



PRICE 15p

No 26 OCTOBER 1981

## MORISTON MATTERS AT THE CROSSROADS

This unfortunately seems very likely to be the last issue for some time of "Moriston Matters" in its present format, made possible by the method of photocopying. The next issue will be produced by "Gestetner" duplication, the method used at the beginning.

For some time now we have been lucky enough to have had access to facilities for photocopying in the office of Glenmoriston Estates Ltd., and at a very economic cost. But now Glenmoriston Estates Ltd have advised us that the photocopier may not be used for our particular purpose. This for technical reasons: the photocopier is not geared for the job of printing a periodic magazine of 150 - 200 copies each issue. We take this opportunity of thanking Glenmoriston Estates Ltd, for making available so economically the use of the copier and accompanying facilities.

The availability of photocopying as a method of production is a great boon; it affords a great deal of handiness and flexibility in preparation; it allows photos and drawings, etc, to be used with some ease. So we have been making enquiries as to how this method of producing the magazine could be continued. These revealed, first, that the cost of having the magazine produced professionally would be completely prohibitive.

At this point perhaps we can deal with the question of the selling price of "Moriston Matters". We have been considering increasing, in line with other publications, the price. We have decided that not more than a 5 pence increase would be justifiable for a community magazine at the present time. Beginning with this issue, therefore, "Moriston Matters" will cost 15p.

2  
3  
In the course of our enquiries about finding an alternative means of printing we learned that Inverness District Council would give us their printing facilities for the cost of what would work out at 30p per copy. This led us to the thought that we might apply to the Community Council for a grant. But it is doubtful, assuming our application would be successful, if the Council would be able to spare from its resources the sum necessary to keep "Moriston Matters" running at its present frequency of issue.

It is clear, therefore, that "Moriston Matters" will be able to continue only if it is self-financing. That we might be able to raise extra-sales revenue - from offering advertising space, from fund-raising efforts, etc - might be feasible and

practicable; but as yet we have had no time to explore the possibilities.

So, with Glenmoriston Estates Ltd., having offered us "Gestelner" facilities, we have decided to revert to this method of printing meantime. We regard it as a holding operation; it will enable "Moriston Matters" to continue viably for the present; it will give us time to build up some funds again; and it will give us some leeway so that we can think of ways of raising some extra-sales revenue.

This particular issue has been printed by Inverness District Council. The selling price of 15p. will pay for half of the cost of printing. Our entire funds will cover the shortfall - just.

Ed.

---

Published by: Moriston Matters.

Correspondence to:  
Margaret Gillies,  
Bridgend, Glenmoriston,  
Inverness.

Tel: Glenmoriston 51214  
or Kiltarilly 488

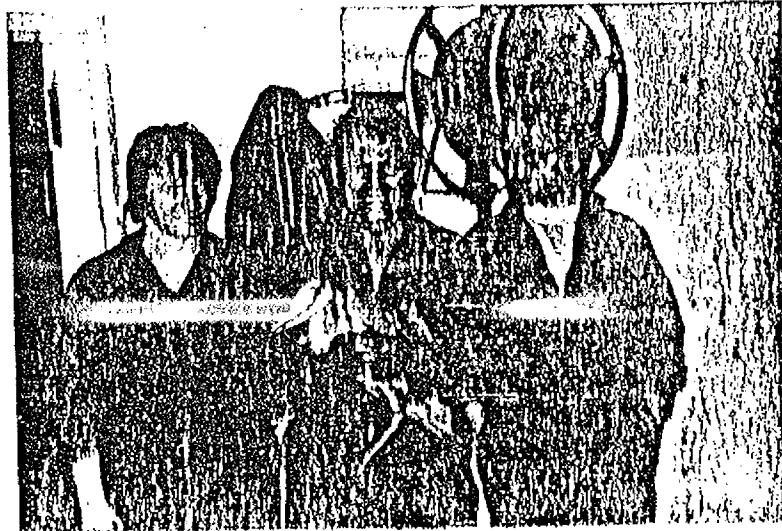
# THE PLIGHT OF A HERON



The Heron holding sway in Glenmoriston Power Station.

Shortly before Christmas on a very frosty evening I came back on duty about six o'clock and found that a heron which had been hovering about the entrance to the tunnel of Glenmoriston Power Station had now ventured about half-way down, drawn, no doubt, by the warm air coming from the turbines. Frightened by the lights of the landrover it flew right into the power station where perhaps it thought it had reached daylight. It flew round the turbines a couple of times before landing in a corner of the station where eventually, once it had settled down, I managed to calm it and capture it. The poor bird must have thought it was in another world, with the noise of the machines and the bright lights of the station. The big bird looked very strange flying round and round the turbines, and indeed it reminded me of an aeroplane with its big wing-span. I put it in the landrover and drove it out of the station to the side of the river where it flew off into the cold, dark night.

L.G.



Photos by Ian Dunn.

Its benevolent captors: Frank McAdams, Leonard Grant and Dave

## ROYAL DAY IN INVERNESS



*Paddy and Jan Paterson, the Rev and Mrs Fraser meet the Queen*

Her Majesty, the Queen, expressed a desire to include Inverness in her visit to Scotland this summer and so Inverness District Council arranged to entertain her and the Duke of Edinburgh, who accompanied her on the visit, to lunch in the Station Hotel on Friday, 10th July. The climax of the visit was to be the official opening of Highland Craftpoint's premises in Beauly in the afternoon. - But first, on the arrival of the Royal party from Aviemore, they went to the Town Hall where they were received by the Provost and met the members and officials of the District Council with their wives and husbands. The photograph shows Her Majesty speaking to PADDY PATERSON, the councillor for this area, and his wife.

The Town Hall had been beautifully decorated for the occasion by the Inverness Floral Art Club with the badge of the District of Inverness picked out on the

platform in red and gold carnations and roses and the Gaelic welcome, 'Ceud mile failte' prominently beside it. Round the walls well-known places were highlighted in the various displays - Cawdor Castle with shades of green suggesting the grandeur of marble; Fort George; Fort Augustus where a red Abbey School blazer and a cricket ball complimented the predominantly red display; Aviemore with a cascading arrangement suggesting ski slopes and an osprey presiding in the background; Glen Affric; Loch Ness with the "waters" of the loch "mirroring" Urquhart Castle and the John Cobb memorial and, of course, Nessie herself, and arrangements made up of the simple flowers to be found on its shores - pink spirea, feverfew and bell heather; Culloden where a large and some pieces of pottery provided the associations; and

---  
contd

Glenfinnan where pillars of flowers reminded us of the monument and a dirk in the heather its implications. In the afternoon and on the following day this thought-provoking feast of beauty was open to the public as the Floral Art Club's annual effort to raise funds for charity. y

After the luncheon when the main course following the hors d'oeuvres was salmon, and it in turn was followed by water ices and coffee, their Royal Highnesses visited the Royal British Legion Home in Huntly Street, and then drove through the sunshine and the groups of people gathered at every road-end to greet them to Beaulieu, where a crowd filled the Square and other vantage points.

At Highland Craftpoint, an organisation developed to provide professional services in the fields of marketing, technical, information, training, etc, to craft firms all over Scotland, the Royal party saw the summer exhibition "Craft in Context" aimed at showing something of the range of craftwork produced in Scotland, and also at raising some questions about how and why crafts are made.

Then it was back, rather quickly this time, past the knots of people on the roadside, to Inverness and Dalross, and so ended the Royal Day in the North.

M.E.F.

FROM WARD 15.

The broken product of our dreadful time  
Who once stood handsome, tall and debonaire,  
Whose hair retains its pristine raven hue,  
His head now downward bent upon his breast,  
His noble youthful features thus concealed -

His arms and hands so lately skilled to serve  
Helplessly dangle on th' impromptu table  
'Neath which his legs protrude as soft as flax  
To reach his feet shapeless and callipered  
All held together by his mobile chair.

She kneels beside him on th'unyielding floor,  
Save for her purple stripes, clad all in white,  
Resplendent, crowned with flawless diadem  
Surmounting golden curls and pony-tail,  
Her fine-formed beauty set with high intent -

His hands to feed his broken body - her hands,  
His mouth through which to quench his thirst, the straw  
Pinioned securely in her gentle grasp,  
His downcast eyes unneeded to take in  
The scene so perfectly controlled by her.

Filled with deep awe and wonder I look on,  
Thankful one aspect of the good LORD'S will  
Is honoured in this military ward  
There on the floor before my very eyes.

P.F.

## ABBNEY CENTENARY

This year the monks of Fort Augustus celebrated the centenary of the foundation of the monastery. The climax of these celebrations was the consecration of the Abbey Church on July 11th, the Feast of St. Benedict.

The rite of consecration was performed by Bishop Mario Conti of Aberdeen. Also present were Cardinal Gordon Gray (special envoy of Pope John Paul II), Cardinal Basil Hume and Cardinal Tomas O'Flaich as well as several Scottish Bishops and Abbots from Benedictine and Cistercian Abbeys in England, Ireland and Scotland.

The ceremony (a once-in-a-lifetime experience for the majority of us present) was magnificent, solemn, dignified, joyous, colourful and above all worshipful. The music was a beautiful blend of traditional plainsong accompaniment to Latin words with more modern hymns, some composed by monks of Fort Augustus.

After the ceremony all present were welcomed by Abbot Holman to a champagne tea in the marquee erected for the occasion. This was enjoyed by all despite the attendance of the unwelcome uninvited guests - the midges.

The day ended with a Gala Fete in the Abbey grounds. The quality of the entertainment provided by Lochaber Junior Pipe Band, Mrs Henderson's School of Highland Dancing, the Royal Marine Team from H.M.S. Condor at Arbroath and the Cadets of the Abbey School was such that neither the heavy rain nor the ever present midges were

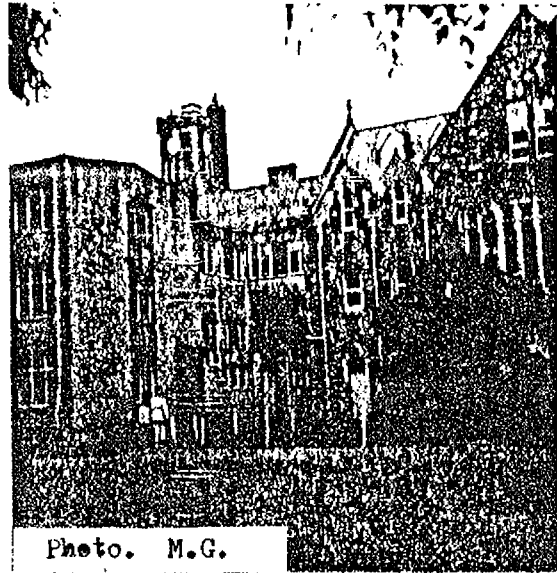


Photo. M.G.

able to drive away those who came until the last tableau of the pageant had been presented and the pipe band rounded off the event. M.A.S. (Fort Augustus)

Structurally the Abbey at Fort Augustus has its origins in the military fort built between 1729 and 1742. It remained as an operational military fort until 1854. In 1867 the Lovat family bought from the government the buildings (which had suffered much physical damage in the '45) and in 1876 the 15th Lord Lovat donated them to the English Benedictines. But in effect a line of Scottish Benedictines was brought into the new canonical foundation as well.

The Abbey Church, now completed in this the Abbey's centennial year, the later stages designed to accommodate the new liturgy, was begun in the 1890's.

# harvest

Not long ago I bought a packet of oatmeal at the Coop in Inverness. I asked one of the assistants how people used to make this into a kind of gruel. She said to put a handful of meal with some salt in a dish, add boiling water and butter, stir and eat. I did this. As I did, I wondered at what point in the history of Scotland this and potatoes and other such simple foods would have been basic - with little more.

Then I remembered the Beauly Highland Craft Centre display and description of the Scottish lifestyle of bygone days; the black houses, poor light and scarcely any heat, with the

most meager diet - gruel perhaps?

Despite the current recession we are not starving. We have so much compared to those of the 1700's, 1800's and even 1920's - 30's!

As we come to another Harvest Thanksgiving it is indeed appropriate to 'Rest and be Thankful' - to count our blessings, learn contentment and thank our God. We invite you to the Harvest

Thanksgiving Service, Glenmoriston Church - 12.15 p.m. 25th October 1981.

F.B. BUELL.

## WOMAN'S GUILD.

The meetings for the 1981/82 session commencing in October, will be held jointly with the Glen Urquhart Guild on the third Monday of each month in Kilmichael Hall at 7.45 p.m.

Additional meetings will be held during the year at Invermoriston and the first will be at Lovonnie, Dalcataig Road, on November 12th at 10.30 a.m.

Anyone who is interested will be most welcome at any of the meetings.

N.N.B.

On August 15th Glenmoriston Children's Committee held a summer bazaar in the village hall. There was ample to sell due to the tremendous response from everyone, and thanks to the tourists there were plenty buyers. The committee was delighted to clear £235 including donations and would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who aided in any way.

M.S.G.

# who are they?

Pupils and Teacher at Dalchircher L School - 1930





## The Night the Bogles came to Invermoriston old Rose Cottage Pt. 2

This is something of a sequel to the article on the old "Rose Cottage" in the last issue. But this article, which is based on a true story, depicts more of the character and personality of Katie Archie than it does Allyvick, although he figures in it.

Back in the immediate post-war years "Rose Cottage" used to have an annual summer visit from a cousin of the Archies, a character named Duncan MacDonald, but better known, for some reason, as Duncan the Carrier. Born in Glenmoriston, he had emigrated to the Kingdom of Fife, where he had become a ferryman on the ferries, "Robert the Bruce" and "William Wallace", which plied between the Queensferries in the days before the Forth Road Bridge. He was accompanied on these visits by his wife Emily.

Duncan the Carrier was indeed something of a character. He was down-to-earth in his turn of phrase and in his activities. He had a liking for the occasional strong refreshment, which he liked even more when he could have it among the then worthies of Invermoriston. Of whom, more soon.

And Duncan would have been even more of a character had it not been for Emily's gently restraining influence. She was very prim and proper; she had, you might say, a firm grasp of decorum.

(It might be recounted, by the way, that on one of these visits to "Rose Cottage" Duncan showed an unexpected interest in fishing. Equipped with rod, line, etc, he would set off up the road towards Levenshie to try his luck in one of the pools of the Moriston.

But for reasons best known to himself his footsteps would stray towards lower Achnaconeran. Perhaps he was thinking of trying the hill lochs and perhaps the weather became unsuitable.

Whatever happened, Duncan would skirt the fields until he hit the road to Invermoriston and for some unknown reason he would return to "Rose Cottage" not in quite the same state of mind as he had set out. He may not have had any luck at the fishing, but he was more cheerful. Mind you, he did bring a fish back at times, but it may be whispered that it hadn't been landed by him.... But that is perhaps another story - let's get, as Burns put it in "Tam O'Shanter", "to our tale".)

One Saturday evening, about 1950, Allyvick and Duncan the Carrier set off to spend an hour or so in one of Invermoriston's meeting places. You will have heard of the man in the New Testament who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among a band of thieves. Well, that night Allyvick and Duncan went down from "Rose Cottage" to Invermoriston and fell among a band of Invermoriston worthies. There was Danny the Pier; there were Willie Archie and old Scott from Primrose Bay; Jimmy McEwan and Angie Stoddart from Port Clair; there was Willie Fraser from the Street; and there were Angie Campbell and - of course - the gentleman in the wayward plus fours from Achnaconeran.

That night, it seems, "drave on" with mair "sangs and clatter" than usual. The place they were in closed (it was nine o'clock

then), but it was the custom then for the men of the place to carry on with their conversations outside at the door. No doubt some sustenance was produced from capacious and secure "poacher's pockets" to refresh them in their discussion. But the time came at last when they "maun ride" to their various homes. Danny set off for the Pier in his shooting brake; Willie Archie and old Scott for Primrose Bay on their push bikes; Jimmy Mc Ewan and Angie Stoddart for Port Clair, also on push bikes; Willie Fraser for the Street, pushing his push bike; and Angie Campbell and the gentleman in plus fours for Achnacorney on Angie's motorbike. And Allyvick and Duncan the Carrier set off for "Rose Cottage". They had no conveyance. The road was not as straight then as it is now. Nor as broad. There were no street lights, no pavement, no safety barrier. It was a dark, moonless night. And whisper it, there must have been a warlock out and about on that stretch of road that night. Or perhaps a bogle or two....

For that is the only explanation for what followed. The first thing that happened was that Duncan must have got such a fright that he failed to take the corner just before you come to the steps leading up to the Church and Manse. He couped over the wooden paling on the bottom side of the road and fell down the bank among the ferns, brackens, grasses, reeds and mosses above the river. Where he lay in a kind of trance.

Allyvick, however, knew the road better than Duncan, and no doubt knew about the warlocks and bogles. For he made a dash for it, and did in fact get more than half way across the nearest running water, and to safety at the Post Office Bridge Burn. But

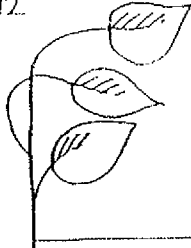
his efforts must have so exhausted him that he rested for a while on the wall of the bridge. Being across the burn he was no longer in any physical danger from the bogles of course, but their influence must still have been strong, for he too fell into a kind of trance.....

But let's switch the scene from these mysterious happenings to "Rose Cottage". There, when Duncan wasn't returning, his wife had begun to "nurse her wrath to keep it warm". She was becoming more and more vociferous and agitated by the hour, and Kate finally realised there would be no rest until she herself went to try and track down the errants. So she put her coat and scarf on, picked up the torch and set off, flashing the torch from side to side (to scare off any bogles that happened to be out). She came across Allyvick on the wall of the Post Office Bridge, still in a trance. She decided she had better supervise his homecoming first. This took some time.

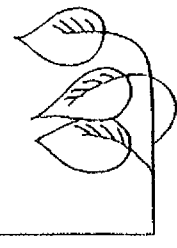
But when Emily saw that Allyvick was home and no Duncan, and that Duncan wasn't to be seen, all pandemonium broke out. And Kate had to set off again.

Along the dark and narrow road, past the Post Office Bridge, past the Post Office, now in darkness. She came to the corner below the church and was trudging on when she heard weird and eerie noises coming from below the road. No doubt she thought of the bogles, but she stopped and shone her torch.

And there was Duncan, wet and mudbespattered, attempting to scabble up the bank to regain the road. He too was still in a bit of a trance and he too had to have his homecoming supervised by Kate.



# SCHOOLS



On Thursday 24th September Dalchreichart and Invermoriston Schools with a number of their friends from the Glen went to Eden Court to see the Purves Puppets perform the story of Peter Pan. The various scenes were colourful and lively with plenty of opportunity for audience participation and the children took full advantage of this with their attention riveted throughout. Old and young alike thoroughly enjoyed the performance. They had been promised a surprise at the end and this turned out to be an explanation of how some of the puppets were made and a demonstration of how some of them worked, given by the puppeteers dressed in their black velvet tunics and trousers, and then they brought the puppets to the door to shake hands with the audience as they departed. An added pleasure for the writer, who was there with her new friends from Kiltarlity Playgroup, was the meeting up with a busload of 'kent faces' at the entrance to the theatre.

M.E.F.

## PURVES PUPPETS - COMMENTS.

"I liked the little beds and the rocking chair".

"I liked Wendy's red slippers and her hair-style."

"I wish I could fly like Peter Pan"

"I would like to have kept Peter Pan."

"I didn't like Captain Hook - if I were an Indian I would have killed him with a bow and arrow."

"It was sad when Tinkerbell drank the poison."

"I wish I could have gone to Never-never land so that I would never grow up."

"I liked the crocodile - I would like to have gone on the stage and danced with him."

"I'd like to know why the puppets looked bigger on the stage - they looked so small when we shook hands with them afterwards."

(And finally, there was a unanimous complaint);

"Why did they put on the lights and show us how the puppets were made and how the strings were pulled? It spoiled all the magic! The puppets weren't real any more!"

## INVERMORISTON SCHOOL.

The 1981-82 term opened with a roll of 10 pupils including three new entrants, Heather MacDonald, Eilidh Nairn and John Grant. We were pleased to welcome Thomasina Shaw for a short spell also and wish her well in her present school.

Two of the older pupils have resumed weekly swimming lessons, travelling to Inverness along with children from Fort Augustus School.

Among this term's events was a joint visit to Eden Court with Dalchreichart School to see 'Peter Pan' presented by the Purves Puppets; and on Thursday 22nd October there is to be a fund-raising sale with all the usual stalls held in the school in the evening. Donations of goods for sale will be most welcome at any time and we look forward to seeing as many old friends as possible.

M.L.N.

# Moriston Matters

## Prize for creative writing

### BUZZARD.

Buzzard, Buzzard flying high,  
Black image against grey sky.  
Buzzard, buzzard circling low  
Over the moor where brackens grow.  
Buzzard, buzzard swooping down  
from the air  
Onto its prey, a brown mountain  
hare.  
Once again you fly high,  
Black image against grey sky.

ALAN MCLEAN.

### NESSIE.

Nessie is a monster,  
Big and strong  
Blackish green  
And very, very long  
He lives on salmon  
And slippery black eels  
With a shoal of sea trout  
In-between meals!

### AUTUMN LEAVES.

We were fresh and green,  
Nice to be seen.  
We clung to the trees,  
We danced in the breeze.  
Now we are yellow,  
Handsome old fellows.  
Our faces are gold,  
We're growing old.  
All getting brown,  
All falling down,  
We're turning red,  
Soon we'll be dead.  
Changing to rust,  
Going to dust,  
Good bye, good-bye,  
For soon we'll die.

DALCHREICHART SCHOOL.

### THE DARK.

I like the dark because it is  
scary and it is good. Sometimes  
we play ghosteys in the dark.  
It is cold out-side. Sometimes  
we play witches in the dark.  
Owls come out in the dark at  
the night.

MARTIN GIRVAN (6).

ed from p.11

We will leave what Emily said to  
Duncan to your imaginations and  
close on this note about Kate.  
What infuriated Kate was not her  
having to rescue these two gentle-  
men from their bewitchment by  
the bogies. She had been  
trauchled before and would be  
again. No, what annoyed her was

that Emily blamed her husband's  
condition on Altyvick, on "Rose  
Cottage", on Invermoriston. Kat  
did not like people putting on  
airs and graces and when they  
went on and on she used language  
which, in the Gaelic, was expres-  
ive and to the point.

D. MacD.

## GOLDEN YEARS

A happy celebration took place in the Clausman Hotel on Thursday, 27th August, with the Golden Wedding of Angus and Rachel Ferguson. The family had kept the arrangements completely secret and when the couple were taken to the hotel, supposedly on the way to Inverness for a quiet meal out with Joey and Rob who were home on holiday from Cheltenham, the whole family were waiting to greet them! When they had recovered somewhat from the surprise everyone sat down to a delicious meal, purveyed by Mr MacKenzie and his staff, finishing with cake and a toast to his parents proposed by Ronald. The Rev. Peter Fraser read out the cards of good wishes and spoke of Angus's ability to put his hand to any job needing to be done and of Rachel's great hospitality. Then it was back to the lounge where the grandchildren - and their husbands and wives - were gathered with their presents - all except two, James MacDonald who phoned his good wishes from Orkney, and Catherine who was looking after her new daughter, the youngest great-grandchild, Kerry Broadley. Music provided by Malcolm Munro with his accordion soon set couples dancing, and with a judicious mixture of old-time and the latest hits the

age-gap was overcome and all mingled happily on the floor. Morag Campbell and Christine Munro contributed songs, Gregor Borland violin selections, and Ken Fraser in his inimitable fashion told of the Harris crofter who went to the Royal Highland Show to buy a new baler and discovered when he got it home that it made 'swiss roll' bales, and of the road squad compared with whose job, an hour in the Forestry Commission would seem like hard labour! It was after midnight before the

festivities drew to a close with the singing of 'Auld Lang Syne' and 'For they are jolly good fellows', and Angus and Rachel set out on the next lap of the road.

"Moriston Matters" would add its congratulations and good wishes to all those already expressed to them.

And congratulations and good wishes also to Mr and Mrs Charlie Bradshaw who on their annual summer visits to Torgoyle have made a warm place for themselves in the Glenmoriston community, and who celebrated their Golden Wedding with their family in Nottingham on September 5th.

# IN MEMORIAM

MR KENNETH MACLENNAN

## MRS. MUNRO.

On August 14th Glenmoriston lost its oldest resident - Mrs Isabella Munro, Balintombule, who died in her 97th year. Of Gairloch descent, she settled in Glenmoriston on marriage and quickly demonstrated a capacity for forming lasting friendships among her neighbours.

Kindly and generous, she was ever ready to offer assistance where needed. Hers was a truly hospitable home and no child ever departed from it with an empty hand. She displayed a graciousness and a grace and an unburied calm - so often lacking in our modern society.

She was possessed of a ready wit, and had a fund of amusing stories relating to a bygone age. And yet her interests were also very topical, embracing every-day life on a broad as well as a local level. It was this intense awareness of life and people that was all the more remarkable in one whose latter years were confined largely to her home.

Mrs Munro was a fluent Gaelic speaker, deeply interested in the lore and song of her mother tongue. She was, too, a woman of great religious faith, from which she obviously derived great comfort.

Her cheerful presence will be missed by a wide circle of friends. With her passing also passed another era and another way of life. Those of us who shared in the life of this remarkable old lady were indeed privileged.

We are sorry to record also the death on September 25th of Kenny MacLennan who was ninety last June. Although he lived with his niece, Mrs Margo Smith, in Fort Augustus for the last few years he spent the greatest part of his life in Glenmoriston. During the First World War he worked in the wood and later for the Forestry Commission until he retired. When he married Margaret MacPherson he improved the cottage at Craigard (now demolished) and settled there where he and Maggie had the kindest of welcomes for all who called. Kenny also kept a very tidy vegetable garden, and indeed was still to be found doing gardening jobs until not much more than a year ago. He was of a sociable disposition and his ability to recite "Tam O'Shanter" from beginning to end made him much in demand at Burns Suppers. When T.V. became a viable proposition for the village Kenny was one of those who helped to lay the cable, and thus prepared the way for many pleasant evenings in many homes. His friendly personality will be much missed and we offer our sincere sympathy to Margo, who nursed him devotedly during his last illness.

## *in brief*

Congratulations to Martin Girvan on winning the Scottish Ball Trap Championship in August when his prizes included a gun, cash and whisky  
....and to Dick and Oonagh Pope (Girvan) on the birth of their daughter, Kirsten on 2nd April.

Once again I would like to extend my sincere thanks to my friends in Glenmoriston. My sister Dorothy and I enjoyed our week's holiday with our very kind and hospitable friend, Mrs Nellie Sey. Needless to say the time passed far too quickly and we were sorry to leave again. Also thanks to Mr Pat MacDonald for his help with transport on our arrival and departure between the Glen and Inverness. With his help we were also able to visit Clachan Mhercheird Cemetery, and Torgoyle Cottage, where Mr and Mrs John Grant so very kindly invited us to visit once again my late husband's (Chris)

We are sorry to hear of the departure of Hugh and Doris Gordon and family to Garmouth and send our best wishes for their new home.

And best wishes also to Kate Stoddart and Rab Smeaton who have had spells in hospital. We hear they are making satisfactory progress and indeed Rab is now home.

old home. We were also able to see Inverness as a shopping centre with the help of Mrs Kit Tomlin who drove us in her car and spent almost a day showing us around. We also say thanks to everyone concerned for the lovely evening we spent at the Ceilidh at the Village Hall, especially for the dancing and singing of the children. We attended the Sunday Church service and felt very uplifted on leaving. - Thanks to the Reverend Bart Buell. I shall always regard Glenmoriston as my second home and hope to return again sometime next year.

Yours sincerely,  
Majorie Sharp.

### PLEASANT MEMORIES OF GLENMORISTON.

However much I try, I can't express  
My feelings of the little Glen beside Loch Ness.  
I loved the natural beauty of Woodland Falls  
Where it seems God's grace lies over all.

In our times of strife and stress,  
This is surely where one finds contentedness.  
Each person is busy in their own quiet way,  
But everyone has time to say "Hello! Have a nice day".

God willing, I hope to return in the Spring.  
In the meantime, Thanks for Everything.

Best wishes,  
MARJORIE SHARP.