

# Bitesize Newsletter

Snippets from BNA & Outside Source

## LOCHWINNOCH UNITED SABBATH SCHOOL EXCURSION 1886

**T**he village was quite en fête on Saturday, 5th inst. Through the kindness of Lady E. Lee Harvey, late of Castlesemple, the children belonging to the various Sabbath-schools were treated to an excursion to Largs. As was to be expected, there was a large muster at the hour of assembling, and as the little ones, headed by a piper and with banners flying, started for the station, their departure was witnessed by a large number of their parents and well-wishers. Special carriages were provided in the ordinary train, and Largs was reached shortly after 12 o'clock.

Broomfields were made the rendezvous, and there and along the neighbouring shore the children disported themselves thoroughly the livelong day. Favoured by good weather, the young excursionists enjoyed themselves thoroughly. To many of them, the day will be noted as a red-letter day in their existence. For, never having even seen the sea or ships before, the charm and fascination of novelty were upon them, and made an impression that will not soon be obliterated. Ample provision was made to satisfy the demands of young stomachs, sharp set by the bracing sea breezes. Considerable liberty was allowed the children to see the attractions of the famous watering place; and at intervals during the day, games were heartily engaged in. A most delightful day was brought to a close by a safe return.

Before parting, the children were brought up in Harvey-square, and gave three ringing cheers for Lady Harvey. The various ministers and the Sunday-school superintendents are to be congratulated on the successful way in which they carried out Her Ladyship's wishes, and the children on their uniform good conduct and willing obedience.



**Stile at Burnfoot**



**CALDER GLEN MILL**

[Whitten's Mill]



**WAR MEMORIAL**

1906

LOCHWINNOCH ANGLING CLUB

ON TUESDAY OVER 100,000 FRY WERE PLACED IN THE REARING PONDS AND TRIBUTARY RIVULETS

1886

CASTLESEMPLE LOCH

TWELFTH PROVINCE BONSPIEL

410 COMPETITORS ON THE ICE

1890

THERE IS NO PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE STRIKE OF THE BEITH AND LOCHWINNOCH CABINETMAKERS COMING TO AN END

Nov. 2019

9th May 1803

Robert Carswell

**A**n Old Batchelor —Lately died, at Lochwinnoch, Robert Carswell, aged 80. He was a native of Ireland, but left it about 40 years ago, and came to Lochwinnoch, where he resided till his death. He wrought\* as a labourer, but would not take more than 2d. per day and his victuals\*, and 4d. during harvest. He lived in a cot-house, into which he scarcely would admit any visitor.

Not being able to work for about two years, he lived during that time the utmost penury; greens, wild herbs, and potatoes, were his ordinary food; and had it not been for a neighbouring farmer, whom he sometimes visited he would have starved himself.

When his house was inspected after his death, there were found in it several small baskets suspended with cords from the roof, provisions of different kinds, butter, flesh, &c. all totally spoiled. A little barrel was hung in the same manner with meal, which had been kept for years.

His bed cover was of rushes sewed together, and his seat was a piece of turf with the root of an old tree for its back. Not wishing to encourage visitors, there was no other seat in the house. There were two chests, one filled with clothes, though he would by no means permit a pair of blankets to be taken out during his illness. In the same chest there was found a guinea in gold, with 19s. in silver; the guinea he brought from Ireland. In three or four small holes in the floor, near the fire-place, was found upwards of 3l. partly in copper. The other chest contained old books. He has been known to borrow books, copies of which were found in the chest, wishing no doubt to spare his own and to use those of others in preference.



\* **Wrought** is an old form of the past tense of work.

\* **Victuals** provide with food.

1950 [Lochwinnoch is a grand spot to be in when things go wrong!](#)

A friend of mine travelled by car from Gourock the other Saturday— and what should happen but his wee kiddie got a finger jammed in the car door. Up came the policeman to see if he could help; but jammed fingers are a ticklish problem, and he advised seeing the doctor. Meanwhile a neighbour came running out to see if sticking plaster would be any use. The doctor wasn't at home—but was found just up the road, visiting. So he put off his game of golf, and took the wee lad to his surgery. There, with skilful aid, a kind word, a cup of tea (with a cream cake for the victim) —and the emergency was over. My friend came away thinking Lochwinnoch must be a place where the stranger is in the safe keeping of the whole village. And isn't that the whole secret of Scottish hospitality? I believe it is.