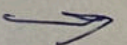
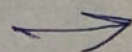


(1) "Memories"

To day we seem to have lost contact
with the land — few men plough behind
a pair of horse — with the nice earthy
Smell — & the cry of the gulls —
Following the plough — Instead a man
sits enclosed in a glass cab on a
tractor with the 'noise' of the radio
blaring away — and no more
the Sweet Smell of the countryside
exists — just the putrid smell of
stuff called 'Sherry' — what nicer
than to look at a cleared harvest
field — waiting for the plough — with
all the nice 'hots' of solid dung
waiting to be spread. No longer
either the whirr of the horse drawn
reaper — cutting the hay — with
the nice lark's singing their love songs
high above — instead the great giant
of a combine harvester — again with
a man — sitting way up — on top
— his hands on a great wheel —
Keeping the moulder on the go —

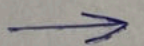


and if luck is with him - it may keep
 going the full day - but more often
 it sticks - half way through the field
~~and~~ - and after much 'travelling'
 it is abandoned - and some one has to
 get the local Smith (if such is
 available to day) to make a port, or
 if not - send it to the maker -
 Little went wrong with the old
 Maper - that could not be fixed on
 the spot. Then the wife came out
 with a basket - with tea and soda
 Scones, + tattie scones - and ginger
 cake - for a five minute break -
 and not forgetting a 'piece' for
 Auld Charlie - the horse - that
 pulls the Maper. — are all that
 way of life no longer — but in the
 long run - are we any quieter
 + what do we do with the time
 that the modern machinery has
 supposed to have saved us! ?
 — Jump into the car - + off to the pub



3.

or the disce - ~~the disce~~ - Today one
seldom sees a farmer on a bike or
even leaning on his field gate
Smoking his pipe of an evening
after the day's work is done -
with his couple of collies lying by.
His nice wind beaten face - admiring
the work done in the field that day,
and being thankful for the weather
letting his harvest come home.
What satisfaction. Today's young
farmer, looks pale - and doubtful
if when once back through the field
gate - does he ever glance back
- but hurries on with thoughts of
the 'fun ahead' Mind you - I'm
not condemning all young farmers
- not their fault - they best have
with the times - but I think they
have missed out - in sitting so far
above the earth - with no contact -
or feel for it, just going into the shed
and starting the tractor, in the mornings



Instead of opening the stable door -
 and looking along the row of his
 big beautiful horses - some of
 which give a friendly thicket!
 while others - blast out a great
 fart as you pass along. There is
 something to be said for the
 welcome, warm smell - of horse - in
 the winter morning - and the friendly
 presence of these great gentle beasts
 ready to do their day's work -
 what comfort - in the tractor shed
 when it won't start in the cold -
 just standing there like a great
 cold heap of metal - with no
 thought in it - either of work or other -
 wise - yes - there is much to be said
 for the aged farmer of long ago
 and - the sweet smell of the earth
 & grass - the troel underfoot.

Repairing farm tools then,
 was a satisfying job - most of
 the hay rakes were made of wood

5

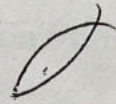
and in winter - as a lassie, I have
stood beside my grandfather -
rubbing down with a piece of
sand paper - the short teeth he
was whittling out of wood to
replace those that had been lost
after raking in the hay field
- in fact, he most often made the
full hay rakes - and took pride
in sitting hours in his old
workshop - doing this, another
thing one does not see today -
is a small hand 'cleek' with a
wooden handle that one billed
hand to make a straw rope -
You took a piece of nice new cut
hay - & hooked it on - and then
stood and wound it round &
round - until you had a nice
tight ~~st~~ rope of grass - which
when long enough was used to tie
the muck's - in the field before leading
in to the hay shed. - Ah 'such

→

is the poison - of civilisation here.

J. C. S. Shaw

1992



PHOTOS AVAILABLE FROM RCAHMS

- 1) Tibbie Shiels No 958 - Robert Clapperton (rep) from Clapperton Studio's, Selkirk.
- 2) c.1878 - Original St Mary's Cottage or Tibbie Shiels Cottage. Photo by Valentine
- 3) c.1880 - St Mary's Cottage. Photo by Murray of Hawick.
- 4) c.1900 - Tibbie Shiels Inn. Photo by Professor Chystal (RCAHMS)
- 5) Tibbies Fireplace and Spinning Wheel. (RCAHMS)
- 6) c.1920 - Tibbie Shiels Inn. Photo by Mr R.S. Henderson, Ettrick.
- 7) c.1880 - Curator Hawick Museum - Collection J.E.D. Murray, Hawick.

Jibbie's Funeral Day. (Not the seen ever before so famous!!!)

The day that Jibbie (Shiel) Richardson was buried, was one of the wettest in living memory, for that time of year — As if the day too, was in mourning, at the passing of this kind and good living woman.

The fine black horses pulling the hearse — as they waited at the Sun door — their heads with their tall black plumes drooping in the downpour — waiting — while the last words were being read, from Jibbie's own well thumbed Bible, before she was carried from her cottage Sun — for her last journey.

The followers in their horse traps and gigs, and many on foot stretched for fully half a mile — and such was the state of the road that day, that many of the traps got stuck in the mud on the 10 mile journey to Ettrick Kirk Yard.

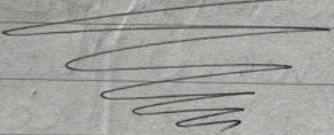
Never, had there been so many mourners at a funeral in that parish. The Kirk was full to overflowing, and many stood

outside →

In the dump, and the narrow road
up to the Keikyard was jammed
with horse drawn vehicles — so much
was Tibbie thought of, to be followed
by so many — on such a day —

And so, Tibbie was laid to rest
not far from her great friend —
James Hogg — the Ettrick Shepherd
poet; despite her oft remark —

"i.e. — that he was a gie nice man
for a' the nonsense he wrote"



P.S. This article was taken from the local
newspaper at that time — the newspaper
is in Canada now. Thought you'd like
this copy.