

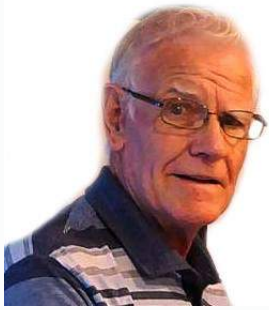
The Jim Hamilton

Heritage Society of Coalburn

Newsletter 53



Winter 2018



Chairman's Remarks

As we approach the end of another year it is a time for reflection as to what has taken place. One thing I have noticed is that the numbers of visitors we have had from the traditional countries, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and America has been less than we normally see, despite the better weather we witnessed here in Scotland in the middle of the year.

Nevertheless the Heritage Centre has been popular with people from home as it was and we have been able to assist particularly with family history requests thanks to the information which the late Jim Hamilton accumulated over many years.

As in the past some early members have been unable to attend the regular meetings for various reasons, however new faces have come in and the membership numbers have remained at a healthy level.

Throughout the year the syllabus brought some old faces and also some speakers paying their first visit. As can be seen elsewhere from January to April it is much the same as before with one or two new names appearing during that period. I am always looking to bring new people to our meetings and if anyone knows of anyone whom they think might be suitable have a word with them.

I am interested in finding themes for the Gala Day display even at this stage, whether it be school photos, old images of the village or pits and miners. New photos of the area are also available; could this be the route to take in 2019?

The annual visit to Hollandbush is almost here I am looking forward to being in your company this year.

Finally may I thank everyone for their help and support; I can assure each and every one that that it is very much appreciated.

Peter McLeish-26th November 2018.

In deepest sympathy Coalburn related deaths:

Andrew (Drew) Gage

Nancy McLean

Ina Walsh (Overend)

Nan Pearson (Young)

Chrissie Callan (Gray)

Cathie Walsh (Neilson)

Frank Lawrence

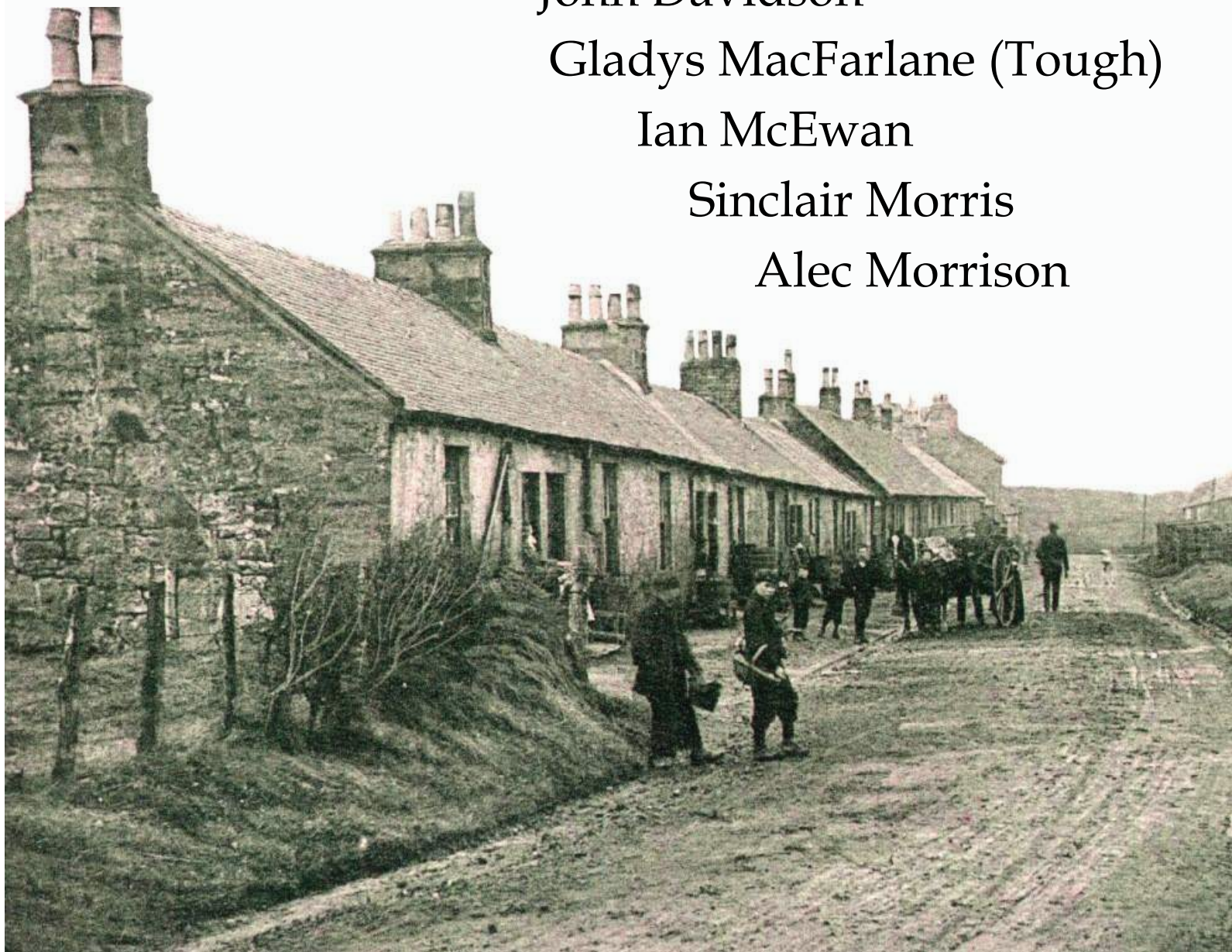
John Davidson

Gladys MacFarlane (Tough)

Ian McEwan

Sinclair Morris

Alec Morrison



It's Much Later Than You Think

Everything is so much further away than it used to be, It is twice as far to the corner, and they have added a hill, so I have noticed. I've given up running for the bus, as it leaves faster than it used to. It seems they are making stairs steeper than they used to in the old days. Have you noticed the smaller print in the newspaper? There is no sense in asking anyone to read aloud, everyone talks so low I can hardly hear them. And material in dresses is so skimpy now, especially around the waist and hips it is impossible to reach my shoelaces. Even people are changing, they are so much younger than they used to be when I was their age. On the other hand, people my own age are so much older than I am. I ran into a classmate the other day and she had aged so much she didn't even recognize me!

I got to thinking about the poor thing while I was combing my hair this morning and doing so I glanced at my own reflection.

Confound it, they don't make mirrors like they used to!



**The Central SMT Coalburn bus passing through
The Trows late 1930's or early 1940's.**



The back row at Shoulderigg

Billy Dempster looks back.

Holidays with pay 1939

Miners employed at Dixon's Colliery feel they have a grievance in connection with "the holiday with pay lines "which were issued a fortnight ago. A deduction from their holiday allowance has been made because of an idle day which they had in April in the occasion of the A.G.M. of the union.

While a deduction may be made for absenteeism in respect of trade union business. The A.G.M. of the union was such, the men say and further they consider unfair that a man working every day throughout the year should lose one weeks allowance for this one day. The recognized idle one in the district



1934.

The church was well filled on Thursday evening when the congregation and friends met to honour their minister, Rev. Peter Walker. The Rev. John Walker, Abbeygreen Church presided. The chairman in his opening address spoke of Mr Walker's work in the village.

How 41 years ago when at the threshold of what promised to be a very promising career in the teaching profession he had answered the call and came to Coalburn. Since then he has never once missed a service in the pulpit through illness but had enjoyed the best of health to carry out the good work.

Billy Dempster looks back.

1934

Lying in the meadows on the banks of the “Black Burn” contiguous to the spot where it joins Poniel Burnt hence it meanders to Douglas Water enveloped in serene calm, the ancient hamlet of Lintfieldbank heeds not the world and its maddening din was on fete on Friday evening of last week when the Lintfieldbank Miners’ Welfare Community Scheme opened their new hall.

Coalburn District Silver Band

GRAND HOGMANAY CONCERT

In Victoria Hall

At 7.30pm on 31/12/33

After Midnight

New Year Welcome Dance

Ladies 6d Gents 1/-

Local Notes 1937

Choral Union Entertainment

The miners’ welfare hall accommodated a fairly large attendance at the concert given by Coalburn Choral Union and the choristers and their esteemed conductor Mr John Walker scored a distinct success. Altogether the Union’s thirty voices strong, rendered twelve numbers, three of which had to be repeated and their programme was sufficiently varied to be a thorough test of their capabilities. Misses Mary Smith, Betty McLean, Betty Barrie and Messrs James Smith, George Bryson and John Pearson all choir members of the choir were the soloist and duettists

From the Chronicles..... JOCK MUNCIE

There wis fourteen o' us in the hoose—six sons and six dochters. We wur a' reared in Glenbuck in a three roomed hoose called "Paddy's Castle" It's further proof that the Irish had reached everywhere when they got to Glenbuck

I went intae farm service when I was eleevan. The fermer, when he wis delivering the mulk, tellt ma mither he wis needin' a boy so I went and got stairtit. I min' I leaved in a bothy by masel except fur the rats that kept me company. I can still min' ma fear o' them but I wis only a callan o' eleevan. Nae doot I slept weel as I wis daein' heavy wurk and the 'oors were long for a boy.

I wis there three months and the fermer sent me oot tae shaw turnips up oan a hill in the month of November. It wis poorin' rain. I went back tae the ferm hoose at mid-day and went in fur ma dinner and I wis soaken. I changed oot ma wurkin' claes into ma shiftin' suit. I said tae masel that they'll shairley no send me back oot in the rain...but they did.

On Sunday mornin' I put on ma suit and parcelled up ma few belongings. I waulked hame and never went back. I had been promised a payment at the end o' six months, but as I had broken my bond, I never got a penny. I worked for three months for nothin' It was hard tae thole and still rankles wi' me nearly eighty years later.

I wis up every mornin' and that meant Saturdays and Sundays as weel as weekdays, tae hiv ma breakfast to be ready to start work at seven. We aye got plenty o' pairritch wi' sour mulk, and anither big bowlfu' at nicht fur oor supper. We were given soup and tatties fur oor dinner and some of the meat that the family o' the fermer hadna eaten the day before.

Fur oor tea we had bread and jam wi' the allocation o' slices fur the wurkers pit oot tae the exact number o' people sittin' doon. Ye couldna hae extras. I don't know whit ma exact jobs wur at the ferm but whit I dae ken, is I did everthin' I wis asked tae dae. There wurna ony labour saving devices like milking machines in these days. I can only remember yin machine a thing fur chippin neeps onto we bits tae handfeed tae the calves.

Enyway, after the drookin, that wis me feenished wi' fermin' fur life!

That period of his life over, Jock transferred to wurkin' in the coalmines. I went doon the pit the day I was twelve years old— ye wurna' alloo'ed doon ony earlier. I wonder whit would be the feeling o' a twelve year old today to celebrating his birthday by goin' doona pit.

It wis a Saturday I went doon—I couldna' wait till Monday. I worked in Galawhistle pit and nearby Spireslack and the two monkey mines. It wis a nine hours day at the time. I got twa shillings a day which worked oot at about tuppence haepenny an hoor. I wasna likely tae mak ma fortune. I min' ma furst job was helping to fill hutches wi' coal.

Miners moved about a lot in these days lookin' fur better conditions so I went tae wurk in Ponfeigh. I wis then eighteen and wis howkin' coal wi' a man drawin' frae me.

We moved tae 30 Dunn Crescent and there wur sae mony empty hooses that we got pickin' which wan we wanted.

Part of the reason for the empty houses in Coalburn at that time was because one of the main colliery employers owned some of the rows of houses and insisted on their employees staying in these rather poor homes and not allowing these employees to move to the modern council homes erected by Lanark County Council.

From the Chronicles.....RACHEL SAMSON

Rachel's years of residing at Bellfield rows was vivid in her alert mind.

Ma faither had a plot o' grun' at Bellfield let to him by a fermer for a pound a year. It was at the tap o' Bellfield raws.

Folk did not worry about a bit o' overcrowding in their hoose. Jock McManus wis a lodger wi' us despite us only havin' a room and a box room. We had set-in beds and a whirlie (a bed on castors which was pulled out from one of the set in beds for some of the family to sleep on then put back under the bed in the morning)

Oor furniture wis gey sparse—a dresser wi' three drawers and a "Dunfries" dresser—an orange box turned on its side wi' printed cotton draped roun it and often used for storing cleaning materials, soap an the rest. Oor kitchen table, wi a drawer in it for cutlery, had a white top, always scrubbed clean as the driven sna' We got oor water frae a pump in front o' the hooses and water for washing frae barrels collecting the rain water frae the roof at the back of the raws. The washing hoose had a boiler that had to be filled either the nicht before or in the mornin' and then the fire was lit early in the morning to heat the water. We had hens and ducks and six piglets and Kelly the butcher from Dooglas came and killed them to take them away tae his shop.

Faither kept the money he got frae the sale o' the pigs in a pooder box converted tae a bank, wi a slot on tap and a bit o' leatyher inside to mak' shair the money wasna' shaken oot by ony o' his family.



Ma Faither had two ferrets, Lucy and Dougie, they were so tame that they were alloo'd tae run roon the hoose.

Wasp wis the name o' oor whippet. Ye can realize that my faither did a lot o' poachin' wi' his ferrets and his whippet, our main course wis rabbit.

Faither always referred to it as “underground mutton”.

A favorite meal wis “Blearie” consisting of a gruel made o' skimmed milk, oatmeal floor and black pepper, fed to us in huge soup plates. Every Sunday morning we had stew—never ham and eggs which was supposed to be the traditional Sunday morning dish in Scotland. We always ate meat in oor hoose, never sausages which ma faither widna allo in oor hame.

We had porridge regularly and there wis always a hunk o' cheese on the table. I remember we had a meal garnel, a sub divided container, half for oatmeal and half for Floor.

Christmas didna mean the excitement of a tree and fancy lights and decorations and cards and presents and toys like whit ma grandweans have.

All a min getting' wis a new penny and an orange an a pink sweetie pig wi' blue wool for its tail.

Rachel carried on the tradition from her parents home which was of her panacea for all the ills. She took regularly sugaraly water, made o' cut up liquorice and water.

“It keeps me well”

**The Jim Hamilton
Heritage Society of Coalburn
Syllabus**



- 9th January.....Self**JZ Slideshow**
23rd January.....Gavin Forrest.....**Photos**
6th February.....Jim Cook.....**Telford's Bridges**
20th February.....Alan Grant.....**Mining**
6th March.....George Barnsley.....**Police Personalities**
20th March.....Ken Liddell.....**Clyde Valley Estates**
3rd April.....Janet Telfer.....**Crawfordjohn Heritage**
17th April.....AGM... John Weir...**Tales of a Fireman**

Meetings are held in Coalburn Bowling Club at 7.30pm.

Why not come along.

Admission is Free