

Reference copy

Moriston Matters



PRICE 10p.

No. 9 OCTOBER 1978

Walking back to happiness



Saturday, 23rd September, 1978, the night and day of "The Long Walk". It was midnight exactly when the walkers, the two Margarets, Allan and Duncan, dipped ritualistic feet into the waves of the Atlantic at Kyle of Lochalsh; it was 7.10 p.m. when they arrived, to the accompaniment of the music of the pipes and a welcoming

Glen, at the end of the trek and tottered into (Yes, INTO - let's be absolutely clear about that!) the calmer harborage of Glenmoriston Arms Hotel Public Bar. And this time the "dipping" was much more traditional, much more warming, much more soothing but no less, looking back, daunting.

The first part of the trail was in pitch darkness, driving rain and headwinds, but covered at a cracking pace. Dawn came, but there was no conventional rhapsodising - the job at hand was becoming more and more grim. By 8.45, however, the summit of that, from a vehicle, gently-climbing brae in Glen-shiel had been scaled, and in no time, it seemed, we had "clocked in" at that somewhat well-known oasis, Cluanie Inn, where we were greeted and feted by "mine host and hostess", Daniel and Elma, Scott and Fraser, and an assortment of well-kent characters.

A brief respite and off again we set, and now, on the 30-mile mark, the most cruel of all dilemmas began to be experienced: if one, on the the one hand, didn't rest, even but momentarily, he risked exhaustion; if he, on the other, did rest, even but momentarily, getting mobile again was agony pure and undiluted. At any rate, the writer of this wishes to "draw", as Lord Moran kindly did over Sir Winston's very last years, "a veil" over the stretch (appropriate word!) between the Garry road and Achlain.

Nearing Achlain, however, the picture began to lose its snowy muzziness as various deputations arrived to exhort and encourage. At Achlain Mr and Mrs Reid dispensed coffee and other appropriate refreshment, and this re-energising treatment continued all the way back to base.

The main feature of this effort, which realised, hopefully, £800 towards the Hall funds, was two

kinds of team-work. The first was among the walkers themselves, summed up by Allan's remark: "I was counting on Margaret (Smart) to get us through the last ten miles". The second was the quantity and quality of the backroom boys and girls - Morag and Duncan, Marion and Brian, ^XLinda and Brodie and Eilidh, Alastair and Catherine, who all manned the back-up vehicles, those who did more than line the route, the Reids, the Granges, the Fergusons, the Tomlins (and how Mike's therapy was a boon!), the diligent attentions of that gentleman in "the wayward plus-fours", John Morrison and his parting gift, Tote and Brian who walked for so long, Bill Leather who co-ordinated so much - but, as the host of "The Good Old Days" says, "chiefly yourselves", the people of the Glen.

* Peter and Meggie;

BY OUR OCCASIONAL REPORTER.

P.S.

And next? Coast to Coast in 2 days, did someone say? Why not?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.

All in all it was enlightening to learn at first hand of the consideration and time spent on our behalf so that our desires concerning our own locality may be made known and carried out where possible.

M.E.F.

COMMUNITY COUNCIL.

Open Meeting

As a member of the public I recently attended the Open Meeting of Fort Augustus and Glenmoriston Community Council held in the Memorial Hall. The deliberations covered a wide range of topics from litter bins to the investigations made from all angles by the Forestry Commission into the suitability of a site before they plant it. These diverse matters were most ably handled by Mr Sherriffs, the chairman, and Mr Everett, the secretary, who, in spite of having had to write letters from himself to himself wearing two different hats so to speak, steered the meeting safely through the mazes of officialdom.

Several matters were of direct interest to Glenmoriston. It was decided to co-opt two further members to represent the Glen and the names of Norman MacLeod and Peter Stoddart were accepted. We hope they will find their new responsibilities interesting and worthwhile. The possibility of a footpath from the shop to the Pier was mentioned and although the A9 takes precedence in the minds of the Scottish Development Department just now it was decided to keep the request before them. The untidy state of the open spaces created by the realigning of the road between the shop and the school was also mentioned and the grass has been cut there although somewhat late in the season. With regard to the unsatisfactory future of television outlined in the letter from the BBC Engineering Services printed opposite, it was decided to send copies of this information to other community councils with small pockets of population who might be in a similar position as it was felt a joint voice of protest would carry more weight. CTD ON P2

The service will have to close around that time but the date has not been fixed."

TOO SMALL!?

3

The following is an extract from a letter received from BBC Engineering Services, supplied by Mr Everett for publication in "Moriston Matters".

"The final planning and preparation for the installation of the Fort Augustus station is progressing in a normal manner. If all continues well, the station will be in operation in the second half of this year, most probably in the autumn."

"The position with Glenmoriston and Dalchreichart is not so hopeful. The high hills will ensure that few, if any, in the glen will benefit from the new station at Fort Augustus. The number of people living in the glen is too small for them to qualify for a relay station in the present phase of transmitter development. This phase caters for communities of five hundred or more people who are reasonably close together so that they can be served from one small transmitter. There are so many stations of this type required that we will be the building of them will take until the end of 1982."

"Some houses at the mouth of Glenmoriston may be able to join together to use a wired distribution scheme, picking up signals from Fort Augustus when this is in operation. The BBC cannot provide financial help for such schemes but we are prepared to give advice if required. We would be prepared to visit the area to give this advice once signals are available from Fort Augustus."

There is no hope of any improvement in the 405 line service, but it is expected that it will continue in operation until 1982.

← CTD.

the historical glen

4

A few lines from the Pole,

A few lines from "The Pole", not the South Pole or the North Pole but that sunny and beautiful spot facing Loch Ness, one mile from Invermoriston on the Inverness road. Personally I would have named it "Fern Bank" as there is such an abundance of beautiful ferns growing all over the spot, and has been since years and years. However, it is called "The Pole". I understand it was so named because it was the place at the end of the drive leading to Invermoriston House and Home Farm where there was a pole. At that time there was a horse-drawn vehicle travelling in stages between Inverness and Glenmoriston which carried parcels and goods of different kinds to various places. So, all goods destined for Invermoriston House, the Home Farm and places in the vicinity were ordered to be left at "The Pole", where they would be collected later.

During the First World War, 1914-18, there was a barrier, manned by soldiers, erected across the road at the same place. This was a pole, which had to be raised and lowered to allow vehicles and pedestrians past, but not without a suitable pass. This, of course, emphasised the name, "Pole".

Everything has changed immensely since those days, especially the road between the Pole and the village. At that time one could amble, walk or cycle along with his mind at ease, concentrating on, and enjoying, all the beauties of nature which surround these parts. But alas! nowadays the road, or might I say the speedtrack - you have to be very brave and fit to walk or cycle on it. All your mind has to be concentrated on saving your life. Even a few years back there was a grass verge of about

3 or 4 feet wide where you could manoeuvre your feet, but now, with the encroachment of huge heavy vehicles, and the smaller ones too, the verge is reduced in several places to nil, which means, when you hear a great noise coming round the bend, you have to escape somewhere for your life. This is no joke but a reality. However, we must carry on through all the changing circumstances, counting our blessings, and directing our steps towards another Pole or Goal, with expectation, where all our needs can be supplied in God's salvation.

D.J.Smart.

We had intended in this issue to feature another aspect of 'the historical Glen', but time has not permitted. Meanwhile, we are grateful for this interesting article from John Smart, and would appreciate more on bygone life and places.

We have also had to postpone the next ear-marked 'Local Personality' - this will appear as soon as possible.

We also take much pleasure in hearing from those who have left the Glen to live elsewhere, in the U.K. and overseas.

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MORISTON MATTERS.

CORRESPONDENCE TO:

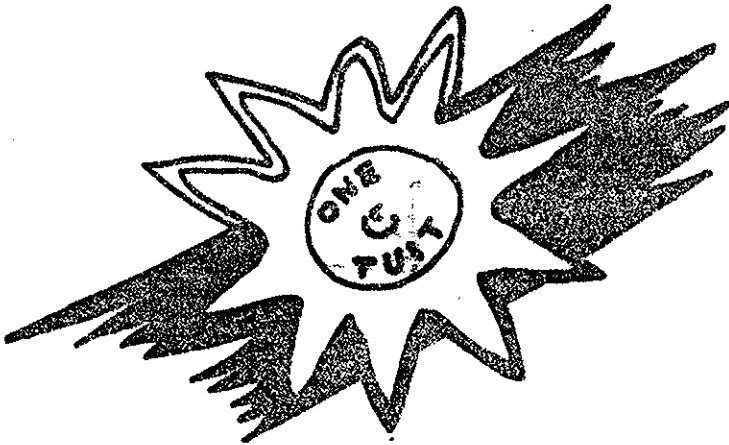
INVERMORISTON MANSE,
GLENMORISTON,
INVERNESS, IV3 6YA.

TFL: GLENMORISTON (0320-51216).

HUMOUOR!

SPECIAL OFFER.

Free to all who buy this issue.



This is a ROUND TUIT. Please cut it out and keep it safely. TUIITS, especially round ones, are not easy to find, and now here is one for YOU. We confidently look forward to a change in the Glen with the offer of 150 of these TUIITS. Things will be done more efficiently and problems will be solved. Many people in the past have said that they would have done this or that but they never got a ROUND TUIT, and others have promised that they will do something or other when they get a ROUND TUIT, but have not yet been able to carry out their undertaking. This need be the case no more - you have got a ROUND TUIT.

SO GO TUIT!

A PROFILE OF THE LEFT EARLOBE.

You may ask why I have chosen the left earlobe when the right earlobe is much more interesting. You may ask this; but I am not permitted to answer that question. You may ask why I am not permitted to answer that question: you may ask this; but I am not permitted to answer that question either.

Well, enough of that. You may be assured that this profile will be accurate as I have studied the internal combustion engine in great detail. As you are assured of the accuracy of the profile I will now begin.

To liken the left earlobe to the right, is like comparing Nelson's wooden leg to a twelve-rung ladder. (I am well aware of the fact that Nelson did not have a wooden leg but that is beside the point.) But since we are on the subject of Napoleon let us look at the consequences of animals having no earlobes. It is a well-known fact that man would not be where he is today if he had not any earlobes. So I have come to the conclusion that if animals had had earlobes, they would have taken over the world. (In case you are wondering, if you have no earlobes, you should have been put down long ago, unless you happen to be a literate dog or cat).

But as I was saying, if you want to find out more about the subject read my last year's profile of the left earlobe (which also goes on at length on Nelson's wooden leg and the rising Peruvian birth-rate).

D.M.

This selection, from the many possible contributions already published, will give an idea of what is required.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

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 I
found out it was just an
illness.

Gary Robertson.

JUNIOR EFFORT.

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 go-
ing 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 kisser. She is
my sweet hart.

POETRY.

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 Melyjn.

LIVELY REPORTING.

On 7th June we had a sale to
raise School Funds. It was a
great success, and the amount
realised was £103.08. There
were seven stalls, tea in the
kitchen, and Julia collecting
the entry money. It was 20p.
to get in. I was on the produce
stall and I was very busy! The
place was crowded with people and,
as Amanda said, our customers were
nearly getting tea down their
backs. After every one had gone
the teacher said that we could
get as many of the left-overs as
we wanted, so it turned out to be
great fun!

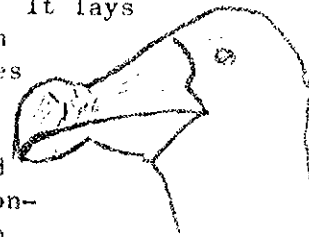
Judith Watson.

CANDID COMMENT.

"It was good fun kicking the
balloons. I liked bursting
them in people's faces. I
took a safety pin from home
specially for this"

OBSERVATION.

Razor-bills (see drawing) are 17
inches long and have large razor-
sharp beaks. They are pretty
little birds and as many as three
pairs may lay in one nest. They
lay white eggs with brown blotches.
Its head is black and it has a
short stumpy tail. It lays
its eggs on a plain
rock ledge and makes
no attempt to make
a nest. It is a
colonising bird and
its colonies may con-
tain anything up to
300-400 members. Once the egg
has hatched the young bird jumps
off the ledge and falls --either
to death on a rock, or safely
into the sea. The young are able
to dive and swim immediately, but
cannot fly until a month old.



P.M.T.

editorial

In this issue we intimate the awarding of a permanently ongoing prize - that is, a prize that will be awarded on the occasion of each issue of Moriston Matters, beginning with the next, December, 1978.

The prize is to be a book token, initially for the value of £1.00, and will be awarded for the piece of writing, poetry or prose, either imaginative or factual, which, in the opinion of the editor and a co-opted panel, is the best of entries submitted by pupils living in Glenmoriston and attending one of the four schools: Dalchreichart, Invermoriston, Fort Augustus Sec. Glenurquhart Sec., or a Glenmoriston-based pupil attending Inverness High. Some of the things looked for are originality, freshness, 'appealingness', etc. Style, therefore, is important, but not, so strictly speaking, absolute mechanical correctness in writing (in grammar, punctuation and spelling). But since "Moriston Matters" as a matter of policy (except in the case of the very young) prefers correctness in writing, the various teachers may help entrants to 'polish' the technical quality of the writing, and they are also

MY HOLIDAY.

My holiday was exciting.
I was going to Orkney.
We painted a boat. Then
launched it.
It was fun going in the boat.
Me and my dad caught a sea trout.
It was great fun when we launched
the boat.
It was called TISSE.
TISSE is a black and white boat.

Lona M. M.

encouraged to suggest ideas to, and prime pupils, in the normal course of things. The essential content, however, must be that of the entrant alone, and so we ask that each entry be signed by the entrant AND be countersigned by a member of the teaching staff of the relevant school. Since freshness and originality are among the criteria, maturity will not by itself be a decisive factor; a primary one pupil has every bit as much a chance as a senior secondary six pupil.

Entries will be regarded cumulatively: that is, entries either printed but not awarded the prize, or entries not printed and held over, will be considered for the following issue's prize.

The editor, however, reserves the right not to award the prize if, in his opinion, the quality of writing is not high enough. If this is the case, the worth of the prize will accumulate until it can be awarded.

It has been suggested that topics on which to write should be specified. This is a good idea in one sense; some, especially the young, respond best to ideas. Others, however, prefer that measure of freedom.

THE LONACH GATHERING.

At the Lonach Gathering there is a big march to the park. All different clans march. A man works the big loudspeaker. The hammer throwing is a popular Scottish sport and cossing the caber is another.

Gary Robertson.

Invermoriston

SCHOOLDAYS.

Time to get up!
Time for school!
Pretend to be asleep,
Pretend not to hear.
Drowsy, sleepy, reluctant me.

Yawning, stretching, sighing,
turning.
'Get up!' calls Mum,
'It's after nine.'
Rising, jumping, dressing, hurrying,
Rushing me.

Time to get up!
Time for work!
School has come again,
With playtimes, worktimes and
lunch-times.
Oh! busy, hard-working me.

Hard morning's work,
Stomach complaining.
Sniff! sniff! What's that?
Sausages, macaroni, mince and
potatoes.
Hungry, starving, famished me.

In school, not fair,
Working all day.
Time for bed, no more playing.
School shouldn't be invented.
Drowsy, sleepy, yawning me.

Primary IV - VII.

The 1978/79 school session began on 23rd August with a roll of 15 pupils but there were no new entrants. The first few weeks have been something of a 'settling-in' time for all of us, and with some lucky people enjoying late holidays together with odd absences because of sickness attendances have been somewhat lower than usual for the start of term.

On Monday, 4th September, Constable Campbell visited the school bringing with him Shona Robertson who was allowed away from Fort Augustus school early to receive her Cycle Proficiency award along with her former school-mates. Certificates and badges were presented by the Rev. Peter Fraser and Mrs Fraser to Shona and also to Kirsteen Douglas and Cameron Johnson. Congratulations to all three.

A coffee evening in the school is being planned and will take place on Thursday 26th October after the mid-term break which is from 9th - 15th October.

M.L.N.

On Monday, the 4th September, the policeman brought along the bicycle proficiency certificates to give to us. They were presented to us by Mr and Mrs Fraser. The three people who got them got a certificate and a badge. The names of the people were Shona, Kirsteen and Cameron.

Kirsteen Douglas.

OUTWARD BOUND

What can rock but not roll?

On the afternoon of Saturday, September 2nd, some of the children from the Sunday School with accompanying adults set off for the Rocking Stone. As the weatherman had forecast, cloud had thickened in the morning and there was a hint of rain in the wind, but not enough to dampen anyone's spirits. Forestry roads have opened up the way for the first part of the climb starting from Alltsaigh and we were well up the shoulder of Meall Na Sroine before we struck off up one of the firebreaks. This was rougher going and some of us began to feel tired, but with the promise of a chance to eat the picnic once we were clear of the trees all were able to scramble up. After a rest and fortified by the goodies provided by co-operative mothers (As one of us remarked after consuming unpeeled sandwiches, crisps, lemonade and now munching an apple, "It's wonderful how it all fits into you, isn't it?") we were ready for the last lap - on and up through coarse heather. Spot, who seemed to have unlimited energy and must have covered the ground half-a-dozen times going from one group to another, had to stand on his hind legs every now and then to survey the scene. And then - there it was, perched on the edge of the first summit, looking as if a hand leant casually on it might send it careering downwards at any minute - but although we all pushed together it would rock, with a hard, rumbling rhythm, but not roll. The wind was fresh up there and seemed to blow the rain away as well as the midges, and the loch, though grey, stretched impressively a thousand feet below, and we lingered awhile before beginning the climb in

reverse. Very soon, however, we realised that the rain had come on in earnest and it grew steadily heavier as we trudged and squelched to the waiting cars; but nobody really minded for we had the satisfaction of having made our objective and the knowledge that there were hot baths and dry clothes for us all at home.

Question: What will your mother say when you get home?

Answer: I didn't know Mr Fraser was going to take you swimming in the loch!

M.E.F.

My Impressions of the Sunday School Walk as told by MICHAEL SMURTHWAITE.

I went on a huge walk up the hill. It was hard to get up because I kept falling in the heather, but a big man helped me. I was getting very hungry, and I was pleased to get sandwiches, crisps, milk and biscuits when we got to the rocking stone. Oh, I liked the rocking stone, but I was frightened it would fall into the loch.

The loch looked very far away, all the trees in the forest looked funny when you looked down, as though they were falling into the loch.

It was very skiddy coming down and so many big things like big stones that you couldn't jump over, and I got very wet.

I liked the trip but I would not go back again because it takes such a long time to reach the top.

Fort Augustus secondary

I have been asked to write the report on Fort Augustus Secondary School. Before giving the latest news, I hope you'll bear with me while I reiterate some old news.

Fort Augustus is, and has been for four years, a four-year secondary school, presenting pupils for 'O' grade in a wide variety of subjects. For the first two years pupils follow the "Common Course" the same course offered to all pupils in all state schools in the Region. At the end of these two years pupils have the choice of transferring to a six-year secondary - Inverness High, Glenurquhart Secondary or Lochaber High - or of staying on at Fort Augustus until their 'O' Grade course is completed and then transferring to Inverness High for their Higher Course. Subjects which they may take at 'O' grade are English, Latin, French, History, Geography, Geology, Maths, Arithmetic, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Anatomy, Physiology and Health, Technical Drawing, Metal Work, Woodwork, Food and Nutrition, Fashion and Fabric.

So far all our pupils have chosen to stay on at Fort Augustus and our first "comprehensive" group have just completed their fourth year with very satisfactory results in their 'O' grades. We wish them well as they move on to 'Highers' courses at Inverness High, or to take up training in their chosen careers.

The opening assembly of our present session was recorded by an American film-maker on a return visit to the district. Some of you may remember seeing his previous film - made for the Disney Corporation - which featured our school about ten years ago.

We welcome to our staff Mr Kemp (Technical Subjects), Mrs Clarke (Physical Education) and Miss Thompson (Home Economics).

With the recent reorganisation of transport, the secondary school now starts at 9 a.m. giving us a 9-period day.

Now that the Fort Augustus transmitter is operating we can use our new colour T.V. and Video Cassette Recorder, a most useful teaching aid.

It is too early in the session for a sports report. Perhaps Tote will have something for the next copy of Moriston Matters.

D.McD.

Playgroup

Now that the A.G.M. has been held and the finances look good, the committee decided that there was no need for an annual subscription and therefore any Mother and Toddler (0-5 years) may come along for only 10p per session.

As the school term is now under way, each Friday meeting is back at Dalchreichart School from 2 p.m. and a welcome is waiting for any new member wishing to join us there.

C.E.G.

CHURCH NEWS

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

Morning worship on September, 24th saw a well-filled Church with special guests from Tain and Beaully. It was the occasion of the Dedication of our new Font inscribed: To the Glory of God and in loving memory of William Herd, M.A. - Glenmoriston - Beaully - Tain. "Who takes the child by the hand takes the mother by the heart". Presented by his family.

Mr Herd had taught for many years in Highland schools, one of his former pupils in Beaully being the present Minister in Glenmoriston, where Mr Herd was born. His father worked for a time as shoemaker in the Village Shop. A contingent of former Beaully pupils present included Mary Matheson (Mrs Tommy Fraser). The font with its beautifully carved wood stand and silver bowl was handed over by Mrs Marie Kujawa, sister of Mr Herd, whose brother and two other sisters were also present.

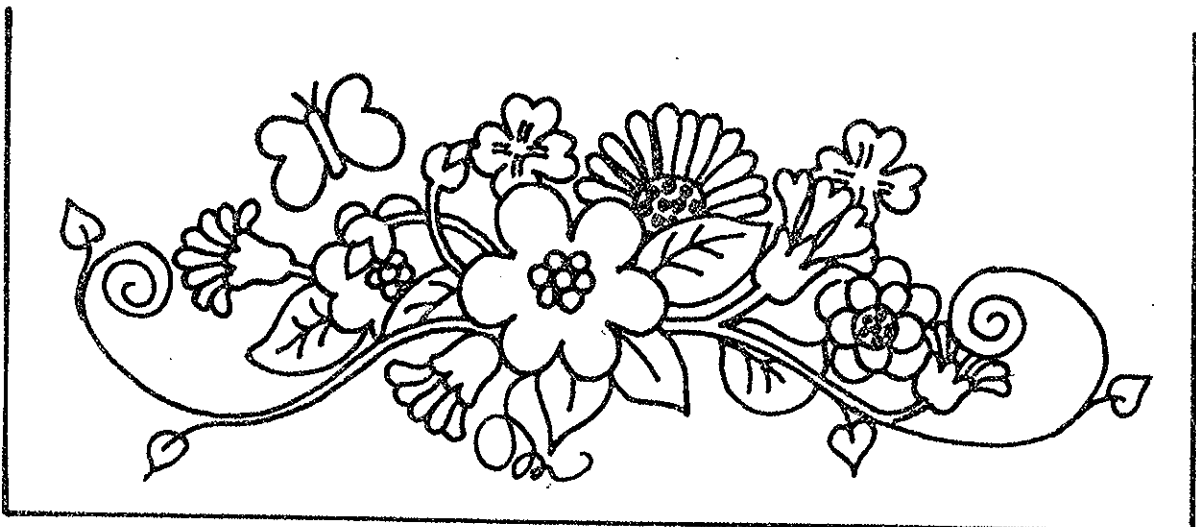
P.F.

FLOWER FESTIVAL.

The ladies of the Woman's Guild arranged a Flower Festival again this year at the end of July, and were happy to welcome visitors from all over the world as well as local friends. The displays were arranged to illustrate the teachings of Jesus in St. John's Gospel where he declares, 'I am the door', 'I am the light of the world', 'I am the resurrection and the life', 'I am the bread of life', 'I am the vine', 'I am the good shepherd' and 'I am the way, the truth and the life'.

Our own understanding was stretched as we sought to interpret, with the help of the flowers, some of the meaning of these mighty claims, and we hope that those who came to see found inspiration too. Many chatted over a cup of tea afterwards, and those who were there on the Tuesday evening had the added pleasure of hearing music on the organ played by Russell Grant, our old friend and now organist in St. Paul's Church, Dundee. The offerings for Guild and Church purposes amount to about £190.

M.E.F.



out and about Eden Court

I have now had the pleasure of going to Eden Court Theatre's production of Joseph and his Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat four times. The colour, life, gaiety and catchy music of the show were transmitted to the audience making it a wonderful experience for all.

The musical follows the biblical story of Joseph and his brothers who were all dressed in jeans and T-shirts of contrasting colours. Joseph was with great style and charm played by the melodious Paul Keown.

In my opinion though, the person who stole the show was Pharaoh, played by Michael James who was dressed in a silver cat suit and sang 'Elvis' style (not everybody's idea of Pharaoh). I was lucky enough to meet the cast after one of the shows and found that they were all very nice people.

Everybody who had been to the show wanted to go back again and many did (including myself), and thanks to Mr Fraser and his Thursday Club, I was able to go on the 9th Sept. with them.

Mrs Grange, Mrs Tomlin and Mr Fraser provided the transport.

C.A.M.

Nairn

The Senior Citizens' Outing took place to Nairn on Tuesday, September 5th with a stop for afternoon tea at Culloden Pottery (The Old Smiddy) and high tea in the Ross House Hotel, Nairn. Mr John Smart thanked the committee on behalf of the twenty guests who enjoyed the trip.

editorial CTD

So we compromise: a topic, one issue; 'openness', the next.

And the first is 'assigned' - for the Christmas issue the topic is "Christmas"; or "New Year"; or the Festive Season in general.

And we repeat: age and maturity will not be an advantage.

This prize has been donated (the donor wishes to be completely anonymous). But the idea of awarding prizes for certain activities - art, 'young citizenship' and so on - might be extended. Any interested patrons? "Moriston Matters" itself, if at the end of the school session it earns a profit, will consider the awarding of a prize (if possible to be continued annually) to a young person (or group) who has made an outstanding "community" contribution to any community (this may be a place, hospital, school, club, project, etc).

There remains space only enough to announce that it may be possible to make the Christmas edition a special 20-page issue, and to thank all contributors and readers.

recipes

WALLABY BUN.

1 cup sugar
 1 cup water
 1 egg (beaten)
 4 oz. margarine
 8 oz. dried fruit
 1 teaspoon baking soda
 4 oz. plain flour
 4 oz. self-raising flour
 1 level teaspoon ginger, spice and cinnamon.

Grease and line 7" loaf tin.
 Put sugar, water, margarine, fruit and baking soda in a pan and simmer for ten minutes. Allow to cool. Sieve flours and spices. Add beaten egg and all the other ingredients. Bake in a moderate oven for $\frac{3}{4}$ hour.

This bun or loaf is ideal for freezing.

PLAIN BISCUITS.

4 oz. margarine
 3 oz. sugar
 8 oz. self-raising flour
 1 egg

Cream margarine and sugar. Gradually add the flour and egg, kneading in the last of the flour. Place rough heaps on greased baking sheets and bake in moderate oven for 15 minutes, or until golden brown. Cool and sandwich together with the following chocolate filling - 2 oz. margarine, 2 tablespoons Cadbury's drinking chocolate creamed together.

A.M.M.G.

'COOKING A HUSBAND'.

A good many husbands are utterly spoiled by **mismanagement**. Some women keep them constantly in hot water; others let them freeze by their carelessness and indifference; some keep them in a **stew** by irritating ways and words. Others roast them. Some keep them in a **pickle** all their lives.

It cannot be supposed that any husband will be tender and good if mistreated in this way, but they are really delicious when properly treated.

In selecting your husband, you should not be guided by the slippery appearance, as in buying a mackerel; nor the golden tint, as if you wanted a salmon. Be sure you select him yourself, as tastes differ.

Do not go to the market for him, as the best are brought to your own door.

It is far better to have none, unless you will patiently learn how to cook him. A preserving kettle of finest porcelain is best but, if you only have an earthenware vessel, it will do.

Be very careful that the linen in which he is wrapped is nicely washed and mended, with the required number of buttons and strings sewn on. Tie him in the kettle by a strong silk cord called **Comfort**, as the one called **Duty** is apt to be weak, and "friend husband" apt to fly out of the kettle and be burned and crusty on the edge since, like crabs and lobsters, you have to cook them alive!

CTD ON P. 15

IN MEMORIAM

As we go into print a double sadness has fallen on the Glen. The death of Mrs. Beatrice Findlay, affectionately known to many of us as Granny Findlay, although not unexpected, has left a blank for her family both here and in other parts, whose welfare was her chief concern, and for the neighbours among whom she lived unobtrusively and peaceably witnessing her faith that we need not worry over things that cannot be changed, as she faced life's troubles and illness with patience and fortitude.

The death of Mrs. Valery Sharp, Val to her friends, two days later was sudden and unexpected. Although she had not been well for several weeks we did not realize that she was seriously ill. She came among us from a city background, but often expressed appreciation of the Glen, and although she sometimes grew impatient with things she found here we knew she had a kind heart. She supported her husband loyally in all his varied activities and was herself an accomplished needlewoman.

To June and her family, and to Chris we offer our deep sympathy.

FAMILY OCCASION.

A family gathering consists of - one grandfather, one grandmother, two fathers, two mothers, four children, three grandchildren, one brother, two sisters, two sons, two daughters, one father-in-law, one mother-in-law, one daughter-in-law. What is the smallest number that could comprise this group?

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Make a clear, steady fire out of **love, neatness and cheerfulness**. Set him as near this as seems to agree with him. If he **splutters and fizzles**, do not be anxious; some **husbands** do this until quite **done**.

Add a little **sugar** in the form that confectioners call **kisses**, but on no account **vinegar** or **pepper**. A little **spice** improves some species, but it must be used with **judgment**.

Do not stick any **sharp instruments** into him to see if he is **tender**; use your **rolling pin** discreetly and make sure. One in time saves nine! You cannot fail to know when your understanding is a success.

If thus **treated**, you will find him very **digestible**, agreeing nicely with you and the **children**; and he will keep as long as you want him - unless you set him in a **cold or hot** place.

The above unusual recipe, courtesy of the 'Scottish Farmer' was sent in by M.A.R.

in brief

We welcome to the community Mr Neil Bird who has joined the Forestry Commission staff at Port Clair and his wife, Dorothy, with their baby daughter, Fiona, born on the 9th of September.

Also..Mr Alistair Hutchison and his wife, Maureen, and their baby son, Stephen Mitchell, born on 13th September, who live at the Fish Farm at Inchmore.

Some of our readers will remember Mr Hutchison's informative article on Fish Farming which appeared in an earlier issue, and some of the W.R.I. ladies heard a most interesting slide talk from him three or four years ago.

Also...Mr Joseph Flavell (Jnr.) and his wife, Dawn, who has come to be housekeeper to Mr Grant of Glenmoriston.

Also...Mr Douglas Beatt and Mrs Jean Maroni, his sister, who have come from New York to take up residence in their new house at Bhlaraidh.

Our best wishes go with Mr Arthur Draper as he returns south, and the thanks of the Darts Club in which he took a special interest.....

.....and with Sharon Curson to New York. We will miss her pleasant personality in the shop.

An interesting visitor to the Glen recently has been Mr John Campbell MacDonald from Pennsylvania. His father was related to the Pier MacDonalds and the Archies and his parents at one time kept the Post Office, but emigrated before John was born. Now aged 77 he was making his first trip to Scotland, and, like so many returning exiles, surprised his friends here with his accurate knowledge of people and places he had never seen, and some of his mannerisms, too, were startling reminders of the family connection.

The visit of Mr and Mrs Hodgson of Ontario was a happy surprise for Mrs Swan and Becca MacDonald to both of whom Mrs Hodgson, née Beth MacLeod, is a first cousin.

sport

At the International Clay Pigeon Ball-Trap Competition held in Dublin at the end of September Scotland were disappointed not to repeat their success of last year, but the team, which included Martin Girvan, and John Morgan from Glengarry, and Alastair Menzies from Drumnadrochit, took second place to the Old Enemy who won by a comfortable margin.

M.S.G.