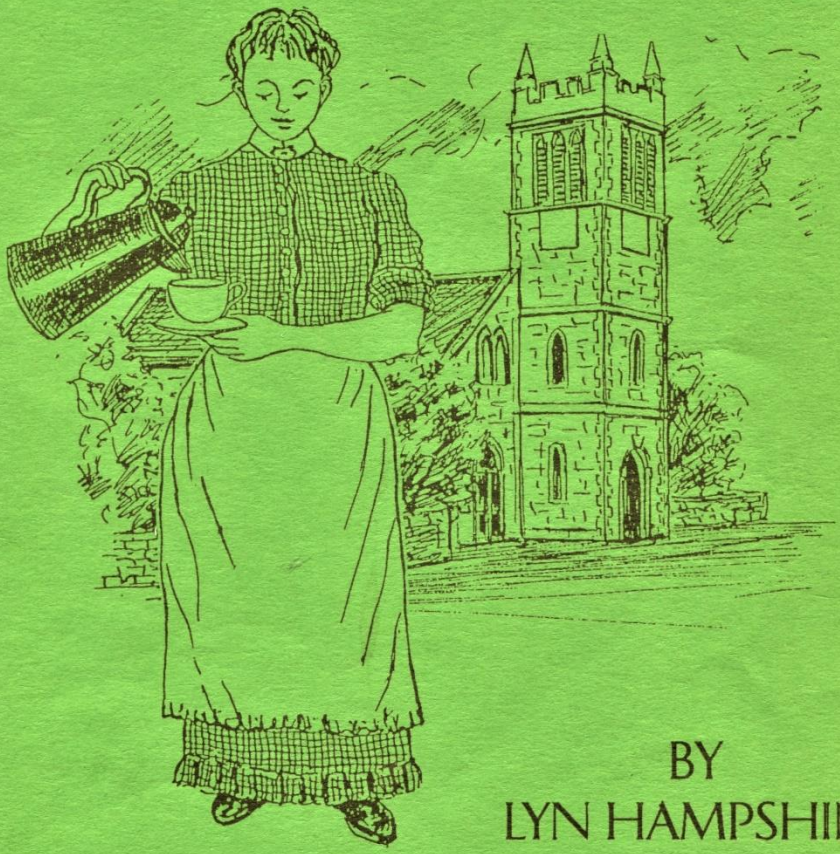
"AS WE WERE"

THE STORY



BY
LYN HAMPSHIRE

As We Were - The Story

Dear Reader,

May we introduce you to As We Were, the museum of Galloway life created by Roger and Lyn Hampshire - with more than a little help from our friends.

A successful businessman once said that only three things mattered when choosing a premises - "location, location and location." And we believe we have all three - plus some. We have the ideal location for an all-weather attraction that will interest people of all ages. Here we are, on the banks of the River Fleet in the main thoroughfare of Gatehouse of Fleet, which surely has to be one of the most attractive small towns in south west Scotland. The public car park and tourist information office are directly opposite and our near neighbour is that fascinating heritage centre, the Mill on the Fleet. We could hardly have chosen a better place to site our museum.

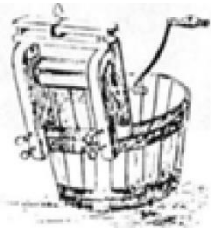
But we also have a unique point in our favour. Our premises, Rutherford Hall, was built as the town's Free Church of Scotland after the Disruption of 18 May, 1843 ripped the established Scottish church asunder. So one of our main aims has been to tell the story of this church.

When we dreamed up the idea for the museum, we decided to use the days of the week as our theme and to give a taste of everyday life in Galloway 100 years ago. The history of the church fitted naturally into the Sunday slot - and what else could Monday be but wash day? Thus, the idea grew...

Sunday's tableau is actual history, that is, it tells the true story of Rutherford Hall.

Monday through to Saturday is "virtual history" - our settings are based on the past and we have used as many genuine antique items as possible. Our characters have local surnames, but they are not real people - although they might have been.

Now, dear Reader, please allow this little book to guide you back to the end of the last century and re-create life As We Were 100 years ago.



SUNDAY

Known since 1932 as Rutherford Hall, this building was originally the Free Church of Scotland for Girthon and Anwoth, Gatehouse of Fleet. Like hundreds of Free Churches across Scotland, it was built after the Disruption of 18th May, 1843 when 470 ministers left the Established Church of Scotland rather than bow to the dictates of a government they felt was intruding on the Church's spiritual independence.

The ministers who left the Established Church of Scotland sacrificed much. They lost their homes and financial security; and they had to find new places of worship. One such minister was Robert Jeffrey (1786-1844) of Girthon and Anwoth parish,who left the Established Church with 223 communicants. Those who followed him met for worship in the Freemasons' Hall, now the Masonic Arms in Ann Street. The Disruption had caused much bitterness and the Free Church adherents met with opposition each time they tried to find a site on which to build their church. Poor Robert Jeffrey was in failing health and, sadly, was never to see the church built. But he was comforted in his final hours by the news that a site had at last been settled.

Robert Jeffrey died on 9th March, 1844. His devoted ministry had won the respect of many - even those who did not share his doctrinal views. A report of his funeral in the Wigtown Free Press tells that the mourners who flocked in from the surrounding district included members and ministers of the Established Church. Most of the shops in Gatehouse were closed and a train of "about eight score mourners" (160) followed the hearse. More than 600 people attended a memorial service here the following Sunday.

Their minister's death must have galvanised the Free Church congregation into action, for the construction of the church began apace. The main building stone was quarried on Laurie's Isle (now Ardwall Island) and a bay on the island is known as Free Kirk Bay. The material for the lintels was quarried from stones in Castramon burn, just above Culreoch cottages. Within nine months of Jeffrey's death, the church was ready. It opened for worship on 8th December, 1844. As the Wigtown Free Press reported: "The day was fine and by 12 at noon every pew and passage was crowded to excess" with more than 600 adults.

Poor health was also to afflict Robert Maxwell Hanna, the second

Free Church minister here, but he was able to see the work started by Robert Jeffrey brought to fruition. Hanna, from the Presbytery of Ards, Ireland, was ordained on 12th June, 1844, the same day that the foundation stone of this church was laid by the Rev. Samuel Smith, of Borgue.

Robert Hanna's health declined. He appears to have been suffering from that scourge of the Victorian era, tuberculosis, and two years later he went to Italy in the hope that the milder climate would ease his condition. By late 1848 it had become apparent that Hanna would never be fit enough to resume his pastoral duties in Scotland and the Kirk Session appointed a committee to look after church affairs.

In a touching farewell letter to his flock, dated 9th October that year, Hanna tells how his journey back to Britain caused a severe deterioration in his health. He was advised by doctors that part of his lung was gone and that his only chance of survival was to return to gentler climes. He returned to Italy and died in Florence on 31st December, 1857.

In early 1849, the Rev. John Robertson (1820-1882) was called to be Free Church minister for Girthon and Anwoth. A report of his ordination in the Wigtown Free Press, 30th March, 1849 records that he "met with a cordial welcome from his people."

John Robertson, who married Jane Paul in 1858, is described on his memorial tablet as "an earnest preacher beseeching sinners to be reconciled to God." Evidence of this can be found in the Kirk Session Book wherein there are many records of moral offenders being admonished for their sins and, having repented, being "restored to church privileges."

Other kirk records dating from Robertson's ministry show the caring nature of the church, with many references to money being given to poor people, after consideration of their individual cases.

John Robertson was minister of this church for 33 years. His final kirk session as Moderator was on 30th April, 1882. He died at Edinburgh on 29th May that year.

The fourth and last minister of the Free Church of Scotland here was the Rev. Robert Blackstock McGlashan. He took up his pastoral duties in the spring of 1883, and on 11th November, 1886 married Mary Bardsley, eldest daughter of James Reid, at Greenhaugh, Paisley. The couple had six children and some of their descendants still live in this area.

Mrs McGlashan and the children used a box pew to the right of the pulpit when they attended church. One of the couple's daughters, recalled

an occasion when a small girl fell asleep during one of her father's sermons, woke up with a start and shouted: "Wheesht, ye auld devil Mr McGlashan, ye've made me drop my book!"

Next to the McGlashan box was that of the Armstrong family, while to the left of the pulpit was the box reserved for Ardwall Estate. The owners of Ardwall supported the Free Church for many years and the session book records regular annual gifts of £10 from Sheriff Jameson, of Ardwall. Half the money supplemented the minister's income and the other half provided "coals for the poor of Gatehouse."

Robert McGlashan's ministry coincided with a period of change within the Free Church of Scotland. The turn of the century saw the Union of the majority of the Free Church with the United Presbyterian Church. (A minority of the Free Church declined from the union and remained in the Free Church of Scotland, whose headquarters are in Edinburgh.)

The respective churches in Gatehouse wanted names that would distinguish them when they became congregations of the United Free Church. So it was agreed that each would take the name of the parish in which it was situated. Thus the Free Church of Girthon and Anwoth became the Girthon United Free Church.

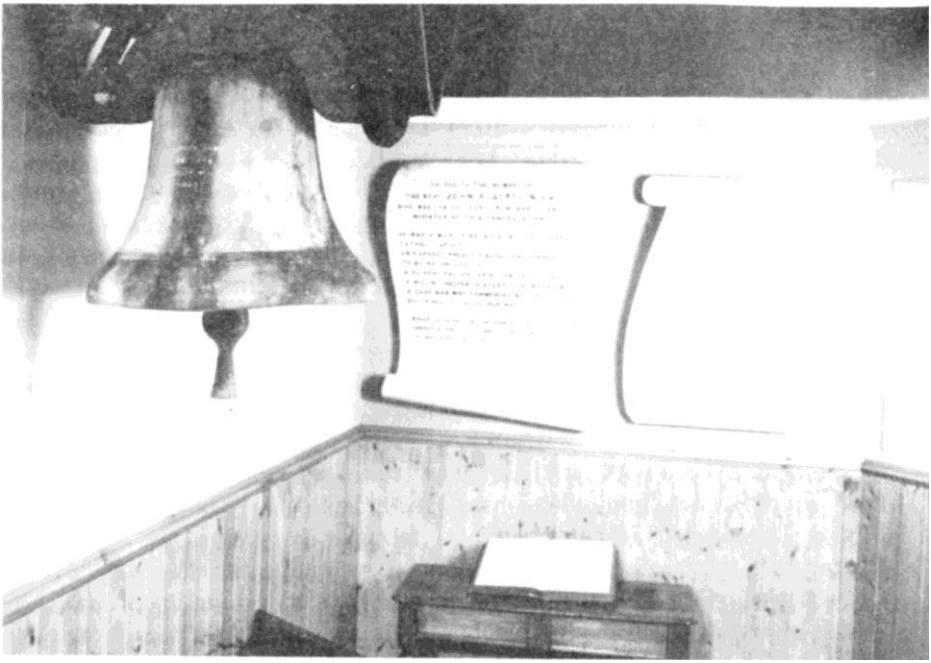
However, this situation was not to last very long. The size of the congregation was dwindling and, on 1st January, 1905 the town's two United Free churches were joined together to become the U.F. Church of Girthon and Anwoth. There were 134 communicants on the roll that year.

An even greater change was underway. Following many years of negotiation, the United Free Church was reunited with the Church of Scotland in 1929.

Robert McGlashan remained as minister of what became known as the Rutherford Church. His sudden death on August 13, 1931 ended a ministry that had lasted 48 years and was "characterised by ceaseless energy and Christian devotedness."

In March 1932 the Rutherford congregation was united with that of Girthon Parish Church. As this building was no longer needed for worship, the Kirk Session decided to have it converted into a church hall, and to finance the work by selling Rutherford Manse to the widow of the late minister for £900.

For nearly 50 years Rutherford Hall was used for a multitude of purposes. Dances and art shows were held in what was formerly the body of



The Rev. Robert McGlashan.

Mrs. Mary McGlashan.

the church and downstairs rooms were used as meeting places for the Woman's Guild, Girl Guides, carpet bowlers, the Sunday School and the Play Group. Then, in early 1981, the Kirk Session offered to sell the hall to the Community Council. The offer was declined because the councillors knew that the old school building would soon become available because the senior classes at Gatehouse School were being moved to Kirkcudbright Academy.

(In the event, the education authority sold the school to the Community Council for a token sum).

So Rutherford Hall was put up for tender and the highest offer came from antique dealers Roger and Lyn Hampshire, the present proprietors. Since the purchase was completed on 1st April, 1981, the Hampshires have gradually developed the building, creating three flats and two shop units within it. As We Were, the museum of Galloway life, is the latest phase in their development programme.

THE EXHIBITS in this tableau include:

The bell, inscribed "David Burges – Founder – Glasgow – 1841," was originally in the tower. (The founder must have had it in stock as this church was not built until 1844.)

Two marble tablets commemorating Robert Jeffrey and John Robertson, the first and third ministers of Girthon and Anwoth Free Church.

A pew, believed to be the last surviving one from the old church.

A Bible, Authorized version, printed Glasgow 1858. An inscription on the flyleaf reads: "To Alexander McCulloch, as a remembrance of his kindness as a token of well wishes from John Millar Allan, Portwilliam, 25th November 1862."

MONDAY

You may think " poor Morag" when you see her struggling to turn the mangle while laundering Mrs Kirkpatrick's washing. But save your pity, for domestic servant Morag Heron is well pleased with her employer's state-of-the-art washhouse which has "all mod. cons." as far as the 1890s is concerned, including an indoor pump that saves trips to the spring for water.

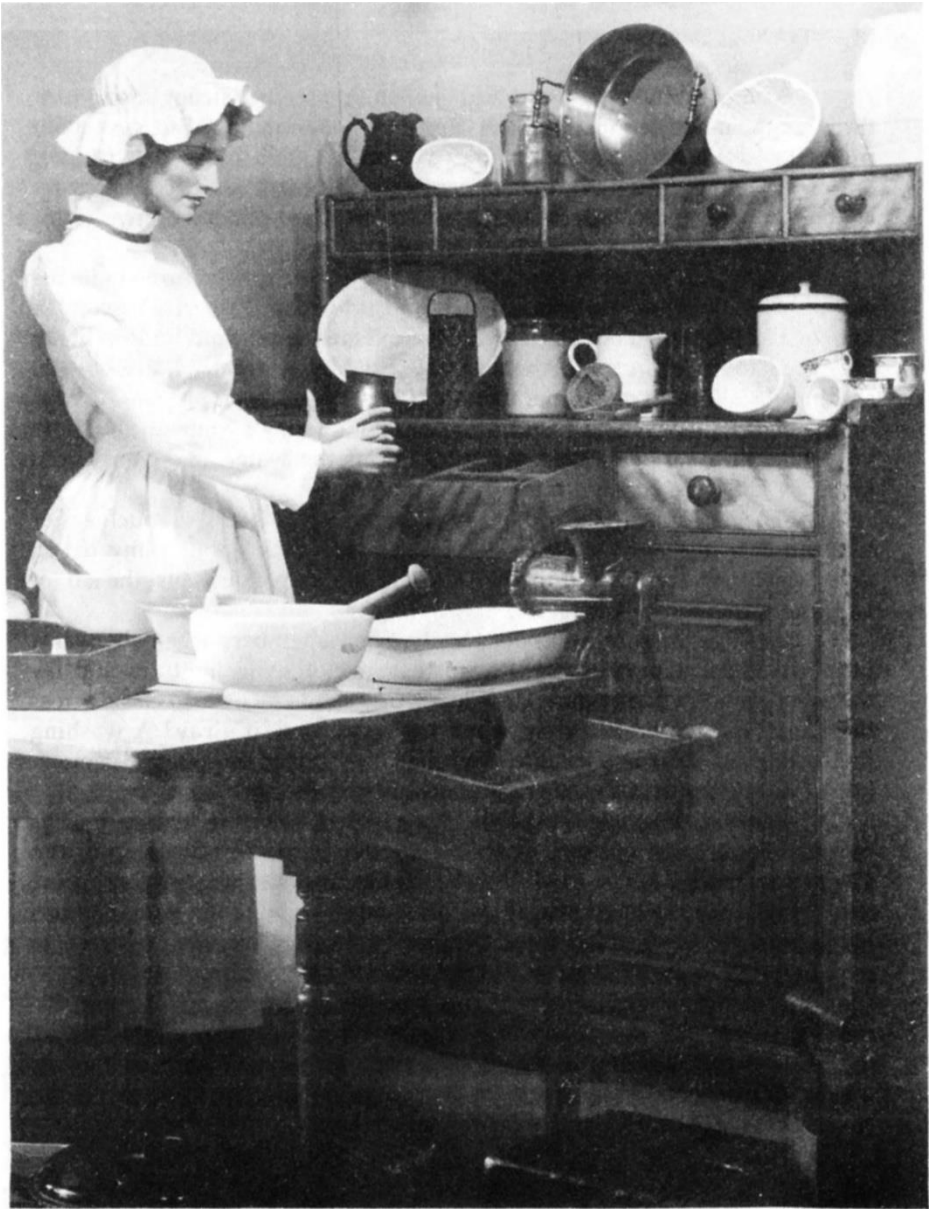
Morag is proud of the new cast-iron copper in which she boils the clothes - even if she does have to black lead it to keep it smart. The copper, known as a portable model, is a great improvement on the old built-in boiler that used to stand in the corner, and it cost Mrs Kirkpatrick a whole 26 shillings (£1.30). Just one thing, though, if Mrs K. had been prepared to pay out another half sovereign (10 shillings or 50p in today's coinage) she could have bought a copper with a tap to drain off the water, and that would have saved Morag having to empty it with a ladle.

The corrugated zinc dolly tub is really up-to-date. It is much easier to clean than the old wooden stave-built type which go all slimy if you don't scrub and dry them properly. And the copper posser is just the job for working up a good, soapy lather.

Morag comes from a poor family. She remembers when she was a little girl and her mother used to wash their clothes in the burn and lay them out on the hedge to dry. How many times did she have to chase across the fields to fetch the washing when the wind blew it away? A washing line with pegs is far less trouble. And the Glass Queen washboard is much kinder on the hands than the granite rocks beside the burn.

Morag Heron is a simple soul who knows her place and is reasonably content with her lot. She is often given left-overs from the kitchen or hand-me-down clothes like the dress she is wearing and these help her eke out the few meagre shillings she earns a month. And, because her late father worked for Mr Kirkpatrick, Morag has been allowed to remain living in the tiny estate cottage where whe was born.

Her only real worry is Jamie, her young brother, whom she has cared for since she was orphaned at 11 years old. Morag wants Jamie to get on in the world, but he is a "wanton young limmer" and forever playing truant from school. At least Mr Maclaren, the dominie, is giving Jamie the chance of an education that she herself never had.



TUESDAY

Now meet our bonny Jean, wife of local blacksmith Rab Inglis. Their home is one of the larger cottages in the town and they live comfortably on the income from Rab's essential trade. Not that Jean is extravagant. She is thrifty in the way she manages the household, as the home-made rag rug testifies, and she is putting money by for their old age.

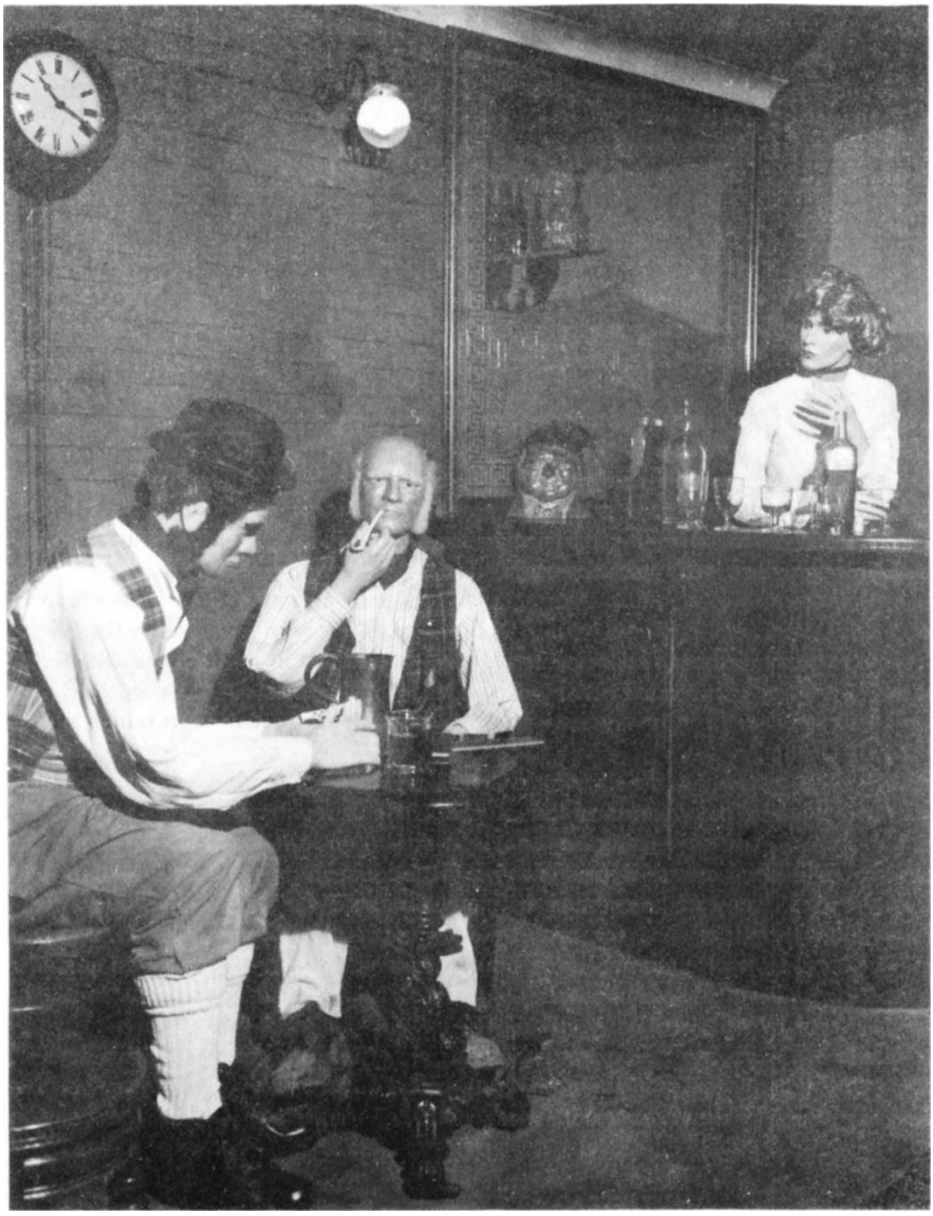
Jean spends a lot of time in the kitchen, baking bread, pies and cakes and preparing wholesome food to keep her husband fit and strong. She cooks on a "portable" cast-iron range that fits neatly into what used to be an open hearth. The iron fender makes a useful warming shelf , while kettles or pots can be kept warm in front of the fire by standing them on the brass trivet. This trivel has an adjustable shelf which bears the motto: "Oor ain fireside."

Like most Victorian housewives, Jean keeps a stock-pot simmering on the range. The iron girdle (or griddle, to give it its English name) is used for making scones and oatcakes, while the small brass saucepan, sometimes known as a pingle, is for heating milk. She has a variety of enamel pots and pans.

Rab has a sweet tooth, so Jean likes to prepare cream desserts in her selection of china jelly moulds. She makes her own preserves in the bell metal pan handed down from her grandmother and her kettle was also her granny's. But she has some modern labour-saving devices too, such as the Enterprise mincer and the Wilcox & Gibbs sewing machine on which she runs up most of the family's clothes.

The range has a non-culinary use besides keeping the room warm. It is used to heat the irons. Jean has two solid flat irons, known as "sad" irons and always sold in pairs so that one can be heating on the stove while the other is in use. She also has a box iron with has a door at its rear into which a heated "slug" can be placed.

Her birchwood dresser is of a typical Galloway style. It matches the pembroke table which Jean chose instead of a the more usual fixed top type because the leaves can be shut down, giving more space in the small kitchen which doubles as a living room. (The front parlour is only used on very special occasions. Rab isn't particularly fond of the parlour because Jean insists he wears a stiff collar and a jacket when using the room!)



Jean's one indulgence is her collection of "Gaudy Dutch" pottery. She loves the brightly painted pieces with their lustre decoration, especially the punchbowl which was a wedding gift from Rab. Gaudy Dutch was made mainly in Staffordshire, originally as a "poor man's Crown Derby," but, like many copied styles, it developed its own vigour and charm, winning a wider popularity than originally expected.

WEDNESDAY

Welcome to the Crown and Anchor, one of several small hostelries in the town. Behind the bar is Bella Brown, the landlord's daughter and a young lady with ambitions for a more genteel lifestyle. Her name is really Ishbel - but she thinks Bella is smarter.

Bella fancies hereself as the proprietress of a stylish hotel , but the Crown and Anchor falls far short in her estimation. She has tried hard to improve the tone of the place and dresses rather too elegantly for barwork. In a bid to move the place up-market, she has replaced the old pine table in the bar with a fahionable cast-iron and mahogany one. Not that the domino players are bothered - as far as they are concerned it is just somewhere to set their drinks and dommies!

The man in the bowler hat is William McWilliam, better known as Mac. He is a carter with his own premises and has been courting Bella for several months, without success because she has learned a lot about men from her work - and she wouldn't give a thank you for one as fond of drink and gambling as Mac.

Playing dominoes with Mac is Sandy McQuarrie*, a town worthy and father of Jean Inglis. Jean, his youngest, is his darling but, despite having been a widower for many years, Sandy refuses to move into his daughter's comfortable home. Instead, he stubbornly keeps to himself in his tumbledown bothy in the woods. He traps rabbits, hence the gin-trap which he is taking to his son-in-law, Rab the blacksmith, for repair. Rumour has it that Sandy is not averse to poaching the odd grouse or salmon, although the town constable has never been able to catch him at it.

Sandy is sitting on a barber's chair; he finds the neck-rest comfortable. But he will have to move if Cut-throat Charlie, the travelling barber, arrives to ply his trade. This arrangement was quite usual in country areas of low population as only the larger towns would have their own barber's shop.

Bella prides herself on keeping a well-stocked bar. Along with the whisky, bottled ales, wine and mineral water, she has a flask of imported gin. The mask jug on the counter represents Souter Johnnie, Tam o' Shanter's cronie in the famous story-poem by Robert Burns. Unmarked, but probably made by Doulton, the jug was a marketing device for distillery companies.

The clock, known as a "wag at the wall," is of a model often used in hotels, offices and business establishments during Victorian times. With a simple mechanism, this type of clock was cheap and reliable but had to be rewound every day.

**Our character model is named in affectionate memory of Sandy McQuarrie, a well-known Gatehouse personality whom it strongly resembles. This likeness was purely coincidental as the model was made in Bridlington, Yorkshire, and we have named it Sandy with the permission of his family. It is not intended to represent the real Sandy but perhaps it was one of his ancestors....*

THURSDAY

Take a keek (*English*: peep) through the window of the schoolmaster's house and you will see two of the town's beauties - Emily Kirkpatrick, wife of a wealthy landowner, and her sister, Katherine Maclaren, who is married to the dominie and recently gave birth to his son and heir, Edwin Thomas (E.T.)

Elegant Mrs Kirkpatrick has brought along a christening gown for the infant and is showing it to her sister,who is resting in bed with F.I. beside her. She is dressed in a fashionable velvet jacket and skirt with a bustle, topped by a flower-bedecked straw hat.

Katherine is wearing a cotton nightgown trimmed with broderie anglaise and a fine woollen shawl imported from the Far Fast. The baby has a simple day dress and a silk-lined bonnet. His rush carry-cot is a traditional style and slightly out of keeping with the bedroom decor, which includes some fine Cuban mahogany furniture.

The chest of drawers is in a typically Scottish style known an ogee chest from the double-curving shape of the upper drawers. (A visitor to As We Were said her granny had a similar chest. When told it was an

A VISIT TO **AS *WE WERE***

I saw my Granny whisper a prayer
As she stookied oot the washhoose flair,
And I fed the sheets into the mangle,
Held them oot straight so they wouldnae tangle.
And as she turned the mangle roon
She'd aye call oot: "Lassie, mind yer thoom."

In winter nights sae warm and snug
I watch hir pin hir auld rag rug,
Or hear my Granpa on the moothie.
Wae sang the sangs straight frae the bothy.

Oh, I smelt the scones frae the girdle hot
And simmerin' on the stove a guid hot
pot. And, oh, at night sae snug in bed,
After oor porage we'd been fed.

Thank you for going back the years,
And please forgive me shedding tears.

Jane McGivern.

ogee chest, the little girl thought it meant: "Oh gee , what a big chest!")

Atop the chest is a jewel mirror with a lidded compartment in its base. Both pieces of furniture could be termed "high Victorian" and used to belong to Katherine's parents. But the young woman also appreciates modern furniture, particularly the style known as art nouveau which was popularised by trend-setting furnishers, Liberty of London.

By 1890 Liberty had several branches in Scotland, and Katherine purchased her bedroom wallpaper at the company's Glasgow shop. The pattern, Melbury, was designed for Liberty in the early 1890s by Sidney Mawson, one of the company's stable of talented artists which included Jessie M. King, of Kirkcudbright.

The iridescent glass cornucopia vase is typically art nouveau, while the simple styling of the bed demonstrates a reaction against the mid-Victorian taste for highly decorated furniture. Equally up-to-date is the bentwood chair, an unusual model and one of many thousands that were imported from Middle European countries during the late 19th and earl) 20th centuries. The enamel bidet on its bentwood stand is another example of this method of making furniture.

Katherine's bedspread is hand-knitted in cotton. It is very heavy and makes you realise how physically strong domestic servants must have been in those days - just imagine its weight when being laundered!

On her marble-topped bedside cupboard is a glass water jug in the deep pink colour now known as "cranberry glass" from the name originally given it by American collectors. A net cover, weighted by beads, keeps insects out of the jug.

Although there is a gas-works in the town, the school and schoolhouse have not vet been connected to the supply. The main light in the bedroom is supplied by a decorated glass oil lamp and there is a candle in a chamber-stick for use at night.

Personal hygiene is provided for by the jug and basin toilet set on the washstand. The china jug holds cold water and there is a brass can for carrying in hot water from the kitchen. A mahogany commode caters for "calls of nature."

N.B. This chapter aims to give a feeling of the tableau as first set out when our exhibition opened. However, we make changes from time to time. For instance, you may be lucky enough' to visit on the day of little E.T's baptism - and you won't find his mother in her bedroom then.

Helen
Roman

FRIDAY

May we introduce John Maclaren, our respected young dominie. Although he has some modest private means, John is dedicated to shaping young minds and helping his pupils progress in life. His tutors at college had high hopes for him and foresaw his rise to great academic heights. But the idealistic John took a teaching post in a small Galloway town and promptly fell in love with the beautiful Katherine.

He has never been happier. A few days ago his lovely wife was delivered safely of a fine son - and John is still starry-eyed about becoming a father. His thoughts are not really in the classroom today - which is probably why he has failed to notice the catapult in Jamie Heron's back pocket.

Jamie was late for school this morning as he had been bird-nesting. The dominie confiscated the hedge sparrow's nest the boy had found and is keeping it to use in a nature study lesson, but, to Jamie's relief, he didn't see the catapult. Now the tardy scholar is being kept behind to write lines.

Mr Maclaren would be well within his rights to chastise Jamie with the taws(e), or strap, which every teacher in Scotland keeps for the purpose. But he doesn't completely subscribe to the "spare the road and spoil the child" maxim, and, being a shrewd judge of character, he knows that being kept in is a much more salutary punishment for Jamie than a few lashes with the taws which the sturdy lad would simply shrug off.

Jamie is writing on a slate and, when he fills it, he will have to wipe off the laboriously written lines and start again at the top. Mr McLaren keeps a supply of ink in the stoneware bottle, but use of pen and paper are reserved for the top pupils and for written examinations.

Scotland's education system has improved greatly since Queen Victoria came to the throne, with many more working class boys and girls being given the chance of primary schooling, usually at church schools. John Maclaren knows there is still much to be done before every child has an equal chance of a basic education. Some statistics he read the other day showed that 435,655 children between five and 14 years were attending primary school in Scotland in 1885. That was 11.66 per cent of the estimated population and a big improvement on 20 years earlier when only 155,995, an estimated 4.85 per cent, were receiving primary schooling.

SATURDAY

This is the smiddy belonging to Rab Inglis, Jean's husband, latest of a long line of blacksmiths who have been following the family trade for two centuries. Rab is not a man to tangle with - it takes brawn as well as skill to do his essential work.

Every town and village has at least one blacksmith for, without him, commerce and transport would grind to a halt. Virtually every trade depends on his ability. He keeps the horses shod; he mends cart and coach wheels; he repairs tools and farm implements - he can even turn his hand to fixing those new-fangled horseless carriages.

Rab's father used to tell him a story that illustrates the importance of the blacksmith. It is set in Biblical times when work on King Solomon's great temple in Jerusalem had just been completed. By way of thanks, Solomon invited every craftsman who had helped build the temple to a magnificent feast. The festivities had just begun when there came a knock at the door. when the major-domo opened it he was confronted by a huge man with a sooty face and blackened forearms. "Who goes there?" he demanded. "It is I, the blacksmith," came the answer. "Go away," said the major-domo, "you didn't help build the temple."

"Did I not?" said the smith. "Just ask the mason who made his tools. " The mason admitted the blacksmith had. "Ask the joiner who made his hammer and chisels," said the smith, and the joiner said the blacksmith had. "Ask the carter who shod his horses so they could cart the timber. Ask the lumberjack who made his axe, " the smith continued. One by one, the blacksmith called all the craftsmen and each admitted he could not have done his work without the smith.

"Bring the blacksmith to me," ordered King Solomon, who had heard what was going on. "Bring rose water to wash his hands and fine robes for his back. " The wise king sat the smith at his right hand throughout the feast and thereafter the smith was a respected figure among his people.

Rab charges his better-off customers a set price per pound weight of iron used for the job. But he would never dream of asking for money from a

poor person or labourer. It is accepted that, if he does a job for a poor customer, he will eventually be repaid by a form of barter. For instance, he might be given a sack of turnips for mending a peat shovel.

Rab's smiddy has the U-shaped forge typical of southern Scotland which gives the smith plenty of room to work on large implements, such as ploughs. The furnace would more usually be built of stone but Rab's is made of bricks, which are readily available from the town brickworks, with an iron rim to stop the coals spilling over. Small coals of a good quality are used in the furnace which is fanned by a hand-operated bellows.

Blacksmiths have to work quickly - literally striking while the iron is hot - and Rab keeps his tools within easy reach. He has hammers in various sizes, ranging from the heavy fore hammer (or sledge hammer) to small ones for the more delicate jobs. He has several rasps for smoothing rough edges off horses' hooves, a fuller for grooving the horseshoes and a variety of tongs, each with its own particular use.

Smithing is hot and dirty work, so don't be surprised if Rab is away from his smiddy when you call. He is probably slaking his thirst at the village pump. Or he may have loaded his portable forge onto a cart and driven off to do a day's work at some far-flung farm.

Illustrations by Jeremy Carlisle.

Photographs by John Caughlin and Michael Ridgway.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

From a speech by Roger Hampshire. on our opening day Saturday, larch 26th, 1994.

At the turn of the year this was nothing more than an idea and many months of research. Now we have created a museum which is entertaining, educational and , we believe, memorable.

Lyn and I have a lot of people to thank for bringing As We Were to fruition. Although the original concept was mine, everyone involved has added ideas and those individual touches that bring a museum like this to life.

Firstly, we thank my sister, June Neaves, who made many of the costumes and has been a firm supporter of the project right from the start.

Our warm thanks go to all the local tradesmen who helped build the exhibition. Without their enthusiasm, ideas and hard work, often doing overtime, we would not be here today. They are Gerard Macnamara, better known as Mac the Joiner; painters and decorators, Eric Grieve and his son, John; electrician Stewart Ross, of B. Girgan, Kirkcudbright.

We had help from several artists: Trevor Haymer, of the Creative Dummy Company, Bridlington; Jackie Whittaker, of Gatehouse, who painted the mural; Tony Martin, from Wales, who made our shop signs, including Aggie, our mascot; and Jeremy Carlisle, of Gatehouse, who did the illustrations for our leaflets. Our thanks to all of them.

We were fortunate in being able to call on various people for advice while researching for the exhibition, among them were the Free Church of Scotland, Edinburgh; the local Church of Scotland; and master blacksmith, Edward Martin, of Closeburn, Dumfriesshire. Our thanks to all these, and to everyone else who added snippets of information but are too numerous to mention.

Then there are the official bodies without whose support we would never have got this project off the ground: Galloway Groundbase who sent us their consultant Archie Bell and, subsequently, had enough faith in us to give us grant aid to the tune of £4,500; and Dumfries and Galloway Regional Council, whose Economic Development Department gave us a low interest EASE loan for £15,000.

Finally, we wish to thank the Rt Hon Ian Lang MP, Secretary of State for Scotland, for performing our official opening.