

Reference Copy.

MORISTON MATTERS

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APRIL, 1978

AS ANOTHER TOURIST SEASON NEARS...

If you need a holiday or if you need a rest
Come, then, to Glenmoriston, that haven in the West.
We can guarantee a welcome, accommodation too,
But not always sunny days or even skies of blue.
Don't let that deter you, don't let it hold you back,
There are many real attractions that we surely do not
lack.

For sportsmen, too, the fishing is truly a delight;
Our river and loch fishing will be a challenge to their
might.

The chance to catch our Nessie is not to be ignored;
If successful, your next problem would be getting her
aboard.

The people then would flock to see our monster of great
fame,
If you should be the lucky one, then all would know your
name.

The beauties of nature are not hard to find,
There are many varieties of each different kind.
We have lochs, hills and forests and valleys of green
And the finest of wild life that you've ever seen.
There's craft shop and village shop, the pottery too,
All waiting to cater for people like you.

So come to Glenmoriston, have a time to remember,
Should you come in the spring or as late as September.
Each time of the year has delights to recall,
And a true Highland welcome awaits one and all.
So if a Scottish holiday is what you plan this year,
My advice to you is, begin and end it here!

AMD.

editorial

The seasons, as our "Farming Corner" so assiduously records, roll on. Friends of the Glen have left for other parts ; others have come to live in it. Friends from the Glen, friends to the Glen have left the Glen and the world, sadly and tragically ; others have entered into the world and the Glen.

And the Big Snow came, - and now, under the revivifying powers of nature, has gone. But one tiny, hesitant seedling, pushed into the soil half hopefully, tentatively, is beginning to sprout. The seedling was delicate ; but the soil was fertile, the nursery gardeners persistent - and there were many wayfarers ready to help with the watering-can, to trowel the soil into freshness, to keep the weeds at bay. And now the seedling is a sturdy, independent plant - the glass may be safely jettisoned.

We refer, of course, to "Moriston Matters", and may we in this somewhat belated April 1st issue remind our readers that the next issue, that hopefully of June 1st., will mark the first anniversary of the magazine? And may we remind readers, too, that the plant, although sturdy, will not be the worse of continual inspection, the soil around it of vigorous turning and of new and experimental fertilisation?

What about special contributions to make it a special 1st?

Invermoriston School

After the Big Snow, many pupils succumbed to coughs, colds and 'flu and latterly an occasional case of whooping cough. However, most are fully recovered and are enjoying the Scottish Country Dance lessons which Mrs. P. Fraser comes to take with us each week.

We were sorry to lose Rebecca and James Rodger, who have now removed to Alness. We welcome Catherine Steele and Gary Keil who have recently joined us and hope they will be happy here.

At the end of term we shall be sorry to lose Miranda Grant who leaves us to join her sister at school near Dunkeld. We wish her every success.

We now look forward to the Spring Holiday, with the hope that the long cold winter will give way to brighter weather.

G.A.B.M.

Burns Supper ~ W.R.I.

On Wednesday 25th January a Burns Supper was held in the Village Hall in aid of S.W.R.I. funds.

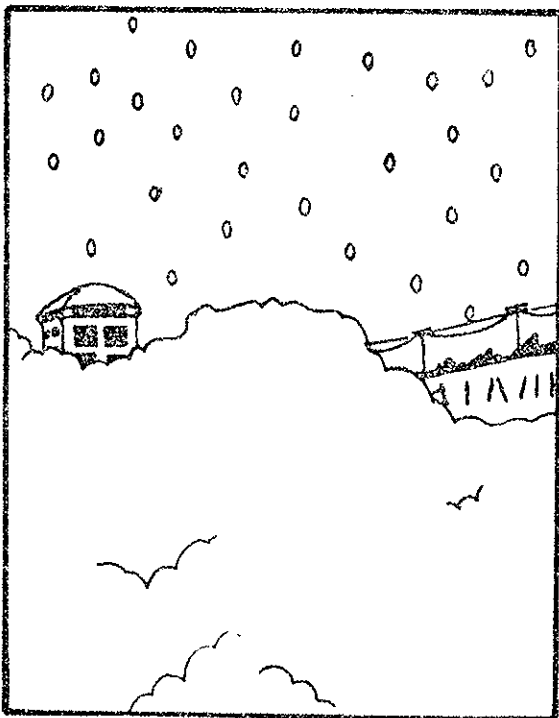
During an excellent meal, prepared and served by members of the Institute, the Haggis was carried in by Miss C. MacDonald and piped by Miss D. Gordon. Mr. H. Gordon addressed the Haggis with traditional fervour. Later the toast to the Immortal Memory was proposed by Rev. P. Fraser, in the absence through illness of Mr. A. Campbell.

Mr. H. MacDonald in proposing the toast to the Lassies gave us a most interesting sketch of the Bard's Lassies.

After the meal Scottish Dance Music was played on the accordion by Mr. A. Colquhoun and Mrs. I. Service gave a selection of Burns Songs with Mrs. B. Oliver as accompanist. Mrs. Tilford expressed the company's appreciation of the happy evening.

The Blizzard

Of course I never thought it would happen to me. I'd heard of it happening to others and felt very sorry for them, but I always managed - though sometimes the going was pretty tricky - and I hoped that I'd manage somehow on that Saturday (after all I'd been up as far as Balnacarn and was on my way back) - when the next thing I knew I was in it up to my middle. Talk about "soft as the driven snow"! The stuff was as solid as a wall, and the more I struggled against it the more solid it became. My master tried his hardest, but it was of no use, and cold and wet, he went into Mrs. MacLeod's house to think what he should do next - and there I was left alone in the swirling whiteness, seemingly useless and knowing that the people would be expecting me and I would not be turning up. However I remembered that we had friends in every house and felt a



bit better. Still, I was wondering what would happen next - when a blue Hydro van appeared down the road and before long Peter Stoddart came along to see if he could help. My master took the mailbag and went off with him and that was the last I saw of him for four days.

I was in a very dangerous position blocking the road and so Alastair and Norman brought a landrover and tried to tow me out backwards. This I considered rather undignified and I wasn't altogether surprised when it proved ineffective. After a couple of hours, by which time I was almost completely lost to view, Tommy snr. brought a much more sophisticated vehicle and with its help I went back a bit to where there was a space at the roadside.

Well, I may have been blocking the road, but I was by no means their only problem. There was so much snow that the snow-plough got jammed in it! However, on Tuesday Tommy and Martin came with their mechanical shovels and began digging, one from each end of the mountain of snow. They piled it up in the garden, they piled it up in the field over the wall - it was more than a month before these heaps disappeared - but at last, after they had worked until nearly midnight, the road was open. Next day Alastair was able to go to Invermoriston and bring back food and other things that the people were needing, and also my beloved master. I was delighted to see him and very glad to be under way again with him at the wheel, and everywhere we called the people gave us a great welcome. My adventure was over, and after four nights sleeping rough I thankfully spent Wednesday night at my own front door.

COMMUNITY COUNCIL D.I.Y. Telephone

The Community Council took up the matter of the provision of a telephone kiosk at Riverside Park, and the secretary has received a reply from the G.P.O., saying that they do not consider Riverside Park a viable centre of population for an economic telephone kiosk. They suggest however that one of the residents might be willing to have installed a coin-box telephone - perhaps in a porch, or even in a garden shed. This kind of arrangement works well in Skye. The cost to the subscriber would be the cost of installation (£51) - unless one of the existing subscribers would be willing to have his instrument converted - plus the normal quarterly rental (£8.25 + VAT) plus the rental of the coin box (£5.00 + VAT). He would have to pay for his own calls at coin-box rates. All calls would be metered. He would be sent a quarterly bill in accordance with the meter reading, less a rebate of 27.8%. To pay for this he would have the money in the box, for which he would have the key; thus if at the end of the quarter the box contained £100, he would have £27.80 to cover the rental of the instrument and the coin-box. The G.P.O. say that in some cases where this "help yourself" arrangement operates successfully in Skye, the householders who benefit from it contribute a small sum quarterly towards the rentals. If any resident of Riverside Park is interested in offering facilities of this kind he is asked to contact Mr. Everett, secretary of the Community Council.

Woman's World ~ Day of Prayer

The Women's World Day of Prayer was held as always on the first Friday of March and this year it was the Women of Canada who chose the theme "Community Spirit in Modern Living".

The service was held in Glenmoriston Church at 2.00 p.m. on the 3rd of March and it was good to see such a good congregation and especially to see young people present. Mrs. Fraser led the service and we had as our speaker Mrs. J. Gibson from Strathglass. In her address she pointed out how singular was the life that most of us live today and asked us to put down the book we were reading, turn off the tele., stop whatever we were doing that we found easy and put on a coat and go and visit somebody. Mrs. Gibson said everybody could see things that needed to be put right but we were all too apathetic and ready to believe that someone else should see to it. Her talk had so much truth to it that it is hoped our community will benefit through those of us who had the pleasure of hearing it.

There was an innovation this year in that on a part of the order of service which was easily detachable everyone was asked to write inviting special prayers to be said for someone of their choice. These slips were handed with the offering and at the end of the service picked out at random so that at least one more person was praying for someone in special need.

It was lovely to have a choir of the older girls from both Dalchreichart and Invermoriston schools to lead us in the hymn specially included in the service by the women of Canada. Mrs. Margaret MacDonell, Mrs. Kate Watson and Mrs. Helen Marr took part in the reading of the service and Mrs. Tomlin accompanied the singing on the organ.

A welcome cup of tea was served after the service by the ladies of the Guild.

MEM

the historical glen

Old Tracks and Roads

part 2

General Wade was the first to carry out any real construction work, in 1726, to link up the forts and barracks at strategic points throughout the Highlands. His road from Fort Augustus to the Bernera Barracks at Glenelg seems to have more or less followed the line of the old drove road - probably he had no alternative. His soldiers dug out the track through the soft ground which they filled with blasted rock, and in places where this was not at hand tree trunks were used, covered with gravel. His roads were not of course intended for wheeled traffic, but Captain Burt, to whom reference has already been made, wrote: "the roads on these moors are now as smooth as Constitution Hill and I have galloped on some of them for miles together in great tranquillity which was heightened by reflection on my former fatigue when for a great part of the way I had been obliged to quit my horse."

The first road suitable for wheeled traffic from Inverness to Fort Augustus was constructed at the beginning of last century by the Commissioners of Roads and Bridges for the Highlands, the old bridge at Invermoriston being part of this scheme.

A few years later a carriage road up Glenmoriston was constructed at a cost of £4,434. up to Ceannacroc Bridge. Under the relevant Act, the Laird was obliged to contribute £1,817, but entitled to recover this amount from his tenants over a period of seven years.

In the year 1882 it was proposed to extend the railway line from Fort William to Inverness, which involved a viaduct across the mouth of the River Moriston. The scheme caused some consternation and even more when, owing to protests, an alternative route up Stratherrick was considered. Eventually the line was extended to Fort Augustus but later closed.

An account of the opening of the Caledonian Canal and navigation on Loch Ness might interest readers but apart from the lack of space the writer feels that a well-known and much respected member of our local community is more competent to deal with this subject.

Mr. John Grant.

DALCATTAG

About half a century ago my idea of Heaven was the Dalcattaig Road. There, I had my first lessons in botany from my mother and my Aunt Jenny. I did not know then but I also learned the true meaning of peace.

Dalcattaig Road was a veritable treasure trove of botanical lore, which I have never forgotten. My ten-year old imagination was disgusted by the "behaviour" of the Common Butterwort (*Pinguicula Vulgaris*), which looked like a beautiful pale green star-fish, but it could literally "eat" insects by rolling its leaves inwards. The flowers of this plant were gorgeous, like fragile, delicate violets. Almost as repulsive was Sundew (*Drosera Rotundifolia*) with its rosette of stalked yellowish green leaves, covered with sticky red hairs. These very hairs were capable of turning inwards to trap and "digest" unsuspecting flies.

But Dalcattaig Road was not all violence. In a corner of "Johnnie's Field" grew the beautiful Butterfly Orchid (*Platanthera Bifolia*). It has a glorious perfume which I don't believe Monsieur Christian Dior could copy. I wonder if he could manufacture the

perfume of the lime blossoms (*Tilia Europaea*) on a damp August evening. - Well not the lime blossoms at the Bridge End of Dalcattaig Road! I must not forget the nostalgically beautiful aroma of Bog Myrtle (*Myrica Gale*) resinous and fragrant with its long orange male catkins and short red female catkins, each on separate plants.

On this wonderful road grew the most delicious early brambles. We called them "Pointers" because they grew on the point of the stem. And near Wester Dalcattaig grew a tree of Bird Cherry (*Prunus Padus*). In our childish minds this tree was unique. Its black pea-sized fruits were not nearly so tart as the usual bird cherry fruits. A special pilgrimage was made by my aunt, my sisters and myself to sample these delights.

In addition, Dalcattaig Road introduced me to Bog Cotton, Bog Asphodel, Lousewort, Eyebright, Juniper, Orchids, Sedges, Chickweed Wintergreen and many others. "Moriston Matters" does not have space for my meanderings but I do thank them for the opportunity to be nostalgic and I hope that my memories may give happiness to others.

J.S.B.
Aberdeen.

Can learning by heart be such a bad thing?

The poem on the opposite page was sent in by Mrs. John Grant who remembers learning it when she was very young. She said it came back to her mind recently and she realized how much truth there is in it.

GRUMBLE GROWLER (Author unknown)

There was a man whose name was Horner
Who used to live in Grumble Corner,
Grumble Corner in Crosspatch Town —
He never was seen without a frown.

He grumbled at this, he grumbled at that,
He growled at the dog and growled at the cat,
He grumbled at morning, he grumbled at night,
To grumble and growl was his chief delight.

His meals were never to suit his taste,
He grumbled at having to eat in haste,
The bread was hard or the meat was tough,
Or else he hadn't had half enough.

If the sky was dark and betokened rain
Mr. Horner was sure to complain,
But if there was never a cloud about
He grumbled because of the threatened drought.

He grumbled so much the whole day through
That his wife began to grumble too
And all the children wherever they went
Reflected their parents' discontent.

One day as I loitered along the street
My old acquaintance I chanced to meet
But his face was without the look of care
And the ugly frown it used to wear.

It puzzled me much and so one day
I seized his arm in a friendly way
And said "Mr. Horner, I'd like to know
What can have happened to change you so"?

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear
For it spoke of a conscience calm and clear;
He said with none of the old time drawl
"I've changed my residence, that is all!"

"Changed your residence"? "Yes" said Horner
"It wasn't healthy in Grumble Corner;
I've changed and 'tis a change complete
You'll find me now in Thanksgiving Street!"

Now every day as I tread along
The streets so filled with the busy throng
I watch each face and can always tell
Where men and women and children dwell.

And many a dull and miserable mourner
Is spending his days in Grumble Corner,
Sour and sad whom I long to entreat
To take a house in Thanksgiving Street.

Marine Harvest Salmon Hatchery

A.R. Hutchison.

After operating a freshwater salmon rearing programme at Invergarry Hatchery since early 1971 Marine Harvest Limited, a subsidiary of Unilever, are planning to expand production by commissioning a new hatchery at Inchmore, Glenmoriston in the summer of 1978 after successfully rearing small trial batches of fish at the site in 1976 and 1977.

The unit will be supplied by water pumped from the river Moriston and rearing facilities will be based on the type evolved at Invergarry. The Invergarry hatchery will continue in its role both as a producer of smolts and as a development unit to continue evaluation of improved techniques in salmon rearing.

The basis of the artificial rearing of salmon is the natural life cycle. The adult salmon return from their sea migration to the rivers from spring until autumn and spawning takes place around November. The eggs are buried in about six inches of gravel by the hen fish during spawning and are then left. A major cause of loss at this stage is the action of other hen fish digging spawning redds and displacing previous batches of eggs. Hatching takes place in March and the newly hatched alevin carries a substantial yolk sac as it is still buried in gravel and will not emerge to the river bed for about six weeks.

For this period the alevin lives on its yolk supply until after emergence when it will commence feeding on small aquatic larvae. The small fish, now termed fry, begin to establish territories on the river bed. At this early feeding stage losses from predation and starvation are very large.

Established fry soon become parr and will spend 2-3 years in fresh-water before migrating as smolts to the sea in May. Growth can be quite rapid in the summer months but will slow down as temperature and feed supply diminish in winter.

Once in the sea the smolts will migrate to various feeding areas, e.g. Western Greenland and around the Faeroes, until the spawning urge prompts them to return to their home river as grilse after one year at sea or as salmon after two or more years at sea.

The hatchery cycle follows exactly the same sequence with the difference that survival and growth rate are vastly improved because of the protected environment and regular feeding schedules.

Brood fish are taken either from the wild by arrangement with river boards and estates or from selected adult fish reared to maturity at the Marine Harvest sea farms. Stripping and fertilisation of the eggs is done manually in November and each batch, averaging about 7,000 eggs is placed in specially designed incubation trays kept undisturbed in total darkness apart from periodic inspections and maintained with a good flow of filtered water. The eggs become 'eyed' about mid February around a month prior to hatching and at this stage it is safe to handle them if necessary for counting, stock adjustments etc. After hatching in March the alevins continue in the trays and in darkness until the bulk of the yolk sac is utilized. They are then transferred to feeding tanks

about mid-April, light is gradually introduced and feeding commences.

This stage corresponds to the emergence of the wild fish from the gravel of the river bed.

There can be difficulty in establishing a steady feeding pattern in some fish because up to this stage they have been accustomed to nutrition from their own yolk supply; the instinct for 'normal' feeding must be developed by correct presentation of feed and by adjustment of water flows and depths.

Once feeding is established growth is rapid through the summer months and stock densities are periodically reduced either by dividing the population into new tanks or by transfer to larger tanks. At certain stages the fish will also be graded so that each population is fairly uniform in size. Later grading will differentiate potential smolts from parr requiring a further year in the hatchery. Since smolting is determined by size as well as other factors the majority of hatchery reared fish are ready to smolt after one year's growth whereas most river fish take longer.

Smolting always occurs in April/May because it is thought that the final change to the streamlined shape and silver colouration of a migratory smolt is set off by

FARMING

Spring has arrived judging by the bird-song, the return of the Oyster Catchers and Peewits and the sight of a few lambs in the Glen. February was a real trial to all out-wintered animals and farmers had hard work to get feeding done and I'm assured it will be June before a census of sheep stock can be done and losses assessed. Calves seem to be doing well in upper Glenmoriston - both

increasing day length and temperature. Because of these internal and external changes together with a regime of heavy feeding and rapid growth the smolt stage is delicate and requires very careful handling both in hatchery and wild fish. Roughly handled fish tend to lose scales and die of stress or associated problems. In the hatchery situation migration to the sea is accomplished by transporting smolts in aerated tanks of chilled water, the whole operation being carried out with as little stress as possible.

Marine Harvest smolts are normally transferred to sea farms either at Lochailort or Loch Leven and are maintained and fed in floating mesh pens until harvested either as grilse or salmon after one or two years at sea.

A large proportion of the harvest is sold fresh to wholesale outlets in the U.K. and increasingly for export while a substantial tonnage is reserved for processing, either for smoking or for frozen convenience packs.

With the increase in production possible from Inchmore it is hoped that some fish will be available for stocking and fish farming purposes from 1979 onwards, in what is now a rapidly growing industry in the Highlands. Transfers from Invergarry will provide a nucleus of experienced staff for the unit but it is hoped that the staff complement will be made up by recruitment from the local area.

Hereford and Charolais, while Inverwick farms favour the Simmental. Ploughing is in progress on the Home Farm but Allan MacDonell says some of the fields are a bit wet yet. Tomcrasky and Achlain will no doubt be following suit, and so the Glen becomes alive with winter in the back-ground.

J.I.

Schools

Dalchreichart

Thoughts from Dalchreichart on Mother's Day

My Mother is a special woman because she cooks us food so we do not starve like people in other countries.

My Mummy is good to me. I like Mummy, she buys me toys for me.

I am going to be kind to Mum on Mother's Day, because she has cared for us all our lives. When I am ill I am not able to go outside. My Mum will stay with me and talk to me, like a cat stays with her kitten.

My Mother is superb at looking after children. Mothers should have more than one day of rest out of 365 or 366.

Mummy is a nice lady and I like her.

I think my Mother special because she created me, and works for me.

My Mother she has blue eyes.
My Mother she wears false eye-lashes.
I love my Mother.

When I was a baby my mother looked after me and cared for me. Ever since, I have been cared for by her, but on Mother's Day I look after HER!!

I like my Mother because she gives me toys and she puts me to bed. I love her This Sunday. I am going to help her, like doing washing and getting out of her way and going to bed when I am told, and folding my pyjamas. I will give her a hug for Mother's Day. I will give her 80 kisses. She is my sweet heart.

Invermoriston

SPRING TIME

The noise of the trees swaying in the wind.
Dull skies with the cuckoo's faint voice in the light,
Owl's call in a piercing voice at night.
Swallows a-swooping and a-dipping catching flies on flight,
Bluebells swaying, blossom on the trees,
Birds calling, spiders' webs glistening with dew.
Snowdrops swaying in the wind,
Cones falling from their trees.

Kirsteen Douglas.

Suddenly everyone took ill but me. Most of them had the mumps. Then one day when I had come home from school my face got sore. My Mum looked at my face when I told her and said "your face is swollen, we had better take you to the doctor". Off we set to the surgery where the doctor pronounced "Mumps, I'm afraid, you must stay at home for a fortnight".

When we got home Mummy sent me to bed where I did some pages of my dot-to-dot book and coloured in some pictures. Then I played with my dolls and read some books.

That night my face began to swell and ache so that I covered my ear with the blanket.

Next morning I got up and took my medicine and lay down on the couch. I played 'I Spy' with my Grannie.

Kirsteen Douglas.

CHRISTMAS TIME

Christmas is coming
and the snow is not here
Now we will soon greet
a Happy New Year.

Soon I will unwrap
my presents with glee,
And many the toys
I hope to see.

But while I'm so happy
with large and small,
I think of those others
who have none at all.

Whose lives are so black
and dismal and sad
Just one little thing
would make someone glad.

Perhaps I can do
some small service to those
Whose lives are unhappy
Perhaps I can, Who knows?

11.

James Rodger

I felt miserable and dull. My face was out like a football. It was sore. I could not put my head on the pillow. I got out of bed. I felt numb. I sat down at the fire.

My Granny gave me a sweet. I tried to suck it but I couldn't, it was too sore.

When my brother came home from school I blamed it all on him.

After a few days the soreness and the swelling was gone.

The day I had to go to school found out it was just an illness.

Gary Robertson.

One day everybody had the mumps. I was glad I had not.

Then one morning Mum said to me, "Look at me!" - then, "Ah-ha - you have the mumps!"

"Oh No!" I shouted. Then I laughed but not for long - it was too painful.

Mum phoned the teacher and told her the sad news.

For some days I had to stay in - I was bored. Then soon I was allowed out. I played with my friends who had had it too.

Cameron Johnson.

Come back snow, please,
We need you for our plants and trees,
We want you for our games and play
When winter skies are cold and grey.

Come back snow, please,
Make the ground soft for our knees,
Frost is hard and cold and keen,
You are white and soft and clean.

Keith Melvin

From The Churches

Like so many other people we were affected by the most severe winter weather that most of us can remember. And then a problem is that when the maximum heating is required fewer people are there to maintain it. Thanks are due to all who in the dead of winter considered this and spontaneously did something very real about it.

Easter came early, with little break in the weather. We are sorry to think of those on holiday having to cope with snow, cold wind and heavy showers of chilling rain. 'Flu of some kind has attacked most households. Summer Time so-called arrived at a time that would be ludicrous if it were not so inconvenient. This also adds to heating problems. An hour earlier in the day is an hour colder in the morning.

This is not meant to be a catalogue of complaints. This is a description of what our faithful people have been overcoming or rather have been enabled to keep overcoming week by week. At Easter, early as it was, birds sang their sweet songs in the blinks of sunshine between the cold showers. Buds appeared in many sheltered corners. The banks at Creagnaneum and the Pole were white and green and golden with snowdrops and daffodils. The young people we associate with the Rev. Paul and Mrs. Robson were amongst us in force. At Communion on Easter Day it was wonderful to be confronted by a Congregation brimming with people of all ages and backgrounds, with extra seating brought in. Those from elsewhere were more in number than those locally who, in a variety of circumstances, were not present.

Following on the very successful Day of Spiritual Renewal last autumn, another is to be held at Fort Augustus this month. It will take place on Saturday, 15th April, morning and afternoon.

There will be two guest speakers, both from a good distance away. The Rev. James Kincaid is the Church of Scotland minister at Fintray, near Aberdeen. Fr. Ian Murray is chaplain to the Catholic students at Stirling University. Both are well known as speakers at Renewal conferences.

Arrangements are in the hands of a committee of members of the Church of Scotland and Catholic parishes in Fort Augustus as well as other churches in the district.

The morning and afternoon sessions are open to everyone. Children will also be looked after during the sessions.

Between the two sessions there is time to go home for a meal. If you prefer to bring something to eat with you, tea or coffee will be provided.

Here are the details you need:-

Date - Saturday 15th April.

Times - 10.30 - 12.30
2.00 - 4.00

Place - Abbey School Assembly Hall.

In a continuing changing world in which earthly rulers come and go and often are forgotten the conviction of Faith ruled in our final Song.

"Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son

Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won".

P.F.

Woman's Guild

It will come as no surprise to our readers that the February meeting of the "Woman's Guild" had to be cancelled. Some of us could not even reach our gates let alone get down the glen because of the blizzard conditions.

Our March meeting was held on the 1st and our speaker was the Rev. John McEwan from Foyers. He very kindly switched from his prepared talk as we particularly wanted to learn something of the workings of the Church of Scotland. Over the years we have had various speakers to tell us of the workings in their churches and felt the time had come to be more knowledgeable of our own, and who better to instruct us than the man who is at present clerk to the Presbytery of Inverness.

To those present who thought there was a kirk, a manse, a minister, and an assembly, of which they heard once a year on Nationwide, it must have come as a revelation how thorough and careful is the management of each church.

We are fortunate in having so many members from various persuasions in our guild and Mr. McEwan impressed on us all how each decision come to at church level had still to go before the Presbytery of Inverness and then to the Synod, so we need have no doubt that the Church of Scotland will survive with its ground roots through any wind of change.

H.E.M.

Several of the members, accompanied by Mr. Grant of Glenmoriston, Mr. Craft and Mr. Marr, went to Urray House, Muir of Ord, on the evening of Wednesday March 29th., with a party supper and entertainment for the residents.

We were most hospitably received by Mrs. MacHardy, the Matron, and the residents who were all very friendly and ready to chat. Sheila Grant sang very acceptably in Gaelic and English and all joined in the singing of some Scottish songs from a book that had been put on the piano in readiness for us by one of the ladies, and one of the gentlemen played lively selections on his mouthorgan. By that time daylight had faded sufficiently for us to show slides of Glenmoriston scenery which one lady kindly said had been "as good as a summer holiday". Then everyone enjoyed the cup of tea and party fare and after an evening prayer led by Mr. Grant it was goodnight all round and we left feeling that we had received as much enjoyment as we hoped we had given.

IN MEMORIAM

We are sorry to record the death of Alec Keil who spent the greater part of his life in the Glen before moving to Inverness some years ago. He was a skilled mechanic and always willing to use his skill to help a neighbour. Many a piece of seemingly intractable machinery yielded to his patient fingers, greatly to the relief of its owner. To Mrs. Keil and the family we would offer our sympathy in their loss.

We would also offer our sympathy to Davie Grant on the loss of his wife, Jean, at a comparatively early age.

sport

Football

Since writing the last report we have only managed to play two matches - the weather being the main culprit plus the usual seasonal problems of losing players to other games, i.e. shinty! It seems incredible that we can't field a side from the three villages. So often when we try and arrange the team during the week before a match we can only manage to raise seven or eight players and for the rest we have to rely on shinty cancellations, or home ties with some of the boys playing twice - in the morning for us and shinty in the afternoon.

Neither of the two matches played proved successful for Glenalbryn. The first against the league leaders, Inverness Frozen Foods, saw the Glen go down 4 - 1. The fitness and skill of a team playing regularly throughout the season and remaining undefeated was too much for us and the Glen's only goal came from a terrific cross by Colin Mackenzie which swung the ball high in the air towards the keeper who, under pressure from the forwards, let the ball slip through his fingers and into the net.

Badminton

A meeting held in the hall on Wednesday, 15th March decided to go ahead and re-start the village badminton club. A committee was formed and a Wednesday evening was chosen for the club night.

Junior badminton to be held between 6.30 p.m. and 8.00 p.m. and the rest of the evening for senior members.

The first club night was held on Wednesday, 22nd March when six

The other match against the police in Inverness was a much harder and more closely fought game. It was what might best be described as a very physical game with plenty of hard tackling on both sides, and as you might expect they weren't lacking in height! With only five minutes to go and the score at three goals each the match looked like a certain draw. However in the closing minutes the home team scored the winning goal after a goalmouth scramble and although the Glen fought back with some good football, time ran out and the final whistle went with the score-line at 4 - 3.

We were hoping to see Duncan McDonald, ex-Fort Augustus, in the police side but I believe he was studying for exams. It's good to know that he's playing football again and we look forward to playing against him when we meet his team at Fort Augustus in the near future.

A.N.

very keen junior members arrived at the hall at 6.30 sharp and couldn't wait to get started. After an hour and a half of running around they left feeling rather exhausted, but all stating they would be back the following week.

The senior members seemed just as keen, and eighteen turned up to prove themselves just as fit as the youngsters. None have admitted to feeling stiff or sore the next day. If the number of members keeps up, the club has a very good chance of establishing itself and will be in a position to arrange some friendly matches with neighbouring clubs.

A.D.

Gun Club

About a year ago Loch Ness Gun Club realized that if they were to grow and go forward into the future, they would have to put their club on a firmer footing and move to new pastures. Feelers were put out and Mr. Ian Grant, Managing Director, Glenmoriston Estates, kindly offered them the lease of land at Blaraidh. Loch Ness Gun Club thank Mr. Ian Grant very much for this ideal site. It is a perfect setting for their purpose.

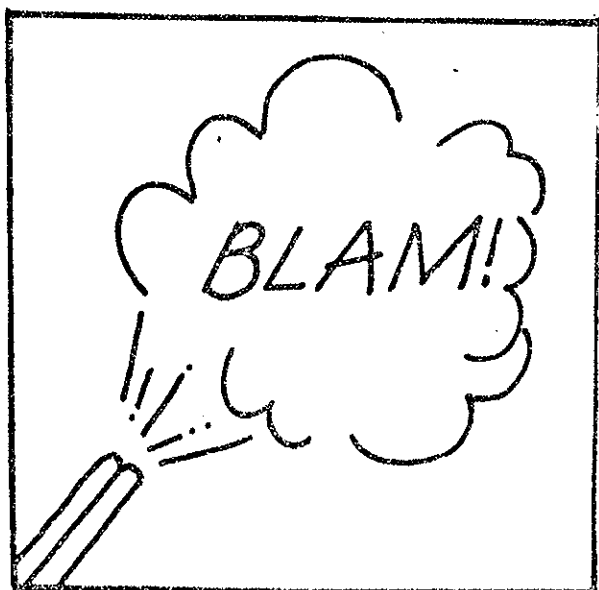
After several months of negotiating planning permission has been granted. Not, I may say, without objections from a small minority of non-shooters, which was only to be expected, when you have a democratic society. It is hoped to make Loch Ness Gun Club second to none in Scotland. Clay Target shooting may not be a spectators' sport but it is reputed to be the world's most proficient and exacting sport. It is recognised in the Olympic, Commonwealth and European Games. The rules are strict; No.1 rule being - Safety, speaks for itself; it has the best record in the land; long may it reign. We hope that the few objectors will come to realize that Loch Ness Gun Club has something to offer the community. It is not an invasion of berserk marsh-cowboys letting off steam! We hope the noise factor will be no greater than heavy lorries passing or jet aeroplanes flying low overhead, all day at times.

The majority of people in Glenmoriston will I know, join me in wishing Loch Ness Gun Club all the best; and may they one day produce an Olympic Champion and so let the world know where Glenmoriston is on the map.

Saturday, 24th March, at 11.00 a.m. approximately, saw Mr. Ian Grant, Managing Director, Glenmoriston Estates, officially open the new shooting range at Blaraidh, by firing the first shot to commence the first 50 clay shoot of the season by Loch Ness Gun Club. Although the day was marred by the bad wintry conditions, the shooting was of a very high standard. The high gun for the day was Mr. K. Fleming, Dunblane with a possible 50 x 150. Second Mr. P.J. MacKay, Easter Ross 50 x 149. Third Mr. J.B. Mutch, Elgin and Mr. E. Grant, Invermoriston 50 x 148.

Refreshments were served by Mr. & Mrs. A. Smart and Mrs. L. Grant, Blaraidh. The shooters thank these good people for their very pleasant and efficient service. The prizes were presented by Mrs. S. Grant, the wife of the Managing Director. Miss Caroline Grant, Invermoriston presented Mrs. Grant with a bouquet of flowers. A most enjoyable day was had by competitors and spectators alike.

The next shoot will be an open (100 targets) international on 6th May.
D.J.S. (Treasurer)



W.R.I.

Glenmoriston S.W.R.I.

The February meeting, postponed owing to the heavy snowfalls, was held on the 21st February. Mr. G. Gill, of Aberdeen University Extra Mural Studies, gave a most interesting lecture on the Wild Life of the Highlands. It was illustrated by some excellent slides and included many interesting photographs of insect life as well as those of birds and animals with which we are more familiar.

The competition 'A New Life for an Old Tin' was won jointly by Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Morris.

In March, the meeting was held on 13th March and Mrs. K. Grigor introduced Mrs. J. Reid, both of Inverness Floral Art Club, who delighted members with a demonstration of beautiful flower arrangements. Mrs. Reid and Mrs. Grigor were kind enough to present the arrangements to the W.R.I. and these were raffled.

The competition - An Easter Bonnet - was won by Mrs. Watson whose ingenious cake "Bonnet" was admired by all. G.A.B.M.

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On Wednesday, 15th March, the W.R.I. and their friends set off in high spirits for an evening in Inverness. The first stop was The Tryst where we were joined by several ex-Glenmoriston ladies who brought the party up to fifty in number. After an excellent meal the bus took us across the river to Eden Court where Alasdair Gillies and the supporting cast held a crowded house enthralled with song, laughter, music and dance for three hours. Then we had to say goodbye to the friends from Inverness and Foyers and board the bus for home again - but the party spirit was by no means at an end as the choir at the back of the bus testified. All declared they had thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

16

DR BUCHANAN FUND

At a public meeting held in Fort Augustus on Monday, March 20th, in connection with the Dr. Buchanan Commemorative Fund a committee was appointed to consider proposals for the use of the £1,450 that has been collected. The Committee members are Mr. Gordon Cowie and Mrs. Ian Grant representing Glenmoriston, Mr. Hamish Sherriffs (convener) and Mr. Peter Woolley representing Fort Augustus, Miss G.G. Buchanan and Mr. Stewart Gregory representing Glengarry, and they will be pleased to hear suggestions from any of the subscribers. It was agreed that any suggestion put forward by Mrs. Buchanan would be treated with every sympathy. Suggestions should be handed in by mid-May.

in brief

We are glad to have Dr. William J. MacRae, M.B., Ch.B among us now and welcome him and Mrs. MacRae to the community alongwith his family, Neil, Fiona and Marion.

Our best wishes to Jim and Marie Reid who celebrated their silver wedding on Tuesday, 28th February; and to Lou and June Curson who celebrated theirs on 25th March.

We welcome Alec Keil who has come back to live in Invermoriston with his wife Margaret and their family, Gary, Linda, Kevin and Alexandra who was born on March 4th.

We welcome to the community Katryne Elizabeth, the daughter of Gordon and Liz Cowie, born on 7th March.

We are pleased to see Duncan Ferguson back in his old home with Fiona and Michelle and now baby Duncan.