NEWSLETTER – SEPTEMBER 2022.

HERE in MY MOTHER’S TIME.

My Mother was born in 1910 & spent her young years with her parents & family at Maidenwellbrow (the Toll house). She was 4th youngest in a family of 10 & as i have mentioned before her Mother was the local midwife. My Mother’s name was Jenny Kennedy & she walked down across the fields to get to school at Tarbrax (situated at the gap site between Donkor Dee (Margaret Addo’s) & the old Police Station (Steve Midgeley’s). When she was 14 it was time to leave school & as she had been a very bright pupil the Headmaster asked my Gran if she would allow Jenny to stay on for further study, but the answer was :”No, I’m sorry to say that I need her wages”. I think my Mum would like to have studied to become a nurse. At any rate my Gran took her to see Peter Robertson at Greenfield Farm & a deal was made – in those days workers were paid by the term as I remember going to the term sales twice a year at Lanark market when I was at school. When asked what wage she was seeking for Jenny my Gran said : “After the 6 months is up you will pay me what she is worth”, & so the deal was struck. Note that my Mum was not consulted, but knew she would be treated fairly by both parties to the arrangement. ( As a note of interest, 2 years previously my Mum’s older sister, Grace, left school & got a job at Loanhead farm with ( I think) Miss White, but as my aunt was not so robust as my Mum, my Gran sent her for a holiday with one of her sister’s for 2 weeks while my Mum went to Loanhead farm to do her work meantime). After the 6 months & the wages had been paid to my Gran she bought my Mum a new pair of boots for her work & money to buy a dress length & necklace from Woolworths, & she was delighted. A woman’s work on the farm was quite hard as they did most jobs the men did, forbye doing anything the farmer’s wife wanted as in preparing food, scrubbing floors, blackleading the range, etc. She milked cows, fed calves. Planted & lifted potatoes, shawed turnips, stooked corn etc. All bed & board was included in wages. My Mum was very happy there from 1924 to 1933 when she left to marry my Dad, who was a shepherd & incidentally Peter Robertson’s nephew. Her bridesmaid was his daughter, Maysie. My Mum was a wonderful person, & no wonder when you think of the people who influenced her, all loved & respected by their peers. I think I should stop there for now.

Grace.