

My Memories of New Luce By Davy Hardie

I was born on the 23rd of April 1949. Some of my oldest memories were convoys of army vehicles coming through the village. It must have been manoeuvres after the war. In the back of my mind I can remember my dad taking pipes off the railway waggons up at the station. It must have been the water pipe from Pinwhirn dam. I remember the first time I ever seen Pinwhirn. Bob Fenion was the taxi man in New Luce. He did a school run from Lagafatar to the school at New Luce picking up at various farms on the way down. Colin and I went a run one morning with him and that was my first sighting of Pinwhirn Dam. I think when he got down to New Luce there was about eight or nine kids in the motor can you imagine that now with all the do's and don'ts. I was in the back garden one day when Sarah Lannachan shouted at me; she was at the shop with a tractor and trailer from Knockiebay she asked me if I wanted to go a run to Kilhern. It was John Thompson who was the farmer or shepherd but anyway he was the tenant. When we got to Kilhern I can always remember getting a cup of tea and a scone with jam. It was a pig she was over for don't ask me if it was a bore or a sow but it was huge. She got it into the trailer and put a big net over it and we were then on our way. I have never been back to that farm since.

My dad was a signal man at the station. I remember him along with Mr McGleish and Ben McVeigh. Mr McGleish was station master; He stayed in the house at the bridge in the other side of the river from the shop. Ben McVeigh stayed down in the village think about 18 Main Street.

I was the youngest of nine weans, Charlie was the eldest. He was 15 years older than me so he was always a man as far as I can remember. I had some good times with Charlie. He took me a run on his motorbike one night to see the boat coming in from Larne. At that age I was very seldom in the town so it was a big thing. I use to walk up the town road after 5 o'clock at night and he would give me a lift when he was coming home from work. I think Dot used to be with me. She sat in the Pillion seat and I sat in the tank.

Mary was the next oldest about 12 years older than me. Mary and Charlie were born at Craigoch at GlenWhilly. Mary always stayed at home and looked after the younger ones when the older ones were out thinning and snedding turnips. There was a woman I think was house keeper at Knockiebay. She always visited my mother but she did not know when to go home. We called her Maggie Shucklebarrow. You could hear her coming with the old pram. This day my mum and dad must have been in town and Mary was looking after me and Maggie came to the door. Mary and I hid from her. Two or three days later Maggie came in when my mum was there and said 'there was nobody in the last day'. My mum replied with

'Mary was in' and I piped up and said 'we were hiding in the wardrobe'. I got some look from my mum.

Next there is my sister Annie. She was the third eldest. She worked at Milton of Larg I used to walk up the road at 6 o'clock and got a run down on the handlebars of her bike. Jim and I always went our holidays together, sometimes to CraigenHoly sometimes to AiryHeming where Annie and Billy set up home. Billy's father had Craig farm. When Jim left school I went for the first time on holiday on my own to AiryHeming. I think Billy would have killed me if he got his hand on me as I was afraid to sleep myself. I think I had all them wakened half the night.

Later on Billy and Annie moved to Craig Crossing and I must have been about 12 years old I was walking on an oil barrel. Annie kicked it out from below me and I fell off. I yapped that much with them laughing at me and my arm sore that they took me to the doctor at Glen Luce and my wrist was broken. When we were at Billy's mother and father's I was a complete contrast from Tim and Mary. Tim's father was so laid back and Tim's Auntie Chris was the housekeeper. Billy's parents you had to say 'yes please' and 'no thanks' but at Craigenholly it was just 'aye' and 'no'. When Mary and Tim stayed in the wee house there was no water or electric in it. Tim used to tell Jim and I to strip to the waist. There was a water pump and we had to wash hair face and neck and run round the house a few times to dry us off and keep us warm. I can never really remember much about the house at New Luce without Tim. I remember Annie having a boyfriend before Billy.

I think John was 8 years older than me they said when we got older we were very like each other but I think they meant that we both liked a pint. John left school and went to work at Lochinch as a gardener when he was 16. He got a motorbike it was an Ariel 350 cc. He could make it go anywhere and I remember him taking it up to the peat moss and I thought my dad was going to take a canary. John was a great worker but not the tidiest but he could get through the work. He went for a medical: it was for either the railway or the police. They found that he had a fault in his heart but it never held John back. I had some laughs with John and I could write a book on that alone. He went through a big heart operation and the first time he was down at New Luce after it him and I got drunk. The old woman met us at the front door and slapped me across the face and said it was my fault he got drunk. I think he laughed for a week thinking about it. I went up to Broxburn to work and stayed with John and Janet. I worked down in Broxburn on a building site and at that time they were building the new M8. An old chap I think he was called Wull Ingels was the stop/go man at the M8 and we took him into the aster road house on his dinner break and some other man took over Wulls Job. Wulls got worse of ware with drink but insisted on going back to work. The cars were built up for miles as he had fallen asleep on the roadside with his stop/go sign in his hand. Needless to say the poor old guy was sacked on the spot.

Dot was next she was 6 years older than me. Think Dot was the oldest I remember at school. She took me to school on my first day. Dot worked in the big house at Milton of Larg and I used to steal Dot's bike when she came home from work to learn how to ride a bike. Think she got fed up with me stealing her bike and she taught me how to ride a bike.

Dot and Ian got married and I went down to Underwood on my holidays. Ian and I went fishing in the wee river and I think it was called the Tarf we caught about a dozen wee trout one night. He said we would have them for breakfast. I cleaned and fried them and then started sampling them. Before I knew it I had ate them all. He called me all the gutsy But after two or three minutes he laughed about it. It seemed that every time I was on holiday from school or looking for a job Dot took Bronchitis. I worked in Balniel byers with Ian. I also worked at cruise at Glen Luce for two or three months. I enjoyed it but it was hard work however it toughened me up for work later on.

Jim was 5 years older than me. He was my idol. I wanted to be like Jim from when I was a wee boy. Jim, me, Meg and Sheila went everywhere on school holidays. In the winter we went sledging and in the summer we went swimming in the black pot. We used to walk for miles during the summer. Everything had to be perfect with Jim from thinning and snedding turnips to tidying up the old mans shed. As I said my dad worked up at the station, he had a big old railway burrow down at the house and Jim and I were playing on it and I was sitting on it while Jim pushed me around the garden. I had my arms through the metal bar at the back and it flew up and jammed my arm between it and a brick. I broke my arm above the elbow and my mum and dad got a taxi into the hospital with me. I was kept in the hospital all day. Jim ran away from home as he was afraid of what our parents would say. He told me years later that he hid in Balniel woods. He came home just after we came back from the hospital but it was just an accident. Jim and Linda came up for a holiday in the last two years and it was good to see them. We all keep in touch with Ian on Facebook.

Meg was the third youngest. Meg and I had some arguments. Sometimes it was nearer a fight. At the thinning Meg was very tidy but she and I were very alike and very mouthy. I remember snedding turnips on Dairy Hill at BarnShangan. Meg was keeping me going about some girl at school and I lost the plot and chased her up the field with the snedder. My dad said that if I did not behave that he would knock six different colours of skitter out of me. Meg and I worked at BarnShangan together. Meg was a house maid and I was a tractor man. She could make a good apple pie. She brought David a lot of wains shoes from factory when she worked in babydear. She was not a bad spud. Meg married Jim McHattie a police man down the harbour. They have twins.

Next to me was Sheila she was two classes above me at school. At New Luce school Mr Jack was head master right up until the last two years I was at school. Mr Climmie came just before Sheila left New Luce School. Mr Jack never used the belt

unless it was something desperate. But Mr Climmie used it all the time for talking. I could never keep my big mouth shut. I used to get the belt in the morning and I went home for dinner with Sheila and Sheila told the old woman that 'David got the belt this morning' and we went back to school. When we came back in at night Sheila would say 'David got the belt again' and I got slapped on the lug by the old woman. Shelia and I played badminton together and we won the league one year. I remember the last game was at Drummore. We cuffed them. Sheila married Gordon Wood. The marriage did not work out.

So that was all about the family. I would like to put names to all the people who lived in the houses and farm around the village.

At the top of the village, I remember them making it into a Badminton hall. It was then demolished in later years.

The first house on the top right looking up the village would be number 1 main street. It was my dad's uncle Peter, Jimmy and Auntie Jess. None of them ever got married. I think Jimmy might have died first then jess. Peter was almost ninety when he died.

Next door was Alec Kelly and Mrs Kelly and Walter. I think the house belonged to Mr and Mrs Crillin they stayed in a room as a holiday house during the summer. I think they belonged to Brighton. Alec Kelly worked as I joiner at West Freugh and Mrs Kelly was a dinner lady at the school in later years. What Walter called the stable was next door but it was just a wee shed.

The next house was the old pub. I think it was called the Stair Arms.

I found clayed pipes in our garden across the road with stair arms wrote on them. It was Wullie MacGibbney and his mother that stayed there. They were joined later by Mrs Kilpatrick (Wullie's Sister) and Johnny (His brother) in later years. That takes us down to number seven. I can remember Johnny Wilson and Jean Mcmeikan living there. Jeans folks stayed further down the street.

A nice old lady called Mrs Higgins lived in number nine. All I remember about her was she was Plymouth Brethren.

Mr and Mrs Mclean had the next one, I remember their grandson came down with the boys brigade. They stayed in the old church which was then the badminton hall. My brother Jim played about with him when he was down on holiday.

Number thirteen was next it was Mrs Sherry lived there. I worked with a wee fella years later and he told me she was his father's great auntie.

The big house on other side of the Entry was Todd's. It was two houses. One was a summer house. Jim Todd stayed in the other; I think he was a pilot at the West Freugh.

My Granny and Grandpa stayed next door in number nineteen. My Grandpa was born in a wee house just above the graveyard next to the chestnut tree. I remember an old ruin there. Grandpa was a surface man on the railway at Glenwhilly. I think he would have moved to New Luce when he retired. He had to be in the middle of everything. I remember bringing in Peats. Him being at one side of the trailer and me at the other. One went right over and hit him right on the head. You should have heard the mouth full he gave me.

Number fifteen was the summer house. A family from Glasgow had it. There was a big family of them. I ran about with one of the younger ones. Later on in years he came down and he had a terrible scar on his face. He said he was in a car crash and I often wondered about that. He was a very nice fella to run about with down here but he told us some stories about the gang fights in Glasgow maybe I just thought the worse of him.

Next door were Mr and Mrs McMeikan. Bonar and big Wullie I can't remember much about them. Charlie my oldest brother ran about with Bonar. Bonar was killed in a road accident I think it was in Manchester.

Twenty five Main Street was the next house. Hughie, Kelly and Mrs Kelly lived there. It was there son Alec who stayed in number three. I remember going in with Walter Kelly (he was the grandson) to the joiner shop. It was up the smiddy entry. There was a red squirrel in a rabbit hutch inside. I played bowls with old Hughie sometimes but he took it very serious. He had a good garden. I think he kept bees up next to laganamar. We used to jump over his garden to get the apples of McMeikans tree next door.

Mrs Feinon and Bob stayed in number twenty seven. Bob was the local taxi man but he also did school runs. They had two elephant's heads on the wall next to the pub in their living room. Bob said they were looking through from the Pub at us. Bob told Colin, his nephew there was treacle works at Kilmafadeon. Colin and a few of us went and got jam jars. We headed up to get some treacle but needless to say we never found any. Bob had a few hens up the top of the garden so there was always a fresh egg in Fenion's house.

The pub was next door. As far back as I can remember was Peter Tate that owned it with his wife. There was a shop at the pub then but it did not open much after Dave Young took over the pub. I remember going down to a front room where the factor came from stair estates. The village people paid rent for the houses there. That takes us to the bottom next to the bridge.

I will start up the top at the other side.

The first house was the shop. Most of the village people got all their messages at the shop. James was open 8am - 6pm six days a week. Sometimes if you ran out on Sunday we were sent to the back door but he was never pleased about this. He

had a Morris traveller and delivered up the water. I think he went as far as Lagyfater. There was a petrol pump at the front of the shop and James also sold Paraffin oil. He had two or three hens up in the woods behind the shop. I used to take Demestos and Parazone empty bottles to him, one was a penny and the other was two pennies. Lemonade empties was three pennies not much when you think six pennies is two and half pence. James had a garden on the other side of the road. He had a garage and an old store where the village shop is now. His garden was next to the bridge (next to my dad's) he grew a few vegetables but mostly tatties.

Over the road was where I was born (Two Main Street). I remember before they were numbered it was the corner house. There was no water in the house it was all carried from the Spicket as we called it. It was down below the phone box. The phone box was handy at the side of the house especially when we got older to phone our Girlfriends and Boyfriends. I remember my dad phoning in bets for the village on Grand National day. There were a couple of big stones at the front corner of house. Some of the old people said they were for getting onto horses years ago. My dad had a large garden. It ran from the back door right down to the river. He grew a lot of tatties to feed us all, there were eleven of us including mum and dad. The toilet was a wee shed out the back. Dad used to get up early and empty the bucket into the river. I don't understand the pollution now in the river as it was full of salmon then and that had went on for years.

I would like to tell you about the work we used to do. First, in about the end of April beginning of May was peat cutting time. We cut our peat up at Broon Hill. It was on little Larg ground and Jimmy Mitchell was the tenant. One person cutting the peat, another lifted the peat putting it onto the burrow and the third person barrowed it. All the wains spread the peat out to dry. Sometimes there would be two squads working (depending on how many was there). We cut the small peat (4 inches square) as long as you could get them. We would let them lie for a day or two until they could be what we called cross barred. Then we left them another two or three days. We put two cross bars into what we called a footing. After they dried out we got Jimmy Maguire from little Larg with the farm tractor to bring them home. Usually about fourteen trailer loads. All the family helped carry them into the shed. Dad or grandpa always built them in the shed. Sometimes if we had too many they built a stack at the back door. It kept us going during the winter.

After the peats were at home it wasn't long before James McQuisten was at the door saying the turnips were ready to start thinning. It was some thought coming home from school to go away up to Barnshangan or maybe away to far home next Dranigower. Thinned from 5 o'clock at night until half past nine. We got one shilling and six pennies per hundred yards. If you worked with the big squads it was ten shillings a night. But New Luce was nearly all done with Village people. We usually done Barnshangan and Little Larg. We looked after them because we got peat at Little Larg and tatties at Barnshangan. But I had thinned on Hardcroft, Milton and mains of Larg, High and Low Airyolland, Cruise and Knockiebay. If we finished one

farm about eight o'clock at night the old man would have had an hour on another farm. I remember my dad bought our first motor (a Hillman husky) with thinning money. Us wains never seen any of the money as it all went into the family to keep us in clothes and food and such things. The thinning went on into June. I always remembered working on Jims birthday (13 of June). That was the thinning finished.

When it came to the end of September it was time to cut the pond for curling. We would pull the plug out to let all the water out into the wee burn that ran into the water at Steele houses. After all the water was out we would cut out all the weeds and rubbish of the floor of the pond. I wasn't very good with a Sythe so my job was carrying the old rubbish off. I just dumped it at the wood at the side of the pond. Then there was a Sluice at the other side of the road from the pond. We diverted water into the pond after putting the plug back in. There was an over flow up above where pond house was where the curler kept their curling stones. The wind would blow old rubbish that was left and we would rake it off and that was it ready for the frost. My dad got seven pounds for it all. I remember one year a leak developed after it froze over the water left the ice at the edges. It was like walking up a hill. There was a competition on, my dad and Tom Murray had a few drames on (too much really). When I got home from school my mum asked me to go up and see where my dad was. When I got up to the pond, My dad and Tom Murray were trying their hardest to get off the ice but they just kept sliding back down. Eventually two or three of us got them off. He got some mucking out when he got home from my mum (especially when the station master had to do his shift for him). After we got the pond ready about the middle of October it was time to start snedding turnips.

The only good thing about snedding was it was only at the weekend. The days were too short for night snedding. I remember Eric McQuisten asking dad if he could give him a weekend snedding. There must have been a dozen of us. Eric nearly had a fit when he saw all the field done on the Sunday night. It was the field that run up to the march with Barnshangan and Kilhern or Dranigower. That took us up past new year.

Next door to us was Mr and Mrs Speller, I don't remember very much about them. They were not that long in number four. Hugh Wilson and Mrs Wilson came in after that. I think they came from Dalnigap, Their grandsons would come home at dinner time with me. They went to their grannies for dinner. We used to rush back up to school for the tart that was left from the school dinner. I remember the boy digging in their grandpa's back garden. It was not the tidiest job I had ever seen.

Next door was number six. Jimmy and Mrs McLean lived there. Jimmy was a hill drainer on Little Larg. Jimmy was my dad's best man when he and mum got married. I remember walking down past the house Colin, Jim, Bobby Hamilton and me. Jim had a cordiory hat on and Colin threw it into Jimmy McLeans lobby. Jim was spinning on the polished lobby trying to get his hat back. Jimmy McLean was yelling and chasing Jim. We had some laughs about that.

Next door at number eight was Netty Agnew. All I remember about her was a big orange cat that she had. It came in our sky light and was lying on one of the beds in the morning. An old couple called Ramsey moved in after that. Not sure if they were related to Pearl Ramsey.

All the houses that belonged to Lord Stair were sold. The sitting tenants got them for £50.

An old worthy called Jimmy Caig and his wife Daisy were in number ten. Jimmy loved a good dram down in the pub. He worked up near Laggy Fater and daisy done a lot of catering in the village. She could put a wedding off no bother in the hall. She and Mrs Jimmy McGuire from Wellwood done tea's for badminton and bowling. She was some woman Daisy. She was housekeeper at Knockiebay for a wee while. All the workers were out in the field sorting a drain and daisy came running down the road shouting 'Boss, Boss the phone is ringing' she would not answer it.

Next door was number twelve where Johnny Kelly and Elsie stayed there. Johnny worked with the firm that put all the Electric Pylons up. It was a big outfit and employed a lot of men. I think the name of it was Watchman's.

Next door would be a work mate of Johnny's. Jimmy Muir (or mare) he was a foreman of the firm. They said he was great at lining up a row of electric poles. I did not know much about him. I don't know if he died or moved away.

Next door to Jimmy Muir was the village Provest Bob McCredie. Bob kept everything right in the village or though that he did. His daughter Lizzy and Husband Ben McVeigh lived with him. I remember Bob delivering papers. He was retired as long as I can remember.

Number eighteen was Bess McGuire. Bess visited everyone in the village. Her son Wullie lived in Glen Luce.

At number twenty was Annie Parker and Wullie McLoral as we called him I think his real name was McCredie. It was a big house. Ben, Liza and Mary Welsh were in the other end. He was a wild looking old man ben. I think he would be the last herd in the eyes farm up at Pinwhirn. He said he went to get his hair cut for a funeral and the found three bunnets in his hair. Mary worked over in the pub sometimes if Davy Young was on the booze.

Wullie Steevly and Mrs Steevly were in what I think was number twenty-four. Wullie worked in the co-op creamery up Shechan Street in Stranraer. One night he was coming home from work at the corner outside our house when he and Frank McGregor ran into one another (both on motorbikes). There was milk all over the road. Wullie must have been getting some for his tea. Their daughter, Husband and Family came up for holidays every year. Ciril Newton was his name. I think they retired to New Luce.

The wee house next door I don't remember anyone living in it but I believe Mrs McColm was the last in it.

Next door down at the end next to the bridge was Jess Love. I remember old Snib Scott when he was in the village would sit outside her house and she gave him a cup of tea and a scone. Snib was an old tramp that could be a cross old man. He was nothing to do with the old man who stayed in the cave above Ballantrae. They just called Snib from Ballantrae after the original Snib. I think his name was Torbit. I was told the original Snib belonged to Wigton. He was supposed to be Ploughing with a pair of horse when he came to the end of the Furrow he just left the horse and walked away and started tramping the roads. I remember seeing this old man coming down Barhill road and I Ran up to him thinking it was my grandpa here is was Snib I nearly shit myself.

I will go over the bridge at Pub now. The first house on what we called the Clachan was Mr and Mrs Gilmore. Bob stayed somewhere in England in them days. May was married to a fella called Brown from Glen Luce. I only ever saw the river going in bottom door once. As far as I can remember they were both retired.

The next house was a summer house I think it was McQuisten the man who had it.

I can't remember if the next one was Gibb McGowan or Harry Diamond who stayed there. Gibb came down from GlenWhilly after he retired. He worked on the railway there. He spent most of his time on the bridge smoking his pipe. It was Gibb who told me the road from Stranraer used to come straight down through Larg Home after coming past the cottages at Steel Brig. It crossed the water at turn wheel up through Jess Loves and up Smiddy Entry. It turned left at top which is now Billy Wright's garden. I remember a lot of old ruins up at the top where the old put used to be.

Harry Diamond I never knew much about him. I think he had a motorbike. Never much crack with him.

Back out onto main road I don't know if the houses where numbered. Peter Blackwell had the wooden house. He was a right old gentleman. He lifted his hat whenever he met a lady. I think he had a shop in Ayr. He kept the house for weekends and holidays. He kept two or three boxes of bees next to the house. The next house was Mr and Mrs Nish, Grace, Sissy and Kenny. The old man had a joiner shop down at water foot. I remember watching him make a hand hay rake. Kenny played badminton the same time as Annie and Charlie. I remember his aunt and mother cycling to the Dunragit creamery. One of them was killed on the road over Boreland.

I can vaguely remember the next house it was Bridy Baxter and Wullie McKey.

The next one was a wee man called Peter Kevin. I can't remember much about him.

Water foot was the house down in the middle of the field. Mrs Wales was the ladies name who stayed in it. She had to carry her water from the Spicket at the bridge next to the Gilmores.

The next house coming out was the old police station. I don't remember it being a police station but my brother Charlie told me that he and Bonner McMechein had been up to some mischief and the police man (who they called scone jock) took them in and showed them the cells to scare them. I remember Wullie and Mrs McDowall coming to it from GlenWhilly. The sons (Jim and Billy) built two garages out the back of the village hall. May was a daughter but I can't remember much about her maybe she was married by then. May taught at school.

Up the hill at top of school brae above the public hall was Jock McGuire's house. I think he got it when he was the grave digger. Jock supposedly won a lot of money on football pools. He built a house down next to the public hall. I think Jock was the grave digger when they put new tops on the pillar at the top graveyard. The cement was not dry and Walter Kelly and I put our initials on it (WK and DH). They are still on it today must be nearly sixty years ago!

Up the back of the church was the old school house, Mrs Fraser stayed in it. She repaired and made clothes. I got a wee pair of trousers made out of my dad's tartan KOSB trousers from his army days.

Over the garden was the school house, it was being used then. Mrs and Mrs Jack, Janet and Margaret lived there. Mr Jack was headmaster, he was a great teacher. Janet was best friends with our Annie. I used to gather blackberries for Mrs Jack. 3D per pound she gave me. There were two teachers at the school when I started. I think it was Mrs Baine, She came up in a taxi from Glenluce. She was my first teacher.

I had a few primary 1, 2 and 3 teachers. Miss Aglinton was one.

In the big room primary 4, 5, 6 and 7 was Mr Jack. Then Mr Climmie and Mr Mclure was the headmaster of my last year of primary school in 1961.

That takes us up to the bridge at the shop. First house over the bridge was the station's master house. Mrs MacGlesh is as far back as I can remember.

Next house across the entry was Mrs Glen. We used to jump the gate for a short cut to Wellwood. Something tells me she was very short sighted. The name of the house was MansWood. The street was called the WestEnd. Houses next to them were estate workers houses. Wallace Graham was in the first one. He was a Forrester and was also the village cobbler. I used to take my shoes over to get heel and toe caps in and re-tactated.

Next door was the water watches house. John Hutton was as far as I could go back. He had a son Johnny. I think they moved to Glenluce.

The Big house on the corner at Crossroads was two McQuisten ladies. Not sure but I think they were Nelly and Bella. They had a great garden with lots of hens. There was a wooden house at the top of the garden. I never remember anyone staying in it.

Wellwood was just round the corner on the Dam road. First house was Andy and Mrs Cronie at number 1. They had a very big family. Think Andy and my dad were in competition with each other to see who had the most kids. I think Andy beat my dad with just one.

I ran about with one of them. We started all the bad things like smoking and things together. Leslie was a cousin. He was tractor man at Balneil. He had his tractor outside the shop one morning, my pal and I was waiting on the school bus. He was showing me all the works of the tractor. He left the handbrake off and it ran into the dyke at the brig. Leslie was going to kill him. What a laugh!

Next house in number two was bob and Mrs Hamilton. A fairly big family too. Bobby worked at mains of Larg with his dad. I went through school with some of them.

Think in number three was one of the McDowall's. I don't think he was in it very long. I think he married a Mitchell from Little Larg.

Number four was Mr and Mrs Maguire. We always called him Peatie. He worked at mains of Larg with the horse. They had two of a family. Tommy he went up to PinWhirrey to work on the Railway.

Next door was Bob and Mrs Service. Bob worked on the roads. We used to keep old bob going as we used to shout out the school bus at him we called him Kipper. I don't know why we called him Kipper. He stopped the school bus one morning and tried to sort us out. We were not a bad bunch just full of devilment.

6 Wellwood was Mr and Mrs Killen. There was a fair family of them too. Joyce was the oldest, then was Davida, then Rex and Eileen and the youngest was Doreen. Mr Killen had what we called a big Mill. He went round the farms with threshing the corn stacks with it. Rex and my brother John were big pals. They were never left Little Larg with the Maguire boys when they were younger.

Number seven was Mrs and Mrs Jimmy Maguire. Jimmy worked on the roads with Bob service. They were a pair of worthies. Jimmy was always a good chase when we knocked at his door and ran away. If he had hit us with one of the stones he chucked at us he would have kilt us!

The last house in Wellwood was number 8 was Erik and Jean McQuisten. Christine and Marrie were born then. I don't think Jan or Neil would have been born in Wellwood but up for correction. Erik had his TV Ariel up the tree at the riverside. Erik worked up at his dad's farm. Gavin was his dad. The farms name was Hardcroft.

I used to watch Erik ploughing the field behind the school. I think I took my ploughing skills of Erik. Not the best you have seen.

I remember Erik was always at the Sunday school picnics. He ran the sports with the schoolmaster and the minister.

I don't think I missed anyone from Wellwood and the village. I will go to the farms now and will start up the water as they called it.

I might not have got these right but I will try my best.

Furthest away was Lagyfater. Mr and Mrs Wright stayed there with their family. Mr Wright was the game keeper. I think young Jimmy worked with them. I remember young Jimmy had a black ford 8. He had it on the curling pond one day and the ice must have been very thick as you never see frost like that now.

Down the road was Barnvanoch. Mr and Mrs Pringle were in there. I think there were two boys. One went into the police force and the other was a herd on Arran or Kintyre.

Strabreckan was the next farm down the road. I think it was Hugh who lived there Rae but not very sure.

Shinas was next down the road. I think I remember people with the name McPhersons in it. I remember later on it was the brown family.

Dalnigap was next door. It was Mr and Mrs Sam Rae.

I remember playing the puggie in the pub one night and I won enough for a half bottle of whiskey. One of the Rae boys and I drunk it. We were not our mother's favourites that night.

The first farm above the dam was Highmark. It was Mr and Mrs Patterson. I think they were cousins of the Rae's in Dalnigap. I didn't know them very well.

Down to Dalhabock now it was Mr and Mrs McKnight. They had two daughters.

There was a small farm on the other side of the road. It was called Eyes. I never remember anyone staying in it. I think I was told Ben Welsh was the last tenant.

Down to the house at the dam now. Not sure about them. I met a fella when I worked in the North West Castle and he said he stayed there with his father. Ross was the name. He said he played badminton with my sister Annie.

Next door I think it was Mr and Mrs McColm but I'm not sure up for correction again.

Down to Pularyan, It was Mr and Mrs McKnight.

Next farm was Cairnazean, Adam Waugh and Jean were in it. They had two kids. Both were younger than me.

Little Larg was the last one before the village. Far back as I can remember Jimmy Mitchell was farmer. I remember him giving us a lift back from thinning the turnips. Charlie and May went in after that.

The Maguire's were in the wee house at the bottom of the road. They had a big family of 6. Mr Maguire and Jimmy and Sanny worked on Little Larg. Davie was at Barlure. Wullie was a cruise and I think Tommy worked at Auchmantle.

That takes us up the town road. Furthest in was High Airyoland. I remember a Dickson man in there. I think old Jimmy Hamilton was in there but I can't remember much about him.

Down on the railways crossing was Wully Hainey and Mrs Hainey. They had to walk up the railway line at the station to get to the shop.

Next farm was Airyoland. I think it was Agnew that was in it. I think his wife was Elizabeth McQuisten. Addie was in it in later years.

Auchmantle was next door on the main road. Tom and Mrs Murray and Logan lived and worked there. I played badminton with Logan. He was a lot older than me. I can even remember his mum playing. They don't make them like that now. Tom was a great customer of the Kenmuir arms. Many a night Dave Young gave him a lift home.

Milton of Largs Cottages was next. Joe Wither was in one of the houses with his wife.

Next door was Old Joes brother Wully. I think they both worked in the Milton of Larg. Down at the farm was Mr and Mrs Billy Foster. My sisters Annie, Dot and Sheila worked in big house at different times. My brother John and I also had spells of work at the Milton. It was a big Mink farm when I worked at it.

In the dairy house was Johnny Harvey and May. I run about a lot with their son after we left the school. He and I took turnabout on a Saturday night to take our fathers car. We went to Girvan one night, it was his turn to take his father's car and we had two or three or six pints too much and came down over the Barhill Road. He left me off at my mother's house and headed up the road. I thought he looked a wee bit tired so I watched him going up the road. Just below the station I heard a bang and his lights were looking into the field. He had fallen asleep and ran into a telephone pole. He managed to get it going. He took it home and put it into the garage. He told his dad that he had a small bump. Johnny went out and had a look at it. He through a canary fit when he seen the damage. But he took it to work. He was a panel beater with McHarries in town. Two or three days and it was as good as new.

Mains of Largs cottages were the next ones next to the tin bridge. Jimmy and Mrs Service lived in one of them. They moved up to Milton of Larg cottages later on. I

used to give Mrs Service a bag that we had feeding for cows in and she would make rugs out of them. She used to give me a packet of fags.

Next door was Mrs Hamilton. She would be related to Bob from Wellwood.

Last farm before the station was Mains of Larg. Mr and Mrs foster stayed in the big house. I think it was scally we called him. In the dairy house were Jimmy and Mrs Marshall. Mrs Marshall's brother Johnny McGuibney was in the dairy with them. Always remember a wee new baby Austin Jimmy Marshall had. Registration BOS1.

Up the Barhill road now furthest up the road was Miltonise. Gibby McIlwrick was the farmer. I think his sister Ella stayed with him. Frank McGregor was the young herd. I remember frank with his motor bike.

Next down the road was Markdhu. Mr and Mrs Ferguson stayed in there with Sons Duncan and Billy and Daughter Mary. Billy was a great pal of my brother Jim. I think they went from primary one to third year of secondary school at Glenluce together. I played badminton with Billy when I left school. He learnt me a lot when playing badminton. I also played football with Billy. He was a great fella.

Neighbouring farm was Marclach. John and Mrs McColm was in there.

The next farm down the road you had to go into the station to get to it. It was called Glen Whilly. John Dalrymple and Mary lived there. My mother worked in the big house there when her and my dad got married.

The station houses were down the road. Jimmy and Mrs Cairns and June were in one of them. June ran about with my sister Dot and she stayed a lot with her Granny MacGibbney that stayed across the road from my mother in the village.

Mr and Mrs Law was in the next house with daughter and the twins.

Across from Glen Willy station was the old school house. I don't remember anyone living in it. But I know a Lindsay fella in Stranraer. He said he used to go on his holidays there. I think it was his aunty Mrs Kerr that stayed there.

Durnimoo was next door. John Galloway was in there with Helen. I can't remember Mrs Galloway.

Down the river was Pultadie. Wullie Rae and Mrs Rae was in it with their family. Jimmy Kennedy was the young herd. He used to go to the motor bike racing with us in later years.

Quarter farm was next. I was a Mr Hughes who had the farm and also had the back of the wall at Glenluce. Jock Mcquirter and his brother Robert ran the farm.

The farm across the road Craighburnock. It was Dalrymple from Achtralure were the farmer. Mr and Mrs Porter were the herds. They had a big family.

Down the road to Barlure, it was John Dalrymple. We just called him Barlure. I remember watching him out my mother's gate in the village. He had an old Austin motor when he came out of the shop it would not start. I can remember him trying to start it with the handle. He cranked and cranked but it wouldn't start. He took the starting handle and hammered the bonnet saying 'will you no stert, weel al mak ye stert'. Finished up getting a push and away he went. Down at the railway was a family called Wright.

Further in was Kilfeddar, Mr and Mrs Cluckie with their family were in it. I think it belonged to Barlure. They walked over the hill and got to Bob Fenion on the dam road at the lowps to go to school.

Heading for the village, Stair Lodge. Mr and Mrs Hewitson and sons Rab and Billy lived there. Mr Hewitson was head game keeper at New Luce. He had sheep in a wee field next to the graveyard. We all called it Wully Hewitson's field. It was next to the field where we played football behind the old church.

Barnshangan was next to the village. I remember old Barney, James, Addie and Gordon all on farm. I worked on Barnshangan when I left school. The big mill was in one day, James was the boss then, he wanted a whole lot of corn stacks put through the mill. My father and I were lousing on top of the mill. Morris McClure was the mill man feed it. He told us to put as much in as we could. All of a sudden a great roar came out of the mill, it blew the whole drum out of it. I was looking to see if my dad was still there and he was the same with me but we were both OK. I remember Jimmy McKnight asking Morris McClure if he could fix it. "Fix it" he said. "Garvie from Aberdeen couldn't fix it". Garvie was the maker of the mill.

That takes us down the Glenluce road to the Galdenoch. Albert Hamilton and wife lived in the cottage with their sons. I don't know if Albert worked on the farm or not. Wullie Johnston was the farmer. He had two daughters.

Next farm up the road was the Cruise. John and Whinny Adams and family lived there. Irene, Iva, Muriel and John, I think there was another one born after they left Cruise.

Up the road to Balneil, Tom McQuisten was the farmer. Nan and Mary were his sisters. They stayed in big house. Meg Cronie and Moll were in the cottage. Morris Toddles and Leslie stayed there.

My Cronie pal from the village and I used to go up once a week to get butter milk. He got it for his mum and I got it for my granny and my mum. It was a penny a can. There must have been about a gallon in the can. Coming down home through the fields acting like a clown seeing if I could swing the can over my head without losing any milk. I stumbled and the lid fell off the can and I lost half the butter milk. It was my mum's can. So when I got down to the school I filled my mum's can out of my granny's can and filled my granny's can up with water from the tap at school. My

mum baked with hers and grandpa just drank theirs. I never heard anything about it. HE would just think the butter milk was a bit weak.

Up to the manse. Mr Chambers was the minister. He had an old Hillman motor. I can still remember the registration. It was DNK415. A lady called Miss Gibson stayed in the manse. We used to go up and nick the apples as it was like an orchard behind the manse. I think Mr Chambers liked a wee drink as I remember talking to an old man in Stranraer and he said Mr Chambers could be found in the smugglers bar of the old kings arms on a Sunday night.

The next farm was Hardcroft. Gavin and Mrs McQuisten stayed in the farm house. I remember going to Erik when I was getting married. Something about bands being put up in post office. I done a bit of work, snedding and working at the mill at Hardcroft.

Up the road to Kilhern, Mr and Mrs Thompson were in there. He was the herd and he also bred budgies. Down the farm road was a place called Tareaikan. I don't remember anyone living in it. I think it would be a game keepers house. My dad told me there had been a fire and it was burnt down.

Dranigower was the next farm. Bob and Mrs McClelland and their 6 kids were in it.

Up the road was Balmurray cottage. I remember a big boy with the name of McShane I think he was about the same age of my brother Jim and Billy Ferguson. In the farm house was Alec McIlwrick. We just called him Balmurray. He had a big rover car.

Furthest in was Kilmafadeon. John hood was in it. I don't remember much about him.

That's my memories of NewLuce and area's surrounding it. Any changes that anyone feels can be made feel free to let me know.