

**M**oriston  
**Matters**



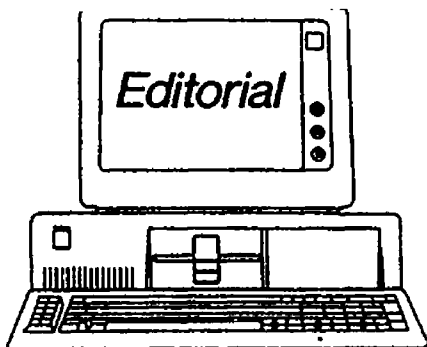
*Spring 93*



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

**No 41**

**30p**



Spring has finally arrived and with it the departure of the travellers much to most people's relief. Although it is nice to see the back of them, we are left with their legacy of broken down vehicles, piles of rubbish, blocked off lay-bys and the remnants of the arguments and bad feelings that these people and their way of life have caused. Their departure makes a considerable difference to the school roll which, unfortunately, may possibly mean that the school will not be entitled to two full time teachers any more. It is a great pity, as the little ones in Primary one were enjoying some sort of continuity after the upheaval of the first term and the multitude of teachers they experienced in those first few weeks of their school life.

I wouldn't like to be a tourist in Glenmoriston now as there are very few places left in which to have one's picnic !!

It's also been a very unhealthy start to the year with a variety of bugs making their rounds. Flu, headaches, sore throats, measles, chickenpox and scarletina have all done their rounds attacking both young and old.

It was nice to hear from Mrs Baxter in Aberdeen again and she has shared some more of her memories with us. Also Grace and Colin Marshall from Dalcataig who enjoyed their holiday in New Zealand so much that they felt compelled to write about it.

If you have anything you would like others to know about then please send it to:

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Dalchreichart, Glenmoriston,  
Inverness-shire IV3 6YJ  
Tel. 0320 40205.

# *Historical Glen*

I am standing in the Churchyard at Invermoriston beside a grey granite stone. The air is scented with the blossom on the enormous lime trees which line the avenue. Here lie my maternal grandparents and some of their family - my aunts and uncles.

My thoughts turn to happier times and I remember with love my grandmother with whom I had a wonderful relationship.

She was not what is often described as a 'character'. She was her own person, devoted to her home and family.

Her life was never an easy one. A Highland crofters wife did not lead a life of luxury. Money was never plentiful but Granny managed. She baked the most delicious girdle scones and oatcakes that I have ever tasted and her broth has never been surpassed for me.

Sad events reduced my grandparents' family of nine. A little girl died in infancy of whooping cough. A loved son gave his life for his country in 1917 at Arras in France. (I treasure his last letter to my mother). Tragedy struck again in the twenties when another son was accidentally drowned in the River Moriston.

Lesser characters would have collapsed under such sadness but for the sake of others Granny carried on, caring for her family, feeding her hens, harvesting, and sometimes even helping to bring a new calf into the world.

Ladies like her don't get into the history books but they are our history and I am privileged to call her Granny and to have known and loved her.

J.S.B.

# Local News

## Snowman Rally - How They Finished

Of the 85 crews which started the rally, only 50 reached the finish. These included locals Willie Smeaton and co-driver Maureen Douglas who came in 38th in a Ford Escort in a time of 1 hour 8 mins 50 secs, Andrew McHardy and co-driver Willie Lamont who came in 41st in their Ford Escort in 1 hour 8 mins 58 secs and Norman McLeod and co-driver C. Campbell who came in 50th also in a Ford Escort with a time of 1 hour 54 mins 31 secs.

And last but not least, your local heroes, the gruesome twosome, Neil "permanently bored" Robertson and co-driver Kevin "Do you need any eggs" Hodson who came in 51st but were unfortunately disqualified for finishing over the maximum time. This was partly due to only getting 0.2 mile into the 1st stage then hitting a large rut in the road sending them flying into a bank which bent the chassis and steering column. After getting back on the road with the help of 4 spectators, they found it almost impossible to steer but they managed to get through to the end of the stage even with the bonnet flying up and them nearly coming off the road again. When they eventually got to the service area the mechanics did a marvellous job of slightly straightening the chassis. They roped the front of the car to a tree and Neil reversed the car at high speed to pull the chassis back into its original position. This was quite effective for a short time until they hit more ruts which sent it off again.

On the 2nd and 3rd stages they had respectable times. In the meantime they were having a personal battle with a green Chevette which passed them and then they passed it. But in the end Neil and Kevin had the last laugh as the Chevette passed them while they had broken down - stuck in mud. When they got back on the road again and another mile into the stage, they passed the chevette again, this time it was buried into the undergrowth !

The last hiccup of the day came when they were trying too hard to keep within their time. They came off the road again to land directly on top of someone else's engine ! Luckily there were more spectators to pull them off the engine and back on the road. It looked to some spectators that the engine had fallen out when they were lifted back onto the road. The words on peoples lips were " I bet they drink Carling Black Label !!"

Kevin and Trudi Hodson.

(Congratulations to all crews and better luck next year !)

### Angling on the Moriston

Its not like an American to go about his business quietly but back in February, Brian Clark, a visitor from this great country but residing in Buckinghamshire, did just that. On the 5th he got the season off to an extraordinary start. He caught 2 salmon weighing 22lb and 14lb on a Red and Gold Devon. He also lost another couple of fish that day. The following day he did the same again with another two fish at 8lb and 14lb on the same lure. Four salmon in two days was quite an achievement for so early in the season

(Must have been the good breakfasts I served him !! - LC)



Brian with 2 of his catch.

# *New Zealand Trip*

## Land of the Long White Cloud

Like many Scots, I have an inherent inquisitiveness, sense of adventure and wanderlust. So I did my 'homework' on New Zealand with the aid of guide books and set off on the 30 hour journey covering more than 14,000 miles for a holiday which proved to be even more enlightening and enjoyable than ever Colin or I could ever have anticipated.

Our base for the 3 and a half week stay in South Island was Christchurch, with the second highest population and aptly described as the "garden city."

Like our own area, rainfall is not a problem so shrubs, flowers, vegetables and fruit including grapes, peaches and kiwi fruit flourish outside in great abundance and every front garden has neatly cropped grass surrounded by a riot of colour.

The people are justly proud of their country which is spacious and very clean - and they are determined it will remain 'non-nuclear' - but they also have a deep appreciation of British heritage reflected in the architecture as well as their legal and education systems.

Christchurch can so easily be taken for Oxford with grey stone buildings overlooking the river Avon flowing gently through it, weeping willows overhanging the banks and colourful ducks in the water being disturbed only by gliding punts, guided by boater-clad young men.

Our trip took us through the lush, broad, very flat Canterbury plain, renowned for sheep and arable farming and we were struck by the great variety of trees, including the rows of gigantic poplars, used as windbreaks and so reminiscent of France. As we climbed into the Southern Alps, the scenery was quite spectacular with snow-capped mountains encircling the many lakes, all tinted an incredible milky-green and with lovely Maori names like Lekapo, Pukaki and Wakatipu.

Early Scottish pioneers and settlers have named many of the places and ranges so we felt quite at home in MacKenzie Country as we passed the Grampian Mountains and Kirkliston range on our journey to Queenstown which is overlooked by Ben Lomond and the Remarkables, popular with skiers in the winter.

This all-year-round resort offers a host of activities including parapenting, jet boating and white water rafting for the daring. We watched the exciting bungy jumping but settled for a sedate afternoon cruise on the 90 year old steamer, TSS Earnshaw, to visit Mount Nicholas Sheep station where our guide, a shepherd there, entertained us with his laugh-a-minute explanations.

The gondola ride up to Bob's peak gave us panoramic views of the area and a visit to Arrowtown took us back in time to the days of the Gold Rush there.

We spent a relaxing few days to the north of Christchurch in the delightful town of Hammer with its hot mineral springs - so soothing, with only a whiff of sulphur.

Our third excursion took us over the steep hills to the Banks Peninsula where I was able to choose and pick my own grapefruit from the garden for breakfast !

Akaroa, where we stayed, is a picturesque, unspoilt country village with a lovely harbour and pier, popular with waterskiers, fishermen and artists. It still retains the influence of its earliest settlers, the French, who arrived there in 1840 only a few days after New Zealand had been declared a British Colony.

We have so many happy memories of New Zealand, too numerous to mention. Above all, what is truly unforgettable, is the warmth and sincerity of the Kiwis who boast of having more pipe bands than Scotland. We have every intention of returning - on the pretext of verifying their claim.

Grace Marshall, Dalcatag.

# Local News

## Friends of Crossroads - Fort Augustus and Glenmoriston

Some of you may have seen a notice in the shop at Invermoriston recently looking for applicants for "Crossroads" and wondered what it was all about.

It is a scheme whereby care attendants provide assistance and relief to "carers" - those whose care enables someone to live at home who might otherwise have to be in hospital or in a residential home. Help is given to people of all ages with all types of disability and illness and it is free of charge.

From this notice a Care Attendant has now been employed and, after her initial training, has started work in the area.

There is no stipulation about which Medical Practice you are with (Fort Augustus or Drumnadrochit) as it is run by Crossroads (Lochaber) Care Attendants Scheme. Anyone wishing further information can contact the co-ordinator there, Susan Lay (08552 201) or your own Medical Practice.

Now comes the crunch. How is this paid for ?  
- By donations from yourselves or by "grants".

Last years Gala at Fort Augustus raised enough money to start us off with £1000 donation. There will also be a coffee morning in the Church Hall in Fort Augustus next month - keep your eyes open for the notices - and also we hope that people like yourselves will become a "Friend of Crossroads" by giving a yearly subscription - no details as yet available on this.

Grants are another source of income for us and we hope to hear soon that our applications to the Highland Health Board, District Council and Social Work Dept. will be successful.



It has taken over a year to get this scheme off the ground. Firstly we approached Inverness Crossroads and, because of lack of funds, we were unsuccessful there. Next we tried Lochaber Crossroads (Fort William) and to our relief they accepted us on condition that we buy the Care Attendant Service from them which means that they provide the necessary service and we then pay them for their administration. This was agreed upon and so we now have "Crossroads Care Attendants Schemes" in our area.

So please give generously to our "scheme" when asked for donations just as the people of the Glen always do for all our "causes" and help to keep "Crossroads" in the area.

Isabel Anthony.

(Due to the generosity of our publisher and printer, David Andrews, Moriston Matters has been able to make a donation from its funds to the "Crossroads Care Attendants Scheme.)

## *Pony Club*

The ponies have come through the winter quite well. All in all it wasn't too bad apart from the cold snap in January. This fairly depleted the hay stocks and new supplies were relatively hard to come by. Shortages consequently mean higher prices and we were having to pay upwards of £3 per bale, almost double the price of Autumn.

Preparations are under way for the new season. Katie and her pony Sammy will be attending a 3-day Pony Club camp during the school holidays in April. Both she and Vickie will go to their first show in May. Mouse begins her show career as a yearling at the same show before heading for the Highland Show in June. Casey will go to the stallion again in late spring (funds permitting !) so there should be a foal again next year. Once again, a busy season lies ahead.

# *Dulchreichard School*

Ditch Job by Darren McEwan P.7

One sunny afternoon in the middle of a sweltering summer, McCalls Grocery van was about half an hour away from Queenburn Estate. The driver, Alex Davidson, was listening to the music charts on the radio, when he looked up at the sun. The dazzling rays momentarily blinded him so that he lost control of the van. The van swerved across the road and came to a halt in the ditch.

Alex slowly descended from the van feeling a relief that he wasn't dead but he was in a state of shock. He felt at first very frightened but soon came to his senses. He looked at the front of the van, it was wrecked, the whole front was caved in.

As Alex was surveying the damage, Martin Smith the Butcher was coming along the road. Martin and Alex were good pals who often spent an evening together playing rugby and enjoying each others company. When he saw Alex he was surprised because Alex had been driving for many years without having any incidents. But there was always a first time for everything ! He stopped and asked what could be done to help. Alex said that if Martin would be able to get a tow-truck that he would be very grateful.

To Alex, the time seemed never-ending. He tried to think positively and decide how he could clear up the mess but it was useless, - his mind was elsewhere, probably still in a state of shock.

When Martin came back about fifteen minutes later with a tow-truck, Alex felt like hugging him, his emotions couldn't be held back. The tow-truck had great difficulty getting the van out of the ditch because it was overgrown with weeds and grasses, but they succeeded eventually.

About a week after the event Alex got his van back. Since Alex still hadn't got over his ordeal he hired an assistant for a week or two just to get over the shock properly. During the first week of his holidays Alex went to see Martin to say thankyou again. When Alex went back to work he told everyone in Queenburn Estate about his ordeal.

# Dulchreichard School

Amy Bisset P.2



A Jolly  
Joke card



Q. What is white on the  
outside, green on the  
inside and hops?

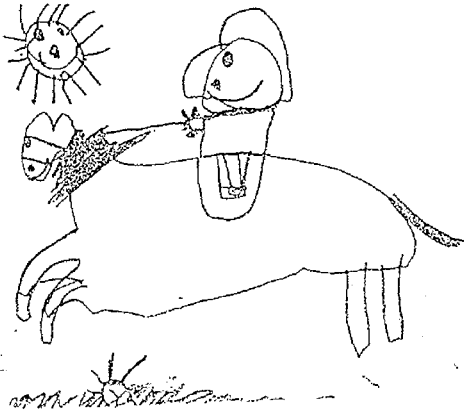
A. A frog sandwich.

by Amy



we went in the  
woods looking for  
seeds.

Cassie McEwan P.1



Isla Bisset P.1

my horse jumped over a  
little jump ✓ © 5.5.93



I am breathing  
fire.

6.5.93

Sarah Turner P.1

# *Dulchreichard School*

My Friend Sophie's Nightmare

by Michelle McLeod P.7

Late last night Sophie was stocking up her fruit and vegetable van in preparation for the next days work. Sophie was an organised kind of person and always needed to be fully prepared. She was beginning to feel tired and didn't want to push herself too far and do herself an injury. All she could think of now was a hot bath, a cup of hot chocolate and bed. She hoped delays would be few and the journey home would be uneventful.

Next morning Sophie went to the store to do her morning round. She had had a good morning so far because everything went according to plan. It was a bright sunny morning and life felt good as Sophie drove to work thinking how sweetly the birds were singing.

She was horrified when she arrived at the store because the front of her fruit and vegetable van looked almost beyond recognition. What could have happened ? At the back of the van was a mess of squashed boxes and fruit and vegetables.

Sophie climbed extremely cautiously into the back of the van. Most of her stock was gone. Sophie just froze and stared and stared.

When she recovered she walked round and round the van. She was so upset she broke down crying. She was crying for a long time. She heard a cruel laugh and then felt something touch her. She spun round. He was wearing a balaclava. He grabbed her. Out of her blurred eyes it looked like he was wearing leather gear. With a hard blow, Sophie dropped to the ground.

Later on I went round to see Sophie because I was worried about her as there was no sign of her, as Sophie is such a predictable person. I found her slumped over broken crates of squashed vegetables. I felt sick. I rushed her to the local hospital. The doctors examined her and she was barely alive. I was utterly stunned as she was my best friend. I couldn't believe it. I had never even thought about something like this happening as it is such a peaceful place.

I stayed with her. She came round later the next afternoon. What relief I felt. If you are wondering what has happened to Sophie she is sitting beside me right now. She is back on her feet again. If she had died I don't know what I would have done.

# Church News

The hardy snowdrops are out already, signalling the approach of warmer weather and spring. What a happy thought ! After the long, dark nights and relatively severe winter it is good to be able to think about gardening and growing things.

In many ways winter is a kind of parable of life - it is the dark, cold bit. (Although I know folk who love the winter which brings with it the cozy feeling of being around the hearth and with the family and TV more than at any other time of the year)

A lot happens during the dark, cold bit. The plants rest and the various plant diseases are set back with the frost - at least so it seems. The dead leaves fall off and decay, producing the necessary nourishment for next year's growth.

The same is true in the unseen realm of our minds and hearts - the hard, dark, cold times can be productive. I am reading a book of poems called *Grace in Winter* by Faith Cook. The poems are based on the prose writings of a man called Samuel Rutherford who was a minister in Anwoth, down in the south of Scotland in the early part of the 17th Century. He said, "I see grace groweth best in winter." To put that in other words, 'I see that God's undeserved help to me grows best in the hard times.'

Christ was at the centre of Rutherford's life and through all the grief and hardship through which he passed Christ became more real and personal. Thus the winters of his life were wonderfully productive. May God help us to see our 'winters' like that too.

Finally, worship service is held on the first Sunday of each month at Dalchreichart School at 3pm and in Drumnadrochit at 10.30am and 6pm each Sunday. There is a creche, Sunday School and Bible Class for all ages running concurrently with the church services. Please come along.

(F. B. Buell, Minister for Urquhart and Glenmoriston)

# *Recipe Page*

## Cooking a Husband

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This unusual recipe was taken from the October issue of MM back in 1978 but originally appeared in the "Scottish Farmer" magazine.

## *Whist Club*

The season ended as is now customary with its usual flourish. Attendance has been really good over this last session with the average being four to five tables. We have been very well catered for up in the hotel and it is lovely and comfortable. Our thanks go to Alan and Betty Draper for their hospitality once again. Alistair MacIntosh was our very capable cardmaster with Jackie and Alf standing in on the odd occasion. It's not an easy task as Alf will testify (What's trump, Alf ?) !!

We managed to raise a very healthy sum due to the increase in numbers so we can donate to both the Childrens Committee and the Senior Citizens as well as giving a donation to the newly formed Crossroads Care Attendants Scheme. We had a huge raffle with well over 30 prizes - too numerous to mention here - but many thanks to all those who donated. I would also like to thank everyone for my card and gift. It was very much appreciated. See you all in October !!

# **Local News**

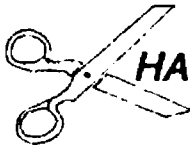
**CONGRATULATIONS** to Glen Grange who passed his driving test back in February at the first attempt.

**GOOD LUCK** to Alan Smart and Heather Williams who are to be married on the 1st May in Inverness.

The Sewing Class is still going strong in Dulchreichard School. For further information please contact Isabel Anthony (40227).

At the end of January the old folks of the Glen were treated to their annual night out at the Glenmoriston Arms Hotel. Approximately 25 of our senior citizens attended and enjoyed a superb dinner. Afterwards they were entertained by a variety of talent. Juliana Smart and the Robertson trio of Neil, Gary and Shona sang a collection of songs. John Grant was on the accordion to accompany the dancing. John Matheson, a comedian from Nairn, had everybody in fits of laughter at his antics. Interspersed amongst all this, they played the usual party games and prize dances and each received a half bottle of whisky. The whole evening was kept swinging along by the fine organisation of those two Masters of Ceremonies, Alistair MacIntosh and Jerry Johnston.

I'm sure that each and every one attending the party would like to give a big thank you to Alistair, Jerry, all the entertainers and the many other helpers, also to Alan Draper for providing such a good meal.



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