

**MANX HERITAGE FOUNDATION ORAL HISTORY PROJECT
ORAL HISTORY TRANSCRIPT**

‘TIME TO REMEMBER’

Interviewee: Captain Harry Kinley

Date of birth: 7th January 1908

Place of birth:

Interviewer: John Rimmington

Recorded by: John Rimmington

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Topic(s): Growing up on Barnee Moo Hill, Fistard
The Chasms and rowing boats in Perwick
The Perwick Hotel and the Clague family
Sugar Loaf Rock and Spanish Head
The Manx Fencibles
Fishing and the herrin’ [herring] boats
Chasms Café and Chicken’s Rock
Grounding of *The Lady Plymouth*
WWII and U-boats
Early school days and further education
Cregneash Village
Siblings and Christmas memories
The Spar Quarry
Sheep Hole cave, Perwick
Local characters
Childhood games

Captain Kinley - Capt K
John Rimmington - JR

Capt K ... Abbey Church, the one your mother and I have done a lot towards that church, believe me we really have, put it on the map as a matter of fact but however this was Vicar Clayton, he was a good chap was Vicar Clayton, he was here last weekend. Anyhow I lived in Colby, right opposite Belle Abbey Church, Belle Abbey Church, I lived in a house just a little before, just before you get to Belle Abbey Church from the Level and if you notice it's been done up lately, almost converted to a new house, it's the same.

JR Another one, yes.

Capt K So I lived there until I was three year old, oh then I shifted up then, my father built a house up at the top of Barnee Moo Hill – do you know where that is?

JR No.

Capt K Well it's Fistard, as you go through Port St. Mary you see, go up the back of Park Road and you come to the bottom of the Barnee Moo Hill, that's the proper name of it, Barnee Moo you go up that hill, and near to the top there's a row of houses on the right hand side and there's some back on the green. Well, the ones on the right hand side, this row of houses, it starts off with two large houses, four bed, four bed roomed houses, you see. One was built by a relation of my father's, a cousin of my fathers, Captain, Captain Andrew Kinley I think his name was, I'm not too sure about his Christian name but he was a Captain Kinley anyhow and he built the first house and my father built the second one, it was connected by little windows in the centre you see, they're two beautiful houses. And I stayed there until I was twenty when I got married you see, up there all the time, and we had a, I had, there was nine of the family of course by now three of them had gone to sea, and I was left with my four sisters and myself you see so that's how I was brought up with the ladies. And there was a, we had some fun, it was a happy place up there, it was a happy house too. Old Canon Leece who was a relation of my mothers, at Rushen, he was the Vicar of Rushen at that time, he used to come up to our house about once every, perhaps about six weeks or two months, you see and we, as children, we'd be round the dining-room table and we had to kneel down and pray you see, just for a short prayer. And my brother William, we used to call him Just William, he was a bit of a clip, he was a great [unclear], just pull his tongue out or something like that, of course we'd all start to titter you see, me sisters, and when Canon Leece had gone of course we'd all get a little clip on the ear

each.

JR Yes, quite right.

Capt K But it was a lovely place to live, up in Fistard Village and we lived out, we lived out ... more or less every day as children, out at the Chasms and round about there you see and eh ... when I look back, I go out there regular with the dog you see, and we loved out there, I was out to Carrick, Perwick, Calloway, Traie Vane, round to the Sugar Loaf, Bay Stacka Bay what not, right round to Spanish Head, that was our playground. And we'd go out there as children you see and Canon Leece or somebody would call and, 'Where's the children Elizabeth?' he'd say to my mother. 'Oh they're away out the Chasms or somewhere, they'll be all right,' and, 'you let them go out there on their own?' 'Oh yes, they're all right,' and when I look back and see the places where we used to climb I could shudder ... I tell you.

JR Children wouldn't be allowed there now.

Capt K Lots of other young people round about there, too, Athol Wilson and a few more of us lads that lived up round there. 'And how do they get out there, a bicycle?' 'No, no, they walk out there and walk back and they come home for dinner and tea.' 'Well,' said old Canon Leece, 'they must have a watch surely?' Anyhow as I say when I go out there now and look at the places we used to climb, down a place called the Miners' Ladder, that's just this side of the Sugar Loaf Rock, it's what, 380 feet, and crawl on little ledges, and turn and come back, it was a miracle and miraculous that we could do such things and me sisters with me and one or two pals and then we'd go home, home for dinner, out again in the afternoon, home for tea, that'd be it you see. And old Canon Leece, 'Well, have they got a watch?' 'Watch? Oh certainly not,' she'd say, 'their stomachs brings them home,' you see. This was life as it was then with me.

JR What year were you born?

Capt K I was born 1908.

JR Good heavens.

Capt K

January 6th, January 7th, 1908, and we had two rowing boats in Perwick, there was no motor boats those days, and be rowing right round to the Spanish Head and back. We used to do some good fishing, we'd have nets set in Perwick and long lines set out at Bay Stacka Bay, got plenty of fish, we used to really enjoy it. And me brother William and I we used to go out and one or two more, Atholl Wilson and Brian Wilson and a few of us and we'd go out in the boats if it was a stormy day, quite stormy, because there'd be a lot of sea coming in by Perwick and we'd pull it out you see up over there, you know, and down and turn it round and once we got like that with our jackets out and one fella Noah [unclear] how we managed because it could be a quite heavy sea and they'd be ringing up from the Perwick, ringing up the policeman you see, that we'd be drowning, we were just appearing on the crest of the sea, but we were perfectly safe. Anyhow Dugdale would come up, he was a good old chap, he was a policeman in those days and mother's out shaking the mat or something and, 'What are you doing now, John?' 'Oh, you may well ask where I am going Elizabeth,' he said, 'out after those *scillions* [sp ???] of yours,' he said, 'they'll be drowned yet.' 'Oh no they won't! Oh, come in and have a cup of tea,' and that was the end of it as far as Dugdale was concerned. And then the field was always there, would be full of corn or barley and we used to stook them, we used to help the farmers to stook them after it was cut you see, put them all in stooks you see. And we'd have a wonderful time in them stooks, we'd be having tea parties and things like that and the old farmer wouldn't mind because we'd put them back where we got them, you see and the fields would be full of corn and hay and what not and lie in the back there, one of the back bedrooms overlooking the fields and you'd hear the cornrake, all hours of the night in the summer time croaking away in there, that's all gone now. And out in, before you get out on the cliffs from Bay Stacka Head, what do you call it now, on the chart now it's Connick [sp ???] or something like that, from there to the Sugar Loaf Rock was all one mass of guillemots and puffins and razorbills on every ledge, there'd be literally thousands of them and you'd be along on the rowing boat and you'd just shout and they'd dive or something and you'd see them swimming under the water, crystal clear water and it was always a funny thing there would be about fifty razor bills or guillemots or puffins whatever they may be on the ledges looking out seawards and there was always one with its back to the sea going jabbering up and down like that, like a teacher, it was a wonderful sight that, you never see that now. And then there was a cave down there we used to go in one side and out the other, you know, have you ever done that? Just before you get to Sugar Loaf Rock?

JR No, most of my boating was on the Port Erin side.

Capt K Oh aye, well you go in this cave and it's deep water and there's mullet and all them kind of fish, there'll be other fish, and you come out this side of where the Sugar Loaf Rock is, it's like a big cathedral inside, we'd be in there and we'd start singing in there you see, so we'd have a mouth organ and altogether I think we had a wonderful childhood round there. Perwick then was a marvellous place, there was a big, a lovely hotel there, *The Perwick Hotel*, set back from the cliffs and then there's another small one, an outrider with a passage going down onto the lawn and that time it had a magnificent lawn and there was a bathing pool there supplied from the sea, with a pump, and tennis court and croquet and all that sort of thing, belonged to Thomas Clague, old Tommy, he had a beard, his son had a farm down in the village and a butcher's shop and he had two daughters, Winnie and Madge, like. Two lovely girls, we were very friendly with them, too, two lovely girls they were. And of course we had a liberty more or less to go down there and help ourselves to the croquet and whatever we wanted you see. And there'd be high nets, as high as this wall here, going right round so that the tennis balls wouldn't go down on the beach you see and we'd be down there all the time playing all day and the visitors of course, the few that were staying in the hotel, it was a beautiful place those days you see. And, but, now of course they've built, there's big flats up there just where the hotel used to be and it's, and the tennis lawn it's gorse and briar you see, I go down there most, well about twice a week, with the dog, he loves down there, you see, and that's all gone, but what a beautiful place it was, a wonderful setting but now this monstrosity, they've built all these flats up at the top, I don't how they stay there, because to me it's not a good place to build anything, it's right on the edge, because there's sloping rock underneath it. Port St. Mary breakwater right round to Perwick, right round to Glen Chass you see, because we know because we used to play there as children, because if you wanted to go down, all the trees, the fir trees they're dying off because they're hitting the rock on the slope, you see, however it's still a nice place. Well the road there, I know Thomas Clague, he built the road going down from the hotel right down onto the beach and the idea was for horses, for farmers going down to take the wrack off the beach, that's what they used those days, not this white powder that they put on today from ICI. They went down there and they got the wrack off the beach, oh it was, even this summer it has been about four or five foot deep, it's a fissure rock inside, most of its gone out now of course and they'd be carting this wrack up this

road you see. But at that time the law was they couldn't make it a private road you see, because Clagues, they were very generous people, the Clagues, the daughter's still living down in a place down in Douglas, in a nursing home down there, Winnie Clague, and Madge, yes, she was married, I just forget who she married, Madge, but she was older than us, but Winnie was our age. But when they built that road down it had to have, a horse couldn't go down on its own ... you see these big carts, big shires they were, beautiful horses, so they had to have a horse to drive it down, a driver you see, that made it a public road you see, at this time, going back to when I was a boy, and as far as I am concerned it's still a private road, and it's still an open sort of thing, 'cos I go up and down ad lib, although it says private at the bottom, private at the top, and even though with the lawn, and it's going to briar and gorse, I believe the Port St. Mary Commissioners put the private path on the beach up on it, you go along the edge and then there's steps going down and connecting up with the Glen Chass, the stream [unclear] coming down from Glen Chass, it's a beautiful stream but that's gone, been taken away. Whether it's the people that's lived in the flats objected or not, I don't know but I was talking to a chap going down one day and I said, 'I believe you own the lawn?' 'Oh yes,' he said. 'Well I don't know,' I said, 'you own the lawn and it's a damn disgrace!' It was a better place than it is today, in fact it's an eyesore, it's overtaken by gorse, briar, you see, the grass is about four or five foot long and I said, 'What will you do with it when you die?' – he didn't know! And it belongs to him, it had been a lovely garden, it was a beautiful place, there'd been a swimming pool, a beautiful swimming pool, a hut there like a Club, a Clubhouse there, you could play croquet and we children were allowed to play there by Mr Clague. Winnie was always with us you see in any case. And then there was another path just down on the beach between the rocks, but, but of course that's all gone now, two sides of it there yet, they were happy days when we were all children. And then there's Calloway [sp ???] beach, another beautiful place but it's difficult to get down there now because it's overgrown although there was a little place on the headland at Traie Vane, there again we used to go down as kids and I look when we go down and I shudder, we'd go down sliding on our backsides mostly, down on to that beach, nobody ever got hurt. But I remember one time, a friend of mine, he was an officer in the Steam Packet [Isle of Man Steam Packet Company], he was going down that same path I'm talking about one year and he fell and he broke his leg, and he had to climb up Traie Vane, up the broogh, you know going up the road to the top and at this time the postman's coming along and he had done the post you see

he had been up to Cregneash and come down and he heard someone shouting and it was this chap calling up to the roadside and of course he did the necessary and so forth you see. But that's the dangerous places they were we kids with the cliffs, and there was a mine down there, you know on where I call the north east corner of it and the ladder, it's still going down, you can see it under water, when we were kids, but it's probably gone now, I don't know, of course you want a boat to get round there now you see. But all round the Perwick, Traie Vane and then Calloway [sp ???] Head, it's a lovely place Calloway [sp ???] Head, and that joins up with Traie Vane, you see, another lovely creek. There's Castle Rock, a castle in the centre, that's why we used to call it Castle Rock, it's shaped just like a castle ... [unclear] then you go round then to Kione y Ghoggan Head and then further along, as I tell you we used to get the gulls and seagulls, puffins and razor bills you see until you get to the Sugar Loaf Rock, and then Bay Stacka Bay, that's a lovely looking place and the far end the stream comes down, Spanish Head, that's another lovely place too and Spanish Head, you're right out to Spanish Head. Seldom we'd walk into the Sound, but not very often, that was out of our locality that, that was foreign country to us you see.

JR Can you remember the ... on Spanish Head, the buildings?

Capt K Oh yes, when you went out, the lighthouse keepers, now the Hyslops, there's the Hyslops were the lighthouse keepers out there most of the time, and the McLeods you see and they've got a place in Port St. Mary it's still there where they lived when they were ashore. But on a Sunday morning Mrs Hyslop and her four or five boys ... [unclear] they used to walk past our house, we lived by now as I say at *Ellerslie*, a house up on top of the [unclear] hill, and she went past every morning all dressed up you know going up to signal to their father, you know, flag waving,

JR Semaphore?

Capt K Semaphore, yes, which is gone now of course, and they got up every Sunday morning just to semaphore to their father, you see, he would be semaphoring back.

JR Was that the platform just at the edge of the Chasms?

Capt K Yes there was a platform there then, that was what the platform was for, for the lighthouse keepers to stand up and signal and for the boys, you see, the Hyslop boys, they're still alive, there's one still living in Castletown, one of the Hyslops, and there's one away I think, I just forget now, but I know it was a big family but there's only one living now in Port St. Mary that I know of.

JR You know, right out on the headland, on Spanish Head, these people have been trying to do some research on it, apparently there was ...

Capt K There was a hut there.

JR ... a coastguard station?

Capt K That's right, there was, the Manx Hencibles [Fencibles?], they were a type of policeman one time during the war. They had a place up there, I'll tell you where it is today, belonged to Tom Kelly eventually, and this young Kelly, the only one left of the family now, he brought that hut from there to the top of Cregneash where the repeater station is there, between the hedge and the shed and you'll see an old, it there it was galvanised, that's still there, it was taken from Spanish Head and it's still there to this day, it's not using, it's actually falling to bits, to pieces now of course.

JR Do you know, we're trying to find out when exactly that was up there, now we know it was up in the war years?

Capt K It was up in the First World War and it was up there for some time after because I had a brother John, he married Miss Kelly, one of the Kelly's that owned, old Harry Kelly's grand-daughter, and he used to farm up there you see, old Kelly, you've heard of the chap? ...

JR Yes.

Capt K ... the Manx chap that speaks Manx, well he, my brother married one of the daughters, or his grand-daughter. We were up there quite a lot, and he used to plough the fields up there and a lovely summer day, he'd be ploughing the fields and keeping it in order and at 4 o'clock *The Lady of Mann*, *The Ben my Chree* would be leaving, you could hear the whistles up there, you'd hear the two boats blowing their whistles at 4 o'clock you see and it was, it is still is a

beautiful place up there, Cregneash, no doubt about it, I'd have loved to have lived in Cregneash. But we lived in Fistard Village, as I say, I lived there until I got married, that's a lovely place too. Perwick was a lovely place. There was up to eleven rowing boats in the Perwick in my time and now quite a lot of it has washed away with the sea encroaching. I was, these latter years, now, for instance where we used to fish up the inner rock and the outer rock and the Shag Rock, and the Ha'penny, we used to fish up there, you couldn't now, 'cos I reckon there's at least four foot, about, between 2ft 6 and 3ft more water in Perwick Bay than there used to be, and throughout, right round the Island.

JR Right.

Capt K I used to, well as far as I can make out between three and four foot more water because it's taken, where we used to put the boats up on the beach in Perwick and they'd be there all the winter then the spring time we used to take them and do them up you know, ready for sea again in the summer time, that's, half of that has gone, it's now, it's taken up above high water mark. High water mark would be another, oh eighteen feet further down that what it is today. I've noticed, over the years I've measured it so I reckon it's, there could be two foot six or even three foot more water in the Isle of Man round the coast than what there used to be when we were children, you see. A storm, I was out there each winter there, with the dog, there's lots of the rocks now we used to fish off all states of the tide, now you couldn't look at them, they're submerged practically, the Shag Rock on the east end of that bay, there's only three little spots showing above at high water at spring tide. Now the inner rock where we used to fish they're all awash every one of them and the Gull Rock and Ha'penny in Traie Vane bay, two little ends, that's all. There's more water in Perwick Bay and the whole of the Isle of Man than what used to be when we were little and the whole of the Irish Sea if it comes to that, you see, naturally all of them you see. And they talk about the herring season, well in my time I done half a season as a cook in the herrin' boats, and me mother wouldn't let me go full season, but old Johnny Ben Ronan, he had a *Zephyr*, he called one day, 'Oh let the young fella come,' because I wanted to go you see, because I'd done half a season in the *Zephyr* you see, it was a good start in the sea like, believe you me it was. You were down in a little cubbyhole where you haul the nets in and you put this line through the little hole in the deck and the water would be running down your sleeves and after that you had to go and get a big frying pan and fry about twenty herring at a time. But anyhow that was a good

life. Did you see them, that herring fleet that we had? I'd be out there when I was a boy, out on the lower road on the way out to the Chasms, you go up to Glen Chass right up the lower road, and carry on out you see the Sugar Loaf just down the road, and the mushrooms out there, you see. I'd take a basket, I'd fill it full of beautiful mushrooms in no time, minutes, and bring them home, walking of course down, walking up, up about 6 o'clock in the morning and walking fast, I'd sell them to a greengrocer there, he'd give me 6d a pound for them and he'd sell them for half a crown a box. Yes, it would be lovely out there in the morning in the summer time, picking mushrooms, it was a beautiful place, beautiful fine hot weather and the big luggers would be coming in and the smaller fishing boats and the Scottish drifters and very often the Scottish drifters would hook a couple of fishing boats on and tow them in with them you see, as they were coming in. It was a great, a great relation between the Scotch fishermen and the Manx fishermen, they worked beautifully together and you'd see these boats coming in with the gulls following, you know. And there was one big lugger there belonging to a Cowley, up the Cronk he lived, big sails it had, and in the morning you'd hear the big sails flapping all the time, and you'd hear it coming a mile off. But you see they'd get in this harbour then and we'd be down there as lads and all you wanted was a piece of string, and there was always one drifter where a basket of herrin', a basketful of herrin' for us children, we'd do messages for them, you see, when they'd be working, and a whole basketful of herring, beautiful herrin' for us children to line up, all you wanted was a piece of string, and you'd go home laden with herring, beautiful fresh herring, my word what a time it was then. And then they'd do what they wanted to do and go out to anchor in the bay, have a sleep and the next night be out, and the Sunday they'd put their nets, at that time, from where the, from where now is the end of Port St. Mary High Street down to Atholl Street, where that finished, there's nothing from there right round The Point, right round to Lime Street, only iron rails, simple iron rails going round, and Mount, they built Mount Tabor, that was one of the first and it's still there and I believe I regret to say this I think it's going to close down, lack of people attending it. It's a great pity, it's a magnificent building that, it's well worth going inside to have a look. There was a carpenter with me called Collister, Eddie Collister, lived down the Smelt, his father was skipper of the old *Try Connel* [sp ???]. Well now, he worked there as an apprentice and he said there wasn't a nail in the flooring or anything, it was all screws, the whole building, it's well worth going in to have a look at the ceiling, it's magnificent and that beautiful church is going to close

down, let's hope to God it doesn't but that's the rumour up to now anyhow. Now when the Manx fishermen, when they go down to Kinsale, my father was, he was skipper of a fishing boat then when he went to sea, coasting, and the last thing he'd see leaving the Isle of Man would be Mount Tabor, that chapel, and the first thing they'd pick up coming back would be Mount Tabor, it's got a great history as far as that's concerned and the Manxmen and the fishermen they loved that old church it was a mark to them, a mark leaving home and a mark coming to home. But, so as I say, it's nothing less than tragic, tragic if it's to close down and there was no houses down there then, there was one row when you come, on the right hand side, as you go down to The Point on the right hand side, they're still there, there's far more now of course, they go right down the front, but the whole of the Isle of Man is just ruined. But that's all then there'd be nothing only these iron railings right round to Lime Street, and the fishermen on a Saturday they'd be out there with their little concertinas, on a Sunday evening singing hymns and the fisher girls with their ganseys on dancing or singing hymns. If you'd, and all the people would join them, us kids we used to join them you see, singing our little heads off, singing hymns and what not and what a sight that was, to see them fisher girls down there in their jerseys and what not, singing and dancing on a Sunday evening, singing particular. And this is, the gutter girls they used to call them, they used to go in the fishing room. And there'd be big wooden troughs, oh about the length of this room, one end to the other, about that wide, to the window, full of herring, and these gutter girls they'd be gutting them, throwing herrin' over their shoulder and they'd land in the barrels behind them, never seen one missing yet, that's what they'd be doing, they'd be going like that and bandages and what on their fingers, and talking and jabbering away there, oh there'd be about fifty of them there gutting away and there'd be a stack of barrels like a mountain going down, there on the breakwater, the end of the breakwater, one mass of barrels, you see, these big wooden troughs where they'd be gutting the herrin' and the evening they'd be all washed and hosed and cleaned out ready for the next day, it was a wonderful sight.

JR Can you remember much about the *Chasms Café*?

Capt K Oh, in my time there was a café up there then, there was a stone built, it's still there now, you see, at the Chasms, and my twin sister she worked in that for years, in that café. and they used to get their water in a field it was built in, as

you come down from the hill you see at the bottom there's a road goes away to the south and in the corner, oh about twenty yards from the bottom of that hill there's a well, there's a spring, beautiful water it was now, it was really beautiful and that's where they used to get their water, for making tea and whatnot you see and my sister, she'd cart it down in buckets from the well, down to the place herself and Watterson was down there, and the Kelly's had it then, Ella Kelly and Tom, she married a chap, what was his name now? A tall chap, very nice fella, he was a tailor by trade ... was his name Watterson? Ella was the eldest and I think she did marry him.

JR The last family to take it over, that had it was the Geldows [sp ???].

Capt K The who?

JR The Geldows [sp ???].

Capt K Who lived at *Chasm House*?

JR Before it closed.

Capt K Was it? Yes. Oh aye. I'll tell you a funny thing about that if you'll see the roof of it, you know the roof, the Lady, oh what's the name, she went, *The Lady Plymouth*, well she went ashore right below the *Chasm House* and she'd a load of iron ore and they discharged the iron ore over the side you see and now, even now the lightning will strike, it's struck the *Chasm House* several times and it goes right, it hits that iron ore and it hits the roof of the *Chasm House*, not so much now because in latter years we haven't had so much thunder or lightning, but that's what happened, they dumped the iron ore over the side, this was to lift her off, and they towed her round to Port St. Mary breakwater, she was a fine big ship, and she lay there until she went to Cammell Lairds, Birkenhead and there was, they were taking the funnel off her in Cammell Lairds and there was one man killed, he was a Manxman, you see, and she's *The Lady Plymouth*, and she came round from, they got her off, the tug boats got her off, and big Paul Kelly, used to live down the underway, he had these big rowing boats, you know, and he was the pilot to take her round until she got behind the breakwater and then a certain gentleman, with gold braid, took over then, he was the Harbour Master really, he took over then and put her ashore. There was a reef behind Port St. Mary breakwater and she stuck on that

reef you see. Paul was all right with her bringing her round from where she was, and he would have taken her in safely, but he was, this chap he was, he had a bit of gold braid of course and he would finish it off, well he did finish it off and she stuck on the rock, you see, yes. They were wonderful people in those days you know when you look, go back, there was no machinery those days for sawing wood or anything like that and they brought a sailing vessel in the little harbour there just down, as you go down the underway there was a little harbour there, they brought her in there, a three mast schooner, or was she a two master, I'm not too sure, I've forgotten her name now and they sawed, cut her in two, they cut her in two and pulled her apart and lengthened her, lengthened her and made her, and joined her all up, ready for sea again, she was perfect, and, but unfortunately the night they were taking the chocks off, to launch the next day, there was a chap from the Four Roads I think it was, he was a carpenter I think, and she slipped and caught him, killed him. I remember old Canon Leece coming down and giving the Last Rites, Canon Leece coming down then, giving the Last Rites, oh I remember that as if it was only yesterday. I can remember that and when I am telling you, as if it happened only yesterday and yet you ask me what I've done yesterday or the day before, I couldn't tell you, I've forgotten, but I can remember those things vividly, you see.

JR Was the café running when you were a child?

Capt K The café as a café was running for years, while I was up there, because my sister, my twin sister she worked there helping them out, Ella Kelly and Dick, Dick Watson, Ella and Dick they had it and my sister worked with them every summer and they used to have a lovely time up there too. And Dick would be out you know with the teapot, taking the teapot and people looking for the Chasm and he'd show them where the Chasm was, I think it was thruppence each I think they charged then.

JR To walk into the Chasms?

Capt K To walk into the Chasms, but it is very dangerous now, I'll tell you how I know. I have a twin sister, she is Mrs Studdam [sp ???], she was married to Captain, the late Captain Studdam [sp ???], he was killed, oh, he was with the Cunard Line I think he worked for, a fine chap he was too and she worked up there for years with Ella and Dick, and they had quite a happy time and all the

water came from the well I was telling you about at the bottom of that hill as you come down, as you come down that hill you turn left at the bottom and you go round about fifty or a hundred yards you'll see this. Well of course there's all, the sheep have it ruined now, it's all mud and splashing down, you see, although my dog still takes the water out of it.

JR It could be dug out again?

Capt K Pardon?

JR It could be dug out?

Capt K Oh aye, it could be, but the hedge is not ... now, I'll tell you another thing now, when I was a kid going out round there, which, I practically lived out there, all the hedges, which to me they're Roman built, they're wide, as you go along the road from Denchards [sp ???], the lower road going out, a lovely walk out there, all those hedges, you'll see them going right down to the cliff edge and there wouldn't be a stone out of place in my time, now Joe Preston and a few fellas that farmed out there then, if they had a [unclear], if a sheep knocked a stone down it was put back right away or perhaps at the end of the lambing season anyhow, you see, and there wasn't a stone out of place but by jove now it's just piles of stone now, that's all it is now, you see, it's, and of course once those big hedges they were thick, once they would fall away they'd take a lot of doing up again you see and it's a very expensive job too. But it was, you could run on top of the hedges right down to the edge of the cliff, on top of them hedges, it was flat, it'd be about that wide, about that wide easy, all the way down and that's all broken up there's only piles of stone mostly now, you see. But it was beautiful up round there, it is yet, beautiful up round that lower road out there, you go up there, you can go up to the Chasms, but it's quite steep going up to the Chasms from there but you can, it can be done, there is a road going up you see, but I don't know, I don't know as I say when I look at places I used to go, I could shudder, even the dog, he won't go near it, he senses it's too steep for him. We'd go down, we climbed the Sugar Loaf, a fella called Atholl Wilson and I, and there was Trevor Wilson and Vernon Wilson. Vernon was a test pilot in, some people that made planes, they had a lot in the First World War and he used to, he was testing one plane one day and it nose-dived and that was it and then there was Atholl [unclear], he married a girl in Douglas and went to Port St. Mary, to Douglas to live, but we

all ... we had two boats down there, well we'd three really, we had two, my father bought them from Ireland, two lovely little boats they were too, and there'd be about eleven boats, lifeboats down there, because you had, rowing boats rather. Eric Cregeen and ... they had two and Captain James Kinley, who lived up Atholl Lodge, opposite Atholl Lodge in Fistard, they had one, a lovely thing she was, we had two. Faragher the farmer had one or two, there was one belonging to the lighthouse which, we used to call it the cement boat because they used to carry, cart cement out to it, out to the light house, the Chicken's Rock Lighthouse; that was, as far as eight, and there's two more yet, I forget who they belonged to now – Dr Stitt, I just forget now anyhow, oh aye Josephs had one too, Josephs lived, Josephs was one side of Perwick, that flat roofed house building and Stitts was on the other side in amongst the trees, Mrs Stitt she was a lovely old person was Mrs Stitt, was a charming person, she was. And they reckoned the First World War, Joseph he was a German, he was a German, and he had three daughters, tall girls they were too, one had a yacht master's certificate and the other side was Stitt, well that was a German name originally too, Stitt, you see, so you kept an eye on Perwick during the war. My sister Isobel, who's taken ill now, Parkinsons she reckons what she was out early one morning, we all used to trample out, jump out of bed and out there in the summer time you see, kids, and mother and she said, 'They'll be back, their stomachs will bring them back for breakfast,' and they always did, and anyhow there was always an unease, an uneasiness about that because there was two of these, they weren't Manx, each side of us you see and people thought there was somebody's ... [unclear] came up you see but there was a lot of chains just on the outside of Ha'penny Rock, that's on the east side of there and we used to get our lines caught on it and there was a pile of chains there, now whether it had anything to do with stuff or anything or not I wouldn't like to say but there was a rumour, a strong rumour about that time and I was a telegram boy one time when you went to Josephs with a telegram you'd press and rang a bell, I was allowed as a lad to come in with the telegram but they was particular who they let in but I was a kid you see. But a happy life then right all round there, everybody seemed to be happy, so selfishness like what goes on today, trouble, rows, all this sex business whatnot. That never entered our heads, we were happy children playing and there was – I'd quite a funny affair of a crowd in the Boys' School in Port St. Mary. Now the Boys' School was once in the *Manxonia* shop, it's still on the corner there as you go in to the Promenade, you go up High Street and turn up right to the Promenade in Port St. Mary you see, on the corner, and Miss

McNeill had the milliner's shop opposite on the other corner on the Promenade. Well in that school there was a photograph of us, in the Boys' School, and there was four master mariners came out of that picture, four of us you see. Then we went to the High School and the four of us went to what was commonly called the Tin Tab, it had a tin, had a galvanised roof on it, if it was hailstones you couldn't hear yourself speak in it But it was a damn good school, a fella called Mr McQuarrie, he was the headmaster. He had a guttural, he talked like a bit of a guttural soldier, I think he was gassed in the First World War, but he was a good teacher, and Miss Fisher, she was a very nice person, she would have her arms folded like that, 'Harry, come out and sing 'Sweet and Low,' and all the Looneys and all the Callister [sp ???] boys would come out and sing, it was lovely that, but it was discipline, by jove aye, it was discipline. And we had a carpenters' shop there, that's what I liked the carpenters' shop, and a fella called Frank Cannell that lived up in Bradda, he was there, he was the foreman at McArd's afterwards, an excellent joiner was Frank and the different fellas of Cregneash and the Howe, we all went to that school. We all had to pass an exam to go in, to take, it was a proper high school and it helped young fellas going to sea because we did geography, and one was geometry. Now geometry is the basics of navigation, you see, it done Stanley Maddrell, Danny Maddrell, myself, Tommy Watterson, Bill Watterson, the Wattersons ... we were all skippers, all master mariners, we all went to that school, went to the Tin Tab, you see, we didn't get the education you've got today, not by any means, but you started off with the fishing boats like I did, the *Zephyr*, we all started off on fishing boats and worked our way up. It was hard going and you had to stay at college out at Liverpool and whatnot before you could come up for a second mate's or mate's or a master's ticket, it was hard going. There's not what they get today, education money, there was none of that, everything you had to save for, to save damn hard for it too and we all come through first time because you had no second chance, you couldn't afford it you see, you had to go to Liverpool to the college in Liverpool for it and we all made it, the whole lot of us. I had this photograph of us all in this school in Port St. Mary, and out of that one, I think it was four or five master mariners, I just forget now, have I left one, and that's the schooling we had. This high school it was a good, a damn good school, we only had about two years there at the most you see, after we left the Boys' School and I remember we went away ... I remember going into the Boys' School when I was a kid with me sister Isabel, took me by the hand you see, and Miss Stansfield was the head teacher and Iris Bell was a teacher and Mr

Corlett from, lived up at Truggan, he was the second master, Jackie Place [sp ???] was the head master you see and you got the cane, the cane was used, well I never got it but my brother Willie did, a couple of times, but it was, and I remember breaking up, breaking up for the summer holidays or Christmas, I don't remember which it was now, Mr Place [sp ???] had come out with a big brown bag under his arm like that, blowed the whistle and we'd all, and he'd got these monkey nuts and we all, it was like feeding hens that was our treat for the year you see, monkey nuts, you see, and that was, the survival of the fittest. But we were all happy in those days, there was no fighting going on and girls, girls meant nothing to us when we were kids, or young men even you see. We used to live a good, clean and honest life, you know and a happy life, you see. Like when you left school you went to work, I went to a grocer's shop to work and I went in the, as a telegram boy and things like that, we went to school. I started off really, you see mother thought now, cars were only just coming in, there was only about two cars in Port St. Mary at that time, two or three at the most and those were the English chap who used to take the luggage to the station, he had a little flat tray you see and we used to give him a push up the Barnee Moo Hill and for that he'd give us a ride to *The Perwick Hotel* and back you see and what, we, what was I going to tell you now about that now? So that's all the sport that there is today and the recreation that they've got today, we had nothing then, you made our own sport you see, and you were quite happy in doing it.

JR You'd do a darn sight more walking as well.

Capt K Oh, dang, I – we walked there and back, we thought nothing of, well we had to walk to school, the school was, you know that school up on the Four... that children's school, well just down below that, about a couple of hundred feet was the Tin Tab, the Southern Higher Education School, half eaten sausages they used to call it, and our uniform was gold and yellow, aye, gold and black uniform. But anyway what was I going to say about that, we'd have to walk, we'd walk there for school at 9 o'clock, we'd go home for dinner at twelve and back again for half past one and then home for tea and never missed a day, hail, rain, blow or snow and that's what we never missed a day. All the schools would be the same.

JR Did you ever go up much onto Mull Hill at all or that sort of way?

Capt K Well, Mull Hill was out of our latitudes, out of our latitudes that, we were up round about there right enough but my word the crowds that would go to Cregneash, I had an old ... I had relations up at Cregneash, old Jane, what did they call her name now, old Jane, a great aunt of mine, she lived at Glen Chass in a little thatched cottage, I remember going in that cottage and she had a big dressing table in it, one mass of this blue crockery, what is it, it had a special name to it.

JR Not Wedgewood?

Capt K A type of Wedgewood but that wasn't it, there was another name to it – with a Chinese chasing a daughter over a bridge, something, I forget it, oh it was famous and she had a whole set on this sideboard, oh I remember that and I was only a kid, she was a nice old dame she was too. And she had, the door was all cut in half and the top half would always be open you see. Jane Nelson her name was, my name's Nelson too, Jane Nelson, a nice old soul she was.

JR I'm trying to pick out, on the hill there they had the Spar Quarry.

Capt K Oh yes that's right, my brother John worked in that quarry, the Spar Quarry, he used to put, to set the dynamite off and what not, you see, and we kept the dynamite, we had access to the powder, the gunpowder. You used to get a key, a big door key, it would be hollow inside you see, and a nail about a four, six inch nail and ...

End of side 1

JR Can you remember any time, when it started operating?

Capt K No, well I think it started up when I was a boy, now that's a date, you'd have to work out that date, when I was a boy, I'd be about oh eight or nine, it was started about that time, I think Tom Caine [sp ???] the draper had something to do with it, I remember John working there.

JR He did, he had the lease, he had the lease for the whole of the hill.

Capt K Aye, that's right, yes, well he, he started, that's me brother John went there when he came ashore, the worst thing he ever done was to come ashore, Tom

Kelly's daughter, he was courting her and she didn't want him to go to sea and he loved the sea, he was a damn fine seaman he was too, he'd gone ashore to college, no trouble, but she dragged him ashore and he was up ploughing them fields up there and all he was ploughing was stones and what not, and she should have left, if he'd been at sea he'd have been alive for years afterwards, but he died a young man at, oh his late fifties, of cancer you see. And he loved the sea and he'd have been a fine ship master too, but she dragged him ashore, she wanted him ashore, however that's by the way. However Cregneash was a lovely village then, it is yet.

JR So you think it would have started just after the war?

Capt K After the First World War, that's right, it probably would be, you see. I remember you see, I had a brother, it's me half-brother, actually, Thomas Henry Karran Kinley his name was and he lived in Cregneash, his mother died shortly after he was born I think and he was brought up in Cregneash and he was sailing with Thomas, Captain James Kinley of Peel, which was a relation of ours, and his son was on deck, was me brother Tom, Tom Kinley, and he was, they were in this ship, an ocean going vessel she was, a fine vessel belonging to a London company, Captain James was the master and these two boys seamen, Thomas Henry and they were down the Bristol Channel and they were torpedoed and she was lost, the ship was lost you see, but he got out of that all right. Well then they joined another, the same company, a brand new one, and they put it in the centre of the convoy and she was going round the nor-west tip of France going down away south somewhere foreign and she was torpedoed and me brother Tom and Captain James Kinley, who was also a relation of me father, they were in the boat with a boatload of the crew and the skipper's son, James was up getting the lifeboat out, another dinghy out you see, laughing, joking, it was a lovely fine summer day, getting the dinghy out, and *pssh*, she blew up like that. And oh me brother Tom says to the skipper, 'Put me back, I'll give him a hand to get that dinghy out,' you see, so he put me brother Tom back and as soon as he got aboard, up on the boat deck, laughing and joking to get this dinghy out, *pssh*, she blew up and they weren't seen afterwards, just flattened everything you see, so he lost, the skipper lost a son and a nephew you see, the two Kinleys, Thomas Henry Karran Kinley his name was. And the next trip home he was going to come to *Ellerslie*, our house, we lived up at the top of Fistard, and get married from there you see, but of course he was killed, he didn't get home. And as I say then, Port St.

Mary then, of course they had a big fishing fleet there too, all masters, which were masters later on, all started on fishing boats. There was *The Faithful*, the [unclear], the [unclear], I used to know the names of them all, but what a happy time that would be down on the breakwater in the morning watching the fishing boats coming in and going home with a big string of herrin', it was a wonderful life, we had a wonderful life on the boats in those days, the children you know, but we'd nothing, no bicycles or anything like that. For Christmas you got a mouth organ, something like that, apples and oranges and so forth, but we were all happy and now even as teenagers there was no such thing as sex as there is going on today, there was nothing like that, it never seemed to enter our heads somehow you see. Not allowed to swear on Sunday in my house, you weren't allowed, no, we never had a Sunday newspaper – we weren't allowed a Sunday newspaper you see. So when I got married neither of my children had them, you know, I just brought it right through from when I was a young lad, we never had a Sunday newspaper.

JR Funnily enough I don't have one either, but that's because I've had enough news by the end of the week.

Capt K Aye, we used to have *Chips*, comic pictures, one was called *Chips* and the other was called *Sunbeam* or something, the old comics we used to get you see and we had a large family, I was brought up with four sisters you see and my twin, well she was my twin sister, she was, she and I were twins, she was married to a Captain Studdam [sp ???] of the Cunard Line, and her ashes are spread up on the Chasms, the Chasms. You go down to the little gate down at the bottom, and down there now, I was down there a few days ago I thought, well, I go down there quite often, and he was coming with me too, [the dog] and I go to this little spot and it's just down the road that her ashes were spread, and it dropped about oh, about eight feet, and I have a picture of it as it was before, and every time, and all the rest of the level and now that's gone down altogether, disappeared, and I think you should close that cliff because it is really getting very dangerous. I go out and every time I have a look at my sister's, where her ashes are scattered there and it's becoming quite dangerous. As a matter of fact I went down in a hole right down up to there, just a hole and there's nothing there just like there's something opening up There was other caves we used to go down, one big cave in particular we used to climb down it and it's more or less closed up now, you couldn't get down if you wanted to go down. You see it's been squeezing, a lot of it heading for the

beach you see.

JR It's moving, yes, it is, isn't it? To go back to this station out on Spanish Head again ...

Break in recording

JR To go back to the war again ...

Capt K Oh, I could tell you some funny yarns about the war.

JR Can you remember any, I mean there were a lot of U-boats?

Capt K Oh yes, my father now, he was chased from the Chicken's up to the Mull of Galloway by a sub [submarine], he was there, so they lit the two side lights you see, they were going without lights, and put them opposite way about and the submarine turned, disappeared, as if they were coming back after them you see, he used to often tell that yarn and he would laugh his head off, these good bright side lights you see and instead of putting the red light on the port side and the green light on the starboard, he put it the other way about as if she had turned round and coming back. Oh aye, I remember when *The Bessie* was lost, a schooner, a four-mast schooner, belonging to [unclear] I think she did, I'm not too sure about that, and she was all Manx manned by the Manx people anyhow and I think this Sydney Clark I mentioned earlier, I think he was on deck on her too, and she left Port St Mary one Sunday, a lovely Sunday morning and we came out of Sunday School and we hear this banging and guns going off and she was being shelled off the Chickens, she, they sunk her, the German sub came up and told them to get in their lifeboat and sunk her and there was another fella called Quirk, it was Helen Quirk, they lived in Port St. Mary, it was down by Turnbolls the butchers shop, or what used to be Turnbolls the butchers shop on the corner as you go up to Park Road, on Park Road, and Helen's brother or father was in this boat, I'm not too sure now, and she was called, she belonged to Dundrum, a three mast coaster, and she was shelled and sunk off Dundrum Bay after St. John's Point and the mate on her, a fella called Turnbull from down the Point somewhere, he says to this German Commander, 'You're not going to sink the poor man's ship are you?' he said. He sunk her all right, she was called *The Downshire* I think she was called, came out from Dundrum, she was sunk off there and *The Bessie* she

was sunk off [unclear] bay somewhere up there and we could hear the guns as we were coming out of Sunday School as a matter of fact and we all ran out that direction but they were all gone by that time, it was all over by the time we got up there.

JR I understand that was one of the reasons for the station out on Spanish Head, that was what it was used for, wasn't it?

Capt K That's right, that's right, a look out and then of course they, the light house keepers used it also for that and then when they left there the Manx Hencibles [Fencibles ?] I think they're called, Stephen Pridaux [sp ???] was one of them, old Stephen and Dan Lace, another grocer, they formed this group and they used to keep watch out there you see.

JR After the war?

Capt K During the war, yes during the war Dan Lace. The Manx Hencibles [Fencibles ?] or something they were called.

JR Right.

Capt K Yes, and they were out there quite a lot and they kept a watch out there you see and fine old men they were too, Stephen Pridaux [sp ???] yes, Stephen was another I think, Dan Lace, there were a few of them.

JR Would the name of Mr Pound, would that ring a bell?

Capt K Mr who?

JR Pound, from Castletown.

Capt K Pound?

JR Does that ring any bells?

Capt K Oh, Castletown's foreign to us.

JR He was meant to have been out there at some time.

Capt K Oh he probably would have, yes. It seems to ring a bell that name right enough, it does ring a bell, but I wouldn't know a name like that, but life was, well the whole Isle of Man was different altogether in those days than it is today, everybody seemed happier somehow, we had very little but we were always happy and there was no fighting and all this business going on like there is today. Now I have a nephew of mine, he's a policeman, you see, and he's stationed at Douglas at the moment and he said at eleven o'clock at night when these places are kicked out – it's hell let loose, it's hell let loose. And the abuse they get hurled at them you see and they can't hit them, you see, because some of them, some of them give them a rough time throwing them in the van and literally throwing them in but that's by the that when they're letting them out of these pubs and the ones at two o'clock in the morning, that should never have been allowed that you know, never been allowed at all and they can't touch them or abuse them in any way and they've got to take all the abuse that's given to them.

JR A couple of names here of people who were connected with the Spar Quarry, now we talked about John Kelly, or John Thomas Kelly.

Capt K John Thomas Kelly, that's right.

JR We know he was a director when they formed the company to run it and Thomas Brown, he used to live in Atholl Street, does that ring any bells?

Capt K Thomas Brown, Atholl Street, no, I'm afraid, oh Douglas, oh God that's foreign to us.

JR No, no Atholl Street in ...

Capt K Oh, Atholl Street in Port St. Mary, oh yes, yes, what was his name again, Brown?

JR Yes, Thomas Brown.

Capt K No I'm afraid I can't remember a Thomas Brown at all.

JR And Thomas Shrigley?

Capt K Shrigley?

JR *The Anchorage* in the High Street.

Capt K That rings a bell right enough, *The Anchorage*, now *The Anchorage*, where's that house?

JR Just about opposite the old bank isn't it?

Capt K The Isle of Man Bank or Martin's Bank, there's a bank right on the corner, Garrett was the banker there and then there was one on the left hand side going down the High Street, that was Mr Groves, he used to be at the bank, I used to go there to put my coppers in to the bank down there to Mr Groves, a fine chappie he was too and on the corner as you go up the back road used to be, well Park Road now, on that corner there's a fine big, a building there, it's still there, it's a beautiful building, granite, and then on the left hand side, Donald [unclear], he was a grocer's shop down towards Lime Street and Qualtrough had a wine and spirits shop. First of all as you go down to the harbour ...

Break in recording

Capt K ... but oh aye there's some, there's Frank McDonald, he used to go to St. Mary's Church, that's the church in Port St. Mary and Don Lacey, Stephen Pridaux [sp ???], Groves the biker and Jones the postmaster, they'd be in the choir, and us kids, we weren't allowed in the choir, and we had some good singers amongst us kids you know, it's all wrong that, you see they didn't want these young people in the choir, it's different today of course you see but they ruled it. But going back to the church, St. Mary's, Tom Kelly, the draper

Break in recording

Capt K What were we talking about there now?

JR I forget ... oh, the church.

Capt K ... well it was Essie Kelly, she was the organist, that's the same Kelly we are talking about, and Billy her son, her brother rather, we were, he used to blow the organ up, he used to blow it up you see and you know the clock at St.

Mary's, well it's below that you see a little door, well in there you had to go in, side on and all the cobwebs coming out and this big lever you see blows this big bellows like that and for the sermon we used to escape out to go play on the front and all of a sudden quiet, oh, sounds have stopped, and we'd come running up, blowing it up, blowing it up and of course Essie, of course, she played the organ, she was the organist and when she came to get, then when the sermon finished it was Amen, Amen *pffw* and you'd blow the top of the room off, little things like that you remember vividly and we got into trouble over that.

JR Do you remember any of the stories you know out on the coast there, well you know like the beast of the Black Head, the *Koine Dhoo*?

Capt K The black-out during the war?

JR No, the stories about, you know the old folk stories of ...

Capt K Oh the old people telling stories at night time by the fire and things like that?

JR Yes, well I know you know there's the story of Black Head and the beast of the cave?

Capt K Mmm ...

JR Can you remember that at all?

Capt K There was a cave at Perwick called the Sheep Hole. I understand they used to put the sheep in it to shear them you see, never in my time, I never seen sheep in it being sheared at all but it was I think it's still there but it's like most beaches it's filthy now, people have been picnicking you know and lighting fires in there, damn shame really, it used to be a lovely clean cave and birds used to nest inside and they couldn't dare nest in there now because of smoke fires, smoke from the fires and what not would chase them out forever. And then one time there was a couple of us we filled it full of gorse you see, put a match to it, went, but the gorse, the top caught fire too and the whole broogh went on fire, anyhow, funny about that now. I've forgotten what I was going to tell you now.

JR Was there a story to that cave, the Sheep Hole?

Capt K Aye, that Sheep Hole and they used, the sheep, in my time that's what, all they used it for was put the sheep in to shear them and when I look back it would have to be half ebb or half flood because they wouldn't get round there with the sheep you see but they did anyhow. Anyway this time we put a match to it and the whole broogh caught fire, oh god, what will we do now, so we ran. And you know the big mill at the Smelt, the Smelt, well a fella called Hudson, or Hodson, he had it as a woollen mill, he came over from Bradford and his son and I were great friends, they lived just up by, up upon Fistard Hill, you see, and it was him that was with me when we lit this gorse thing and it come up and set the broogh on fire and we ran like hell down to the Smelt, the mill at the Smelt, that old mill that's there, still there, well he had that as a woollen mill and he had it for some years too and we were in there and old Arthur, Arthur Hodson his name was, a Yorkshireman and his father he went, 'What are you lads doing down here, don't see you down here very often,' you know. 'Oh we've come to see the machinery,' you see, this was the young fellow's son. 'Eh, been up to more mischief have you?' 'Oh no, oh no, oh no, we've not been up to ...' Anyhow and when we thought it had sort of quietened down we went home and it was still smouldering you see, so me mother knew we'd been up to some mischief. 'Where have you been?' I said, 'We went down to see Mr Hudson down at the Smelt, down at the mill, down at Gansey there.' 'Well what did you do about dinner?' 'Oh he give us something, there was plenty of food down there, sandwiches and all sorts, bottle of lemonade, so we were all right,' and we walked down and walked home of course and it just faded out. Fortunately I don't think anybody knew what happened down there but by jove if you had seen that gorse by this big cave as big as this and right back about thirty feet and seen the flames coming out and going up over and of course as it came out you see there was always a draught in a cave come from somewhere and it was going out over the edge and of course all the gorse caught fire and all the gorse went on fire, the whole broogh was ablaze you see, no-one ever found out who done it you see, but that's, we never, we never done much mischief at all, that was an accident of course you see, we didn't mean to do it at all but that's as I say they were happy days. In those days there was plenty of fish in Perwick Bay, there was a rock there called the Ha'penny's, just Traie Vane, before you get to Traie Vane, and behind it was a deep, oh it would be about, at low water about 10 to 15 feet you see and we used to get big, oh what do you call it now, like a conger, not conger, ling.

JR Ling, they're lovely fish.

Capt K Big ling in there, oh about six foot long, we used to get some there, we used to go in, just quietly a little rope ashore and watch them come sneaking out and they'd grab this, it'd be half a herring or something we'd have on a hook you see, by jove a job getting them up because they were always darting in for the wrack you see, underneath and you had to be pretty quick and out at the Shag Rock, you used to get, just outside the Shag Rock, there was the whole of Shag Rock in line and just fish out there we used to get callig, yes, callig, oh, beautiful there this time of the year particular. I seen a couple of the boats out there every time I go to Perwick and I look, I wish I could be out there with them because we used to love fishing, we used to do a lot of drawing, you know, with the [unclear] and the oars so by the time we'd leave Perwick until we got round to Sugar Loaf or Bay Stacka, you know we got a good load of fish before we got round there, the gulls done well out of it, seagulls and then fish and come back again, we'd always get something on the way back too, on the ebb tide, the way we come back but you had to be very careful. I often wonder, there must be a law for children and a law for us all because there's strong tides round there you know, but it never worried us and we'd have ordinary oars, when we weren't fishing, but we did big sweeps when we were homeward bound, you see, two big sweeps at once, by golly they could shift too. One boat was called *The Lily*, a lovely little boat – she was built at Strangford Loch to skim the strong tides, built specially for it, because she was, a lovely little boat she was and another one she was built in Whitehaven, me father bought the boat. And you know I'll tell you another thing, you won't believe this, I was down Perwick all me days, and out down the rocks there, climbing, slipping and whatever, always, very often fell in the water, and I, yet, I can't swim a stroke, not one single stroke can I swim.

JR Well we'll just finish there.

Capt K What else would you like?

JR Well I think we've probably just about covered everything.

Capt K Well I must really say again when we were children up in *Ellerslie* there, in summer times, listening to corncrakes out in the back there in the fields, you'll never hear that now, corncrakes, craking all the evening, and long summer

weather, I don't know whether it is because I am older I suppose, that's it but life is altogether different now, there was no quarrelling, or fighting or anything like that when we were kids, well an odd scrap occasionally, but never myself, I was all right anyhow.

JR Were you in the area here come the Second World War?

Capt K In the Second World War? I was up in Fistard in the First World War I was only seeing the old ones up there, I was born in 1908, about Christmas, I remember a funny thing, outside, the house we lived in at the top of the Barnee Moo Hill, this small house and we beautiful houses, biggest of the houses there, they were four bedroomed houses, we were happy as larks living there but we never thought of anything sinister or anything like that, you know, we used to play hopscotch, I remember an old lady lived further up from us, a nice old dame she was, and she clenched her teeth, spoke like that you see, and she was watching us playing hopscotch, 'I can remember the days I used to play hopscotch and it wasn't yesterday,' she'd say. There were some characters, there was Frank McDonald, he thought he was a good singer, but he sang in the choir at St. Mary's, nice old chap was Frank McDonald, he was a bit queer, he wasn't 100%, Frank McDonald and people like that and the kids they used to torment them, we never did though. We used to get Frank to sing for us occasionally and we used to join in with him, you see, Frank McDonald. Let's see there was Mrs Buttermore, lived up the Cronk too, she always went, even if it was pouring with rain, she always had a sunshade and different other people like that. But you know all in general we had the happiest childhood, a very happy childhood, there was never any trouble and as for girls they were right out with us, they were just a girl and that was all there was too it you see, even when we were teenagers. We went to Sunday School, Tom [unclear] the Draper, Kelly, who we were talking about, he was the Sunday School Superintendent, Stephen Pridaux [sp ???] he was our teacher, a fine old chap he was too, I worked for him as a lad when I left school and he used to cure bacon, he was a fine old chap was Stephen Pridaux [sp ???] he'd Madge, he'd two sons and a daughter, no two daughters and a son rather, Stephen. The last time I seen Stephen he was a commercial traveller out in Liverpool, he rang me up one night when I was tied up in Birkenhead to come up and see him, have dinner with him in his hotel where he was staying out in Formby but I couldn't make it because the Superintendent was due out and we were putting the boat under a survey, one of the ships I was Chief Officer on, that's the last

time I heard of old Stephen and of course a little while ago there, Grace, his sister, she was out on a holiday with her husband on the mainland somewhere and he was knocked down and she dropped dead of shock. He was an ex-army chap, a nice chap, lived in Colby Village, nice chap he was, nice couple.

JR

I'll turn the machine off now and you won't have to ...

END OF INTERVIEW