



# Moriston Matters

Reference copy

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cover drawing by Cameron and Gary

# editorial

Due to a generous donation from a former resident of the Glen, for which we express our gratitude, we are able to produce a 20-page issue to celebrate Christmas 1978.

And how we needed the four extra pages! We received a mighty volume of contributions from Glenmoriston and Fort Augustus pupils, and we thank them for their efforts. But we must thank also the work of the staffs of the schools. What is regrettable is that it is not possible to print all the offerings; but to have done so would have resulted in an imbalance. Too much, in fact, has been printed, some might say - but it's Christmas!

Deciding on what is a "best" is always an invidious task. Finally, it was decided this time that there were two "bests"; and so the value of the prize has been increased somewhat, on this occasion, and shared. The names of the winners and the winning efforts are printed on pages 8 and 9.

May we draw attention to a new series which Iain Mac-William's article has given tentative rise to - "GLEN MEMORIES". This may appeal to native senior citizens and ex-residents. And we are always looking for material for our "HISTORICAL GLEN" series. And we are always looking for material for.....anything.

Our next "LOCAL PERSONALITY" has been "postponed" again, but will appear in the February issue along with the usual news, features, etc, etc.

A very happy and rewarding festive season and 1979 to all our readers in the Glen and elsewhere.

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To keep you from falling asleep after the turkey and plum pudding:-

In the following addition sum the figures 0 - 9 have been replaced by letters. Can you sort them out?

A  
MERRY  
XMAS  
TURKEY

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# Glen Memories

BRAEFIELD.

I suppose it must seem a far cry from the time when travelling from my early home in County Down to Invermoriston took the best part of three days: four tiring train journeys, a sea voyage, a slow bus trip, and the odd taxi thrown in to make connections - and add to that at least one sleepless night, and one was certainly in need of a holiday.

That is what brings back memories of my early childhood and the little cottage nestling in the shadow of Sron na muic, high up and overlooking the awesome Loch Ness, with the Stratherrick hills forming a picturesque and often sinister backcloth. I can well remember the neat and tidy home, devoid as it was of all the modern conveniences that we take so much for granted now, but warm and comfortable; for this was the home of my Great Uncle and Aunt. Yes, and the garden, sloping downwards from the house, so caringly tended by Uncle Dan; and the roses which twined around the arch over the gate.

I think the presence of television would have spoiled the scene, perhaps too, so would electric light, and the meals tasted just as good cooked over an open fire. In the summer I was taught to wash

outside, in cold water, of course! An experience which did me no harm. One felt strangely far away from the busy world; that downhill walk by a winding and grassy path to the main road seemed to take an age; past the house of Danny the Pier (Pat's father), and beside the garage, where petrol pumps appeared like Dr. Who characters before their time. The road was quieter then; foreign cars and tourists' caravans were then almost unheard of in the district.

The war was nearly over; the old order was changing and so too were the people. My last visit to Braefield was in 1950. The Manns, old and unable to care for themselves, moved up the Glen. Sadly the old cottage was destroyed by fire after their deaths in the mid-fifties.

I did make a sentimental pilgrimage back to the old site ten years ago, but it was like cutting a path through jungle; all was overgrown; only the shell of the house remained, and the eternal roses round the gate of what was once a garden, and of course the memories.

IAIN J. MCWILLIAMS.

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FAMILY OCCASION.

(Oct. Issue p.15)

In order to have all the relationships mentioned included in the family gathering the minimum number of people required would be seven -

one grandfather and grandmother, their son and his wife, their three children - two girls and one boy.

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The excitement builds up,  
As the game begins,  
A fast and furious game, I'm  
sure.  
The sound of leather and wood,  
Echoes in our ears.  
A goalmouth scramble,  
The goal judge mumbles  
And points his flag to centre.  
'It's a goal!' we shout.  
A resounding crack,  
A man in pain.  
In the centre a flash of colours,  
A foul!  
Someone goes crashing to the  
ground.  
Another sharp sound as the  
whistle shrills.  
The foul is taken,  
A white blur flashes past the  
'keeper,  
Sweet revenge for the man in  
pain,  
As he raises his hands in  
satisfaction.  
Another goal.  
We all go quiet.  
The whistle sounds.  
We walk off, beaten.

Duncan MacIntyre.  
(Invergarry)

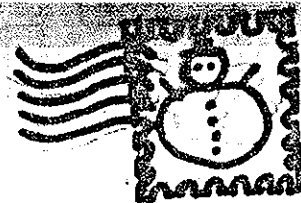
The table set for Christmas  
dinner,  
Telly on, shouting Westerns,  
Bang! Christmas cracker,  
sulphur smell,  
People smiling,  
Mother cooking,  
Father drinking,  
Grannie sitting,  
Laughing,  
Eating.  
Spicy smell of Christmas pudding,  
Hot smell of whisky.  
Opening parcels,  
Round, small, big, short-sided,  
square, soft.  
Dinner coming,  
Bubbling gravy,  
Turkey sizzling,  
Potatoes steaming,  
Carrots hot,  
Ice cream cold,  
Soft-tasting fruits,  
Sharp-tasting juices.  
End of day,  
Parcels opened,  
Very sleepy,  
Go to bed,  
Dreaming.

D.G.

Sticky sweets  
And bulky presents.  
The snow so white  
There are no limits.  
But the warmth inside  
Is not just real,  
It's sort of magical,  
The way we feel.

N.R.

# Letters



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Editor,

Dear Sir,

I am at a loss to know how to display notices for the benefit of the people in Dalchreichart. The old mail car was ideal, since in the course of the week, say, when the information was applicable it probably called at almost every house. When it was replaced by the Post Office van we could use the school car. It was a vehicle with plenty of window space at that time, and, hopefully, the scholars might have been prompted to take home any news from it.

When that changed to something with less 'advertising space' there was still Dalchreichart Post Office willing to put up posters, but that did not cater for the outlying parts and even those near at hand did not necessarily visit it every week. Now, alas, Dalchreichart Post Office has closed. I have tried pinning notices to telephone poles, but inevitably the wind and the rain take their toll. What do the people themselves say? Do they want to know?

Yours etc,

Harassed Secy.



## AN "OLDER" SELECTION FOR CHRISTMAS.

The sound of bells  
And hymns on the telly.  
A rattling,  
As someone shakes his present.  
A spicy smell wafts through  
the door,  
A tinkle from the tree's decorations,  
A tearing noise  
As someone's careful wrapping  
Is ripped off in a second

A.M. (Fort Augustus)

The young never wonder.  
They're just given presents.  
They never really care.  
But the days of happy Christmas  
Make you feel a joyous love  
For givers and for takers.  
It takes all sorts of folk  
To make a happy Christmas.

C. Morrison.  
(Fort Augustus)

Singing, laughing, dancing,  
Bright, gay lights and snow.  
Rizzling, sizzling turkey,  
Sweet and spicy pud,  
Reindeer, bells and Santa.  
Parties and a funny hat.  
Religion?  
Is there time for that?

P.A.

(Fort Augustus)

Drunk men all around,  
Laughing and shouting,  
Falling about.  
It's getting late. Wish they  
were out.  
Everything's quiet.  
But, oh, what a mess!  
Cigarettes and empty glasses,  
Out the door go the senseless  
masses.

D.M.

(Invergarry)



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# Awful weather now...

When I got up at 7.30 on the morning of November 14th, I'd never felt so miserable in all my life. I looked out of the window and saw the rain just pelting down, as if Loch Ness had been turned over on top of us. I've never seen it so bad in all my days.

I had my breakfast and it was time for me to go down the road for my school car. When I looked out of the door I was blown backwards with the strong wind but I had to go, so I counted to three and stepped out.

The water was everywhere and I had to wade down the Street. All the drains were blocked with leaves and they were flooding the road. When I got halfway down the road it was worse.

As I walked further on, the small burn at the back of the Hotel had got so large overnight it was like a huge waterfall now and, if the rain kept up, it would be crossing the road.

I took my usual short cut and found that I had to lift my trouser legs right up to my knees to get through a tremendous puddle.

I got to the shop and Shona Robertson told me that the river had burst its banks.

I asked, 'Did you get a lot of money? HA! HA!

When the car came, Mrs Girvan said the road was overflowing and she said Fort Augustus was worse. Well, it was not half as bad as Invermoriston!

Caroline Grant.

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At Inchmore Hatchery on Tuesday morning, Nov. 14th, it was water, water everywhere. The river was in full spate and rising by the minute, coming rather close to the electrical circuits for our pumps. The burn had burst its banks, giving Alastair Hutchison some nasty moments when his house became an island and part of the road to it was washed away. Luckily by mid-morning the rain had eased and the river level began to fall, but our troubles weren't over as the wind became stronger loosening tank covers and blowing the main power supply poles to an angle of 60°.

Our little fish were the lucky ones - they were oblivious to the storm in their watery environment.

N.M.

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Figures kindly supplied by Mr Woolley of the Hydro Board show that during the five months April - August rainfall in Glenmoriston was 50% of normal, during the three months September to November

it was 160% of normal, but taking the month of November by itself it was 300% of normal, hence the spilling of the dam on several occasions and the consequent high level of the river.

# ... and the historical glen

The recent high level of the river prompts a reader to recall some other flood occasions with-in memory. With the building of the dams these have happily become less frequent, but one with an air of adventure about it (and less damage in this area than might have been feared, although losses further north were very serious) occurred on the night of December 17th, 1966, the day of the parties in the Hall, when after steady rain and snow melting in the hills the merrymakers in the evening found two policemen waiting at the door for them as they finished singing Auld Lang Syne. The road was flooded and impassable at Levishie thanks to the rapid rise in the river, and no one in the bright warm Hall had noticed. (The road has since been realigned at that point and the danger no longer exists in the same way.) Those who had come down the Glen a few hours earlier were now cut off and, except for a few who made their way home with difficulty by Invergarry and the Loyne road, found beds for the night with friends in the village. They were able to return up the Glen when the water had sufficiently subsided, and the 'extended' party came to an end twelve or more hours later than arranged.

The morning when the parapet, and in places more, of the Old Bridge was washed away - until then it had been considered a

perfectly legitimate shortcut for pedestrians to and from Dalcattaig - on February 17th, 1960 came after a night of heavy rain, and again there was melting snow in the hills. People awoke to water, water everywhere and Willie the Smith for years showed the mark, more than three feet up the wall of the Smiddy, where the flood had been swirling. Fortunately it soon began recede.

Pat the Pier tells how he was able to negotiate the mail car up the Glen that day through floods at Levishie, the site of Dundreggan Dam (where with the building of the dam a completely new stretch of road has been built) and Lagganbane, but he was unable to get down again because the engine of the van - a 2 ton Ford ambulance - said it had had enough, and he spent the night in Dalchreichart Post Office. The next day, Saturday, he set out and drove as far as where the water had been over the road at Dundreggan and was thankful to see what he had escaped, for before retreating the river had washed away a 30-yard stretch of road and left a hole 6 ft. deep, which would have been an unseen hazard if he had driven down in the floods and darkness. He continued the journey on foot with the mail-bag on his back and discovered when he reached Bhlaraidh why

Continued on page 16.

# THE MORISTON MATTERS

## PRIZE FOR

### YOUNG PEOPLE'S WRITING

The prize in this, its inaugural issue, is shared. Congratulations to YVONNE SERVICE for "STUBBY" and to AMANDA GRANGE for "THE NIGHT SANTA GOT STUCK UP THE CHIMNEY".

#### STUBBY BY YVONNE SERVICE.

Stubby awoke only to find that some of the other pencils were going to colour in again. He sighed, "I only wish I was gaily-coloured like them. Susan hardly ever uses me", he thought unhappily. He was a dull grey and it was true Susan hardly ever did use him. The others were enjoying themselves. They were colouring in some Christmas cards. There were Black, Blue, Red, Yellow and Green. Rolly the rubber and Jane the sharpener were friends. He was very fond of them because all the rest teased him but they didn't.

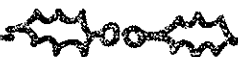
Now it so happened that that night it was Christmas. When the rest came back from colouring in the Christmas cards they forgot to be nasty to him and started telling him about it. When he heard it was Christmas Eve that night it made him feel very unhappy. What a way to spend Christmas!

That night when all the other pencils and Jane were asleep he and Rolly were talking. They heard the lid of the pencil box slowly open. They saw Susan and she took Stubby out very carefully for she did not want to wake the others. Rolly winked at him.

Stubby was puzzled because Susan hardly ever used him. Then he knew Susan was writing to Santa. Stubby almost leapt for joy.

That night Susan left Stubby by the paper on which she had written to Santa. That made him even more happy because Susan had left a pie and a drink of milk for him.

Very late that night Santa came. He wrote, "Thank you very much", and for the first time in his life Stubby was happy!





THE NIGHT SANTA GOT STUCK  
UP THE CHIMNEY.

BY  
AMANDA GRANGE.

I was looking at my stocking at eleven o'clock to see if there were any lumps in it. I had wakened thirsty and had come down for a drink. All of a sudden I heard, "Ah! Ah! Atchoo!" and a plump little man fell down the chimney. I hid behind the sofa and peered under it. I knew it was Santa because he placed presents around the tree and in my brother's, sister's and my stockings. Then before I knew it, he was up the chimney shouting:

"I'm stuck up this chimney, what shall I do?  
Girls and boys  
Won't get their toys.  
Atchoo! Atchoo! Atchoo!"

Quickly I thought. I raced into the kitchen and grabbed Mum's washing line. I hurried back and looked up the chimney. A load of soot fell in my face. I shook my head to get the soot off. When I noticed that one of Santa's legs was within my reach I tied the washing line around his boot and pulled. Santa came down with a plonk! He looked at me and said:

"Thank you!  
But how did you know I was there?  
Were you hiding behind that chair?"

I replied, "Yes. I was just going back to bed after a drink when you dropped down the chimney. I thought you would be angry, so I hid".

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There was a pause and then I enquired, "Do you want to get back to your work? I will let you out of the door". Santa nodded, so I took him to the door. He took a whistle out of his pocket and blew.

Nothing came out, not one single sound. But a sledge pulled by reindeer drew up. Santa jumped in, threw a box to me, waved and whispered. "Go! Rednose! Go! Rudolf! Go! Twinkle and Ludolf!" And away he flew over the trees and hills.

I shivered and went in.  
What was in the box?

FROM SANTA

DO NOT OPEN UNTIL CHRISTMAS

In the morning I told my tale and opened the box. In it I found a set of gloves, hat and scarf with "Santa" on.

He had given me a set of his very own and until this day I have them still!



SANTA & SANTA & SANTA &

# **schools**

## INVERMORISTON.

The second half of this term has been an eventful one with our Coffee Evening, Hallowe'en, Guy Fawkes and the School Dentist's visit all occurring within the same two weeks.

The Coffee Evening was a great success, raising £66.25 and we thank most warmly all those who contributed in any way by donations, help with stalls and teas, and last, but not least, by their attendance. Special thanks to parents, to Meggie and those former pupils who rallied round and gave their time and energy so willingly, and to the Rev. and Mrs. Fraser who still found time after a long journey to offer their support.

Hallowe'en offered a fine opportunity to meet some more of those former pupils of the school although they were a little difficult to identify under their various guises! It's encouraging to see old customs and traditions being upheld with such enthusiasm by the young people. The whole village must now be quite safe from "ghoulies and ghosties and long-legged beasties" for a long time to come.

Before Guy Fawkes Day Constable Campbell paid a visit to the school to remind the children of the dangers of fireworks and received a very attentive hearing so that November 5th was greatly enjoyed with safety and commonsense.

Preparations are now well in hand for Christmas and we hope the children will be able to perform a Nativity Play.

M.L.N.

## SALE.

On Thursday the 26th October Invermoriston school held its sale. I was on the book stall along with Gary Robertson. Other stalls included toys, bric-a-brac, bottle stall and raffle. I won the box of chocolates. By half past eight most of the stalls had sold out. The sale came to an end at about a quarter to nine. Altogether the sale raised £66. We thank the people who contributed to the sale and said, "Keep the change".

COLIN MACDONALD.

## CODE!

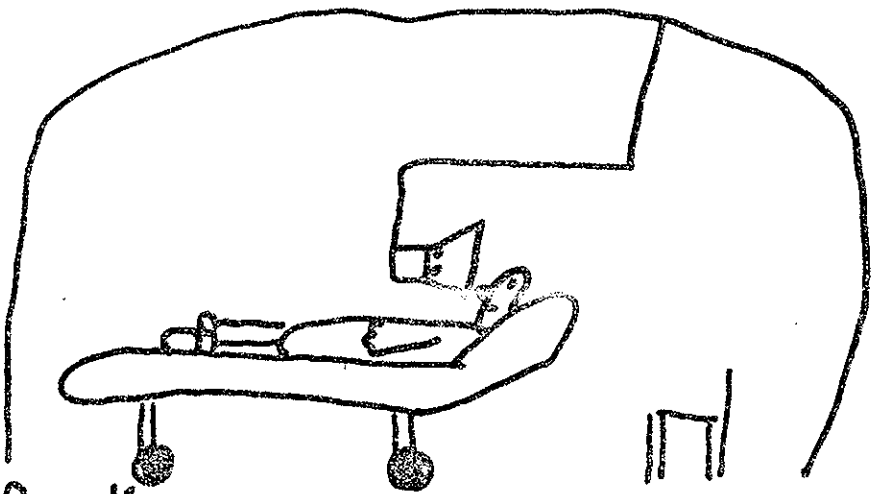
On November the fifth it is Bonfire Night. We had a bonfire and some fireworks. My Dad lit them and we followed the firework code. They went Bang! and Woosh! and there were green ones and one of them flared up but they only last for a few minutes. It was a good night. The next night I got some more wood and burnt it.

CAMERON.



The dentist came one day.  
Cameron Johnson got the  
jag and he got a filling  
in his tooth. We have  
cards and our mothers  
have to sign Yes or No.

ALEXANDER.



BRODIE has good teeth, but  
he had to get A filling

Brodie Martin

DALCHREICHART.

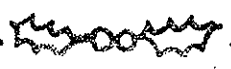
Dalchreichart School now  
boasts 14 pupils - the  
largest number on the roll  
for 12 years! There has  
been an intake of 4 in  
Primary 1.

On the afternoon of 20th  
December, we propose, in  
conjunction with Inver-  
moriston school, to visit  
'Cinderella' at Eden Court  
Theatre. Unfortunately,  
all tickets appear to have  
been taken up, but we are  
looking for spare seats on the

bus to anyone interested in  
spending 2 hours in Inverness  
shopping or visiting, etc.  
The charge will be 50p. and  
the bus will leave at 1.15 p.m.  
Please apply to either school.

UNITED EFFORT.

The Poppy Day collection  
taken by the older scholars  
round their homes in Inver-  
moriston and by the Nichol-  
son and Legg amounted to  
£26.82 and that taken by  
Dalchreichart school  
£18.25.



(Meetings in the school until the Hall is habitable again.)

The session began with a most enjoyable opening meeting, on 16th October when Mr.R.MacD. Seligman of the National Trust for Scotland showed slides of their properties in the Highlands. Mr Seligman described the way in which the Trust seeks to carry out its work in the varying circumstances surrounding the different properties.

One of our members said it was "the best slide show I've seen!", and she should know, being our senior member! Certainly, our Scottish scenery takes some beating, we were all agreed! At the close of his talk Mr Seligman produced an entertaining quiz which was won by Mrs.P.Fraser.

We were pleased to enrol three new members that evening and extend a welcome to any others who would like to join us.

The Annual Whist Drive, this year in aid of the Northern Counties Institute for the Blind, was held on 23rd Oct. Being just a week before British Summer Time officially ended made it difficult for some of our regular supporters to attend, as they were still working late. However, there were five tables in play and the prizes were presented by Miss.L.Service to:

1st Lady's - Mrs.F.Stoddart.  
2nd Lady's - Mrs.Lord  
(Nottingham)  
Consolation - Mrs.P.MacDonald.  
Travelling - Mrs.J.Service.

1st Gent's - Mrs.H.MacMillan  
2nd Gent's - Mrs.P.Fraser.  
Consolation - Miss.P.Stoddart.  
Travelling - Mrs Tomlin.  
(All acting)

Cardmaster - Mrs.P.Stoddart in her husband's absence.

The raffle was won by Mrs.A. Smart.

Thanks to the support received from players and non-players alike we were able to send £31.75 to the fund.

Our second meeting was held on 13th November, when Mrs Mabel MacLeod came from Inverness, warmly welcomed by many members as she was returning to 'home ground' in Glenmoriston, to give a demonstration of quick desserts and supper dishes. A most appetising array of dishes prepared with ease and speed was raffled at the end to the delight of our members. The competition - 4 pancakes - judged by Mrs MacLeod, was won by Miss.M.Campbell, with Mrs.D.MacDonald and Miss.C. MacDonald taking 2nd and 3rd places. An overall victory for our high altitude members!

Later in the month some of the members visited Craig Dunain Institute with slides of the Glen and other places, which revived memories for many of those present. The Craig Dunain members served a lovely tea and the evening ended with dancing.

On 27th November a team of four members: Mrs.J.Tilford, Mrs.P.Fraser, Mrs.M.Nicholson and Mrs.K. Watson, represented Glenmoriston in the Inter-Institute Quiz held in Fort Augustus Village Hall. The other four teams were Glengarry, Fort Augustus, Upper Glenurquhart and Pochgarroch and District.

## WRI cont.

After preliminary play-off rounds (all questions on general knowledge) two teams emerged in close competition on points, to play the final round - Upper Glenurquhart and Glenmoriston. The final round was very close, being played "point for point," but Glenmoriston's team emerged the winners!

We thank the other teams and all members present for a light-hearted and enjoyable competition, also Mr Everett as Question Master and Mr Woolley as Timekeeper/Scorekeeper. Prizes were presented by Mrs. Murray.

To conclude the evening a most enjoyable tea was provided by members from Glengarry.

K.W.

## HYDRO DANCE.

On Friday, 24th November, the Great Glen Generation Group had their annual Dinner-dance in Inchnacardoch Lodge Hotel. A great time was had by all employees and friends in spite of a cold night. After the meal Mr Joyce welcomed those present and especially those who had joined the staff during the year. There was entertainment by Jack Stitt's Dance Band. One of the two Spot Waltzes was won by Mr. and Mrs. J. Service and the other by Mr. Raynond Steele and Mrs. Helen Dunn. It finished around 1.30 a.m. with a welcome cup of hot soup laid on.

R.G.

# Woman's Guild

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The Woman's Guild has held two meetings since the summer, one of which took the members to Taiwan with Miss Jean Fairweather, headmistress of Kinmylies School, Inverness, who had spent her holiday visiting Miss Moira Campbell there, who for much of her time runs training courses and camps for young people, where the programme is always concentrated and designed to occupy their time fully, for the Taiwanese don't allow themselves much leisure. Miss Fairweather had found her holiday very interesting but hardly restful! Since Moira Campbell has connections with Fort Augustus, having taught there for a short time, we invited the Fort Augustus branch to join us and were pleased to welcome about a dozen of them.

By contrast the next speaker, the Rev. Colin MacKenzie, B.D. of Kirkhill, at the November meeting, took us to his native Harris in his talk, when he gave us a comprehensive account of the so-called "isle" and its way of life.

We hope to take a little Christmas cheer to ten long-term patients in Craig Dunain Hospital, and we have a supply of Christmas cards and gift tags, which we have made to sell in aid of church funds, awaiting buyers.

## Awful weather...historical glen

no one had come to look for him - there was a similar wash-out there preventing any traffic from getting up the glen.

But W. & J.R. Watson of the 'Silver City' who were working at that time on the stretch of road between Dundreggan and Cluanie Dams, although they had been flooded themselves with water swirling into their high-built caravans, came to the rescue with bulldozers and diggers and material from the quarry at Torgoyle Rock, and before the end of the day the road was open once again.

The thunderstorms and cloudbursts of June 25th and 26th, 1953, were rather different. They caused flooding in Invermoriston, but not from the flow in the river. Heavy rain in the hills around the village (over 2.5 inches were recorded in just over two hours on each of these afternoons) caused the landslides on the face of Sron na Muic when tons of boulders, with a prolonged rumbling roar, crashed down the hillside and the torrent swept on through the field at Redpark, threatening the cottages in its way and filled the Dalcattaig road at Bridgend with over a foot of silt. It was like a road flowing with dirty treacle! The next day, by a freak coincidence, the torrent swept down the Achnacraner side and the cumulative rush of water from the Street and the Hotel Burn forced its way past the old entrance to the Bar, across the road and past the entrance to the Shop flats, gouging a channel several feet deep through the tarmac on

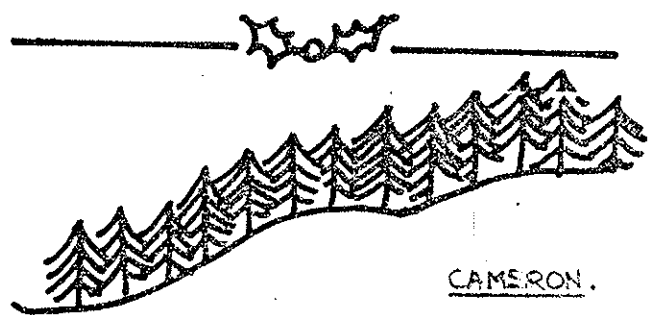
surface and swamping the house under the shop. All this happened with unbelievable suddenness. The burn at Rose Cottage overflowed its banks and the schoolchildren, who had left home in the morning wearing summer frocks and sandals, were marooned so that parents went with waterproofs and wellingtons to carry them out and help them home, for the Post Office burn had also caused a landslide. By evening the village was virtually cut off because the Port Clair Burn had washed down debris and blocked the road to Fort Augustus. Glen people coming off the bus from Inverness found they could get no further and had to spend the night in Invermoriston, and several tourists found themselves stranded likewise and were put up wherever they could find a corner, this being before the days of the bed and breakfast boom. The next morning bulldozers (some from the contractors working on the Hydro Scheme) went to work and we were open to the world once again, but it took a long time for those most affected by the damage to be back to normal. Kenneth MacRae, the writer, was one of those caught in the storm and gives a vivid account of it in his book, "Highland Handshake".

M.E.F.

# farming

As we come towards the end of 1978 and look back on all the seasons it has indeed been a hazardous year, and we can only hope the prices of wool, lambs and calves show a cheerful return. In the livestock sales prices mentioned it was fine to see Angus Campbell's name in the top prices for Hereford X calves and Dalchreichart with Charollais X. Achnaconeran always quietly does well and as quietly we find Allan giving a helping hand. Winter keep could be a bit scarce, but Inverwick farms show a grand crop of turnips. West of the Glen we find Achlain started winter feeding and, no doubt, Tomcrasky and Ceannacroc busy likewise. The past few days have seen the river in full flood and it certainly gave Alastair MacLeod, and indeed all who saw the plight of his sheep, a very anxious morning. We sincerely hope his losses are few and that Donnie Campbell's flock was not endangered.

The Pony Club season ended recently and Amabel, Mimi and Iona Grant had a busy and fruitful time winning a sizeable number of prizes and rosettes at Muir of Ord, Forbes and Dochfour. Amanda Grange has a nice pony too but has not joined any club yet.



## Harvest Festival.

Supper and a Harvest film show in Dalchreichart School canteen proved an enjoyable and novel entertainment. The ladies responsible were Mrs Girvan, Tomcrasky; Mrs Tomlin sen. and Mrs Fraser, Invermoriston Manse. The company were all Glen folks and the balance of proceeds, £43.06, went to Parish Church funds with all present expressing a wish for an early report!

## Harvest Thanksgiving.

In a well-filled Church and on very much a "families' " day we gave thanks for seed-time and harvest. The children - some adults too - brought gifts which were donated to the Carrol Children's Home and accepted there very gratefully. It is indeed a kindly thought and gesture. The Sunday school children took part in the service with Lorraine Service ringing the bell, Shona Robertson reading the lesson and Yvonne Service and Karen Tomlin taking the offering.

J.I.



## THOUGHTS!

The Forestry Commission are cutting many of our trees to make paper. I think they should reduce the number of trees they cut down which is about 30 trees a day! Some days about 10 wood lorries pass my house. I think the men should cut down only 15 trees a day. Otherwise it spoils the environment. But they plant young trees.... The only thing is they take over 40 years to grow.

# churches

## CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

Again I gratefully accept the hospitality of "Moriston Matters." While in a deep sense all our coming together in Worship has its own significance, the period just past, year by year, brings us to Harvest Remembrance, Winter Holy Communion and Remembrance Sunday at the Memorial and in the Church - three great Acts of Remembrance and giving of Thanks. I can remember, in Iona, where there are so many wonderful Memorials, reserving a special reverence for the Celtic Cross that remembered the "Boys" who rose up and left even that peaceful Island to go to the dreadful "Uamhas", so that our way of life could go on - and, indeed largely has gone on. And, of course, the "Girls" were also doing their bit, and some of them too did not return. A very piquant aspect of our Highland Memorials is the number of names of so-called "Orphans" boarded out to Highland Homes and schools from Glasgow and other places. One of the great sayings of Jesus in its original form has the meaning: "I will not leave you Orphans; I will come to you". Another very piquant thing is the names on our Memorials of home places, where there are no more homes. Was it in vain that they did it? I think St. Paul would have said: "God forbid!" We all have to <sup>b<sub>2</sub></sup>very humbly and reverently vigilant about all those Remembrances. At time of writing, there comes from South America yet another dreadful instance of what can happen when people give

themselves to false beliefs instead of true ones.

And now it is Christmas and soon it will be New Year. In the weekly conversations I am privileged to have with the pupils of Invermoriston School, on Friday mornings, we have been thinking about all the surprises Jesus was always giving people. And that was because He was all the time bringing the true Life of God into human affairs. I pray that every Glenmoriston Home everywhere will have its Measure: "good measure pressed down, and running over".

## CHILDREN'S CHURCH AT BUNLOYNE.

Thanks to the hospitality of Mr and Mrs John MacGae there has begun in the kitchen of their home in the hills at the extreme end of the populated Glen a lively Children's Church. At the core of the very youthful congregation are the three daughters of the house. Four girls from further down the Glen are regular attenders. There is a warm welcome for any other children and their drivers, who would like to participate. Time is four o'clock on every Sunday except the first Sunday of the month when the Service is at Dalchreichart School. Boys are not only eligible, They are desirable. The Minister's car already has three passengers, but there could be room for one more. The Children's Church at Bunloyne is complementary to and in no way a competitor of the Sunday School at the Church.



# SPORT

## FOOTBALL.

Now that the Summer Friendly League has finished, in which we ended about half way, Glen Albyn F.C. are competing in the Aird and District League.

There are seven teams in the league! four from Inverness; one each from Croy and Drumna-drochit and ourselves. So far we have played six games, won two and lost four, so we are not doing very well. This is due mainly to the fact that we are having difficulties in raising a full team because a few of our players are committed to playing shinty.

The team, as well as the community, suffered a loss with the death of John Morrison and the injuries sustained by Alan Gilchrist in a motorcycle accident.

However, we are indebted to Allan Nairn, the man who has made more comebacks than Frank Sinatra, for once again coming out of retirement on the understanding that he will get a benefit match at the end of the season. Our thanks also go to Allan for chauffeuring us to and from Inverness for the matches in his team bus. Another star player in the side is the dynamic Tote Gillies the six-dollar man, who is a product of our youth policy and for whom we have just recently turned down a £100,000 bid from the Argentinian side, Fray Bentos.

As a Christmas bonus, we are offering a £10 reward to any reader who can tell us the whereabouts of our missing captain, Iain MacKenzie.

COLIN MACKENZIE.

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### WHO DID WHAT?

Here are ten inventors and their inventions. Can you pair them off correctly?

- |                           |                    |
|---------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. James Watt.            | A. Telephone.      |
| 2. Gottlieb Daimler       | B. Zip fastener.   |
| 3. Alexander Graham Bell. | C. Disc brakes.    |
| 4. C.S.Cockerell.         | D. Steam engine.   |
| 5. Samuel Colt.           | E. Hovercraft.     |
| 6. John Logie Baird.      | F. Telescope.      |
| 7. Dr.F.Lanchester.       | G. Pneumatic tyre. |
| 8. Galileo.               | H. Television.     |
| 9. W.L.Judson.            | I. Carburettor.    |
| 10. John Boyd Dunlop.     | J. Revolver.       |



# in brief

## IN MEMORIAM

The death occurred in October of Mrs Mary MacLeod who, along with her sister, Miss Peggy MacNeill, ran a tearoom at Rudhaban in the early fifties. It was thanks in no small measure to Mrs MacLeod that the idea of carol-singing round the parish took shape. She had a small harmonium and somehow arranged to have it aboard a Forestry lorry for the first evening, and so the custom began in style! We remember her lively personality and would offer our sympathy to her family.

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The Benevolent District Council has provided swings, climbing frames, a chute and a seesaw in the new playing field beyond Riverside Park - rather late for the first generation of children who grew up there, but no doubt they will provide pleasure for many a child in the years to come.

We welcome to the community Sally Keir who has come to work in the Gold and Silver-smith's Studio.

....And Mr. & Mrs. John Curley from Southport, who have been visiting Dundreggan for the past ten years and have now come to live at Dalchreichart.

We are sorry to see Mr. and Mrs. George Girvan leaving the Glen and wish them every happiness in their new home in Fort Augustus.

Our best wishes go with Philip Cook as he moves to Inverness. He would like to thank the people of Glenmoriston, among whom he has made many friends, for their kindness to him.

Congratulations to Lab and Josie Saeaton who celebrated their Silver Wedding on October 23th.

Congratulations to Alison McDonnell on winning a prize for excellence in Secretarial Subjects at Inverness Technical College.

