

Interviewee: Robert Glashen (RG)	Interviewer: Julia Muir Watt (JMW)
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[general talk about placing recorder]

JMW: Right, it's the 25<sup>th</sup> of May, yes, 25<sup>th</sup> of May, and we're in Whithorn, and I'm interviewing Robert Glashen.

RG: Aye. Robert James. I always put the J in, because we call Robin Robin, but he's Robert Glashen. So I just, if I sign ma name or that, I always sign it J, Robert James, to differentiate... We were getting mixed up in the surgery and that at one time, so.

JMW: So can you tell me about how your family came to be...

RG: Well, my father would come doon here from Aberdeenshire. He was born in Alford, and both him and elder brother come down. Brother was in Polmallet, who was called William Glashen. My father was John Glashen. And there would be, I think they would be about sixteen and seventeen when they came here. And they worked for a good number of years wi the shorthorn cattle, that was their job. And then as time went on, I was born in Polmallet, and my father was shifted from Polmallet to Brownhill, and he looked after the Shorthorns there. And then after a few years I would be about three and a half or four, my father left and went to Mr Dron, at Cravictor at Crieff, and he took over the Shorthorns there. We were there for about, maybe two and a half to three years. My mother died when I was seven. So I came back to the uncle and aunt in Crivelton. Uncle Thomas Buchanan, he was the stud groom for all the Clydesdales there. And that's how I came to be there. And as years went on I started in Polmallet... I wanted a job in a garage, and I wasn't, there's nothing available, and I worked for about four months wi the Shorthorns in Polmallet, and then I got a job up in the Universal Garage in Whithorn, and I worked there. Mean time, my father, he went to John Blackwood Hodge and company at Baldoon, and he shifted from there tae Glasgow, and then he went to Northampton, completely out of the cattle altogether, engineering. But my uncle, he stayed, he looked after about eighty head o Clydesdales.

JMW: Gosh.

RG: And he foaled, he must have foaled about forty in a year. And ... do you want to know all the farms that was involved?

JMW: Yes please.

RG: Well, the trading name was AJ Marshall, Bridgebank. That was the main one, it would be Bridgebank such-and-such, or Bridgebank... the cattle, and the horses. But they also named them Crivelton too. Well, Mr Marshall, AJ Marshall, he was always called Bertie. And he lived in Stranraer, and he had a chauffeur, and he come down almost every day to Crivelton, where he had an office in the farmhouse. And when the foreign buyers came he entertained them there, and usually if there was a meal involved he took them down to Abbott's Hoose in Garneston... which is the Harbour Inn now. And he winet and dinet them there. But they came from all over, different parts of the world, to see theirn Shorthorns and the Clydesdale horses. Competed in a lot of the big shows, the Royal shows and that. And the cattleman [?hired] from here, or from [?Carlisle] by

train. And ...

JMW: Gosh, right, by train?

[05.33]

RG: And I actually went wi another pal o mine from Whithorn here to the Royal Show in Lincoln, and we went into the carriage along wi the bulls! But they were big canny beasts, they wouldnae have looked at ye, we just lay doon on the straw along wi them in the carriage! But in that show I actually got the honour of taking the champion, junior champion, round the ring in front of the King, Queen and Princesses. And the Duke and Duchess of, I think it was Gloucester, I'm not sure whether it was Duke and Duchess of Gloucester or Kent, but I've a feeling it was the Gkoucester family.

JMW: So what year was that, when you did that?

RG: Oh, now. Oh, that would be in the fifties. I'm no good at dates.

JMW: No, but that's okay. It was after the war?

RG: Aye. But that's ... I stayed the night in the showground wi the cattleman, and what we did, it was like tents made right along in sections, and the bulls was there and the men had mattresses made wi straw, and you slept in there along wi the bulls.

JMW: Goodness. They wouldn't let you do that now.

RG: They didnae bother, you know. And of course in the mornings they had tae be washed and groomed and made beautiful for the show! But Mr Marshall won a lot o honours and that. And then when he went tae sell a lot o his stock they went tae Perth bull sales in [Hottam?] and the buyers, a lot o the foreign buyers bought them there. And then any of them that wanted to see more o the stock used to come doon, come over by plane fae different parts o the world and buy them. And then early on, my father used to go oot to the Argentine. There was so many Shorthorns would be taken out to the Argentine, and I think it's about September he would go, and they were put onto the boat and taken to Buenos Aries. And that was his responsibility fae the time he got on the boat to they were sold. And I'm quite sure there'd be a lot o Marshall's breeding still out in the Argentine.

JMW: Oh, yeah. So where did the boat leave from?

RG: Actually, I'm no sure now. I have a feeling it might o been Glasgow. But I'm no sure o that.

JMW: So how did the bulls get up to Glasgow, or wherever?

RG: Oh, they would go by train.

JMW: By train from Whithorn?

RG: Oh, everything went by train. And the feeding stuff, they couldna feed cattle the way they fed them in these days. Do ye want to know the sort o recipes?

JMW: Oh yes.

RG: There used to be, the train would have brought in a big full carriage of late maize, bran, cotton cake, it was like a big slab, linseed cake, they grew their own barley and oats, and the first thing in the morning that was done was to put the boiler on. They never fed dry barley to the bulls. It was [09.44]

always cooked. It was like porridge, when you went past you could hae ate it, the smell o it was lovely! And that was the first job in the morning, getting this boiler going. And they had a ... do ye know what a cooler is?

JMW: No...

RG: Well, we call them killers, but the right name's a cooler, it's like a big trough shaped like that, two wheels, two handles. And the food that was made up for the bulls, it was like a sandwich, they put late maize, bran, maybe some oats, cotton cake, linseed cake, and then tae top it all, to finish up, they went to the boiler and got a big pail o this cooked barley, and spread it across the top, boiling hot. And then put jute bags over it to let it steam. And when they went tae feed it, they mixed it wi a shovel, and it was all in layers, like a sandwich, and they mixed it all up. And ye went round the bulls wi a basket, and ye gave them allocation into the trough. And then ye come round behind that, they bought forty gallon barrels o malt, and they got a big dollop o malt on the top o the mixture, the mash, and boy, they enjoyed that. And more than the bulls enjoyed it, we used to get it roond wir fingers! But it wid be too costly now, people couldnae afford tae feed them the way they did in these days.

Aye, and the bulls, they were always exercised. They were taken maybe couple o mile doon the road on halters, to keep their feet right, but they also had what they called stocks, and Mr Marshall used to do this himself, they would put a bull into this stocks, and he couldnae move, there wis a clamp went roond their neck, and their legs, you could lift their foot and put it ontae a bit like that. And he used tae use a wood chisel, just what a joiner would have, and a mallet, and he would pare their feet, cut the hoofs doon to they were level. Sometimes he had them bleeding. But he aye said they walked better after that. It used tae get them tae walk properly. And they were shampooed and groomed, and all their coat and that brushed, and, oh, they were well looked after. They would be taken to shows and things like that. And when the buyers came there were always a big day before that to get them all intae order and looking their best. But ...

JMW: So where did the buyers come from?

RG: Oh, they came from all over the world, I wid say. They would come fae the Argentine, the United States, mebbe some fae Europe... Australia and New Zealand, I think, their buyers came. But that wee while I was in Polmallet there was a mini bus came one day, and they were Europeans, and we had tae take aa the bulls out and walk them, around the byres, they actually bought them off the farm. And then they were shipped out after that.

JMW: So, what's the special merit of the shorthorn? Obviously there was something that attracted all these buyers?

RG: Well, if you just reach over there, Julia, you'll see the photographs o them. That one there, I think that was the dearest bull that Mr Marshall sold. [14.30] But that'll show you the quality o the cattle that he bred. There's some fae the United States, my father would get them when he was just a bullock, really, and it's no actually a pure shorthorn, but these other ones are all pure Shorthorns. Beautiful beast.

JMW: Yes, they are. And are Shorthorns much bred now?

[15.16]

RG: The nearest person wi Shorthorns that I know is James Biggar, and his farm, you know when you go oot o Castle Douglas, there's a bit o the road has been repared, and ye go doon the hill and ovr the bridge, there's a farm on the right and a farm on the left, that belongs to the Biggar family. And if ye're passing, just look in the fields, and ye'll be fortunate enough to see the Shorthorns. Now, James Biggar married one o Mr Marshall's daughters, the eldest daughter. That was one o the biggest disasters that hit this area, when Mr Marshall died, he had no sons, he had three daughters. And the daughters all had a farm. My uncle at the finish up bought Brownhill, and it belonged to the youngest daughter. And Mr Biggar that I'm telling ye about at Castle Douglas, he married the oldest... I think she was the oldest daughter, and then the youngest daughter married... Ah, now, what was his name? I forgot the man's name. But he took over Bridgebank, and I think there'll still be one o the daughters living there, maybe two.

JMW: I see a lot of the photographs have Chicago...

RG: Aye, that's when my father would be oot there. He went oot... I think he was there for a year.

JMW: And one has Iowa, which is a centre for beef rearing...

RG: Aye, I'm no sure. I just got these just before he died, and I got him to name some o the bulls...

JMW: Yes, I see that...

RG: But oh, they were beautiful beasts. And usually very docile. Ye very rarely got a bad bull. In fact I used tae ride on one's back, I used tae take him doon tae the cows at ... [The Dinnens 17.39]! I used tae get on his back and ride doon the fields, open the gate, take him through, back ontae his back! A white bull, Annex... Now, Mr Marshall, the Dinnens farm belonged tae a cousin o Mr Marshall's, Mr MacGregor. I don't know if you'll know his daughter, she married one o the farmers that had, what's the name o the farm... [Balwinnoch? 18.20], the Walkers. Fiona, do ye know her at all?

JMW: No, I know Harry Walker, but I don't know...

RG: Aye, well, she married one o the Walkers, and I spoke tae her, funny enough, aboot a month ago, and I havenae seen her for years. And there was a son, and the daughter... And the son, I

think, 's still up about the Orkneys. He married a girl fae a farm just ootside o Stranraer, and Fiona, I think she lives in Port William noo. Well, that wis a cousin, and then farther along was Port [Erraig? 19.07] Now, Mr Black was the farmer's name, and they used to bring oot some o the Clydesdale horses there and sort o graze them at Port Erraig. And some o the Shorthorns went to The Dinnens. And then Claymoddie out here, I don't think it would belong to Mr Marshall, I think it wis rented fae the Laird. And they had Shorthorns and cattle oot there too. And of coorse the horses, aa the Clydesdales, that wis a big business too. My uncle, he was the stud groom, and he worked them hissself, if he needed a hand he get an extra man. But the amount o employment that that one farmer gave in this area was colossal.

JMW: This is Mr Marshall?

RG: Oh, aye. I mean, that wis a disaster. There used to be two tractors come in here the time o the hoeing, when the swedes were ready, and he would have filled the trailers wi people fae the town [20.29]

here and took them out here and hoed turnips all day. He'd have got them for the harvest, and what we called the feed house was where they kept the feeding for the cattle. And at dinner time you maybe got a dozen, fifteen men in that, at their dinner. That farm's worked by two people now.

JMW: Yes, I'm sure. So did they take their own dinner or was that made for them on the farm? [...] Did they take their own dinner out with them?

RG: Oh aye, took their own piece, as they talked about. Aye. And my uncle had a, he had a forge, a smiddy, and one part of the shed was the smiddy, and Tommy Woods, the blacksmith fae Sorbie, and Ben, used to come tae Crivelton tae shoe a lot o the horses. My uncle did their feet, a lot o them, hissself, but when it came tae shoeing them and that, Tommy made the shoes at Crivelton, at the forge, on an anvil, and everything that he needed. And a big day maybe brought in aboot twenty or thirty horses. But Ben, he worked there with Tommy Woods...

JMW: So your uncle lived at Crivelton?

RG: He lived at Crivelton, aye. My father and uncle would start off in the bothy, there was a bothy at [Macrilton? 22.18] and the cattlemen, there's maybe three or four cattlemen, stayed in that bothy, and eventually of course, my father got married, and he moved into the farmhouse at Polmallet. And Uncle Wullie, I think he went tae Bridgebank. He wis a kind o foreman at the finish up. So... oh, it wis a big, big concern. Really was.

JMW: So how was it that your father and your uncle got into Shorthorns, where did they get that from?

RG: Well, it's a strange thing, but Mr Marshall hardly ever got a local man to look after the Shorthorns. They were north country men, Perthshire, Aberdeenshire, they were reared with beef. That wis their trade. And these men knew what they were doing wi feeding beef cattle.

JMW: So was your father brought up on a farm in Aberdeenshire?

RG: Aye, he was born on a farm just oot o Alford, I just cannae mind the name o it. His father wis the foreman o this big farm just at the outside o Alford farm. And there'd be a fair family o them, and they'd spread oot, ye see. So that's how he ended up there. But oh, he wis a good number o years among the Shorthorns. He used to go oot in the mornings and check them all and that, and see that the calves were suckling. And he took a bottle in his pocket, a lemonade bottle or summat, and he would milk some o the cows that had too much milk. And if ye left it like that, in a rudder, the danger was that a fly could hit it and give them mastitis. So they had to make sure that they were well cleaned oot. And he used to bring us in a bottle o milk. Well, the shorthorn milk is very rich milk, and it's no unlike Jersey milk, no just as rich as that but something on that type. And the calves, the bull calves, they were always suckled. There was usually two tae a cow, and they're tied up along the byre, and the calves were in a big loose box, and they let them in night, morning, and they each knew their foster mother. And quite big calves. Well, the Shorthorns didnae give a lot o milk themselves, but they crossed some o them, the beef Shorthorns, wi dairy cows, like an Ayrshire cow, and they had this, what they call a dairy shorthorn. And they gave a lot o milk. And they used them tae rear the calves, to give them more milk. And, oh, it was quite a sight when you walked into the byre at night, a great row o big calves and the froth flying oot o their mouth! Aye, it was...

[25.59]

JMW: So how did Mr Marshall become such a big, how did he acquire such a big concern?

RG: Well, his father had the business. Matthew Marshall, ye called him. And Bertie, as they called him, wid take over after him. And I don't know, I cannae go back far enough to know how they actually started up early in their years, but he would take over fae his father. But it was a disaster he hadnae a son tae carry it on for the daughters. Right enough Jimmy Biggar and ... I cannot mind this other woman's name, they were all farmers themselves. But that's the only body I know round about now that has Shorthorns. And I think I'm right in saying he won the Highland Show there, a champion shorthorn.

JMW: So have other breeds come to replace them, or are we just not doing as much beef around here?

RG: I think the Aberdeen Angus and then the Hereford kind o come in. But the thing is, the French Charolet, there's a lot o foreign breeds just come in, they're bigger, and they're supposed to be leaner. The Hereford beef, the fat on it was sort o yella, and a lot o the housewives liked the white, and this is what ye get wi the Aberdeen Angus. The shorthorn fat wis slightly a wee bit yella too, but lovely meat, I mean... But they went kinda out o favour, and during the war the Aberdeen Angus and the Shorthorns were big, big cattle. They started to breed them smaller because the housewives couldnae buy the joints, the joints were too big. And they're actually bringing the breed back fae the Argentine tae increase the size again, because they never reduced them. And they're reared on the Pampas, pure grass. That's why I hear folk saying 'Oh, the Argentine'll no be good.' I says, 'It should be some o the best beef you can get.' Cause, I says, there's no additives, or owt, it's mostly grass fed. And, oh, it was quite an occasion for the cattlemen to go out to the Argentine wi the Shorthorns and sell them.

JMW: So how old were you when your father left to go abroad?

RG: Well, I would be... I wouldna be born then, no. Because I was born in Polmallet, and my father had been working there for years before that, and married, and... so I really wouldnae be born. And then there was a Jimmy Dixon and Johnny Corrie took over. The bungalow at Polmallet, Mr Marshall had a nephew, and they built that bungalow on the roadside at Polmallet for him, Gerry Rankin was his name. And he was he manager to manage the farms, just a few years before Mr Marshall died. But here they had a difference, someone went wrong, and they split up. And he never got into the bungalow. And he went, Gerry Rankin went tae another Shorthorn breeder up in Perthshire. And Jimmy Dixon was the foreman in Polmallet after him. And he ended up with, I think it was Mr Black ye called hm. They aa went back tae the beef country, the cattlemen that wis here.

JMW: Right. And do those farms that you've mentioned, do those nowadays breed beef cattle?

RG: I'm no sure about Polmallet. It belongs to Robert McInnel, and I've a feeling he'll have had beef... Now I don't know if he's a dairy there or no now, but I know the beef at [Tyrone, Garrary and that? 31.28], and chances are [The Wirral? 31.35] Brownhill, no, it's kinna intae grain. Fishers bought it off my uncle. And [Cults 31.47?], now wait tae I think, I don't know if they're dairy in there now or no at Cults. A lot of them were dairy, and we dairied, when we were in Brownhill. I always had a bullock, I had a reserved champion, a Charolet, I had one o the first Charolet bullocks in this area. And at the Christmas show at Newton Stewart, I was reserved champion, really. But no,  
[32.25]

there's no many true beef, even up in Aberdeenshire now, there's an affa mixture o cattle. The foreign breed, the Charolais and Simmon, [Denels?] and Limousins and aa this, they're aa mixed through them now. Ye go down and ye look in the field and ye see aa the different shapes, colours and sizes. But ye do get the good Aberdeen Angus, and there will be Shorthorns up there too. But oh, it wis a great industry at one time. But oh, the loads o feeding that used tae come into the station, tractor and trailer and horse and cart took them tae the various farms tae feed the cattle. Bound to have been a big industry helping in a lot o ways, you know. But...

JMW: So your uncle, he was the stud groom, and were all these horses for use on farms, was that...

RG: Well, that was the original thing o the Clydesdale, you know. But he bred them and they went to all different parts of the country too, just the same, there was buyers came and bought the Clydesdale horses. And when he foaled them, he maybe had thirty mares tae foal... At that time he had loose boxes, dae ye know what I mean by the loose box? Well, he had two there, two there, two there, and he built a bed with sheafs fae the mill, maybe the height o the top o that clock. And he put a gate, he hung a gate across it. And he had a mare in the box with him. And the other mares that was in the other... he put a string on his wrist, and a mare'll only lie down if she's going tae foal, and when she lay doon, she pulled his wrist. And he used to get up and take her out intae the paddock and foal her, and bring her back in. But he slept up there for a month and a half, tae foal aa the mares and get the foals right. He used tae go up at night, he'd come home and have his dinner at night and then his supper and then away up, comee back for his breakfast in the morning. That's...

JMW: I suppose they were very valuable, so he didn't want to lose a foal?

RG: Oh aye, they're valuable, mmhmm.

JMW: And were there horse shows where he showed them off?

RG: Oh aye, he took them tae aa the different shows. Wigtown show, Stranraer show, and then they went to main shows, like the Royal Show and the Highland Show and aa that.

JMW: Somebody told me once there was a foal show at Port William, do you know anything about that?

RG: No. There might hae been, you know. The stallion show at Glasgow was a big affair. At Scotstoun. But it's now into a sports field now. And after they finished there they took them to the Kelvin Hall, and there's a stallion show in there. And then there wis the stallion show in Aberdeen, and one in Edinburgh. No, I'm wrong on Aberdeen, it wasnae Aberdeen, it wis Edinburgh I'm thinkin o. And they used tae take them back and forward to these bits, and show them. But oh, they had a lot o good quality cattle and horses. They reckon they had biggest herd o Clydesdales and Shorthorns in Europe.

JMW: All these farms are in the south-eastern Machars, so was it all concentrated there?

RG: Aye, Bridgebank would be, there wasna anything... It wis aa giely round here, Bridgebank was a one of, and that was the home farm.

JMW: So where's Bridgebank?

[37.29]

RG: If you were going fae here to Portpatrick, do you know where White Crook is? Ye turn left at that junction, and ye follow that right on, and ye come tae a T-junction, ye can go down tae Drummohr, or ye can go tae Stranraer. Well, if ye take a right as if ye're going tae Stranraer, and just before ye turn left tae go down to the lochans, there's a farm right on the roadside, that's Bridgebank.

JMW: Right. Okay. And that was Mr Marshall's, as it were, that was the sort of headquarters?

RG: Aye, that was his sort o trade name, Bridgebank. He's buried in the cemetary, what's the name o that estate, there's a petrol station, what do they call that bit now? Just oot o Stranraer, as ye're going intae Stranraer, it's the Castle, ye see them advertising open days and that, the gardens? Well, there's a church and a cemetary at the left hand side there, and that's where Mr Marshall's buried, in there. But, aye...

JMW: Now, did your uncle wear particular clothing for a groom?

RG: No, he just wore ordinary clothes, aye.

JMW Cause I've seen pictures of them wearing kind of jodhpurs, or maybe that was for show days?

RG: No. I'm trying tae find a photograph, I should have it in the house somewhere, it's a photograph o him on Messenger the stallion, it didnae matter which stallion came about, the first time he did, he was on its back. He put a helter round its mouth, and I seen him jumping the height o that fireplace and him on the back, no saddle or anything. And he used tae take the stallion right along, maybe to the Dinnens, or to Polmallet or roond tae Cults or wherever the mares were. And he used tae ride on its back.

JMW: So would farms contact him and say that they needed a stallion? Is that how it worked?

RG: I don't think they actually took them... if they needed one they would bring them to Crivelton. I don't think they ever travelled. That was what my uncle did before he came tae Crivelton. His father had a farm up in Houston, Renfrewshire. And he came doon tae Crivelton. But before that he used tae travel a stallion up roond by Houston and that, that was what he did as a living. And then he took over the Clydesdales at Crivelton.

JMW: So there must have been quite a lot of stables at Crivelton then?

RG: No, there wasnae a lot o stables. There was a few loose boxes, but they were kinna shared between the Shorthorns and the horses. And there was just the one stable. That was for the workin horses. A lot of the work was done, when I went to Crivelton first, I think it wis only two tractors and the rest was done by horse. The turnips and that wis brought oot o the fields by horse and cart, and harvest, it was horse and cart, mostly. There wis tractors, a trailer, but a lot o it wis done by horse and cart. They built the sheafs ontae [...] took them tae the sheds, built stacks. Aye.

JMW: So when did the horse breeding decline?

RG: Well, it all finished when, the farm sale when Mr Marshall died, everything was sold. A big day's sale and that was it, everything went then. But ...  
[42.09]

JMW: And was it already, as it were, being threatened by tractors and the use of mechanised...

RG: Oh aye, there was more mechanisation. It gradually wis comin in. Davie Broon and Ally Chalmers owned a Fergusson tractor. But earlier on, the Brownhill work was aa done wi, ploughed wi a horse. In fact when we went tae Brownhill we hadnae a tractor for a good number o years. My uncle did aa the ploughing wi a horse, aa the work wi a horse. And I never took tae horses. And I was reared wi them. But I just never took to them. I went to the mechanical side. Served my time, I went to Universal Garage, then I finished my time doon here, in the garage doon there.

JMW: So where was the Universal Garage?

RG: Well, it's aa houses now, but wait tae I think, the exact spot... There's a lot o new houses, there's the old part o the town if ye go oot by Glasserton, and when that finishes, there's new houses built, like, up and down houses. Well, the garage was there. And there's a big house, it's been all modernised, they tell me it's one o the most modern houses in Whithorn. That's where Mr Kelly lived, in the garage, and there wis petrol pumps there. And the garage... the garage wis an

old school. And right at the point, that wis the smiddy, where Mr [Roaney?] and Ben worked. But the bus garage wis doon there too at one point.

JMW: So there was really quite a lot of commerce, or commercial places, up at the top of the town then?

RG: Oh aye, aye. Mmmhmm. Aye, it wis quite a lot o work went on.

JMW: And how old were you when you started at the garage?

RG: I was fifteen. I lost a years' apprenticeship. When I was registered wi the SMTA, the Scottish Motor Traders, they found oot that I wasna registered tae I wis sixteen. I had fifteen shilling a week for the first year, twenty-five shilling a week for the second year! And I wis there aboot three and a half years, and I felt I wisnae learning enough, so I applied for job doon in the church here...

JMW: Right, St John's garage...

RG: And I went there, aye. And that was Hutchison MacReths'. And they had the garage in the Port too. And then West Cumberland bought it over.

JMW: So which was the farm you actually were brought up on?

RG: Crivelton. I went there when I was seven, after my mother died. And ... we were there until Mr Marshall died, and then my uncle bought Brownhill, and we shiftit there.

JMW: And were you in the cottage at Brownhill, where my sister bought...

RG: That's right, aye. We started off wir married life in a caravan, just at the bottom o the garden at the farmhouse, and uncle Tom built a kitchen and bathroom onto the cottage, and we went up there. But, aye, a nice bit tae live, beautiful view and everything.

JMW: Oh yeah, it is.

[46.30]

RG: I remember the first night I come in here, it was a Saturday night, and they were running the football buses tae Glasgow on a Saturday, to the Rangers – Celtic. Well we went to wir bed that night and the row got up! And shouting and swearing and kicking at doors, they were up on the top o people's cars... So Ben went oot and chased some o them up the street, he wis on the pavement wi the car, he wis gonnae run them doon! [Byron?]'s father went oot wi a golf club, he was gonnae kill someone! And I says tae Molly, well, if this is town living, we'll no be long here! I says, a month on that'll dae us til we get another house in the country. But we've been here thirty-seven year. Oh, that wis... After the Grapes closed, and things like that, everything kind o... the town's a different place now fae what it used to be.

JMW: Well, it certainly has a lot less employment in it...

RG: Oh aye. See when the soldiers were here and that... Oh, it was wild. Fighting and ... oh, gee! Do

you know, I have stood in a queue up almost at the Post Office tae get into the picture hoose? Aye.

JMW: And was that during the war?

RG: Aye. The soldiers, the big convoys used to come by, they were going to [Kidstel? 48.13] and Burghhead. And oh, maybe aboot forty lorries wid go through the toon. Soldiers and that. Then they come in on a Saturday night. Oh...

JMW: Was it a flash point wi the local boys?

RG: Oh aye. Aye. And then there was Poles come in on the scene, and Italians, Italian prisoners, there was wars in Wigtown and that wi them. But I never got much involved in onything like that, I kept mysel clear o that. But oh, aye, been in that dance hall doon there and one half o it there wis women fightin and the other half wis men! Oh, what a place! Night at the dancing, Kirkinner, and I don't know if you knew, what was his name, Willie, oh, I forgot his name, he was an affa man tae fight. And then a fight broke oot and one thing and another and he got up onto the stage, he got a hold o the piana, flung it off the stage onto the floor, there was bits lying everywhere! Oh, there wis some wild folk aboot at one time. The women were as bad tae. Fighting at the drop o a flag.

JMW: So did you ever read the novel Wigtown Ploughman?

RG: I think I have, aye, I have read that.

JMW: Cause there's quite a bit of that in that novel, it's quite wild.

RG: Aye. There's that and there's another Wigtown book. I hae yin up the stair there, aye, some books. There's the Wigtown Ploughman, then there's another yin by a fella, lived aboot Wigtown and then he shifted oot into the country, that wisna the Wigtown Ploughman? No, I think that's another one.

JMW: I'm trying to think...

RG: And aye, the one that Joe Whiteford wrote, I've got Joe's book. But I've a few books there that I can understand. There's one about the Shorthorn breeders on different farmers, different places. I've  
[50.55]

quite a few of them up there, I don't know if they'd be any interest to you, if you wanted to read them at any time. I used tae buy them and Barbara used tae buy me an occasional one if she saw them. And it wis aa connected tae, eventually it came back tae Crivelton. I'll look them out again and see ...

JMW: So where did you live when you were at Crivelton? Was there a cottage?

RG: In the old cottages right doon in the field, I think they're doon now, I think they've knocked them doon. But there's two, the Becketts lived next door tae us, and that's where we were, we were there for years. A nice bit tae live. And I had Jack Fisher, aboot three year ago, he saw a robin,

and I said tae him, would I go out some night and gie a wee bit o the history o Crivelton? So he took me in his pickup roond the farm, and he says, we thought about making that into holiday houses... This is where we used to ... But he says, there's no water there. I says, no water? There's one o the finest wells that you could o... Oh, he says, we cannae use it now, we've been burying aa the dead cows and things in the garden. I says, we had old pump, and it was the loveliest water, cool, cool water. And if they'd known that they could have had water no bother, plenty o water. Never ever went dry. So I took him round and told him aa the different things. We used to hae to walk fae there to Garlieston, and fae there to here to the school. I had a bike, and sometimes if the bike wis aa right ye cycled, and if it wasnae ye walked. I've seen us coming in fae the school and then coming back in tae the pictures at night on the bike. I used to leave my bicycle, there's a row o old houses up at the top there, where ye have your garage and I have my bit, that was a row o houses, old houses. And I used to leave my bike in there at night and went to the pictures, get it when I come out. And Costly used to keep their van next door to me, in the one next door. That wis a lovely garage at one time, a loft and everything, the roof, the slates come off, nobody did anything about it, just let it rot away, and there it is the day. But it wis a good garage. Aye, Costly's van aye sat in there.

JMW: So what do you remember about the cottage that you lived in as a child, what did it look like inside?

RG: It had two bedrooms and a main sort o kitchen, living room. Oh, it was comfortable, it wis nice, and very peaceful. And we had a lovely garden, my uncle was a great gardener. Oh, he grew wonderful stuff. Too much for me, when the rest were oot playin I wis made to go into the garden to weed it and help him, dig it, and oh... And that's how he made his money, my uncle grew acres o potatoes, up at the top o Crivelton there was a bit maybe the width o the street there, fae the house to the street, and it wis sloe bushes. And he broke horses, and he pulled aa these bushes oot breaking in horses, and cultivated it. And he grew acres o potatoes in there. And when the Irish people come over tae the Port Erraig to dig their potatoes, he used to get them on a Sunday, a Saturday and Sunday, to come and dig them there. And he always had potatoes that passed as stock feed, stock seed I should say, and ye could get whatever money ye could get for stock seed. And he used to send tonnes doon tae England. And that's how he made his money tae buy Brownhill. He rented a piece o ground at Polmallet that the RAF had where they did the bombing, the practice bombing, he had about maybe two acres there. And then he rented another four tae five acres fae [The Kevins? 56.15], fae Sammy Hanlon, and grew that in potatoes. I've seen me on a winter's night, sitting up behind a dyke wi two byre lamps and a great long pit o tatties maybe fae here to the middle o the road, [wallin?] oot half a ton o potatoes for the cafe, Monday morning. On a winter's night.

JMW: So your uncle supplied the cafe, did he?

[56.52]

RG: Aye, he supplied a lot o tatties tae them, aye. He ... I'm maybe taking ye aff the track here, but he wis a great friend o Mr McKelvie, fae Arran, that grew all the Arran potatoes, Arran [...] And uncle Tom used to go over, he had a herd o Highland ponies, Mr McKelvie, and my uncle used to go over and break them in, some o them, for him. And he taught my uncle how to grow tatties fae the seed, fae the plum. I've got a letter up there, it was a reference, my uncle was applying for a job

somewhere, and this was a reference fae Mr McKelvie, tae give him. Aye.

JMW: He sounds like a very enterprising man.

RG: Oh aye, aye. He wis a very quiet man. He'd be one o the strongest men in this area, if ye could have seen the things he could lift, it wis unbelievable. Very very strong man, aye. But he wasnae one tae... never went tae a pub, he wasnae a drinker. And he used tae smoke a pipe. He had one fill o Three Nuns tobacca when he wis sitting reading the Glasga Herald at night. He never would refill it. One pipe o tobacca, and that was im relaxin after his day's work. He worked fae daylight tae dark, oh aye.

JMW: Did he work with other people, were there other people working on the horses as well?

RG: Just, he got maybe one o the men to help him, but he did it maistly all himsel. Mr Coid, ye widnae know him, he wis the butcher...

JMW: I've heard of him.

RG: Well, his son wis coming out as a vet. So uncle Tom, of course, bought butcher maet fae him. So he says tae Tom, my son's comin home, he said, for a break. He says, I wonder if ye would take him oot tae Crivelton and show him a wee bit how tae work wi horses. Uncle Tom used to treat them for the illnesses and aa himsel. He had a bit like a pharmacy, and he treated himsel wi the same things if he wasna very well! But anyway, Rutledge, as ye called his son, and oh, Tom says, aye, send him out, he says, and I'll... he wis going for a week... and I'll teach him whit I can.

So, first day, they got on aa right, the second day, Tom says, wi some fellaes, I want tae helter them, never been heltered much. I'll put them intae the stable. So they put aboot, I think seven, I think they would be, into the stable, and they were just loose, you know, they just drove them in. And he says tae Rutledge, right, come in and shut the door! He got such a scare he never came back. He thought he was gonnae be killed with our horses. They were charging aboot in the stable and uncle Tom wis puttin a rope ower their neck and tyin them up, heltering. And Rutledge was in fear ay his life, never come back. Two days!

JMW: I think he's still alive, isn't he?

RG: I don't know, I havenae heard tell o that man fae that day to this.

JMW: I just think Vicky Wilson has mentioned that name to me, and they're still in touch. Should maybe ask, shouldn't I?

RG: Aye, he's bound to be a fair age now.

JMW: He is, I think. I'll ask.

[01.01.35]

RG: And then there wis the other butcher doon here, Douglas. As far as I know the son'll still be living wi him too, he wis a great big fat fella, Andrew Douglas, they called him. Very clever. In fact, I

think he wis just too clever at times. But he used to hae that wee house... I don't know who the man is, but just doon fae the hall, there wis a fancy pick up used tae sit, did you notice that one, Julia, ye ken, a blue one?

JMW: Yeah, yeah.

RG: Well, the man that lived in there, that wis Andrew Douglas' house, and he sold it to one o them. But he wis a big man, the butcher's Douglas, and he used to have a band here, it wis Douglas, there wis James Kerr, there wis Anton Griffin, and who else? Aa the kind o auld worthies, fiddles, and banjos, and Whithorn had its band! A dance band.

JMW: And that's the one that played at the dances where there were fights?

RG: Sometimes they played at that kinna... And, aye, oh, it wis... There used to be some great old worthies in the town, oh aye. Uncle Pat, my own uncle, would be one o the worthies, he used to be curator o the museum, Pat Flanagan. My mother wis a Flanagan. Don't know if you knew that. There's a lot o people dinnae know I'm related to the Flanagans.

JMW: No, no, I didn't know either. So you're related to Gary Flanagan, is it that Flanagan?

RG: Aye, James is my cousin, his father's my cousin.

JMW: Okay, right, right...

RG: And my mother and James' mother was sisters. And Bessie that I was reared wi, Aunt Bessie, she was sister too. Big family o them. But...

JMW: So your father married a Whithorn girl, effectively?

RG: Aye. Aye. She died when she was thirty-seven.

JMW: That's a shame.

RG: She'd bad wi her heart. ... That wis me when I was, just afore my mother died. Pitcrieff. And that wis my father and me up at Stranraer one day.

JMW: Oh yes. Mmmhmm. Good picture.

RG: He aye wore a hat. Oh aye, he aye liked his hat. A Saturday night when he wis in Northampton, he used tae go to the club and he had a drink and he come back, and the hat's stuck on the back o his head! Aye.

JMW: So were you made to work with the cattle and horses when you were young?

RG: No really, no. As I say, my uncle, I used tae help him, I used tae hold the mares tae pare their feet or something like that, I wisnae taken on like, I got hurt two or three times. We were doing a, [01.05.39]

Jackie Marshall had a pony and foal, and that was a smiddy round there where the garage is, and I went in wi uncle Tom yin night, tae hold this mare tae he did their feet. ... Jumped ower the top o me and tramped me into the ground, near. Phew, that wis sore. I got kicked both feet wi a horse in the stable. He went and kicked me up agin the wall, I just never took tae them! Nae handbrake on them!

But Bertie, Mr Marshall, there was one stallion hated him. If he even heard him talking ye'd hae heard the squeals o him ... And he went in tae his cloose box one day, and he made kick at him. He missed him, and ye know these fire clay troughs? He kicked the end right oot it. Imagine if he'd hae hit him wi that. And the windae had spars on it, open, no glass. And of Uncle Tom and him were coming and he heard him talking, he went mad in the box, this stallion. Tom doesnae know whether he'd hit this stallion or what he'd done wi him, but he says he hated even the sound o ... But he says he would hae killed him that day, the day he broke the trough, if he'd o got him, ye ken. That was Messenger, that wis the stallion I'm looking for, this photograph wi my uncle on his back. And I cannae find it, it's bound to be up there, aye, hundreds o photographs there. And I got Bessie's, uncle's and that, when they died, I got aa their photos too.

JMW: Well, your uncle must have had quite a way with horses, I mean, he must have been a natural.

RG: I've never ever seen a horse that could dae anything other than what he wanted it to do. Never could get away fae him or anything. No. Oh no, he wis a great... and he wouldnae let ye abuse them. Wouldnae let ye abuse anything. I remember when we were at Brownhill we had a cow, and we had cows tied up, and a bull. And this bull, I went in to gie him a drink o water, and he hit me, wi his head, sent me back... Well, there wis a big lump o stick up on the beam, it wis a lean-to, and I went, this, I gaed him oer the head wi the stick. Tom wis ower in the dairy, when he heard the bang he come ower, what are ye daein?! Oh, I says, that bull, knocked me doon there and I wis just aboot knockin him doon! Oh, don't touch the bull, he says. It's yer ain fault!

I saved him, I hae a scar fae there, Julia, right tae there. New Year's Day I went doon to help him to finish up and we had a lot o pigs, we were breeding pigs fae Ireland, pure bred ... large whites, and I was goin home, it wis aboot half past three, and he says, 'I'm just goin away to bring the boar and the two sows in,' they were oot in the field. And I stood talkin to my auntie, I says, 'It's takin him a while tae bring their pigs in, I'll go and see where he is.' And I went oot, and here he's ower in the field, and he's tryin tae turn this boar, and every time he made tae turn it it made for him. And just by that, the next thing it just knocked him tae the ground and started tae go for him. Well I got through, there wis snow on the ground, I went through the fence and as I got through there wis a spar o a barrel lyin, and I picked it up, and I was tryin to run across the field, and this boar wis tearin at him, and one o my wellingtons come off, I'd one on, one off, and I got doon and here the boar had all his shirt and his vest and everything aa torn roond the neck and everything, and I hit the boar over the head wi this stick, and he just went back and he just, oh, flew right at me. And I made tae go for him again and my hand went intae his mouth. And the big tusk just went in, and ye can see the hole. And he tore me right open. And I didnae know. And I run along the field, and this boar chasing me, and there wis an old horse rake sittin in the field, and I run round aboot it, and he got fed up runnin roond aboot and he stopped chasing me. And Tom wis shouting 'What's wrong wi your hand?' And I looked, the blood wis flying out o me! I never knew. So we had visitors

that day, and we phoned the doctor, Doctor Robertson, 'Oh,' he says, 'Just come doon.' So we went doon, he sat me doon on the chair in front o the fire and got a basin and a nail scrubber and scrubbed the wound! And stitched it. But oh, I think it would hae killed my uncle that day if I hadnae got him off,  
[01.11.42]

for hewis lyin in mud on his back and he couldnae get up and this boar wis on the top o him. Oh, he was an affy size o a pig. They came tae load him tae take him away to the butchers and they couldnae load him that day, they had to come back another time and get him. He wis so big they could do nothing wi him. Did ye know auld Achie Doods at all?

JMW: I know the name, a lot of people have told me about him.

RG: Achie, he worked in Broonhill wi us and I wis tellin him aboot this boar attackin Tom. 'Oh, I'll fix him,' he says, 'I'll fix him,' and the boar wis lyin in the shed on its side. Achie went in wi a fork, jagged him, but I hear he come oot o the shed quicker than he went in!

JMW: Did your uncle tell you anything about the medicines he used or the special...

RG: Aye, some o them, he used a lot o horse [?eiden 1.12.56] and linaments, and MNB 693 wis an antibiotic, that wis a startin, and if ye'd a cut or that and put some o this on, and if ye had maybe a sore knee or something he used the horse linament. And the eiden and this kind o thing. But the vet, he wis very friendly with Mr McEwan, who wis the vet in Wigtown. And he bred Border terriers, and he gave us the first Border we had, and uncle Tom bred them, we had two champions. And as I say he was friendly wi the vet, and he told him aa the things to use, oh, he'd quite an array o bottles and potions. And he could even inject them and that.

JMW: Was there a vet in Whithorn in those days?

RG: Aye, there would be. But I cannae think who he was. It wis always the Wigtown vet that they got. But he wis quite a man too. He used to drive fae Wigtown tae Crivelton aboot third gear in the car, you'd have heard the roars o this thing coming you'd hae thought it wis an aeroplane! And this was this old boy. And Fiona's father that had The Dinnens, he wis as bad, he had, I think it wis an Austen Ten he had, and he used to leave the boot door doon, and he'd hae come fae Sorbie, maybe three boys sitting in the tail door dangling their feet and he'd be daein maybe twenty mile an hour, and the roar o this car in aboot second or third gear, oh... They werenae mechanically minded, nane o the old boys. My uncle wis just aboot as bad. He had a Ford Anglia, he wis the only body roond aboot that had a car.

JMW: So do you remember going up to Crivelton Arch, the old castle, when you were a child?

RG: Oh aye, aye,

JMW: Was there more of it then?

RG: You know what I used to do, when I look at it noo I think we werenae right in the head, we used tae gae doon that face and fishin on the rock at the bottom. Imagine goin doon the face o

thon! There wis, I think it wis either seven or nine Shorthorn heifers went over the cliffs there and I think there wis about five killed. No at the castle, round nearer the Polmallet side, looking over to the castle. And they'd broken through into the cliff's face and over they went. They had tae come roond, I think it would be the MacGuires, come roond wi a boat, and towed the bodies richt roon the dead cattle, roond to get them either taken away wi the Dundas or buriet. But there wis one other time, I never saw this, this must have been before my time, the young calves were kept in the winter, and the spring they let them out into the shore field, and they said they jist, they never stopped, they just

[01.17.01]

ran, ran, ran, right ower the cliff. They lost a good few young calves just the same. But that wis before my time. But these are the kind o things that happened.

JMW: [...] So you lived adjacent to the Galloway House estate?

RG: Oh, that, wi Lady Forteviot... aye.

JMW: Do you remember seeing her?

RG: No, but I never... I cannae just remember seeing her, I knew her factor, PH Fletcher wis his name, and oh, he wis a great big man. And he rode a pushbike wi two bars, in fact, Jim Headley in Garlieston used tae hae that bike, he'll still have it I think. And then Mr Strud come on the scene. But we used tae go doon tae the Rig Bay every weekend, that wis where we sort o played and fished and everything. And of course we saw all the mulberries and things when they come in, we were working up wi the tatties up on the shore when their great things come in, couldnae understand what they were, and this wis their big mulberries going into the Rig Bay.

JMW: So you really didn't know anything about it?

RG: No. Ye werenae allowed on tae the shore in these days but they allowed us, being boys. Mr Strud came and he says, who are you? Oh, we're fae Crivelton? Whit are you doing? I says, we're just doon here, we're swimming and daein a bit o fishin and that. Well, he says, ye have my permission tae come here provided you don't go through crops or chase animals or anything or that in the fields. So that wis us. But the Army boys came on us too, but they didnae bother us, because we were just young. But they stopped other people. But, oh, it was quite an industry. And then there wis, you know the Alginate factory at Girvan? Well, the whole Rig Bay, they brought tractors, trailers, and a big JCB, and they gathered all the seaweed off the rocks, and they took it there to make eiden and different stuff, MNB, they said, in that factory, and I remember they stuck I think it wis two tractors, bogged doon in the sand, the tide come in over them. And they took this crane doon tae pull them oot, and it got stuck! What a carry on! And some o the men that worked there lodged in Crivelton farmhouse wi Mrs Fletcher, she put them up for the week, they came fae about Girvan, and that's what they did then.

JMW: And that was during the war?

RG: Aye. And then there wis a saw mill down there too, do you remember it, Julia?

JMW: I know from Jenny Jolly, cause she worked there.

RG: That's right. There wis the wood at the back o the wall, Netherton, Crivelton ground, that wis all massive big trees. And the lumberjills, I think there wis either four or five fae Whithorn here, all these trees were cut doon. Because we used tae go at nights wi a sack, and ye know what we called the chips, when they chipped it wi the axe there wis great burning for the fire, and we used to get a bag o these every now and again. But aye, I think there wis about four women fae here, Jenny would be one o them.

JMW: So do you remember seeing a large number of men working on the mulberry harbours?

RG: Oh aye, aye. You could hear them, the bangs, and chaps and... And they had a floating carpet, and they used to could take the jeeps out on this, and they'd a crane on the top o the mulberries and they could lift them up, put them on the top. And they were lit up at nights and all.

JMW: So were you quite intrigued as to what it was or did it not bother you?

RG: Aye, we found out later on what it was. But there wis something about Cairnheads too, at the time. I'm not sure what, actually, I think it was these, what did they call them, these cement boats...

JMW: Yeah, the sort of pontoons?

RG: Aye, there was two or three o them broke away one night, Garlieston, they're still lying over on the rocks at Egerness.

JMW: Did you ask at home what was going on, or was nobody talking about it?

RG: Naebody seemed tae say an awful lot. I was at the school then. We used to see them when we went to the school and that, they had the floating carpets and pontoons and things, and eventually they brought the biggest one round and put it on the end o the harbour, and we used to go and get ontae it, and that's it, its bits still left in the Rig Bay. That was the original one. The other ones were solid cement, it wasna much steel work on them at all. But that one wis aa thon fancy steelwork and that, and of coorse it just rotted away. But they brought it intae Garlieston, and they were gonnae take it away, but here, it had filled wi sand and they couldnae re-float it, so they just left it there for a number o years.

JMW: So they didn't, the military people didn't mind you going down and going onto it?

RG: No, they didnae bother us as boys, no. We never went roond tae the front where that bit o wall was built and that. We never went intae that bit. We always stayed in nearer the Crivelton side. The funny thing, ye know the lodge at the top, that the McCraths have done up? Well, I wis speaking to Michael one day, and something wis said about water, I says, 'there's plenty o water.' But I says, 'ye'll need tae pump it.' He says, 'Where do you get the water?' I says, 'there's a nice spring...' I don't know if ye noticed the old, they altered the pathway, the pathway used to run right roond the edge o the cliff, right roond the edge o the wood I should say, right up... But then they made a path cutting through the wood, but if ye're going along, dae ye notice there's a big,

like a pond, when the tide's oot, there's a big round circle o water just... We used to have a raft on it and that, and sort of float... Well, if ye just turd round, look up the wood like that and walk straight in, there's a lovely spring there, that's wehere we used tae get water tae drink and that when we're doon on the shore. So I told him aboot this, he says 'I never knew that.' There wis woodcutters stayed in that house, one night, and they took off, they said it wis haunted. And lookin through the winda, the bedclothes and everything, they just had got oot o the bed, flung the clothes oot and disappeared, never come back. And they stayed in the top lodge as ye gone up the shabbies, there wis woodcutters stayed in there. When we used to go over and sit with them, and they'd be sharpening their axes wi the [?hones] and things, ye got tae shave wi them, and this is what they did.

JMW: And this is during the war, was it, when the woodcutters were there, or before?

RG: That wid just be aboot the finish o it, aye.

[JMW: And do you remember the ledges being occupied by staff belonging to Galloway House [01.26.32]

before that?

RG: Oh aye. Ye wid know Mrs Bell? That wis her... was that her granddaughter died? Well, Mrs Bell as a girl wid be in that top lodge. Her father and mother, I'm maybe going back too far for you, Julia, and maybe ye willnae mind... When ye go through the harbour gates, past Harbour Cottage, ye come tae a gate, well, there used to be a lovely lodge there, and that's where Mrs Bell lived in these days. And the girls, they were just wee girls, and I used tae take her papers tae her. We used tae go home that way sometimes. And I would have got her paper fae the post office, and I would have given her her paper on the way past. But it's aa washed away noo, there's nothing left. But a lodge just like what, Gallow Hoose as you go up right in front o... And then they shifted up to the High Lodge as they call that yin, up at the top o the [?Shabbies].

JMW: And they worked for the big house?

RG: Now, I don't know that they worked to the big house, they worked to the farm, now who had the farm in these days? Oh, it might hae belonged to the big house in these days, I cannae just remember.

JMW: It probably did.

RG: I know the family that lived in the ither lodge, in Garlieston, Fetteses ye call them, and the father, he worked on the land, and there wis a herd. He wis a bad character, he used tae chases if we went through the grounds, he would have hit us wi a stick. But I cannae just remember who the farmer was in these days. It wisnae McCraths because they just bought it later on. Och aye, it wis quite a lifestyle. It wis good years, so they were. Then it wis a hospital.

JMW: But you moved out of farming altogether, really. [...]

RG: Oh aye. Aye. After my uncle sold up, I mean, I wasnae fit tae carry on wi the farm, and in fact

my interest wis more in the car side o the farm, although I did the ploughing and aa the work on the farm that any other body wid do if they'd been working on it. I used to work there at weekends and nights and the milking, and sit up wi auld soos pigging and aa this kind o thing.

JMW: So you remember when most of the farm machinery was horse drawn?

RG: Oh aye. My uncle, it was a big lot that wis horse drawn in my early days. Harrowin and ploughin and aa that type o thing, old horse... I worked him myself, we used tae...

JMW: And so some local farms would purchase your uncle's horses for farm work?

RG: No, he never bred, that's the strangest thing, I never could understand that. And I never asked him. Ye know, fae the day he went intae Brownhill he never had a mare foaled the whole time. He had two Clydesdales, work horses. And that's all he had. He got one fae Northampton, one old farmer in Northampton he was friendly wi, and he sent him up a horse when he wis finished wi it, took a tractor. And he had one o his own. But he never bred another foal fae that day.

JMW: And in his early days, when he was working at Crivelton, were those horses, did you supply them to local farms for work or did they go further afield?

[01.31.20]

RG: I don't know, possibly they maybe would, there'd be folk would buy them and that, I wouldnae know anything about, and they'd likely be bought for that, because he'd so many o them. And then they would go to they sales, there wis big sales on, sell a lot o them there.

JMW: So it could have been a national trade, really?

RG: Oh aye. I mean, he'd buyers came fae all over for them, just the same as the Shorthorns. But oh, it wis a busy place, there wis always cars and people about, folk arriving in wee minibuses, folk getting out and ... oh aye, it wis an interesting bit.

JMW: And your father and uncle during the war, were they in reserved occupations or did they have to serve?

RG: My uncle was in the Home Guard. He hated it! Used tae come in, throw the rifle on the floor! It's a good job he hadnae tae shoot anyone, sides o the rifle must hae been like that! He used to get out o it because he would hae said I've mares foaling, and I cannae do the day, he couldnae dae wi the Home Guard at all.

JMW: And was your father in it too?

RG: No.

JMW: There are some lookout posts on that coast, aren't there, there are kind of observation posts for the military built?

RG: Aye, there wis the lookout, do ye remember the lookout that wis up at the lodge we were

talking about? That McCrath has? Right up at the shore?

JMW: I know where you mean, yes.

RG: That wis a disgrace. They said some o the boys fae Garlieston, pulled the stones oot and tipped it over intae the sea. That wis where they looked oot for pirates.

JMW: I've seen the postcards of it.

RG: Aye. And the open windas, and the cave wis doon below, they used to wreck in the cave, went fae there to the tower at Sorbie. But that's no right, that canna be right. I've been in that cave and it just comes to an end. But no, no need to destroy the lookoot, just vandalism.

JMW: [...] There are some brick towers for observation of the coast, aren't there, on that coast?

RG: The only other thing on that bit that I remember was at Polmallet, but they had targets oot in the water, and it wis the time Baldoon wis on the go, as an airfield, and they used to train the bombers. The RAF fellaes, I used to go oot and help them, they used tae go and lie in the hay anad have a sleep and leave me to work this, it wis like a telescope wi a gauge on it, and they come over when they bombed them, and ye got a reading off the smoke that come up fae the bombs. And ye marked it doon on this sheet. So these fellas, when they got fed up o it, [...] they said, just write it doon! They used tae bring us big blocks o cheese, drinking chocolate and aa this, fae the naafi, ye [01.35.14]

couldnae get it in these days, it wis rationed. And we used tae go up there... But that's the only bit. There's a big arrow in cement pointit that way to the bombing targets, they sat oot in the water. And the planes come over and bombed them. But that's the only other yin. No, I'm tellin ye wrong, there wis another yin at [?Shiddoch 1.35.46], they used tae talk across tae the other yins on the phone. Aye.

JMW: And you remember the blackout?

RG: Oh aye. My uncle, he had a great thing, aboot the width o this, wi spars o light wood, and he used tae go oot at night and put this up against the winda wi two big poles tae black out the winda so there's no light.

JMW: It doesn't sound as if you were short of food during the war?

RG: We never really were bad, because we had wir own hens, and uncle Tom kept the pig, and then he grew aa they tatties and vegetables, we'd a great garden, oh, full o everything. So really we didnae feel it so much. But it was rationed, ye had your ration book and that. Aye. But I still think they were the good days. Naebody had anything much, everybody was on a kind o level keel. But ... could I offer ye a drink o tea or coffee?

JMW: No, thank you, Robert, but I think for the moment if we'll bring it to an end, because that seems to be a logical point, we can maybe have another session.

RG: Certainly, aye, any time I can help ye at all, just gie me a shout, Julia.

JMW: Well, that's really good, that was really interesting, thank you very much.

RG: I maybe went aa ower the place!

JMW: No, it was really, believe me, it was very interesting.

RG: Maybe talking about things that are o no interest tae ye at all, but...

JMW: No, no, they are, they are.