

- * 92-8-15 McCusker poem (by Edith Little)
- * Recited by Mary McCusker to Valentina Bold during 22 Nov 1994, 1st interview
- * Edith Little, 'Saturday Matinee', in When Sixpence was a Fortune, (Glasgow: Heatherbank Press, 1978)
- * Transcribed by Valentina Bold

p.37

Decayed, and falling down
 Marble steps which used to gleam
 Chromium handles on the door.
 A man with silver buttons
 Paced up and down the floor,
 He glanced out at our faces
 Huddled in the cold,
 "Oh mister, gonny let us in?"
 The big ones yelled and bawled
 He checks his watch against the hour
 Five minutes more to go,
 Those eyes begin to glower,
 He'll stand soon in a corner
 Protected from our feet
 As everyone goes pushing by
 To get a good front seat.

Shouting and shoving, trips to the jon
 Warnings to stop our carry on.
 The lights are dimmed, and silence reigned,
 Our world and all its colours change,
 Every shade in the rainbow's hue
 Brilliant orange to a deepening blue.
 Curtains of satin slide along,
 Whose [sic] on first? Pop-eye, or Anna-May-Wong [sic]?
 Half way through we suffer the news
 Not interested in adults, or their views,
 Except the ship, just launched on the Clyde
 Wi a picture hoose, or 'swimmin' [parade?]

[also mentions Peter Lorre, the Lone Ranger as continues]