

THIS INKWELL EXHIBITION IS A NEW IDEA BY IRISS ARTIST  $\ni$  ANDY ARCHER  $\ni$

OVER THE LAST FEW MONTHS ANDY HAS MET UP WITH LOCAL OLDER PEOPLE,  
AND HAS GOT TO KNOW THEM OVER A CUPPA OR TWO.

ANDY TAKES NOTE OF A  $\ni$  STORY  $\ni$  EACH PERSON HAS TOLD,  
THEN TAKES A FEW PHOTOS ON HIS IPAD FOR REFERENCE.

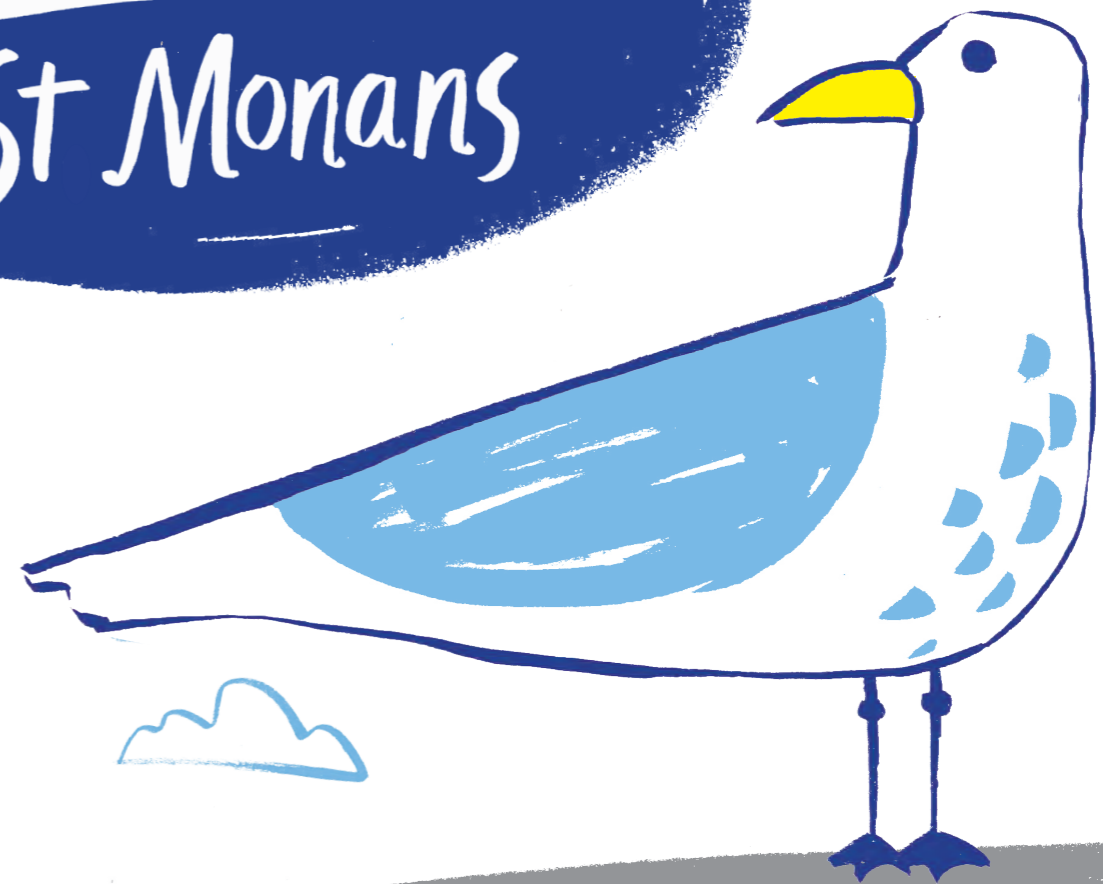
HE THEN GOES BACK TO HIS STUDIO TO CREATE A PORTRAIT,  
RETURNING A FEW WEEKS LATER WITH A FINISHED PRINT.

THIS PROJECT INTENDS TO REMIND ALL GENERATIONS  
THAT OLDER PEOPLE ARE  $\ni$  TREASURE TROVES  $\ni$   
OF ADVENTURE, HISTORY AND KNOWLEDGE.

IT'S ALSO ABOUT  $\ni$  DEVELOPING  $\ni$  NEW FRIENDSHIPS,  
 $\ni$  ESTABLISHING  $\ni$  SOCIAL NETWORKS AND  $\ni$  ENGAGING  $\ni$  THE LOCAL COMMUNITY.

FOR MORE INFORMATION, OR TO BE INVOLVED IN FUTURE  $\ni$  INKWELL  $\ni$  INITIATIVES,  
PLEASE CONTACT: [andy.archer@iriss.org.uk](mailto:andy.archer@iriss.org.uk)

# Inkwell at St Monans

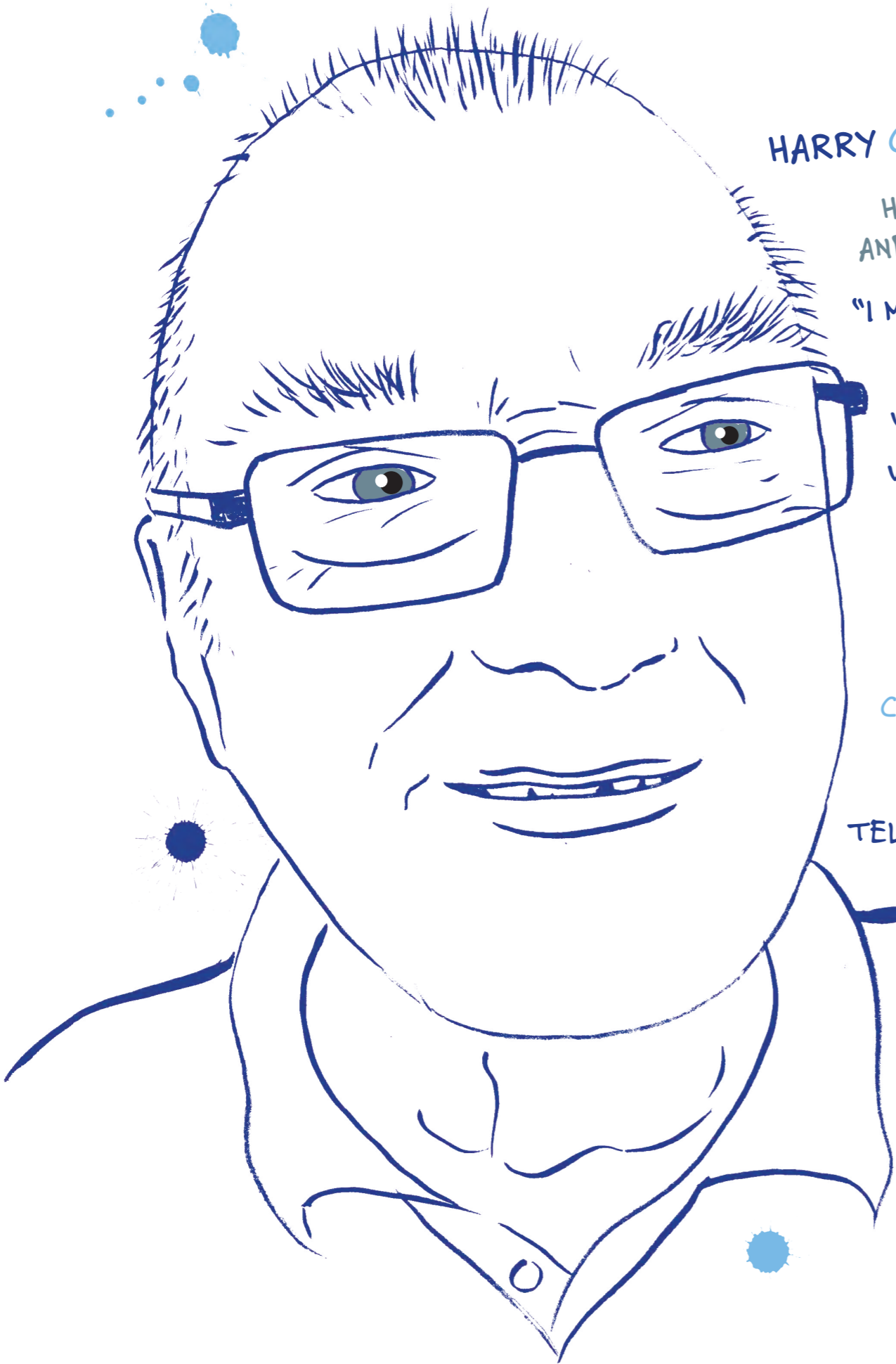


THIS WORK WAS SUPPORTED BY A GROUP OF OLDER PEOPLE IN ST MONANS, AS PART OF AN IRISS PROJECT CALLED PLAN P.

TO LEARN MORE, HAVE A LOOK AT OUR BLOG: <http://blogs.iriss.org.uk/planp> or email [vivien.moffat@iriss.org.uk](mailto:vivien.moffat@iriss.org.uk)

WITH THANKS TO RITA JONES AND HELEN TURNER AT BIELD HOUSING, LOCAL VOLUNTEER SANDRA MAYES, AND ALL THOSE WHO SHARED THEIR STORIES AND GAVE THEIR TIME AND CONSENT.





HARRY COULDN'T BE MORE LOCAL

HE WAS BORN IN ST MONANS  
AND HAS LIVED HERE ALL HIS LIFE.

"I MADE MY SHILLING SELLING FISH.

WE HAD A TRAVELLING SHOP AND  
WOULD GO ALL OVER FIFE IN OUR MORRIS VAN.

WE'D TURN UP AT THE SAME PLACES AT THE SAME TIME EVERY WEEK.

REGULAR AS CLOCKWORK LIKE

I'D DO THE SHOUTING. MY DAD WOULD DO THE SELLING.

WE USED TO GET ALL OUR FISH FROM THE AUCTION  
AT PITTENWEEM FISH MARKET BACK IN THOSE DAYS.

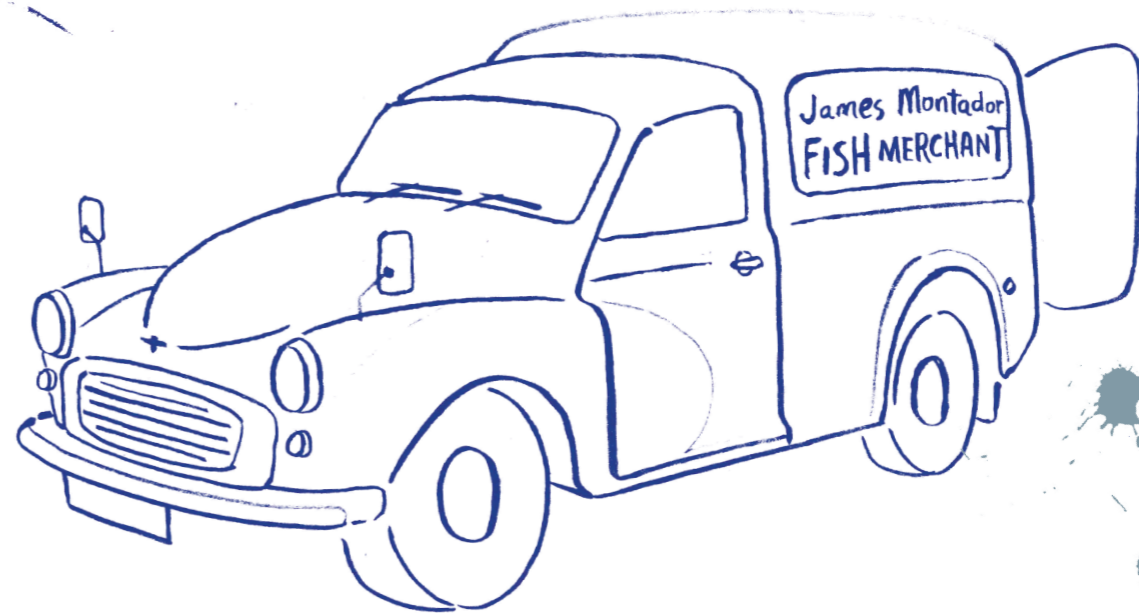
COD. HADDOCK. PLAICE. DOGFISH. SKATE. HAKE. HERRING. MACKEREL.  
YOU NAME IT. WE'D SELL IT.

ALL FRESH OUT OF THE FORTH

TELL THE TRUTH, I COULDN'T WAIT TO SELL IT. I CAN'T STAND THE SMELL!"

Harry

CALLER  
fish



I MET SHEILA AT HER HOME IN ELIE AND ASKED IF I COULD DRAW HER.

"GOLLY, NO-ONE HAS EVER DRAWN ME BEFORE.  
HOW EXCITING!" SHE SAID.

I NOTICED A PHOTOGRAPH OF A GROUP OF NURSES ON HER WALL.  
SHEILA POINTED HERSELF OUT AND STARTED TO TELL ME ABOUT HER LIFE.

"I'M FROM HULL ORIGINALLY BUT MOVED TO LONDON DURING THE WAR.  
I WAS SIXTEEN AT THE TIME AND DESPERATE TO TRAIN AS A NURSE.

YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE SEVENTEEN,  
BUT AS I WAS SO TALL THEY NEVER ASKED ANY QUESTIONS.

AFTER THE WAR I NOTICED A POSTER SAYING 'COME TO AUSTRALIA. NURSES WANTED'  
HOW EXCITING I THOUGHT AUSTRALIA HERE I COME!

WE SAILED FROM LIVERPOOL TO SYDNEY ON THE SS GEORGIC, VIA THE SUEZ CANAL.

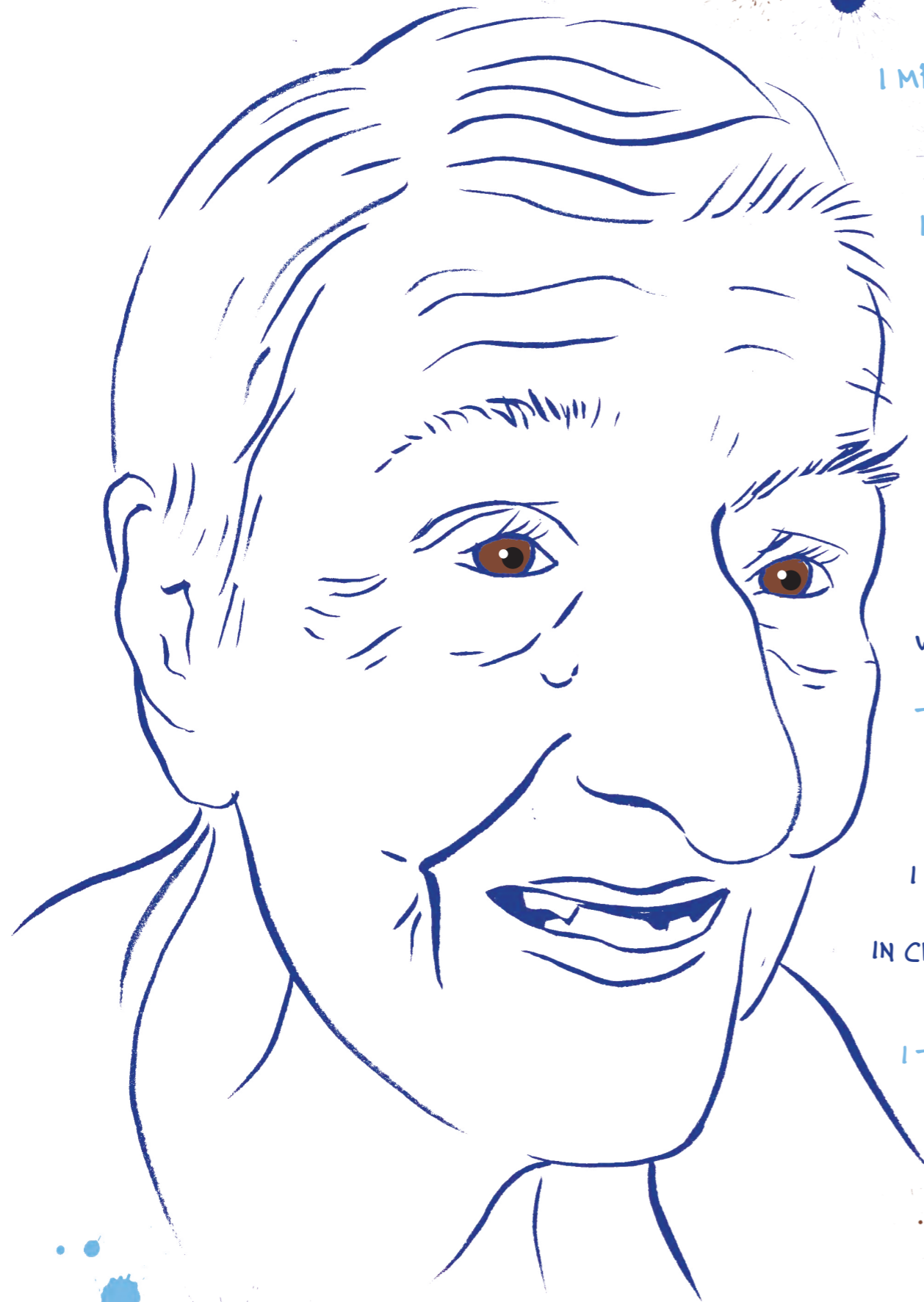
THERE WERE TWO THOUSAND ON BOARD.  
ALL READY FOR A NEW LIFE

MY FIRST JOB WAS IN CAIRNS.  
I WAS NEWLY QUALIFIED BUT  
FOUND MYSELF  
IN CHARGE OF 75 STAFF  
AND 200 PATIENTS.

I TOOK IT ALL IN MY STRIDE  
THOUGH, AND LOVED  
EVERY MINUTE OF IT.

ON MY DAYS OFF I SAW A  
DUCKBILLED PLATYPUS  
DEADLY TAIPAN SNAKES AND LOTS OF CROCODILES.

IMAGINE THAT HOW EXCITING!"



# Alan



ALAN LIVES AT ≡ ABERCROMBIE COURT ≡ IN ST MONANS.  
I MET UP WITH HIM ON A SUNNY DAY BACK IN JUNE.  
AS WE ENJOYED A SPOT OF LUNCH WE GOT CHATTING.

IN HIS BROAD YORKSHIRE ACCENT ALAN TOLD ME A ≡ STORY ≡  
"I WERE BROUGHT UP IN BRADFORD. WENT TO WELLINGTON ROAD PRIMARY. REMEMBER IT WELL.  
THE LAD I SAT NEXT TO IN CLASS, HE WERE ALWAYS DRAWING SOMETHING OR OTHER.  
YOU'LL KNOW THE NAME; IT WERE ≡ DAVID HOCKNEY ≡

ME AND DAVID WERE GREAT MATES. USED TO GIVE EACH OTHER CHINESE BURNS WE DID.  
IT WERE JUST A BIT OF FUN OF COURSE; GLAD I DIDN'T DO HIM PERMANENT DAMAGE THOUGH.

ONE DAY, ME MOTHER SAID TO ASK HIM ROUND FOR HIS TEA.  
I REMEMBER HIM GOING OUT BACK AND SKETCHING GARDEN.

HIS DRAWING WERE ≡ ABSOLUTELY BRILLIANT ≡  
JUST THINK, HE COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN ABOUT NINE AT TIME.  
RECKON I'LL HAVE TO CHASE HIM UP FOR THAT PICTURE.  
IT'LL BE WORTH A BOB OR TWO NOW!"

A DAVID HOCKNEY  
PAINTING  
HAS SOLD FOR  
£5.2m

VI WAS BORN IN ABERHILL, LEVEN AND NOW LIVES IN ELIE.  
SHE TOLD ME THAT AT ONE TIME IN HER LIFE SHE WAS  
KNOWN AS SENORE VIOLETA MARGARITA NEIL DE MORKIS  
"WELL, JUST AFTER THE WAR I FELL FOR A YOUNG POLISH SOLDIER.  
AT THAT TIME FREE PASSAGE TO ARGENTINA WAS OFFERED TO  
ALL POLES.

THERE WERE NO JOBS HERE SO WE  
JUMPED AT THE CHANCE OF STARTING  
A NEW LIFE TOGETHER.

THE BOAT JOURNEY TOOK OVER  
THREE WEEKS.

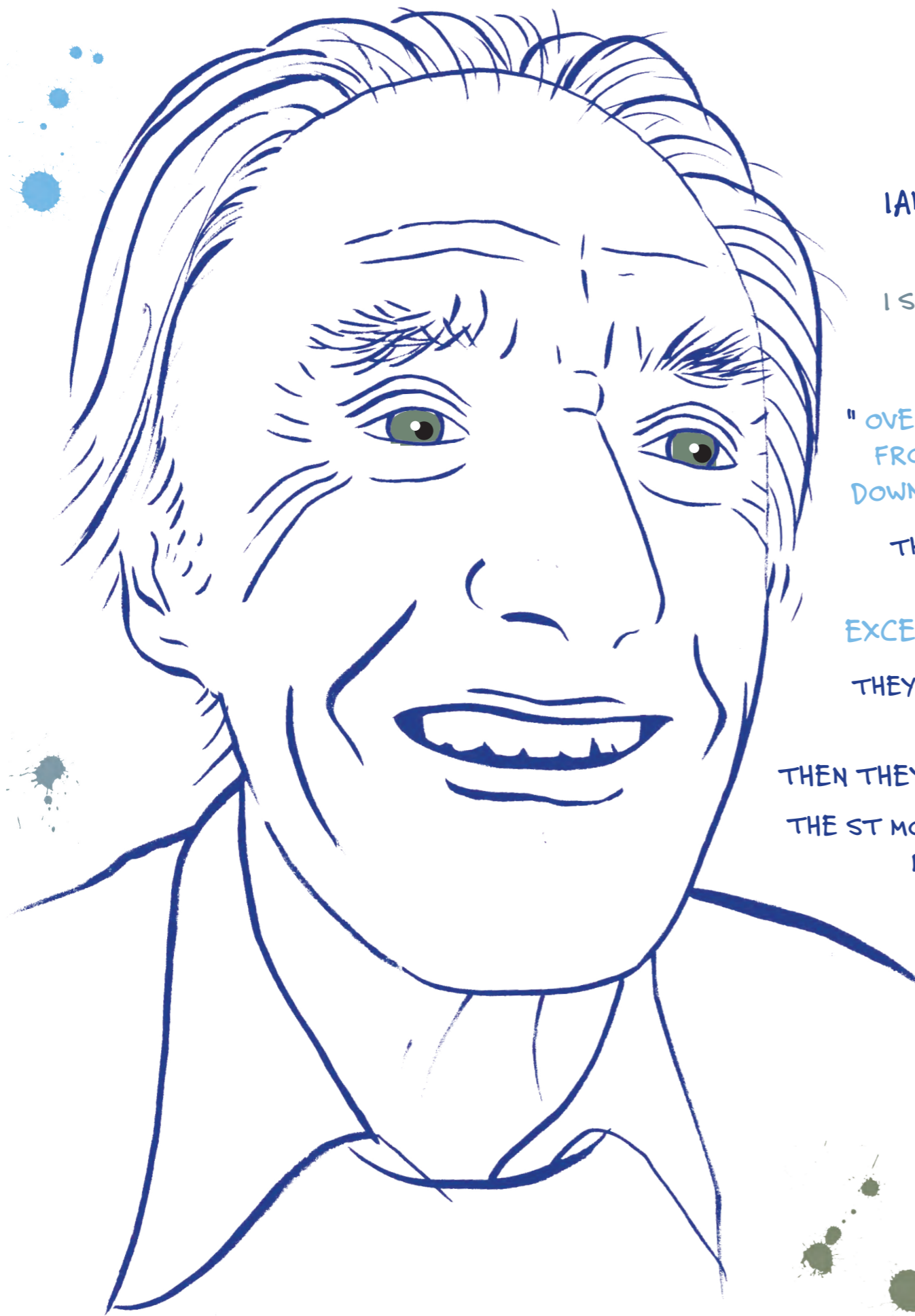
WE DRANK ENDLESS CUPS OF TEA  
AND RELAXED IN DECKCHAIRS.

WE SETTLED IN BUENOS AIRES AND I  
TAUGHT ENGLISH. WHICH IS HOW I ADOPTED A SPANISH NAME.



IT WAS AN EXCITING TIME TO BE IN SOUTH AMERICA.  
I SAW EVA PERON MANY TIMES.  
SHE WAS A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN AND ADORED IN HER HOMETLAND.  
THOUSANDS WOULD GATHER TO SEE HER AND I WAS ONE OF THEM  
I REMEMBER HER SHOWERING THE CROWDS WITH PICTURES OF HERSELF."





IAN RETIRED AS HEADTEACHER OF ST MONANS' PRIMARY SCHOOL IN 1995.

I SPENT AN HOUR IN HIS COMPANY IN HIS BEAUTIFUL OLD SCHOOL HOUSE GARDEN.

HE GAVE A WONDERFUL HISTORY LESSON.

"OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO THE HERRING BOATS FROM ST MONANS WOULD FOLLOW THE SHOALS DOWN THE EAST COAST.

THEY'D BE OUT AT SEA ALL HOURS. AND ALL WEATHERS.

EXCEPT ON THE SABBATH OF COURSE.

THEY'D HAUL THEIR NETS UP, HOPING FOR A GOOD CATCH OF THE SILVER DARLINGS.

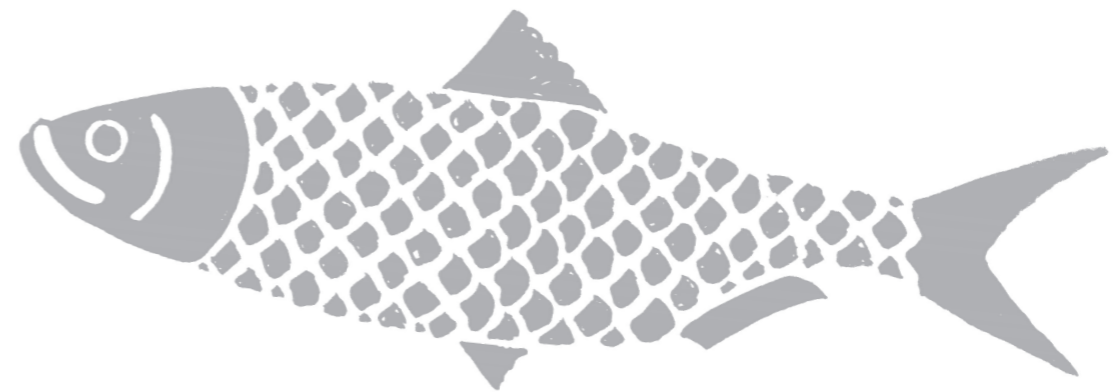
THEN THEY'D HEAD FOR GREAT YARMOUTH OR LOWESTOFT.

THE ST MONANS' FISHER LASSIES WOULD HAVE CAUGHT THE TRAIN DOWN EARLIER, READY TO MEET THEIR FISHERMEN AT THE QUAY.

IT WAS THE LASSIES' JOB TO GUT THE HERRING.

THEIR FINGERS WERE SO NIMBLE THEY COULD GUT AS MANY AS SIXTY IN A MINUTE."

Ian



YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THE ST MONANS' FISHING INDUSTRY AT THE HERITAGE COLLECTION, DOWN AT THE HARBOUR ON WEST SHORE.



# Mae

MAE RETIRED TO ELIE NINETEEN YEARS AGO.  
WE SPENT A FUN AND ENTERTAINING HOUR TOGETHER.

"I MOVED HERE HOPING TO MEET MY ADMIRAL  
I'VE NAW MET HIM YET, BUT I'M STILL ON THE LOOK OUT.  
IF YOU SEE HIM, YOU'LL LET ME KNOW, WON'T YOU!

I HAVE TWO SONS AND A  
DAUGHTER. AND THEY ALL  
HAVE FAMILIES OF THEIR  
OWN NOW.

THEY'RE LIKE A COSY BLANKET  
ROUND ME.

THAT'S  
NAW  
RIGHT!

WHO'S  
A PRETTY  
BOY?

WE'RE THE TYPE  
OF FAMILY WHO  
LOVE TO LAUGH.

ONE CHRISTMAS MY FACE WAS SORE THROUGH LAUGHING  
MY TUMMY WAS SORE THROUGH LAUGHING  
HONESTLY, I HAD TO LOCK MYSELF IN THE  
KITCHEN TO CALM DOWN.

MY BUDGIE IS CALLED TOBY JOE. HE'S A GORGEOUS BOY  
I GOT HIM A YEAR PAST MARCH.

HE CALLS ME A PRETTY BOY. I TELL HIM THAT'S NAW RIGHT!"





# Vic

VIC VERY NEARLY ≙ CRUSHED ≙ MY HAND WHEN WE SHOOK HANDS.  
I ASKED HIM WHERE HE GOT HIS STRENGTH FROM.

"FOR 15 YEAR I WERE A COAL MAN ROUND HERE.

I DELIVERED ALL OVER PITTENWEEM AND ST MONANS,  
ME AND A COCKNEY CALLED ≙ WEE JOHN ≙  
SIXTY SACKS IN MORNING. SIXTY IN AFTERNOON. MONDAY TO FRIDAY.

EACH SACK WEIGHED ≙ EIGHT STONE ≙ YOU KNOW.  
WE'D LIFT 'EM OFF LORRY, THEN TIP 'EM IN BUNKERS.

STRONG AS BLOOMIN' ≙ OXES ≙ WE WERE.

MIND YOU, ME BACK AND KNEES AREN'T SO GOOD NOW.

I'D GO HOME FOR ME ≙ DINNER ≙ ROUND 12.

STARVING I WERE.

≙ SOUP AND A FRY UP ≙ WOULD KEEP ME GOING.

BY THE END OF DAY I'D BE COVERED IN DROSS.

HECK OF A DUST THERE WERE.

I WERE NEVER CLEAN, YOU KNOW."





# Sheila

SHEILA LIVES AT ISAAC MACKIE HOUSE IN ELIE.  
I ASKED HER TO TELL ME SOME OF HER EARLY MEMORIES.

"HEAVENS, I CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING THESE DAYS", SHE SAID.  
BUT AFTER A WHILE THINGS STARTED COMING BACK TO HER.

"WELL, DURING THE WAR I TRAINED TO BE A NURSE AT  
ST. THOMAS' HOSPITAL IN LONDON. WE WERE CALLED NIGHTINGALES"

ST. THOMAS' IS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF LONDON.  
OPPOSITE THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

IT WAS A DANGEROUS PLACE TO BE.

THE DOODLEBUG BOMBS SCARED ME THE MOST.  
THEY MADE A TERRIFYING NOISE.

WHEN THEIR ENGINES CUT OUT, WE WOULD ALL FREEZE,  
WONDERING WHERE THE BOMBS WOULD DROP."



IN 1860, FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE FOUNDED THE FIRST NURSE TRAINING SCHOOL AT ST THOMAS' HOSPITAL, LONDON.  
THE NIGHTINGALE BADGE WAS AWARDED TO ALL NURSES WHO QUALIFIED FROM THE SCHOOL.

BOB IS ÷ EAST NEUK ÷ BORN AND BRED.

HE TOLD ME A BIT ABOUT HIS LIFE.

"I LOVE BEING NEAR THE SEA. IT'S PART OF ME. COULD NEVER BE FAR FROM IT.

EVEN AS A ÷ SPROG ÷ I KNEW IT  
WAS ALWAYS GOING TO BE  
THE ROYAL NAVY FOR ME.

JUST LIKE MY GRANDA'



YOU'LL SEE HIS NAME  
J.C.WEIR

ON THE WAR MEMORIAL IN ANSTER.

NOW THAT MAKES ME SO ÷ PROUD ÷

I SIGNED UP FOR THE NAVY AS SOON AS I COULD. AGED JUST FIFTEEN.

THAT DAY IS ETCHED IN MY MEMORY. 22ND FEBRUARY 1966.

I SAW A BIG CHUNK OF THE WORLD.

MALAYSIA. SINGAPORE. BANGKOK. HONG KONG. JAPAN.  
AUSTRALIA. SOUTH AFRICA.

I'D ÷ RECOMMEND ÷ THAT LIFE TO ANYONE."



POSTIE BOB IS NEWLY RETIRED AND SPENT 16 YEARS DELIVERING THE MAIL ROUND ST MONANS