

The Original

Moriston
Matters



No 72



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

2006 Issue 2

50p

EDITORIAL

Dear Readers

Welcome to the latest MMM! That's More Moriston Matters : more contributions (unsolicited) from YOU the readers; more puzzles for YOU to waste (enjoyably) time on; more photos of YOU doing local (and, of course, interesting) things. We've had OUR fun (yes, really), receiving it all and putting it together and now we wish you all a good read and, as always, inspiration to carry on contributing.

Before you start on the meat of the Matters, let me share a piece of undiluted good news. At last, those of you who, for long years now have been creditors of MM, can at last be reimbursed. Well, not reimbursed exactly, but can receive, free of charge the number of copies for which you paid in 1980something. Before leaving the Glen, Ann and Ray Berry handed over the full £418 they had been given by Lesley Common, when they took over from her as Editors.

So, now all you have to do, is make yourselves known to one of the editorial team listed below, provide 2 items of proof of identity, 3 items showing you have been resident in the Glen since 1980something and 4 sworn statements by witnesses to the financial transaction

Only kidding. Just give one of us a ring and we'll see you get your pre-paid edition(s).

Now I think all that remains for me to do is to wish you all happy reading.

MATERNAL GLARE

PS On reflection, perhaps I should mention this mischievous elf , who seems to have taken up residence in the Glen and keeps changing all our names. Could you please help the editors by keeping an eye out for such anagram-ed names and seeing if you can devise a spell for turning them all back again?

Mave	351326	Margaret	351228
Sylvia	340253	Heather	351268

Saint Columba's Well

Fuaran – Choluim – Chille



Saturday 8th April saw the official opening of public access to the well. After a covering of snow in the morning, the afternoon was warm and sunny, which brought a lot of people to the ceremony. We must thank Heather Smart and Sandy Greig for their excellent traffic control.

Iain Duncan, Vice-Chairman of the Glen Moriston Heritage Group, gave a short welcoming speech in which he thanked those who had made this possible, especially Alan Smart for his construction work.

Stuart Archibald cut the ribbon and from the new viewing platform Iain blessed the well in a traditional way, after which all those present were offered a sip of champagne.

Most people came back to the Hall where we had various photographs, past and present, of the Hall and Village. A DVD of the Hall opening in 1999 was shown in the Committee Room.

We hope every one who attended enjoyed the afternoon. We certainly did.

Cherry Duncan, Glen Moriston Heritage Group.

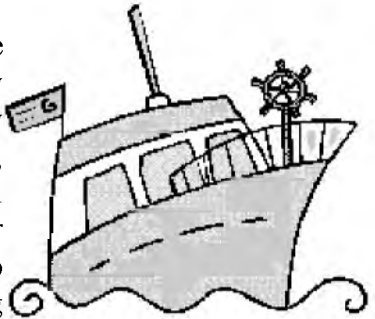
Ménage a Trois Maritime

Part 2 Homeward Bound

Ahoy there! Last time I wrote to you I ended by posing many questions. The most important was “What next”? The two would-be sailors have a boat at one end of Loch Ness and a mooring at the other. How do we unite the two? How do we bring Sea Spray home?

Well, that maritime version of the Good Samaritan stepped in again and on a balmy, sunny, August afternoon we met at Dochgarroch Lock to make ready for what should have been an easy, uneventful, four hour sail to the mooring at Inchnacardoch Bay.

Being the competent sailor that he is, before even thinking about casting off a line, my benefactor started the engine and carefully checked all parts of the boat including sails, lines, halyards, sheets and hull. Throughout all this the engine had been quietly ticking over and just as we were nearing a decision to depart, it stopped. No amount of coaxing would get it started. Next thing, the cover was off, bits and pieces of pipe and lots of widgets were piling up on deck, the fuel tank was emptied into a container and had the consistency of porridge. Water in the fuel tank - now in the carburettor!



Next, the engine is on the quayside “Where are your tools, I need a plug spanner?” “Er...erhmmtools? Erm....I have plenty at home.” The air turned blue with expletives but eventually I did manage to borrow some tools from a fellow mariner on a nearby boat and actually found a brand new spark plug in a locker in the cabin.

Soon all was reassembled but by this time I was quite concerned at what appeared to be some leftovers which had been removed as “rubbish” or “don’t need that”. However, one good pull on the outboard motor and it roared into life sounding very healthy. After a test run we were on our way through Loch Dochfour and into Loch Ness. The trip was uneventful and we were lucky to have a following wind which enabled us to eke out what fuel we had left by turning off the engine and sailing.

Of course, there can always only be one skipper on any boat so I was under orders from my nautical helper who issued periodic reminders to ensure I paid attention to the helm, the sails and the wind. By the time we arrived off Inchnacardoch it was well into dusk and not ideal for picking up a mooring buoy. Courtesy of British Waterways, we moored alongside the pontoons at the entrance to the Caledonian Canal until we were ready to move to Inchnacardoch. More mentally exhausted than physically, I made my way home a happy and contented ancient mariner.

Part 3 "Bucket & Chuck It"

So, full of enthusiasm and flushed with the achievement of bringing the boat home, the next challenge for the would-be sailors was to engender some interest in our respective spouses so that we are not totally reliant on each other when wanting to go for a sail.

With this in mind I broached the subject with my particular prospective crew member who showed quite an interest.

"What's it like inside?" she asks. "Oh, it's really good" I reply. "It's a bit small but there are four settee berths, a two ring gas cooker and a sink. It has an echo sounder, a VHF radio, clock, bilge pump....."

"What about the toilet?" she asks. "Well, erm.....well, there are facilities – it's called a bucket, so you just use *the bucket and chuck it!*"

That was the point at which my wife's interest in sailing aboard *Sea Spray* ended.

Since then, I have discovered that there are things called portaloos to be taken on board which can be obtained at a modest price. Hope lives on in my case but the hopes of my co-owner, to use nautical parlance, have foundered on the rocks of point blank refusal before rounding the first buoy.

I hope you will read my last episode which will describe some of the more humorous (although not at the time!) moments experienced by two aging, would-be sailors trying to understand the rudiments of boat handling.

The Ancient Mariner

Smile! .. Man on call

Watch out Holyrood

It's all being done in the best possible taste. Quietly, some might say almost stealthily, but, to the observant, the evidence is mounting, Dalchreichart is getting a name for itself for highly successful garden parties.

First, there was the barbecue and al fresco dancing at Alan and Sheila's 5 star holiday let. Then there was David and Sylvia's Golden Wedding celebration at their very own des res. (There may have been others. Indeed there almost certainly have been; reporters don't see everything.)

And what have these events had in common, to make them so successful, enjoyable and, in my humble opinion, a serious challenge for HM? Quite simply, the stunning settings, the excellent food, the generous hospitality, the entertainment, the conversation, the guests



Congratulations to Sylvia and David Andrews on their
50 Golden Years.

WHAT ARE SENIORS WORTH?

Did you know that old folk are worth a fortune? Silver in their hair, gold in their teeth, stones in their kidneys, lead in their feet and gas in their stomachs.

I have become a little older since I saw you last. A few changes have come into my life. Frankly I have become a frivolous old girl. I am seeing five gentlemen every day.

As soon as I wake Will Power helps me out of bed, then I visit John. Next it is time for Mr Kellog followed by the refreshing company of Mr Tetley or my other friend I just call by his initials, PG. Then comes someone I do not like, Arthur Ritis. He knows he is not welcome but insists and what is more, he stays for the rest of the day. He does not like to stay in one place at a time. So he takes me from joint to joint. After such a busy day, I am really tired and glad to go to bed with Johnny Walker. What a life! And yes I am flirting with Al Zeimer.

The minister called the other day and said at my age I should be thinking of the hereafter. I told him "Oh, I do, all the time - no matter where I am, in the bedroom, kitchen, sitting room or even in the garden - I stop and ask myselfnow what am I here after."

Betty Common

Pounds, Shillings and Pence

Can you make it add up?



£ s d

A stone			
A bicycle			
A singer			
Part of a monkey's leg			
A man's name			
A kind of pig			
Sun, Moon and Pluto			
A leather worker			
50% of panties			
A royal headdress			
Hit repeatedly			
Unwell sea creature			
	£	32	17 8½

Brenda Ellis

Chimney Sweeps

It was a beautiful hot sunny morning quite unlike most bank holidays. I opened the front door and there, slipped in between the fence to keep the sheep off the flowers and the doorpost, was a cross-looking little object about eight inches high of streaked and speckled feathers with two large eyes and fiercely curved beak. It seemed quite unable or unwilling to leave its cramped quarters, so I picked it up and thought ‘Oh it’s much too young to be out of the nest and I can’t possibly look after it’. A phone call, and a friendly conversation with the harassed SSPCA man who appeared to have all the north of Scotland to deal with, convinced me that I would have to try. ‘Leaving them near their parents is much the best for them’ were his words. So, out came the forceps, on came the thick gloves, and the frozen chicken livers were de-frosted. Previous experience of two years earlier had taught us that knocking the forceps against the beak makes the baby open its mouth and, with luck, you get a morsel of liver in before the beak is clamped shut again. Then a cosy and partially protected perch was found in the woodshed and owlet was left on his own. To our delight, we heard the parent Tawny Owls coming round as darkness fell and, in the morning, the remains of a mouse showed that rations had appeared. It was amazing the changed appearance of the baby. Yesterday, hardly a wing feather showing; today they were nearly an inch long. Owlet had several visitors over the next few days, and all admired how his feathers grew and how much more active he was, pulling himself up with his beak and claws, and even beginning to flap his wings when he sat on my gloved hand—conjuring up pictures of Middle Eastern hawking parties—a bit remote from Glenmoriston.



One evening, having just got

him settled in his woodshed, awaiting a nightly call from mother or father, we went back into the sitting-room and there on the back of an arm chair was yet another and much darker owl—a little bigger and definitely much darker. This one seemed a little dazed and didn't respond so readily to chicken liver on the forceps. I found I was distinctly black where I had been holding the baby; and then it dawned on us 'He had come down the chimney'. Poor creature, he wasn't hungry; his mouth was full of soot! We washed his face and wiped his feathers as best we could without getting him too wet and rather nervously placed him in the wood shed—not too close to his brother—and left them. Next morning there they were huddled up to one another, as close and cosy as could be. Mouse remains indicated that the canteen had been open in the night and all seemed well. That is until greater strength and sense of adventure sent them flapping and scrabbling out on to the road and in danger from passing vehicles; so we moved them to the old plum tree in the garden where they sat side by side on a lichen-covered branch, almost invisible—their mottled feathers blending seamlessly with the tree.

We went on feeding them for a day or two but it became increasingly hard to find them; they were always there, but so well camouflaged. Then one evening they decided to fly-glide on to the lawn where they were horribly conspicuous. I tried moving them to a better place but, when I became aware that mother was watching my every move and finally began to fly very, very low and close, I gave up. So I never saw how she encouraged them off the ground and over the fence to the wild outside. We heard them around for several nights, and then the whole family appeared to leave to lead a more normal life. We had our chimney swept—not very efficiently; there was no bag to trap the soot as it fell and it was weeks before the last traces were cleaned away. Next time we will add our name to the list in the shop and await the chimney sweep.

Judy Poore

Stop press

A new Scotbus service, 317B, from Fort Augustus to Inverness, will be starting on July 31st.

The first bus in the morning will leave Invermoriston at 07 45 am and arrive in Inverness (Queensgate) at 08 35am and Inverness College at 08

Invermoriston

- I** is for Inverness-shire, where you will find us.
N is for Noisy, which this place is not.
V is for Visitors, all are welcome.
E is for Entertainment, at the Millennium Hall.
R is for Restaurants, friendly and inviting.
M is for Moriston, the river near by.
O is for Open spaces, of country-side.
R is for Riverside park, a place for kids to play.
I is for Inchnacardoch bay, with the only island on Loch Ness.
S is for Summer, when the flowers bloom.
T is for Travellers, who often stop by.
O is for Observe, our natural wildlife.
N is for Next year, we hope you'll come back.

By Josie Wyatt and Catriona Knott

*An alien sends a postcard home
A clue :- it is an every day object.
(See if your parents can get it :-)
Caxton's mechanical bird has many wings and is
treasured for its markings.
They cause the eyes to melt and the body to shriek
without pain.
I've never seen them fly but sometimes they perch
on my hand
Find out the answer in the next Moriston Matters!
(I bet your parents didn't get it!)*

Here's a puzzle that will get your brain in a muddle!
 When I am young I am tall,
 When I am old I am short,
 I am alive when I glow,
 My foe is man's blow!
 I am a _____ !

1. At a fork in the road. 2. Don't worry I've got you covered. 3. Drop him a line . 4. A Teapot. 5. In the dictionary. 6. A post office. 7. Yum Yum. 8. None of them, it wasn't raining.

By Josie Wyatt and Catriona Knott

1. Where do lorry drivers eat?
2. What did the blanket say to the bed?
3. How do you communicate with the Loch Ness Monster at 20,000 fathoms?
4. What starts with a T, ends with a T, and is full of T?
5. When does a cart come before a horse?
6. What starts with a P, ends with an E and has 1 million letters in it?
7. What did the monster say when he saw snow white and the 7 dwarfs?
8. Three people were standing under an umbrella... Which one got wet?

HA HA JOKES

Scottish Dancing

Scottish dance classes are held at the Millennium Hall every Wednesday night at 7.30 p.m. under the benevolent watchful gaze of Margaret Hill the dance teacher, she has many years of experience and still loves to dance herself. We at the class hold her in great esteem and like to think of her as our Saint Margaret, each week she stands silently smiling through clenched teeth as she watches our abysmal efforts which once again drag her beloved Scottish Dancing to the level of a farce and each week she patiently once again shows us how the dance should be performed, with grace, with poise and with Norman her husband but unfortunately for Margaret, sorry Saint Margaret, the class does not have poise or grace but unfortunately it does have Norman (sorry Norman).



But what the class lacks in the poise and grace department it more than makes up for in its lack of dancing ability (no sorry that should read keenness!) most of the class don't know right from left never mind their up and their down, half the class can dance but can't due to injury, while the other thinks it can when it can't. But for me the best section and my personal favourite are the ones suffering from some form of dementia (god knows how they find their way to class every week, perhaps they are just put away in the cupboard!) The music starts, the mind goes blank and the legs panic as they know it's them that has to move first. I love to see their desperate faces as they pass me bewildered in the dance and like to a drowning man I stick my hand out, just to add to the confusion.

Anyway, being the best dancer in the group Margaret often turns to me for advice or to demonstrate some very difficult dance step to the rest of the class. As for advice I've told her "Ditch Popeye, and run away to the Mod, live the dream girl". People in the class also look to me to explain Margarets complicated dance routines, this is where my ballet background comes in but I think I lose them when I go on to explain how I draw heavily on my dysfunctional childhood to express myself through the media of the dance.

Two other dancers deserve special mention, my two understudies, Doreen and Mary (who ably fill the yawning gap when I'm away lecturing on Scottish Dancing techniques) Doreen was classically trained at the Sorebum, whereas we all know Mary was Miss Scottish Dancing 1962-68 and in the same as you can

tell a good actor in that you don't see him acting, these two are the same in dancing, they dance and you don't realise they are dancing, even the music doesn't give it away.

So to close, don't sit bored at home on a Wednesday night come and join us here at the hall. The classes are fun and are a great way of keeping fit and meeting new people, you don't need talent or dancing ability no one else has, all you need is a good sense of humour and the ability to laugh at yourself.

Vincent Clynes-Green

Cryptic Word Quiz

1. Container vehicle approaches ramp (9).....
2. Roy cut to pieces gets furious reaction (6).....
3. Mother has female complaint (6).....
4. Fruit drink with very soft ingredient (5).....
5. Bird which turns up in another one's nest (5).....
6. Royal Mail finds resistance (4).....
7. Virtue for beginners (7).....
8. How to get your own back—if you're given a distorted tuber, iron it (11).....
9. No blemish—get the prize! (5).....
10. Ideas which are poles apart, but hold water, we hear (7).....
11. Once again send for instrument, omitting one key (7).....

Now scramble the initial letters of your answers to find the name of a famous Scottish geographical landmark. (7,4) _ _ _ _ _

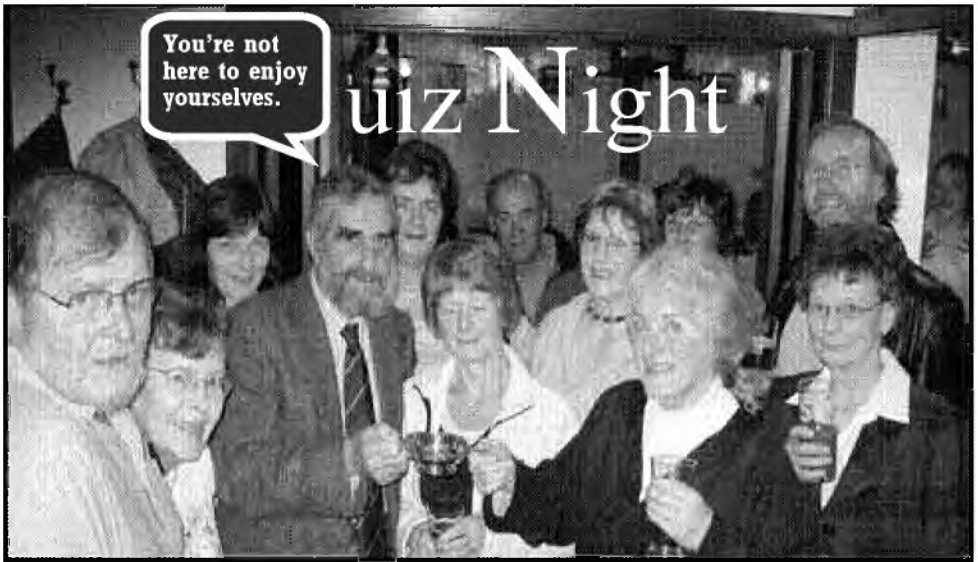
Answers to Mave Ersu, Am Fairdean, Invermoriston, IV63 7YA. by 31st July 2006.

Solution to last edition's word quiz.

HAGGIS NEEPS AND TATTIES

1 Allegro. 2 Arrow. 3 Atlantic. 4 Dynasty. 5 Examination. 6 Elope.
7 Espied. 8 Giblets. 9 Garbage. 10 Heaven. 11 Intent. 12 Imminent.
13 Number. 14 Noticed. 15 Product. 16 Signature. 17 Surface.
18 Scotland Yard. 19 Tiger. 20 Toulouse. 21 Traffic.

Go back to page 6 and ... **View randy lass**



April 30th 2006 - the end of an era.

After more than a decade as Glen Quizmaster Supérieur, (Mave says: note the accent, Derek, that means you have to say “su-pay-ree-ur”), Derek MacFarland has decided to call it a day, take a last sip from the quaiich, hang up his abacus.

Derek, who has always known exactly when to to be Sergeant Major and when to puff reflectively on his pipe; Derek, who was always ready to trade banter for craic and quip for correction of some of the more unpronounceable names he was faced with (Do you remember the section on wine, Derek, when the question was about “Val de Penas”?); Derek, who surely made quiz night the enjoyable and entertaining event it was and kept teams coming back for more, (even when the winning score was less than 50!); Derek will be sorely missed by SFA, by the Norfolk Dumplings, by the Dalcats, by Riverside, by the Hotel folk and by everyone who ever took part in that silly but addictive activity, pub quizzing, and we all want to say: THANK YOU.

(The above-mentioned teams will be facing serious withdrawal symptoms next Winter, unless someone? Any chance?)

Come to the quiz and meet.....**A keg angel**

ALPHAPUZZLE

EACH number in the alphapuzzle grid represents a different letter of the alphabet. Solve this cryptic clue:- Pie crust cinema. (6,8) and put the answer in the first row of the grid, the shaded area . Now use those letters and your knowledge of words to fill the rest of the grid.

26		12		17				19		20		10		25
22	18	6	6	21	4		10	19	23	12	21	26	23	10
2		18		7				17		3		19		2
10	18	10	5	10	2		19	10	26	19	20	6	3	10
23		2		3		26	2	9		23		2		19
12	2	25	20	10	19		10		12					
25		10		9	10	24	10	2	25	10		9		3
					13		1		10	2	23	12	3	10
26		18		21		19	10	8		14		19		5
7	6	17	15	17	10	23	19		23	6	2	22	17	10
6		13		3		26				4		17		3
26	7	17	2	9	26	2	23		18	12	21	12	23	19
3		3		10		1				2		19		10
9	26	4	7	3	10	26	11		26	22	3	10	10	9

1	14
2	15
3	16
4	17
5	18
6	19
7	20
8	21
9	22
10	23
11	24
12	25
13	26

Send your completed puzzle to Alan Smart, Halfpenny Cottage, Invermoriston by 31st. July 2006.

A box of chocolates for the first correct entry drawn after this date.

No completely correct entries were received for the last edition's puzzle.

The solution is given below.

Across: 1 dragon. 4 pervaded. 11 engrave. 12 numb. 13 gadgeteers.

15&10 tongue twister. 16 ascribe. 20&7Down Francis Drake.

21&31 narrow minded. 24 high season. 26 next. 28 idolise. 29 absinth.

30 tollgate.

Down: 1 detonate. 2 Asia Minor. 3 outs. 5 energise. 6 vegetarian. 8 dressy



9&31Across broad minded. 14 burnishing. 17 burgeoned. 18 ligament.

19 twitched. 22 theist. 23 logan. 25 ghou. 27 Asti.

A Tale of Two Pianos

The two pianos in this true story are both distinguished elderly gentlemen, each still in good voice & physical condition, considering the indignities which they have suffered in recent times. Mr Ritmüller is an iron-framed upright aged about 100; Mr Neumeyer is a boudoir grand of 90 or so. Both, as their names would imply, hail from the native land of the great Ludwig van Beethoven, though Mr N claims Russian ancestry.

As a result of negotiations on the part of certain residents of Glenmoriston, Mr N was destined to take up residence in a new home, to replace Mr R, who had been promised to a lady in Wiltshire, great-granddaughter of his original owner. A civilised arrangement, one would suppose. And so the saga begins.

	<p>Dramatis personae: MrR. MrN. Mr & MrsA. MrsE. MrsF. 1stRemovers. 2nd Removers. 3rd Removers.</p>	
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Act I (21st July)

Enter 1st Removers. Mr & Mrs A have arranged for Mr N to be collected at 3 p.m., but the Removers phone at 7.30 a.m. to say that it is more convenient for them to come in the morning. They also phone Mrs E (who is still in bed & looking forward to a 4 p.m. delivery), with the news that they will be arriving at 10.30. The Removers show up on Mr & Mrs A's doorstep at 8 a.m., & the couple, still a little sleepy, prepare to bid Mr N a fond farewell. But, needless to say, it's not as easy as that. Mr N's legs are unceremoniously removed (however, he refuses to part with the third one without an undignified struggle). The next problem is to get him out of the front door. The Removers ask: "How did he get in through this door in the first place?" Mr A replies: "It wasn't there when we moved in - we had an extension built later." Okay, remove the door - blimey, what a squeeze - & eventually Mr N is persuaded to exit his beloved home without injury to himself or the house. After securing him in the van, the Removers drive him ten miles down the Glen to his new home - that's the easy part.

They don't meet with much of a reception on arrival at Mrs E's house at 9.45. She's up, but only just, & neither she, the cat nor the birds have had breakfast. Still, she puts on a brave face & operation no. 2 begins. With the manoeuvre of a rather deft 3-point turn Mr N is brought in (on his side) through the front door & into the sitting room, followed by his legs, reassembled (they seem to know what they are doing this time), & set up in a commanding position in the middle of the room. It has to be said that he brings with him an air of grandeur, especially with the lid up in full concert mode - but one wonders whether he will ever be called upon to give a concert....

Exeunt 1st Removers. End of Act I

Act II. Considering that this is by far the longest act of the drama, not a lot happens. The two large old gentlemen settle down to share a rather small house for the best part of six months. To give her her due, Mrs E makes a point of practising on them alternately, so that neither should suffer feelings of neglect (or jealousy). Sadly, although domiciled under the same roof, our two heroes are destined never to meet, as Mr N could never have been squeezed into the room occupied by Mr R. Neither is there a possibility of their being able to sing in harmony, as Mr R is tuned a 1/4 tone lower than Mr N, & any unnecessary tweaking would be most unwise for either of them at their time of life. This lengthy period of suspended animation is punctuated by long, expensive & unproductive telephone conversations between Mrs E, Mrs F & the 2nd Removers, who get the two ladies hopelessly confused & keep sending correspondence to the wrong name & address, or the right name & the wrong address, or the wrong name & the right address, culminating in a hefty invoice being received with some irritation by Mrs E, who is the dispatcher, not the recipient, & has no intention of concerning herself with the financial side of things. Christmas comes & goes, & still no progress is made; then finally a collection date is agreed for 10th January.

End of Act II. (The end of the saga is in sight, we hope....)

To be concluded in the next edition.

Lurking aspects

Garden Thoughts

Most of my garden thoughts, since the last issue, have been negative. When will it stop raining, snowing, freezing so that I can get out there? Well we have had a few good days and after a long wait the daffodils and primroses flowered and the garden came alive.

I was tempted out to do some tidying. But! then came a severe case of vandalism. Horror of horrors, nearly all the primroses on my rockery were brutally beheaded, the severed remains were left scattered carelessly about. Wanton destruction by feathered louts, and to think I feed them daily!! I've never actually witnessed this heinous act taking place, can anyone enlighten me as to the culprits?

The joyful side to birds in the garden is nests. How lovely to have your very own bird family growing up in your garden. We have a blackbird nesting in a conifer. The nest is quite low down and was first spotted by our dog Polly. She sat for long periods, with her nose as near as she could manage, watching intently. Polly is not noted for her brain power, but she was obviously, at the age of 11, remembering that she was a setter. The tree and the nest are now securely fenced off. Mother and babies (4) are doing well. Father appears to be helping out with the feeding and I cautiously peek in once a day to tell them how beautiful they are. Yet another good reason for a garden.

Sylvia Andrews



HALF BAKED

On Thursday 11th. May Paul, Sue, Harry and Brenda at Glenmoriston Stores celebrated a new line in classy breads and pastries by inviting customers to sample their varied selection of freshly baked hot pies and savouries - Mmm, simply delicious!

Spring Clean Sunday 21st May 2006

Congratulations and many thanks to all those who participated in the recent village spring clean, with a special thanks going to young Stuart Archibald who had noticed that the village was looking a bit messy and suggested doing something about it. Thanks also to Tricia Archibald and Claire Levings for helping Stuart to organise the day. It was really pleasing to see so many people turn out to help and “do their bit”.

Litter was picked up, bagged, then taken to pick up point for removal. Shrubs were cut back in the shrubbery area in front of the hall, cut back at the edge of footpaths, and in front of road signs. Grass verges were cut back on the inside of the pavements, then pavements were swept. Areas were trimmed beside the phone box and bus stop. The road bridge was cleaned up, and flower tubs re-planted.

A lunch-time barbeque for the volunteers helped to raise funds towards planting flowers for the village.

“Finds” included a “Caution Runners” sign, a roll of carpet underlay, a car exhaust, & the usual plethora of cans, bottles, and plastic wrappings. However one particularly valuable commodity was unearthed – that of **“COMMUNITY SPIRIT”**.

Future events are also planned – look out for the Posters!

Unexpected Rescue

As the exhausted volunteers were packing up their shovels, brooms, & barrows, a car drew up alongside asking if they were locals and had any rope. There was someone stuck in the gorge down at the falls. Willie Archibald headed up to the house to fetch some rope whilst the rest of the gang headed down to the falls to “assess the situation”. The “tourist” had clambered down from the middle of the old bridge onto the island, and had then fallen over the edge into the river, a drop of about 20 feet. Luckily he had fallen into a deep pool of water and had managed to scramble onto a ledge but his friends were unable to reach him. Willie tied the rope off round a tree & dropped it down to the chap, then more or less single handedly pulled him up to safety. One very soggy, very grateful, and extremely lucky young man!

Hall News

**New Childrens Dance Classes, by Donna Young
Disco Dancing, Cheerleading, Rock & Roll, Slow Dance**

**On every Thursday evening until the end of June, then re-starting
after the school holidays on Thursday 10th August 2006.**

3 - 8 yrs 5.30 – 7.00p.m.

9 + yrs 7.00 – 8.30p.m.

Forthcoming Events

**Danny Alexander & John Farquhar Munro, : Friday 9th June 2006
MP & MSP Surgery**

Altitude Clothing Sale : Monday 19th – Friday 23rd June 2006

**Lite Bites : Tuesday, Wednesday, & Thursdays, from Tuesday 11th July
for six weeks**

Talk on Bats by Katy Martin : Friday 15th September 2006

Craft Fayre : Saturday 11th November 2006

St Andrew's Night "Ceilidh" : Saturday 25th November 2006

Salvation Army Carol Concert : Wednesday 13th December 2006

Contacts :

Secretary	C. Duncan	351230	Treasurer	P. Ungless	351353
Caretaker	E. Levings	351254	GLEN	C. Levings	351254
Badminton	H. Smart	351268	Bowls	B. Draper	351313
Over 60's	A. Draper	351313	Dalchreichart	P. Haynes	340227
Minute Sec.	P. Tate	351379	Member	T. Archibald	

Other groups :

Indoor Carpet Bowls, 1st & 2nd Mondays of the month in June, July, & September, 2—4p.m. Not on during August.

Badminton re-starts early September, Tuesdays, 8—10p.m.

Scottish Country Dancing re-starts Wednesday 13th September, 7.30—9.30p.m.