



THE Living **M**emory **A**ssociation **NEWSLETTER**

THELMA says, 'Have you got a light?'



Back then, far from being considered anti-social or a health hazard, smoking was very commonplace, seen as part of everyday life and decidedly 'cool' amongst the young, one of the rites of passage to adult status.

I remember sitting at the kitchen table helping my mum count up hundreds of Embassy cigarette coupons, then we'd pick something out of the catalogue and send away for it.

Says Maggie Hall.

This is Henry Robb Shipyard Electricians' Social Club in Leith, 1952. There is plenty smoking going on here - it goes with the pints!

The actor, John Slater, famous as Det. Sgt. Stone in *Z Cars*, pictured here with Barbara Davidson and Dod the dog.

When I was nine, my dad gave me a sook of his pipe and I choked on it. He said, 'Let that be a lesson'. I never smoked again.

Says Peter MacDonald.

I love the smell of a pipe or a good cigar. Balkan Sobranie was my dad's and Condor ready-rubbed was my granpa's. If you gave granpa a cigar he used to chop it up and put it in his pipe. *Says Liz Sproat.*





Two girls are in conversation at a social event at Gracemount Community Centre in 1968.

Loved The Mansion (Gracemount Community centre). Secret Consulate smoked way back in the 70s. Says **Tricia Ronaldson**

I only smoked when I was out dancing or drinking. The next day I wouldn't bother, till I went on another night out. Says **Helen McGuire**.

I smoked Embassy or Players No 6 to start with, then Benson & Hedges, and after that Silkcut with the wee purple square on the packet. They were milder. Says **Tommy Arthur**.

My dad smoked Players. I smoked from early, used to get No 6s, and single cigarettes from a shop on Minto street. I remember the posh ones, multi coloured were popular for a treat, later I was a rolly gal - got into liquorice papers, menthol on holiday sometimes, haha. I started on B&H and Silkcut pre the big run of purple ads that came out. I think I smoked Rothmans as well, and in Spain it was Fortuna and of course Marlboro. Says **Susan**.



Craven 'A' was popular with British soldiers during the 2nd World War.

I started smoking at 14, in 1955. Players and Capstan. I gave up in 1965 and never smoked since. Says **George Gow**.

Craven 'A' cork tipped cigarettes were advertised as 'made from the finest imported matured Virginia Tobacco guaranteed pure and absolutely free from adulteration.' Adverts for the cigarettes claim the cork tips prevented sore throats.



Isabel Guthrie, pictured on the left, drinking with the bar staff. My mother was a barmaid at The Lochrin Inn, Tollcross. *Says Seonaidh Guthrie.*

I was 6 or 7 when I first got sent to the corner shop for cigs for my mum. The man knew my mum and just handed them over the counter. I started smoking at 12! *Says Alexander McCall.*

When I was wee I'd buy single cigarettes at the shop. *Says Jim Fairnie.*

People didn't know how bad smoking was for you then. Everybody smoked. You could smoke upstairs on the bus, in the pictures, in a restaurant. It was different attitude to smoking then. *Says Janet Johnston.*

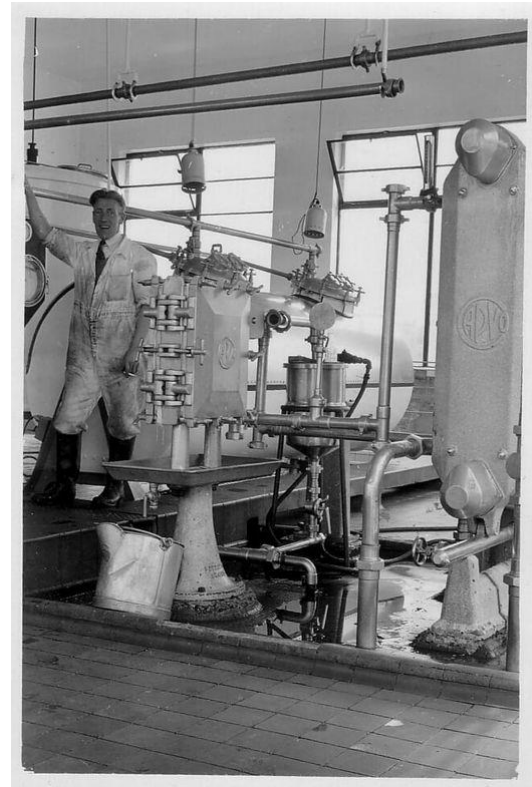
This is Dad in his Royal Navy uniform, home on leave. As can be seen, no brass buttons etc, nothing that could glisten during wartime. He's smoking, a cigarette, probably Navy issue, but he was mostly a pipe smoker, which used to fill the room in no time with the smell (which I miss). *Says Evelyn Muir.*



A woman sitting by the fireside smoking, 1950s. A pair of slippers (or baffies) and a 'Companion Set' – a brush, poker, tongs and wee shovel, on the hearth.

My Grandmother, Margaret McConnell, born in 1933, later in life told me smoking was a fashion statement more than anything, a trend that they apparently didn't know was addictive at the time, neither where they aware of the health risks according to my Nan.

Says Caitlin Marli McMillan.



Middleton's bakery in Cowdenbeath, 1960.

A Dairy in 1948.

Smoking in the workplace was widely accepted then but today, especially in a food production area, it would be very much a no-no.



Ken and Betty Reid are enjoying a cigarette in the living room at 19 Milton Street, in December 1960.



The Wee Museum of Memory
10am – 3pm Mon – Fri
11am – 3pm Sat/Sun
Ocean Terminal next to
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We are currently closed
due to Covid restrictions.
www.livingmemory.org.uk


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