

*The Original*

**M**oriston  
**Matters**



*Summer 04*



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

***40p***

# Dear Readers

In April, a group of us (all women of a certain age!), met to discuss future rambles. (Knees, hips etc need exercise regularly.) Our tongues, however, and (we hope to show), our minds are still unfettered and suddenly we were talking about a local newsletter. This part of the Glen .....; that recent event .....; new people .....; children's writing .....; gardening, jokes, puzzles, poems. Ideas began to flow and, before we knew it, we were talking about something familiar: nothing less than the old MM.

We started to mention the idea to others and had some positive, even enthusiastic, responses and decided to go ahead with some form of local news. What it should be called was a bit of a problem. No suggestion (and there were many) seemed just right; we even thought of a poll of the Glen - but that was too much work! Also how was it physically to be produced? One person had the answer to both. David Andrews rejigged the original Moriston Matters format - and suddenly it all fell into place.

Here you have it: the origins of this publication. Its aims are to entertain and to help keep our widespread community in touch - with things, no matter how small, that amuse or affect us and that you, its readers, send in. It does not look back in anger.

For a small community, we have a very broad range of experiences, views and expectations and, to be honest, probably more than its fair share of eccentricity. So lets make capital out of this and produce a magazine, wide-ranging both in its content and its contributors. The "editorial team" that produced this issue recognises its limitations, but hopes it has done enough to inspire many of you to respond to it in "letters to the editor" or with contributions for the next publication. At this stage we feel a bi-annual publication might be all we can manage and are committed to producing one more issue in December this year.

Editorial Team.      Elaine. "Hands On"    Minshull  
                                 Leslie "Look on the Dark Side" Clynes Green  
                                 Sylvia "Who is she?"    Andrews  
                                 Mave "Neighbour from H.....(eaven?)" Ersu  
                                 Margaret "Jack of all trades and M....." Allen

Limericks may not be the highest form of poetry but enjoy the following topical taster and, if the muse flows, send us more from the next issue.

We've opened a bottle of sherry-  
We're feeling decidedly merry:  
Our magazine's been  
In strict quarantine  
With a case of severe beri-beri.

But now it has quitted its bed,  
And returned, as it were, from the dead;  
So please raise your glasses,  
You laddies and lassies



And drink to the good years ahead.

## Let's make Invermoriston "blooming" Beautiful

We live in a beautiful natural environment but, like everything else, we can still make improvements. Fort Augustus and Drumnadrochit seem to have the lion's share of flowers and, try as we might to obtain outside help; this takes a lot of red tape and time. Why not do it ourselves?

A few of us have got together and been guaranteed large planters made from authentic whisky barrels for just £10.00; for personal use it would be £15.00 (The extra £5 would be used towards flowers for the village.) The hotel will be providing tubs and flowers to go under each of the three Invermoriston signs leading into the village but we should be very grateful if someone living near could volunteer to look after them. Would you please let us know if you can.

Just one tub outside each house will make such a difference to both visitors and ourselves. Let us all make Invermoriston a village to be proud of.

Hazel Hammond

# Garden Thoughts.

Hi there Gardeners! (and every one else!)  
Well!! I never could say "No"  
(A trait, which has given me many problems,  
and not a few pleasures!? In my life) so here is my offering of garden  
centred thoughts.

The year has worked its' way round to May  
and I expect many of you are well organised  
"Garden wise". I wish I were! I planted up  
a few of my pots the other day with some tender plants and seedlings.

Rashly, I left them out at night and guess what  
we had a frost!! Brr - Grrr! Fortunately  
the plants survived but the next day they were tucked up in the  
garage. No frost! But they didn't get taken out for two days.  
A case of "out of sight out of mind." I fell these sorts of things wouldn't  
happen to an "expert" gardener.

Nature has provided its' usual stunning  
succession of miracles, and the world is  
looking very beautiful from this part of the glen.  
That is until it gets to my garden fence!!

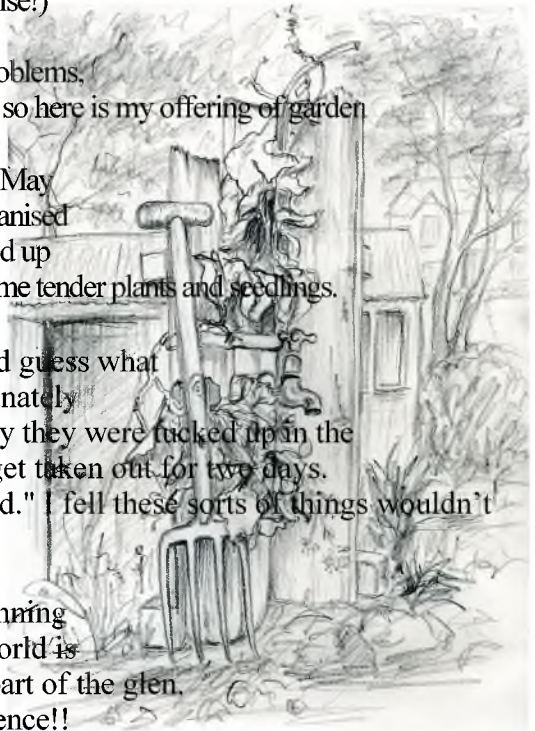
Then Nature seems to get a bit confused. Why grown a lawn in the  
flowerbed? send up flowers in the pathways, grow weeds in the lawn?  
sprinkle ample supplies of slugs around my carefully nurtured babies.  
Why? Why?

I've been enchanted by a parade of snowdrops  
daffodils, primroses, violets, tulips and bluebells  
and I look forward to Grannies bonnets, Hetties pincushions, poppies  
lupins, fuchsias - the list is endless.

This is the wonder of a garden.

My garden tip is to look closely at all flowers in your garden, (including  
the daisies and dandelions in the lawn: and marvel at the intricacies of their  
construction, the variety of colour and delicious perfumes, and give thanks  
that you are lucky to have a garden of your very own.

Sylvia Andrews. (Drawing Mave Ersu)



## **Moriston Movers**

Are you interested in walking? Maybe looking for someone to accompany you? Look no further, come and join the Moriston Movers. We are a group of people who meet on a Tuesday Morning and occasionally at the weekend, chose a walk in the surrounding area and sometimes take lunch with us. (I take lunch every time.)

We try to take account of everyone's fitness level and try to plan in advance.

For further details please ring Elaine on: 01320 351283

e-mail: [minshull@lochness.ws](mailto:minshull@lochness.ws)

### **LITE BITES**

**Morning coffee \* Light lunches \* Afternoon tea  
Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays  
for six weeks between July 6<sup>th</sup> and August 10<sup>th</sup>  
from 10.30 am to 4 pm in the Hall**

**Soup and cakes are made and donated by local people,  
while volunteers man the kitchen, in this one fund-raising annual  
event for Hall funds.**

**Sale of books, bric-a-brac etc will continue throughout; all  
contributions gratefully received**

**Anyone wishing to hold their own sale of goods can hire a table during the  
first week for £5 per day or £10 per week - contact:**

**351254**

**In the weeks of 27-29 July and 10-12 Aug there will be an exhibition  
of photographs by Duncan Poore**

## **More vandalism - or incompetence?**

We have all been saddened by the serious damage done to the summerhouse in Falls Wood. At the time of going to press, it is not known whether the fire which engulfed it was deliberate or not; the Police are investigation. Whatever the outcome is there a mind out there (and some practical skills) to rebuild?

# Hi Kids!

# CHILDRENS

Welcome to your special page. Make this the most exciting part of the magazine, with your stories, ideas, jokes, poems, puzzles and whatever else grabs your imagination.

**Please contact Mave on 351326.**



## **FIREWORK FRENZY**

Mandy Hope blinked as the curling smoke got into her eyes, her best friend, Jody MacGrath cried with delight as a huge firework sent vivid colours screeching across the sky.

Mandy and Jody had come to see the fireworks. Jody loved sea animals and just as much as Mandy loved animals. Mandy looked up at the stars praying that no one had left their pets outside. "Jody... .dd. did you hear that?" asked Mandy as loud as she could.

"Hear what?"

BANG a huge rocket shot up to the stars. Mandy barely heard what Jody had said. She grabbed Jody by the arm. She saw something moving in the field behind the bonfire. It was a colt!

Jody screamed as the colt jolted when a loud bang came from the sky.

Mandy was at the gate trying to calm the colt.

"It's no use, Get in the field with it," yelled Jody.

They both knew if the colt jumped the fence it could get hurt! With both of them in the field the colt ran round and round until Jody grabbed it round the neck. Mandy put her hands softly on the colt and he calmed down a little.

# CORNER

After a while the colt calmed down and Mandy looked about for a stable. At the back of the field was a small dirty box made out of wood for the colt to get in and out. It was so dirty.

"How could someone let it get in such a mess," she shrieked almost in tears but Jody was looking at the muck and said, "Mandy we will have to put him in there. I'll try to clean it out. Jody took an old battered black bucket and filled it with water. She tipped it over the mud so it all came off. Then she got some grass and put it on the floor. Mandy led the colt into the box. Even with the colt in there was room for Mandy and Jody.

"I think we should call him Paddy" Mandy looked at Jody to see if she liked the name. "Yes, Yes I like it very much "

The two girls stayed in the box with Paddy and watched the rest of the fireworks.

**By Catriona Knott**

Children's theatre 28<sup>th</sup> May 04

Blue Boat production.

## "Utter Nonsense"

WOW! A magical tour of imagination, which was great fun from start to finish. The kids were enthralled, shrieking with laughter one minute, feigning fear the next as we journeyed, with hero of course, by boat, which was really a wheelbarrow with sails (don't tell the kids) but our collective imagination convinced us we were afloat.

Along the way the sails transformed into fantastic adventure backdrops where even Mount Everest with its scary monster unfolded before our eyes. From office blocks to bubbles, from borrowed ears, tongues and hypnotic snake eyes, the production had it all. There was not a dull moment and like all good tales there was a happy ending. Great fun and enthusiasm made it a special evening, rounded off with refreshments and a raffle. If you missed it, what a shame!

Leslie Clynes-Green

# Escape from Suburbia

As a relative newcomer to the glen with all the pre-conceptions of a 24 hour city dweller, as in what rural life has to offer i.e. peace, quiet, nothing much to do here except watch the rain. No more watching the Jones's committing financial suicide in a bid to stay in the running, and thus convincing myself that the solitary rural life would give me a chance at long last to hide from the mad crowd, and do all the arty smarty things I have dreamed of doing 'if only I had the time'.

Truth is suburbia with all its IKEA statement must have pieces, looks from this distance calm, serene and mind blowingly quaintessential and almost inviting (only joking).

Nevertheless since moving here and 'getting away from it all' I have been astounded at the petty wrangling, back biting, provocative bullying and violent behaviour (not to mention squatters rights and landlords) than I could have imagined a sleepy Highland community could fester. I am of course referring to the wildlife. From the blood curdling 'roaring' of the stags to the silence of the bats snatching moth take-aways from the electric lit windows. From the buzzards being buzzed by the usual gang of muggers (hooded crows and the like) and the cuckoo about to murder an innocent to the house martins and swallows keen on getting back to re-furbish 'chez nous' to the tiny siskins dining on dandelions. From the newts racing at speed or soaking up the sun (rain permitting) to the terracotta toad, mice and shrews that incidentally can run in and out of the humane traps, tit bit in tow without being captured, to the new kids on the block, yes, the lambs. But the all-consuming issue is as yet the gravest for consideration, the M Word. Mighty Midge or just midge to her closest friends is the most savage adversary one could encounter and although she is last years memory we all know she is ready and waiting with her millions of sisters to attack at any minute.

Ah suburbia how absurd you are I think as I marvel at the meaning of it all and I haven't even touched on the scenery yet.

Leslie Clynes-Green





# CRYPTIC WORD QUIZ

Solve the following clues; then take the first letter of each answer and rearrange to make a famous name. Return the completed page to Mave Ersu and the senders of the first 5 correct solutions, to be drawn from a hat on 31<sup>st</sup> Oct, will receive a free copy of the next issue. Wow, what a prize!

1. Confused swan hesitantly gives response. (6)
2. If you want a herb, add 'em to beads. (8)
3. Choose from gas, electricity and coal. (6)
4. Poet builds toilets. (6)
5. Plot concerned with pop music. (4,6)
6. Eternal colour. (9)
7. Disabled guerilla may give 3 lemons. (3,5,6)
8. Mammal tops and tails lottery. (5)
9. Short day, before long, gets a downpour. (7)
10. Baby bird is getting comfortable. (8)
11. Celebrity hunting. (8,4)
12. Considering a skinny ruler. (8)
13. Songs, we're told, are demented squirms. (9)
14. Land of anger. (7)
15. Stir up neat oil and apply to foot. (7)

Famous name: \_\_\_\_\_

Your name & Tel. ....

## **The Hall "Enconed"**

The Hall Committee would like to offer tributes to the young man (and this is not an ageist or sexist assumption but based on eye witness accounts) whom, in early May, placed a cone on top of the Hall.

The first tribute is for daring - One slip from such a height and the life of the climber might have been changed for ever; the second is for sense of humour —who but the crustiest (or most worried) could have failed to smile at such a form of vandalism? The third is for foolhardiness - one hopes that this form of expression has worked itself out of his system for good; and the fourth is for thoughtless negligence - from that position, a strong wind could have blown the cone down with serious consequences for anyone or anything beneath it.

The Hall Committee would like to thank the person (this time no eye witnesses have come forward), who removed the cone. In doing this, the hall funds were relieved both of the need to spend a three-figure sum to have it removed and the possibility of having to face claims for compensation. It also appears, although fingers are still crossed, that the concrete tiles have remained intact.

Mostly the Committee is relieved that the incident is closed without loss of life or limb and would urge all readers (of whatever age or sex) to resist the temptation to repeat such an escapade.

## **Maggie's Appeal**

Just a few days before this incident, the Hall (and the car park) played host to some 500 walkers and at least the same number from "support teams". Invermoriston was the Bronze Medal finish for an enterprising fund-raiser for cancer charity, "Maggie's", which, over the May Bank Holiday, raised between £300,000 and £400,000 for Raigmore's new cancer care facility.

By and large, the event organisers did a good job but it was frustrating for those who came to serve food between noon and 4 pm (the time we had

been led to expect the bulk of the walkers) only to find the rush didn't start until quarter to four! However, the weather was wonderful, the scenery spectacular and Glenmoriston's hospitality both superb and economically priced. That was the unanimous verdict of all those who commented on or thanked us for opening the Hall to them.

**So, thank you all very much indeed,** to all who planned things, provided baking or came along on the day to help - or play the pipes! Particularly deserving of thanks are Jean Curley and Norman Hill, who managed to collect (or arrange to have delivered) all the food and disposables for the five hundred and also masterminded production on the day. A special thank you also to Nick and Hazel Hammond, at the Hotel, who came to the rescue when one of Jean's suppliers let her down.

Whether they ate in the Hall or had barbecues in the car park, for many of the hundreds who stopped in Invermoriston that day, it was their first visit to the Highlands. I don't think it will be their last - and I suspect Glenmoriston will be on many an itinerary.

## **Feis - and some Blazin' Fiddles**

Feis Ghlinn Albainn is growing in strength, you will be glad to know. Whether you know what it means is another matter but one which this publication will address in its next issue. Suffice it to say that it offers conversational Gaelic and traditional music classes in Fort Augustus and will be hosting a cracking concert on July 8<sup>th</sup> in the Hall. Taking part will be members from Blazin' Fiddles and other top class Highland musicians. For full details, see the posters on every notice board.

## **The Scottish Arts Council.....**

Is again supporting our own PAN productions, which means we can afford to invite professional actors and musicians to the Hall. We are encouraged to see that increasing numbers of Glenmoristonians are trusting us to bring in high standard productions and hope you will continue to take the risk of coming to see what's on offer: -

The Scottish Chamber Orchestra will be bringing its string section in September and Mull Theatre its version of "Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde" in October.

# Welcome

To all the folks who have recently moved into the Glen. Its good to see many of you as you visit the "town centre" the Hotel, the Hall and, of course, the Shops We hope you'll be happy here, enjoying the peace and tranquillity - and being part of the community too.

## Congratulations to: -

The proud parents of the youngest resident of the Glen: Young Argyll Knox weighing in at 71b 14oz on 7<sup>th</sup> May. Well done Caroline and George!

The residents of the newest house in the glen. Betty and Alan Draper moved to their new place beside Hamish and Hector Tom & Jerry on the 29<sup>th</sup> May. We wish them well and hope they're not missing the caravan too much!

We're putting you all on the spot,  
As the Glen needs to know what's what;  
So send us your news,  
Your opinions and views,  
'Cos Moriston Matters a lot!

Contributions to Elaine 351283  
e-mail minshull @lochness.ws