

Whose is it anyway?

**An Easterhouse living archive
production**



**Easterhouse Living Archive group
Platform and Easterhouse Library, The Bridge**

Acknowledgements

The Easterhouse Stained Glass Window was unveiled at The Bridge, Easterhouse, in July 2025. It was created collaboratively by local residents of Glasgow North East with the artist Keira McLean.

A mutual passion for working-class history, archives and sharing stories led to the Easterhouse Living Archive group first being formed. Since then we have spent months talking, writing, researching, drawing, moulding, cutting and shaping to create a lasting tribute to the community, in this the year of our city's 850th anniversary. The imagery displayed in the window is a collage of archival material, original artwork and personal experience. It brings together fascinating elements from the history of Easterhouse and Glasgow North East to ask the question: "Whose scheme is it anyway?"

The final outcome is a beautifully crafted artwork, handmade with the professional support and guidance of lead artist Keira Mclean and the team at RDW Glass Studios in the East End.

This publication, edited by Joey Simons, is intended as a companion piece to the window, drawing together original writing, illustrations and archival discoveries made by the Easterhouse Living Archive group in the course of the project.

Designed, created and hand made by:

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Funded by Glasgow City Heritage Trust

Supported by Platform in partnership with Glasgow Life Libraries.



Introduction

The idiom 'someone's got to do it' springs to mind. But it's misleading. It implies nobody really wants to. Nothing could be further from the truth. Folk have been celebrating Easterhouse and its communities since it emerged as a small farming village. Prior to that they celebrated Bishops Loch and Provanhall. After all, its unofficial mascot is the phoenix. In a way, there is too much history here. Too much to comprehend anyway. Well, not in one sitting. Which explains why we come back, again and again, year after year, finding new ways to explore and document the stories of this incredible place. Someone's got to do it! This publication accompanies the unveiling of a new stained-glass window celebrating Easterhouse in all its complicated glory. Throughout the project, long-term residents have commented that growing up in the scheme "it felt like life didn't happen here, it happened elsewhere. This was just a place to rest your head" or that "people never really 'came' from Easterhouse."

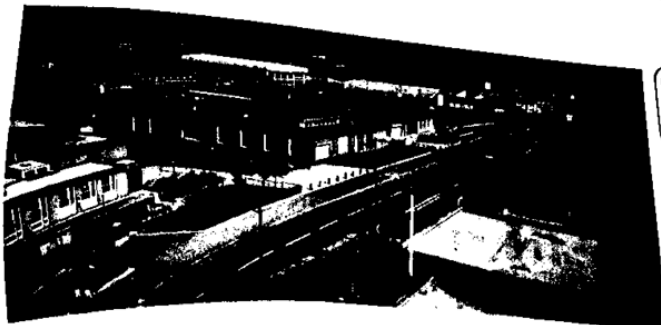
But at the same time, in the struggle to take from life what the working class is owed, and too often denied, people have transformed that truth. In our group are artists, writers, poets and filmmakers; trade unionists, socialists, disability rights, anti-bullying and anti-racist campaigners; nurses, chefs, factory workers and carers. In this year of Glasgow's 850th anniversary, we have reflected on the celebrations that took place for our city's 800th anniversary in 1975. A lot has changed and got better since then. A lot has also stayed the same or got worse. History never stands still and nothing is ever decisively won or lost. The future of Easterhouse remains up for grabs. The only thing we can be sure of is that it will be the people themselves who must be in the lead. The history contained in the following pages shows that Easterhouse is a community that refuses to be crushed by the powers that be.

Stained glass has a complicated history of its own. Especially here, in this place, this city. Glasgow was once the stained-glass capital of Europe, housing the best studios and artists. It was everywhere: homes, municipal buildings, hospitals, shops, libraries. Much has been lost or destroyed. Its production was often the result of colonial wealth and its subject matter rarely depicted ordinary lives or working-class histories. Fortunately history isn't something that sits fully formed in permanence. You can take the best and worst of it and change its course. What remains is the truth that Stained Glass is the perfect medium for storytelling. A material capable of absorbing and reflecting our shared history and cultural imprints. The Easterhouse stained-glass window will now stand as an ever-changing testament to an ever-changing community.

The materials collected in this publication have been written, illustrated, selected, donated discussed and montaged in the course of conversations and workshops that have taken place at Platform, Easterhouse Library, the Mitchell Library and the RDW Glass Studios over the past year and, in truth, for many years before that. The layout has been inspired by *The Voice* newspaper and Ron Ferguson's brilliant publication *The Writing's on the Wall: new images of Easterhouse* (1975). Hopefully readers can find new and unexpected connections in the refractions of the Easterhouse stained-glass window.

Keira McLean & Joey Simons, Glasgow, July 2025

WHOSE HISTORY IS IT ANYWAY?



A view from the top - aerial view of Easterhouse Centre Complex (by Denis Wilson)



KEY TO BOTTOM LEFT, MRS. M'ALPINE, AND I CAN ASSURE YOU, YOU WILL HAVE NO TROUBLE FROM YOUR NEIGHBOURS IN THE CLOSE.

Anderson

LETTERS

Dear Sir,
At the moment controversy is raging in and outside the Council Chambers around such items as (1) the sale of Council houses in peripheral areas (i.e. Easterhouse, Drumchapel, etc.) (2) the sale of council sites to private developers, (3) equity sharing schemes etc. etc.

None of the above will help to solve the housing crisis in our City, and in spite of what I consider silly talk by some councillors to the contrary there is a housing crisis.

The reason for advancing such ideas as above are many. Two of these being (1) the staggering housing debt (2) the false assumption of increasing departure of people from our city.

The housing debt has accrued over the years because of successive Central Government cutting back on housing subsidies, and the high interest rates on housing loans which Local Government needs to borrow in order to effect their building programmes. The undermining of the effectiveness of the Public Works Loan Board, which was to facilitate low interest Loans. It is estimated at the moment, over £1 million per week of ratepayers money is paid to repay past loans.

Therefore it is misleading for S.N.P. and Tory councillors to suggest, as they are doing that selling of council houses etc etc is a contribution to tackling this enormous problem. What such proposals will do if effected will remove Council Housing from the orbit of being a Social Service (i.e. a modern home with a lowest possible rent. An aim of the Labour Movement Pioneers).

To talk as local S.N.P. councillors do, that allowing private builders to go ahead for owner occupiers is satisfying a need is downright misleading. The current market price of housing would make mortgage conditional on incomes 20% above average. The opposition to the points made in the opening sentences was well demonstrated on Saturday 18th Nov. when a Local Sponsored petition by our Party (C.P.) received enthusiastic support. In a short space of time 400 signatures collected and £9.42 donations to help fund the campaign. We are demanding -

- (1) No sale of council houses.
- (2) More amenities for areas like Easterhouse.
- (3) Build more council houses in improved environments.
- (4) Extension of direct labour
- (5) More flexibility in transfers etc. and speedier repairs.

This I consider some of the ways to tackle the housing crisis. Not forgetting more Government finance.

John Jackson

letters

THANKS

The Easterhouse Group would like to following people tributed very subst for their dance --

Mr. Martin Convery
Grocer & Confection
35 Conisborough Ros
Provanhall

Maiwaha R.K.
Grocer
45 Conisborough Ros
Provanhall

Mr. Michael Docher
Newsagent & Hard
Conisbordugh Road

Mr. Bill Jenkins
Manager
Greirs Bar
Bogbain Road

Local Surgeries

LOCATION	DAY TIME
Rosefield Primary School	7.00p.m. - 9.00p.m. MONDAY 8th JAN.
Rose of Lime Primary School, Craigend	10.00 - 12 noon First Saturday each month
Woodcroft Primary, Garthamlock	7.00 - 9.00p.m. Third Monday each month
Easterhouse Community Centre	10.30 - 12.30p.m. Third Saturday each month.

BRING US INTO THIS WORLD

Apron Strings, a collective poem

by Easterhouse Living Archive group

The glue that holds the fabric of the family
The apron strings pulling the family tight
Up at the dawn to make ends meet
There's never time to sleep.

"My great-great granny was a howdie in West Meryston – there were two of them at either end of the village. Her name was Kirsty Robertson née Cowan. Mary Robertson was her niece. She went on to become a qualified midwife." (Frank Doyle)

The first building in the 'Hole' was a two storey Stone Block, locally known as the 'Castle' and in this block resided the very familiar figure of a Mid Wife or 'Howdy' known to young and old alike as Kirsty Cowan altho the lady was actually a Mrs. Robertson. By a queer coincidence at the very opposite end of the long village street there was also a two storey Block known as 'Sparrow Castle' and there also resided a Mid wife known as 'Auld Nell' (in her own right Mrs. Anderson.) These two worthy ladies with the very occasional help of the Doctor assisted at the birth of many of the older former residents of Easterhouse and West Maryston who may read this.

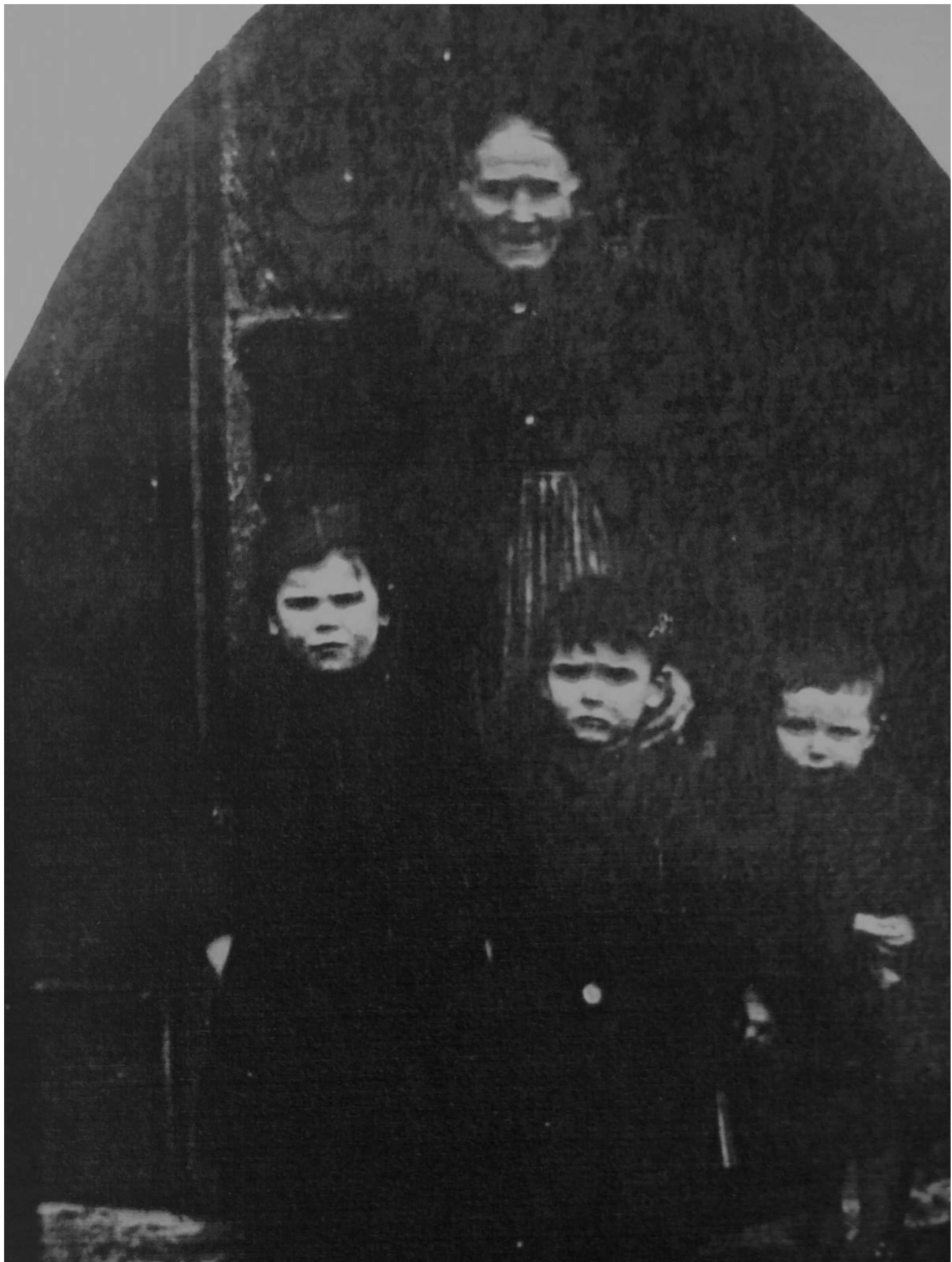
Mary Roberston, Memoirs, transcribed by Ian Montague, archive of Frank Doyle

As long as women have given birth, they have needed someone to tend, support, help at the birthing, and care for them and their babies afterwards. There have been midwives in Scotland for centuries, using instinct, ancient learnings, customs, folklore and habits, but 'unqualified' as understood today. It was not until the twentieth century that midwives achieved the statutory regulation and with this the new status of being certified...The term 'howdie' came into common use in the later centuries of the second millennium. These uncertified midwives learned the craft of midwifery by observing other howdies, or the local general practitioner (GP), at work...

The majority learned midwifery practice by accompanying, and learning from, a woman known for her experience and so gradually developed reputations as midwives themselves. Howdies built up a trusting clientele by word of mouth, by stepping into the shoes of their predecessors, or on the recommendation of a GP...The midwife's bag was looked upon as a **passport**, for instance to the top of the queue for the Glasgow trams. Margaret Dearnley, who was a midwife in Glasgow in the 1940s, recalled:

"You wore your uniform, you're carrying your bag, and if you went to stand in the tramcar line, they would say 'Oh – great big queues of people of course – 'Here's the nurse, some puir sowl's waitin on her comin.' And you were pushed up the line and they let you on. And the driver would say, 'Where are you going nurse?'...They would stop at the close that you wanted to go to. Wasn't that fantastic?"

From Lindsay Reid, *Midwifery in Scotland* (Scottish History Press, 2011)



Photograph of Kirsty Roberston (Cowan). Donated by Frank Doyle.

Bad housing = bad health

Cathy McCormack



Illustration: Cathy McCormack, with David R. Jacobs, Architects, Glasgow

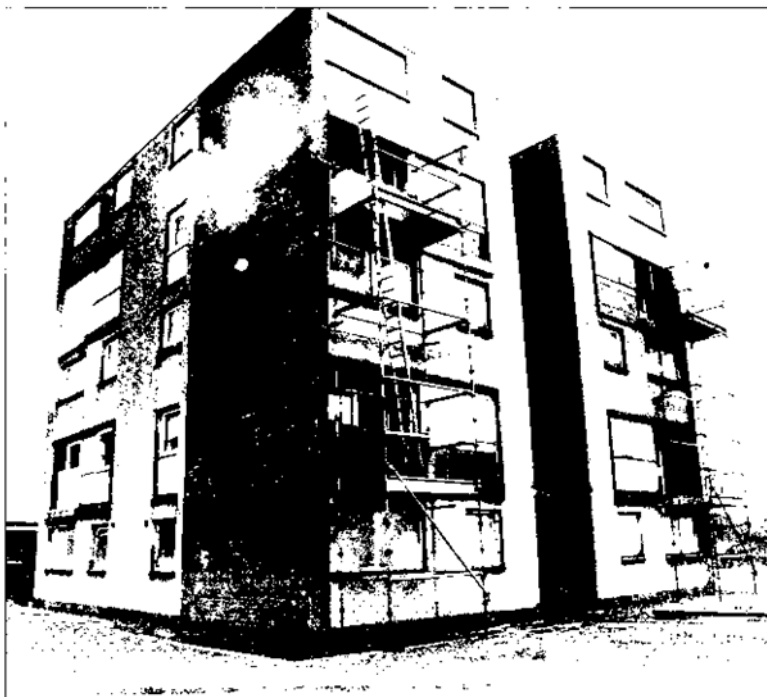
What has a Glasgow housing scheme in common with a poor barrio in Nicaragua? The writer learnt that, in both, it is not enough to have a health care system that treats the symptoms. It has to tackle the root cause of the problem.

Greater Easterhouse is Glasgow's largest public postwar peripheral housing scheme. Originally created to accommodate the massive slum clearance of the inner city in order to address Glasgow's appalling health record, this new housing estate was—according to the government—needed to bring “good health” to the people in Scotland. Instead it became a most unhealthy area, with its flats infested with mould because of the damp conditions. Recording the highest levels of multiple deprivation of any other city in the UK, Glasgow's housing estates are part of the Fourth World (i.e., pockets of abject poverty in affluent countries).

Like the oppressed people in the working-class communities throughout Britain, the people in my community suffer the same pain and the same negative imagery as our counterparts in the Third World. My own nightmare began after the birth of my children. My only thought for their future was for them to be happy and healthy. All my children were over 8 pounds (about 4 kg) in weight

and bouncing with health. But once I brought them home to our flat, they soon lost their bounce and the doctor became a regular visitor. Although I

had always lived in a freezing cold, damp house and spent a lot of my childhood in hospital, in my ignorance I had never made the connec-



When approaching the building, one is struck by the heavy layers of scaffolding that partly obscure the windows.

BRING US INTO EASTERHOUSE

From *A Light Within* by Margaret Coletta

I was born in the 1950s, which was a time of poverty, and there wasn't a lot of community activity, although there were lots of happy times with family. Grandparents often stayed with the sons and daughters. My family were seven siblings and my parents, but we still had room for my Italian Grandad when he couldn't live on his own, after my gran passed. There was love and connection.

Before my Mum, Dad, two older brothers, two older sisters, my younger sister and I moved to Easterhouse we lived in Duke St in Glasgow in a one bedroom bedsit. It was a bit of a squeeze but was quite common for working class people in the city. We didn't have a lot of money or material things and times in the fifties and sixties were really hard. My mum and dad always provided for us as much as they could, and my dad worked all the hours he could while my mum looked after all of us...

After a few years, when I was about four, my mum & dad then got word of moving to a new house in Easterhouse. At that time 'the scheme' was just getting built, but later came to be known as one of the biggest housing estates in Glasgow and also in the UK. It also became well known for other reasons like poverty, gangs and other social problems, but I was a toddler and untouched by this. The little light of happiness and hope burned steadily within me in the safe environment of a loving family home. Easterhouse was mostly tenement buildings, six families in each block. We had three bedrooms, a kitchen a bathroom and a living room. There were a lot fields where our new house was...

My mum and dad thought this new house was amazing! We all did because we didn't have as many rooms before, and we didn't even have a separate kitchen or an inside bathroom in our in Duke St. This was luxury! An inside toilet and a ceramic bath not like the tin one we had before. This was posh for us! The Ritz! When we moved to Easterhouse it was so nice to have all this space. As I said, yes there were gangs that used to fight over at the pitches; they had weird names like 'The Drummie' and 'Then Den Toy' but we would never see anything. We were safe and protected. I would just hear my brothers and sisters talking about it the next day, or if my mum was speaking to one of the other neighbours about it. Easterhouse got a bad name because of this, but no matter where gangs were fighting or where you stayed it was always Easterhouse that got the bad name. The new scheme with big hopes and vision for the future wasn't turning out the way people had dreamed. Though we had much more space, I still had to share a room with my three sisters' my two brothers shared a room and my mum and dad had 'the big room' of the house.

My mum and dad were amazing people to me, my role models, my protectors, my providers and sometimes even my friends. They were kind, thoughtful and caring...



TO-MORROW

n
cold!



What happens when
you say "I'm from
Easterhouse"

BRING US OUT AGAIN AND BRING US JOY

I think it has been mentioned previously that mining was the chief occupations of the district and consequently that entailed a lot of planning and providing for the welfare of a community which was often quite unable to meet the financial burden of the cost of treatment when illness or accident occurred. Trade Unions were not so strong in these days but the Miner Union was growing in membership and one of their wise methods was to enlist the services of the local Doctors. Each pit agreed to pay a small levy per man each week and was enrolled on the Doctors List. The Doctor received a fixed Fee and in return he provided all necessary medical attention for the miners, their wives and children, thus removing the dread of not being able to pay if the medical help was required. The Social side of the 'Union' was not quite so valuable and usually only managed to provide one function namely the 'Pit Trip'. That was always a very hilarious day's outing to a sea-side resort. It started round about 6 a.m. when 'maw got faither and the weans' all dressed and despatched them to go and meet John Lauchlan 'wi the rolls' which would duly be buttered and filled with 'boiled ham' or cheese and carried on the trip to satisfy 'hungry weans' who constantly demanded 'a piece'. The 'Hole Baun' kept the party in step and would only stop playing on the 'Station Brig' in time to join the others who had boarded the special train at the Station. On the morning of the 1000

Mary Roberston, Memoirs, transcribed by Ian Montague, archive of Frank Doyle

The Sunnyside Club

Davie & Jean Wallace started the Sunnyside Club. The Club met at the Sunnyside huts on Tuesday nights. We went on bus outing to Saltcoats, Blair Drummond Safari and Adventure Park, the Sea Life Centre in Loch Lomond, and we went on great holidays to Millport for a weekend – which were great weekends. The Sunnyside Club ran for 11 years.

Peter McMahon, History of Sunnyside Club for Children with Additional Support Needs

The BRACE Club

I was in the B.R.A.C.E club for 30 years since it was started. It was a great social club. You paid £3.00. The club met on Monday nights at Ashcraig School for pupils with additional support needs and Wednesday nights at Ruchazie Huts on Ruchazie Road. The BRACE had a very good committee who ran the club each week. The club did a lot of fundraising for the benefit of the members. There were some great Easter, Halloween and Christmas parties and there were bus outings to Ayr, Burntisland and Saltcoats and other nice places and even great club holidays to Spain and America. The places were all great and you always got nice food. The BRACE Club got its name from where all the members stayed.

Peter McMahon, History of the B.R.A.C.E CLUB

Vans

During the 60's & 70's there were a number of vans operating in the schemes of Greater Easterhouse. There were Grocery Vans, Fruit & Veg Vans, even a Fish & Chip Van.

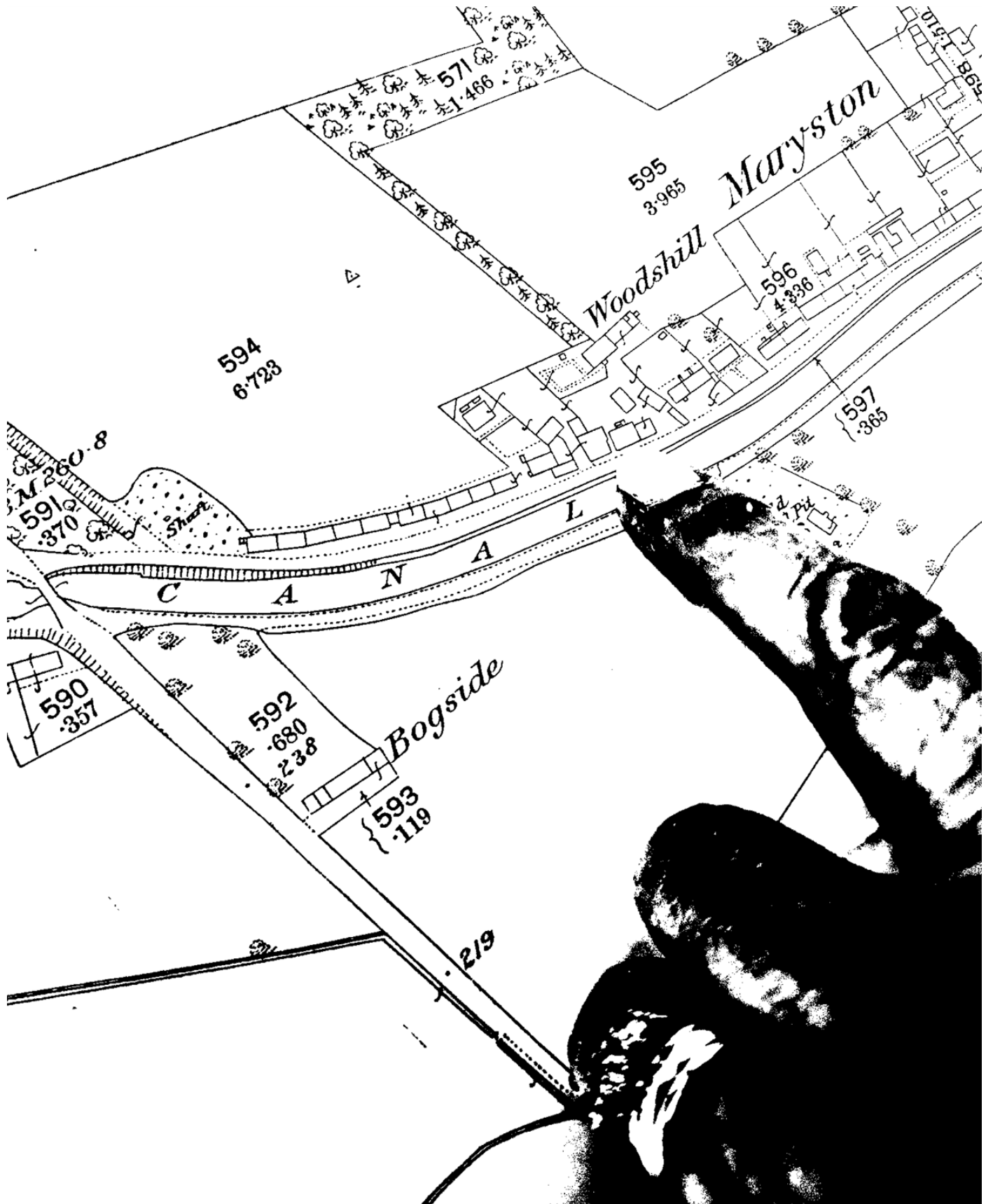
There was a Hairdressers van that was parked at the top of Bellrock Street in Cranhill just next to the water tower.

On a Sunday night the Dalziel van came. It sold rolls and bags of broken biscuits.

Fiona



WHOSE **LAND** IS IT ANYWAY?



OR YOU'LL FIND US IN NAE PLACE

Freedom to roam

by Easterhouse Living Archive group

We had freedom to roam
But time just slipped away
The only thing we had to do
Was be home by the end of the day

The bogfields were a danger
But that was where we played
To travel doon to a different world
A raft is what we made

The coal, the peat, the tatties
The green and open fields
Belonged to us who wandered there
To feed our dreams and needs

Between the dods of concrete
Woods sprouted from the soil
Before the concrete buried all
Rooted in our toil

Easterhouse Living Archive, Creative Writing
workshop, 19 March 2025

- All the lanes of Easterhouse,
heavy with wild hedgerows.
- And the children carry twigs
& branches: pretending bows
& arrows.
- Long summer days (then) home
for tea: mince & tatties mmm!
- Happy as Larry tripping thru'
burns & streams searching
for frogs & spawn ... to
take to the school!
- Big day out to Drumloch^{loch} —
running past the haunted house
a special picnic a ~~be~~ milk bottle
of water & piece o' jam!
And, two bob for a rowing boat

A Wonderful Playground called "Nae Place"

Mary Robertson

Recalling school days brings to mind that wonderful playground called "Nae Place". Just across the road from the school gate was the entrance to the stables used by the local bargemen who tied up the barges just beyond the bridge, between their trips delivering Coal, Iron Ore and other merchandise, which method of transport has long since been replaced by modern motor and other vehicles. Owing to the danger of drowning, which was an ever present fear in the minds of most parents, that particular area was declared "out of bounds" so adding extra attraction to small adventurous country children. A family of boys who spent most of their spare time there invariably answered the mother's query of "whaur hae ye been" with the terse reply "Nae Place". A few well administered cuffs from the sorely tried mother at last dragged out of the boys the whereabouts of "Nae Place" as being "Up ahint MacSporran's Stable". The said Mr. Mac Sporrán with son and son-in-law turned a blind eye on countless occasions when children overran the premises.

"I went up the Sugarolly mountains, by the Cranhill flats near the canal. I did it a couple of times, climbing up and sliding down, even though I was fearty. I came home completely back and got a row. What's the origins of the name? Maybe from black liquorice sticks? What were they made of? I'm not even sure."

Conversation with Brenda

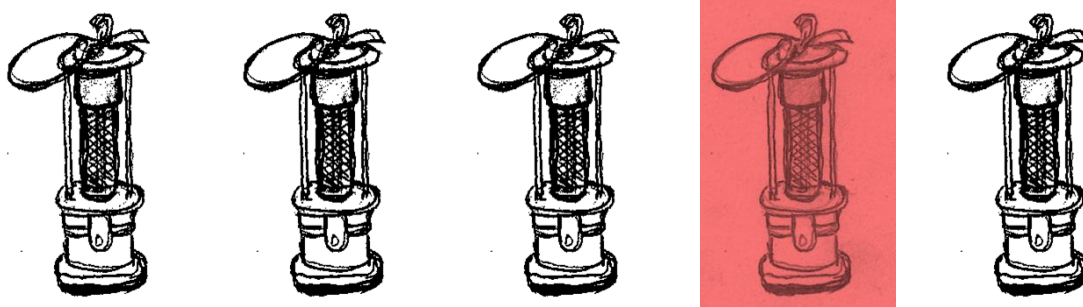
SUGAROLLY MOUNTAINS

chemical it picked up from the Sugarolly Mountains caused that problem. The Sugarollies, now there was a name to conjure with! They were not mountains at all, of course, they just looked high to wee weans. They were man-made by dumping chemicals brought up the Monkland Canal by barge and they were a beautiful yellow colour. They stood where the multi-storey flats are at the bottom of the dip in Bellrock Street. The name is thought to be derived from 'Cowcunchollies' which was given to that stretch of high ground below Hogganfield Loch.

GEORGE: 'The attraction therr wiz that they provided a gigantic slide and aw manner a materials wir used as a sled. Cardboard, auld carpet, corrugated sheet, anythin that wid slip doon the slope - and that included the seat a yur pants, if that wiz aw that wiz available. Many of us weans loast the arse oot wur troosers and paid the penalty fur oor youthful exuberance when we goat hame!'

A little further along the canal banks, just past the wooden bridge that crossed the waterway, there was a disused quarry, another mystical place. It was enclosed on three sides by sheer rocky ledges and was reputed to be as deep as the Pacific Ocean. A pipe projected halfway across the water before plunging into the depths. Whether it was a pipe for draining water into or pumping water out of the quarry, no-one knew. This was a great place for stickleback, and for frogs, which secreted themselves away in cracks in the rocks.

Glasgow Heritage Group, Glasgow Memories: The East End

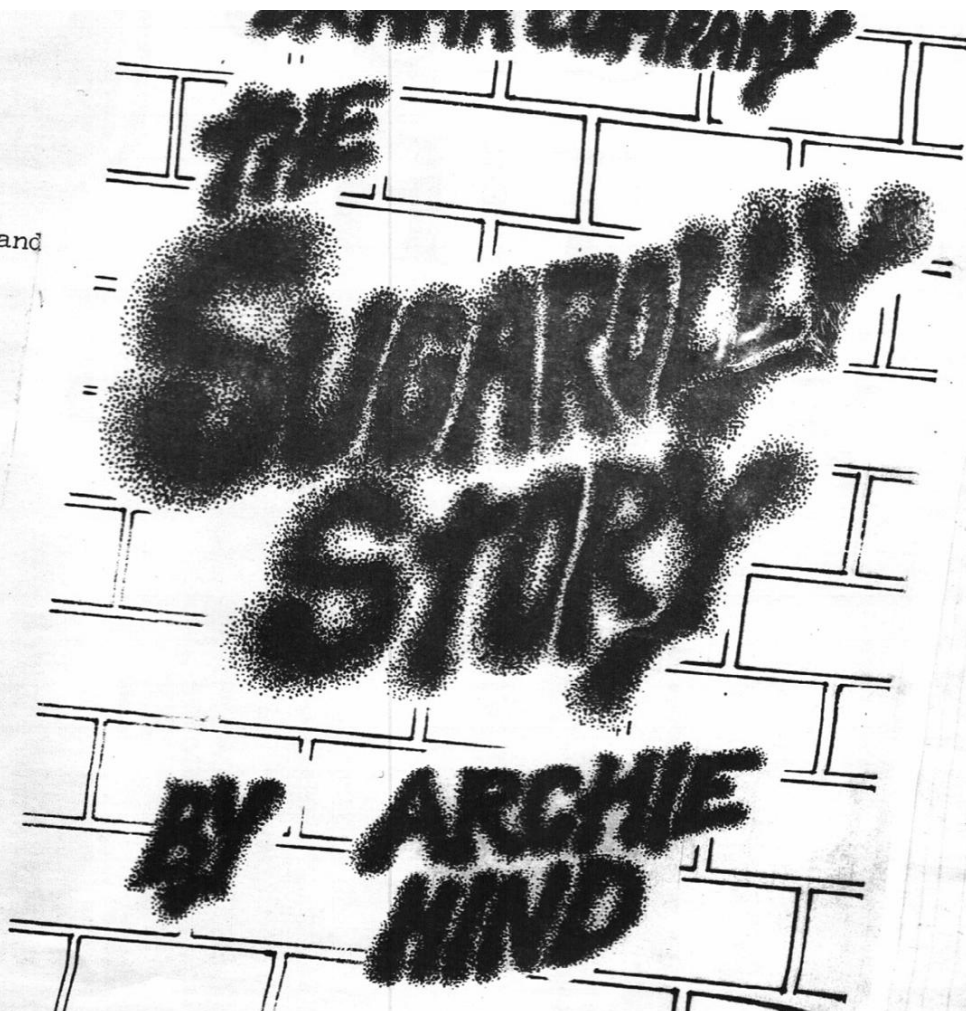


to end all
to written on wall
lazzar's feast
rave-up. Modern
call the supposed
existence into

clamation e.g. Scotland
against England -

to gang slogans.
in East End of
Now common, like
form appendix its
lear

nowledges the
ts Council.



► Homes fit for heroes. The Easterhouse Summer Festival Drama Company tell the story of Easterhouse itself; when, why and how it was built, or rather, misbuilt. Archie Hind's play is an intelligent and witty appraisal of local government incompetence, bungled planning and national betrayal. The play opens with the First World War, with promises of homes fit for heroes, and traces its theme through the General Strike, the Means Test, and another world war, to the building of Easterhouse in the fifties. The second act then brings us right up to date.

Through the play, Easterhouse becomes a symbol of the failure to the working-class movement

to assert itself vigorously over the past 60 years. *The Sugarolly Story* implies not only the bankruptcy of the Labour Party, it also implies — without tub-thumping — the lack of revolutionary commitment has led to the inevitable betrayal that Easterhouse represents.

The show is extremely funny in some parts and the enthusiasm of the cast energises the audience throughout. Only the conclusion is weak. A final song about giving the punters a chance borders on the wet and its self-patronising tone jars with all that has come before. Nevertheless, this is a show that everyone should see, and especially if you happen to work for the Planning Dept. or the Housing Dept.

Raymond J. Ross

"The Sugarolly Story":
YMCA Theatre

THE SCOTSMAN, FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1981

WHOSE **CULTURE IS IT
ANYWAY?**

Easterhouse Community Trust presents

SCHEME SONGS

SONGBOOK

**APOLLO SOUVENIR
PROGRAMME**

**Saturday 8th September
1984**

PRICE 50p

SINGING FROM THE ROOFTOPS

Nae nothing – notes towards a song
Easterhouse Living Archive Group, 2025

We had freedom to roam but time
just slipped away
The only thing we had to do was
be home for the end of the day
The pits have all been filled in
The industry is gone
But as long as we stick together
Together we'll be strong

Nae buses
Nae schools
Nae post offices
Nae pubs
Nae nothing at all

But as long as we stick together
Together we'll be strong
As long as we stick together
Oor community never fails

THE BIG 'E' SONG

We've moved to the Big E. but since we've
been here,
We've found something worse than a pub
without beer.
We've seen a few horrors, but nothing by far.
Like a great council scheme that has not got
a bar.

So we go to the town and come hame in the
bus.
and when we get back to the last terminus,
well, after the bevvie there's one thing you
miss.
It's a nice place for a quiet legal piss.

There isn't a picture-house, there is no chip
shop.
There's nae billiard hall, and there's nae
Band of Hope.
There's nae a place you can buy wool or
threid.
And nae undertakers in case you drap deid.

There isn't a hall for rehearsing a play.
And the nearest Bingo is ten miles away.
Friday comes round, and it makes you feel
blue.
You've to go on safari just to sign on the
buroo.

EASTERHOUSE

Barbara Wilson



Note:— Slight swing in refrain where dotted notes shown.

As I went doon by Bishop Loch I met an eskimo,
Wi' his sledge and dogs and frozen logs all sliding through the snow.
I said, "My man, tell if you can how you came to be here."
He said: "I live in Easterhouse, I flitted there last year!"

Chorus: Everybody's flitted oot tae Easterhouse last year,
Everybody in the world has flitted oot tae here.
There's everyone you know, Uncle Joe and Ikey Mo,
A' flitted oot tae Easterhouse last year.

Oot in the scheme, a jungle, in a cooking pot I sat,
A cannibal came up to me and lifted his lum hat:
"I bet ye ken my brother Ben wi' a big bone in his ear,
For he lives oot at Easterhouse, he flitted there last year!"

A troop o' U.S. Cavalry came ridin' doon the trail,
Lookin' for some savages tae put them in the jail.
They stopped to ask a polis if he'd seen Geronimo:
"He's doon at Lochend Road," he said, "writin' on the wa'."

Noo my wee brother Davie, although he's only three,
He's really awfy clever and he knows mair words than me;
If anybody asks him where he learned tae curse and swear,
He'll say: "I stay in Easterhouse, I flitted there last year."

Noo a' the folk o' Easterhouse, whoever they may be,
Nae matter where they come frae, you'll find they will agree;
From Anniesland or Ibrox, Cathcart or Belvédère,
If you flit oot tae Easterhouse ye'll aye be welcome here.

BARBARA WILSON is 14 years old and a pupil at Lochend School, Easterhouse.
© 1969 Miller Frondigoun & Barbara Wilson.

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There's nae clubs, or creche, nae wee
boating pond.
No even an uncle, where things can be
pawned.
And in case all these things make you feel
discontent.
They've built a wee office for collecting the
rent.

There's nae a cafe, there's nae single ends.
There's nae Wynds or Alleys or Vennels or
Pens.
There's nae place to go for a coffee or tea.
And they've knocked down the mountains
of Sugaroll-ee.

I've been the world over, I've wondered
afar..
I've been in the Gobi, and the Sa-ha-ra.
Arizona's Death Valley's familiar to me.
The Namibian wastes and the Sargasso
sea.

The great treeless stretches of the Nullarbor.
The Arabian dunes that the camels are for.
But nothing compares to this place that
we sing
Easterhouse
For a desert wi' windaes nae natural thing.

From a "Sugarolly Story" E.F.S. Drama
Group — 1981



THE SONG OF THE SPUD

I once was a common-or-garden wee bloke,
But Fortune smiled on me, and then in a stroke,
I was lifted quite literally out of the mud
To become over-night, the Omnipotent spud.

In the past bitter tears would fall from my eyes,
For even the cabbages used to despise
Such a lowly born fellow without royal blood
And they nick-named me Murphy and tattie and spud.

I wasn't worth tuppence, I was down at the heels,
Poor tramps of the road will know how it feels
To be trampled and scoffed at and misunderstood,
But look at me now — the magnificent spud.

Of morals in this, there's surely no dearth,
The meek and the poor shall inherit the earth,
If I can aspire, then surely the could —
Take heart and take hope from the song of the spud.

FREDDY ANDERSON.

* * *

Easterhouse Festival Society

OINEY HOY

THE EASTERHOUSE SUMMER FESTIVAL SOCIETY DRAMA GROUP

The Director, Margaret Harris conveyed an enthusiasm which gives yet another meaning to the Fringe. The spirit of joyous co-operation which resulted in a production of so much laughter and generosity from one of the most deprived communities in Scotland.

The play represents the spirit of popular participation and creativity for which ALL theatre should stand strong.

B.B.C. RADIO IRELAND - REVIEW

**"Where there is no Vision
People perish"**

The Easterhouse Summer Festival
DRAMA GROUP



By
Freddy Anderson

Subsidised by the
**Scottish Arts Council and
Network for Social Change**

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WHOSE EDUCATION IS IT ANYWAY?

the voice

barlanark
garthamlock

of

easterhouse
queenslie

NOV, 1973.

VOL. 2, NO. 9 4p.

advice centre

Plans are going ahead to start up a Citizen's Advice Bureau in Easterhouse.

The Bureau will give free advice on all kinds of matters - form-filling, rents, consumers affairs, etc. - as well as re-

ferring people to existing agencies

A management Committee has been set up consisting of Rev. Ron Ferguson (Chairman), Mrs. Murtha (Secretary), Sister Marie Therese (Treasurer).

Local volunteers (of any or no political or religious persuasion) are required to staff the bureau. Volunteers

will be asked to take a ten week course in January to give the week when opens in March. If you are even though please get with R. Ferguson Langbar Path, house (Tel 77

HOW'S YOUR VOICE?

The Voice circulation is continuing to rise steadily, and some readers have found difficulty in getting a copy. The only way to ensure obtaining a copy is to place a regular order (see that on page 2).

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Scandal of our Schools

by VOICE REPORTER

The part-time education blight has hit the Easterhouse district again - and the situation does not look like improving in the near future. Many pupils in the area are either being home-schooled, or are missing classes because of shortages of

There are signs that parents are beginning to organise themselves to press for improvements (see 'Comment' and the call to parents in Lochend and other areas, inside).

NO RESERVES
A senior official at the Education Department told The Voice that the teacher shortage affected many areas of the City.

"We have no reserve force at all," he said.

"We are relying on people coming out of retirement, and house-

The spokesman said that primary class average ought to be 35 pupils, and in the secondary schools they were trying to achieve 15.5 pupils per class.

"The trouble is that places like Easterhouse and Pollock are a long way away for many teachers, but if we lean too hard they simply leave to join other authorities who are also short of staff."

PROPOSALS
What does the Educational Institute of Scotland think?

"We are nowhere near that," he said, "and it would be wrong to suggest that the situation will improve in the very near future. I know that teachers and parents are unhappy, quite rightly, but only time and the appearance of more students will solve the problem."

Did the big housing schemes in the east end not get the worst of it, I asked?

No wonder has been face-lift was due in the 5 year has the ground have been has been When one I area



SH...

Question: Primary school found a novel way to raise money in Children's Fair.

SHORT HISTORY OF EASTER CLUB FOR CHILDREN WITH ADDITIONAL SUPPORT NEEDS by Peter McMahon

We're proud to be the trunk, where all the branches have started from. We are very pleased to see how the branches have spread over the area.

The Easter Club began started in April 1969 – hence the name Easter Club (Easterhouse, Eastertime). The founder of the club was a Mrs. Reilly. She felt there was a need in our area for children with additional supports need to go, as many of our members were at that time unacceptable in schools. Many parents came along to our Friday meetings. **They passed on knowledge to each other** as there was very little information available to us at the time. The parents of Easter Club campaigned for children with additional support – Enable. Eventually the right to be educated in special educational support needs schools was thankfully passed in an Act by the Westminster government.

When new places like Cumbernauld, East Kilbride and Livingstone opened, many of our people moved to better houses for their sons or daughters. Out of our original people that were in the club from the very beginning only four remain, faithfully

keeping the club going each week. The people in Easterhouse have always been good to us in our fundraising efforts, and we have a few volunteers who help us out each week and we are very grateful to them.

Our first holiday was to Ayr for indoor camping in a school. Everyone still enjoys talking about that holiday. We still go on our annual bus outing, taking along some old friends from Eskdale home for the elderly. Each year at Christmas we are invited to Eskdale for a Christmas party and disco.

Nearly all our weans have grown up now but fundraising still goes on, with all the usual things done to make money.

The Easter Club has always been very independent and is not associated to any other club. **We are proud to be the trunk, where all the branches have started from.** We are very pleased to see how the branches have spread over the area.

We were the first group to be accepted out with children's home for the Annual Glasgow Taxi Outing to Troon. Many of our members still go each year on this outing.

We hope the Easter Club will run for many years to come and continue to be **a place our people can call their own.**



SCHOOL TIES by Rosemary Whitley

Primary school was over, it was the summer of '76
we'd walk Baillieston to Easterhouse, looking for some kicks.
A cone fae a van, cream soda for a treat, fair cooled ye doon in blistering heat.
Moseying around the shopping centre, plastic sandals oan sair sweaty feet.

Ah started 1st year high school, at St Ambrose in Coatbridge
but the school went oan fire, so us weans hud tae shift.
Ah wis gutted aboot havin' tae be taught elsewhere
cause ma school canteen perks wid be nae mare.

Ye see, ma auntie Veronica, heid cook at the time
made sure ah didnae need queue in the dinner line.
Taking lunch tae the heidy in his office each day
Bob Crampsie's eye aglow, nosh piled up oan his tray.

So, ah wis off tae St Leonard's, at least for a while
and ma trips back tae Easterhouse resumed, in style?
It wisnae a carefree saunter tae school wi ma pal
it was 20-mile round bus trip, and a ban fae the mall!

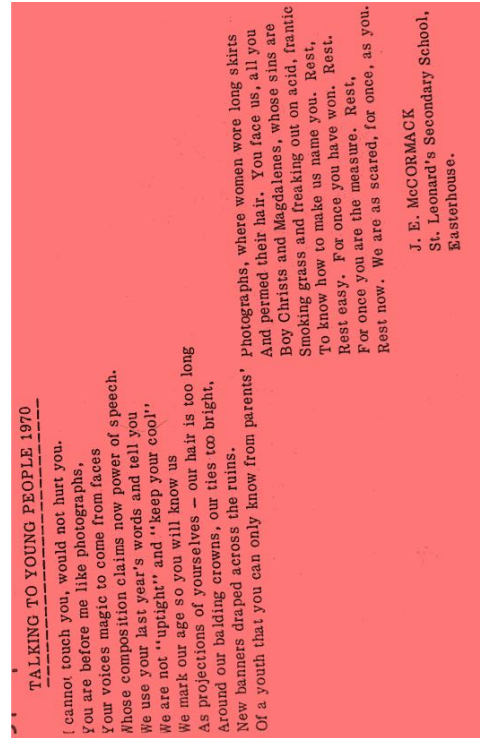
We'd board the school bus in Baillieston at hauf past eight
pile oan tae another wan outside St Ambrose school gate.
Then we'd travel back the same wye we came
jist tae get tae St Leonards, a stone's throw fae hame!

The school bell ran oot at 9 o'clock, but we were telt tae stay oan the bus
teachers taking the register and faffin' aboot, felt like wan big, enormous fuss!
Us travel sick weans, well, we'd hud enough, drew daggers and jibed at peers, nae shame!
When questioned aboot the rumpus we caused, the St Leonards kids, they wur tae blame!

Seemed there wis nae hope of schools integrating, segregation wid be the lesson of choice
separate classes and play times, lunchtimes anaw, we were kids without a voice
Shrieks of laughter echoed through walls, fae nameless peers we never knew at all.
Walk wi yer heid doon through corridors in haste, hands in pockets, feeling very small.
But weans are curious, so rules were broken, and mony a fight broke oot
and the kids fae Lochend school across the road, wurnae sure whose tae be oan!

Hazy is my memory of class lessons taught, atmosphere heavy and fraught.
The clock on the wall dictated our day, pack up quickly, that wis the way.
Hopeful pleas at the end of a day, "kin ah no jist walk hame, it's no faur away!"
That didnae warrant a travel reprieve, two buses and like it, nae matter where you stay.

We boarded the bus one last time, no waves of farewell, no new friends to be seen.
Thinking now of my time at 'the Lenny', a wry smile, and what could have been.
A memory of almost fifty years ago, a brief encounter with a school, sadly, no longer there.
Small or tall, all have a voice. A bridge, a platform, and a community to share.



WHOSE **SPACE** IS IT ANYWAY?



THIS IS EVERYDAY LIFE – TIME TO THINK

Garthamlock Community Project stage protest ahead of court summons

Holly Lennon, *Glasgow Times*, 07.07.16

The Garthamlock Community Project have staged a protest outside of Glasgow Sheriff Court. The group were served with a court summons after refusing to vacate from their current base to make room for a housing development last month.

Founded almost a decade ago, the project acts as a youth group, food bank and drop-in centre for locals.

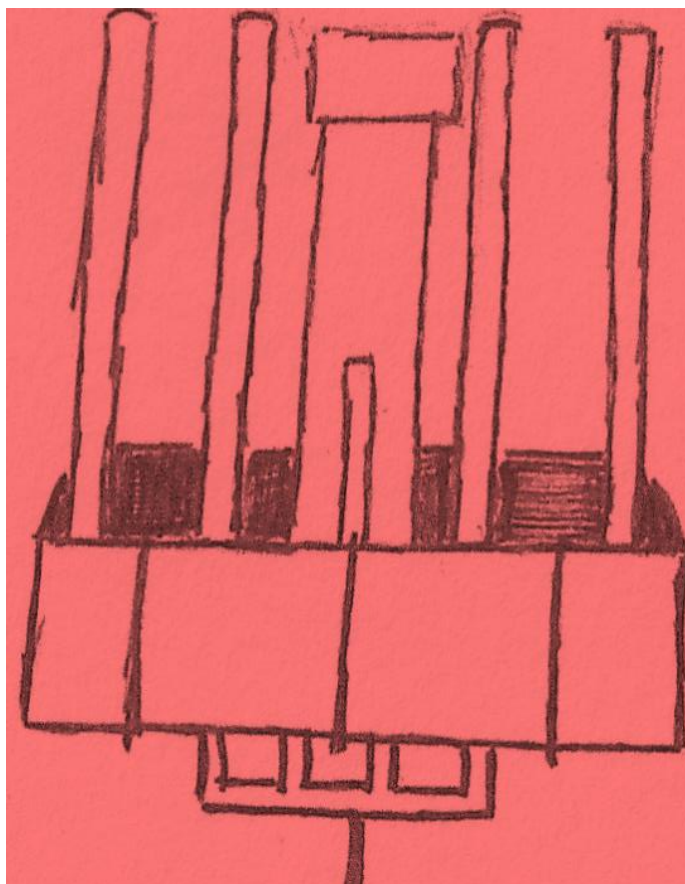
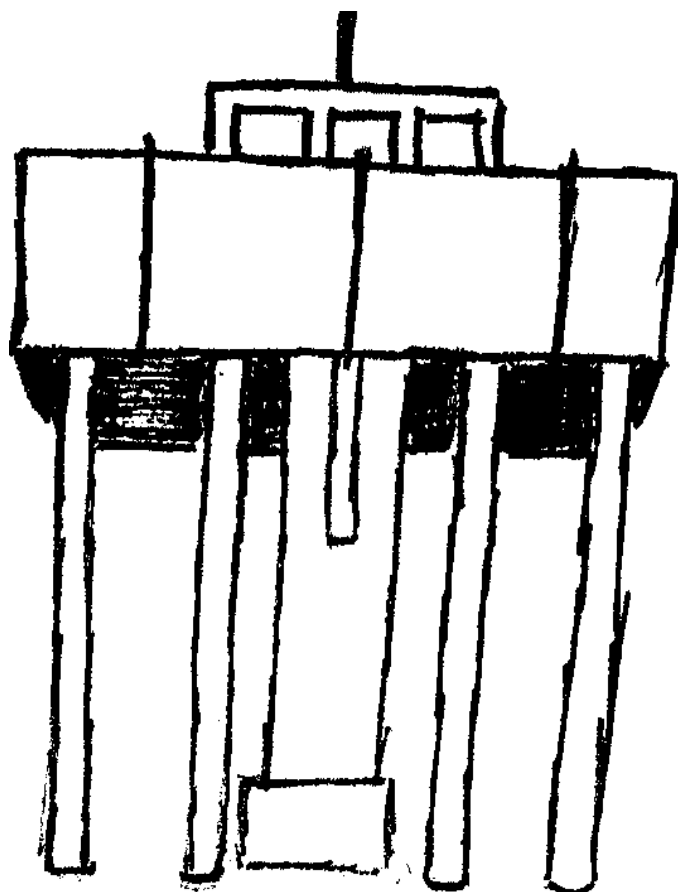
Landlords City Property, an arms-length firm of Glasgow City Council, told the group they had to vacate by April 27 to make way for Persimmon Homes.

Persimmon Homes intend to transform the street into a housing development in hope that it would regenerate the area.

Speaking outside of the Sheriff Court, organiser Geraldine Marshall said: “They’re supposed to be about regeneration but they’ve not put anything back into the community. They’ve spent millions of pounds and Garthamlock has got nothing out of it.”

“Regeneration is putting back into the community, all they’ve done is taken things out. They’re taking all the green space, you can’t see anything now. There’s not a school or a nursery – there’s nothing but houses.”

Doug Law, managing director at Persimmon Homes West Scotland said: “Glasgow City Properties have been dealing with the remaining tenants of the Barholm Square Shops.”





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Betrayed Again! CUTS HIT

GARTHAMLOCK

Once again the people of Garthamlock have been badly let down. This time at the hands of the Tory Government's public expenditure cutbacks which will increasingly make their presence felt to all sections of the community.

Garthamlock has always been isolated - left without an adequate bus-service and a marked absence of the amenities that late twentieth century British society should be able to provide in every community. However over the last ten years this once pleasant housing scheme has deteriorated, mainly through the inaction of successive Governments and local authorities. Now Garthamlock is an area of deprivation and decay, with an unemployment rate of 50.6%, 25% of the housing stock unoccupied, bricked-up and impossible to let. A history of broken promises by the Powers-that-be has resulted in slum conditions that few could imagine how bad it is.

In a last desperate bid to redress the balance the Glasgow District Council drew up plans for a massive programme of revitalisation and improvements for the area. This programme was to have cost £15 million, the bulk of which would come from the Scottish Development Dept. Once again the embers of hope began to revive and have since grown to a blazing furnace of optimism and enthusiasm. The people began to hope again, this time something was to be done. A last chance!

Then on Tuesday the 13th of November, a crushing blow was dealt to the hopeful people of Garthamlock, when it was announced that the vicious cutbacks in public expenditure inspired by the Tory Government has reduced the working budget for Garthamlock to £695,000 - 1/30th of the required funds. The original plan for the £15 million was to use it over the next four years starting with the first phase in 1980 which was budgeted at £3.5 million. There are also no guarantees for the future beyond this miserable £695,000

It must be stressed that this is not through any fault of the Housing Management Dept. They themselves now have to disregard all the planning that had gone into this latest project (all the surveys, working party recommendations, plans and models, costing etc.) which cost ratepayers thousands of pounds. They now find themselves with nothing they can constructively do, except for what is called a 'Holding Operation' - or having to admit defeat in this situation. What they propose is the demolition of whole sections of the scheme one side of Dudhope Street (odd Nos.) and the side of Knockhall St. that backs on to them, and almost the whole of the back of the scheme. This area would be from St. Thenog's primary to Craigend taking in Dornaway St., Tillycairn Rd., Binns Rd. The result of this will be the square left by the vanished bits of Dudhope and

Knockhall, which will probably be landscaped - eventually. The back end of the scheme? Well there has already been talk of areas of Garthamlock being given over to private developers. Any developer acquiring this land would be getting a bargain. Access roads already there; as are drains, water and gas supplies etc., which would save a building firm's costs; but their little matchbox houses would, of course, still cost the same as they do in Carnbroe Park (Little Easterhouse) out by Coatbridge. This, they say, would improve the 'social mix' of the area.

Therefore on Thursday 22nd November a group of over 200

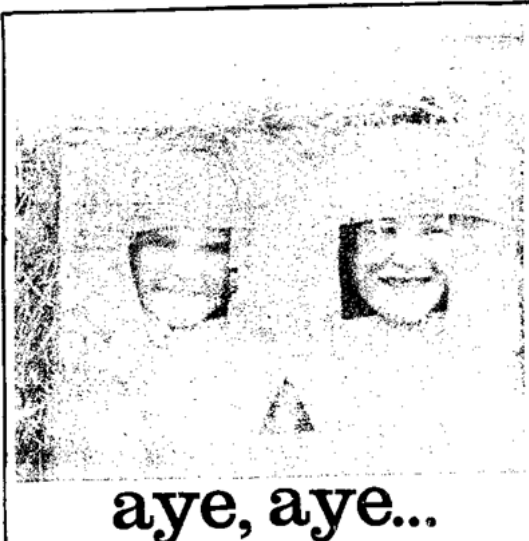
people from Garthamlock went to demonstrate in front of the City Chambers. There was a full council meeting that day and two delegates from the demonstration were allowed to speak to the council to implore them to appeal to the Secretary of State, on behalf of the Garthamlock people, to treat the area as a 'special case'. It was put to the council that if Garthamlock was not helped at this time, then the downward spiral of neglect and decay would continue and the entire area would be fit for nothing but total demolition in a very few years time. The Labour and S.N.P. groups appeared to unanimously support this

request - but by the end of that afternoon Glasgow did not have an administration - so once again it would appear that the people are on their own.

It's now up to the people of Garthamlock to fight against this appalling decision. For too long the local Government has ignored them, made soothing noises whenever they cried out, made umpteen promises which they probably knew they could not keep - but what does it matter, after all it's only Garthamlock.

Yes, it's only Garthamlock, but they are fighting for decent homes - and they'll fight hard.

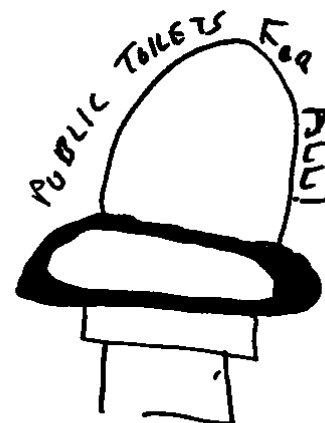
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“There was a public consultation going on in the shopping centre and I walked by. They were asking what can we do if we get funding. I said they should put public toilets in, especially for children and older people. They eventually did it but they put in push buttons for the flush and they’re so stiff. We should have chains or handles! **No one thinks about these things.** Like dropped curbs on pavements for example. For wheelchair users it’s very hard. People don’t want to talk about these things but it’s everyday life. We need to.”

Conversation with Kit

Ad
minis
like
barrier
cloths
look
as
the
out



We want chains!
Or handles!
Not buttons!

THE WARRANT SALE

OCTOBER 1987

Easterhouse Women

THE WARRANT SALE

Misfortune came and life was no the same
Unemployment, illness, other things beside,
That drained a body's pride,
Left her a target close to suicide

The bailiffs came and marked her few possessions,
Hard-faced men doing just their job,
But doing it so well,
Creating hell for this poor struggling soul.

The marked the wretched goods beneath,
and thought to hide the shame,
and left the company's name,
If perchance some respite money came,
to avert her loss.

She hung upon her cross for that long week,
and hid her tears:
The years had taken toll and lined her face,
To end up here in poverty's disgrace,
Kindly neighbours hid some odds-and-ends,
The hour of need discovers foe and friends.

Outrageous prices on the day of the sale,
Some market sharks paid money on the nail,
And hauled her gear away,
Mere walls of grief and gloom,
And she within,
Outside a greedy world still steeped in sin.



ANNETTE

EXT BEACON
HOUSING S
COMMUNIT
BENEFIT C

Thanks

Whose scheme is it anyway? An Easterhouse Living Archive. Edited and collated by Joey Simons (Glasgow: Platform, 2025)

Archival images and materials in the publication were selected from *The Voice*, *The Beacon*, *Chapbook*, The Easterhouse Festival Society report - *Five Years On* (1982), *The Writing's on the Wall: new images of Easterhouse* (1977) edited and published by Rev. Ron Ferguson, and people's personal archives and collections.

We would like to give special thanks to Clare Thompson, Special Collections Librarian at The Mitchell Library, Glasgow, for looking out so many of these materials for a brilliant workshop with the Easterhouse Living Archive group.

Also special thanks to the staff at Easterhouse Library who have done a fantastic job of curating the library's local history section.

A big thank you to Margaret McCormick and all the team at Platform.

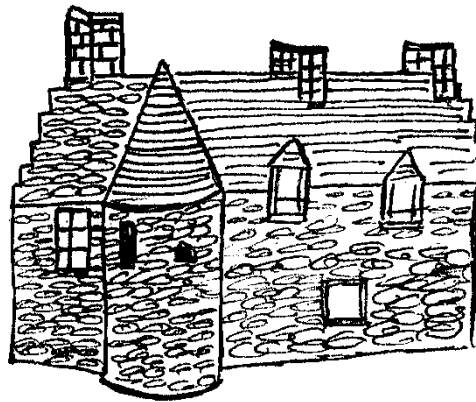
The title of this publication is inspired by the documentary *Whose town is it anyway? Easterhouse people and power* (1984) directed by Tony Freeth.

Dedicated to the memory of Cathy McCormack (1952-2022).

If you would like to get in touch regarding an image credit, please contact Platform by emailing: info@platform-online.co.uk

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WHOSE IS IT ANYWAY?

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