

Interviewee: Phyllis Harvey (PH)	Interviewer: Robert McQuistan (RM)
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Phyllis also referred to by Robert as Faye.

RM: My name's Robert McQuistan, and I'm interviewing Faye Harvey and it's the Ninth of May in Two-thousand and twelve, and we're just gonna tak a wee bit aboot what she did when she was a lassie and where she was bought up and a that sort o' thing. So Faye, you were bought up in the ferm is that right?

PH: That's right.

RM: Aye. What kind o' ferm was it?

PH: Dairy, dairy farm. My father had a milk round in the village, and the next village.

RM: It was a high up farm though was it no was it up [in] the hills?

PH: Two miles...two miles up the road, up to Billy's Brig. Fae the sandpits and these.

RM: Aye. And how many milk cattle?

PH: Aboot twenty.

RM: Twenty?

PH: Aboot...eighteen or twenty, it varied, and my father and mother did it all themselves except with a single man who lived in the house, and they did the milking in the morning, the man and then he had his jobs ploughing or haying or harvesting while my father was in the village, and then my father joined him when he come home. Summertime he had another round because there was no fridges for keeping milk or...

RM: Your faither went into the village? Did you say your faither went into the village just now no?

PH: No.

RM: No right, so the milk round was done...

PH: Yes, he brought the milk down, that was how I got started the school. He waited till half-past eight, and brought my sister and I down and we walked back the two miles home, that's how we got to the school, and when he went back, he was usually home about two o'clock and he then joined in wi' the farming. He was either...well the man woody ploughed by that time...plooghed, I should be talking Scotch should I? And...my mother would hae attended tae hens and geese and ducks and these things. And then when it came tae the hey-making, the reaper, it was that and then you had tae...if it was wet [? water], you put it intae wier.

RM: Whit's wier?

PH: Wier...they were called 'coals', just four or five forkfuls of hay to let the wind through to dry it

if it was good weather and it was dry when you put it on it was put intae what we called 'rocks', and then you had a rock-lifter that brought it home, you wound the handle and it pulled it up on tae a flat platform.

RM: Goodness me, so what is a rock?

PH: A rock...

RM: Difficult?

PH: No, no if you know it, if you ken what it is it's not, it's a thing built about that size, like a wee miniature stack.

RM: Right. A wee heap?

PH: A wee heap.

RM: And was that kept for the beasts presumably?

PH: That was brought intae the hey-shed, it wasny an outside thing it was a hey-shed it was brought intae. An when it come to the hervesting, it was the reaper...it was the binder, ye took the reaper roond for the first cut because 'twas bigger, the binder was bigger and you couldny turn at corners, an it...then cut the corn and made it intae sheafs. Somebody had tae go 'lang and pit six o' these thegither, to let the air work through them! Then you'd them...I've seen them bringing them in begining o' October, in the moonlight!

RM: Get away!

PH: Because you hadny the hands, if you got the next door...well the next farm (the Burns' was guid tae us), an my father went tae them an they came tae us or whatever.

RM: Youse kinda shared?

PH: You had tae dae it!! And it went intae stacks in the stackyard.

RM: That's the sheafs o' corn?

PH: The sheafs o' corn were then brought in on carts, horses and carts. And it had rails on so that there wasny just what was in the cart, the rails were up the sides and it was piled onto the rails, an it was dumped in the stackyard, and somebody forked tae somebody usually the woman! Forked to the man that was building the stacks, and the corn end had to be to the inside.

RM: To keep it dry?

PH: Keep it dry, an then when it come tae the feedin' in the wintertime, ye yased it...sometimes if it was good the straw, they would eat it if it wasny it was bedding, for calves and things.

RM: Did they eat the straw? Could the beasts...?

PH: Oh aye, they liked...

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RM: I mean they'd eat the oats did they?

PH: Aye, but they yased tae ye had a mill, there was a mill in the barn, which you led your...

RM: A water-powered mill?

PH: Motor.

RM: Motor mill.

PH: Mm hm, and the stackyard had a door through into the barn that you just brought the corn through and you could hae it 'bruised' for the yungre stock or an ordinary...ears o' corn for the...

RM: For the other yins?

PH: Aye, and the horse an that.

RM: So what about the actual stocks itsel', ken the...?

PH: They were put in the end of the barn, and that was used either as bedding if it was bad, if they had got wet or if it was a bad [?].

RM: Could they eat it as well I mean?

PH: Oh aye they loved it if it was good, if it was good. You'll see bales [going] through yet.

RM: Aye. Still yase it noo? Get away.

PH: They'll eat onything, if they're [hungry].

RM: But you had hey tae, you made hey?

PH: Oh yes, the hey was an it went into the shed, it was kept bone dry.

RM: Is that better for feeding than the stra'?

PH: It's the choice.

RM: Aye, the first choice?

PH: The first choice, if it came tae March and that and maybe ye were running low, you would...if they wanted. Sometimes if you put new bedding doon ye see they ate the bedding.

RM: Get away?

PH: Aye, if they wanted tae it was there if they wanted...

RM: If they were hungre?

PH: No necessarily hunger.

00:07:55

RM: They just liked it?

PH: Well, it would maybe be flavoured wi' the oats an the I dunno.

RM: Uh huh. But the hey was the first choice if you could?

PH: The hey.

RM: Was that better quality sort o' thing?

PH: See there was nae bales in they days, it wasny baled, it was loose.

RM: Right, so you just piled it up in big...

PH: Uh huh, and oh and the shed full fae back tae front for the winter.

RM: And you'd hope you'd hae enough for the winter?

PH: You prayed ye had.

RM: Aye, that the grass would come up early enough tae...

PH: Hopeful, if it wasny a hard winter, you would probably hae enough tae...an you see if it was a lot o' snaw, you didny even put the kye oot. But you had every one o' these tae carry water tae, there was nae water in it, nae water. That was work you see, you had tae carry water tae every coo.

RM: Get away!

PH: Every calf.

RM: Oot in the fields, or...?

PH: No, in the...you couldny put them oot because o' the snaw. You see if ye put them oot and they slid and they broke a leg, ye'd lost everything.

RM: And you're quite high up there, at the [?].

PH: Aye I suppose...

RM: It's no low-lying, it's high up so you dinna get the [?] coming.

PH: No no. There was quite a lot o' arable, but there was the [?], that took ye nearly up tae Billy's Brig, there was twa fields between Billy's Brig, and a wee anecdote, when I was...I would be six months...I was born in October and this would be April...howin, howin turnips.

RM: Right.

PH: And my mother would hae Doreen running at her fit, an my father at the roond wi' the milk in the village. The man an her, me in the pram, and she set me against the dyke for shade I think it was, an here the wee shetland pony fae the next farm at Glenquicken, come ower, and would smell
00:10:27

me mebbe milk or something on me, and put its head ower and when they had come back doon, howin doon the dreel, heres me, hanked on the top o' the dyke wi' the front o' my jersey, wi' the wee...licking me, the wee shetland pownie. So they had to out and dae a' these things forby...cooking, washing, ironing, attending tae everything...hens, geese, ducks.

RM: A mixed ferm. Did ye hae sheep tae?

PH: No.

RM: No.

PH: He wouldny hae sheep for some reason, I don't know. An when it come tae Christmas-time of coorse there was a devil o' a geese to be plucked and cleaned, a these things had tae be daen. I've seen them...that's a lie...I have been told, the byer was always the warm place, wi' a' the kye in it, we're talking aboot December, and the three o' them would sit plucking, in the byre, in the warm, to milking time the next morning by the time they had cleared up everything an got everything swept oot and cleaned up, they had never got to their bed. And then they had to start cleaning a this and that was what was the extra, now there was no electric, there was no water in the byre, there was no water...there was water in the wash-hoose but it had tae be carried fae there, to swill doon before they could start...well onything wi' down on it had to be clean before they...and they had to start then and milk.

RM: So what poultry did you have have...you had geese?

PH: Geese, ducks, turkeys, chickens.

RM: And did you pluck them the hail year round or was it seasonal?

PH: No it was Christmas-time, oh if someone wanted a chicken, you got a chicken, and they sold the eggs.

RM: And did you pluck yoursel'?

PH: Me?

RM: Aye.

PH: I was too young, I was in my bed.

RM: Aye. But it was hard work plucking?

PH: It was hard work plucking.

RM: But that was a source of income tae.

PH: That was your extras you see, this is where you made your extras.

RM: Cause your main income would be fae the coos?

PH: The milk.

00:13:17

RM: Tway milk rounds a day...

PH: Two milkings a day, in the summertime two deliveries a day, because ye had naewhere tae keep it cold. There was nae electric nae fridges nae nothing.

RM: So what time was the first milking and what time was the second milking in the morning?

PH: First milking my mother...my mother and father would be oot...nooadays you'd be in the jayl, because we were left in the hoose sound asleep. And that would be what half past six/quarter tae seven? And they would come back in at the back o' eight, and breakfast...

RM: They had nae milking machines?

PH: No no it was hand milking, and carried...

RM: Intae buckets?

PH: Intae the...and the sieve was put on the bote, and ye...

RM: It'd be the big milk churn things?

PH: Uh huh, and you put it in.

RM: How many o' them would they fill then?

PH: Two. Two night and morning.

RM: Tak a sup o' your tea cause your getting droucht!

PH: *[laughs]*

RM: So there'd be tway o' these churns in the morning, an then did yer faither tak them doon intae the village?

PH: That's right on the back o' the car...

RM: They'd be still gey warm going doon the village!

PH: Oh you see...well they went doon at eight o'clock, and they would be put onto the back o' the car sitting oot, and it was fresh milk.

RM: And it was a cart and horse going doon that hill?

PH: No it wasny it was [a] car.

RM: Oh it was a car that went doon the hill, right.

PH: A cart. But when the aul' king deid, it was ten days before we knew cause we had nae wireless. We had nae wireless nae television nae nothing ye entertained yerself.

00:15:25

RM: And ye were quite [?] remote awa up there I mean it's no the centre o' the village, you're gey high up.

PH: Well, my mother made butter, wi' the milk, and the calves were fed with the pigs were fed with the hens were fed with the skimmed milk to get rid o' it. Ten days, night and morning, and she made butter. And I still hae the sideboard through there it was piled that high I don't know how many pund, I couldny guess.

RM: And did she sell it?

PH: When my father then...she was a good butter maker, and she was so clean because she'd been the cheese-maker and it had to be so as the butter, and he sold it whenever he got...but he brought the...he made a sledge and he put the butts on the sledge and he pulled them fae the [?] to [?].

RM: On a sledge?

PH: On a sledge, himself. No horse in case it broke its leg or something happened.

RM: This is in the snaw?

PH: That was when the aul' king died in the January, an it was a terrible winter.

RM: An you couldny get the car doon?

PH: No no! You couldny get a horse doon you couldny get a kert doon!

RM: Right, so the only wey you got into the village was...

PH: He made this sledge.

RM: He made it?

PH: He made it, he was a joiner, he made it. He tied the botes on and he pulled it himself to the village.

RM: And the milk?

PH: And the milk come [way up], and they came and they got their milk as usual oot o' the botes, and then he took them...

RM: An he put that sledge doon? It's a gey steep brae that though?

PH: Brae? It's worse gaun up, it's steep gaun up!

RM: But it's steep gaun doon I mean if he had that wecht on the back o' his...

PH: Aye! Ah but it would run and he would hud back on the wey down.

RM: Oh right.

00:17:41

PH: Oh ye hud to be cute.

RM: I'm thinking doon by Drumraik there?

PH: Oh aye but the pond's as bad, so's the Balloch the Balloch's worse. The Balloch Hill is worse doon tae the Brig.

RM: So he kinna hud it back?

PH: He would mm hmm, he would hud back. But you see you had they things tae dae nooadays these days they wouldny dae it.

RM: No, no.

PH: It'd be health and whatever.

RM: So for ten days...that was a bad time for snow and...

PH: That bad. It was twenty three feet high at the [Garroch] Road end.

RM: So what year was that roughly?

PH: Nineteen thirty-five, when King George the fifth died.

RM: But you said he had tway milkings?

PH: Yes.

RM: So did he dae that in the afternoon as well did he?

PH: No he didny, he bought the one lot doon, an then they kept...you see, you could stand the bote outside and it was frozen.

RM: Aye, it was safe enough.

PH: It was safe enough for a day or two. And then what mother would what she ca'd 'set it' in the milk pans, they were big metal sloping slide an ye skimmed the...

RM: The top, the cream?

PH: We hud a separator but she skimmed the...if it sat for a couple o' days...

RM: Skimmed the cream aff it?

PH: Cream, aye, an then...

RM: Made butter?

PH: Made butter.

00:19:11

RM: And selt the butter?

PH: With a kirn, and selt it, the churn, the kirn.

RM: Get away. So that was another wee source o' income?

PH: Yes. Then she decided, between the hay and the harvest, to tak in full board visitors.

RM: [*laughs*] Bed and breakfast!

PH: It wasny it was full board.

RM: And what kind of visitors would come?

PH: Oh lovely, absolutely. We had a granny and grandfather...Mr and Mrs Ramsay, and their daughter, an her husband...Mr and Mrs Watt, an their daughter and son and Billy. And Mr Watt...

RM: That's a lot.

PH: Six. That was...Mr Watt was...something in Motherwell, and they came for years.

RM: And they come doon just for like holidays, was that the idea? And did they [go] walking or what...up the hills or...?

PH: Well you see...

RM: Just enjoyed themselves?

PH: Yes exactly. And the kids were in Motherwell, an they were taken oot, they both had cars...the granny and the grandfaither yin, now I'm gonny tak ye intae the sitting room an show ye the [?], painted fae the mid-gate gan tae [?]. Can you picture that?

RM: Aye, I ken where [?] is aye.

PH: Looking doon on the [?]. Now I was the last person born there they didny ken that for I was aboot seven at that time, and, he painted the [?], got it framed and gave it to me.

RM: Aw that was very nice.

PH: It's beautiful, and it's my home.

RM: A nice memory tae. So he was a bit of an artist this...

PH: Beautiful.

RM: Is that right?

PH: Aye. Now, he then decided to do one...dae yin for Doreen. And, I think her eye was knocked oot at me getting it, me being the young yin you see?

00:21:37

RM: Aye aye.

PH: And, he went to Carsluith, an he painted Carsluith Castle, an he done the same wi' it. An I hae the both o' them there I'll show you them in a minute or twa. Now, my husband Peter was ill, and Dr [Honey] came in, and he was more interested in Carsluith Castle. And he says, 'Was he a professional?' An I said, 'No, he was a sanitary inspector in Motherwell'. He says, 'He was gifted.' 'Yes,' I says, 'He was.'

RM: So your mother took in these...

PH: Folk.

RM: Folk.

PH: That was extras. That had to be done.

RM: Tae make ends meet, to be honest.

PH: Well, well maybe no just ends meet but the extra.

RM: A wee bit of extra.

PH: And then we had another lot, and she was a widow that come wi' a boy and a lass and she yased tae come for a Mrs McCosham, an she came from Charing Cross...Charing Cross in Glasgow, and she was a teacher, an she used tae come for a month in the summertime between again summer holidays. And you see in a way, my mother was mebbe lucky because my father was coming into the village every day he brought a line, it was handed into the grocer and he'd collect it on the way back, so she had shopping every day, it wasny as if she had to run two miles to get shopping and back.

RM: So your faither went into the village in the morning, left the list...

PH: With the milk.

RM: Aye, wi' the milk or butter or whatever, left the list wi'...

PH: Jim Vernon.

RM: John Vernon.

PH: Jim!

RM: Jim Vernon.

PH: Corner. That's where he dealed.

RM: Left it there, and then your faither would...how lang would your faither be in the village, about tway hours or...?

PH: Well he got home aboot half-past two, two tae half-past.

00:24:03

RM: Tell me about the...how he delivered the milk? Cause I mind o' Lennies delivering the milk was it the same idea was...the churn was in the back, and then ye gaun roond a' the hooses...?

PH: The bote! If you're gauny be Scottish, 'bote'.

RM: The bote was in the back?

PH: Bote was on the back' o the car, an there was brass taps, my mother had these a scalded.

RM: Oh [there was] taps? Oh right.

PH: Oh aye. The rings roond them were a brass and they were a scalded. No hot water system, scalded every day.

RM: To get the germs off, aye.

PH: For the next...and the brass cleaned.

RM: So the folks come oot their hooses wi' their...

PH: Milk jugs.

RM: Wi' their milk jugs?

PH: I've a whole host of them in there yet!

RM: And then your faither would just turn the tap...

PH: And a pint measure, a quart measure a gill measure.

RM: And then he would pour it into their...

PH: Into their receptacles.

RM: They gaun oot and they say, 'I'll hae a pint o' milk,' and you just topped it up...

PH: That's right, that was it.

RM: An how many...I mean that'd be maist o' the village [?] would it no, maist o' the hooses?

PH: Well he started off in Chain Terrace because that's where we got off when he brought us doon.

RM: To school?

PH: Aye, till I could ride a bike. We got doon wi' him every morning.

RM: What age would you be then?

PH: Seven?

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RM: That's when you started school?

PH: No I started school at five. He brought us doon till I was seven.

RM: Aye, right, so he bought you doon when you were five?

PH: For I was five till I was seven, in the morning but we had to walk back.

RM: Right, because you wouldny be...

PH: He wasny gan at that time.

RM: An how many miles was that then?

PH: Oh it's only twa.

RM: Feels longer than twa tae me! *[laughs]*

PH: It's only twa.

RM: When I gaun up there wi' my wife it feels langer than twa I'll tell you! Ye share it's no a bit langer?

PH: Now, in the middle o' a this, an us on bikes, how my mother wasny demented beats me, because the [beginner], aboot Nineteen thirty-eight they decided there was gonny be a war. And, they started wi' Baldoon an [?]. Now the lorries were gaun up the sandpit, which was straight opposite the entry, we'd to pass it.

RM: So what were they wanting sand the sand fir?

PH: To build?

RM: Just to build the barracks and everything?

PH: Aye! And...what d'you call them..where there's land? (I canny think).

RM: No I ken whit ye mean.

PH: The aerodrome.

RM: Aye, right, at Baldoon.

PH: Baldoon. And the black pouter factory at [Kirkcowan] And, in the middle o' a that, they decided to cut the right-hand side o' the Balloch Wood. And there was these infernal things, and gutters up tae your knees, an the great long wagons...horse drawn, wi' the trees on them. And we'd to negotiate that on twa wee lassies on bikes, between the wagons, an the...

RM: And the sand, the sand. And were they trees for the Baldoon, for [?] tae was a part o' the building project? Cause Nineteen thirty-eight they would be panicking they'd be just...doing everything they could.

00:27:44

PH: And what d'you ca' it...pit props! They were pine.

RM: So wha owned that Balloch Wud, wha's was it?

PH: That was [Garracher].

RM: Oh it was your ane...?

PH: Aye, and the wee field doon tae the bad corner...bad turn above the burns, ken there's a quick turn above the burn, that wee field there was the [Garracher's].

RM: So you would get paid for that though, the wud?

PH: Aye Caird wud, no me!

RM: Oh right I see, it was Caird's property?

PH: Uh huh.

RM: Right. And that would be a busy time, it'd be non-stop, mind you they're daein that noo of course they're going up and doon there wi' the lorries, so you wee lassies on your bikes at the age of seven would be swerving back and forrit to get oot the wey o' the lorries?

PH: You'd to get off, to let them by, and get back on.

RM: And this was a' for the war effort style o' thing?

PH: Well that would be Thirty-eight to Forty we would get through that.

RM: Aye, and your faither took you doon in the morning and youse came back...

PH: Up till I was seven, and then we'd to walk hame efter that.

RM: But he still tak you doon when you were...oh no cause you tak the bike doon, aye.

PH: I know you see and we'd to leave them at Mrs McCallum's which is the first hoose on yer right-hand side.

RM: Did you cycle a' the way up cause I couldny...?

PH: No.

RM: You pushed the bike?

PH: Pushed the bike tae the Burn's corner got on there, got off at the Balloch Brig, pushed it to the top, got back on and got half way up at the pond [hill].

RM: Was the curling pond there?

PH: Uh huh.

00:29:26

RM: Was it? And were they curling in it?

PH: Mm hmm.

RM: And did your faither curl?

PH: I wouldny think he had time.

RM: Aye, good point. Good point.

PH: But the strange thing is, we were brought up to be honest and straightforward that was the one thing about us, no lies no nothing, because you couldny tell a lie because there was only my father and mother and my sister there. So if you telt a lie, if it wasny you, it was somebody else, so we never thought about it. See village weans'll say, 'Oh it was him.' You'd nae proof it wasny, but they had proof it wasny me or it wasny Doreen.

RM: Cause there was just the tway o' ye?

PH: Uh huh. It made a difference I can assure ye.

RM: You'd lack for other company...?

PH: No! Tae the day she died, we never needed anybody else.

RM: The tway o' ye.

PH: I was married we were at Penrith she came there, she was married...

RM: But when you were lassies you must a' got on weel thegither up there...

PH: Absolutely.

RM: There was nae other...what was your nearest ferm, it would be Glenquicken?

PH: Glenquicken, ower the mair.

RM: And was there ony ways there?

PH: No. Aye Geordie's Loan eventually.

RM: But the pair o' youse, you and Doreen, you would just hae to get on, that was it?

PH: We never fell oot we never...no even in [all oor] times did we fa' oot, no!

RM: That was guid.

PH: (Well...whit was I gonny say there that you were asking...) It was something about...

RM: It'll come back! And then the schule life was...

00:31:31

PH: Super.

RM: That'd be the big schule, that was the auld schule, the [?].

PH: The [?], super. I fair enjoyed my schoolyears, an I had your mother, fae I was seven tae I was nine and I had your father fae I was nine tae I was eleven. And I got on like a house on fire wi' the

lot o' them.

RM: Meanwhile yer father and mother was running that farm, wi' the milk everyday...

PH: Mm hmm, night and morning.

RM: ...and selling it, night and morning.

PH: No necessarily in the wintertime, but the night milking...my father put a barrel, if you can imagine a wooden barrel, can you imagine the auld fashioned wooden barrels up to here?

RM: Aye.

PH: An he put it in below the tap in the washhouse, an he filled it full, an in the wintertime there's no as much milk.

RM: Is that right?

PH: Uh huh. An he tipped it, if ye can picture pitting something in, wi a tap on it that caught on the back o' the barrel an it lay intae the water, half-way up the other side o' it, it's lying at an angle. And the tap was turn turned on, an just a trickle, an that was the night milking it was frozen...well no frozen but cold within an oor o' gaun there, an in the morning that yin was lifted oot and dried off and put on an the new milk...the morning milking was put beside it. But it was all go, I mean you had tae...no light, in the wintertime ye had a the oil lamps to clean the globes and fill ready for putting on in the afternoon or night, you had the byre lamps tae fill, clean.

RM: And your faither worked, and you had one man working for him did he?

PH: That's it.

RM: And of course your mother'd be working twenty-four hours a day tae?

PH: Twenty-four hours. And she knitted all her stockings she made all our clothes except our coats.

RM: I'm thinking that...cause you'd be cut off in the winter quite a bit, there'd be times when you had difficulty getting intae the village. Did you have flour and sugar and salt, or how did you...did you buy it in bags or...?

PH: The meal ark...have you heard of a meal ark?

RM: No.

PH: No I'm sorry my father gave our meal ark to the drama...

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RM: Right, club.

PH: And it was a thing that stood that high...four foot. It had a ridge along the top an the flap-ower

lifted up an there was two places in't, there was a shelf along the back that took a' yer baking soda, cream o' tartar...

RM: And you bought that in bulk?

PH: And one was filled wi' flour, an the other one was filled with oatmeal. Now you were always, always had that there for you weren't waiting on a butcher, there was baked scones every day, there was tattie scones every day, there was pancakes every day, just in her her spare time when she wasny knitting, sewing, milking, feeding beasts feeding...

RM: Looking efter tway lassies, aye. So your faither would buy that fae the grocer, these bags.

PH: Mill, the mill! Where the thing is...where the surgery is.

RM: Barony Mill.

PH: Barony Mill. [John Lane]

RM: So that would keep you going in emergencies that keeps you going in the winter and whatever. And meat, d'you just get that fae the village?

PH: Either that or a hen.

RM: [laughs]

PH: Or a goose, or a turkey or a...

RM: You were never short of the good life!

PH: (whispers) I was gonny say pheasant!

RM: Aye well whatever, evey noo and then.

PH: And rabbits.

RM: Snared?

PH: Good rabbits, couldny stand hare, didny like hare.

RM: Did ye snare the rabbits?

PH: Pardon?

RM: Did ye snare them, or shoot them or what? How did yer faither kill them?

PH: Probably shot for he was like Paul as mad as a hatter on guns.

RM: So ye were well fed?

PH: Oh, the best.

RM: The best. Nae processed food?

PH: None. Pigs...the pig was killed and we had a lovely crock.

RM: Did ye butcher it yersel then the pig?

PH: Of course! You did everything yourself it's only the idiots nooadays...

RM: So did ye hae yin pig what for how lang, a year or...?

PH: Oh, two or three.

RM: Ye had tway or three pigs and then...aye right.

PH: Uh huh. An they were fed wi' the wee tatties, there was two set-pots, d'ye ken what a set pot is?

RM: No but ye'll tell me.

PH: It's a great big boiler wi' a fire beneath. An when the tatties were lifted they were walled, ye ken?

RM: Right. Whit? Aye, c'mon.

PH: Eh...the big yins picked oot fae the wee yins.

RM: Oh right, I ken whit ye mean, selected.

PH: [?] Well these wee yins, they were a washed, an they were put into the set pot, an they were boiled up, an they were cooked. Now they kept because again it was in a cold shed an this was October.

RM: It's like your fridge, like your fridge, aye.

PH: An they were just lifted oot, an that alang wi' skimmed milk and some bran or some whatever the kye were getting, no cake, no the linseed cake but some o' the ither things. I used tae eat the linseed cake it was lovely, used to sook it got glacé it was lovely. An the pigs were fed twice a day wi' this plus the tattie peelings plus the veg peelings plus onything that was left, hoosehold, was into the pigs.

RM: And would ye kill a pig every so often or what?

PH: Probably the back end, towards the back end o' the year, because again nae electricity nae fridges. And we'd this lovely crock, you mebbe see them on *Antiques Roadshow*, it was about that size, what would you say that was?

RM: Oh I couldny say I'm no great...tway, tway an a half fit, something like that.

00:39:14

PH: Aye. And it was aboot that high, and it had twa hannles that went in, an my father took the choice bits, o' the pig, and he wi' saltpetre, he cured it. Cured it, he rubbed it, every day or night or whatever it is, tae ye got it to the stage that it was sealed. The hip...the best o' it, and it was put in this crock, an the other bits, the head, the trotters the things were a boiled up an...they were fed to the pigs or the hens without...the hens wi' the bones in, the pigs no, the skinny bits an that were a fed to them...cooked! We never fed raw food.

RM: Naw. Amazing!

PH: An that was it, an oh the ham, the bacon, oh oot o' this world. Half an inch thick, an jist sitting oan a plate wi' yer tatties an yer...

RM: An yer mither would keep that through the winter ye ken, an then bring a bit oot and whatever.

PH: That's right, and 'twas boiled or 'twas ever, an we had a man once an he was awfu' kind to us he was an [?] man, an he...my mother must a made meat, [potted head] we ca'd it, an she aye picked it there was just lean meat, there was nane o' this gristle [onything] , no she was excellent wi' food an other an spotless, an this nicht they must a had it...we put intae a bacon boil or something that size, and Jimmy came in that nicht an he says, 'Aw Davey,' he says, 'Pit mine in the pan for a chyngie.' Can you imagine frying potted meat?

RM: Mm hmm. It would melt.

PH: He says, 'Just gimme it in a soup plate an a spoon an I'll just eat it like that, so that was it. But that was the kinna thing that went on.

RM: Incredible.

PH: We also had a tramp that came every year.

RM: Up there!

PH: Aul Willie, an whenever the sky went dark, that man came, an he never knocked, he never did onything he just went into the barn, went up ontae the potato loft whaur it was new wood an a staircase up tae it, an there was a single bed there, an my mother always washed two blankets an folded them an put them on the end o' the...in her spare time.

RM: Her free time?

PH: At the end o' the bed. An in the morning these feet would come doon, can picture it yet, an she would say, 'Oh here's Willie coming.' Now he was excellent, because if it was snowing an the kye wereny oot he would carry water, he would bed them doon, he would muck the byre...

RM: He would earn his keep?

PH: Of course he did, he was an aal sodger, that had been through the Somme, and couldn't settle. So he was on the road wi' his bag on his back.

RM: [I'n't] that interesting.

00:43:02

PH: I don't know it's so sad I could greet when I think about it.

RM: Pair fella.

PH: An he was so kind tae us, so kind to Doreen an me. My mother never even thought that we'd be [ocht] when we were oot playing.

RM: No nae danger?

PH: Nothing at all, it was excellent and, the next thing was, when the snow would be by or whatever, he came in, he fed at the table wi' us, he never was given something, he had his fried breakfast his three course meal at dinner time and whatever was going you always had your porridge at night with something, and he got a this an he just went back up. What he did was, the straw that was on the end o' the barn, he yased tae take...he always cleared it away before he left, an he took new straw up an put it on the bed, an he had his twa blankets to pull up over himself. An that was him.

RM: Get away. An how lang would he stay for?

PH: Till the snow went, it could be a fortnight could be a month.

RM: And then would he gaun on to the next ferm and do the same thing?

PH: My mother would never know unless she went oot to feed the hens, everything was cleared away an we would see him gaun up towards Billy's Brig an he would be gaun oot ower that way.

RM: Gan tae the next ferm?

PH: No! He'd would maybe gaun tae Langholm! Before he would stop again.

RM: He wouldny walk tae Langholm in a day?

PH: Oh no but he would stop off at different places, sleep in a hey-stack or a whatever happened to be there.

RM: Asking for a bit here and there. Fascinating. Faye I'm gonna stop there because you've given us a tremendous amount, an I'm just hoping an praying that the hail thing's been recorded because that was fantastic.

