



**Grace Notes
Scotland**
Handing on Tradition

The End of the Shift **An Oral History Project by Grace Notes Scotland**

Date: 5 March 2014
Informant (s): Marion Kelly
Fieldworker: Margaret Bennett (MB)
Subject: Mining in Fife
Place of Origin: Kelty, Fife

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 Place: Kelty, Fife
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 Original format: Digital mic, Edirol
 Transcribed by: Hazel Cameron & Mary Murphy

NOTES: copied to cd and sent to Marion & family (with earlier one + transcription)

Track 01

Intro, date, etc

Track 2

MB: Now Waverley Street, this is in?

MK: Waverley Street is in Lochore and the poem is by Harry McGurk

WAVERLY STREET, by Harry McGurk

Way back in Nineteen-Thirty-seven
 Lochore looked more like Hell than Heaven
 We would sit in the classroom so big and so bleak,
 Nae stockings or shoes on, just your bare feet,
 Then after lessons, home we would run
 For tatties and mince made by our Mum.
 Waverley Street with its dirt and its grime
 Sticks out in my mind as the best of all time,
 Poorly clad as we were, but always well fed,
 A big army greatcoat on top of the bed.

The names of the people who lived on our street,
 Their help and affection could never be beat.
 They're all coming back now, as I sit here and ponder,
 How many will you remember, I wonder?
 There were names like McHale, McMahonn, McBride and McCann
 McDermott, McLinden, McGee, McGuire, McKay and Millar
 Murphy, O'Donnell, Duffy, Early, and Lawrison.
 Rankin, Braniganm Howison, Rae, Brogan and Ferguson,
 Haggerty, Berry, Law, Smith, and Clark,
 And last, but not least, there was auld Paddy Lark.
 But what made our street really unique
 Was we had both Kings and Queens in Waverley Street.

Then over on Main Street, if ever in need,
 The man you would go to was Auld Jimmy Speed
 His shop was a haven for those all around,
 If the bairns were hungry you were sure of a pound.
 Now the man that was single, and had money tae carry

Would go every night and see Davy Garry.
 Davy, at that time, was young, big and strong,
 And not a man at the bar would do him a wrong.
 A stranger once tried it, but soon came tae grief
 For Davy, he left him like Bayne's buthchered beef.

But down at the Goth was a man just as trendy.
 I'm sure you all know him, his name was John Henry
 Nowhere could you meet any nicer a fella
 It's a shame that he died while he was doing the cellar.
 Billy Kelly said, "Here's a toast, to John Henry our host
 For after all he died at his post!"
 It was then that the hellish twelve let out a cheer,
 Saying, "Now we won't have to pay for our tick beer!"

Then there was the women knocked up by old Benny Rider
 To make sure the men didn't try for an idler,
 And wee tosser Canning, who could run like a bird
 As long as he was pushing his fuel injected gird.

MB That's great, and Harry he lived on Waverley Street?

MK Yes,

MB And you had family there too?

MK Yes, we were there, our names Rankin, and Billy Kelly that thingyed
 the toast was my mother's brother.

Track 02

MB You were saying it was 30 years since the stirke. That must have had
 an awful impact on the community.

MK People were very generous, really generous, I think some of the
 miners had more when they were on strike than they had when they
 were working.

MB Really in what way?

MK Like, meat from the shops, people were buying, sort of like the food
 bank today, people just buying stuff and putting it in, because I know
 one girl, she hadnae any room in her freezer for stuff, she had that
 much. People were very, very generous.

MB Because they knew they were without money to buy food. And a lot of
 tension around at the time?

MK Och aye, it's no a nice time when they're on strike.

MB It was probably very hard for your family too, because your husband
 had just died?

MK Well he had just died, he died in the January -

MB How old was he?

MK He was 67.

MB Well that's certainly not old. Very young. Do you think working down
 the pit affected his health?

MK Oh, definitely yes

- MB When did it begin to take its toll?
 MK He was quite young actually, he was probably in his forties but then it got worse.
 MB Was it in his chest?
 MK Oh yes – chest and lung
 MB What did they call it? I'm not very good on names.
 MK Cellucosis, or pneumonicosis but they didn't ever say he had that.
 MB They wouldn't acknowledge that's what he had?
 MK No just always said it was bronchitis.
 MB But it was serious?
 MK Och aye, very bad, he could hardly get a breath, but he never ever sat doon tae it, he was a kind of determined person, so supposin he didn't have a breath, if he was going somewhere, he would go.
 MB And he was a singer?
 MK Oh yes, he was a singer; he wasnae a professional singer but he loved singing and he had a nice voice. He knew a lot of songs and aw the words, and he played the mouth organ.
 MB Did they have a social club where they would sing together?
 MK They had a hotel where they had sing songs and they had a song in an envelope and if you sang the song in the envelope, you got something like 10 shillings, my husband got it a couple of times.
 MB Oh my how fantastic, did they have a repertoire to choose from?
 MK Aye, he knew a lot of songs and was never stuck for words, he knew all the words to all the songs. Never stuck for the words he knew all the words.

Track 03

- MB: Can you recall the names of songs he sang?
 MK: Oh aye, "I'll take you home again, Kathleen", 'The Auld Hoose', 'The Rose of Tralee' 'Marguerite' ... an Irish song where they wore the tri-colour ribbon, the green, white an blue; and one 'Come along tae Perth'. And the song about football He had a lot of songs.