The Penders

And

The Borthwicks

A Family History

By

Burnett Borthwick Pender

A.D. One Thousand Nine Hundred and Ninety-Eight

Introduction

I have found it only too true that if family stories are passed down by word of mouth, invariably the stories are forgotten or only half-remembered. For instance one story of my mother's was that my Great-grandfather Kennedy as a baby was playing on the shore in Gibraltar, where his father was stationed as a gunner in the Artillery, he was rescued from drowning just in time from the tide coming in. *In fact* during my research into the family history I learnt that Great-grandfather Kennedy wasn't born until his father was transferred back to Woolwich Arsenal so the story while not a complete lie had presumably been told of one of his older siblings possibly Robert who was born in Gibraltar. (_Then again young ears tend to shut off when the older generation are telling their tales. "Oh God, here he goes again, we must have heard this story a hundred times!" So the youngster remembers the gist of the story but names, places and dates are inconveniently forgotten. I know, because I was one of those youngsters and recently I have been racking my brains trying to remember stories of the past that I heard so often from those of previous generations.

Accordingly I am writing these few notes so that future generations (if I have any) will have some understanding of the Pender/Borthwick past. You may find the following mind-numbingly boring or you might, if you are reading them sufficiently far in the future, consider that they have some value as a piece of social history, as an indication of how some old boy spent some of his leisure time in retirement after the lady next door at No. 21 Cammo Gardens (Mrs Moyra Wood) presented him with her deceased husband's old Amstrad word processor when she heard that he had thoughts of obtaining a computer. I have had hours of fun with the Amstrad, it is amazing how much comes to mind when one is, writing one's history. What disappears however is people's names at least it is so with me though others don't seem to have the same difficulty. A friend of ours Charles Rodgers who is 84 seems to be able to recall names from the past with comparative ease! or perhaps it is just those names he remembers that we get to hear!

The above was written in 1998 while Charles was still alive. It is now 2000 and Charles is alas no longer with us. My two sons have presented me with this much more up-to-date computer and I am back to struggling manfully with the technology, and the fun continues. Anyway if you, dear reader, get anything like the enjoyment from this little history that I got in recalling it, it will all have been worthwhile.

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Book One

Chapter One / The Penders

John Pender (25) met and married Mary Crosbie (19) in Glasgow in about 1850. Mary's parents lived in 54 Main Street, in the Parish of St Marks, Anderston, Barony, Glasgow. At least they did in 1841 according to the census of that year. Mary's father James was a smith, that is a metal worker possibly but not necessarily a blacksmith. Whereabouts in Glasgow John's parents were living at that time I haven't yet been able to determine; though we do know that his father James was a flax dresser, whatever that was. I found Mary's parents only by pure chance when surfing the 1841 Census according to which the family consisted of:

Name		Age	Occupation
James	Crosbie	35	Smith
Sarah	"	35	
Jane	"	15	
Mary	"	10	
Robert	"	6	
James	"	4	
Sarah	"	8 mos.	

John may have been an only child as far as I can gather though that seems unlikely at that time in history. (He may of course have been the only child to survive of the marriage of James Pender and Jessie Mitchell who were married in Glasgow in 1823.)

By 1855 John and Mary were living in Mill-land, Underwood, Paisley where John was employed as the Twisting Master in the Underwood Thread Mill. Their first-born was a son called James born in 1851 in Glasgow. The second was John, born in 1853, who died in 1856 at 13 Underwood of Scarlet Fever. Their third son Robert (of whom more later) lived to the ripe old age of 60. Apart from their last born Alexander who died aged 21 in February 1881, they had three other children who died in infancy, another also called John born in Underwood in Dec 1857 who died in 1859 also of Scarlet Fever. The family moved to 23 Glen Street round about '62 where Mary herself died aged 35 on 22nd April 1866 of Consumption within months of her two youngest children, Mary Crosbie Pender born September 1864, who died in October 1865 of acute Hydrocephalous and John Mitchell Pender born 1852 who died in November 1865 Of Pneumonia.

John was thus left a widower with three sons aged 15, 12 & 6. Did James and Robert keep house while father John continued his work in the thread mill, or was Robert the householder and babysitter to his wee brother Alexander? We'll never know. What we do know is that John shortly became acquainted with a young power loom weaver called Maria Gardner, (nee Buchanan) a widow with four children. It seemed the acquaintanceship blossomed because John, by this time living at 19 Wellmeadow Street and Maria living at 5 Albion Street were married on the 1st of April 1859.

They moved into 34 Gauze Street, and their first-born John, my grandfather, happened along on 10th September of that same year. Ann Buchanan Pender came along in 1871 and Angus Mitchell Pender in 1873. 'What a household' "your weans, ma weans and oor weans".

I doubt if 34 Gauze Street, like most tenement buildings, was more than just a Kitchen and

Scullery with a Front Parlour. The children must have been sleeping head-to-tail because there would have been only two box beds in the Kitchen and, possibly, one box bed in the Front Room; one of the box beds in the Kitchen would have accommodated the parents with perhaps the youngest child. The other children would be split among the other beds. One possibility is that those children who lost out on the lottery for the box beds slept in truckle beds or 'hurleys'; low beds (shorter than the box-beds and therefore suitable only for the weans) on castors which were pushed under the box beds when not in use, behind the bed-pawn, a curtain drawn across between the bed and the floor.

The eldest son James married Jane Millar of 8 Wardrop Street in 1873 and his brother, Robert, married Jane Allan of 18 Incle Street in 1880. (Jane Allan's father John was a Weaver's Flower lasher, a highly complicated job determining the patterns of the Paisley Harness Loom Weave by manually sorting out the threads on the loom.)

In February 1881 Alexander McIntyre Pender who was a ship's steward died in the Western Infirmary Glasgow of Consumption and amputation of the thigh.

On 4th April 1881 the census gave the inhabitants of 24 Lawn Street , Paisley as:

Name		Relationship	M/U	age	Occupation	Parish of Birth
John	Pender	Head	M	56	Twisting Master in Power Loom Factory	Glasgow
Maria	"	Wife	M			Paisley
John	"	Son		12	Scholar	"
Ann B	"	Dau		10	"	"
Agnes N	"	Son		8	"	"
Walter B	Gardner	Stepson	U	23	Power Loom Beamer	"
William	"	"	U	19	"	"
Margaret B	"	Stepdau	U	25	Cotton Weaver	"
Janet McB	"	"	U	17	"	"

N.B. The census taker changed poor Angus Mitchell's sex
"M"= Married
"U" = Unmarried

James Pender's occupation was given as Merchant seaman on his marriage certificate in 1873, but it appears he came ashore when he got married and took up a job with the railways. His occupation was given as Railway Brakesman when he died in 1891 in Hay street, Greenock of Haemoptysis leaving Jane a widow with at least one son also called James.

John and Maria lived out their married lives in 22 Well Street where in September 1903 John died of "senile decay" on the 2nd and Maria survived him by only 28 days, dying on the 30th of "valvular disease of the heart". A more romantically inclined doctor might have put it that she died of "a broken heart".

Chapter Two / The Family Poet

It used to be said of Paisley in Victorian times, with any gathering of "Buddies" (The local term for a native of Paisley), if a call was put out "Is there a poet in the Hall" the gathering would rise to a man. Anyway Robert Pender would have risen with the rest. He was known among the Penders as Rab the poet. In 1904 he had a volume of his poems published, price 2/- (10 pence), probably by private subscription. While they don't quite rise to the level of Robert Burns' expertise, they nevertheless give an indication of the quality of poetry that was on the go in Paisley in the

latter half of the l9th century. The following snippet may indicate his genius:

A BIT OF ADVICE TO WIVES AND MEN

Ye wives an' men, gin ye'd always agree,
Jist tak' a bit advice frae me
An' ye shall find' thro' yer marrit life,
Ye'll aye be free o’ bitter strife;
Ye'll also find, in this sinfu' warl'
How to prevent many a quarrel,

As ye are marrit for better or worse,
The wife should always carry the purse
But aye when for siller the gove'nor seeks,
She never should try to put on the breeks;
To keep her ain place is the only safe plan,
Aye to be able to please the gudeman

Gin there be a clash at the heid o' the stairs,
Aye watch number one, min' yer ain hoose affairs,
Aye love ye yer neighbour as ye wad yer ain sel’
Ne'er let yer tongue be an auld clinkum bell.
Be kindly and civil to both friend an' foe
But yer family affairs let nobody know.

Noo a bit word for the gove'nor's ear,
Gin ye spend a' yer cash in gambling or beer,
Gin ye' when in company, be rather outspoken
Yer acquantance for you'll no care a doken;
But gin ye behave, an' yer hame no neglected,
Wherever ye go, ye'll be highly respected.

Robert appears neither to have smoked nor drunk and in fact on several poems decries both activities:

A TEETOTAL SPEECH

Noo, frien's, I've lately come to think
Gin folk wad jist gi'e up the drink
They'd aye hae lots o' ready clink
Guid claes tae buy;
In misery's sheugh they'd never sink
Nor helpless lie.

Gin ye quat takin' beer and wine
In dool despair ye'll ne'er repine;
Your humble hame wad brightly shine,
Believe you me;
On better things you'd feast and dine
An' happier be

Quat ye ance your fav'rite gless,
The brewer's trade wad soon get less;
You'd land him in an awkward mess,
And spoil his pleasure
But never mind, aye dae whit's best
Ye'll pouch the treasure.

He did however seem to realise the power of addiction that tobacco had on its addicts;

THE CHARMS OF TOBACCO

Thou most powerful, enticing weed
Thou hast peculiar charms indeed;
Wee bits o' callans no' oot the schule,
The wiseacre and the thochtless fule
In thy praise ha'e learned to speak,
And squirt on high thy famous reek.

Carters and cabbies, and statesmen too,
And the jolly farmer at his ploo'
The city masher and the millionaire,
And the idle loafer at the square,
With thy juicy substance in their jaw,
Are rapidly spitting their lungs awa'.

The enchantment of thy famous smoke
Has charms for every kind o' folk;
Yet, though thy fumes float through the air,
There are lonely hearts maist in despair
Who trusts in thee leans on a broken reed
Cunningly gulled by a deceptive weed.

Ye chiels wha smoke, if ye condescend to look,
Ye'll find written in the good old Book.
"Take a little wine for your stomach's sake",
But a little smoke ye are not told to take;
Ye'll find the good Book also mentions

"Man has sought out many inventions".

There you have it, even in Victorian times it was known that Smoking was bad for you. So much for the present day parrot-cry, "Nobody told us it was bad for our health".

He would appear to have preferred Ayr for the family's annual trip "Doon the watter" and wrote several verses on the subject.

'MANG THE GENTRY AT AYR

Ance mair again we're doon the water,
A change of air we've come to seek;
The best o' lodgings we have gotten
Our bill, its fifteen bob a week

At Shanter's Green we're a' residing,
'Mang the very best of gentry folk;
Our landlady is a winsome body,
Aye ready for to crack a joke

Sae gin ye come to see our mansion,
We'll mak ' a shakedoon on the flair;
And ye shall get a thousand welcomes
Wi' the best of cheer, in dear auld Ay

Noo, a' ye chaps wha seek for pleasure
Pack up yer duds and come awa';
At Ayr there's lots o' winsome lasses,
The likes o' them ye never saw.

Whether "fifteen bob" (75p) was for each person or the whole family I leave for someone else to determine though I imagine the lodgings were "with attendance" i.e. the lodger had to buy his own food and take it back for the landlady who would cook it for him.

Chapter Three

My grand-father John Pender was the only son 'John' of that generation to reach maturity, presumably because his mother Maria Buchanan had a rather stronger constitution than poor Mary Crosbie, and passed that strength down to her offspring at least three of whom, Janet McBeth Gardner, Angus Mitchell Pender, and John lived well into their eighties. Of the others I have no knowledge apart from Mary Buchanan Pender who lived only fourteen days and died of Hydrocephalus in 1875 and Ann Buchanan Pender who died aged 14 in 1886 of typhoid fever.

John was lucky enough to get an apprenticeship as an engineer's patternmaker in Hanna, Donald & Wilson Engineers & Contractors, one of the many engineering manufacturers who were working in Paisley at that time. In August 1896 he met and married a cotton thread worker by name Lillias Stevenson who lived with her parents at 8 Incle Street, John at that time was staying at 22

Caledonia Street. They set up house in No.5 Broomlands Street. I don't know if Grandda John stayed with Hanna, Donald & Wilson throughout his working life. He had retired by the time I came along in 1931 and I never got round to asking about his working life, and anyone who could have told me is now long gone. My father, John, came along on 19th December 1896 and the rest of the family were Allan Stevenson in 1898, Elizabeth Bowie in 1902 both born in No.l Hamilton Street, and Lily Stevenson in 1907, who was born in No.l4 Well Street. By 1914 they were back in Broomlands Street this time at No.4. This was the same tenement block that Lillias' Mother and Father were staying, They certainly got around; though all these places were of course rented and within a stone's throw of each other. Was it only our family who had the gypsy instinct or did all families play "Musical Chairs" in those days? Did they move to get a change of scenery or were they all short-term tenancies and did the landlords turf them out for reasons of their own? Certainly John Pender the Twister had between eight and ten addresses after he had left his parents' home. My memories of my Grandparents' home were of No 7 Broomlands Street though whether this was across the way from No 4 or whether the street was renumbered at some time I do not know.

The family story is that Great-grandfather Allan Stevenson (Lillias' Father) was an iron moulder and in those days moulders all worked in gangs. The gang leader collected the gang's wages on a Friday at the Foundry Gatehouse and the gang all repaired to the local public house where the gang leader shared out the wages to the members. The publican got his share of the men's wages in return for drink. G-g-father Stevenson saw that it was the publican who got the best of this business and throughout his working life he saved his pennies such that, by the time he was about fifty, he was able to leave the Moulding trade and set himself up as a publican in his own right. Eventually he was able to buy the whole tenement in which his pub was the ground floor. This was No. 7 Broomlands which had nine two apartments (Room & Kitchen and scullery) and which the Stevenson family owned in concert. In my day when I was visiting my grandparents the pub had been taken over by an Italian family and had (in my estimation) come up market to be an Ice-cream parlour. Shortly after the 2nd War the Italian (who of course spoke fluent Scots) made a successful bid for the property at which point the Stevensons ceased to be Owner-occupiers and reverted to being Tenants. I imagine old Allan Stevenson was birling in his grave!

Harking back again to the l900's my father used to tell me that in the mornings before school (Carbrook Street Primary, and Camphill Secondary) he used to deliver milk, (known as "runnin' wi' the Mulk". The milk in those days was delivered in returnable pint tinned cans, each with a lid and a long looped wire handle, and the boys could carry a fair number of cans in each hand. One winter's morning young John was running with his load of milk cans when he slipped on the icy pavement, John and the cans all hit the ground with a clatter and the lids of several of the cans came off spilling the precious milk into the gutter! In those days many of the houses were without running water, and there were outside wells or communal taps in the street or backcourts. John was quite a bright lad, and nothing daunted he went to the nearest the well, opened all his cans, distributed the remaining milk evenly among all the cans and filled them all up to the mark! He never did tell me the outcome of that little escapade. Though it would seem he wasn't found out, but I imagine several housewives in the area would have complained about the wateriness of the milk in their can, only to be put off with the tale that it was all right when it left the dairy!

Another of Dad's stories of his boyhood days arises from the fact that in Edwardian times the principal traffic in the streets was the horse and cart or carriage. Modern street pollution is gaseous. In Edwardian times the pollution was of the solid variety, and there was plenty of it! Hence the need for the ubiquitous crossing sweepers! Another thing there was plenty of, was brown wrapping paper and string, since every shop-bought article was carefully wrapped in strong brown paper and tied with string. A favourite trick among the boys was to gather several horses' dovers and wrap them up neatly in spare brown paper, tie it up with a piece of string, leave it conspicuously on the pavement and then hide, keeping their parcel in view. Joy was unconfined when some poor old biddy happened along, spotted the parcel, picked it up, secreted it under her shawl and hurried homewards with her prize. The boys' day had been made! But what was the old biddy's chagrin when she opened her parcel of stolen goodies on the kitchen table.

Boyhood days then were very soon over, and shortly after his 14th birthday John was working with James Paton, Printers, Stationers, Paperrulers and Bookbinders of Gordon Street Paisley. In November 1913 he left Patons with a very satisfactory reference and on the 12th of January 1914, started as an apprentice Pattern maker with Campbell & Calderwood, Engineers & Shipbuilders of Paisley.

Chapter Four / John Pender's War

Threat of war was looming at this time and come August with Germany overrunning 'plucky little Belgium' Britain was at war. John along with thousands of his age group rushed to join the army. On the 27th of August 1914 John enlisted in the Cameron Highlanders Regular Army. He was posted that same day to the Camerons' Depot at Invergordon and the following day was posted to the 6th battalion; and almost immediately the battalion was sent to Basingstoke in Hampshire for basic training. Along with his contemporaries in the Church bible classes in Paisley, John had been a staunch member of the Boys' Brigade, which in those days had regular drill with wooden rifles. John's rank of Staff Sergeant in the B.B. was obviously instrumental in his being, at the beginning of February 1915, appointed to the rank of Lance corporal.

After basic training and general toughening-up around the Basingstoke area, the battalion marched to Chiseldon near Swindon in two days at the end of April. Further training here included twenty-four mile route marches as well as Battalion exercises. In July the battalion moved to Folkestone and on July 10th set foot on French soil Lance corporal Pender trained as a signaller, and one of his main jobs was to lay telephone cables between the various command posts on the battlefield. This was a never-ending job as the enemy shells were continually breaking the wires, so he and his comrades were kept very busy. He led a charmed life on the battlefield and was promoted Corporal on the 6th January 1917. In July of that year his luck ran out. During the Third battle of Ypres, on the 31st of that month he was out at his usual task of mending the communication cables when he was shot in the shoulder by a sniper. He fell to the ground and his mate of the day, Wee Hannah, a small highlander who though Liverpool born was now from Maryhill in Glasgow, came running over to help him. The sniper's aim was better the second time and Wee Hannah fell dead over his friend Jock. John used to tell how he lay there for hours under Wee Hannah’s body until darkness fell when he was able to struggle back to his own trenches and the tender care of the stretcher-bearers.

This extract from "The War History of the Sixth (Service) Battalion, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders" page 69: -

---"Telephonic communication was established between the reserve trench and Battalion headquarters with an intermediate post at Bullet trench. This line, extending over some 2500 yards of ground was maintained entirely by battalion signallers and linesmen for forty-eight hours. Breaks constantly occurred under shellfire, but these were immediately repaired by the linesmen in spite of heavy artillery activity, machine-gun fire and sniping. Signallers and linesmen at all times had a strenuous and dangerous job, which they carried out with great bravery. The lines being laid in the open were easily cut and the men were constantly being called on by day and night to go out, often during heavy shelling, to find and repair the break"

Dad used to talk of going out at night with one other man to find and repair the break, both holding on to the wire. When the man in front lost the end he called to the rear man to halt holding the broken end. The job of the front man was then to make a wide sweep ahead to find the other end of the break (not an easy job in the pitch dark). On finding that end he would have to splice on a spare length of wire to that end and then creep back to find his mate still holding the first end and reconnect the line. Most of these "men" were only in their 'teens or early twenties.

It was almost two weeks after his being shot that his mother received notice from the Infantry Record Office in Perth that her son had been wounded and was admitted to 10th Stationary Hospital, St Omer, on the 1st of August. The nature of the wound was given as Gunshot: Shoulder, Severe. John's age was 20 years and 8 months. It was certainly a 'Blighty' wound because he was posted to Depot on the 14th of August. It was not until the 18th of October that John was posted to the 3rd Battalion, which I believe, was stationed in Ireland at that time.

On the 21st of January 1918 he was posted to the 2nd Battalion and sent out to Salonica via France and Italy by boat and train. On the 18th of September his Mother received a second letter from the Records Office in Perth, this time telling her that the Army Council regretted to inform her that John had been admitted to No. 8 General Hospital, Salonica on the 3rd of that month. The nature of the wound was given as "Gunshot Face". I was never able to discover if John managed to write and beat that intimation home, or whether his Mother received that letter from the army out of the blue. What a shock she would have had, and what would her thoughts of disfigurement have been. _This was another of Dad's stories of the War. On the 2nd of September he was just sitting having a quiet smoke with his mates when an enemy shell exploded close by. John felt a sting on his cheek and put his hand up to his face. On looking at his hand he found that he was bleeding and realised that he had been scratched with a small piece of shrapnel or broken stone. He thought no more about it apart perhaps from thinking that he had had a lucky escape. However, shortly after, his Officer noticed John's bleeding cheek and ordered him to go and get it dressed, presumably to ward off the possibility of tetanus, which was an occupational disease on the battlefield. It seemed that the Army system could not cope with slight scratches and having had a wound reported and dressed the whole Administrative Machinery swung into action regardless of the possible consequences at home.

That is all I can recall of John's adventures in the War. The Armistice was declared on the 11th of November, but John wasn't posted back to Depot in Scotland from Salonica till 1st of February 1919, and on the 25th of March 1919 he was transferred to Class Z Army Reserve, which meant effectively he was once more a civilian. One thing he did bring back from Salonica was the Malaria virus, which for years up till the second war would strike him at least once a year. I have memories of him coming home from work ill and shivering. Mum would run a hot mustard bath for him and then pack him into bed tucked up with hot water bottles to sweat off the fever. I have no recollection of how long each of these bouts lasted though I know they made him very ill. Once home John lost little time in returning to Campbell & Calderwood's to renew his interrupted apprenticeship.

THE FAMILY OF MARY CROSBIE /1841 Census

Parish of St Marks, Anderston, BARONY Glasgow, 54 Main St.

James	Crosbie	35	Smith (maybe a blacksmith but certainly a metal worker)
Sarah	"	35	(Maiden name: Douglas)
Jane	"		
Mary	"		
Robert	"	6	
James	"	4	
Sarah	"	8 months	

Mary married John Pender in 1850; I haven't found them in the 1851 census but the 1861 census in Paisley gives

Mill land, Underwood, Paisley

Name	Age	Occupation	Parish of Birth

John	Pender		35	Twisting master	Glasgow
Mary	“		30	Wife	do
James	“	son	10	Scholar	do
Robert	“	son	6	do	Paisley
Alexander	“	son	1	do	do

(One room with window)

Again I haven't been able to find the family in the 1871 Census, However we do know that Mary died in 1866 only months after the deaths of her two youngest children. She died in 23 Glen Street of Pulmonary Consumption.

John and Mary's families were:

James	b. 1851	d. 1891 6 Hay Street Greenock, Haemoptysis
John	b. 1853	d. 1856 13 Underwood Paisley, Scarlet fever
Robert	b. 1855	d. 1915 4 South croft Paisley, Myocarditis
John	b. 1857	d. 1859 19 Underwood, Paisley, Scarlet fever
Alexander McIntyre	b. 1860	d. 1881 50 Plantation Place, Port Glasgow, Phthisis Pulmonalis (8 years), Amputation of thigh (15days)
John Mitchell	b. 1862	d. 1865 23 Glen Street, Paisley, Pneumonia
Mary Crosbie	b. 1864	d.1865 23 Glen Street, Paisley, Acute hydrocephalus

Book Two

Chapter One / The Borthwicks - 1834 to 1919

Thomas Borthwick was born in 1834 in Cockpen to James Borthwick, a farm labourer of Cockpen and Agnes Bunyan of Stow. Thomas was the third of five children all born in Cockpen, though James would have worked in different farms throughout the neighbourhood. In 1861, in Lasswade, Thomas married Janet McQueen fifth of seven children of Daniel McQueen a handloom Carpet Weaver of Paisley but living in Lasswade from about 1842, and Margaret Burnett of Stirling, Daniel and Margaret had been married in 1827 in the Gorbals, Glasgow, and spent the first fifteen years of their married life there before moving to Lasswade where Daniel carried on working as a Carpet Weaver. Thomas started work as a Paper maker but either shortly before or after marriage he became a Fireman (a stoker) in a Cork Factory and eventually an Engine keeper running and maintaining a stationary steam engine which supplied the power to the factory at least latterly the North British India-rubber Works in Edinburgh. Thomas and Janet seemed to have spent a large proportion of their married life in Arthur Street in the Pleasance district of Edinburgh, though at sometime in the '90s possibly once all the nestlings had flown the coop, they moved to 60 Dundee Street where Janet finally died in 1912 of Cerebral Apoplexy. Thomas survived his wife by just five months, succumbing to 'Age & Debility' and Chronic Diarrhoea in 4 Angle Park Terrace just a hundred yards along the road from 60 Dundee Street. Their third son John Burnett having been born in Lasswade grew up in Arthur Street, he served his apprenticeship as a Cabinet-maker.

Shortly after he completed his apprenticeship his master went bankrupt and John was out of a job. Luckily for him an uncle by marriage, William Wallace who had been a Carpet Factory Foreman in Lasswade, probably the same factory in which Daniel and at least three of his daughters worked, had bettered himself by moving through to the Paisley area to take up a position as Asst Works Manager in Stoddard's Carpet Field in Elderslie. (By 1897 he had progressed to become Chairman of the company). Mr Wallace, (as he was always known in the family - until I started researching the family I didn't know we were even related such was the awe in which he was held by the whole Borthwick family), heard about John's being out of a job and offered him a place in the Carpet Field in Elderslie, as a Warehouseman. The place he worked was actually called the Wareroom which was shortened in speech to Ware'um and John eventually became the Ware'um Foreman. In the Wareroom the carpets were all carefully inspected for any flaws or broken stitches (John's other title was 'Cloth Inspector') and were repaired and stitched by a team of girls (of all ages). My mother used to tell of an occasion when her father was walking through the factory with one of directors. On hearing the sound of singing coming from the Wareroom, Sir Charles (Bine-Renshaw) obviously an employer of the old school, turned to grandfather, "John, your girls are singing, do you allow that?" Grandfather's reply was "Och, Sir Charles, when they are singing they're lee'ing their nee'bours alane!" (Collapse of stout party!) Another Sir Charles/Jake Borthwick story runs: Since Jake had been a cabinetmaker he had retained the knack of putting a keen edge on cutting tools. Sir Charles was in the habit of bringing his razors to John Borthwick to regain their edge. On one occasion he offered John a half-sovereign for his 'sovereign' work in renewing the razors' edge. As they were walking through the wareroom towards the door the verbal exchange went back and forth "No no Sir Charles, I couldnae take your money", "But John, I insist, You've made such a good job of the razors!" Just at the door John capitulated, and pocketed the half-sovereign. As Sir Charles walked away a few beads of sweat broke on John's brow, the capitulation could so easily have gone the other way and the gold coin could be now disappearing away to the Boardroom!

Chapter Two

John married Mary Crooks Kennedy of 21 High Street Paisley, a mill-girl in one of the Paisley Threadmills, in June 1893 in the George A. Clark Town Halls in Paisley. The rental for the night for the North Minor Hall and the Gents Chorus Room came to £1-19-6 (£l.97½) including 3/6 (17½p) for gas lighting from 11 pm till 3am. The bill for the Food and Lemonade came to £10-8-3 (£10.41) including the Cake at 4/-, and three broken tumblers and one glass. I can't imagine that the Wedding was completely dry; presumably the men all brought their hip-flasks and Hauf-mutchkins (a flat half-bottle suitable for slipping into the pocket) of whisky to flavour the Lemonade!

Mary and John set up home in 6 Howe Street. Barskiven a district on the road between Paisley and Elderslie where their first child, Thomas, was born. A bill from McGregor & Brodie, Wholesale Cabinetmakers and upholsterers dated 3rd June 1893 shows the cost of setting up home in late Victorian times. (No Washing machines, Fridges, Toasters or Electric Kettles in those days!

				£ - s - d
5	Kilmarnock Chairs	@	6/9	1-13-9
1	No 64 Easy Chair in SC	@	24/-	1-4-0
4	No 6 Chairs	@	9/6	1-18-0
1	No96 Couch	@	60/-	3-0-0
1	Oval Loo Table	@	48/-	2-8-0
	Total			10-3-9
	Discount.			- 3-9
	Paid by cash		£	10- 0- 0

It was said that Grandma Borthwick always insisted on discount, she never paid for anything gross. It appears she started her married life the way she meant to go on! It used amaze me that if I were sent to David Dand the Haberdashers in Wellmeadow Street in Paisley for needles or sewing cotton or whatever, I was told always to utter the magic word "Trade" and the person behind the counter would reduce the marked price! It was a long time before I understood that the word "trade" signified those working for others, who were thus asked by David Dand to pay only the wholesale price, though the price to the eventual customer was raised to the retail price. Why we were allowed "trade" I never did fathom because I don't recall anyone in our family sewing for others.

David Dand's shop in Wellmeadow street in Paisley is long gone now along with Moffat's the Philatelist's, where I spent my pocket money on exotic stamps for my collection, (how many people nowadays remember Tanna-Touva and its massive triangular and diamond-shaped stamps!) Anyway all those buildings were torn down long since to make way for the Paisley University.

Shortly after young Tom was born Mary and Jake moved to 2 Woodend Place, a grey sandstone tenement on the South side of the Main road in Elderslie where my mother Mary Crooks was born. A few years after that they moved across the road to a better class of tenement (red sandstone rather than grey), "Park view" where George Kennedy and John Burnett were born.

Wee Mary Crooks, from the age of about four till she started work thought of "Park view" as home, Up until the First War it was the habit of working-class children to divest themselves of their boots (buttoned boots for the girls) as soon as Summer started to make itself felt. Mary or rather May was always happy to put off her boots as soon as possible and let the air in between her toes.

From then till the first frost bare feet was the uniform of all the kids at the Elderslie Wallace Public School. In her bare feet May would run messages for all the neighbours, for which service she would receive a penny, halfpenny or better yet a Farthing (1/960 of a Pound sterling). Anything more than a farthing she was made to put in her piggy bank, a farthing she was allowed to spend on sweeties. There weren't that many shops in Elderslie in those days and there was probably only one sweetie shop which would almost certainly been owned by Freddie & Jean Reynolds (a g-g-uncle of Joyce Stevenson). So the mental picture springs of my mother buying a farthings-worth of broken candy from my wife's great-great-uncle.

Mary was still not content with her home, which was a Room and Kitchen and Scullery in a tenement block, with a WC shared with two other families on the common half-landing between floors. With four children she appeared to feel that a Foreman in Stoddard's Carpet Field should have a better class of house. Mary was obviously the boss in the house at least as far as the purse was concerned. In 1910 she contacted Thomas Towers, Writer* of Paisley who also lived in Glenpatrick Road and who put her on to Peter Roy the Builder. A piece of land in Glenpatrick Road was feud from A.A. Hagart Spiers Esq of Elderslie (The Laird). Peter Roy produced plans for a pair of semi-detached red sandstone-fronted houses Nos57 and 59. The plans were accepted by John and Mary and building commenced.

John had to pass the building site twice a day on his walk to and from the Carpet Field. My mother used to say that her father appeared to feel that he was attempting to rise above his station in life because he was said to always look the other way as he passed the site of No 57 as it was being built, so that his mates with whom he was walking wouldn't think that he was in some way boasting that he and his family were rising to be among the "cottage yins"

On the 6th of September 1911 the Borthwicks paid over the balance of £350 (including a mortgage of £205) to Peter Roy and took proud possession of No 57 Glenpatrick Road. Elderslie.

In fact the layout of the ground floor of the house called "Bothkenny" (Borthwick ~ Kennedy) was not dissimilar to the room and kitchen they moved from in "Park view", though the floor area was perhaps a bit greater. The main back room, still called the Kitchen had a large black-leaded range and two box beds. The scullery however was a bit bigger than that they had moved from, though a brick-built copper coal-fired boiler took up space in one corner. On the half-landing of the stairs up to the three coom-ceilinged bedrooms there was a bathroom with bath, wash-hand-basin, and water closet. The Front downstairs Room or Parlour was almost identical to the Front Room in "Park view", though in No 57 there was no box-bed in the front room; the Parlour was purely for show, and of course for family gatherings.

Thus the principal differences of the new house from the old house were the garden, the three bedrooms, the bathroom which did not have to be shared with two other families (in fact Park view did not have a plumbed-in bath, just a tin bath pulled out from under the box bed, placed in front of the fire and filled from the kettle always simmering on the top of the range), and the wash boiler which did not have to be shared with eight other families. A further indication of better class housing was the electric push buttons in the front room and the two principal bedrooms operating a battery-powered (Le-Clanché cells) electric bell along side a bell indicator high on the kitchen wall; (presumably to summon the 'maid' to attend to the Owners' needs). So I reckon that Grandma Borthwick felt that she had finally arrived, and I reckon if Mary (or 'Ginger' as Grandda called her) was happy then so was Jake (as she called him).

* Scots term for Solicitor

Chapter Three

My mother had left the Elderslie Wallace Public School, where she and her siblings were all educated, the previous year and had started work in the Carpet Field Wareroom as a carpet sewer under the eye of her father. I'm told that the work of sewing carpets was hard on a young girl's fingers and her hands would get red and sore. Auld Mary McQueen, one of the older 'girls' would encourage the youngsters to go to the lavatory and 'pee on yer haunds'. Presumably the action of the urine was to tan and harden the young skin! Whether this remedy worked I leave to the reader to investigate!

Tom had previously started work as a kitchen boy in one of the Coats's houses in Paisley and was working his way up to be a chef in one of the big houses. At one point in his career he had a position on the yacht of Solly Joles one of the South African Diamond Millionaires, (but that's another story).

Come the War in August 1914, he transferred to the Royal Navy, though I have no knowledge of his wartime service, except that I seem to recall he was in Gibraltar at one point (or that may have been in the yacht). Eventually his career took him to Manager of the Picture House Cafe in the High Street Paisley. Mary Crooks Borthwick meanwhile carried on working in the Wareroom, her hands gradually getting tougher, through the work or whatever. The start of the War made little difference to her life, though all the young men of her acquaintance were now swaggering about in Khaki and Navy Blue when home on leave. Though she and John Pender were in no way close until after the war, I understand they were aware of each other's existence. On one occasion she did send John her picture though two of her friends were also in the snap. It wouldn't have been quite the thing to send a Boy a picture of herself alone; that would have been just too forward. She used to say that when the girlish chatter turned on what kind of lad she might like to marry, the picture of a tall dark-headed Cameron would somehow spring to mind.

Book Three

Chapter One / The Penders/Borthwicks - 1919 to 1935

When the young men came home from the War the normal young life recommenced. How could they get to meet the Lassies? The Lassies thoughts were not dissimilar, how to meet the Lads? The answer was the same in each case. So Billy Primrose's Dancing Classes became a popular meeting place for the young of the area. Billy was a stern disciplinarian as he danced about the young couples with his half-sized fiddle under his chin exhibiting the classic steps. "No One-stepping"(Quickstep?) was his cry as the youngsters showed each other the latest dance steps. As far as Billy was concerned the steps of the Lancers were what he was teaching and anything else was forbidden. (There is or was until recently, a classical violinist by name William Primrose; I sometimes wonder if there is some relationship with the dancing master). Of course John Pender and his mate Alex Taylor joined up for lessons with Billy Primrose as did May Borthwick and her cousin Sarah Crooks McLean, and it wasn't long before these two pairs changed partners. May had finally found her tall dark-headed Cameron even if he had swapped the kilt for working trousers by this time.

May and John were married in the George A Clark Town Hall on the 21st of June 1923, some thirty years after her mither and faither. Sarah McLean was May's Best Maid but for some reason John's Best Man was Johnnie Marr. Perhaps Alex Taylor had a prior engagement. Some three years later Alex and Sarah were also married.

May and John set up home upstairs in the three bedrooms of No.57 Glenpatrick Road. Grandma and Grandda Borthwick slept in one of the box beds in the kitchen and George and Bon slept in the other. Dan Hendry the Village Plumber was called in to install a second WC under the stairs. So with one of the pair of sinks in the scullery doubling as a wash-hand basin, and a gas ring set up in the smallest bedroom upstairs, the two households were effectively completely separate. (Young John Burnett had been known to his school chums as "Bon Jorthwick" and the family carried on the nickname; in "Bothkenny" he was always known as "Bon". As far as Iain and I were concerned he was always Uncle Bon.)

Grandma Borthwick was by now having bouts of illness with failing kidneys, so May soon became the boss over the men in the house; her Father, her Husband, her two Brothers, George and Bon, and from l9th of May 1924 Baby Iain Allan Burnett. George had started work in the Carpet Field round about 1916 as a weaver's helper and once he reached maturity he became a Carpet weaver following his Great-grandfather Daniel McQueen.

Jake Borthwick had become one of the founder members of the Elderslie Golf Club. Young Bon soon became an enthusiastic member of the club. By this time Bon had started work in a butchers' shop in Paisley so he was invariably the last of the menfolk home from work. The other three men had had their tea by that time and were snoozing comfortably in the summer evenings when the door would be flung back on its hinges with the cry "Are Yese a' deed in this hoose. Is naebody coming oot for a hit at the ba'?" Thus one or more of the snoozers was encouraged to change their shoes, grab their golf bags and accompany young Bon on to the sixth hole which bordered on the back fence of "Bothkenny". They would play round to the 13th before darkness made it impossible to see the ball, still less the flag.

John Pender had by now left Campbell & Calderwood and had found work with Doultons'. However a few years after that he was either paid off or left of his own free will and moved to

Shanks' of Barrhead still as a Pattern Maker. He stayed with Shanks' until he retired in 1962 having in the early 50's become a rate fixer and one of the office yins.

Grandma Borthwick's kidneys were deteriorating rapidly in the late 20's and come the 20th of March 1931 she died in Bothkenny of Chronic Nephritis. That same week Grandda Borthwick came home on the Friday evening and handed over his unopened pay packet to young May. This was something that John Pender had already been doing of course just as he had seen his father do. But Grandda handing over his pay to his daughter was tantamount to handing over the Field marshal's baton. May was now the head of the house! George and Bon were also expected to do the same, which of course they did. May was thus the Treasurer and Financial Director of the household. The menfolk were handed back their weekly pocket money and May was expected to run the house on what was left over.

Burnett Borthwick was born in the back bedroom of "Bothkenny,' on the 8th of September 1931, and shortly thereafter May got some help around the house from Anna Harkins, a wee catholic wifie from Johnstone, who stayed as May's "daily" till a bit before the second war. Anna was so much part of the household that I have no clear memory of her in the house, she was just 'there'.

One story concerning Anna Harkins indicates how the Catholics, especially the Irish Catholics in Johnstone, in those days treated their priests almost as demigods. The priests from the Paisley diocese were in the habit of coming out to Elderslie Golf Club for their weekly exercise. They would strip off their cassocks and dog collars in the clubhouse and play their golf in their black trousers white shirts and black braces. One day my Mother noticed the priests on the sixth tee. "Come quick, Anna" she called "Come and see your Fathers!" Anna came running to see this phenomenon. 'Oh my" she said "they're just like ordinary men!"

The household remained the same till July 1935 when Bon got married to Agnes Couperwhite, (Aunt Nancy), in The Picture House Cafe. This is one of my earliest memories, of being dragged on my hunkers along the shiny "slipporined" wooden dance floor. My other memory of about that time, (though it must surely have been somewhat later), was thinking that as uncle Bon was 29; it was hardly worth his while getting married!

In February the following year Grandda died of heart trouble. Whilst I have no living memory of Grandda Borthwick, I have a distinct memory of seeing him lying in state in his coffin in the front room. I also recall his wareroom girls coming to the house, being invited in to the front room and kneeling beside the coffin and (I thought) whispering to each other. It wasn't till many years later that it occurred to me that they were in fact Catholics saying their rosaries. Oh the innocence of youth!

Book Four

Chapter One / The Penders - 1936 to 1955

Now there was a change around in the occupation of the house. In Grandda's will my mother was given the life rent of the house. May and John came downstairs to take possession of the kitchen, though they still slept in the back bedroom. May already had full control of the scullery. George, while he still had all his meals with the Pender family in the kitchen, took over the front bedroom as a bed-sittingroom, though Iain shared George's double bed there, and my cot was moved into the Wee room. This was the third bedroom, which only had a skylight as window.

In those pre-war days Glenpatrick Road had very little traffic. Young's, Western S.M.T. and Glasgow Corporation busses were the only real forms of transport through the village and they shuttled along the Main Road. Two Young's double-decker Busses brought a small proportion of the Carpet Field workers from and to Paisley morning and evening. The majority walked up and down Glenpatrick Road from and to the Main Road every day. Thus the road was a playground for the children. Iain and Billy Alston and myself from Glenpatrick Road, Robbie and Tom Barclay, Jim Young and Tom Wright from Greenhill Crescent and Sandy Forrest from Kings Crescent. One particular game I recall, which in these days would be suicidal was High Tig, in which you couldn't be tigged if you were standing up on a garden wall but only as you were running between walls. Thus you jumped down off a wall, dashed across the road and jumped up on the opposite wall. The closer you did this to the one who was "Het" (which was our word for “It”), the more daring you were. Nowadays the kids seem to perform this same trick with busses and cars. I much prefer our way; where there was more chance of reaching maturity. Of course the other reason you couldn't play High Tig now is that as you jumped for coping of the wall you reached for the top of the railings to help you up. These railings were all cut off at the start of the War as scrappy-iron for the War effort. It seems that in fact this scrap was never used and was dumped in some coup, at least that's the story. Other games we played were King Ball, Kick-the-can, Relievers and Roller-skate Hockey, as well as speeding around on our bicycles. Of course games like Cowboys and Indians and Cops and Robbers were played "up the Woods", this being the Newton Woods and the "Runnel" (the Roundhill Plantation) The Newton Woods were called variously the "Bluebell Woods" after the swathes of Bluebells which shot up every Spring, or the "Darkies" as the trees were mainly Scots Pines growing close together. One night in, I think, the 50's a fierce gale tore down a very large proportion of the trees letting in a lot more sunshine and ruining the aura of the Darkies. A propos the Bluebells, every year we would pick armfuls of them to take back to our mothers, but even when plunged straight into water they never seemed to last any time! Presumably the hot little hands were too much for the delicate growth. I don't recall ever being "bored" as the kids are said to be nowadays. If we got fed up playing one game we just sloped off to play something else.

When we weren't playing games we were following Crazes, These crazes seemed to follow each other through the year in no particular order. Stamps, Milk-bottle Tops, Conkers, Cigarette Cards, Dabbities. They all seemed to have their season. It was always my ambition to start a craze but I never managed it. When I brought out my Stamps everybody-else had Fag Cards, when I had my Milk-bottle Tops everybody-else kept playing with their Conkers. I bet Napoleon or Alexander the Great never had that problem. When Young Bonaparte brought out his fag-cards I bet all the other little Froggies ran home for their cards chucking their Milk-bottle Tops in the bin.

In September 1936 I started school just prior to my fifth birthday. I followed my big brother to the John Neilson Institution in Paisley. My first memory of that first day was at morning playtime.

One of the other boys strode to the boys' lavatory (which was of course open to the skies. "A'm going to do a pee!" he said. I knew what the word meant but I had never before heard it spoken in public. It must have made a big impression on me because I have never forgotten that boy using that sweary word to this day!

My infants 1 teacher was Miss Peden. I don't remember her trying to make me write with my right hand though it appeared it did happen. However my mother went in and tore her off a strip. "I was just trying to encourage him," said the intimidated Miss Peden. "Well don't," said Mum "He uses his left hand perfectly adequately, thank you". From then on, there was never any suggestion that I might be better off using my right hand. My mother might have left school at 14, but she wasn't going to let any teacher discipline me for no good reason! I was perhaps among the last of the left-handers to be "encouraged" to use the "good" hand. It has never failed to amaze me that prior to my going to school left-handers were made, by Fascist (i.e. Right-wing) right-handed teachers to write with their right hands. There was never any suggestion that it might be equally as good for the right-handers to be similarly "encouraged" to use their left hands. I understand that before my day left-handers were rapped across the knuckles for using their natural hand and ordered to use the "good" hand. It really is unbelievable. Mind you the steel nibbed pens which we were expected to write with were almost impossible to use with the left hand whilst writing from left to right, and I was always being chastised for poor writing. Not till the arrival of the Biro Pen in the late 40's did my writing improve. (I wonder if Mr Biro was left-handed?) Even as late as l976 I was asked by the medical officer at Moray House at the start of my teacher's training if I felt that my left handedness might be a handicap in teaching the children to use the tools. I laughed and said, "Why, do right handers have trouble then?" In the doctor's defence he did say, "Yes, unbelievable isn't, but I am expected to ask that of all left handers who pass through my office, so I just go through the motions!" I don't know if this is still reckoned to be a requirement for trainee Technical teachers of the present day!

My school career ended in 1949 when I left clutching my "highers" certificate and I started my Engineering Apprenticeship with A.F.Craig's "Caledonia" Engineering works in McDowall Street in Paisley. Craig's manufactured Sugar mill machinery, Oil refining plant, Steam raising Boilers, and Carpet weaving looms, both Wilton and Axminster. My first year apprentice pay was 29/6 a week (£1.47½) from which I paid 4/11 (24½) National Insurance contribution leaving a take -home pay of 24/7 (£1.23).

During that first week I was introduced to my Grandda Pender's cousin John Gardner known in the family as Jock the blacksmith. Jock had retired as a blacksmith by this time and was now Jock the Painter in Craig's, giving the oil refining equipment a coat of red lead paint prior to its going out the gate. Jock shook my hand and I remember thinking "So that's what a Masonic Handshake is like!" It wasn't until some time after that I learnt that at one point in his life Jock had had an accident at his work and had the middle finger of his right hand cut off! Hence the peculiar feel of his handshake!

Harking back to when the second War broke out, my brother Iain was about sixteen and so was too young for the forces. (Big sigh of relief from his Mum!). He did the next best thing and joined the ARP (Air Raid Precautions). He was too young to be an Air Raid Warden so they made him a Messenger. I can remember him jumping out of bed when the Air Raid Siren went off in the middle of the night, throwing on his uniform, slinging on his gas-mask haversack, fitting on his steel helmet with the capital M on the front, and cycling off down Glenpatrick Road to the ARP post. I never did know exactly what his duties were or how much of them he carried out, I was just proud that my big brother was doing his bit for king and Country.

Iain completed his schooling in 1940 being awarded the "Neilsonian" prize as Proxime Accessit to the Dux of the school. He started at Glasgow University that same year, and presumably resigned from the ARP at the same time, because he, there, joined the University OTC which at that time was part of the Home Guard. Normally the OTC would have been the stepping stone to a commission in the Army, but his Chemistry degree meant that he was much more use to the war

effort in industry than in the forces.

He didn't have very long holidays whilst at University. Because of the need for trained graduate chemists the holidays were cut to the minimum and four years' study was crammed into three years at the successful completion of which he was granted a "War honours" degree. Only the youngest of the year were allowed to continue for a fourth "Honours" year. Even in the short summer holidays he was directed to work in the explosives factory in Bishopton just north of Paisley.

When he had completed his studies in 1944, he was offered, by the Ministry of labour, the choice of three jobs in industry from which he chose the post of junior chemist in the Glaxo factory in East London working on the production of Penicillin. He stayed with Glaxo till 1948 during which time he attended evening classes to study Chemical Engineering and successfully took the examinations to qualify for Associate Membership of the Institution of Chemical Engineers. The company had started up a new factory for Penicillin production in Barnard Castle in Yorkshire and in 1948 wanted Iain to transfer there.

By this time however, Iain was a real Metropolitan and he couldn't stand the thought of being exiled to the wilds of the Yorkshire Dales so he resigned from Glaxo and almost immediately joined The Royal Dutch Shell Oil Co. with which company he spent the remainder of his working life.

He started work with Shell in their refinery in Stanford-le-Hope in Essex. Late in 1952 the company wanted to transfer Iain to their refinery in Suez in Egypt. Early in January 1953 he and his girlfriend Peggy Welsh were married, and shortly thereafter the happy couple went off together to start their married life in Egypt. The rest is history……..

Had Iain not had a hankering to be a chemistry teacher he would probably not have gone to University and I would have ended up as an Engineering Draughtsman. However as a Graduate Chemist Iain suggested to the family that with my maths, physics and chemistry highers, I should follow him to University to study Chemical Engineering, and the money was found for me to spend the next four winters at the Uni. and the Royal Technical College.

Notes:

"Dabbities"… I believe they are still around today; paper-backed pseudo tattoos which you wet and pressed on to the back of your hand then carefully pealed off the paper leaving a little picture.

"Milk bottle tops"… In those days milk bottles had larger tops than today and were sealed with grease-proofed cardboard tops with a push out centre for the insertion of a drinking straw. Every schoolchild paid a halfpenny each morning for a bottle (1/3 of a pint) to drink at morning break i.e. Playtime. By putting one's forefinger in the centre hole and holding the top with middle finger and thumb, it was possible to skim the top for a considerable velocity through the air. Other games were played such as two or more boys tossing their tops at the bottom of a wall, the boy whose top was closest to the wall collected all the tops. He then had to bend his elbow with the palm of his hand uppermost, balance the bottle tops on his upturned elbow, and with a quick flick, attempt to catch the tops in his hand. He was allowed to keep the tops he caught. I have seen boys now-a-days playing the same game with money. We never had more than our bus fare in our pocket, so playing for money was just never thought of!

Book Five

Chapter One- Burnett in the RAF

In 1955 I graduated BSc and also completed my engineering apprenticeship. The National Service Act was still in force so I had no option but to join HM Forces. I applied to join the RAF and because of my degree I was invited to go down to London and attend for interview at the Air Ministry. I must have made a reasonable stab at seeming to be officer material because I was soon called to RAF Cardington for one week prior to going on to Officer Cadet Training at Jurby, Isle of Man in September 1955. My time in the Army Cadet Force at school was good training for OCTU's "Bullshit Baffles Brains" procedures as I was able to bull up my parade boots with lots of Cherry Blossom and spit and put the correct creases in my battle dress. Arms and parade ground drill was also a doddle after five years in the Army Cadet Force (affiliated to the Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders) in School during which I rose from cadet to Company Sergeant-Major. (Although I remember once being bawled out by the Drill Warrant Officer for swinging my arms Highland Regiment fashion, “It’s very pretty Mr Pender, but it isn’t Royal Air Force.”) There was also a fair amount of paperwork but after the practice in swatting we had all had at university that wasn't too bad. All in all therefore officer cadet training was no great problem and I coasted through. Come December 1955 I was appointed to the rank of Pilot Officer.

As a Technical Branch Officer I was posted to the RAF Technical College at Henlow to learn how to look and sound as if I knew something about Aircraft maintenance. Come April 1956 I was posted to Coastal Command at RAF Kinloss in Morayshire as Technical Adjutant.

When you have good NCO's and WO'S under you this is a comparatively easy job, and I had good subordinates who had been doing their jobs for yonks so they could keep the Technica1 Wing ticking over with their eyes shut. I should say that a regular sergeant’s pay was considerably more than that of a national service pilot officer so perhaps they should have more competent! I know they got more because one of my jobs was to collect the Wing's other ranks' pay in pound notes and florins from station accounts office. (I had to count it there and sign for the money so if I made a mistake when paying out I had to make up the difference out of my pocket, so you can imagine I was very careful in counting it out.) I would take the cash back to the main hangar and dole it out with care to the O/R's.

However let it not be thought that apart from that I just sat behind my desk twiddling my thumbs all day, signing the odd form put in front of me. Oh no, I was also Station Golf Officer, and it was up to me to organise the Station's golf outings. This meant of course that I had to maintain my own golfing expertise. Thus during the Summer months, and up in the Riviera of the North the days were about twenty hours long, I could play anything up to ten rounds a week over the Forres Course where RAF Kinloss had a group membership. In addition, since the station housed an Operational Conversion unit, in which aircrew were taught to fly AVRO Shackletons, a lot of training flying went on. Thus inter-station matches could be arranged with up to twenty personnel and their golf clubs being flown down to St Eval or St Mawgan in an otherwise empty Shackleton.

All that golf improved my game such that I played for the Forres club team and the Coastal Command team, just as I had played previously for the Elderslie club team. In fact the climax came when in 1957 I reached the final of the Elderslie Club Championship in which I was comprehensively beaten by 8 and 7 over 36 holes by John Gardner (no relation) a Renfrewshire County team member for some years.

I was also Officer I/c station bicycles, which meant that I had to keep track of something like

120 bicycles. With the best will in the world bikes do tend to get lost. That was where it paid to keep well in with the Warrant Officer I/c Workshops part of whose function it was to keep the station bicycles in good condition. This meant that it was in his power say when a bicycle was beyond repair and should be scrapped. If, therefore during an inventory I found that a bicycle had in some mysterious fashion vanished, it required but a quiet word in the ear of W/O Workshops. Bikes were scrapped on a regular basis and were of course cut up into small pieces to ensure that they stayed scrapped. It is very difficult to look at a pile of bits of scrap bike and be certain how many bikes it contains, thus if two bikes were scrapped the numbers of three bikes could be erased from the inventory. I am not quite sure what was done in the event that an aircraft disappeared but I imagine much the same procedure was followed!

However all good things came to an end and come September 1957 I was demobbed and catapulted back into civilian life. The thought of having to start actually working for a living gave me the shivers, so I applied through the Chemical Engineering Department of the Royal College of Science and Technology, Glasgow for a Dept of Scientific and Industrial Research (DSIR) grant to study for a Diploma in Chemical and Process Engineering. I found that after two years in the RAF a return to studying was quite a wrench and was not the easy route into Industry I had anticipated its being. Nevertheless I managed to stumble through the work and gained my Diploma.

Chapter Two - Burnett in BP

Nothing for it now, I would have to see about applying for a job. Since my big brother seemed to be doing well in the oil industry I thought I'd also have a stab at that. I didn't want to join the same company so I did the next best thing and joined a company with the same initials as myself. I joined the British Petroleum Company Ltd. in September 1958 at the salary of £900 per annum.

After a few days indoctrination in London Office, the intake of probationers was sent down to Wales to Llandarcy Refinery for a month to be shown what oil refining was all about, and to give us some idea of what we might expect to be doing in the oil industry. This was also my first experience of the Welsh people.

I was billeted with a rather crabbit Old Welsh woman who was a bit of a misanthrope. She hardly spoke two words to my face; any correspondence we might have was carried on through the medium of the refinery personnel superintendent. On the three Sundays I was there she played hostess to what was presumably an itinerant preacher whom she treated to lunch. I say "presumably" as I was never introduced to him and throughout the whole visit they conversed in Welsh, even when we were all seated at table. I didn't believe that they had no English; it was just an example of boorish chauvinism and not the best of introductions to Wales.

On one occasion when a bunch of us probationers were refreshing ourselves in the bar of the local hotel, we were invited to a party at a nearby house by some girls, the first real hospitality we were shown in the principality. I think they just wanted to leaven the local males with some alien talent. Anyway the local boys who had also been invited insisted on talking among themselves in Welsh though in view of the glances in our direction they were obviously discussing the incomers. Well at least the girls made us welcome though that may just have been to show the local lads they weren't the only fish in the sea.

The end of the Welsh visit eventually came (none too soon for the majority of us) and the group were dispersed round the country, some stayed at Llandarcy (God help them!). The others were dispersed to Kent, Sunbury and Head Office. Myself with three others were sent to Grangemouth. The others were Charles Chapman, Gerry Challis and another whose name escapes me. Gerry was always addressed as "Dr" Challis he having done some research at Imperial College though as far as I am aware he never did present his thesis. Gerry came from the London area and his one real claim to fame was his ability to impersonate Tony Hancock, in fact better than that, at the drop of a hat he would recite great screeds of Hancock scripts. In those days of course Hancock

was The Comic of the era.

My first digs arranged for me by the Grangemouth personnel department were a bit of a disaster. I was made to share a room (something I hadn't done since Cardington in the RAF). My roommate was a warder in Polmont Borstal. His alarm used to go off at 6am; he would switch on his bedside light and immediately light up a cigarette and lie there smoking. Room sharing was bad enough but having to inhale someone's cigarette smoke first thing in the morning was just too much. Within a week I was back in the Personnel office begging for a change of digs. My next landlady was a gem. Her son had recently gone off to Canada and she just felt the need for some young blood in the house. Accordingly she had phoned up the refinery to ask if they had a nice young man in want of a home-from-home. I was given the spare room and shared breakfast and dinner with her and her husband. They treated me just like one of the family. Once again their name escapes me. It was forty years ago, for goodness' sake.

Chapter Three - Burnett in Aden

In those days most Probationers had the ambition to be posted to Aden Refinery for a spell in the Colonies with a substantial rise in salary. Charles and I both applied for transfer to the tropics and come March 1959 we were told that our applications had been successful. We were told what our new salaries would be. (In my case I would now be earning £1737 per year, virtually double my UK salary). Once we had obtained our passports and all our vaccinations we were soon on our way to take the place of the probationers who had gone out two years previously. We flew out on a Douglas DC7, a four-engined propeller-driven aircraft, along with a third probationer from Kent, John Marchant. In those days there were no great long hops and the DC7 had refuelling stops at Rome in the late evening and Khartoum early the next morning, before finally reaching Aden in the sweltering heat of the next day. Little Aden was some 20 miles from Khormaksar, the airport for Steamer Point, and to the best of my remembrance we were taken there by Land Rover.

John, Charles and I were put up in a three bedroomed fully air-conditioned bachelor bungalow in Essex Street in the British quarter of Little Aden. Each bedroom had its own bathroom; (en-suite, they call it nowadays!) there was an L-shaped lounge/dining room and a kitchen. The floor throughout the bungalow was Terrazzo. The cook/boy who had been servant at the bungalow with the lads who had just gone home presented his references and I being the oldest of the three took him on at, I think, 340 East African shillings a month! Well, Mohammed seemed quite happy with that, and since there was something over £4000 per annum coming into the household we weren't displeased. Mohammed kept a family in the native village in the next bay, so his room at the foot of the garden was left vacant. This was soon occupied by a dhobi woman who did all our laundry and helped Mohammed with the housework. The woman's pay was EA120/- per month. Well that's what Mohammed suggested we pay her, and who were we to argue. It only just occurs to me that we never did learn her name, I am pretty sure that she couldn't speak any English, so any problems with the washing were sorted out with Mohammed. Both Mohammed and the dhobi woman were Somalis and black as the proverbial ace of spades. (By the way, 20 East African Shillings were equal to £l Sterling).

We were initially taken in hand and shown round by the training officer, an Aberdonian by the name of Bob Andrew. In casual conversation he had learned of my prowess at golf and when he introduced us to the Technical Superintendent, Matty Gaul, another Scot, an associate of Heriot-Watt College, and a keen golfer, Bob nodded at me and informed Matty that I played off six. "Well" said Matty; "We'll have to get him in the Technical team".

The next day we were all shown into the deputy general manager's office. After a short spiel from the DGM he asked us if anyone had any particular departmental preference. He looked at me, so I said "We're all pretty new, so anything is a new experience for us".

"Right" he said, "Pender will go to the Technical Department, the rest of you will go into

Operations". It seemed that the golfing Mafia had been pretty quick off the mark! This meant of course that all the others were immediately put on shift leaving me the only one on permanent days.

I was put into the Gas analysis laboratory with Ches Sullivan ex Sunbury Research Centre and an Indian who was known only as Raj. I suppose he had another name but if I knew it, that too is lost in the mists of time. This was in the very early days of gas analysis and Chromatography was still in its infancy. The only GLC apparatus was a serpent of glass tubing filled with molecular sieve fixed to a rectangle of plywood. This was the Janak apparatus whose job was to determine the light ends in the gasoline fraction. The principal method of analysing petroleum gas mixtures was the Podbielniak apparatus. This was a well-insulated laboratory distillation column; the reflux was refrigerated with liquid nitrogen. The whole Technical Department was air-conditioned so the only time we broke sweat when working was when we had to go on to the plant to obtain a gas or gasoline sample for analysis.

The outside air temperature seldom fell below about 85ºF even in "winter" except at night when it fell to about 75 degrees, but as far as I can recall, it was only very occasionally over 100ºF in the day, though when it did rise to say 106ºF it felt that you were looking into an open hot oven, not a pleasant experience, it seemed as if your eyeballs were drying out!

Rain was a very unusual occurrence in fact I think it rained only once during the time I was there. We were on the golf course at the time, and it was really teeming down. The course became almost immediately unplayable so "rain stopped play". Nothing for it, I'd go home and crash out on the bed. I got home to find that the roof was leaking and was pouring rainwater straight on to my bed! Everything was soaked. The only source of heat in the bungalow was the gas cooker, so I lit up the oven and draped the blankets and mattress round the oven in the kitchen. It was fairly late that night before I was able to get to bed in the dry, cursing the weather the while.

When British Petroleum Co was starting up in the Middle East early in the century there was a high proportion of Scotsmen among the staff. Accordingly wherever BP put down roots, very soon there were the makings of a golf course. Little Aden was no exception and while I was there, there was a nice 12 hole course carved out of the sand. Not a blade of grass in sight. The tees were concrete platforms with an inset of soft bitumen on either side to stick your peg tee. "Fairways" were regularly sprayed with salt water and rolled with "the wobbly wheel" a trailer with umpteen large treadless, very under inflated, tyres that had the effect of compacting and smoothing the "fairways". The "Browns" were sand mixed with heavy fuel oil and smoothed with a coir mat pulled round and round the "Brown". Because of the nature of the "Browns" and tees normal golf shoes were impractical not to say forbidden and "sandshoes" were the order of the day. The terrain required a different technique from grass, and the members who had been in Aden some time and in Bahrain and Iran before that certainly had the knack. I seem to recall that at one point we were required each to carry round a small square of carpet and play all our shots off that, but I cant remember why, it seemed rather cissy to me.

The principal recreation after golf was the Staff club, which was of course licensed. (Having said that I don’t know if a licence was strictly necessary. After all we, the British, were the occupying force, and we were still Top-dogs, though our reign, as it turned out, was about to come to an end though we weren't to know that at the time). Once a week there was a whist drive; it wasn't much but it filled in the time. There was also an open-air cinema that alternated British/American films with Indian Bollywood masterpieces.

The heat of the day meant that walking any distance was just not on, (apart from on the golf course strangely enough). Shortly after I arrived therefore I bought a small 6-year-old Fiat Topolino from a man who was going home on leave. The price was £80 including a driving lesson which was necessary since up to then my experience of driving was totally theoretical and at the age of 27 I had little or no idea how to drive a car. The car was a two-seater with a pretend back seat, but since I didn't expect to be taking in lodgers it was quite big enough for me.

The roads were not busy and there were plenty of people ready to risk life and limb by sitting in the passenger seat to give me practice, so I was soon ready to take my driving test. I arranged the

test with the police and one morning I was taken along to the local station by John Marchant. Several people had turned up for the driving test that day. Since I was the only white man being tested I was taken first by the white police inspector.

"Right" he said, "drive out to the dual carriageway and turn right". This I did and drove about one hundred yards up the empty road.

"That's fine" said the inspector "you're OK, make a U-turn at the next opening and drive back to the station, I've got a lot of these Arab boys to get through".

"Is that it?" I asked."

"Good God no," said the inspector "You've got the theory to get through yet!"

We got back to the Station without mishap and I was taken in hand by the Arab sergeant of police. He had a stack of black & white photographs of traffic signs, which he started showing to me one at a time. The fact that each card had printed in English across the bottom what it signified seemed to me to make the test pretty pointless, however I said, "what do you want me to do?"

He looked at me as if I were daft and said, "What are the signs, please?"

From then on the test was fairly easy, as my eyesight at that time was good even without glasses and my knowledge of written English was at least up to standard.

So we made a start on the test:

"School"

"Correct"

"30 Speed limit"

"Correct"

"T-Junction"

"Correct"

"Hospital"

"Correct"

And so the test went on. Eventually the sergeant said, "OK, you pass". I believe I had the highest pass mark of any of the participants that day! I can only say "Ain't Edification a wonderful fing!"

This theory test certainly showed that driving tests in Aden were intended for people without a knowledge of written English or that white men were all expected to be able to drive before coming out to the colonies, or at least were not expected to fail the Aden driving test.

John had bought a big old Opel Commodore by this time while Charles had taken on a rather newer Fiat 600, which did not have the character of my Topolino, so the household was completely mobile, and there was always some transport to go shopping in.

Looking back on our time in Aden it was all pretty boring, but at least I had my golf to keep me happy. Just before Christmas 1959 we three were sitting in the lounge talking about this and that and the subject of beards came up. Nothing daunted we decided to hold a competition to see who could grow the best and bushiest beard. I must admit the first few weeks you just look rather scruffy and the deputy Technical Superintendent kept on at me to shave it off. This only made me more determined. Charles couldn't get over the scruffy stage and he gave up after a couple of weeks. John and I kept going till we both had a real growth at which point John backed out and shaved his off. I kept mine going till about May the following year at which point I shaved off the beard and found that I had a big curly moustache. I kept the moustache for a month or so gradually trimming it back to see what suited me best.

Book Six

Chapter One -Burnett meets Joyce

About the time I had reduced my moustache to what used to be called a "Ronald Coleman" (a film star of the year dot), Ches Sullivan and his wife invited me to the Little Aden Amateur Dramatic Society production of "Around the World in Eighty Days". To make up a foursome Ches phoned up the Hospital Matron to ask if one of the new batch of Nursing Sisters could make up a four. A Miss Joyce Stevenson was suggested, so on the evening in question I was deputed to go up to the Nurses Quarters and pick up this Miss Stevenson and bring her along to the show. The rest is history. Joyce and I spent nearly all our spare time together from then on, running around in the Topolino. On one occasion in Sheikh Othman Gardens Joyce happened to say apropos not very much that she liked and enjoyed cooking. They do say that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, anyway I decided there and then that here was the girl for me.

Within a few weeks Joyce and I had decided to get married and that we would go home together to have the wedding in Britain. This decision was very unpopular with the Refinery Administration who would have to arrange for another nurse to be recruited and flown out from UK. But Jack Vance, who had taken over from Matty Gaul as Technical Superintendent a few months previously, told them that when two young people decide to get married there's not a lot any one can do about it.

I had by this time already booked my passage home on the Anchor Line ship SS Circassia, and I was able to book another cabin for Joyce. Of course we had to make all the arrangements and pay for the passage ourselves because the Personnel department wouldn't help. On the morning of embarkation Joyce and I were waiting at the bungalow with our cases for the car to take us to Steamer Point. It may have arrived by now but it didn't arrive by the time we had started to panic. Luckily one of the other lads who had come out with his wife and was staying on in Aden for a while, came by in his Ford Consul. He stopped and asked what all the fuss was about and hearing that we were due in Steamer in a couple of hours he offered to take us the twenty miles round the bay to the ship.

The trip home, after that panic, was very peaceful. The sail up the Red Sea was very hot and every porthole had a large scoop stuck in it to gather cooling air into the cabins. (After the ubiquitous air-conditioning in Little Aden the lack of it in the Circassia was something of a bind)

We put in at Port Sudan for a few hours and Joyce and I went for a taxi ride round the town. "See the Fuzzy-Wuzzy Village, Sahib!" Well we couldn't resist that invitation even though in retrospect there wasn't a lot of interest to see.

Our next landfall was Suez where we disembarked for a coach trip to see the Pyramids and the Cairo Museum. Shortly before we got off the ship some money changers came on and we were encouraged to change some of our Sterling pounds into the same number of Egyptian pounds, we were told that we would not be able to use our Sterling currency in Egypt. ("What a lie!") In the bazaars where the coach driver took us I saw a nice leather holdall. When I asked the price I was told "£5 Sahib" but when I offered £5 Egyptian it was waved away. "No no" I was told "15 Bounds Egyptian or 5 Bounds British!" It was a good job I had brought along some British money otherwise we would have been well and truly rooked. We also bought a small alabaster Pyramid and a little Camel made of polished horn, both of which are sitting on the wall cabinet to this day; I have no idea what we paid for them however.

The Pyramids and the Sphinx are, like most wonders of the world, slightly disappointing when

you see them, in that I had assumed in my innocence that they were away out in the wastes of the desert away from all taints of civilisation. Not a bit of it! I was surprised to find that they were just on the outskirts of Cairo. What was more, they were swarming with tourists and Souvenir Wallahs. We were exhorted to get our picture taken sitting on a camel, and after to give "something for the Camel, Sahib!" (Of course anything other than money would have been scorned). We were escorted right inside the big pyramid into the King's burial Chamber. There weren't so many people there so there was some feeling of history. Though perhaps the electric light did detract slightly. We were taken to the Blue Mosque and also to see Tutankhamun's treasure at the Museum so we did get full value for our money (however much it cost!). Wherever we went we were exhorted to Buy, buy, buy! I was even, would you believe, asked if I wanted to buy "Filthy postcards, Sahib" I asked to have a look at them first. I kid you not; they were photographs of some Edwardian ladies showing off their corsets! I sometimes wish that I had haggled for them just to have them now as a Souvenir of Cairo, but my Presbyterian upbringing won out and I handed them back with a "thank you, but no thanks!" (Perhaps if they had been a bit more modern and my intended hadn't been at my side I might have invested a few of my Egyptian "Bounds").

One thing I did notice was the ability of the souvenir Wallahs to pick up and repeat my accent. I didn't think I had much of a Scottish accent but it was picked up on two occasions in Egypt. The first time I was told "You're Scottish, Ah wis five years wi' the Black Watch masel"'. The next time it was "You're Scottish, Ah wis three years in Argyll Street, Jock!" Each time in a perfect Glasgow accent! The thing is probably all I said to each of them was something like "Beat it, I'm not interested", which does show what a keen ear for accent these lads had. I sometimes wonder how they reacted to other accents and in how many languages they could make themselves understood.

Once back on the ship at Alexandria the same moneychangers were there to buy back our unused Egyptian pounds. This time we were given rolls of ten two-shilling pieces (10xl0p) for each pound note! Somebody was making a currency killing getting Sterling notes for Sterling cash! What I couldn't quite figure was where they got all the cash from, and whether they were making a fortune or just making a living. I do know that banks will change foreign notes for notes of their own country but are not interested in and in fact will not accept foreign cash. The Egyptian moneychangers were certainly managing to keep the wolf from the door anyway, however they were doing it. Still, we were getting back a pound for a pound so we couldn't complain

Next morning we were back on the high seas. The water was still flat calm so there wasn't a hint of seasickness and that was just as well because the food on board really was first class. Each day a full British breakfast was followed mid-morning by coffee and biscuits on deck. Lunch at one o'clock was three or four courses and then in the afternoon, tea, sandwiches and cakes were brought round on to the desk where we were lounging. Dinner was about seven o'clock ship time, again four courses. I may be wrong but I have a feeling that there was a nightcap for those who wanted it. This went on for about fourteen days, so it wasn't altogether surprising that when the cruise was over my weight had ballooned from 12 stones to 13½ stones.

Our next port of call was Gibraltar where we arrived early one morning. We weren't allowed off and the ship dropped anchor some way off-shore so I don't really know why we stopped there except that several bum-boats came out to the ship selling all sorts of touristy souvenir stuff, not dissimilar to the rubbish which we were offered from similar bum-boats in Suez. I don't think they were the same people though no doubt they were related several generations previously.

The next landfall was Liverpool where we disembarked. We were among the first off and through Customs. I declared my new Ben Sayers golf clubs which I had had sent out from North Berwick. I had very carefully scuffed them on some fine wind-blown sand before packing so when I showed them to the customs officer he accepted that they weren't brand new so he didn't charge me anything. Still I felt good that I had made a customs declaration. Joyce declared the watch we had bought in Aden and some Alexandrine earrings we had got in Egypt, I can't remember what he charged her on the earrings but as for the gold watch he asked her how much it cost. Joyce said (coming the sweet little innocent) "I don't know, it was an engagement present"

"OK" he said, "we'11 say £5". And he charged her 30/-(£l.50) on it. Quite a bargain really as it had in fact cost £40 duty free in Steamer Point.

I had arranged whilst in Aden to pick up a new Ford Anglia at Liverpool and we were met on the quayside by a man from the Ford dealer who took us and our luggage to the garage where we completed the paperwork and took possession of a brand spanking new two-tone grey Anglia. We were led out of Liverpool and on to the Main A6 north and we made our way from there north to Elderslie. In those days there was only one short stretch of the M6 Motorway in operation, the Lancaster By-pass, but it did give us some idea of the future of road transport.

We arrived at Bothkenny without mishap, although in those days new engines had to be carefully run-in, so the trip from Liverpool was comparatively lengthy. Joyce was introduced to her in-laws to be, and my mum gave her a big hug and a kiss. Much to my relief and pleasure Joyce and my folks seemed to hit it off immediately. Of course Joyce had to be introduced to the whole family. My Grandparents Pender had died three and five years previously in No7 Broomlands, both in their 88th year, of cerebral thrombosis, but there were still plenty of aunts, uncles, and cousins in front of whom to be paraded. For a week or so Joyce was shown round the country, but soon she received a letter from her Mummy in Brighton with the news that Mummy had been in a car accident and had her leg encased in plaster which made it very difficult for her to get around. So we packed up the Anglia and made the long journey down to Southwick just west of Brighton, so that Joyce could take over the housework from her Mummy

The bungalow in Rectory Road had only two bedrooms so I was bedded out with friends round the corner. We had decided to get married on the 1st of October some six weeks in the future.

All I needed for the wedding was a new dark grey suit from Dunn’s & Co in Brighton so I was soon fitted, but Joyce had to be kitted out with the full regalia plus Going-away outfit, which of course I wasn't allowed to see. We had to go round to the local church of the parish of "Kingston Buci" and have a chat with the vicar, the Reverend Thomas Glaisyer. Among other things he asked what hymns we wanted it the service. This made life a bit difficult for me as I only knew the 23rd Psalm and he suggested perhaps that wouldn't be quite appropriate. However he and Joyce managed to sort something out between them to their mutual satisfaction.

We arranged to have the reception at a little pub-cum-restaurant whose name escapes me but I could, I think, take you there if necessary.

Joyce's sister Penny was her Matron of Honour and my brother Iain was my best man. Joyce's Mummy & Daddy and a fair number of Joyce's family and friends were at the wedding and from my side were my Mum & Dad and Aunt Elsie, Iain and Peggy and Judith and John Marchant_

On the morning of the great day the rain was lashing down. I went and picked Mum & Dad and Aunt Elsie from their boarding house and showed them round the Brighton area though there wasn't a lot to see through the mirk and steamed-up windscreen, still we managed to pass the time somehow till it was time to go to the church. Just before H-hour the rain stopped and the sun broke through. It stayed dry and bright through till after the wedding photos were taken outside the church, then I believe (I am not too clear on the details of that day) the rain didn't start again till we were all back in the cars on the way to the reception.

My Mum was very taken with the old vicar and the way he conducted the service and especially when he took off his stole, tied it round both our clasped right hands whilst intoning "Whom God hath Joined, let no man put asunder". My Mum thought that really dramatic.

Some time into the reception Iain drove us back to Rectory Road where we changed into our going-away clothes and then went back to the reception to "go away" properly. Somebody had poured a box-full of confetti into the air intake of the heater fan so we had a fair amount of that blowing about the car as we drove away. In fact we had bits of that confetti in the car almost up till we finally traded it in for a dark-green Cortina some five years later.

We had arranged to spend our honeymoon touring slowly up the country as we didn't at that time know where I would be working after our Aden leave was over. We spent the first night of our

married life in a small hotel in Arundel just a few miles up the road.

The next morning we went down to breakfast to find that the dining room was empty, apart from the waiting staff, there was no one around. We couldn't understand where everyone was, as according to my watch it was just normal breakfast time. Anyway we had a leisurely breakfast and it was more than an hour later that the other guests started to come down to breakfast. Then it dawned on us; British Summer Time had ended that night and we innocent newly-weds had got up an hour early! On our wedding night too! Well we could hardly go back to bed so we packed up the Anglia, paid our bill and set off into the wilds of southern England. I can't give you many details of the tour though I do know we spent the next night in Marlborough and the one after in Salisbury. I haven't many memories of those places; my mind must have been on other things at the time. We went from Salisbury right through Wales to Aberystwyth where we stayed for a couple of days at the seaside.

Then on to Llandudno where again we spent two nights. It was there we went to the pictures and saw "Psycho", a good picture for a cuddle! From there we went on through the Mersey tunnel and up to Southport where we bought ourselves a picture to celebrate having stayed together for a whole week. We saw a picture of a little donkey and said if it's no more than thirty bob (£1.50) we'd have it. We went in to the shop and asked about the picture in the window. I must have made some comment to the effect that if it wasn't more than thirty shillings we would like to buy it. The man behind the counter looked quite shocked and said "But sir, that's a genuine Wila!" Well we thought if it's a genuine Wila (whatever that was) we'd buy it for ourselves and shelled out three pounds and hang the expense!

After Southport we intended to spend some time in the Lake District but by the time we got there it was really chucking it down so we just kept going up the A6 to Elderslie.

At Bothkenny a letter was waiting for me with an invite for me to go down to Sunbury to interview the manager of the newly formed Chemicals division there. I was asked if I would like to join the division and help design some of the pilot plant that was going to be built there. The job seemed quite interesting and I agreed to give it. a go. So I went back to Bothkenny and we used up the last of our leave.

We drove down to Sunbury on the due date and the Sunbury admin people put us up in a guesthouse in Shepperton. The only thing to be said about that place was that we were given boiled ox heart three nights a week, brought in to the dining room by a little old waitress who would stand beside your chair while you were finishing your soup, saying in a very affected voice: "Ae won't take it beck 'cos it's boilin' red 'ot". It's a saying Joyce and I have used till this day!

Within a month we had moved into a flat in a large converted manor house, 203 Charlton Road. It consisted of a living room, bedroom, bathroom, with separate WC and a kitchen that was so small that you couldn't walk in if the oven door was hinged down. Still the flat did have its own front door with Yale lock so we were "alone at last" and married life had started in earnest

Book Seven

Chapter One - Joyce and Burnett

We were in the flat in Shepperton for a little over a year. That first Christmas we spent with Mum and Dad Rodgers in Southwick. The one memorable part of that Christmas was the turkey. Mum Rodgers had ordered a fresh turkey and when it arrived on Christmas Eve it was put straight into the fridge. On Christmas morning it was brought out to the realisation that it was in fact frozen and should have been left out in the kitchen to defrost at room temperature! I was told that cooking a frozen bird was just not on and of course microwave ovens for defrosting were some twenty-five years in the future. Mum Rodgers at that point gave up and went off to have morning coffee with her friends, leaving Joyce to solve the problem. I cant remember which of us had the bright idea of filling a hot bath and putting the turkey in it, but with much hilarity we did just that.

Turkeys must be very good swimmers because the blessed thing floated high in the water and we had the devil's own job trying to hold it under the surface. Dad Rodgers and I were nearly in hysterics the whole while but eventually the bird's flesh seemed to be soft and pliable so it was brought out of the bath patted dry and transferred to the kitchen where Joyce got on with the preparation of the dinner. I don't think E-coli could have been invented in those days because we thoroughly enjoyed our 1960 Christmas dinner and felt no ill after-effects whatsoever.

Come the Spring of 1961 we started house hunting. House prices in the Shepperton-Sunbury area were a bit out of our range, so we had to start looking farther afield. The estate agents Gale & Power gave us information on a new estate being built in Crowthorne in Berkshire by a small firm Brocarston Ltd. Messrs BROwn, CARgill, and BeeSTON, were just setting up in business on their own so they were intent on building good solid standard houses. We went out to Crowthorne one Saturday morning, had a good look round and determined to put a deposit on a "Wokingham" three-bedroomed house with garage to be built on plot number 51 on the Leacroft estate. The plot size was 45 feet by 115 feet. The price was quoted as £3995 to include £55 legal fees and choice of wallpaper and kitchen floor tiles. Choice of kitchen cupboards was, I believe, an optional extra and after much exploring round the shops we chose Wrighton Californian: At that time pretty snazzy if we did say so.

At the time of ordering the house, the estate where our house was to be built was just a green field so for the rest of that year we made constant journeys out to Crowthorne to inspect the erection of our new house. The initial completion date was some time in the Autumn but as time went on it became clear that that date was very optimistic and it was not until the middle of December that we finally took possession of No. 15 Leacroft.

However, that long wait gave us ample time to look for the furniture for our new house. We went from Heelas in Reading to Bentall's in Kingston and all points between looking for the right furniture but it was at The Ideal Home Exhibition in Olympia (or was it Earl's Court?) that we finally found what we wanted or could afford. It must have been good stuff because we still, 40 years later, have most of that furniture in the house, though the three piece suite has been re-covered three times which I suppose indicates the quality of the frames. Actually, come to think of it, we ordered the dining furniture and the bedroom suite from a small shop in Lambs Conduit Street in London that had been recommended to us by the BP stores people in Sunbury who could arrange a discount for us.

It was a poky little place with no showroom facilities but the man there suggested to us that we might like to go over to Tottenham Court Road and have a look round Maples and Heals. If we

made a note of anything that took our fancy, and go back to him with the information, he would order it up for us and give us the appropriate discount. The whole system was not perhaps completely ethical but money was a bit tight in 1961 and BP seemed to accept the situation so who were we to argue!

When we finally got our moving-in date we arranged a delivery day with the furniture people. I went out to Leacroft on that day to get the solid fuel central heating and the Esse Autovector stove in the living-room fired up. Having done that I had nothing else to do but wait for the furniture. Joyce of course meanwhile was giving the flat a good-old spring clean. I waited and waited and come about half-past six I called it a day. Goodness knows what had happened, and of course I had no access to a phone so there was nothing to do but go back to Charlton Road and report the lack of progress to Joyce.

The next day we went off to Leacroft again to get No. 15 cleaned up preparatory to getting the carpets down and the curtains up. What was our surprise when we looked in the garage to find that shortly after I had left the evening before, the furniture men had arrived and finding the house empty had filled the garage with our new furniture.

We managed throughout that day to get all the furniture into the house without too much difficulty. The only problem was the 5ft bed that we struggled to get up the stairs to the master bedroom. We very soon found that the gap between the first flight of stairs and the landing was not much more than 4ft 6in, there was no way we were going to get the bed up the stairs! Getting it back down to the hall we found that with a screwdriver it was possible to take out some screws and the bed could fold in two. Having folded the bed we found that it practically flew upstairs on its own with some judicious help from us. We managed to struggle upstairs with the Dunlopillo mattress and got it on the bed. Joyce then set to and got the sheets and blankets and pillows on the bed, so we were well set up at last in our new home.

That was our first Christmas in 15 Leacroft. The rest of the house still needed a lot done to it to get it acceptable to Joyce's scrutiny but we did manage to get the kitchen and livingroom spick and span in time for the festive season. (I like that 'we' bit it makes me feel that I did something towards the spit and polish).

Appendix One

Pastimes prior to Radio and Television

What did people do in olden times, before the wonders of Radio, Television, and Cinema (not to mention computers)? Well, there was always the Music Hall, and there were things called "Smokers" where a group of men usually from the bowling club, the golf club or perhaps from the Work or other close group of individuals would congregate in some local hall, light up their tobacco pipes and work up a good old fug. Individuals from the audience would get up on the stage peer through the mirk and sing their favourite song or recite a poem or monologue either of their own composition or from a more famous author. If it was a small company, everyone was expected to take part and do his bit, but if it was a large gathering only a select few with particular expertise were called upon to entertain the assemblage. No doubt if the organisers of the smoker had also had the forethought to obtain a liquor licence for the night, as the evening wore on there would be much cheering and maybe a bit of booing as the performers were appreciated or otherwise.

At home, what did they do? They didn't even have a Gramophone to while away the time. Many homes did have an upright piano in the parlour though few people would have had the spare cash for piano lessons so most folk would have had to make do with picking out the popular songs with the right forefinger whilst vamping with the left hand. Even reading didn't take up too much time when the only books which were in the house were the Bible, The Life of Christ, and Heroes of Britain and in a particularly literate family perhaps "Tales of a Grandfather" or maybe the Waverley novels. I cant think when the public libraries became popular but I believe there were such things as "penny libraries" which were run in the back shops in concert with other retail outlets, whether these commercial libraries pre- or post-dated the public libraries I don’t know.

The women were never without knitting needles or crochet hook in their hands, when they weren't plying the darning needle on their men's socks. The men all had cobbling tools to keep the family's feet well shod, in the winter that was. In the long summers the children of the house all went bare foot. My mother used to say that each year she could hardly wait to get out of her buttoned boots in the late spring and get the air between her toes. Bare feet were the uniform of the working class children right through until the first frost.

At least some of the men such as Robert Pender would fill their spare time, sitting at the kitchen table with a sheet of paper and a stub of pencil endeavouring to emulate their more famous Compatriot of a hundred years previously. If the stories are to be believed, hardly a kitchen table in Paisley was without its poet sitting at it churning out his immortal rhymes.

Then again, I suppose there was a lot more conversation in those days; Grandda Borthwick would always have a few of his cronies round for a crack, when they weren't down at the Wallace tavern for a "refreshment". Grandda, his brother Davie and Johnnie Notman were all in the Masons, but another brother-in-law Eddie Boyce who was a Catholic was not a member. Whether he was barred because of his religion or his Church didn't allow him to join I don’t know. However, nothing daunted, Eddie started up a secret society of his own, appointed himself Grand Master and invited his cronies to join his club. I still have Grandda's entrance certificate. I have this mental picture of the four of them sitting round the kitchen table, or perhaps in the village pub, preparing the certificate of The Right Royal Wallopers, each adding his own bit of humour. (vide infra).

There were also family get-togethers where Grandparents, parents, uncles, aunties and cousins would congregate in one or other of the homes for high tea. Each household would be expected to

invite the whole family at least once a year. Once everyone had had an adequate sufficiency at the tea table, or as old auntie Jessie would have said "huv' ye a' hud yer nyuchers!" (that is "have you all had enough?" Remember that in Scotland in those days "enough" was pronounced "enyuch"), the table was all cleared away, and the females shooshed the men and children through into the front room and got on with the washing-up, presumably catching up with the local gossip the while.

Once the tea things were all washed and dried and tidied away the women-folk would go through to the front room and join the rest of the family. The real entertainment of the evening would then start. Everyone had to sing or recite a poem. Most people in the family had their own song with which to regale the company, and it certainly wasn't done for someone to sing someone-else's song though joining in the chorus was encouraged.

Grandda Borthwick's song was "Auld Familiar Faces" which unti1 recently I always assumed was "Grandda's Song" i.e. that Grandda had written it and that was why he was the only one who was allowed to sing it! However in the recent past I have discovered that in a song album published at the end of the 19th century called "MacDermott's comic song album" (published by Hopwood & Crew), John J Stamford had written "Old Familiar Faces". I have not been able to lay my hands on a copy of this song book so I can't say for certain that it is the same song, but the odds seem fairly high.

My Mum's song was "The Wells O'Wearie", and Dad always sang "The Trumpeter" after Peter Dawson the Australian Baritone. The contributions of the rest of the grown-ups are lost in the mists of time. Of course the children were not let off this entertaining the assembled company and were expected to show off their latest poem that they had learnt in school. It was lucky for me that learning poems by heart was a recognised part of school lessons because I found it very embarrassing to stand up in public and recite, but since the poem was impressed in my mind I was just about able to thole the ordeal with something approaching equanimity.

There were also party games such as pass the parcel and hunt the ring where the company sat in a circle each with both hands on a single piece of string on which my Dad's ring was threaded and which was passed surreptitiously from hand to hand round the circle. The person who was "It" stood in the middle and had to guess who was holding the ring. It was just "Hide and Seek" but rather easier to play indoors.

Another game, which was always played in Grandma Pender's in Broomlands on Ne'erday was "Pelmanism". Each person was given a sheet of paper and a pencil. Aunt Elsie would bring in a tray with twenty or more assorted small items, show it round the circle and then take it out again. We then had to write down as many things as we could remember from the tray. Of course my Dad and Uncle Allan used to compete as to which one could remember the most outrageous items, from Ben Lomond, The Queen Mary, a double-decker bus. You name it, they remembered having seen it on the tray. There were prizes for who remembered the most. Of course since it was Aunt Elsie who was organising the game everyone finished up with a prize!

I've just thought of another game played with a rolled up paper as a baton. The person who was "it" was blind-folded and stood in the middle of the ring. He was turned round two or three times to disorient him and then, with the baton started poking round the ring. When he struck someone he said "Hokey" to which the 'pokee' had to answer in a disguised voice "Pokey". The poker then had to guess the identity of the pokee! Successful identification meant a change round of the blind-fold. I seem to recall that each member of the company always had their own 'disguised voice' so from gathering to gathering you could remember the deep voices and the squeaky voices. Still it was all good clean fun!

A story….

The following is a story told by Uncle Davie Borthwick or possibly Uncle George Kennedy to niece and nephews, the children of John Borthwick and Mary Kennedy, my mother's parents.....

One day the king was walking along the road when he came across two men sitting on the wall by the side of the highway.

The king, went up to the men, saying "Hail, my good fellows, can you tell me what day this is?" The men looked at each other, then at the king and both shook their heads.

At that point a woman came along the road towards the king. The king accosted her with the same question. "Excuse me, my good woman, can you tell me what day this is?"

The woman pondered for a moment, " Of course. My lord" says she, "today is Tuesday".

The king looked at the two men saying, "since you two didn't know what day this was, from now on you will be known as 'Both-thick'!" and to the woman the king said "from now on ,my good woman, thou shalt be called 'Kennaday'!"

I suppose it does help to know that in the early 1900's and before, the name 'Borthwick' was invariably pronounced 'Bothick', neither the 'R' nor the 'W' being pronounced. Hence also why the name of the family home, 57 Glenpatrick Road, was spelt 'Bothkenny'.