

REFERENCE COPY

oriston Matters



Spring 92



*A Community newsletter
serving the residents & visitors
of Invermoriston and Glenmoriston*

No 37

30p



Isn't it lovely to see some spring colour around (and I'm not just referring to the colour of the cover of this magazine !). New growth is beginning to appear in the gardens, on the trees and in the fields. For me, this is the nicest of all seasons - Lovely sunny days, new green leaves and no midges !!

When the sun shines in this Glen I can't think of a nicer place to be. However it may be the case that such occurrences of the sun actually coming out are so few and far between that has provoked the desire for some people to leave. At the last count there were at least 10 properties for sale in the Glen.

We are still hoping for some of your own work to publish. We really appreciate articles on bygone days so it was especially nice to receive a letter along with her recollections of Invermoriston from Mrs Jessie Baxter who now lives in Aberdeen. She said that she frequently receives a copy of the magazine from her sister in Inverness, although she didn't say who her sister was, and that she thoroughly enjoyed it which was very gratifying to hear. Her account of the dances in the Hall are a far cry from those of today, more's the pity !

Alan and Betty Draper have written about their Kenyan Safari and Granny Common handed in a tea towel with a poem on it all about your 'Get up and go'. If my 'Get up and go' is as good as hers when I reach her mature years then I'll be more than happy !!

So if you have any ideas for the summer issue due out in July then please send them to:

The Editor, The Old Well,
Dalchreichart, Glenmoriston,
Inverness shire. IV3 6YJ
Tel: 0320 40205.

Local Success

Proud of their good work, pupils of Invermoriston and Dulchreichard Primary Schools present Linda Meecham, chairman of the Childline fund-raising committee, with the proceeds of their Christmas plays. Invermoriston performed *Finlo* and Dulchreichard performed *The Nativity*.

(Photo : courtesy of The Press and Journal)



Summer Bedding Plants
For borders, containers and
hanging baskets, available soon

Marigold, Lobelia, Nemesia
Pansy, Nasturtium, Livingstone Daisy
Aster, Alyssum, Godetia, and others

Lesley Common
'The Old Well'
Dalchreichart
Glenmoriston
0320 40205



Invermoriston School

These poems were written after the children had talked about their experiences in the snow.

Crispy and crunchy,
Cold in my hands,
Makes me want to scream,
Shiver in my shoes,
Stand under a tree,
And shake it.

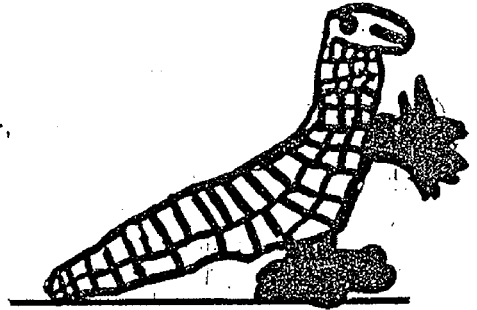
Calum Grant P.5

Snow makes us cold and shiver,
Makes me want to run in doors
and get warm.

Thomas Grant P.3

Soft and cold outside
Makes me want to dance
The snow dances with me.

Eva Turner P.4



Dinosaur Facts

Before writing these factual accounts, the children gleaned information from reference books and then recorded them on a chart.

An IGUANODON was one of the best known plant-eating dinosaurs on earth. Scientists have found lots of iguanodon fossils in Europe, Asia and Africa. On the thumbs are sharp spikes which protect it from its enemies.

Eva Turner P.4

RHAMPHORHYNCHUS was a flying reptile. It ate fish and it was 2m across the wings. It had a tail to steer him and it had a very long name.

Thomas Grant P.3

ORNITHOSUCHUS was a really fierce dinosaur. His teeth were like a razor blade and he used them to rip in to flesh and plants. His claws were jaggy. His bones were found in Scotland. He stood on two legs.

Calum Grant P.5

One of the sea reptiles at the time of the dinosaurs was a PLESIOSAURUS. It had a long neck to catch fish. The Loch Ness monster looks like the plesiosaurus.

Steven Urquhart P.3

Dulchreichard School

On Tuesday 31st March the pupils from Dulchreichard School performed a play called the Desperate Journey. This was the culmination of the Spring term's project about the Highland Clearances. The play centered around the Murray family who lived in a croft house at Culmailie, near Golspie.

Interspersed in the play were traditional scottish songs which helped tell the story - 'Grannie's Hielan' Hame' told of the cosiness of the croft, 'Battle of the Braes' and 'I will go' told of their fight against eviction to make way for sheep farming.

The family travelled to Glasgow after their home was burnt down via Ullapool and Stornaway. The highlight of the play came here when the children sang the 'Jellie Piece Song'. Unfortunately the father couldn't find work and so the family bravely packed their belongings and made the long and treacherous journey to Canada along with the many other Highland families.

'Leaving Lismore' and 'A Dream of Kintail' rounded off a super little play.

Parents and friends were then treated to a delicious tea of home made scones and pancakes, oatcakes and home made cheese, all of which would have been made around the times of the Highland Clearances. A big thank you to all at Dulchreichard for a most enjoyable afternoon's entertainment.

The following poems describe both life in Culmailie and life in the Great City of Glasgow.

Orange bracken swaying merrily on the hilltops,
Small pebbles crackling under my feet,
Grey clouds floating above my head,
Noisy dogs barking on the farm,
Fresh grass blowing in the wind,
Tasty mussels staying still on the pebbles,
Tiny birds chirping in the trees,
Men shouting wildly at each other,
Big waves swishing and roaring,
Soft sand trickling through my fingers,
Cold water trickling under my feet,
I feel happy because it's summer.

THE GREAT CITY

Lots of poeple rushing through the streets
Noisy wheels turning as horses pull the carts
Dirty smoke flooding out of the chimneys
A soft wind blowing across the city
Old bridges creaking as carts cross
Lovely horses walking as they pull carts
The church clock ticking at midday
Noisy factories hooting loudly
Young children running across the city
Looking for work in the city
A few dogs running around the place.

Caroline Kennedy P.4

Grey smoke from factory chimneys
Wooden carts carrying people to factories
Busy people hurrying and rushing
Brick building covered in smoke
Cracked windows creaking
Horses hooves clattering
These are the sounds of the city.

Katie Common P.2 and Amy Bisset P.1

BEING WATCHED

One afternoon in the summer a year ago, I decided to go for a walk in the woods. It was a beautiful day and I felt happy with myself.
Suddenly I heard a cracking sound like footsteps. I was scared. Was it a person, an animal or a monster ? I ran home as fast as I could.
Later on I found out it was my brother Archie. I will never go alone in the woods again.

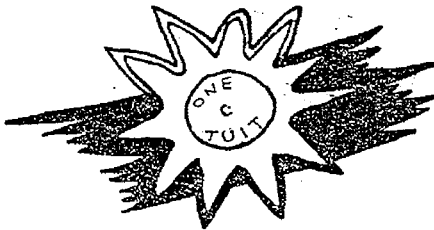
Anne MacLellan P.6

Youth Club

It was with a great deal of reluctance that the decision to close the Youth Club was taken. On the 20th February, only THREE children attended for the second week in a row. On those nights three adults were giving up their private time to help out the children in their club pursuits. This led us to our decision to close the club due to lack of interest. Over the past two years we have received tremendous support both locally and through the Community Education Department, particularly financially. We would like to thank Hamish MacDonald of the shop and Graham Ross, the Community Education Officer, for their support without which the club would have closed sooner. We feel sorry for the children who did take an interest in the club as they now do not have this facility. Thanks to those who did support it along with their parents who transported them to and from the hall. The club property and books will remain under the Moriston Youth Club name for six months from the 20th February. Thereafter all club possessions will be handed over to the Children's committee. Should any person feel they would like to restart the club then please contact 0320 51305 for details before August 20th 1992.

SPECIAL OFFER

Free to all who buy this issue



This is a ROUND TUIT. Please cut it out and keep it safely. TUITs, 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 100 of these TUITs. 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 !

Historical Glen

Come with me and recall some people, places and things which I remember in Invermoriston in the thirties and forties.

There was a track beside the river known as 'The Island' and in a little shed by the side of this track a white-haired lady could be seen any day of the week (except Sunday) up to her elbows in soapsuds. She was doing laundry for the shooting lodges. Some "whites" would be boiling in a big pot over a wood fire. I can still smell that fire mixed with the clean pungent aroma of soap. I remember that lady's husband too, and often felt cross with him when he and my grandfather quickly changed their conversation from English to Gaelic when we children came around. The couple Mr and Mrs John Macdonald, lived in a little house at the south end of the old bridge. It is no longer there but their blackcurrant bushes can still be seen.

There was also the picturesque bearded old gentleman who always wore a Balmoral bonnet and lived near the shop. I think he was Mr John Macleod and he often gave us those pink and yellow sweets called "oddfellows."

I remember too a fine looking old gentleman, also bearded, who rode about the district on a three-wheeled cycle. He was Mr Fullarton, the postmaster, and I think he also delivered the mail using this unusual mode of transport.

The "Smiddy" was, I suppose, the hub of the village with a mixture of sounds and smells emanating from it, like the tuneless clink of the hammer on the anvil and the hot smell of heating metal. It was an idyllic spot under a massive oak tree with the background music of the river tumbling over the falls. The blacksmiths, Willie and Duncan Macdonald, were brothers and they were real "characters" though I don't suppose they knew that fact. Their sister Jean kept house for them and was always ready for a chat when we were passing the "Smiddy" on our way to the "Shop".

I mustn't forget the "Shop", a magical place which seemed to stock everything. It was presided over by the owner, Mr Chisholm, helped by his wife and daughter. Imagine our delight when we were given a sweet when we were doing the shopping. We would save up for the whole of our holiday to buy a Lyons cake and a packet of Abernethy biscuits for our end-of-holiday picnic. I can "taste" these biscuits still. Where are they now ?

I loved going to church in Invermoriston. We each had a chair there, not pews like we had in our church at home. The psalms and hymns sounded different with the accompaniment of the organ played by Miss Chisholm, with a backing of river sounds and the sighing of the trees behind the Church. My aunt and uncle had beautiful singing voices and I was so proud of them leading the praise. Some of the hymns we sang are my favourites to this day.

A dance at Invermoriston was an experience not to be missed. I think I was nearly seventeen before I was allowed to attend one. They were held in the village hall which was decorated for the occasion. The ladies (of all ages) sat demurely on one side of the Hall while the gentlemen lined up on the opposite side, ready to dash across and claim their chosen partners the moment the dance was announced. We ladies did not always get the partner we had hoped for and often had to cavort round the Hall with an elderly "Romeo". It was not considered good manners to refuse. If one did refuse, one did not get up to dance with some handsome young man who had come to work with the Forestry Commission.

I will finish with what is perhaps my favourite place at Invermoriston - the Dalcataig road. What treasures for my "inward eye" were along that road; the glorious perfume of birch, bog myrtle and lime blossom, the heavenly blue of wild hyacinths, the cheeky song of the yellow hammer and the enormous brambles and bird cherries. Take a walk along that road and experience them for yourself.

When sleep escapes me, I "go back" to Invermoriston and "see" all those good folk from the past, "smell" the fragrances, "hear" a few hymns and my mind is at rest.

Mrs Jessie S. Baxter, Aberdeen.

Church News

If the primroses aren't out yet at Primrose Bay, they soon will be. And so will the daffodils on the south facing banks of the Poles and the Church. How good to see these faithful messengers of Spring, not to mention the brave snowdrops.

Though Winter has been wonderfully kind this year, he has a way of trying us with an overdose of short days and long dark nights. So, by March we are longing for the evidence of life which those cherished growing things produce.

Spring growth is the evidence of life lying unseen and dormant beneath a matted floor of decaying leaves.

There is a wonderful and obvious parallel thought for us here. As Spring growth is the evidence of life so Christ's rising is the evidence of resurrection life. And I suppose we could think of all the wars, violence, abuse, degeneration of the family, recession, redundancies, pollution, sin and death as the matted floor of decaying leaves, or perhaps as the long, dark winter nights. We long for the evidence of life which the cherished growing things produce. And just as the primrose and daffodil burst forth from Winter's damp decay to declare life, so Jesus Christ has burst forth from Death's dread hold to declare Life.

The Risen Jesus is the evidence of Resurrection Life. And to know and love Him is to live. Happy Easter !!

(Easter Day Worship and Communion will be held in the Church on Sunday, April 19th at 12.15 pm. A warm welcome awaits you)

F.B. Buell, Minister of Glenmoriston linked with
Urquhart, Drumnadrochit.

Kenyan Safari

The first words one learns on entering Kenya are 'Jambo' for hello and 'Poli-Poli' for slow down, and this sums it all up !

Wide smiles greeted us wherever we went. With temperatures of around 90 degrees and the sun waking up about 6.30am, no-one hurries !

The chance to go on safari was our deciding factor for a holiday choice especially when that holiday has to be in February.

Our party consisted of six people and our driver. He had eyes like a hawk and spotted animals we would surely have missed. Lion, Giraffe, Elephant, Cheetah, Rhino, Impala - The list seems endless and we saw them all. Its an amazing experience and for five days we rose at 6am raring to get out there.

Back at the beach resort most young people with no regular employment sell souvenirs and wood craft on the beaches. They DO take no for an answer and can converse in English or German without effort. Most of them couldn't afford to go to school yet most speak three or four languages.

We learnt such a lot - To be thankful for our standard of living and our education, and to slow down and enjoy the things around us.

This season when all around us is hectic, we will hopefully smile at our visitors and advise them 'Poli-Poli' !!

Alan and Betty Draper, Glenmoriston Arms Hotel.

Local News

The Glenmoriston Arms Hotel re-opened on 1st March after refurbishment of the Reception and Residents Lounge had been completed.

The Lounge area has an open plan appearance and new lighting, making it a pleasant room to take coffee or meet friends.

Whist Club

The winter whist season finished with a flurry on April Fools Day with nobody going home empty handed. Attendance has been very good with our average being four and a half tables. Our thanks go to Jackie (and Alistair, when there is football on !) for being great cardmasters. We are also indebted to Alan and Betty Draper for allowing us the use of the Tavern otherwise we would all be sitting freezing in the hall and I'm afraid the number of tables might go down a little then !

Prize winners were;

Points

1st - Lesley Common : Highest score - Jackie MacKenzie

2nd - Nan Grant : Lowest Score - Kevin Hodson

3rd - Alistair MacIntosh : Most Boobies - Colin Gourlay

Longest Sitting - Betty Draper

The evening finished with an enormous raffle with 32 prizes, too many to mention here but a big thank you to all those who donated. We were able to donate £50 to both the Childrens committee and the Old folks committee.

We are looking forward to seeing everybody again and hopefully some new faces when we reconvene in October !

Pony Club

The equestrian scene is just beginning to emerge from its enforced dormancy throughout the winter. I'm sick of mud everywhere and I'm sure the ponies are too !

Katie has started the year with her first Pony Club camp at Dochfour which she thoroughly enjoyed. I'm not sure whether the pony did though - it was jolly hard work for him ! I can remember many a happy day spent with the Fife Hunt Pony Club when I was young and I can only hope she gets as much fun out of it as I did.

Vickie starts her show campaign at the British Horse Society Development Show at Inverness on May 16th.

Casey is due to foal around the 13th May. I can only hope that everything will go according to plan after the first miscarry then last years tragedy. She is entered for the Highland show again so fingers crossed.....LC

Gala Day

The first Gala day meeting was held back in March to organise this year's Gala. The date this year is to be August 15th and lets hope for a better day, weather-wise, than last year !

We are including many of the same attractions as last year i.e. the Mountain bike race, the duck race, barbeque, sheep-shearing, dog agility display, wood sawing demonstration, log cutting competition, and the highly popular argo race. The organisers of that are desperately trying to think up even dafter things that people can do in and out of an argo ! There will also be the pipe band, craft stalls, side shows, beer tent, bouncy castle, cake and candy stall, teas and coffees etc etc.

Hopefully this year we will be able to have a display of Highland Dancing from local girls. Last year we inadvertently allowed the platform that the girls were going to dance upon get wet so they would have needed ice skates rather than dancing shoes had we not abandoned it.

Another new idea this year is to have a Gala Queen. She would be chosen and crowned at a dance prior to the Gala and would then open the Gala and present prizes on the day. She would also draw the raffle at the dance at night. 'Sound Affair' have been booked and everyone had a great time last year.

However we still could do with some new ideas. If anyone sees a good idea or attraction at another event elsewhere then please let us know about it. We really need everybody to lend a hand. The more people we have then the less each one has to do. Please let us know if you will be able to help and what you would like to do or be involved in.

The next meeting will be on the 29th April in the hall at 7.30 pm so please do come along with your ideas. Lets make this year's Gala the best yet !

Historical Glen

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, Moriston Matters October 1978.

MY GET UP AND GO HAS WENT

How do I know my youth is all spent?
Well, my get up and go has got up and went.
But in spite of it all I'm able to grin
When I think of where my get up has been.

Old age is golden so I've heard said,
But sometimes I wonder when I get into bed,
With my ear in a drawer and my teeth in a cup.
My eyes on the table until I wake up.

As sleep dims my eyes I say to myself
Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?
But I'm happy to say as I close the door,
My friends are the same, perhaps even more.

When I was young my slippers were red,
I could kick my heels over my head.
When I grew older my slippers were blue
But I could still dance the whole night through.

Now I am old, my slippers are black
I walk to the store and puff my way back.
The reason I know my youth is all spent,
Is my get up and go has got up and went.

But I don't mind when I think with a grin
Of all the grand places my get up has been,
And since I've retired from life's competition
My schedules all scheduled (with complete repetition).

I get up each morning and dust off my wits,
Pick up the paper and read the 'obits,'
If I see my name missing, I know I'm not dead,
So I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed.

Local News

WELCOME to the Gibson family, Tommy, Eileen, Rachael (3) and Ami (1), who have moved into one of the hydro houses at Bhlaraidh. They had a brief stay in one of Glenmoriston Lodge Estate's cottages before finally taking up residence further up the Glen.

WELCOME BACK to Billy and Mary Francis Grier (nee MacDonell) and their children Duncan and Iona. They now live in the Smart's old house in Riverside Park.

CONGRATULATIONS to Tricia Stoddart and Willie Archibald from Edinburgh who became engaged on 29th February. (I wonder who asked who ??????)

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr and Mrs Wall, Dalcataig on the birth of their leap year baby girl, Lucy Ann on Feb 29th. She weighed in at 8lbs 8oz and is a little sister for Hannah.

CONGRATULATIONS to Jackie McAdam who passed his driving test last month at only the second attempt.

GET WELL WISHES to Mrs McDonald up at Achnaconeran, Ewan Grant and Norman Harris who have all been in hospital recently. We all hope to see you back in and around the Glen very soon.

DANCE to 'Train Journey North' on May 22nd.

COUPLE LAUNCH NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

A National magazine for small businesses has been launched in Glenmoriston.

The home telecrafft business of Ann and Ray Berry, printers and publishers, started in the loft of their home, and The New Entrepreneur is a magazine aimed at small businesses like their own, often operating from the kitchen table at home.

Packed with news, ideas, detailed features on easy start businesses, research and help, The New Entrepreneur aims to become essential reading for anyone contemplating starting a business from home, or who have gone it alone.

Ann Berry ran her own project funded by central government helping the unemployed with re-training as well as women starters. Ray is a trained graphic designer and computer support engineer. He has had his own column in a computing magazine. (Report courtesy of The Inverness Courier)