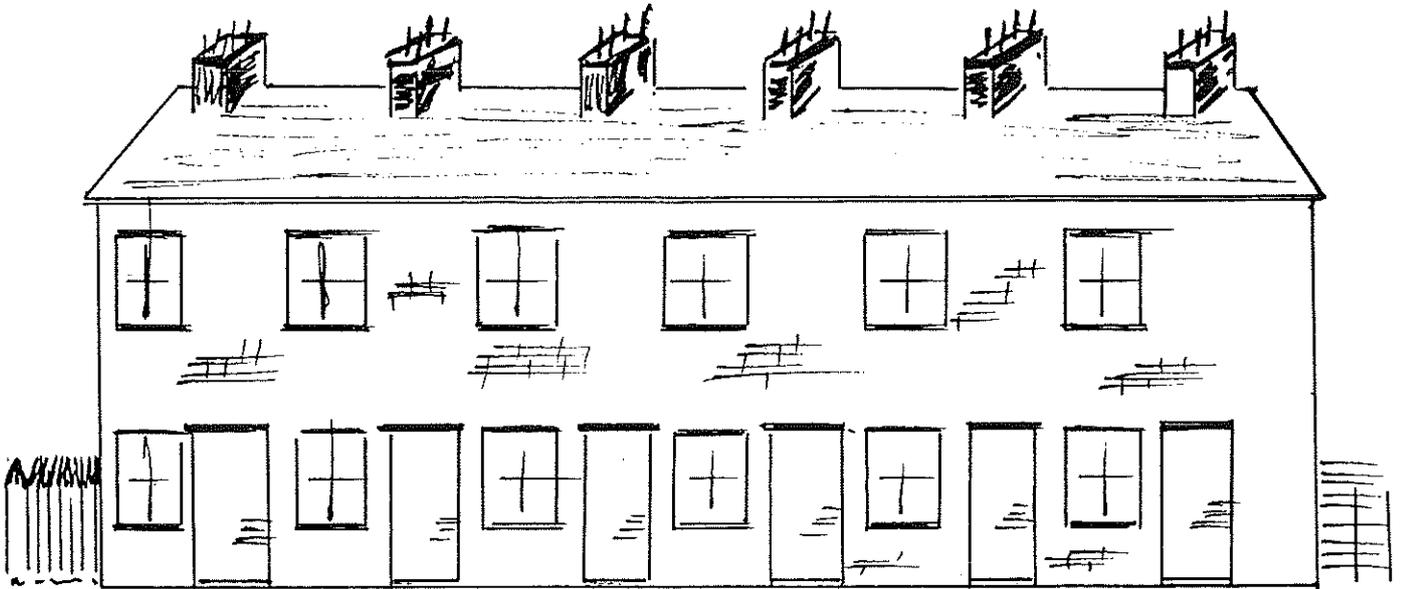
Local Newspaper Reports and other relevant articles

W H E N   W E   W E R E   W E E



G E D W I N G   U P   I N   C A M B U S L A N G -  
B E F O R E   T H E   S E C O N D   W O R L D   W A R

Photograph: Courtesy - Mrs Annie Johnston  
(Outside the Westburn Rows)



I was born on the 15th September 1912 in a brick-built tenement building of thirty-two one-apartment dwellings. <sup>(4 CLOSES)</sup> The rent for these single-ends was four shillings and ~~one penny~~ per week (4/6) Although there was a piped water supply - a single cold water tap and a black cast-iron sink - there was no hot water. It had to be heated in heavy pots on the range. There was no wash-house and no cellar for coal or wood. There were no lights in the close of four houses or up the back stair to the four houses above. The way out to the shared Water Closet was also unlit. Some of the families had seven, eight or ten people living in those houses. The men were either coal miners or steelworkers - those that had a job!

Opposite our building, there was a row of Railway Houses - all the men there had jobs on the Railway. They were considered better off than us! Those houses had two rooms.

Behind, there was another tenement the same as ours, also with forty-eight houses, each with one apartment. That, together with six houses above the Public House, comprised our village. There were two grocer's shops, one butcher's, one cobbler's and a sweet shop. There was also a Piggery, a Public House and a small Picture House.

Westburn Rows, with added pressure from the I.L.P., were demolished early in the 1930s, condemned as "Unfit for Human Habitation."



1914 : Annie Mitchell and her younger brother, being looked after by their aunt while their mother was in hospital. Their father was away at the War - he did not return, being declared "Missing in Action."

Photograph : Courtesy - Mrs. Annie Johnston



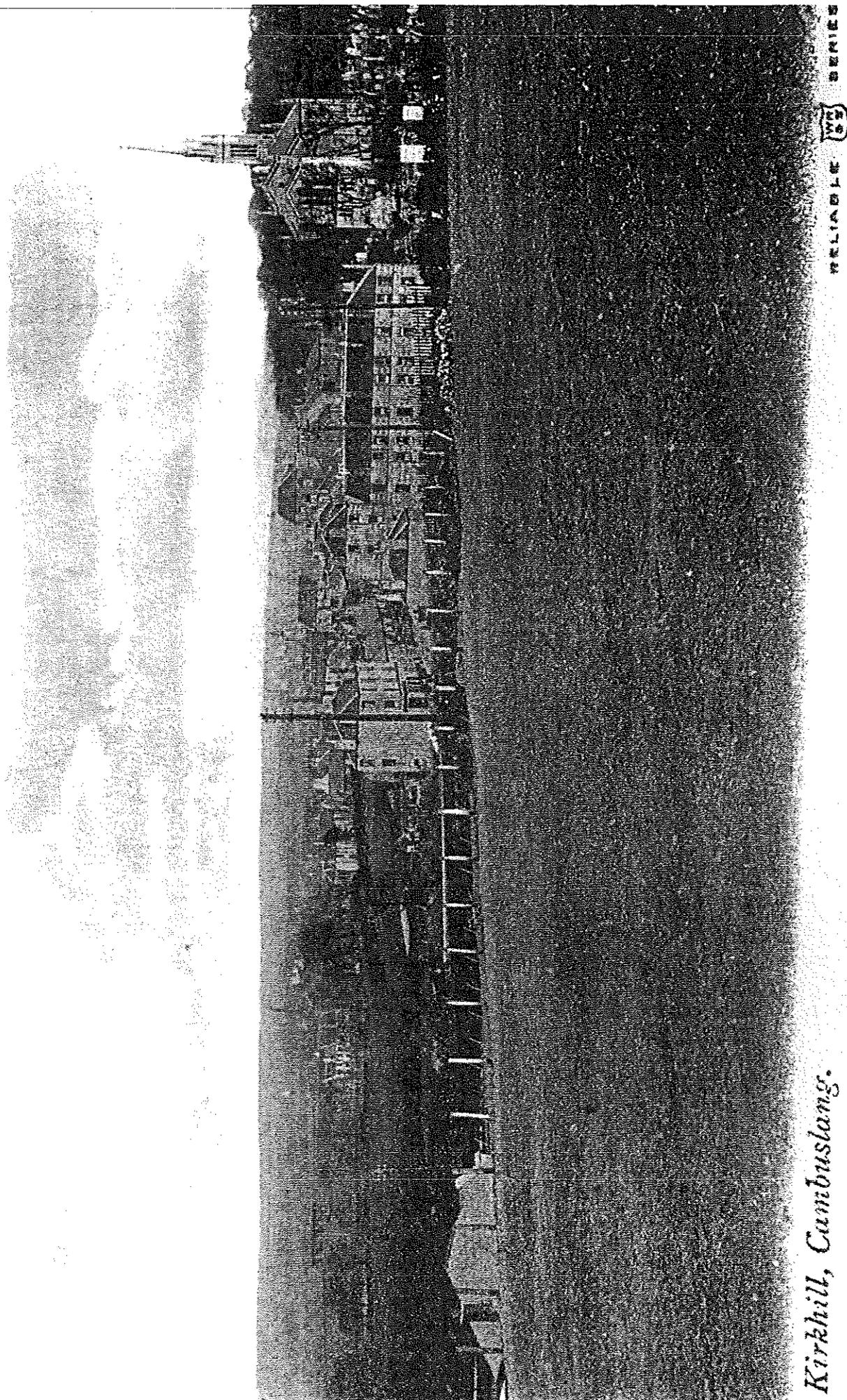
WESTBURN ROWS: Christmas Morning - c. 1920

Back Row: Andrew Sneddon, John Laughlie, Joe Ray, J. Scott.

2nd Row: Lizzie Farrell, J. McGowan, Angus McLean, Sandy McGowan,  
Molly Ray, Kate Shields, B. Beaton, Annie Mitchell.\*

3rd Row: Bessie Beaton, J. O'Hara, D. Mitchell, Margaret Hyslop,  
Margaret McKay, Beaton Twins, Jessie Grey.

(Photograph: Courtesy - Mrs Annie Johnston)\*



*Kirkhill, Cambuslang.*

KIRK HILL ; pre-1900, before Kirkhill Station was built.  
as part of the Cathcart Circle Line

RELIABLE SERIES

I was born in 1920 in KIRKFIELD. The brick-built tenement building was called the "Rookery": near the church in Brownside Road, it overlooked a grazing field which had some very tall trees - ideal for the crows and rooks which nested there. The building where I lived had accommodation for 48 tenants: 6 closes with 8 up each stair - mostly miner's families.

There was neither gas nor electricity. For lighting we had paraffin oil lamps and the cooking was done on the range. Although there was a piped cold water supply over the black cast iron sink all the hot water had to be heated in large kettles on the fire. Three households shared our outside lavatory - 24 people in all. We lived up four storeys high. The wash-house was also outside. We had to carry all our washing utensils: washing stand, wringer, baths and washing tubs. There was an iron boiler, and we had to light a fire under it to heat the water. Initially, there were no wash houses at the back, but after some direct approaches to the factor, eventually around 1924, they were erected.

One of a family of six children, family life and discipline were important: the whole family sat down together at the set table for the evening meal and chatted about the day's goings-on, etc. By seven o'clock everything was cleared away, the dishes washed up and things tidied. Great attention was paid to order and cleanliness: the table was scrubbed white (we did not have a tablecloth); the boards supporting the mattresses in the set-in beds and even the floorboards underneath the beds were also scrubbed white. Covered with blue and white ticking, the best quality mattresses were filled with feathers; the most common filling was flock, but the poor people used straw which they obtained from one of the farms. There were no interior sprung mattresses then. In addition to the regular household cleaning chores, traditionally, by Hogmanay, the whole house was scrubbed and polished; everything from top to bottom was fresh and gleaming.

## MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD

In the early twenties, when I was about five years of age, the family used to walk to Cathkin Braes Park for a picnic on Easter Monday. Cathkin Braes Park was known to my generation as the "Gutty" Park as it had been gifted to the people of the East End of Glasgow by a firm in Bridgeton, Dick Dalata, which manufactured gutta-percha and heavy duty rubber for industry.

The road was always very busy and it always seemed to be sunny. As we left East Kilbride Road to turn into the road passing Cathkin Park, there were stalls on either side of the road selling oranges, buns, lemonade at 2d. per bottle and all sorts of goodies which we could never afford.

When we arrived at Cathkin we had our "pieces" - not so elegant as sandwiches, but tasting very delicious. There were always some musicians there (concertinas, mouth organs, etc.) and the young people all had a dance. The children had a marvellous time playing. We started out for home, tired and hungry, but happy at having been to the Gutty Park to roll our Easter Eggs - not chocolate, but good dyed real eggs - happy days!

## A Typical Washing Day in the late 1920s

We lived in a tenement block of ten houses, and my mother had one day in each fifteen as her turn of the wash-house. A brick building at the back, the wash-house had a concrete floor with a set in drain; two wooden tubs with a board between them on which to fix the wringer; and a boiler with a fire-grate below.

The night before the washing day, the dirty clothes were sorted out into piles: whites; coloureds and very dirty clothes, like overalls, dusters, etc. My mother made a big bowl of soap jelly by grating soap and melting it in boiling water.

In the morning, the full clothes basket and all the washing equipment were carried down to the wash-house: wringer; pail; basin; soap; washing board; clothes pegs and rope. In addition, paper and sticks, coal and matches, of course, had to be taken to the wash-house. Usually about 6 a.m., the boiler was filled with water (only cold on tap), and the fire was lit - no mean feat if the wind happened to be in the wrong direction.

Then you took time to have breakfast and peel potatoes for the dinner, before you left the house to get on with the real washing day!

The next step was to put out the washing rope, and then, hopefully, the water in the boiler was very warm; you took some out to wash with and refilled the boiler. The whites were washed in one tub, transferred to the other and then put in the boiler to boil up. Then you started on the coloured things, topping up the water with a couple of pails from the boiler: they were given two washes too, and then rinsed, put through the wringer and hung out on the rope. It was back to the boiler. You had a long boiler stick which was used to fish the boiling clothes into a tub: another wash for the boiled whites; a thorough rinse; back to the wringer and then hung out on the line.

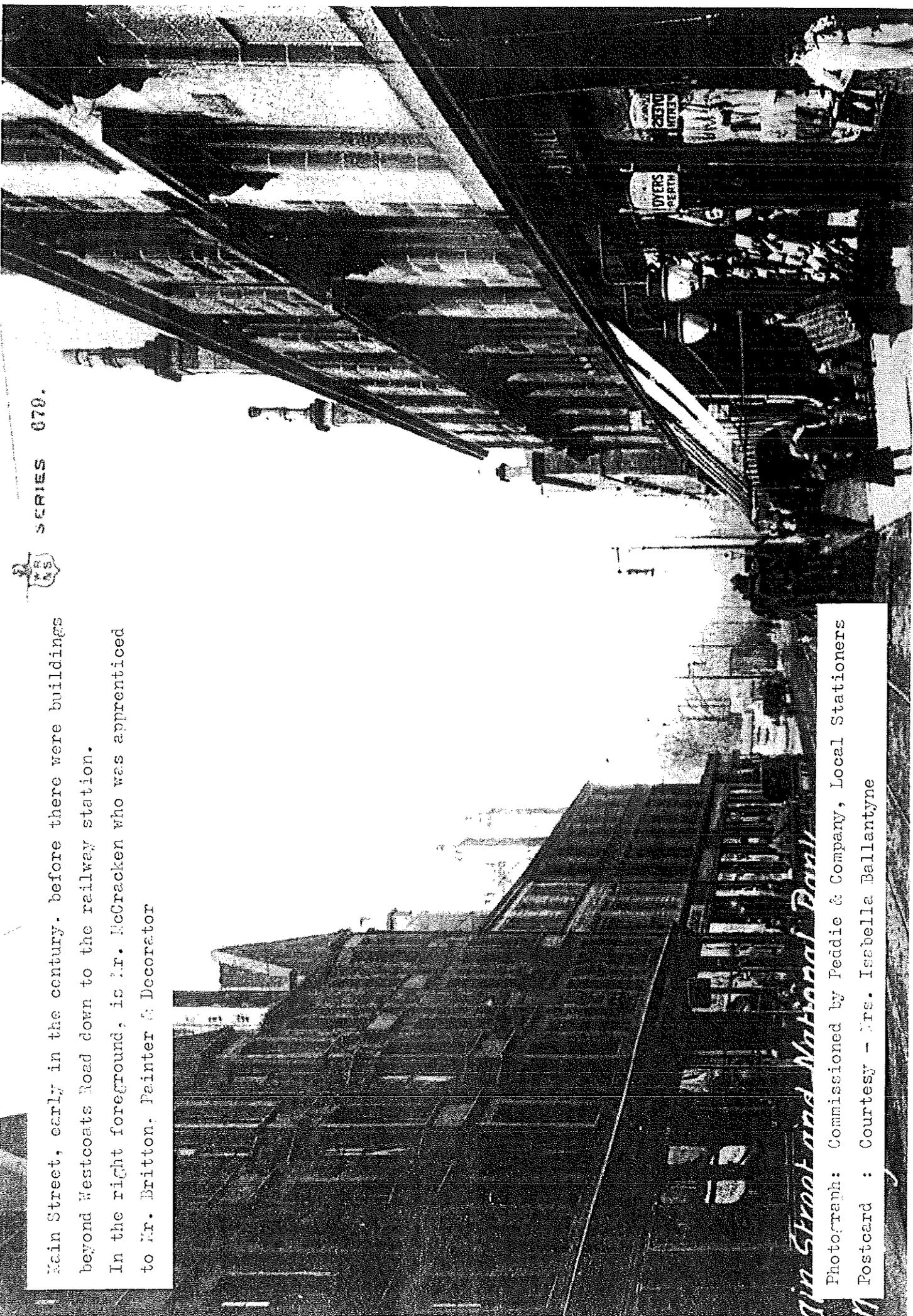
For the very dirty clothes, you took some of the boiling water from the boiler. While all this was going on, you had to see that the

boiler fire didn't go out, or that the rain didn't come on just when some of the washing was nearly dry.

Dinner on washing day was usually soup and potatoes, or big plates of porridge - it was always a most depressing day, especially if the rain came on, or if the clothes rope broke and the clothes had to be washed again.

After all the washing was done, the boiler fire had to be cleared out, the boiler emptied and cleaned, the wooden tubs scrubbed and the wash-house floor brushed out with pails of water. At last, it was back to the house with the wringer, etc., to wait until the clothes were dry, or if it was raining, up to the pulley in the kitchen to dry them off. The rope was taken in, and that was the wash-day over for another fifteen days.

Thank Heaven for front loaders!.



SERIES 079.



Main Street, early in the century. before there were buildings beyond Westcoats Road down to the railway station.

In the right foreground, is Mr. McCracken who was apprenticed to Mr. Britton, Painter & Decorator

*Main Street and National Bank*

Photograph: Commissioned by Peddie & Company, Local Stationers

Postcard : Courtesy - Mrs. Isabella Ballantyne

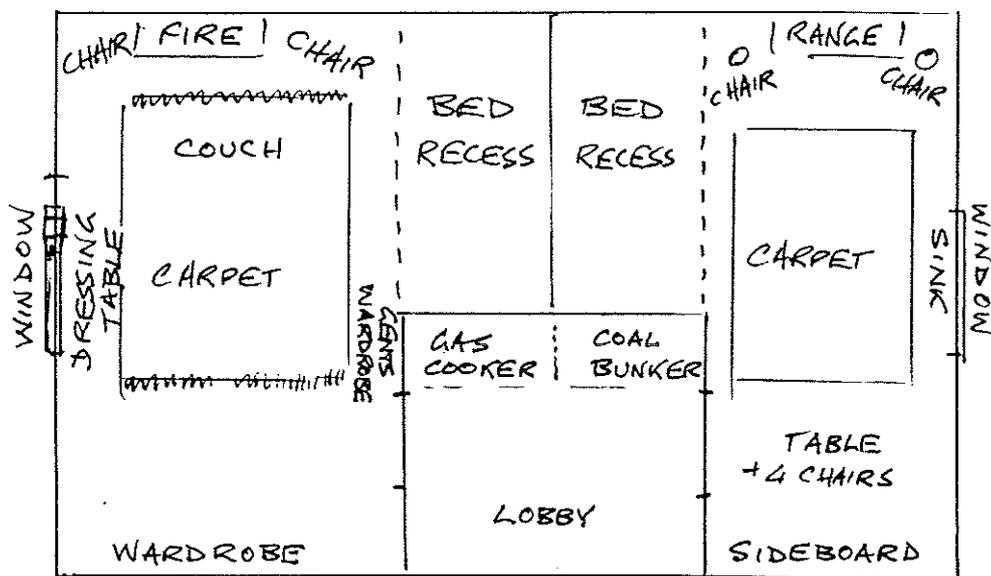
I was born in 1929 in the Silverbanks area of Cambuslang. The tenement building on Glasgow Road had nine houses to the close, with three outside toilets - one on each stair landing. Of the nine houses, there were three with a Room and Kitchen, Scullery and Lobby; three had Room, Kitchen and Lobby (which I grew up in); and the other three, called 'Single-ends', just had a Kitchen and Scullery.

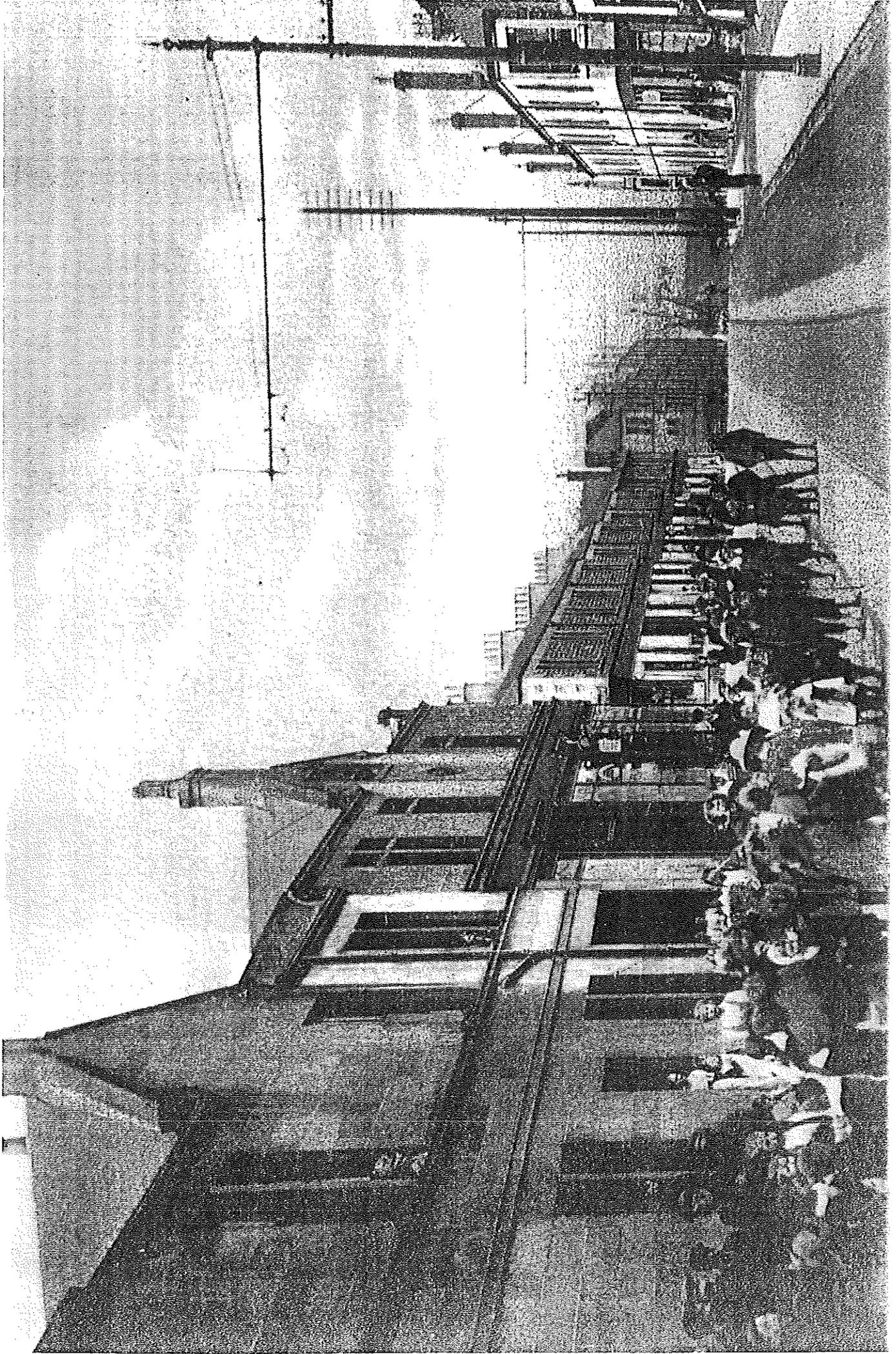
We had running water and electricity, as most had, but some still had gas lighting.

There were four in our family: my mother, father, sister and myself. My father was a Steelworker and later a Toolmaker with Rolls Royce, Hillington. He had retrained at Stow College.

My mother did all the household chores; my sister and I did not have to do any work. Perhaps this was because I had not been very strong as a child. At six I contracted diphtheria and later scarlet fever. Although a full recovery was very slow I was lucky: I recall that two boys who lived nearby and became ill with diphtheria at the same time did not survive.

I went to West Coats (H.G.) School until I was fourteen. Although it was quite a walk it avoided having to cross the busy main road. I lived in the same house until I got married at twenty-three.





Halfway, Cambuslang, pre-1914

## GROWING UP IN CAMBUSLANG

When about two years old, my family moved from the Flemington Rows, where I was born in 1930, to a new house in Overton Road. This local authority housing development in Overton was the first in Cambuslang to be built as part of a programme to provide better housing conditions. With a peak population of over 27 000 in 1931, many people in Cambuslang lived in overcrowded and poor quality houses, which were generally, low amenity single-ends or room-and-kitchen apartments, rented and managed by property factors: e.g. Campbell's in Beech Avenue or Thomas Black & Son in Main Street, Cambuslang.

The houses in Overton Road were modern, three-apartment dwellings with gardens. Indoors, there was hot and cold running water, and there was a separate bathroom with a plumbed-in bath and basin. There were coal fires, and the boiler which heated the hot water was in the corner of the kitchenette (stone floor). I recall that the clootie dumpling was made in the boiler. Instead of a range, there was a free-standing gas cooker. There was electricity for lighting and 5-amp power points for the wireless, etc. My brother and I shared one bedroom, and my sister, who had T. B. had the other bedroom to herself - she later died in Stonehouse Hospital.

When I was five I went to Hallside School and, from the age of eleven until fourteen, I went to Gateside School (later Cambuslang College). Of course, for me life was much more interesting outside school: e.g. spending time at the Piggery in Westburn, run by Mr. Little; doing chores and odd jobs; playing with my friends and playing football. On Sundays, it was compulsory to go to Sunday School at Flemington - in the afternoons, I was allowed to play football. I got my first pair of football boots in Simpson's shoe shop with coupons from Al Soap Powder, which at that time cost a penny ha'penny (1½d.) a packet. Other household items could be acquired by redeeming Al Coupons: e.g. dish towels - with enough for five you got six towels.

Auntie Jeanie's baking was first class but the following was written on the comments spoken when eating her first effort.

-0-

### AUNTIE'S EMPIRE BISCUITS

Oor Auntie Jeanie's baking bowl  
Was an ancient piece o' delf  
An it was washed three times  
a year  
Then put back on the shelf  
Bit noo it's lazy days are passed  
(Uncle Charlie's stomach's achin')  
For Aunty lately got the itch  
Tae try her haun at bakin.

An when she put a dainty doon  
Upon the supper table  
He hut it with a hammer  
Bit tae break it, wisnae able  
He flung it doon upon the flair  
That unoffensive cooky  
"Ye say ye baked that thing wi'  
flour  
I say it's made wi' stooky.

Jist then a neighbour wife came in  
Tae hae a wee bit blether  
Anither cup wis there pit oot  
An they a' had tea the gither  
"Whit is this supposed tae be  
Tell me before I risk it"  
An Aunty said wi modest pride  
"It's a hame made empire biscuit".

Try yin for yerself an prove  
That what I say is truth  
They're wonderful, they're  
glorious  
They melt right in yer mooth  
They're marvellous, they're  
sumptuous  
Don't let a crumb be wasted  
They're lovely, Oh they're  
heavenly  
The best you ever tasted.

They tried tae bite it wi' their  
teeth  
They soaked it in their tea  
They shoved it in the oven hot  
Tae saften it awee  
They could'nae mark it wi a saw  
It blunted dull the cleaver  
Til' they gave up an telt the weans  
Tae use it as a peaver.

Noo dinnae take this tale as truth  
Its jist a pack o' lies  
For Auntie's bakin's jist as good  
As ever won a prize  
For dumpling's, sody scones an'  
cakes  
So rich, so fresh, so keen  
There's no a baker in the toon  
Can match oor Auntie Jean.

An' for her Empire Biscuit's,  
why  
We'll always be her debtor  
Some may bake them near as good  
But none can make them better  
When Silverbanks is cleared an' gone  
The Brae' deserted an' forsaken  
We'll then reca' wi wattery mouths  
Oor Auntie Jeanie's bakin.

Home was in the VICTORIA BUILDING, Mill Road, Halfway. This rented accommodation comprised Room, Kitchen and Scullery.

In the scullery there was a black sink and cold water supply.

There was a shared toilet on the stair.

The house had gas light and a coal fire. Cooking and baking were done on the range. Hot water was heated on the range in large iron kettles. Traditionally, Friday night was bath night: the zinc bath was set in front of the fire.

Meal times were family occasions: the table was set for breakfast, lunch and dinner. As space was limited there was little in the way of furniture: table and chairs and a wardrobe.

The family washing was done out the back, but you had to wait your turn for the wash-house.

We went to the Ebenezer Hall and Guildry. Inside we played at cards, Snakes and Ladders: outside we played bools and peever.

Every Sunday, after Sunday School, we went to Aunt Abbie.

Our aunts and uncles visited turn about.

From time to time, depending on the mood, girls collected scraps.

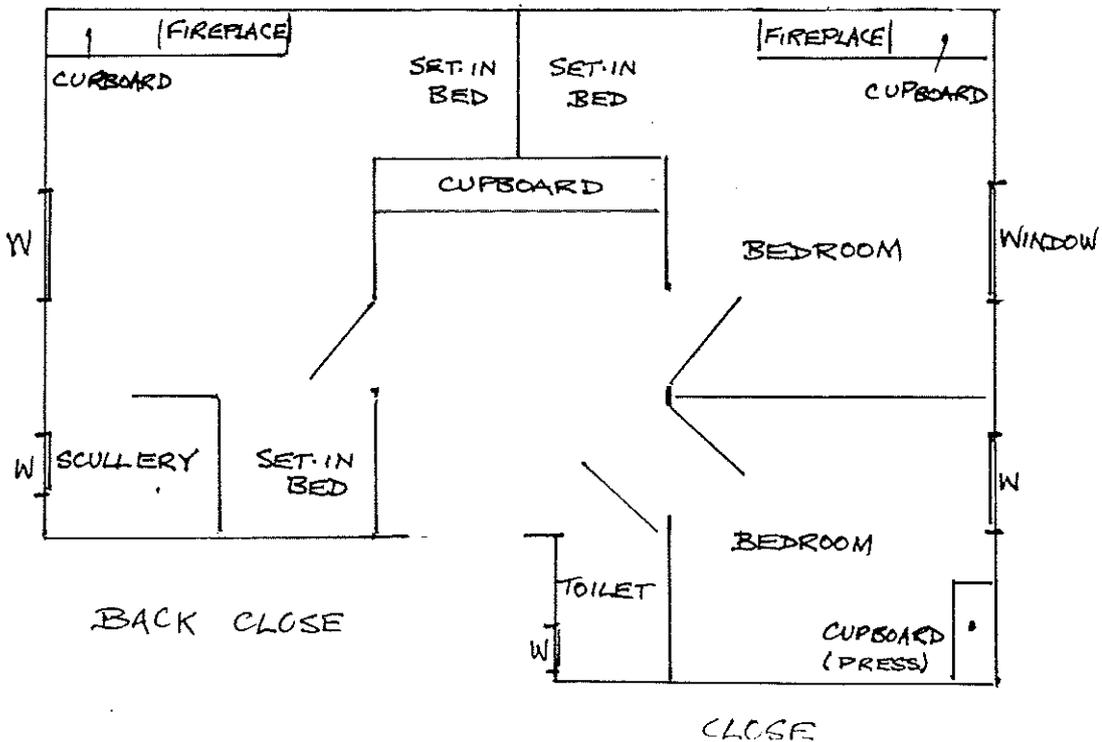
They were kept in a book, e.g. a hardback edition of children's stories. The most prized scraps were the "Winged Angels".

They were kept at the back in cellophane wrapping.

GROWING UP IN CAMBUSLANG

HOME and FAMILY

175 Hamilton Road, Halfway was in a grey sandstone tenement building, built approximately 100 years ago. There were two houses at ground level and two one stair up. Two houses had two apartments and two had three. Each house had running water and inside toilets; a small scullery which was the size of the space for a set-in bed. Cooking was done using gas. Originally, ranges had been installed, but I do not remember this in our house. There were fireplaces in each room. There was electric lighting in the house, but the close lighting was gas. Each tenant was responsible <sup>for</sup> lighting and extinguishing this each night, coinciding with the tenant's turn to wash the close or stairs. This was done religiously each week and sweeping of same had to be done each day. The pavement outside the close was swept at the same time. The door brasses were polished regularly. The washhouse fire was prepared the previous night and lit first thing in the morning to heat the water in the large boiler in which the white clothes and sheets were boiled. Neighbours left the fire lit and fresh hot water for the next person to start washing. On bath nights, traditionally Saturdays, the zinc bath was put in front of the kitchen fire. Father worked shifts and preferred his main meal in the middle of the day, with high tea in the evening. Family meals tended to follow this pattern.



## FAMILY AND FRIENDS :

There were two closes in this tenement block and there was a great community spirit and closeness. There was always somebody, usually one of the older ladies, available at any time if our mother was called away suddenly or if any other crisis arose. No one was ever left alone. It was really a type of extended family. We were the only young family in the early days and, while we got plenty of attention and treats, we had to be very careful that we did not step out of line. Indeed, there was a limit to how much freedom we were allowed in the back. The gardens were well kept: we were not supposed to play on the "manicured" lawns or to climb up on the washhouse. In due course, other young families came: the friendships established then are still there.

Quite often we went straight from school to our maternal grandfather's. Every Sunday we were met by him at the Sunday School and taken with the cousins for a walk. If the weather was bad we had to play in the room until tea-time. Adults got their tea first and then the children: we were constantly peeping through to see if they had finished. When we were at our paternal grandparents the routine was much the same, but with a great deal more freedom. I have often thought that this was because of the different backgrounds: my father's people had come up from Kent to work at Hallside Steelworks, and had a very different attitude to that of my maternal grandfather - an Elder of the Presbyterian Kirk.

All relatives tended to see a good deal of each other: e.g. there were particular days when certain aunts visited and the cousins came straight from school; and vice versa, we would visit them.

## PROVISIONS AND SHOPPING

A lot of vegetables were grown out in the back garden, but the area was well served with shops. From the Co-op, where most people shopped, the Dividend was paid quarterly. The corner shops were well patronised: Granny Frame's; Granny Wallace; Dick McLean's paper shop; Top Jenny's for hardware; Bobby Doe's fish shop and the East Kilbride Dairy that I can remember. Then there was Nettie McDonald's. When you went into the shop you couldn't see anything for big tins stacked everywhere. She climbed up on something behind the counter and looked out between the tins. When the shop was given up and cleared, it was discovered that she kept her money in a lot of tins and some had been thrown out. People had a field day searching the dump.

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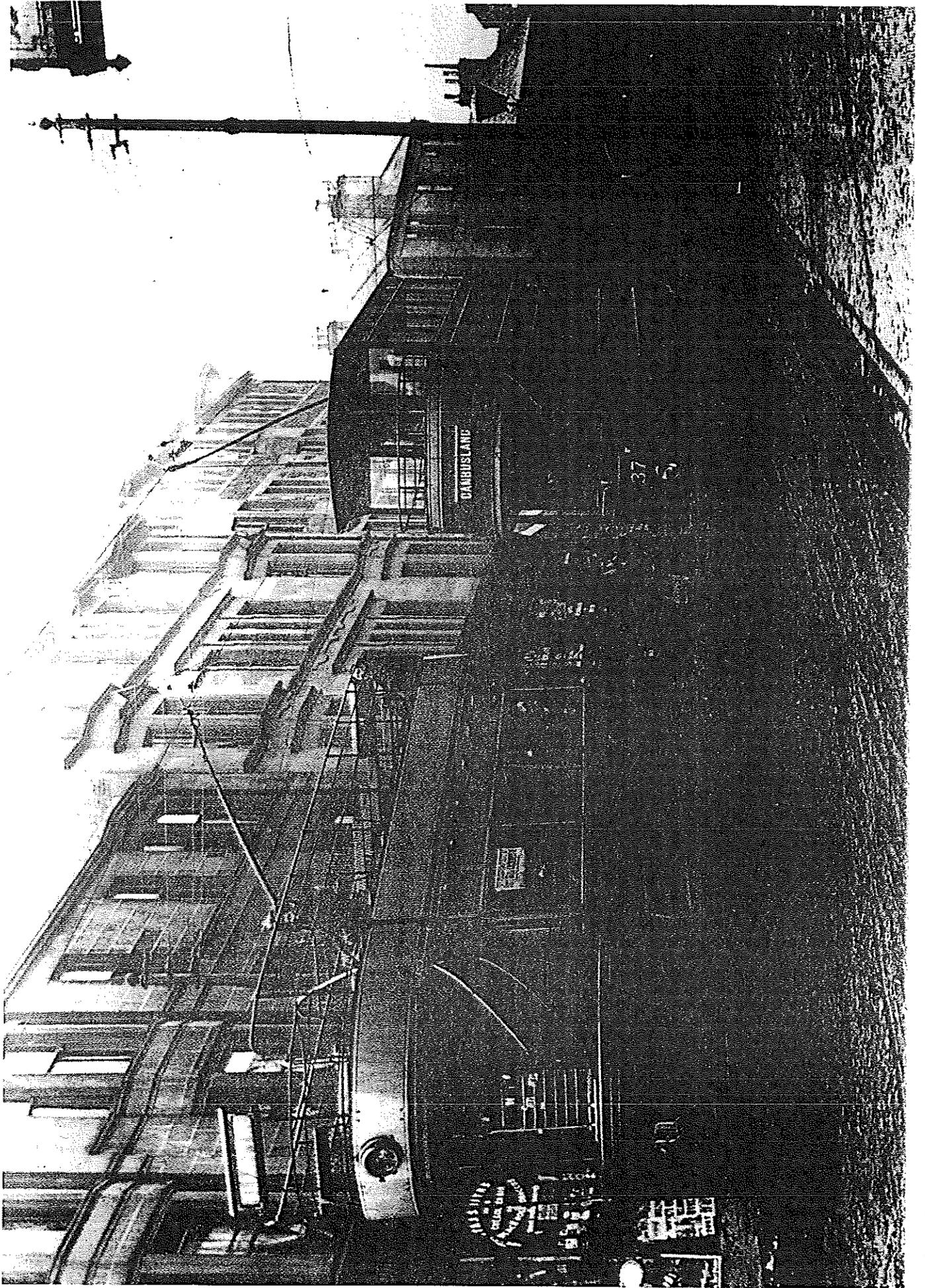
TRANSPORT : 1940s and 1950s

There was a good bus service to Glasgow and Hamilton. To get a train you had to walk to Newton, Kirkhill or Cambuslang Station. You had to walk to Cambuslang to get the Number 17 tram-car to Glasgow, but it took you as far as the Kelvin Hall and the Art Gallery. Not many people had private cars.

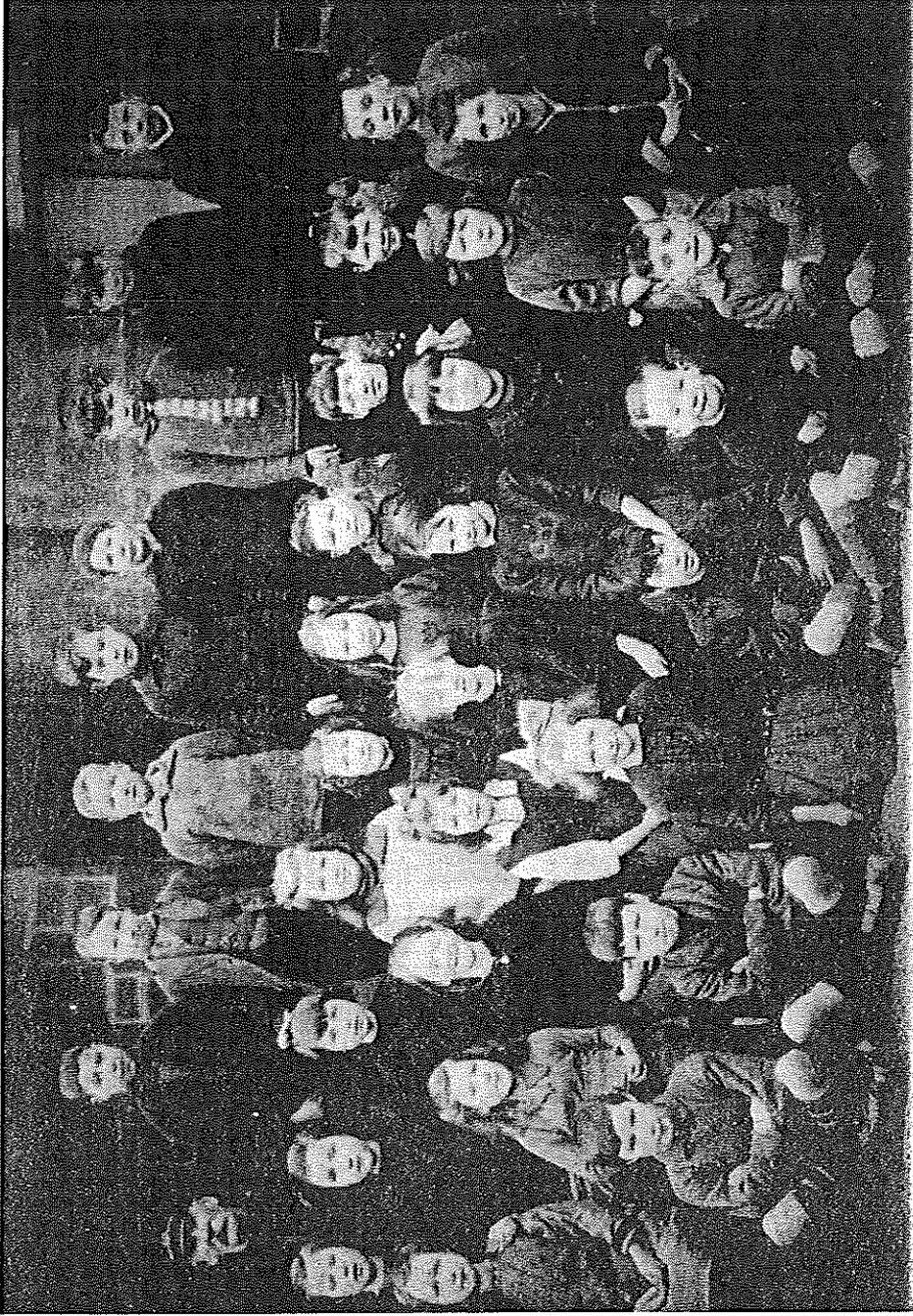
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Prior to the introduction of the N.H.S. (1946 - 1952), the Doctor was paid by the Steelworks; the money paid by each man at 6d. per week. The service was excellent. The Doctor - Dr. Allison had a car with the registration number AGE 811. Nowadays, there are three doctors and five receptionists, and you wait a week for an appointment and pay £5.25 for each item on a Prescription.

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1907 - A Lanarkshire and a Glasgow Tram together at Cambuslang



NEWTON SCHOOL : C. 1920  
Janitor - Mr. Hamilton

Photograph : Courtesy - Mrs. Annie Johnston (with the heads:  
second row, fourth from the left).

SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPHS :

1930s All the girls have short hair - shingle and bob hairstyles. There are no pony tails or plaits - cf. 1920s - photograph of Newton School.

Most of the boys are wearing collared jerseys and horizontal striped ties, but one or two have shirts and one boy is sporting the more modern diagonal striped school-tie.

Knee socks with top stripes were traditionally worn.

One or two of the girls are wearing gym tunics; others cotton print dresses with Peter Pan collars, while a few are wearing jerseys and skirts.

Sandals and white ankle socks are worn by some of the girls, but one is wearing new white sandals or "cutties" - traditional wear for the summer Co-op Gala.

On this occasion, each of the children in Cambuslang would be given a new "tinny"; walk in procession behind the local band, with the new tinny on a white ribbon slung across the chest and over the shoulder, to the park for a picnic and races, etc.

HALLSIDE P. SCHOOL c1937



Photograph - Courtesy of Mr Alan Flockhart

Back Row:- 1. Al. McWhinnie 2. David Bogle  
 3. Alex. Greer (Flemington); 4. (Loanend)  
 5. (Farmer's son) 6. Tom Forrest  
 7. Jim Rammidge

4th Row:- 1. Don 2.  
 3. Alex 4. David Pringle  
 5. Tom Morton 6. Alan Flockhart  
 7. Scott Maxwell 8. Willie McPheeters

3rd Row:- 1. 2. Hastie  
 3. 4. McGowan  
 5. Ellen Guthrie 6.  
 7. 8.  
 9.

2nd Row:- 1. Jamieson 2. McLachlan (Overton Rd.)  
 3. 4. Semple (Westburn)  
 5. Borland 6.  
 7. 8.  
 9. Marshall 10 Maxwell (Hallside)

Front Row:- 1. Valerie (Sleepy Valley - back of church)  
 2.  
 3. Tait (killed by a brick lorry)  
 4.

Teacher:-

HALLSIDE P. SCHOOL 1937



Photograph: Courtesy Mrs Annie Johnstone

Daughter: 2nd row, 2nd from right

## SCHOOLDAYS :

Classes tended to be large. Smart pupils sat at the back of the room and those less able sat at the front. The classroom was tiered; double desks with seat combined; the girls sat at one side of the room and the boys at the other. Everyone did the same work at the same time and the belt was used often on both girls and boys. I don't recall any noise in classrooms. At primary (Gateside) you knew almost everyone who attended, and normally play would be with classmates rather than the friends you would play with at home. Boys' and girls' playgrounds were separate: the Janitor was on hand to enforce this. The games we played were ropes, singing games and balls. Sometimes we practised various dances such as the country dancing which was being taught in the school. I had to walk to primary school. but when I went to the academy I went by bus using a monthly pass which had to be purchased by my parents. I usually went home for lunch, but when I had to stay I preferred Monday. Thursday or Friday. Mondays and Thursdays were soup and steamed pudding days and that wasn't too bad. Fridays were usually something like sausage and mashed potatoes, but Wednesday was "mince and whitewash" day - to be avoided if possible.

The school nurse (I think she was called the Green Lady) came to examine our heads. Those with dirty heads were kept until the end and came back to the class with a letter, and so, as everyone knew who had nits, they were given a wide berth until it had gone out of our minds. General cleanliness was also checked frequently. If you<sup>ware</sup> a bit peellie-wallie or peekie (not very strong), or indeed, if your mother thought you were - like mine - you were sent down to the Clinic at Johnstone Drive for the dreaded Sunlight Treatment.

The dentist also came round on a regular basis, and I remember that there were Medical Examinations when your mother had to attend.

## MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD

### A Lullaby

Birdie, birdie, blow your horn,  
A' the kye's among the corn,  
A' but ane, a' but two, a' but Isa's wee broon coo  
Coming hame roarin' fu', fu', fu'!

### A Lullaby

A beggar man came ower yon lea,  
Seeking hope and charity, seeking hope and charity:  
"Could you help a beggar man  
Lassie wi' the tow - row - row?"

### A Song of my Childhood

Tune : "The British Grenadiers"

Ma Uncle Tam frae Glesca cam, alang wi' ma Aunty Jenny;  
He said I was a braw wee lad, and he gied me a braw new penny.  
I went to buy some candy rock, an' I fell in wi' wee O'Hara;  
Ah gied him a sook o' ma candy rock, for a len' o' his braw new barra,  
But noo, the bonnie wee barra's mine, it disnae belong to wee O'Hara.  
For the fly wee bloke, he stuck to my rock,  
So I'm gaun tae stick tae his barra.

I went to see, to see t'see  
 To see if he would marry me;  
 But all that I could see, see, see,  
 Was the bottom of the deep blue sea, sea, sea.

Eevie - Ivie, turn the ropes over,  
 Over, over;  
 In amongst the clover.  
 5 - 10 - 15 - 20 - 25 - 30 etc.

The big ship sailing in the ealy-ally-O,  
 Ealy-ally-O, ealy-ally-O;  
 The big ship sailing through the ealy-ally-O,  
 On the 19th of December.

My father was a captain in the ealy-ally-O.  
 Ealy-ally-O, ealy-ally-O;  
 My father was a captain in the ealy-ally-O,  
 On the 19th of December.

Katie in the kitchen  
 Doin' a little stitchin',  
 In jumps the bogey man  
 And out jumps she.

On a mountain stands a lady:  
 Who she is I do not know.  
 She is young and she is pretty:  
 She is the girl from the golden city.

The wind, the wind, the wind blows high  
 Snowflakes falling from the sky.  
 (Girl's name) says she'll die  
 If she doesn't get a boy with a tartan tie.

He is handsome, he is pretty,  
 He is the boy from New York City.  
 He is the boy from 1 - 2 - 3,  
 Come and tell me who is he.

(People cawing would now confer, to decide on a boy's name)

(Boy's name) says he loves her,  
 ( " " ) says he loves her.  
 ( " " ) says he loves her,  
 's got a wife.

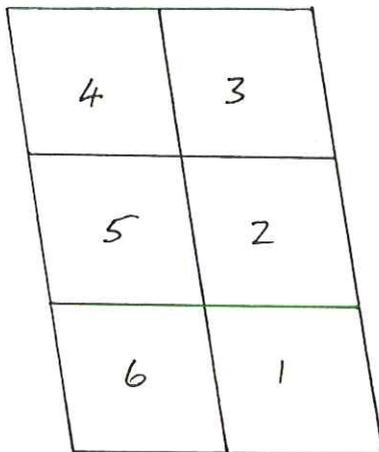
PK chewing gum  
 Penny a packet  
 First you chew it  
 Then you crack it  
 Then you stick it  
 To the old man's jacket.

CHILDREN'S RHYMES

My mother said - that I never should  
 Play with the gypsies - in the wood.  
 If I did she would say: "Naughty girl, to disobey,  
 Disobey, disobey. Naughty girl, to disobey."

Peas brose again Mammy,  
 Peas brose again.  
 You feed me like a blackbird -  
 An' me yer only wean.

Ba' Beds:-



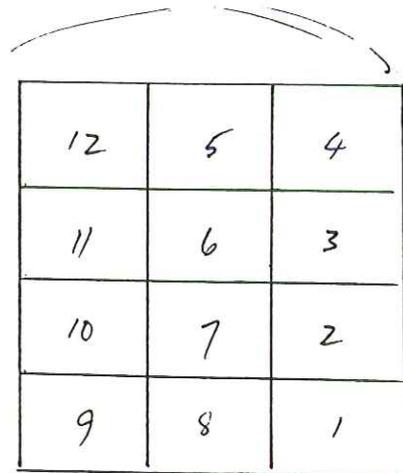
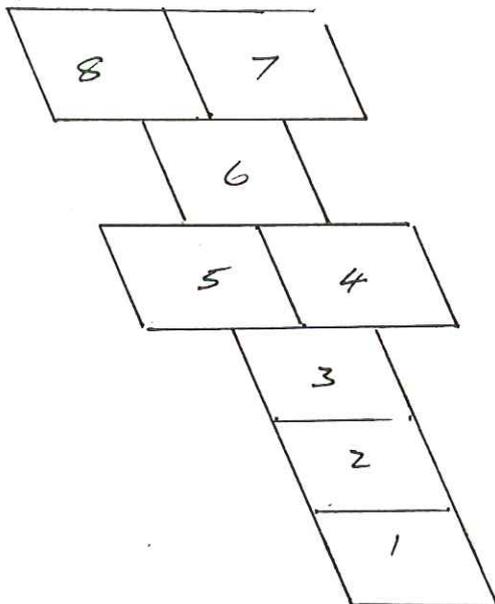
1 - 2 - 3 a leerie;  
 4 - 5 - 6 a leerie;  
 7 - 8 - 9 a leerie;  
 10 a leerie Postman.

1 - 2 - 3 a leerie;  
 I saw Jock McLeerie  
 Sittin' on his bum-bel-eerie  
 Bursin' Shirley Temple.

I'm Shirley Temple,  
 An' I've got curly hair .....

Aeroplane Beds:-

From 'Beds'



SQUARE BEDS or HOUSE BEDS:-  
 these were more difficult  
 and played by the older  
 girls in primary school.

## FUN AND GAMES

We played "I Spy" - sometimes with a limit on the distance to set the boundaries of the game. The usual seasonal games were played: ropes; beds; "knock the can"; "chap door - run fast"; wee houses and shops using bits of broken china as money. Pies and cakes were made out of mud. Peevers were made in the steelwork, but if you did not have one a Cherry Blossom shoe polish tin had to do. Runners for sledges were also made in the steelwork, and for bogies the wheels off old prams were used. The swing parks were well used and we had the fields to run in and explore. Sometimes we played around the brickworks and pit; the bings were also an attraction. This was an ideal spot for quoiting. A popular play area was around the Cathkin flagpole.

\* \* \* \* \*

## ENTERTAINMENT AND LEISURE

We had the radio, which played when the homework was done and when father wasn't on the nightshift. The nearest cinemas were the Ritz, Savoy and Empire (Bug House) in Cambuslang or the Broadway in Blentyre. Any clubs tended to be connected to the church - uniformed organisations. The local Ebenezer Hall had great nights, for singing and listening to a speaker (?). You got tea and cakes and sweeties going out the door. All the Sunday School Trips were local events, as was the Co Gala. Holidays were spent quite often at home, but it was quite the thing for crowds of neighbours to go on a day trips which had been organised by a local group of people. The Clyde Coast was the most popular destination for holidays.

\* \* \* \* \*

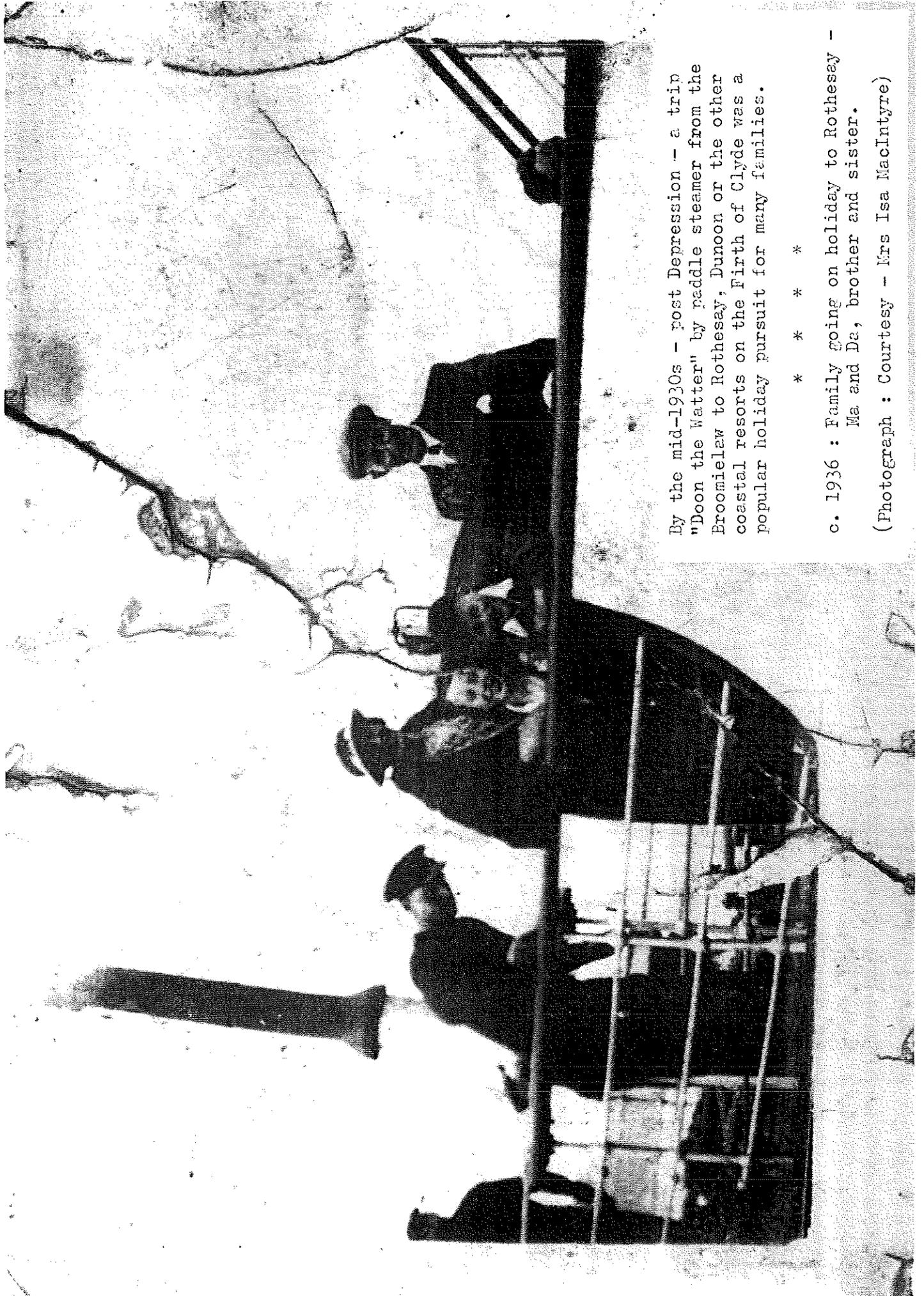
## MORRISTON MISSION BIBLE CLASS

From the age of fifteen or sixteen (1933 - 1934), I attended a most unusual (for that time, anyway) Bible Class which was held in the Morriston Mission Church (now demolished) in Church Street, Cambuslang. It was attached to the Old Parish Church in Kirkhill.

The Bible Class was unusual in that there was a regular attendance of between 400 and 500 every Sunday at the service from 5 p.m. to 6 p.m. The minister, the Rev. George Arnott, was a real friend of the young people, and seemed to understand their needs.

We sang all the old Redemption Hymns and learned to harmonise with them. Instead of the organ, we had a Jazz Band: we sang the old favourites and some of our members sang solos. All the boys sat on one side of the Church and the girls on the other, but that didn't stop dates being made - many a marriage started off at the Bible Class!

Alas, when the War Years came along, we lost so many of our boys (and girls), and Mr. Arnott died in 1942; but it was still a magical time to remember.



By the mid-1930s - post Depression - a trip "Doon the Watter" by paddle steamer from the Broomielaw to Rothesay, Dunoon or the other coastal resorts on the Firth of Clyde was a popular holiday pursuit for many families.

\* \* \* \* \*

c. 1936 : Family going on holiday to Rothesay -  
Ma and Da, brother and sister.

(Photograph : Courtesy - Mrs Isa MacIntyre)

ROTHESAY PIER : MOVING PICTURES



Family at the start of their  
summer holiday in Rothesay - a  
rented cottage for two weeks.

*(early 1930s)*

Photograph : Courtesy - Mrs Annie Johnston

POPULAR SONGS OF THE 1930s

1930

On the Sunny side of the Street  
St. James Infirmary  
Amy, Wonderful Amy  
Sleepy Lagoon  
Someday I'll Find You  
Happy Days Are Here Again  
Tiptoe through the Tulips

1932

Mad about the Boy  
Ain't it Grand to be  
    Blooming Well Dead  
Brother. Can You Spare a Dime?  
Night and Day  
Shuffle off to Buffalo

1934

Isle of Capri  
I'll Follow My Secret Heart  
Ole Faithful  
With Her Head Tucked  
    Underneath Her Arm  
Smoke Gets in Your Eyes

1936

These Foolish Things  
Did your Mother come from  
    Ireland  
The Fleet's in Port Again  
The Touch of Your Lips

1938

Blue Skies are round the  
    Corner  
I'll Walk Beside You  
Little Drummer Boy  
The Lambeth Walk  
Music, Maestro, Please  
Whistle While You Work

1931

Goodnight Sweetheart  
Sally  
You are my Heart's Delight  
Life is Just a Bowl of Cherries  
I'm Happy when I'm Hiking

1933

Teddy Bears' Picnic  
There's Something about a Soldier  
Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?

1935

Red Sails in the Sunset  
Why Did She Fall for the  
    Leader of the Band  
Dinner for one, Please, James  
On the Good Ship Lollipop  
Anything Goes (Cole Porter)

1937

Leaning on a Lamp-post  
Walter, Lead me to the Altar  
She's My Lovely  
A Nice Cup of Tea  
I've Got You Under My Skin

1939

Begin the Beguine  
Run Rabbit Run  
South of the Border  
Wish me Luck as you Wave me  
    Goodbye  
We'll Meet Again  
There'll Always Be an England

FILMS OF THE 1930s

1930:-

The Love Parade - Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald  
All Quiet on the Western Front  
Journey's End  
Disraeli - George Arliss  
Hell's Angels - Jean Harlow

1931:-

Flowers and Trees - Disney's first technicolour cartoon  
City Lights - Charlie Chaplin  
The Blue Angel - Marlene Dietrich

1932:-

Sally in Our Alley - Gracie Fields  
The Ghost Train - Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert  
Goodnight Vienna - Jack Buchanan

1933:-

Cavalcade : Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook  
Grand Hotel - Greta Garbo  
The Good Companions - Jessie Matthews and John Gielgud  
The Sign of the Cross - Charles Laughton and Frederick Marsh  
She Done Him Wrong - Mae West  
The Face of Britain - documentary by Paul Rotha  
King Kong

1934:-

The Private Life of Henry VIII - Charles Laughton  
The Emperor Jones - Paul Robeson  
The Thin Man - Myrna Loy and William Powell  
The Barretts of Wimpole Street - Norma Shearer and Charles Laughton  
Evergreen - Jessie Matthews  
Duck Soup - The Marx Brothers  
Queen Christina - Greta Garbo  
Nell Gwyn - Anna Neagle

1935:-

Clive of India - Emyln Williams  
Roberta and the Gay Divorce - Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers  
The Thirty-nine Steps - Robert Donat  
Sanders of the River - Paul Robeson and Leslie Banks  
David Copperfield - Freddie Bartholomew  
The Scarlet Pimpernel - Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon  
Mickey Mouse appeared in colour for the first time

1936:-

Mr Deeds Goes to Town - Gary Cooper  
Modern Times - Charlie Chaplin  
Things to Come  
The Great Zieffeld - William Powell and Myrna Loy

FILMS OF THE 1930s continued

1937:-

Three Smart Girls - Deanna Durbin  
Show Boat - Paul Robeson  
Oh, Mr Porter - Will Hay  
Lost Horizon - Ronald Colman  
Camille - Greta Garbo

1938:-

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs - Disney  
The Prisoner of Zenda - Ronald Colman  
Sixty Glorious Years - Anna Neagle  
The Good Earth - Paul Kuni  
The Lady Vanishes - directed by Hitchcock

1939:-

The Citadel - Robert Donat and Ralph Richardson  
Pymalion - Wendy Hillier and Leslie Howard  
Dark Victory - Bette Davis  
Wuthering Heights - Laurence Clavier and Merle Oberon  
Pinocchio - Disney  
The Lion Has Wings - Ralph Richardson



Early 1930s : Westburn  
Mothers and babies take time off for  
a neighbourly chat.

Photograph : Courtesy - Mrs Annie Johnston

Mother and daughter : Caledonian Terrace - 1934



Photograph : Courtesy Mrs Annie Johnston

## WORKING IN CAMBUSLANG : TIMES REMEMBERED

### General opportunities - local or commuting

#### The Teenage Years - Leaving School at 14

First Job

First Pay

Apprenticeship and Training

Type of Work within Organisation

Working Conditions

Employee Welfare Schemes e.g. Mutuality Clubs

Day Off - Recreation and Leisure

Holidays - entitlement, paid or unpaid leave of absence

Social and Recreational activities connected to workplace -

e.g. Works Sporting Leagues or Teams;

Special Events and Outings

#### Moving on - After qualification or being "Time-served"

Regrading; Promotion

Nature of Work

Networks and Clubs

#### After Marriage - dependent families

Job Security - Life on the Dole

Adapting to Change - Mechanisation

Automation

New Technologies

Alternative employment

#### Comparisons over the Decades

Contemporary work opportunities

#### Part-time work

#### Women at Work

#### Standard of Living

## MY FIRST JOB

I left school on a Friday in March, 1932, aged 14 years, and started work on the Monday. I got a job with a leading local grocery shop as a cash-girl, and I received the princely sum of ten shillings (50p.) per week as my wages. My job was to give change to the assistants - 5 men and 5 women - keep track of all goods delivered to the shop, keep the daily accounts book, issue weekly and monthly accounts to regular customers and take telephone messages. I also had to keep the biscuit cases clean and filled up with fresh biscuits, and indeed, help out in a variety of ways wherever I was needed, for instance, I had to rub the black puddings with fat and paint kippers with olive oil in order to make them look moist and fresh.

I started my day at 8 a.m. and finished when the work was done, sometime between 7 o'clock and 9.30 p.m., with an hour and a half off for my lunch. When the shop shut at 6 p.m. and I had my cash work done, I had to help the female staff to weigh and bag sugar, cereals, flour, etc. into 1 lb. and 2lb. bags and flour into  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lb. and 7 lb. bags - no prepacked food then! During this time, the male staff skinned, boned and rolled hams, printed butter pats using a special embossed wooden stamping tool, scraped the thick skin off cheeses and tested eggs. Holding three eggs in each hand, the assistant would hold them over a light, or "candle" them: if the eggs were transparent, they were good.

We had to buy our own overalls: we paid a small sum each week, deducted from our wages, until they were paid. In addition, we had to pay for our laundry.

Each Saturday, we were allowed by the firm sixpence to buy our tea, as the shop was open until 9 p.m. Our Manager decided to put our money into the shop cash to keep our stock good. The staff got an assortment of sandwiches made up with any bits of cooked meats that were broken or unlikely to be sold and any unsold or broken cakes for tea.

During this period, you just couldn't complain as jobs were so hard to find. After two years, I was off ill for eight to nine weeks, and I received a letter, terminating my employment. However, I wasn't long in finding another job, and found a great improvement in my working conditions.

\* \* \* \* \*

My new job was with Cooper & Co., Howard Street, Glasgow - a very well known grocery business, with a reputation for quality tea and coffee blending.

I started work in the Packing Hall, where there were teams of ten working at a long table making up orders for delivery to a wide area of Scotland. There was also a "Steamer Department" where orders for the Islands were made up and sent by steamer. Some of the remote Western Hebridean Islands paid their accounts partly by lengths of tweed, which presumably, the firm sold.

The hours were 8 a.m. - 5 p.m. one week and 9 a.m. - 6 p.m. the next, with an hour off for lunch. There was a Staff Canteen where we could have soup at one penny (1d) a plate, meat and potatoes cost fourpence (4d) and pudding was one penny (1d); however, it was seldom that we could afford the full meal. We were required to work late, until 9 o'clock, one evening each week: we were given a high tea for our work; if we worked an extra night, we got our tea and one shilling and sixpence (1/6 - equivalent to 7½p.) for our trouble. After I had been in a while, I applied for a job in their office, and I started in the Invoice Office in 1936. It was a very dull job, checking invoices for mistakes and copying out invoices for orders. My pay was twenty-eight shillings per week.

When war broke out, our office was shifted to Kelvinbridge; the travelling was horrendous, and so I was on the lookout for something nearer home.

\* \* \* \* \*

Early in 1940, I had an interview with The Savings Bank of Glasgow (now T.S.B.), and I was successful in getting a job as a Bank Clerk. The salary was £104 per annum, and the hours were 9.30 a.m. - 4.30 p.m. daily, late sessions on Mondays and Wednesdays 8.00 - 9.00 a.m. and 9.30 a.m. - 1.30 p.m. on Saturdays. I really liked this job. As I was doing a man's job I got deferred from having to enlist in the Forces or working in munitions, e.g. Bishopton. Every six months, officials from the Bank had to go to London to apply for our continuing deferment. As we were doing work considered to be of National importance, we were successful in getting our deferment. I had to do one night a week (all night) firewatching at the bank. Over the course of the war years, we had many "Drives", or, as we would say nowadays, "Promotions" to raise money for the War Effort, e.g. Kings for Victory, etc.

I left the Bank in December 1945 to become a housewife, but I went back a number of years later as a "part-timer".

\* \* \* \* \*

Isabella Ballantyne

## WORKING IN CAMBUSLANG : MY FIRST FULL-TIME JOB

When I left school to start work in 1934, there was little choice: you had to take what you could get. Many of the men were idle: for every job going there were twenty in line.

Some girls got work up the "Hill" as a live-in nanny or went into service. Many girls were employed by the Rivet, Nut and Bolt Company in Duchess Road, for example, as "tappers", i.e. putting the threads on screws. Others worked in the ropeworks at Farmeloan Cross in Rutherglen; there was also Alexander's chair-works; the Stampworks and the Ironworks. Rosebank Dye Works, off Bridge Street on the south bank of the Clyde, had a large workforce - mainly women. The Clyde Nail Works was also a large employer of labour.

Thousands were employed in Richmond Park Laundry: I started work there, the first Monday after I had left school, in the Starch Room which was of a fair size, about the size of a classroom. I did shirt collars (detachable then), frilled fronts and the "bib and tucker" of formal dresswear. The starch which came in large sacks, I mixed myself - particular strengths for particular garments. The hand finishing, which was quite intricate work, was done using specially designed irons on suitably sized tables.

Much of this work was for up the "Hill." The Laundry also had regular contracts with the hotels and restaurants and the boats when they docked. All kinds of cleaning services were available: towels, table linen and personal laundry; fabrics, furnishings, curtains and carpets.

Although my work was quite pleasant in a congenial atmosphere, it was very tiring. I was on my feet all day and worked long hours. On Mondays, I started at 8 a.m. and finished at 8p.m.; from Tuesdays to Fridays, I worked from 6 a.m. until 6 p.m. and on Saturdays, from 8 a.m. until 1 p.m. Each morning, there was a fifteen minute tea-break, the lunch hour was from 12.30 until 1.30 p.m. and there was a short five minute break in the afternoon. My wages for the week amounted to £1 9s. Od. - this was quite good pay, considering that shop assistants, although they had a shorter working week, were paid very much less.

Discipline was very strict in the Laundry, particularly as regards time-keeping and working right up to the official stopping time. Anyone thought to be slacking felt the wrath of the Supervisor. There was a large clock near the Calendery (pressing room), and she would prod and jab anyone who looked as though she might be clock-watching. Needless to say, she made herself most unpopular. The Manager / Director, at this time, was Mr. Garry.

## WORKING IN CAMBUSLANG : A SHOP ASSISTANT DURING THE WAR YEARS

While still at school I had a morning milkround with the Co-op Dairy. My delivery round, covering the Lighthburn Road / Castle Chimmins area, started at 7 a.m. and finished before 9 a.m. in time for me to go to school. However, when I left school in 1940 aged fourteen, I had to give this up for a full time job. I started work as an assistant with J. Bowie, Cleaners in Strathclyde Street but left there after a few months as I did not like the factory-like environment. My next job was as a shop assistant with Andrew Cochrane, a grocery store in Main Street, Rutherglen. After being employed there for a few years, I got a transfer to the Cambuslang shop in Main Street, where I stayed until I got married.

I can't remember exactly how much I was paid: I gave the full wage packet to my mother towards the household budget, and she gave me half-a-crown pocket money. However, until I was married, she bought my clothes.

Weekday shop hours were from 8 a.m. until 5.30 p.m. and closed for lunch for an hour and a half: I was able to make good use of this lengthy break dealing with a variety of chores. In common with the rest of Cambuslang, half-day closing was on Wednesdays. Shop staff were given two weeks paid holiday per year and mostly all of the statutory public holidays: Christmas Day; New Year - two days and the day after depending when it fell; Queen's Birthday - a Monday; Fair Monday and September holiday weekend - a Monday. Staff were allowed Sick Pay, but you needed a Doctor's line.

With my friends I passed my leisure time socialising: mainly going to the pictures and dancing. There were three cinemas: the oldest, the "Empire" at Sauchiebog; the "Savoy" in Main Street, now a Bingo Hall, and the "Ritz". Downstairs in the pictures, the front stalls cost 9d. and the rear stalls cost 1/6; the balcony seats cost 2/6. One of my friends lived in Wishaw: sometimes, at weekends we would meet up and travel to Law where, during the war, the Home Guard held very good dances. Locally, in Halfway, there were Friday night dances held in the Co-operative Hall and in the Miners' Welfare Hall.

Caldwell Hall, across from Hallside School, was used for social functions. (It was later taken over by Anderson, the potato merchant). In Cambuslang, dances were held in the Cambuslang Institute, formerly called the 'Social Union'; the Masonic Hall; Gardiners and the Co-operative Hall. One local band that became well-known on the national circuit was "Dave Scott and the Night Hawks" who played regularly in the Masonic Hall.

It was important to know all the formal dancing steps: I learned to dance at the Girls' Guildry: but there was also Dorothy Kemp's School of Dancing in Overton Road - all kinds of dancing classes, from tap to ballroom dancing.

The first dancing school was run by Sheila McGettigan in the Institute in Greenlees Road, and later taken over by Dorothy Kemp. In the Co-operative Hall, across from the Premier, McGuinness ran dancing classes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Between the years of leaving school, aged 14, and being married, I had quite a number of jobs. Locally, at this time, it was not difficult to find work.

The job I liked most was at the Dechmont Briquette Works, bundling kindlers - sticks for lighting the fire. This was piece-work, and I could make quite a good wage. Regular deliveries of briquettes (pressed coal dust) which were very cheap, and kindlers were made by horse and cart on local rounds direct to the homes.

\* \* \* \* \*

WORKING IN CAMBUSLANG :            STARTING OUT DURING THE WAR YEARS

My first full-time job when I left West Coates School at the age of fourteen in 1943 was in the Co-operative Hardware in Cambuslang at Tabernacle Lane. There was the Manageress, an older lady and myself. I was not allowed to serve the customers or to deal with the money. Indeed, I was treated like a message girl with the boss sending me on her many errands. This period was a time of rationing and queues: I would have to stand and queue to get her fresh fruit or fish or whatever she wanted that was available. Many things were scarce. On occasion, some of the customers, e.g. those on the Hill would phone the shop for a particular item, perhaps a bucket or a lamp, and I would have to deliver it. The grocers' and butchers' shops would employ a "Message Boy" to make deliveries by message-bike; some shops offered a regular van delivery service - a particular area on a certain day.

After about a year I left the Co-operative and went to work in a baby linen shop on Main Street. I loved this job, but after a few years I was paid off because business was not very good: it was a case of last in first out, but I was given a very good reference. My next job was as a shop assistant in Woolworths in Rutherglen. After a few years there I left to learn to be a sewing machinist in a leather bag factory. During the time I was employed in the factory, I married; when I became pregnant I left. I didn't go out to work again for about sixteen years while I brought up a family of three.

Towards the end of the 1960s, I returned to work part-time, in the Hoover factory in Cambuslang beside my husband, working 'twilight shift' from 6 o'clock in the evening until 10 o'clock at night. For six years I worked this shift, but the company decided to do away with that shift: I could have got full-time work, but did not want it at that time. Instead, I began working with the Home Help Service, and was employed from nine in the morning until 1 o'clock. This job I did for two years, after which I returned to the Hoover working full-time. I was there until I retired at the age of sixty.

## WORKING IN CAMBUSLANG : MY FIRST JOB

From a very early age I had learned to work with tools, and had wanted to be a joiner when I left school. However, in 1944, I could not get work as a joiner, and so, instead, I became a slater and plasterer. I served my apprenticeship with C. W. Croft of Main Street in Cambuslang. One day a week, I went to day school, to the Building School in Janebank.

For my apprenticeship, I received £1 17s. 0d. a week. Every year we got one pay rise. We had to supply our own overalls. The company bought the sets of tools from the trade rep. and the apprentices had to pay for them at the rate of one shilling per week. The tools were packed in a precise order in a haversack.

One of our jobs first thing in the morning, was to sweep two or *three* chimneys, before we did anything else. The cement work came next. The jobs were worked by lines. We had to record in a book all the jobs done that day. One tradesman and one apprentice worked together. We worked all over Cambuslang, Halfway, Newton and Hallside. Some of the work-lines came from Campbell, the Factor's Office in Cambuslang. We also did work for Clydebridge and Hallside Steelworks. Locally, as houses became vacant, the Steel Company would take them over, have them done up and then rent them to employees.

We started work at eight in the morning and finished at five in the evening, with one hour's dinner break from twelve until one o'clock. On a Saturday, we worked from eight until twelve noon.

## FROM SCHOOL TO WORK

After leaving Primary School, the choice was to go to one of the Academies - Rutherglen, Hamilton, Uddingston - or to go to Junior Secondary at Gateside School. Transferring to the Academy, I found fairly traumatic. Not many other pupils from the primary class went at the same time. We were graded according to ability, A B ... etc., so you could be in a class with no one you knew.

On leaving school, getting a job was no problem: straight into a job, with training in Estate Agent work and surveying. This meant going into Glasgow, but most people who wanted office work and factory work had to travel. Hoover brought employment locally for young people, especially females.

## MARRIED LIFE

Our first house was a single-end in Cambuslang. At that time houses were very difficult to get, but because of my employment I got a house. This was a terrible house with an outside toilet (a first for both of us). My husband worked in Hoover, but I had to leave work as married women were not employed. However, I got another job in Rutherglen, and so continued work after marriage.

The Council decided to pull Cambuslang down and rebuild the North side of Main Street; we were allocated another single-end in Halfway. I loved this house and was very happy in it. After three years I had my first child, and we were a bit overcrowded. The Council decided to pull down Halfway and rebuild North of Hamilton Road. Once again we were moved, this time to a pre-fab in Halfway. It was very cold and damp, but roomy and we had a garden. One year later, I had had another child and was a widow. Again the Council were pulling down: this time the pre-fabs, and the next year I was moved to a maisonette in Halfway. After twenty years there, I moved to my present house.

From being relatively comfortable, since my husband had a well paid job, I am suddenly on my own. Hoover offered me employment, which I accepted. It was a very family orientated firm, sympathetic and considerate towards employees and their families. However, looking to the future and my responsibilities, I had to think about higher wages and hours to suit school holidays and days. I decided to use my academic education and go to teacher training college. Financially, this was very difficult as I got no benefits at that time; nor did I get full pension rights, since under Government regulations at that time, the State Pension was very much reduced if you worked.

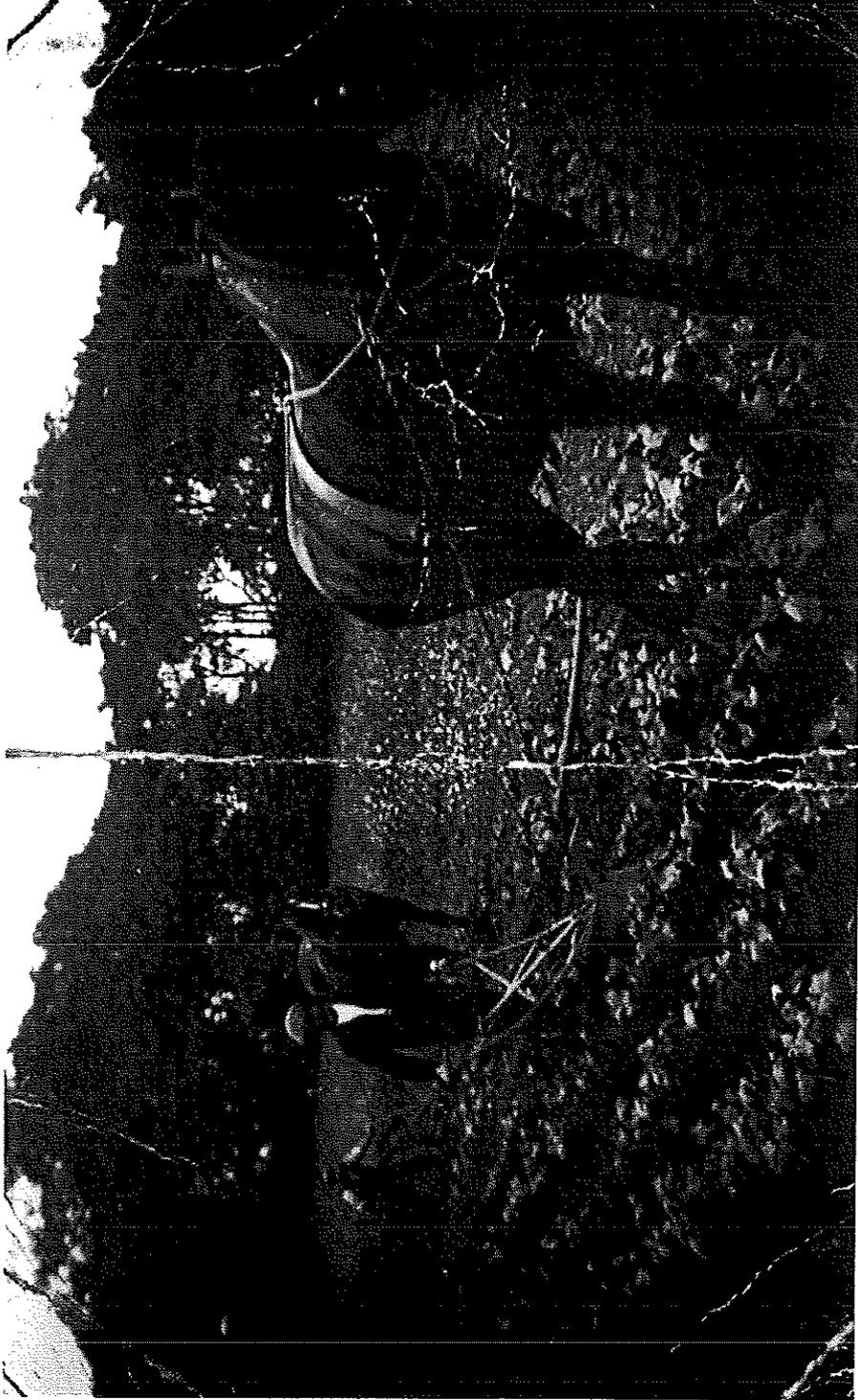
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What a change over the post-war years.

My salary on leaving school was twenty-five shillings and about £7 per week when I got married: it was £36 per month when I started teaching, and now, approximately £100 per day for supply teaching.

The change from one room (7/6 rent per week), no toilet, having to eat, sleep, wash and socialise in one room; to the pre-fab, which was spacious, with heated bathroom, well-constructed with built-in wardrobes, drawers and cupboards - and real luxury - a built-in gas fridge in an ideal, large well-equipped kitchenette. The rent for the maisonette was much higher: it had underfloor electric heating, a communal entrance, unheated bedrooms and poor kitchen accommodation. The type of house in which I now live was built around 1920 and is spacious: I believe the rent for a house like this is about £200 per month.

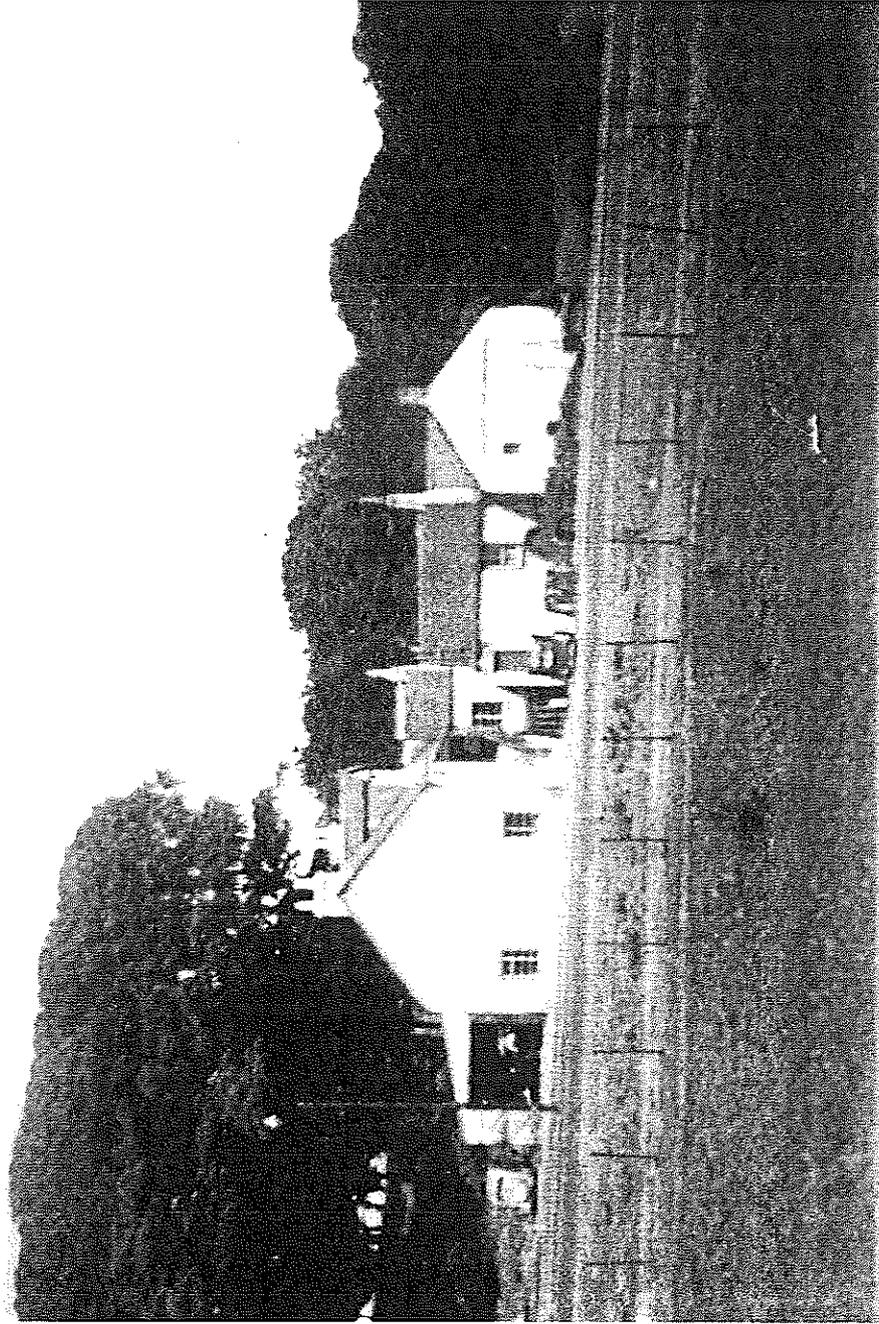
Halfway had a good community spirit, although the standard of housing except for a few schemes was basic. We had good shops where you could buy almost all you needed. Although "mod cons" have improved housing conditions, generally, houses of the post-war era have not been well built: Cairns, which houses fairly local people; Scottish Specials were built on the site of the pre-fabs. Indeed, Halfway ceased to be a village, and became merely a district of Glasgow with no heart. The centre is run-down shops of poor standard; most shopping is done outwith the area at Supermarkets, which is not convenient if you don't have a car. Transport is poor. (cf. Current proposals - 1995 - to revitalise Halfway and restore its village identity).



George MacIntyre. born on Islay, farming at Dalton;  
the field across from the Smiddy. during the 1930s.

(Photograph : Courtesy - Mrs Ise MacIntyre)

The Wheelwright's at Dalton, 1950s



Photograph : Courtesy - Mrs Isa MacIntyre

March 1995  
April

LEAP REMINISCENCE GROUP - ARCHWAY CENTRE

THE WAR YEARS IN CAMBUSLANG : TIMES REMEMBERED

"... Unlike the first world war the second was regarded by virtually all as just and necessary, .... Through six long checkered years sacrifices were patiently borne - by those at the work bench and in the home no less than those in the armed services - to further what was felt to be a crusade but one devoid of romance." (W. Ferguson)

Call up: Registration of all men aged between 18 and 41.  
(300 000 aged between 20 and 24)

RATIONING : introduced 8th January, 1940 ; *ended June 1954*

Registration with grocer, butcher, baker, etc. for food, fuel, materials, transport. (*Bread rationed 1946*)

Exemptions: infants, mending thread, black-out cloth, short coat under 28"

"Make do and mend"

"Utility" clothing and furniture

Special allowances for key workers, e.g. miners

RATION BOOKS : Coupon allowance; Colour codes for infants, school children, expectant mothers, adults

SECOND HAND MARKET FLOURISHED : By the end of 1941 most luxuries had disappeared from the shops, e.g. toys - children's trikes and pedal cars; many items were no longer made - irons, tea strainers, carpet sweepers, lawn mowers, shears, mop pails, kitchen/bathroom cabinets, fire screens, etc.

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS : Shelters; Gas masks

PROPAGANDA CAMPAIGNS : Information and morale boosting promotions via newspapers, radio and cinema.

WAR EFFORT : Economy and thrift; self sufficiency.  
Collections of scrap newspapers; rags; metal e.g. iron railings

No pleasure trips (September 1942)

"V" for VICTORY : 1941 Churchill campaign - defiance of the enemy

"DIG FOR VICTORY" Campaign : Thomas Williams, Parm. Secretary to Ministry of Agriculture

Every farm, allotment and back garden must grow the maximum of food stuffs.

WORK AT HOME : Shipyards: Munitions: Machinists: Transport:  
Land-Girls - agricultural workers on farms and estates.

WELFARE : Vaccination and immunisation against diphtheria -  
mass programme

Diet - recommended menus and recipes

(I.B. During the Second World War when the food market  
was controlled by rationing rather than the price mechanism,  
the average height of Glasgow children aged 13  
increased by just under 2 inches, while the  
number of children dying in their first year  
fell by 27% - the largest fall anywhere in  
Europe.)

EVACUATION : Movement of women and children from industrialised  
urban areas to safer rural villages.

LEISURE : Fund raising concerts. etc.

Impromptu sing-songs: live concerts: "Witterbug" dance

Cinema

Radio - Home service

"Mr. LEM" (It's That Man Again) starring  
Tommy Handley and Lolly Weir

Lord Haw-Haw (William Joyce, - pro-German propaganda)

TRAGEDY : 17th September, 1944 - "Dieckfried Line" breached

CELEBRATIONS : V.E. DAY 1945, 8 May

LOCAL SITUATION : Personal experiences

DECEASED

After V.E. Day ~ further rationing restrictions (3 weeks after)  
eg. meat reduced

## HOW RATION BOOKS WORKED

When it became apparent that hostilities between Britain and Germany were not going to be "over by Christmas" in 1939, steps were taken by the Government to introduce measures to deal with a much longer conflict. On the 8th of January, 1940, the rationing of essential foodstuffs began to "bring the practice of war economy into every home." Foods like bacon and ham, butter and sugar would be available to the grocery merchant and customers in a strictly limited supply.

Ration Books were issued to each individual: buff for adults and school children; green for under-fives and expectant mothers. (Later on, with the introduction of free orange juice and cod liver oil, yellow was used for the under-tuos, and blue was introduced for school children).

Each book had enough coupons to last a year, so many for each month. Every family had to register with a grocer, a butcher, a greengrocer, etc. and could use their Ration Books only in those shops.

Each person was entitled to a weekly ration of foods considered essential to a balanced diet - meat, cheese, jam, sugar, bacon, butter, margarine, cooking fat, tea and an allocation of eggs. Milk and bread were allocated via a system of "Units." Luxury items such as syrup, condensed milk and tinned fruit and vegetables were sold on a "points" system. Each customer was allocated a number of points which could be used for such items. The "points", on a special page of the ration book, were cancelled by being scored through.

## WEEKLY FOOD RATION FOR AN ADULT

Bacon and ham	4 oz.
Meat	to the value of 1s. 2d. Sausages were not rationed, but were difficult to obtain; Offal was originally unrationed, but sometimes formed part of the meat ration.
Butter	2 oz.
Cheese	2 oz. - sometimes it rose to 4oz. and even up to 8oz.
Margarine	4 oz.
Cooking fat	4oz. - often dropping to 2 oz.
Milk	3 pints - sometimes dropping to 2 pints Household (skimmed, dried) was available about 1 packet every 4 weeks.
Sugar	8 oz.
Preserves - Jam	1 lb.
Tea	2 oz.
Eggs	1 real egg a week if available, but at times dropping to 1 every two weeks.
Dried eggs	1 packet each 4 weeks
Sweets	12 oz. each 4 weeks

In addition, there was a monthly points system:

the 16 points allowed you to buy one can of fish or meat or 2 lb. of dried fruit or 8 lb. of split peas.

Babies and younger children, expectant and nursing mothers, had concentrated orange juice and cod liver oil from Welfare Clinics together with "Priority Milk." This milk was also available to invalids.

RECIPES making full and creative use of the weekly ration were published regularly by the Ministry of Food : "FOOD FACTS" in newspapers and magazines; the B.B.C. also broadcast useful information on the morning radio programme: "Kitchen Front."

## THE WAR YEARS : TIMES REMEMBERED

I left school at fourteen years of age and started work right away in J. W. Bowie's, the cleaners and dyeworks in Strathclyde Street, off Dalmarnock Road. I travelled by bus from Halfway to Dalmarnock, and walked up Strathclyde Street. As it was War-time, I had to carry my gas mask with me everywhere I went. It was in a square box: my mother made a cover for it with straps which went over the shoulder just like a bag.

I did not stay in the job very long. My next job was as a shop assistant in a grocery store with Andrew Cochrane's in Rutherglen. By this time rationing was in force: each household had to register with a grocer's, butcher's, etc. so that there was a fair allocation of essential foodstuffs. Ration Books, with pages of coupons were issued, and a weekly allowance was made for each commodity, e.g. for butter, spam, tea, sugar and sweets. These goods had to be weighed out in the shop by the assistant, e.g. 2 oz. butter and  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. sugar. You had to make up sugar from a sack into  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. and 1 lb. bags, and so forth, depending on how many books you had marked off during each week's rationing - but you knew all your customers.

Clothes were also rationed and sold on a coupon system. Everyone was encouraged to be thrifty, to avoid waste, and to "Make Do and Mend." The Ministry of Agriculture launched the "Dig for Victory" campaign: every farm, allotment and back garden had to be cultivated in order to grow the maximum of food stuffs. My brother and his pal had a plot where they grew cabbages, leeks, turnips, carrots and lettuces. They sold all the garden produce for money, mainly to the soldiers encamped up at Dechmont. My brother also delivered papers to them, which gave him a little extra money.

I went to the pictures, dancing and Guildry up at Flemington Church. When my friends and I came out we all went to the Cafe for an ice-cream. Each time the air-raid siren sounded, you had to go to the air-raid shelter and take your gas mask with you. They used to last for a few hours - it was always during the night. Frequently, German flares, dropped to spot the River Clyde, would

light up Cambuslang. Sometimes, the man in our close would take all of the children living in our close away up to a friend in Blantyre. His house stood alone, and they thought that it would be safer for us. He took us by car.

My girl friend and I used to go to her aunt's up at Law Junction for weekends, where they had what were called Home Guard Dances - they were very good. My sister joined the Land Army, and later married a farmer. Everyone had to be involved in the War Effort. On the wireless, I remember hearing Lord Haw Haw, Mr. Itma and Molly Weir in "It's That Man Again." I also remember singing "We're goana hang out our washing on the Siegfried Line." When the Allies in Europe breached the Siegfried Line on the 17th of September, 1944, it gave the forces and those at home a tremendous boost in morale. On V.E. night we had a bonfire: everyone was singing and dancing; and the soldiers up at Dechmont Camps joined in the celebrations. All of us were glad when the war ended.

\* \* \* \* \*

We're goana hang out our washing on the Siegfried Line;  
Have you any dirty washing, mother dear?  
We're goana hang out our washing on the Siegfried Line,  
While the Siegfried Line's still there.

Whether the weather be dark or fine,  
We'll go marching along without a care.  
We're goana hang out our washing on the Siegfried Line,  
If the Siegfried Line's still there.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE WAR YEARS : TIMES REMEMBERED

A Chorus sung by Dave Willis, comedian, in his wartime pantomime :-

In ma wee gas-mask, I'm working oot a plan,  
The weans aw think that I'm a bogey-man.  
The girls all smile, and bring their friends to see  
The finest looking Warden in the A.R.P.  
And when there comes an air-raid, up will go the cry:  
"An aeryplane, an aeryplane, away up a kye!"  
And I'll run helter-skelter, but dinna follow me,  
There's nae room in ma shelter, for it's far too wee.

## THE WAR YEARS IN CAMBUSLANG TIMES REMEMBERED

During the war I was a school pupil, and so I suppose any memories of life at this stage in my development are coloured by the war, but without me realising it. On reflection, I don't think I missed having a lot of sweets, etc. because I had never been used to them; "shortage" was the norm.

No one in the family, except older cousins, was in the Services. I don't remember any of our neighbours' or friends' fathers being in the war; I suppose it would be because they were in "reserved occupations" - e.g. steelworkers, miners or tradesmen. I do remember lots of uniforms about the place. My cousin married a Canadian who was stationed in Cambuslang; she went off to Canada as a "War Bride" at the age of eighteen. Something about the Co-operative Hall rings a bell. Was he stationed there or did she meet him there? I just don't know.

Queuing for groceries was the norm, and on Saturdays, at the butcher's in Tabernacle Lane. One day, an old lady was asked by the butcher (in fun, though I didn't know it at the time), if she wanted a piece of Pope's Eye steak: she replied that she didn't care if it was a bit of King Billy's a--- as long as she could eat it. That has stuck in my mind, firstly, because everyone was laughing, and secondly, because she swore. All in all, I couldn't have considered all this bother to get food so very bad. When sent up to the "Co" to put the Book in, it was put in a wooden slot at the top, and the assistant took each Book in order from the bottom. If you "missed your turn" the Book went back in the top slot. We were sent up to put the Book in while mother did the chores, then she hurried up in time for her "turn".

There were lots of cast off clothes handed down. If there was any special occasion clothes seemed to come from somewhere. I remember faded dresses and coats with a fairly new bit round the bottom where the hem had been let down. Parcels of clothes and sheets came from relations abroad, and we all hung about to see what fitted who, or what could be altered. This was exciting; and so was the arrival of the occasional food parcel, which went to my Gran's, and she had her share first, as I recall.

My mother got the butter, which was off, to make shortbread. I hated the chocolate as it was dark and fairly bitter.

During this period of rationing, we got a good lesson in logic and economics without realising it; as children, we used everything and anything to play with. Sweet coupons had to be thought about and discussed: you use yours this week; mine the next; etc. That could cause trouble, but we always had to consider what we would get most of and what would last longest: in fact, valuation, estimation and judgment skills.

Food scraps were put in the "Brock Bin", and the Brock-man collected it to make pigswill to feed his pigs. Newspapers were separated and collected, to be recycled for use in munitions and food factories for packaging. Rose hips were collected by the Brownies, and sent away somewhere to make Rose Hip Syrup. Brownies also had to go to the Clinic and help to roll up bandages, I think with the Red Cross.

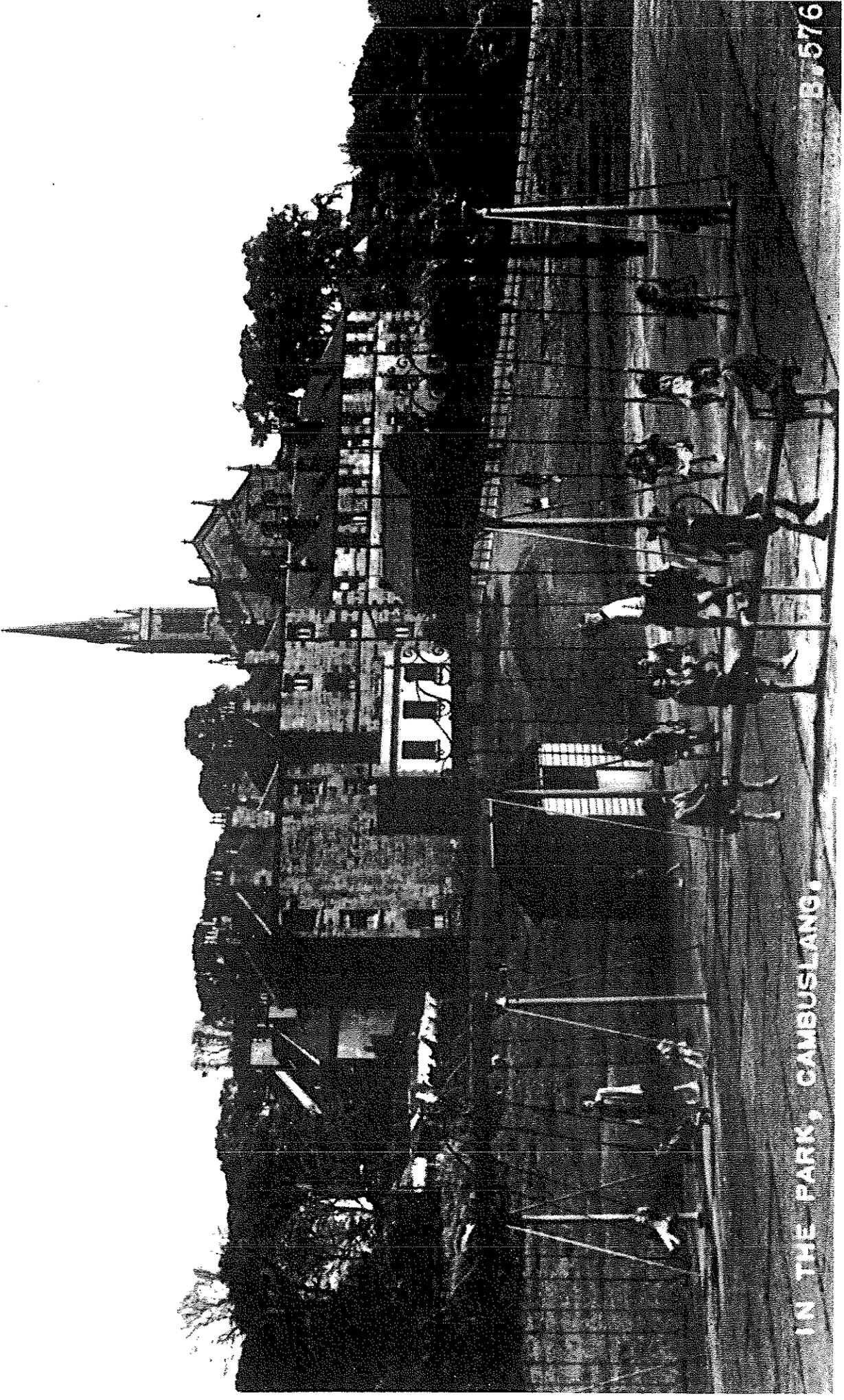
Every day, we had to take gas masks to school, and we were allocated a house near the school where we had to go if the siren sounded. I remember going, but whether it was a practice or the real thing, I'm not sure. Gas-mask practice in school was often: how quickly could you put it on; no one appeared to have claustrophobic problems. We had communal shelters built at the end of the building, but I feel that maybe they were built late in the war as I don't recall being in them much. We always hoped there would be raids so that we could all get together during the night in the shelter. I do remember, before these brick shelters were built, having to go on two nights to a huge underground shelter built in the field at Wellside Drive. No men got in, and it was absolutely packed out. At one point, fathers and other men came, and we were all taken outside: I was lifted up and shown, what I remember as, the sky completely lit up; this was the Clydebank Blitz (March 1941). As children, we discussed what adults were saying and telling us; we put our own ideas as to what would happen if ..... "They tried to bomb the Clyde Valley (power station) last night," or "they tried to bomb the Steelworks." I don't think I ever considered being killed: I just thought we were smarter than the Germans because

they didn't manage to hit the Steelworks.

A large section of our swing-ark was turned into allotments, and we had to help on them. It was considered criminal to damage anyone else's property, but to steal the odd vegetable was considered an act of bravery. We also held concerts in the back court: on top of the wash-house roof was best. We charged all the adults to come and watch. I don't know what happened to the money which was sent to help the war Effort, but I do recall a Mrs. McKay taking over eventually, and she made a great show of making sure it went to the proper authority. Maybe we had bought chips or something with the proceeds. Older children taught us how to dance, and the favourite play was always the soldier being killed and the family hearing the news. I remember we often cried.

One other time, which has stuck in my mind, was one of the days the aunts met for their regular visit. It was taken in turns, and the host house always produced a "cake". Aunt Mary was not to be outdone, and produced this beautiful sponge which I can clearly remember. She would not tell us how it was made until we had tasted it. With some trepidation it was cut; but it was lovely and it tasted great. The big question was: "What were the ingredients?" The oil/fat content had been liquid paraffin. I don't think we suffered any adverse effects, but the dramatic effect of that occasion, I still remember.

\* \* \* \* \*



IN THE PARK, CAMBUSLANG.

B. 576

## THE "PAWN"

The pawnshop played an important role in the lives of many families, particularly during the Depression years and the difficult times before the Welfare State was set up after the Second World War. So long as you had something to pawn you could manage.

Although friends and neighbours would share a pot of soup, it was not the done thing to lend or borrow money. There was not much money about, and those same friends and neighbours also had to endure hardship. There was a strong community spirit, but you had to maintain your financial independence.

At one time, there were three "pawns" in Cambuslang. Mondays and Fridays were always busy days: in on the Monday and redeemed on the Friday (if possible).

One local character, who had only one leg as a result of a childhood accident, had the loose trouser leg of his good suit rolled and tucked so that it could be pawned when necessary. Another gentleman patronised the local pawn: he played in a band at the weekends, and so had braid stripes down his trousers. Regularly each week, his wife unpicked the stripes and trimmings, took the suit to the pawn on Monday, redeemed it on Friday, and then sewed the braids back on, ready for her husband to wear when he played with the band.

For those in dire straits, there was a local trade in "Pawn Tickets" - at a big loss for the seller. Goods which were not redeemed within a specified time were forfeited and sold by the pawnbroker. For those with a good eye for value, and the money, quality second-hand bargains were to be had.

\* \* \* \* \*

A true story of Auld Kirkhill  
before the First World War.

-0-

THE DUMPLING IN A CLOOT

Wi' a' a hooswife's modest pride  
She'd lift the big pot aff the  
fire  
Then tim the watter doon the sink  
'Twas an act we'd a' admire  
Wi' tender hauns an' gentle care  
She'd lift her treasure oot  
Then lay it doon to cool an dry  
A dumpling in a cloot.

Remember when we a' were wee  
Hoo we would stop oor chatter  
An' gether roon expectantly  
While oor mooths ran ower wi'  
watter  
Well here's a story I wid tell  
An' the facts ye neednae doobt  
About the fate that yince befell  
A dumpling in a cloot.

It happened up in auld Kirkhill  
While still the Rookery stood  
The bairnies may be ragged clēd  
But, oh, they aye got wholesome  
food  
A thrifty mum wan morning toiled  
An' her big bowl stirred about  
Then emptied a' in a pillow slip  
An' baked a dumpling in a cloot.

As in its glory there it stood  
Upon the table brink  
The auld guidman wi'scant success  
Begged the price o' jist wan pint  
"Naw, naw" quoth she "I cannae spare  
it"  
"Sae ye mun dae withoot"  
He angry leapt an' seized in wrath  
That dumpling in a cloot.

He oot the door an' doon the stair  
Ere she could lift a haun  
Doon Greenlees Road richt tae the  
cross  
He landed in the pawn  
"Gie's wan an' six" he shouted quick  
As he plonked doon the loot  
He got a ticket an' the cash  
For the dumpling in a cloot.

But when 'Minato's' closed that nicht  
As the Kirkhill bell rung ten  
Hoo he wis gone to face the wife  
He really didnae ken  
We'll jist keep blank whit the missus  
said  
But the weans ca'd him a brute  
Oh it hung like a milestone roon his  
neck  
That dumpling in a clout.

Oh but the darkest hoors before the  
dawn  
An' the stars can't change their  
coorses  
An' sae it wis come Friday nicht  
He had a wee win aff the horses  
**He made his way doon to the cross**  
Where yon three balls hung oot  
An' they pardoned him when he  
bricht hame  
The dumpling in a clout.

Noo twa mighty wars been focht  
since then  
An' gallant deeds been done  
Not even on the battlefield  
Mair lasting honours won'  
Noo multi-stories reach the sky  
An' auld buildings doon come  
tumbling  
But Cambuslang remembers still  
The man who pawned the dumpling.

J. M.

## BUCHANAN SQUARE

There are memories I'll cherish for ever  
Though changes years have hallowed each scene  
When every door wis a signpost o' welcome  
An' every neighbour wis mair than a freen  
When every sorrow wis but a new challenge  
Every joy wis a pleasant refrain  
An' each shared their blessings wi' ithers  
An nane fought misfortune alane

The brickwork wis chippit an' broken  
Weel worn wis the tread o' each stair  
An' in winter it wis dreich an' depression  
Rain an' mud wis the hoosewifes despair  
But in summer when song birds were singing  
An' Cathkin wi' flooerets was gay  
Then oor lassies sae charming an' winsome  
Made brighter the bright summers day

There were arguements whiles among neighbours  
To say ought else is absurd  
But that wis when things running smoothly  
An' nothing unhappy occurred  
For should any you meet wi' affliction  
Forgot wis the bickering an' din  
They didnae wait to be asked for assistance  
Jist turned the check an' went in

No' to staun at a bedside lamenting  
Nor sit at a fire an' moan  
Their sympathy was active an' helpful  
They looked efter that hoose like their own  
Attended to the menfolk an' bairns  
Even neglectin' their ain folks awee  
An' reply if the patient wid thank them  
"Ach, ye'd sure dae the same thing for me"

A wedding wis a glorious occasion  
A birth wis a joyous affair  
While a christening wis every yins business  
Where each an' a' had a share  
Even buskers, be they ever sae tuneless  
Were sure o' a hearty encore  
A bairn need never go hungry  
Nor a beggar be turned frae a door

For they knew weel the meaning o' hardship  
It had come tae them a' mair or less  
Twas that made them willing an' ready  
To help every case o' distress  
Their cupboard itself may be scanty  
In their purse but a copper or twa  
Yet the little they had they gave gladly  
Though twas their last they were giving awa'

These times hae gone frae oor kenning  
They're scattered the new schemes among  
But they miss how they miss their auld  
neighbours  
When things take a turn an' gae wrang  
Noo when cronies perchance should foregether  
Comparing the days noo and then  
They pairt wi' the self same conviction  
There's NAE FOLK LIKE THE FOLK O' THE PEN

A pathway now practically hidden under rubble and rubbish off Greenlees Road once led down into the Borgie Dell where there was a well mound where the old time weavers and colliers from Kirkhill used to gather in the summer evenings. (A drap o' the Borgie a touch o' the weed, knocks a Cam'slang man wrang in the heid) - an auld Rutherglen saying.

'THE BORGIE WELL'

I've heard it aft in tale an' sang  
Hoo workin' men in auld Cumslang  
When day wis done were went to gang  
Doon by the well  
To spend the gloamin' hoors among  
The Borgie Dell

Their auld clay pipes wi' joy they'd fill  
When settlin' doon with richt guid will  
Expoundin' cures for every ill  
By Scotland cursed  
While crystal clear the burnie still  
Wid slack their thirst

An' sick like pleasures wi' a sneer  
Oor Rug'len neighbours aft did sweer  
The soothin' weed, the water clear  
By fate directed  
That Cam'slang folk where driven queer  
Their heids affected

An' later on I heard it said  
Poets like goalies arenae made  
They must be born to the trade  
I've often laughed  
To hear them say who made the grade  
Were a' hauf daft

An' whiles I wonner to masel'  
Cum'slang for poets does excel  
Oor forebears drank at Borgie Well  
To rhyme an' croon  
Is this the strain that has befel  
Oor grand auld toon

An' that be true whit need we care  
Let them misca' we'll rhyme the mair  
Auld Borgie Well we'd love to share  
Your watters cool  
They've little wit themsel's to spare  
Who ridicule

Then brithers o' the rhymin' art  
While men still play the hero's part  
An' love can warm the maiden heart  
we'll sing oor sang  
Nor let the sting o' critics dart  
E'er drive us wrang

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"THE POOTHER CLOSE" KIRKHILL

It had been built for weavers sheds  
When weavin' wis in spate  
Converted then to but-an-ben  
When hand looms went oot o' date  
But auld Kirkhill's been beautified  
An' its long syne gone for good  
They've built a gateway to the kirk  
Where yince that buildin' stood

Yet there's a few remember still  
An' event that happened there  
It caused a great sensation then  
Ower sixty years an' mair  
The hero worked in Gateside pit  
An' he liked his tot o' rum  
'Twas in the days when miner chiels  
Bnight their ain pooter an' their strum

When he got his weeks supply  
Frae Scoular's at the Cross  
He wis left wi' no' a penny piece  
That he could spend or toss  
So he tried to tap the missus  
For he had an' awfu' drough  
He wanted thrippence for a pint  
To clear the coal stour oot his mooth

But she'd paid the rent an' squared "the Co"  
So she wis short hersel'  
When she refused he lost the heid  
An' he started in to yell  
She answered him wi' word for word  
But never a word o' blessin'  
An' the neighbours a' came rinnin' oot  
To nob, an' keek, an' lissen

They telt each ither a' their faults  
Their families an' relations  
An' damned then a' for evermair  
To further generations  
They argued through the whole routine  
Frae up braidin' to abuse  
"Noo say anither word" he yelled  
"An I'll blaw up this bloomin' hoose"

He seized that can o' pooter  
That wis staunin' near the sink  
He raised it high abin his heid  
Too angry noo tae think  
She gied a roar, he lost his grip  
As he raised his arm higher  
An' the can went sailin' through the air  
An' landed on the fire

Wan awfu' moment there it sat  
As they rushed for the door  
An' scarcely had they reached outside  
When wi' a mighty roar  
The buildin' shook, the crowd  
Stood scared an' numb  
The windaes crashed, the grate wis wrecked  
An' the flames shot up the lum

Wild an' fast the rumours flew  
The village a' aroon  
"The Rookery" wis up in flames  
The auld steeple blaun doon  
For a foreign foe had landed  
To smash oor constitution  
In league wi' yon mad socialists  
Who had planned a revolution

But the excitement soon subsided  
When up the police strode  
An' the hero was escorted  
To the jile in Clydeford Road  
Right there an' then they christened it  
Or so the story goes  
At least frae that day onward  
It wis ca'd "The Poother Close"

An yet it stood for many years  
Through changin' times an' strife  
In fact 'twas in that very close  
I started merrit life  
An' my freen's were a' dumfooned  
Oh I can see their faces still  
When I invited them to visit me  
In the poother close - Kirkhill

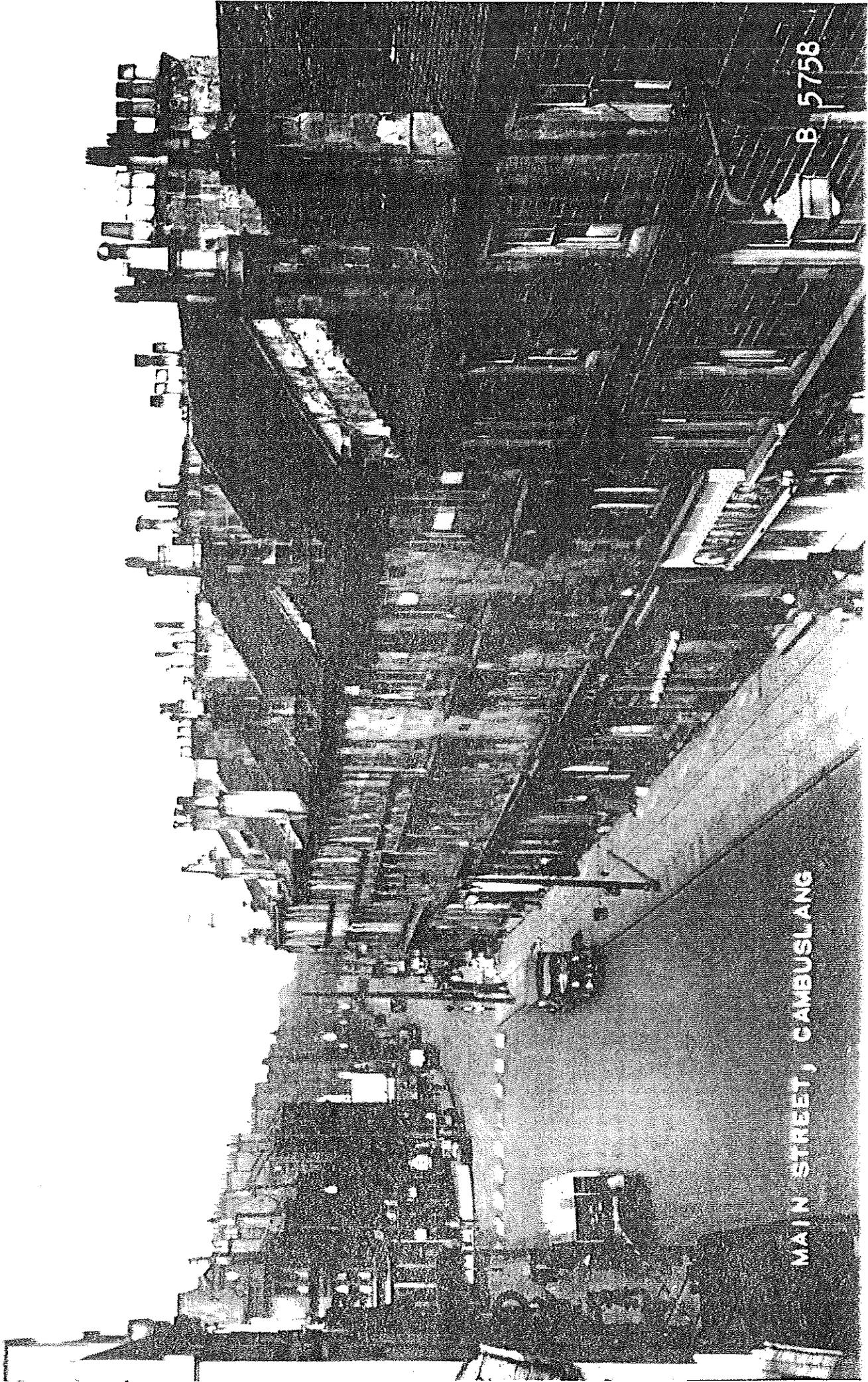
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A selection of poems written by JAMES MITCHELL (1897 - 1989).  
Born in Airdrie, "JAYEM" as he was affectionately known, spent  
most of his life in Cambuslang:

"I started work in the local dye works, left there and  
went down the pits, soldiered in France during the  
First World War, demobbed, went back to the mines and  
left them for good during the General Strike in 1926.  
I then worked for over 40 years with the same firm as  
a glazier."

On his retiral, he was closely involved in local community life;  
with his friends and family:

... "I've got my wee bit pension  
An' a nice hoose in the Cairns  
Twa dochters who aye keep me right  
An' their bonnie steerin' bairns." .....



MAIN STREET, CAMBUSLANG

B 5758

DOWN MEMORY LANE

" Would you like to go back to the days when you could take a tramcar from Cambuslang to Queen Street, Glasgow, or to Paisley perhaps, for only two pence (old pence, of course) ?

You would? - Then join me as we put the clock back to the turn of the century and rediscover the area of Cambuslang under the guidance of an older citizen.

Before we begin our journey our guide would like to acquaint us with a few background details concerning the district.

He takes pride in telling us that it was around 1903 that the first tramcar travelling from Glasgow went beyond Farme Cross to reach Cambuslang - with open top and coloured lights! - and that the Lanarkshire Tramway Company, formed soon after 1910, is going to be a major influence in the development of commerce and business, not to mention its role in providing a service linking towns and villages within the county.

We now ask our guide about schooling in the area, and we are told that the principal schools are Kirkhill, Bushyhill, Newton, Hallside, Saint Brides and West Coats. It is interesting to hear that although Gateside is to be completed and ready for pupils by 1914, the War delays its function as an "alma mater" until 1918, the building being used as a hospital in the intervening period.

Our guide now turns his thoughts to the places of worship of the period. Saturday night meetings are held in the Baptist Hall. The Co-operative Halls house a meeting on Sunday afternoons, while the Brethern meet in Argyle Hall and the Close Brethern near Saint Pauls at Bushyhill Street. There is a regular meeting at Halfway; and Cambuslang Main Street is as good a place as any for the Reverend James Houston of the Old Parish Church to preach to those who will listen on a Saturday night. (One can just discern a twinkle in our guide's eye!). Trinity Church has the distinguished Reverend Gray as its minister, and an organist of outstanding ability plays at Rosebank Church - one Hunter McMillan by name.

Now what of the main industries of the time? Mining is the principal source of employment. There are nine collieries in the parish, the nearest to the centre of Cambuslang being the Toll Pit (where the buses now stop at the Cambuslang terminus). We are told that the Hallside Pit is among the deepest in Scotland and that Loanend and Newton are the pits furthest from Cambuslang. The renowned ironworks of James Dunlop (the present Clugston site on the road to Tollcross) employ many men and our guide intends to show us at a later date the slag rails running from the works to the River Clyde. We are also informed that it was just before the Great War that slag waggons ceased passing along these slag rails and that it was at this point in time that the steelworks at Clydebridge began to operate - mainly in the function of maintenance rather than production. Indeed the houses at Wellshot, off Dukes Road, are to be built during the war to house the many workers being transferred to Clydebridge from the Dalziel Works at Motherwell. . . . .

" There can be few grasslands capable of housing such varying pursuits as golf, cattle showing, curling and horse trotting within the one arena. Such an area was Westburn Green before the Great War, then and now the present site of Cambuslang Golf Club.

It was here that the Cambuslang and District Farmers' Association held their Annual Cattle Show, the afternoon of which was devoted to trotting horses around a ring laid out within the golf course. In the winter curlers used part of the course known as the 'dovecot', the frozen water being that of the Borgia Burn which was one of two burns flowing through the course to the Clyde at that time: the other being the Black Burn, so called because of its use for washing coal mined at the Gateside Pit. This burn is now filled in but in these days it flowed under the main street and across the golf course, the two burns meeting at a bridge near the new clubhouse before entering the Clyde.

Golf was popular in the Cambuslang community even in these days and in 1914 the British Amateur Championship was won by J. L. C. Jenkins who, though a member of Troon, lived and played most of his golf at Cambuslang.

It is surprising and amusing to hear from our guide that on occasions Westburn Green even accommodated football supporters. The site of the Westburn houses of today was the ground of Cambuslang Rangers Football Clubs until they took over the tenancy of Somervell Park in 1905. One game in particular against a certain Glasgow team created such excitement and feeling that spectators spilled on to the golf course fighting and brawling - the pioneers of football hooliganism?

In this area Westburn Farm possessed the last windmill to be seen in Cambuslang and Osborne Terrace marked the most easterly buildings built before the war in the district.

Retail and service outlets in Westburn at this time included Scoular the blacksmith, Struthers the joiner, Hamilton's dairy, and Mattha' Forsyth's public house. Indeed shops stretched along both sides of the main street as far as Westburn on the one side and the Toll Pit on the other. Our guide informs us that the site of the chief house of the Morrision Estate in these days now accommodates our local constabulary and that the properties to the east of Greenless Road on the main street were erected as far back as 1905.

Remaining on this side of the street we are told that at the top of Tabernacle Lane, before turning into Johnson Drive, there lived a weaver, Betty Scoular by name, who was related to the blacksmith at Westburn and to the recent ironmonger in Greenless Road. Weaving in Cambuslang, however, died out around 1910.

Turning left at the top of the Lane we approach the ground once used for football by Cambuslang Hibs (now defunct) and by Wilson's Chapel Dairy in the Main Street for grazing their cattle. Walking up Croft Road our guide thinks back to the days before the war when cattle grazed in the fields now given over to dwelling houses. Surprisingly, we are informed that

" Cairns Road has remained relatively unchanged over the past sixty years except of course for the area opposite our church which was the site of the minister's manse until quite recently. Looking down Croft Road from this site our guide tells of the old Kirkhill School opposite the end of Cadoc Street. With nostalgia he reflects on its disappearance during the re-building of Kirkhill. Then, with a touch of impish humour, we are informed by him that next month he is going to take us "up the west-end"!

Towards the end of the last century and the beginning of the present one, the area "up the hill" from the Main Street of Cambuslang underwent a complete change. Business men moved from Glasgow to reside in Cambuslang, and villas were built from Greenlees Road (then known as Mason's Brae) to Whitlawburn. Subsequently, Cambuslang became known as the "Villa-village" - and Cambuslang Rangers as the "Villa-villagers" !

Moving westward into Brownside Road we come to West Coats School which, unlike today, provided a higher grade education up to the third year. David Newlands, previously a teacher in Kirkhill School, was the first headmaster and remained so for about twenty years until the end of the Great War. Our guide recalls the high esteem in which he was held and the fervour and passion displayed by him in bringing out the best in his pupils - no matter their academic standard or social background.

Beyond the school, at the point where Chatelherault Avenue meets Richmond Drive today, lay the entrance to a dairy farm owned by Lohoar who later bought Greenlees Farm, the latter farm being formerly owned by one Badger Young. While moving back towards the Kirkhill area our guide reminisces about the hours of enjoyment spent playing in the glen which stretched from Holmhill Farm to the end of Cairns Road. Many happy hours were spent wandering here, especially if there was plenty of water in the burn.

On arriving back at Greenlees Road we turn down towards the Main Street, passing Bushyhill School, St. Bride's R.C. School and St. Bride's R.C. Church, before arriving at Cambuslang Cross. Looking left we see shops of many shapes and forms stretching west towards Station Square. Before 1914 most of the household requirements could be purchased in Cambuslang, the need to travel into town hardly ever arising. The quality of goods on sale in these shops was high, and that, together with the convenience for the shoppers and the reasonable prices, ensured a good living for the many traders in the district.

Moving west down the Main Street from the Cross we approach the famous Station Square. A few yards from the Square was a lane where lay Mitchell's Smiddy. This business eventually moved to Somervell Street and is now Rosebank Engineering Company. The Square started from the present Clydesdale Bank, (in those days a public house.) Any reader interested might have a look at the angle of the Bank and the shop next door. This angle continued until it reached West Coats Road.

" Behind the Bank there were houses known locally as "The Cundy". Behind what is now the chemist's shop there were a few steps down to a white-washed house in which lived "The Hawk" - an old man who was tormented by the boys on their way to school. To the Square came politicians at election times. The Rev. Jamie Houston preached to the "drouths" there on a Saturday night, the faithful "Match Jamie" standing beside his chair. Another favourite Saturday night visitor to the Square was a coloured gentleman whose specialties included "cures sold for all ailments" and the pulling of teeth with his fingers!

Having refreshed ourselves at the fountain in the Square we look with our guide towards Somervell Street, the site of a large four-storey property of high architectural standard and money value (known locally as the "Klondyke"). A few yards east of Somervell Street was Miller Street which led to the Dyework. This was owned by T. P. Miller, who lived at Cairns House. The Dyework provided employment for many women.

The Dyework bell was famous... It rang at 6 a.m. to start the workers' day and at 6 p.m. to finish their labours. Women came from as far afield as Blantyre to work in this establishment.

At the foot of Bridge Street lay the River Clyde. Spanning the river were two bridges - one a road bridge and alongside it an old bridge across which "pugs" shunted waggons of red hot slag from the local ironworks, for dumping on both sides of the road. In the adjoining Monkcastle Drive McGowan had a dairy farm. His cows grazed in what is now Strathclyde University sports ground. Sixty years ago this area had also a loch into which flood water from the Clyde overflowed. In the depths of winter when the loch had frozen over, the area became a mecca for skaters and curlers. Lights were installed and payment was demanded. There were some who paid and some who didn't!

Mist often hung damply over this icy rink, and our guide recalls with amusement that on one cold grey November evening the mist was so thick that he could not find his way back to the edge of the loch. It was only the smell of cooking sausages from the local "hot-dog" stand of the day which eventually guided the skater back to safety.

As our guide wends his way back to Cambuslang Cross he remembers with nostalgia the names of the tradesmen and shopkeepers of former years. Their names flow readily from his well-stocked memory. The impressions of youth are lasting ones. The plumbers, the joiners, the bakers, the saddlers, the tailors, and the doctors are as fresh in his mind as they were when he wended his way to school past their doorways.

And to end on a seasonal Christmas note he conjures up from the past the picture of Dr MacPherson being driven to his calls by an old cabby named Dick Raphael. Shades of Charles Dickens!

Cambuslang, before the Great War, had a population of some twenty-six thousand rising during the 1930s to become the largest village in Scotland. Early in the century, "the area was part of a parliamentary constituency known as Mid-Lanark, being staunchly Liberal. Perhaps significantly, the Prime Minister between 1905 and 1908 was the Scots Liberal, Campbell-Bannerman. However, in 1929, the new Labour Government found real support in Cambuslang, thus ending the long run of Liberism in the district.

The first alteration to the face of Cambuslang came with the arrival of the Lanarkshire Tramways around 1910. The old Hamilton Road with the bridge over the Borgie Burn disappeared and a new road was built on a higher level to accommodate this "new fangled" transport.

Earlier, in 1900, the Kirkhill Station had been erected as part of the Cathcart Circle line. Trains from Glasgow stopped at Kirkhill, crossing the Clyde at the bridge near Clydesmill, and returning to the city by way of Carmyle and Tollcross. That route has now been altered, the trains carrying on to Motherwell or using Kirkhill as their terminus and returning to Glasgow from there.

The expansion of our village throughout the years resulted in the extinction of most of the farmland in the area. Development of housing schemes began in the late thirties with the construction of houses off the Westburn Road in the field once the home of Cambuslang Rangers. A large estate was then built adjacent to Gathkin Dy-Pass and close to the Guttie Park, so called after its owners, the Dick family, bootmakers, who were said to have made a good deal of money from rubber. Housing projects at Springhall and latterly at Whitlawburn followed at the expense of the dairy farms at Holmhills and Greenless.

It is interesting to hear that in the years immediately following the First World War, many houses were built a few yards to the North of our Church on a field where a local dairyman had grazed his cattle. No more were we to see "the lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea"!

In the west-end Silverbanks was rebuilt, although the railway good station still stands. In days gone by trace horses helped pull the heavy loads from the station up to the level part of the road. At the opposite end of the village, Halfway was completely rebuilt in the time between the two wars and at the end of the last war.

We are told that our village centre, which once housed several thousand inhabitants, has been totally altered by modern shops, walkways and precincts. Not at all hard to believe as we go from supermarket and under the main street to the general store on our weekly shopping sojourn!

What then, we finally ask our guide, has remained unchanged in Cambuslang throughout the years?

The area of "the hill", as it was known to those living down the village, is, in our guide's opinion, almost unchanged - dare we say, unspoilt? Built in the last century and in the years before the First World War, this area, and in particular Cairns Road, has undergone remarkably little re-development (our guide cringes at the word!) in the past half-century. And, lest those down in the village take offence, the same applies to Monkcastle Drive.

"What of the people of Cambuslang?"

Well of course there are a great many Glaswegians among the villagers now. Indeed one has heard that certain members of our community were actually "brung up" in Bearsden!"

Cosmopolitan Cambuslang!, you exclaim? Fortunately no - there are still a great many "auld yins" who well remember the reminiscences contained in our journeys down memory lane. What is possibly more significant is that there are two generations of descendants forming a hard core of villagers proud of Cambuslang, its history, its traditions, its modern growth, and most important of all, its future.

And now we bid farewell to our guide, with gratitude for valuable services rendered in educating the "immigrants", jogging the memories of the worthies, and giving pleasure to us all. Thank you, sir."

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