



THE Living Memory Association NEWSLETTER

THELMA says... A Guid New Year!



“People just went round the houses, first-footing, with their bottle. You’d have a drink, a song, a bit black bun. It was great, really great.” Says **James Dunn**

“I never took a lump of coal that big when I went first footing!” Says **Mary McIntyre**

“Someone would aye be greeting when the bells came round. An auld granny or a maiden aunt or sometimes a man that had too much drink!” Says **Alex Orr**

“You’d always lay a spread on for Hogmanay, sandwiches, soup, shortcake, sausage rolls. It helped soak up the drink!” Says **Sandra Borthwick**

First Footer with a lump of coal 1955

First footing (or the ‘first foot’ in the house after midnight). To ensure good luck for the house the first foot should be a dark-haired male, and he should bring with him a piece of coal, shortbread, salt, black bun and a wee dram of whisky.

The Loony Dook, is an annual event held on New Years' Day in which people dive into the freezing waters of the Firth of Forth at South Queensferry, often in fancy dress.





“One Hogmanay in the early 60s I remember being at a Hogmanay party with some students who lived in Raeburn Place, Stockbridge and we walked home all the way back to Hyvot’s Bank, Gilmerton Dykes.” Says **Dot Law (née Ramsay)**

Family and friends in the sitting room seeing in the New year in 1955.

“I remember several drunken Hogmanays at the Tron with Helen, kissing boys... some I knew, some I didn't, one year a policeman. I remember one year Helen taking so long to get ready for the Tron, we were so late we missed it all. We were walking up the Mound as revellers were streaming down, in the days when the pubs shut earlier so we just had to come straight back home. I was furious with her. A rare snog-free Hogmanay!” Says **Susan Bird**

The Kirknewton Inn at New Year 1956.

The word Hogmanay is thought to have first been used widely following Mary Queen of Scots' return to Scotland from France in 1561. It is of doubtful origin and may come from the French word 'hoginane' - gala day. The name could come from the Anglo-Saxon 'haleg monath' meaning holy month.





Family enjoying a New Year's Day dinner in 1964.

"I remember it was always steak pie from the butchers, that you would have for your dinner on New Year's Day. You'd order it to make sure you got one." Says **George Rafferty**.

"I remember as a teenager around 1956, being at my Granny Allen's house in Drummond Street at Hogmanay. We had been down to the Tron and when we came back up, the police had come to inform my Mum and Dad that their house at Sighthill was on fire." Says **Dot Law (née Ramsay)**

Family party to celebrate New Year in 1971.

Photo courtesy of Dean Village Memories.

"We'd go to The Tron to bring the Bells in then off to someone's house for a party." Says **Ann Brodie**.



"You'd stock-up with bevvy for Hogmanay. I mean it would've been terrible to have run out on the night." Says **Michael Wilson**.

"At Hogmanay my mum would spend the day cleaning the house. It had to be spotless for the new year." Says **Kate Spence**.

Black bun, is a type of fruit cake completely covered with pastry. It is Scottish in origin, originally eaten on Twelfth Night but now enjoyed at Hogmanay. The cake mixture typically contains raisins, currants, almonds, citrus peel, allspice, ginger, cinnamon and black pepper.



This picture was taken at Queensberry House, built as a 17th century mansion house in the Canongate, that was used as a hospital from 1803 till 1996, including a period in the 1830s when it was specifically a cholera hospital during the epidemic. The building is now part of the Scottish Parliament complex. These nurses are celebrating Christmas at Queensberry House around 1980.

We hope you have a Happy New Year and wish you the very best of health and happiness for the year ahead.

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne!

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my jo,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Do you have memories, stories, or photos you'd like to share? Please get in touch:

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The Wee Museum of Memory
10am – 3pm Mon – Fri
11am – 3pm Sat/Sun
Ocean Terminal next to
Royal Yacht Britannia

