

By *Sanners Gow*

Yeah yeah yeah.

In the early sixties I wiz rinnin aboot the playgrun wi ma airms streeched oot fleein ma spitty intae a boorach o Jerry bombers wi aa aicht brownins firin fin the world changed for ma forivver. In fact the best wye tae explain fit happened is tae caa it a 'hiatus'. I wisna shot doon or onything like that because the day I wiz Stanford Tuck and cleared the sky o enemy bombers. I'd jist been thinkin o fleein back tae Biggin Hill for ma ham & eggs in the mess fan the 'hiatus' struck. A tiny sound came tae ma lugs and it wisna the usual chatter I wiz eesed tae throwe ma radio telephone fae grun control. Thes wiz much louder an it wiz a puckle voices singin something aboot 'She loves you yeah yeah yeah.' There wiz a puckle aaler loons an quines wi a wee wireless listenin tae hit an seemed affa excited aboot something. I wiz mair interested in the wee wireless than fit wiz comin oot o it and flew ower close an got chased awa because even in a 'hiatusised' state I wiz stell makin the sound o my throttled back merlin engine an that really annoyed them. Fae that day on abody wint gyte aboot ess strange lads that sung aboot love and yeah yeah yeah. On tv ye saw little else apart fae thes bunch o strange lookin gypes wi lang hair blah blahin words o wisdom. That memory stell sticks in my craw tae thes very day an gave me a life lang aversion tae onything tae dee wi celebrities blah blahin words o wisdom.

Onywye I'm digressin a wee bittie here so on wi the tale.

At the time I'm spikkin o we certainly werena allooed tae hae lang hair and ye'd seen be tellt tae get a haircut by the teachers or especially oor heedmaister faa wiz gye strict. Some loons tried it though because they thocht themsels thes yeah yeah yeah gypes. Oor heedmaister wisna best pleased and wid order them tae get their hair cut. He'd gee them a couple o chances and even a note hame tae their parents and if their hair wiz stell ower their lugs he'd tak them oot o class and intae his aal Austin car and doon tae the barber for a short back and sides. He peyed the shillin for the haircut. Aboot thes time some aaler quines started comin tae skweel weerin make up an some wi short skirts up their hochs. They were jist sent hame amid a greetin match tae change their clyse an tak aff the make up. Mighty me could ye imagine deein sic a theng this day? But thes wiz the early sixties jist at the pivotal pynt atween the aal wye and the new. The aal Victorian-isms stell ruled wi a rod o iron even though the said Victoria hid been deed for near saxty years. They jist werena willin tae gee up their power jist yet; especially the quill wieldin educational establishment faa by default taught us by the psychological gutterin licht o the talla cannle an tae the sound o the scratchin quill wi the threat o the belt tae back athing up.

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Eence again I digress so on wi ma tale.

Battle lines hid been drawn and the establishment held the wheep haan so maist o's jist did fit we were bid especially us younger eens. At that skweel the ages were fae aicht tae fifteen or saxteen so ye can see foo some were intae the 'beat' an us younger eens jist lookit on at aa thes ongyans. Ae loon in my class wiz fair intae thes yeah yeah yeah stuff though an tried tae growe his hair ower his lugs tae comply wi thes image but wi the same results as abody else that tried tae growe their hair lang. Intae the Austin, doon tae the barber, short back an sides. Jist in that order!

Onywye thes loon came intae skweel ae day wi chaip plastic theng ye put ower yer heed that made ye look like een o the yeah yeah yeah fraternity an he waakit about the playgrun wi his fingers haaf in his pooches and a conceited look ontae his face as if sayin 'Look Ah'm Ringo Star.' Aa the deemies flockit roon him in adoration at thes fashion statement. Mighty aye he wiz fairly the main man and he played up tae his worshipers by tellin them he'd gotten it oot o the Exchange an Mart for a powen. Ivvery wurd spoken while stell keepin the conceited look on his jaws. That bit impressed ma but then the practical bit kicked in that's dogged ma aa the days o ma life. I got a look at his Beatle's wig later an aa it wiz made o wiz the chaipest thinnest plastic ye could shak a stick at. Spikk about a con! And at a powen! Mighty me my faither earned aboot fower or five powen a wikk at the time tae keep a family an here's a lad throwin that amount o money at a near seethrowe plastic wig that would've cost tuppence tae mak an nae mair. He tried weerin it in the class but got a gye row fae the teacher an made tae pit it awa. Eence the teacher teen it fae him an pit it in her desk for the duration o the lesson.

Thes loon started a change though that undermined the aal establishment.

It happened thes wye-

Ae necht he wint ower tae Banff sportin his Beatle's wig fin some big loons accosted hem an said they'd kick hem in the Chresmess crackers if he didna gee them a shotty o his wig. Well tae protect his Chresmess crackers he gid it tae them and accordin tae hem they were rinnin aboot shoutin yeah yeah yeah until they got fed up an een o the big loons teen the wig an jumpit ontae it an threw it ower a dyke. A skirmish then ensued an the loon got a hidin fae them but he did manage tae save his Chresmess crackers fae damage though.

The train o events that wiz tae change athing though hid been put in motion. Efter that he started tae growe his hair lang till eventually it came tae the Austin an doon tae the barber. But thes time the barber pynt blank refused tae cut the loon's hair sayin that him deen thes wiz makin aa the loons tak an animosity at him so he widna dee it. The heedmaister neen ower pleased teen the loon tae anither barber faa cut the loon's hair. I'm nae sure aboot fit happened efter thes but the loon's parents got involved an we nivver saw him again for months. Ae day though he came back and wid ye believe it he'd lang hair weel ower his lugs an nae a theng said tae him about it. That really opened the flood gates and in nae time maist o the loons hid lang greasy hair. Nae me though I'd tae keep ma hair short because by thes time I

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wiz gettin ready for the battle o Tobruk an lang hair wid've been ower greasy in sic a hot place wi the saan blawin awye.