



| <p>Project: 'Memories of Seven Lochs' Communities: A people's history'. Respondent: William (Billy) Ferrie Year of Birth: 1960 Age: 63 Connection to project: Spent childhood in Easterhouse Date of Interview: 22/09/2023 Interviewer: Dr Sue Morrison Recording Agreement: Information & Consent: Photographic Images: Length of Interview: 45.53 Location of Interview: The Marie Trust, Glasgow Recording Equipment: Zoom H4n (internal mics)</p> | |   |
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| Time (from: mins/secs) | Description | Transcribed Extract (from- to: mins/secs) |
| 00.32-00.42 | Respondent confirms he was born in Glasgow and spent some time in London. | |
| 00.45 | <i>Could you tell me about your birth family?</i> | |
| | Birth family, parent, mother is called Ina or Wilhelmina, Ferrie, Ina Elliot, maiden name, and my dad was William Ferrie, and they got married in 1957 I think. My mother came from the kind of Bridgeton, Dalmarnock, Calton area of Glasgow and my father came from north, Maryhill, Milton area. So it was quite a wee journey when they were dating I think. | 00.51-01.25 |
| 01.29 | <i>What work did they do?</i> | |
| | I think my mother when she left school she went straight into the kind of clothing industry. So she was a machinist, sewing machinist and worked in several factories in the city centre warehouses. So behind thos big facades you see in Argyle St and so on in the alleyways, there would be sewing machine factories, clothing factories. So she worked for quite a number of firms during that time. Even up to when she retired. So she was more or less working full time when she had kids. My father, he worked for Singer's in Clydebank. So I don't know how long he worked there for, but quite a long time. Prior to that, I don't know much about what he got up to. But certainly my sister and, I've got one sister, early on we got the idea that he did do something for a short time, but Singer's in Clydebank was the main job. | 01.34-02.47 |
| 02.56 | <i>Did you move to Easterhouse?</i> | |
| | Yes, I was born in Duke Street Hospital. It had... It was a kind of, I'm not sure quite what sort of a hospital it was, but it did have a maternity wing to it. I was born there and we lived in a place called Comely Park Place in an area | 03.00-04.38 |

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| | <p>called Camlachie in Glasgow in the East End. And I have actually revisited my birthplace and it turns out it is Lidl's car park! So that was interesting. So I was born there and the house or the flat, the tenement flat that my parents lived in was very much a typical slum tenement so all that area around Camlachie was more or less slum tenements that were about to be demolished. So the idea was all these people would be moved to the big housing estates. In our particular cast it was Easterhouse. I think it was 1964 I think we moved there and I was born in 1960. So we moved to Easterhouse about 1964, I think. The first place was called Duntarvie Road in Easterhouse. It was number 47. It was a three storey kinda building and we were on the top floor.</p> | |
| 04.39 | <i>Do you remember what the actual flat was like inside?</i> | |
| | <p>It was a two-bedroom flat so it was on the right hand side, as you entered the close up the stairs it was on the right hand side. Immediately going in to the right there was a bathroom and you walking down the hall to left was the bedroom where my sister and I slept in, played in. Then there was my parents' bedroom, the living room straight at the end and the kitchen was between the living room and the bathroom. That was a typical format for those kind of buildings.</p> | 04.42-05.16 |
| 05.20 | <i>Was that a big change from your old place?</i> | |
| | <p>I think so. Again, I was pretty young, so in terms of remembering... The layout and the fixtures and fittings and stuff... It was... The tenement flat, the slum tenement flat we lived in, I think it was a one bedroom one so it had a kind of bed recess. And I think I slept in that, I can't remember now. There was a name for it wasn't quite a single end, but it had two rooms, essentially. The room with the bed recess also had the kitchen and the sink and all that kind of stuff and I think the front room was a living room or something like that. I can't remember the bathroom, what the bathroom was like but I know in that landing in that close it was originally outside toilets and I can remember getting a big key to use the toilet. And putting it in and open the door and this kind of cold, dark, damp room and I remember the chain from the ceiling that you'd pull with a kind of wooden handle. And there would be newspaper there, all cut up. It was kinda interesting because it was quite an old experience. I have heard a lot of people talk about that, but I remember it as well. In the winter time it was terrible, it was really cold and horrible. But I don't know if at the time I was there with the family, the toilet was still used as toilets. Or whether, I can remember seeing toilets had a load of stuff piled into them, so they were used as kind of storing cupboards after that. I think maybe had they had built in toilets in those flats.</p> | 05.21-07.45 |
| 07.48 | <i>So you were in Easterhouse...</i> | |
| | <p>In Easterhouse in a brand new flat with an indoor toilets in bath and big rooms and modern kitchens and all that kind of stuff.</p> | 07.50-08.04 |
| 08.05 | <i>Were there gardens?</i> | |

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| | <p>There were front gardens for the ground floor flats. In the back was a back court which was kind of fenced off between the various blocks. But it was mostly sort of grassed over. It wasn't... some people had fenced off areas so it became their garden, but I think essentially it was common land where people decided to cordon off for their own purposes. But I remember the back courts again in the tenement flat we lived I can remember being in the back court playing. And in those days, everything was kind of coal fires and all that stuff. So there would be this grey ash everywhere. I can remember playing in the back court and in those days your mother or the neighbour could look down and just check on the weans and that kind of stuff. So I remember playing in the puddles and the ash and the bins. They had tin bins. And of course, as a kid, your imagination is never ending in terms of what you can do in that sort of environment. But when we went to Easterhouse, it had these kind of grassy areas. But there were big enormous bins that we could play on as well. They had kind of where the bins were emptied into the bin vans, they was these kind of handles and you would climb up and stand on them and peer into the bin. Because rummaging through the bin was part of the play in those days. And there was also I remember washing poles. So there was these kind of metal washing poles down the back court. And they had a kind of bracketed and a pole bit where you could jump up on and swing, so you could swing back and forth on these washing poles. And because there was quite a lot of them, you could kind of race with your pal. So you could do the lot and come back down. So the new place in Easterhouse was definitely an improvement. But a lot of the kind of play and sense of community that we had in the closes seemed to transfer to these new flats, this new environment.</p> | 08.07-10.53 |
| 10.58 | <i>Did any of your old neighbours accompany you to Easterhouse?</i> | |
| | <p>I can't remember of any specific neighbours but I'm certainly aware that my mother knew people locally and in fact one family took on the role of childcarers, so my sister and I were looked after while my mother was working, my father was working, they were always working. So part of the deal was this family would look after my sister and I, so it would be before school started and lunchtime you would come back to this family and my mother paid them for that, but in terms of neighbours from Comely Park Place, or round about there, I don't recall anyone in Easterhouse.</p> | 11.02-11.56 |
| 12.04 | <i>Was it quite a close knit community in Easterhouse?</i> | |
| | <p>I think so. I think a lot of the experience of tenement living seemed to carry to the new place. So there was still that sense of being a good neighbour, that sort of taking turns doing the stairs, all that kind of stuff. All the things that used to happen in tenements seemed to come across into the new homes, the new environment. So there was certainly that expectation that you would engage with your neighbours and you would have people looking after the weans if you were going out shopping or something like that. So there was certainly a sense of community and integration, yes.</p> | 12.06-12.55 |
| 12.59 | <i>Do you remember there being local amenities when you arrived?</i> | |

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| | <p>Yes across from where lived at number 47 Duntarvie Road, there was more kind of flats, but just down from that there was a block of shops, you had a butcher's and a wee store, I think it was Galbraith's. And there was a Post Office. I think there was a baker's shop as well. So you had these kind of units of several shops and above shops were pensioner flats. So they would be stairs either side of this block that pensioners would I guess struggle to get up and down to their flats. But I can remember as we talk about this... When you were younger yYou were out playing most of the time, so round the back of the shops there would be kind of rubbish from the shops. So lots of cardboard boxes and all that kind of stuff and my pals and I would go round and take some of these. For example, there would be one of the big egg boxes with all the kind of various small packs of eggs, but these were vast boxes and I can remember playing caravans. So you'd turn this box into a caravan, or you'd pretend it was a caravan so you would be in there and you would have cardboard plates and you might have kind of packaging, which would be food and that kind of stuff. So the shop, or the back of this shop had all this stuff that you could use to play with in the back courts. Many, many wonderful days and hours of playing with egg boxes and God knows what else.</p> | 13.00-15.00 |
| 15.03 | <i>It sounds quite elaborate.</i> | |
| | <p>I mentioned the caravan theme there. At the time my family was starting to go to a place in East Fife, called Anstruther, a little fishing town and it was caravan holidays and I loved the whole experience of caravans and I love the ingenuity and the creativity of how they managed to design things in such a small space so things would double up as other things and I think the kind of, the idea of being able to recreate that with my egg box caravan was part of that.</p> | 15.05-15.49 |
| 15.51 | <i>Do you remember your friends from that time?</i> | |
| | <p>Vaguely, I remember primary school friends. As per usual, you get your photographs, your school photographs or your class photographs. And I have one of the two of those from primary school. And I see the faces and I can remember, I get a sense of the friends there, but I don't really have any strong memories of particular individuals. There was one or two people I was closer to, but not that many. Everyone was potentially the same in terms of connecting with and engaging with. These are kids playing. But I don't have any specific memories of specific individuals.</p> | 15.54-16.50 |
| 16.54 | <i>Did you play outwith your street?</i> | |
| | <p>One of the things I used to do was during the summer time, so school had finished. I don't know how many weeks you would have for the school break, but where the flat was is was at the end of the, the perimeter of the estate and beyond it was a place called, there was Easterhouse Village, so the old village that the estate got its name from and there was a place called Swinton and beyond, just before all that you could walk into fields. There was farmland at the time. So you were able to walk along this very narrow sort of one track road into farmland essentially, and just beyond the farm</p> | 17.05-19.41 |





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| | <p>was a loch and I was called, I recall it as being called Drumpellier Loch. So my pals and I used to take this wee journey into the countryside, to Drumpellier Loch and we would spend most of the day there, I think, and there was a place, I don't know if... In terms of names, I'm not quite sure there was a kind of castle place. I think it was Gartcosh, Gartcosh or something and reputedly, it was a kind of loony bin, you know an insane asylum. So we used to be wary of going too near that place because it was quite scary and the crazy people sort of lived there. But certainly the walk to the loch, spending time there and also the fields, I can remember on a summer's day and blue sky and just sort of laying out in barley or wheat or whatever just lying on the grass and flattening it all, you had this kind of flattened bit and just looking up at the sky and hearing a skylark high up. You could hardly see it, but you would hear a skylark just singing away. It is a very kind of poignant moment for me because it was just such a blissful experience just to lie back with the sun on your skin, the smell of the grass, or whatever it was, and hear the birds, the voice of the skylark singing away merrily. Just perfect.</p> | |
| 19.43 | <i>What did you do when you were at the loch?</i> | |
| | <p>I think what we did would be we would just walk around the loch and throw stones. There was also quite a lot of flowers, rhododendrons and things around it. So we would pick those off. I don't know what we did with them but we essentially walked round the loch. We may have had pre prepared sandwiches and a bottle of ginger as well to have a wee picnic but other than walking and throwing stones, I can't remember what activities we did.</p> | 19.44-20.32 |
| 20.33 | <i>Did you see anybody fishing there?</i> | |
| | <p>Yes, there would be people fishing and again, that may have been part of my experience as well or our experience, just looking for a wee tiny fish in the loch, we minnows and things like that. So you'd be peering into the water seeing if you could see anything.</p> | 22.34-20.53 |
| 20.54 | <i>Were there any tadpoles in there?</i> | |
| | <p>Possibly. I can't remember. Again it would tend to be summer time, so I don't know if there were tadpoles around at that time, but that would be the sort of thing you were looking for. At school you might be taught about things like tadpoles and stuff, so you would be alert to seeing those things elsewhere.</p> | 22.55-21.20 |
| 21.24 | <i>Which school did you go to?</i> | |
| | <p>It was called Blairtummock Primary School. It was about 5 minutes, 10 minutes from 47 Duntarvie Road. It was kind of, I don't know. The area it was located was, you had the school itself, so there was various buildings. It had a main kind of 60s, late 50s, 60s, kind of building. and it had these wooden, what they called huts on the other side of it, and there was the janitor's house and between the school itself and the secondary school, which was Westwood Secondary school which was about half a mile away, less than that, further up there was loads of football pitches. So I don't know what you call that red.... Ash. So these were ash football pitches in the Westwood Secondary school. But just trying to think of the layout of the</p> | 21.25-23.51 |

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| | <p>primary school. So we went to school in the morning, you went through the main gate, past the janitor's office, you were in the playground. In the playground there was a shelter. So if it was raining you were in there with your pals. Then there would be the bell and the teacher would be out and we would all have to line up ready to go into the school. I remember first time my mother took me to school and I don't know what they label the years now, but very first year anyway and apparently afterwards, when she left me, she was crying all the way home because she had left her wee boy probably for the first time ever but I loved school. I was the teacher's pet on many occasion, so I loved that attention I guess.</p> | |
| 23.54 | <i>Who was your favourite teacher?</i> | |
| | <p>I tended to fall in love with my teachers. They were all pretty good. There was Miss Megget who was kind of frumpy woman with glasses and dark hair. A ruddy face, but she was I suppose very maternal. So I suppose that was comforting for me as a wee boy. And she was very attentive. Later on there was Miss Colquhoun, who was a bit younger and a bit more fashionable in the clothes she wore, but again very attentive. Very supportive. I was developing a kind of creative streak, so I would be drawing things and I'd been tasked to prepare a poster on the wall for the rest of the class to put things they'd drawn and cut out and stick up. So I think it was Botany Bay. We were doing a project around Australia, so we had a poster of Botany Bay. And I was tasked to essentially do the background and everyone else did the boats which we stuck on the big poster. And also Miss Colquhoun entered a picture I did of a train, one of the blue trains running through Glasgow at the time. And I used to take this train with my mother to back to the old tenement. Because one thing I didn't tell you is in terms of that kind of community environment, my sister and I didn't have any grandparents, so my mother adopted a granny for us, and the granny was Mrs Adams who lived in the close where we used to live in. I think she was further down or something. So we would go, my sister and I would go from Easterhouse back to Comely Park Place to Granny Adams, she was called every Saturday afternoon. So the train and the drawing or the painting that I did was the blue train that would take us there. And Miss Colquhoun entered us into a Glasgow schools art competition. And surprisingly enough, it came in second place. So I was very chuffed. I can remember, it is not really a big thing, but for a kid and for a school it is a big thing. I can remember we were going from the huts at Blairtummock primary school to the main building, probably going for lunch or something, but as we did that, the headmaster was coming out and he got Miss Colquhoun's attention and said "do you have a Billy Ferrie in your class?" And she said yes. "I am pleased to tell you that Billy has won second place in the Glasgow school arts competition blah blah blah." So everyone was kind of cheering and all that kind of stuff. So that was a lovely sort of experience. And we went through, we went to get my certificate and my prize at the McLellan Galleries in Sauchiehall Street. One of the funny things about that was we were on the stage with various other prizewinners. Miss Colquhoun is there</p> | 23.57-30.51 |

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| | and I am there. I don't know if my parents were there, but anyway. There was a master in charge or whatever just quickly interviewing people and saying "how do you feel about winning this prize?" And apparently I grabbed the microphone and started talking to the audience. So I obviously had some kind of ambition to be a kind of public person! But the microphone was quickly grabbed off me and I was gently edged off the stage. | |
| | But primary school had lots of good memories and experiences. The other thing about primary school was I suppose I'm digressing a wee bit, but kind of the way I was brought up, there was a big kind of pressure to, especially from the male members of the family, to play football and that kind of thing. And I was rubbish at that kind of thing. I wasn't really interested anyway. So I spent a lot of my time playing with the girls in the playground at primary school. And it was kind of safe to do that. There wasn't really kind of any pressure to play football as such, especially in my early years. It was only in later that that started to happen, the pressure to conform and "don't be a sissy" and all that kind of thing. So I had blissful years just playing with the girls. Play balls against the wall or we had elastic bands, I think we called them tights, but I don't know what the name was for it. But I spent a lot of time with the girls and it was only later on at primary school did I gradually get into the football thing. Because I was really surprised that I could actually play it. I hadn't had the confidence and I was always the last person picked when they do the teams. It was like, "OK then, let's take him". But somehow there was a change and I became an OK kind of football player at primary school. But I didn't really play like that, play football or anything outside the school environment. Most of the play was in the black court behind the house. And again, it was more kind of either playing on the poles or playing in the bins or creating caravans out of egg boxes or whatever. Occasionally you would go to your friends', school friends' house and play with them with their toys. | |
| 30.57 | <i>Which secondary school did you go to?</i> | |
| | This was Westwood Secondary School, which was just as I said, you had the ash football pitches and then the secondary school. | 30.58-31.07 |
| 31.08 | <i>What was that like for you?</i> | |
| | It was a more kind of massive building, but more formidable. Because there was loads more pupils there. It seemed far more busy and overwhelming at times. And in terms of how I felt around the teacher/pupil experience, it changed completely. So there was less of that kind of supportive, individual kind of support that you would get at primary school to encourage you. It was more formal or less like that. And that was a bit of a shock because it felt unfamiliar not to have that kind of attention. So I was definitely a... not traumatic experience, but just like "Oh, this is definitely different." | 31.13-32.13 |
| 32.14-32.17 | <i>Did you maintain relationships with your same friends or develop new friendships?</i> | |
| | A bit of both. So maintained friendships with people, a lot of us were put in the same class from the the last class at primary school, most of us were | 32.20-32.50 |

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| | kept together, but there was also a new people from other primary schools that came in, so they were part of this bigger secondary school. So yeah. There were familiar friends, but there was also new friends. | |
| 32.51 | <i>And this is a mixed sex school?</i> | |
| | Yes. | 32.52 |
| 32.53 | <i>Did you have any favourite teachers there?</i> | |
| | Not really, no. Not that I can remember again, because she didn't have that same quality of engagement or interaction. It was really difficult to build rapport, build any kind of relationship with a teacher at secondary school. You didn't really feel that connection. | 33.02-33.26 |
| 33.26 | <i>What subjects did you like?</i> | |
| | I liked English, French languages. Geography. Chemistry. I wasn't keen on the maths and that kind of stuff .So more kind of, fluffy stuff, I guess. I think I enjoyed the chemistry for the drama when you did experiments and things would blow up. So that was kind of fun. | 33.31-34.09 |
| 34.13 | <i>Did you have any aspirations as to a future career at that point?</i> | |
| | Not really, I can't recall spending much time focusing on a career as such. The kind of attitude or the sense I got from teachers was... They didn't expect too much from you. So potentially there was apprenticeships, but the idea of going to college or university wasn't really that prevalent. And also at that time, so we're talking about kind of early 70s or mid 70s... There wasn't much of, and in Easterhouse at the time there was all sorts of other things going on in terms of deprivation and drugs and gang warfare. So I think there was a sense of the teachers were there. It was a job. And they had to deal with these kids who are coming from various sort of dysfunctional families and all that kind of thing. So I think we all go kind of lumped in with this kind of same kind of... type of people that didn't really have any ambition or aspirations. | 34.21-35.50 |
| 35.53-36.09 | <i>That leads us onto talking about the community. Did you notice any changes from the time you moved there as a wee boy to being when you were in secondary school?</i> | |
| | My sense was that was more.... In terms of the community, in terms of the area, more problems. Certainly gang warfare and even thought of disclosing what school you go to could be problematic because if you said you came from one particular school, then that implied some sort of relationship with another school or conflict or something like that. So certainly in terms of gangs as well, that, drugs, injecting drug use was becoming a bit of an issue. So there was a sense of kind of this is a very dark and despairing place I am living in and a lot of my thoughts... You asked me about in terms of career, did I have any ideas? I think at that time my idea was, what can I do that will get me out of here? And what actually happened was I thought, I know what, I will join the Merchant Navy. So that would literally, you know, get me away from that environment. I could work on an oil tanker or something, long voyages around the world, earn lots of money come back and buy my | 36.12-39.02 |

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| | <p>own house and all that sort of stuff. So there was a sense of 'this is a very oppressive environment' and because I was I suppose a kind of sensitive wee boy, and also I was coming to terms with my sexuality as well as a gay man. It was very hard to be gay and survive in that sort of environment. Even the sort of... I can remember even using the word "poof" and things in the playground you would use this to call each other "you poof" or whatever, but not knowing what it actually meant. It was only later on that I realised what that was. So there was a sense of 'I am not going to survive here if I'm gay and stuff'. And this horrendous place, I'm not going to survive. I am either, something is going to happen to me physically in terms of potential violence, or I am just going to go round the bend and I am going to resort to taking those drugs that people were injecting to try and cope with it. So I knew I had to escape at that time because it was a quite horrendous environment.</p> | |
| 39.04 | <i>Did you join the Merchant Navy?</i> | |
| | <p>I got a kind of scholarship or whatever it was and I went to the Nautical College in Glasgow at the time. Glasgow Nautical College. And the whole idea was for me to train to be a radio officer in the Merchant Navy. So the kind of SOS and all that kind of thing, and a radar technician, so maintaining the equipment on board ship. So I did three years at Glasgow Nautical College and I got these City and Guilds type certificates, so I got all those. But at the time I was qualifying, the British shipping industry was going down the plughole, so there were no jobs. So I ended up doing other jobs as a technician at the Glasgow University and things like that. But the dream was to, as I say, sort of join the Merchant Navy, see the world, as well, you know, explore the world, because I have come from very narrow small world, so I wanted to see what was really out there and also the freedom just to be me, be myself and discover my own sexuality. Because I hadn't a clue. There was no kind of role models in those days. When you switched on the TV, you saw kind of personalities, celebrities who were... you know, "homosexual", like Larry Grayson or John Inman and stuff and I didn't identify with any of that. I was kind of lost, I didn't know who to look to or anything and there wasn't very good support. Well, I wasn't aware of any support for people like me, and of course parents didn't get any support as well, if their kid turned out to be gay, they didn't know how to deal with that. So it was a very, that particular time at secondary school, the latter part of secondary school was quite difficult for me.</p> | 39.05-41.09 |
| 41.13 | <i>So that's the period when you were coming to terms or realising...?</i> | |
| | <p>Realising, and I didn't have the psychological wherewithal to make sense of it. So after I couldn't get a job to achieve my dream of escaping and travelling and all that kind of stuff and making lots of money, I did one year at Glasgow Uni of being a technician and then decided I need to sort my head out as regards the sexuality thing so I did another course, social science degree course at Glasgow College of Technology at the time, now Caledonian University and I did a course that focused on pretty much</p> | 41.15-42.18 |

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| | psychology, social psychology and that sort of thing. Because I knew if I could somehow learn the language, get to know the ideas, research stuff I can figure out what was going on for me personally and that's what happened. | |
| 42.22 | <i>Can I just clarify at what age you were when you left Easterhouse?</i> | |
| | Probably 19 I think. So I moved out of the family home, since Duntarvie Road we had moved several times as well. So the last flat I was in was in a place called, WellHouse. What was the name of the road? I can't remember the name of the actual... Langbar Crescent, it was just off the Edinburgh Road. But that was the last place I lived in and I moved out as a student so I went and I got a room in the West End of Glasgow just off Byres Rd, student digs type thing. | 42.32-43.16 |
| 43.17 | <i>Did you go back to Easterhouse at any point to see your parents?</i> | |
| | Yeah, usually every Sunday I would go back to see them, my parents, get my Sunday, my dinner. | 43.19-43.27 |
| 43.32 | <i>You must have seen some changes?</i> | |
| | It's difficult because it was gradual you were already witnessing small changes, so there wasn't any dramatic changes. And as far as I was concerned, there was still a lot of issues, kind of social issues and deprivation and dysfunctional families and stuff like that was still prevalent. And again that helped to reinforce "I'm glad I'm out of that environment". | 43.37-44.06 |
| 44.16 | <i>Can I finish up by asking, what is your favourite memory of Easterhouse?</i> | |
| | Probably the memory I mentioned earlier, even though it's very simple, is going along to Drumpellier Loch along the country road. And just seeing the kind of, the barley or the wheat and the way the wind would... It would be like waves, like water. And the sound of the skylarks. And the birds and the nature. And the buzzing bees flying past you. And just laying back and taking all that in. So it is a very simple memory. But it is one that is most Important in terms of my experience there, all the other stuff, I don't know, maybe I blocked it all out, all that kind of experience. But certainly... and being next to the loch, I've always had an affinity with water and I think part of that was the experience of going along to Drumpellier Loch. And you could hear the lapping of the waves on the shore, on the bank. And the sun glistening on the top of the leaves and things like that. | 44.26-45.47 |
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