
Disclaimer: This document was written in 1992 and concerns memories of 1930s life; as such there may be opinions expressed or words used that do not meet today's norms and expectations.

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- * Details: from Mary McCusker to Annette Kuhn
- * Notes: This transcription has rendered the original text as written, including all spelling and grammatical errors. Letter of Glasgow cinemagoing memories from Mary McCusker. Part of continued contact with Mrs. McCusker who also took part in one interview.

Dear Dr Kuhn

If these lines of mine are of use to you--please keep them, but could you please send me back the copy of "Going to the Pictures".

Thank you.

Mrs Mary McCusker, [redacted]

(1)

People say "Don't go back" to memories - I disagree with that - to "Go Back" gives me great pleasure, in lots of things. One thing especially, recalling the wonder world of Cinema.

My first memory, as a wee girl, going to the local cinema in our street. A famous one for many people, living in Gorbals, Glasgow. "The Pictures" was an outlet from great and terrible poverty. The "matinee" on a Saturday was the highlight of the week. One penny was all you need, TO GO TO "THE PARAGON", an old and well-used cinema.

The earliest film I can remember seeing there was about "Dr Fu Manchu" - a dreadfully scary, picture, which gave me nightmares - the night I went to see it - every week, it was a serial. As I was about seven or eight years old - my parents vowed every week - no more matinees. Tears -

and more tears - wow. I got to "THE MATINEE".

(2)

As I got a few years older, I was allowed to go to the "Crown Cinema" - in Crown St, Gorbals. Their "matinee" was 2d (two pence). If you were early, you went to the "Gallery" - and each child received an American comic of four pages. These papers were exchanged with friends all week! Downstairs was One Penny and the children also got a comic - but I think it was only one page. Again the serial leaving us breathless on leaving the cinema - everyone arguing going home, as to what was going to happen next week.

When I was twelve years old, we moved to Possilpark, North of the City, I have enclosed a copy of "Going to the Pictures"