

*The Original*  
**M**oriston  
**Matters**



*No 73*



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

***2006 Issue 3***

***50p***

## Editorial

A warm welcome to all our readers of this Autumn issue of Moriston Matters. It seems no time since we were preparing the June edition. Since then we have once again had a very successful Lite Bites season, followed by a most interesting Bat evening and a memorable Fun Day in September, all of which were well attended by you, the residents of the Glen.

In this issue you will find the concluding episodes of two serial stories, as well as a rather spine-chilling tale well-timed for Hallowe'entide and some fun pages for the kids, thanks to our enthusiastic children's editor, Catriona Knott. Glen history also finds a place in the following pages. And much more..... By the way, the rather bizarre words and phrases at the foot of some pages are all anagrams of names of people and places which should be familiar to many of you. See how many you can unravel!

We extend our thanks to all our contributors (though we are keen to receive still more input from you, our readers). And remember that your letters, comments and suggestions are always eagerly anticipated by our team.

We would like to welcome all newcomers to the Glen, hoping that you too will read our little magazine and possibly consider contributing to it.

Forthcoming events include a Fair Trade Event on the 28<sup>th</sup> October, the Craft Fayre on 11<sup>th</sup> November and the St Andrews Night celebration on 25<sup>th</sup> November. We hope to see many of you at these events, and as this is the last edition before Christmas we wish you all a very happy festive season.

EMU'S RAVE.

If you have any contributions to make to our next edition, please contact any of the editorial team.

Mave	351326	Margaret	351228
Sylvia	340253	Heather	351268

## Obituary

All who knew Mike Allen were saddened and shocked by his sudden and untimely death in June of this year. He was a warm, cheerful person and a very valuable member of our community. He is greatly missed and we extend our heartfelt sympathy to Margaret and all the family.

## Thank You Matthew

Matthew Douglas has hung up his stethoscope for the last time and officially retired on 23<sup>rd</sup> of September 2006, after 29 years service to the community, covering an area from Cluanie to Drumnadrochit and south to Letterfinlay. Matthew took on the ambulance as a contractor in 1976, working twenty four hours a day seven days a week, with only a few days off each year.



From left to right. Simon, Matthew, Matthieu, Kirsteen, Neil

The ambulance was adopted into the service in 1989, when two full time posts were created. Although two staff were employed full time, it still involved a lot of single manning. Thankfully this is no longer a major issue. Matthew has seen many changes to the way the service has been provided throughout the years - be it the job at hand or the equipment now available.

The caring attitude and loyalty to the service is a credit to Matthew. We hope you and Ann have a long and happy retirement, and that you will be able to fit a holiday in between those jobs still pending. RETIRE!!

Matthieu Curley

# Ménage a Trois Maritime

## Part 3 From nervous novices to competent crew

Driving from Invermoriston to Fort Augustus on the A82 in late September, as I take the bend before Rubha Ban adjacent to the Old Pier, I am dazzled by the Autumn sun flashing on the calm, placid waters of Loch Ness. Caley cruisers in miniature are silhouetted in black against the brilliance and the distant hills on the south side of the loch beside the Glendoe Estate are just visible through a blue-grey haze. Further on, I pass Inchnacardoch Bay and see Sea Spray riding comfortably on her mooring in a flat calm and begin to wonder whether all those moments of trepidation experienced during our quest to become competent sailors really happened.

Then I remember that Loch Ness can realistically be described as an inland sea. Albeit quite narrow, it is 24 miles long. When the wind is strong N'Easterly, by the time it gets to Fort Augustus, substantial breaking swells build up and the surrounding hills cause frequent, unexpected squalls. Not ideal conditions for any small boat sailors, never mind a couple of novices.

It was on such a day we set out from Inchnacardoch Bay on one of our earlier voyages to test out our little boat, our skills and our nerve. We had, by then, learned how to raise the mainsail as well as unfurl the genoa (foresail). So with full sail on we headed towards the far shore and only when we were in line with the entrance to the canal did we feel the full force of the wind and swell building up from the East. We persevered, heading as near into the wind as Sea Spray would allow, making little headway, tacked somehow and sailed in the opposite direction until it became obvious that we needed to turn again. By this time we realised that these conditions were not for beginners and we should head home. But how?

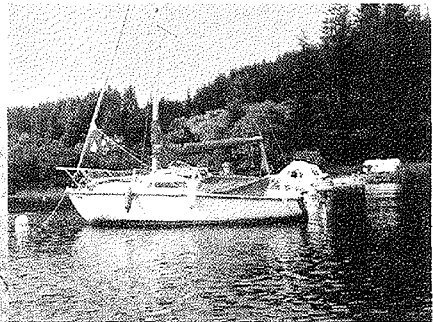
This was the point at which we tried our first gybe (the opposite to a tack) and having got ourselves round safely and pointing in the right direction, our inexperience showed, the helmsman pushed the tiller in the wrong direction and the boat heeled over onto her beam with sails, sheets, ropes flailing and flapping and the two man crew rolling about on the cockpit

floor! As we gradually restored order and the boat came onto an even keel, that well-worn expression used by many writers “.....and the blood drained from his face...” came to mind and we can verify that it does actually happen!

Later, safely back on shore, we discussed our situation and agreed two things. First, that we now knew much more about our wee boat, that she had not let us down and no matter how many mistakes we might make, she would look after us, secondly; that we needed to have an experienced sailor come out with us to show us the error of our ways.

Once again, the local community produced a kind, tolerant and expert teacher. In one afternoon we learned enough to give us the confidence to take on any conditions the local weather can throw at us without the former stress and frustration and we have since taken full advantage of that. If you are driving the A82 any Thursday afternoon and see a battered looking small yacht with shabby sails that look as though they could do with a spell in a washing machine, sailing briskly across the loch, that’s us!

Next year we hope to take Sea Spray further afield. Through the Caley Canal to the West coast perhaps or even as far as Inverness! One thing is for sure, whatever the future holds for our respective sailing experiences, our diminutive, shapely, 25-year-old, with all her parts in the right place and in working order, will always have a special place in the hearts of two ageing would-be sailor boys!



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## I fear Bruin

## GLE.N. FUNDAY

The aim of the FUNDAY was a day where adults could be children and children could be themselves and on the 17<sup>th</sup> September that is exactly what happened. The day began with a walk along the Great Glen Way from Altsigh to Invermoriston with a quiz to keep everyone alert! Once back at the hall there was a mouth-watering Bar-B-Q and a lot of fun and laughter as people tried their hand at the various amusing side shows; we had a very fetching 'Aunt Sally' who did eventually get rather wet! In fact water was quite a feature of the day, but if you weren't there.....The launch of the 300 balloons was quite spectacular. Thanks to everyone who contributed to make this event a day to remember and maybe repeat? The day made an overall profit of £100 which has been donated to the James Wilson Chair Fund.



The winning balloon race ticket was returned by Chris Ross of Altnabreac, Halkirk, Caithness. A distance of almost exactly 100miles in a straight line. Three other tickets were received from Errogie, Daviot, and Inverarnie. The lucky Star Prize ticket was purchased by Kenneth Simpson of Aberdeen.

The next GLEN event for your diaries is the Craft Fayre on the 11<sup>th</sup> November from 10 a.m. - 4 p.m. Any crafters wishing to book a table please ring Clare on 351254. This is then followed by a St. Andrews night on the 25<sup>th</sup> November, music by the Worthies; there will be a buffet. Tickets £10

## Bats in The Glen

On Friday 15<sup>th</sup> September, the Glenmoriston Heritage Group held a talk about bats in the Millennium Hall. Katy Martin from the Great Glen Ranger Service came to talk to us. I went with Ruaridh, mum and dad to listen as we have bats at our house. There were so many people that they had to get extra seats into the room.

Katy gave a slide show about all the different types of bats and how they live in the wild. In our area we mostly have brown long-eared bats, pipistrelles and daubentons.

Then we went outside to listen for bats on bat detectors. The detectors are tuned to various frequencies, which can pick up the sounds. Bats' sounds are so high-pitched that we cannot hear them.

Outside it was a chilly night with very few midges, bats' favourite food, however we carried on with our detectors and walked alongside the river. One or two of us managed to hear a few bats and were able to make out the different sounds emitted from the detectors.

We had great fun walking in the dark, with our torches, listening out for bats. On the way back there was a rush of activity as lots of bats were swooping along the river. We even managed to see a few!

It was a really interesting night and I hope everyone enjoyed it as much as me.

Catriona Knott

### Firewood

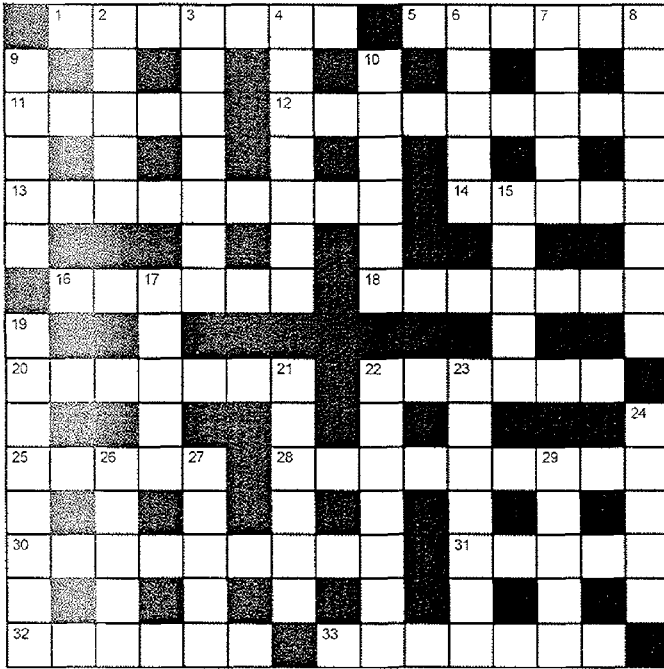
Beechwood fires are bright and clear  
If the logs are kept a year  
Chestnut only good they say  
If for long it's laid away  
Make a fire of elder tree  
Death within your house will be  
But ash new or ash old  
Is fit for a Queen with a crown of gold

Birch and Fir logs burn too fast  
Blaze up bright and do not last  
It is by the Irish said  
Hawthorn bakes the sweetest bread  
Elmwood burns like churchyard mould  
Even the very flames are cold  
But ash green or ash brown  
Is fit for a Queen with a golden crown



Poplar gives a bitter smoke  
Fills your eyes and makes you choke  
Apple wood will scent your room  
With an incense-like perfume  
Oaken logs, if dry and old  
Keep away the winters cold  
But ash wet or ash dry  
A king shall warm his slippers by.

# CRYPTIC CROSSWORD



## Across

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1. The sort of place where one coming first is tenth! (7)</p> <p>5. Only known animals, perhaps initial species? (6)</p> <p>11. Elgar's Pompous and Circumstantial. (5)</p> <p>12. Underlying one kilo less of the Spanish cheese. (9)</p> <p>13. Is thicker mixture gooier? (9)</p> <p>14. Drank habitually? ...Knocked it back until it was terminal! (5)</p> <p>16. Touchy about being friendly (6)</p> <p>18. English translation gives "bob" (7)</p> | <p>20. The model with the right height and weight. (7)</p> <p>22. Confess to having a quiet break. (6)</p> <p>25. Plant that comes up in wintertime. (5)</p> <p>28. Hear! Hear! About back to back by and by. (9)</p> <p>30. Completely over the top about the crew having a share. (9)</p> <p>31. Faithful old bill (5)</p> <p>32. Put the players in one by one. (6)</p> <p>33. W.Hartnell, P.Troughton.....<br/>.....D.Tennant. (4,3)</p> |
|--|--|



## Down

2. Two coxed four, men only, crew. (5)
  3. 49+51, 100 and it isn't right! (7)
  4. Facility available at any time. (7)
  6. Naked massage. (5)
  7. Bed down? (3,2)
  8. Say quickly, by association say. (8)
  9. Rail gradient after a hundred..... (5)
  10. .... thousand trees uprooted go to these lengths. (6)
  15. A drunken nuisance is filled with melancholy. (5)
  17. Loose woman is topped. (5)
  19. How to say, "Heave-Ho! Me hearties"? (8)
  21. E .. E .. E .. E .. E .. E = (6)
  22. Draw a bird. (7)
  23. Books and those who use them. (7)
  24. A ridge of fair weather, regularly forecast. (5)
  26. Sounds as if one has cultivated a Spanish accent. (5)
  27. Early development of the Third World. (5)
  29. Tutor, who might have said "Heave-Ho! Me hearties". (5)
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Send your completed crossword, before 31st. December 2006, to  
A. Smart, Halfpenny Cottage, Invermoriston, IV63 7YA.  
A prize will be awarded to the first correct entry drawn after this date.

Answer to last edition's Alphapuzzle.

Across.

moving pictures-gloomy-estimate-eleven-seashore-and-inches-defence-entire-sew-bouquets-tongue-abundant-limits-daybreak-agreed.

Down.

magnetic-violence-numbered-issued-thirst-reason-scenes-sneezes-sex-ice-enjoyed-disguised-reversed-aboard-luxury-murder-stanza.

Winner is David Andrews, Dalchreichart.

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Answer to last edition's Cryptic Word Quiz.

1. cartridge 2. outcry 3. malady 4. apple 5. heron 6. ohms 7. novices  
8. retribution 9. oscar 10. notions 11. reorder.

Famous landmark is RANNOCH MOOR.

Winner is Patrick Ungless, Dalcattaig.

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## Longer sliver

## The Adventures of Miss Williams

A tall, dark-haired mysterious man was checking a large book. He turned in time to see a well-dressed woman sling a leather bag over a bony shoulder. He followed her to the door.

'Nice bag miss, new?'

'Yes!' she said, 'Real leather you know.'

'Yes I do know. Just like the ones on sale over there.' He pointed a long finger at a rack of bags.

'Where's this going?' she asked, a frown forming on her face.

'Going to court if that's what you mean.' The man stepped closer and took hold of her arm, she struggled but his grip was like steel.

'Let go! This is my bag!' She was near boiling point.

'May I see the receipt?' he questioned.

'No! I mean I threw it out, why should I keep it?' she stammered. 'In case this happens!' came his quick reply.

'Look, ask my mother, the shop keepers. I didn't steal this bag! I've never shoplifted in my life! Please, I'm late!'

'Let's check the cameras.' He pulled her into a small, dark room, full of buttons and screens. He pushed some buttons and sat at the back, watching the screen in the middle. It wasn't long before she came on screen. He watched Miss Williams blow her nose and put the tissue into a coat pocket.

'Er, I was going to buy that coat....' He fast forwarded the tape till he saw her drop the bag under a rack of clothes.

'See, I never took it!'

'Sorry I thought..... I was just doing my job.'

'Yeah you should be. You shouldn't be jumping to conclusions like that. I mean it's not even the same bag....'

Catriona Knott



# Halloween Jokes



What do you get when you cross a vampire and a snowman?.....stidto7 F  
 Do zombies eat popcorn with their fingers?.....z79gnit nistt tas ysdh .oN  
 .y lstr0q92

What do you call someone who puts poison  
 in a person's corn flakes?.....rllilx losrs A  
 What kind of streets do zombies like the best?.....z7bns b09d  
 (You can read the answers in a mirror, if you have a reflection!!)

Five little pumpkins sitting on a gate,  
 The first one said,  
 "Oh my, it's getting late."  
 The second one said,  
 "But we don't care."  
 The third one said,  
 "I see witches in the air."  
 The fourth one said,  
 "Let's run, and run, and run."  
 The fifth one said,  
 "Get ready for some fun."  
 Then whoosh went the wind,  
 and out went the lights,  
 And five little pumpkins rolled out  
 of sight!



There's a goblin at my window,  
 A monster by my door.  
 The pumpkin at my table  
 Keeps on smiling more and more.  
 There's a ghost who haunts my  
 bedroom,  
 A witch whose face is green.  
 They used to be my family,  
 Till they dressed for Halloween.

by Sandra Liatsos

If a candle suddenly goes out by itself on Halloween, as though by breath or wind, it is believed that a ghost has come to call.

Gazing into a flame of a candle on Halloween night will enable you to peer into the future.

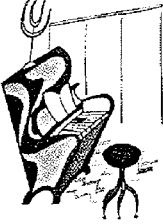

If you hear footsteps trailing close behind you on Halloween night, do not turn around to see who it is, for it may be Death itself! To look Death in the eye, according to ancient folklore, is a sure way to hasten your own demise.

The answer to last edition's riddle is, *Caxton's mechanical bird is a BOOK*

# A Tale of Two Pianos

(Part 2-Conclusion)

The story so far: Mr (Grand) Neumeyer & Mr (Upright) Ritmüller have been sharing Mrs E's small house in Invermoriston for the past six months, pending Mr R's removal to a new house with Mrs F in Wiltshire.

	<p>Dramatis personae: MrR. MrN. Mr &amp; MrsA. MrsE. MrsF. 1stRemovers. 2nd Removers. 3rd Removers.</p>	
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Act III (10th January).

The 2nd Removers turn up as arranged (surprise, surprise). Now it is time for Mr R's ordeal to begin. Incidentally, there are only three men, instead of four, as per agreement. Unfortunately, unlike Mr N, he has no removable legs, so has to be lifted onto a most inadequate-looking little wheelie-thing. On arrival at the front door, after having performed a 7-point turn, he looks with horror at the three concrete steps between him & the waiting van. "There's no way I can be safely lifted down those!" he seems to scream. Two rickety-looking ramps are rigged up & Mrs E watches in petrified disbelief as the three men struggle to get him across the small but lethal abyss between the front door & the tail-gate of the van. She is convinced that he or one of them will fall or be crushed & horribly injured. After what seems like hours, but is probably about twenty minutes, Mr R finally makes it onto the van, where he is tightly confined in a straitjacket for the first leg of his journey. The men look absolutely shattered, but Mr R looks much the same as he has for the last 35 years. Yes, it is a sad moment for Mrs E - it has been a long & loving partnership, even if they have failed to produce any virtuoso performances. And so she watches as Mr R is driven away to temporary imprisonment in a Glasgow warehouse. End of Act III.

Act IV - Scene I

Mercifully, the period of imprisonment lasts no more than 20 days, & on 30th January Mr R meets the 3rd Removers & again hits the road - not too hard, it is hoped - & undertakes the final long haul to his new home in

Wiltshire. Goodness knows what adventures he encounters on the way - it is probably best not to know. Miraculously he arrives unscathed at his destination, only to face a far worse set of stone steps up to the front door of Mrs F's house. When asked how the h— this steep climb was accomplished, she replies, "I don't know - it's best to keep away & not watch", & Mrs E has to agree that she is right.

Now the final insult occurs . Having made it into the front lobby of Mrs F's house, Mr R flatly refuses to go any further. After a 25-point turn, the Removers have to admit that there is no way, even with the removal of two doors, that Mr R can get through the living-room doorway & into his final position, in a tantalising space against the opposite wall. The only way in is through the kitchen, which for now poses an insurmountable problem.

So poor Mr R ends up blocking the front entrance to the house for the foreseeable future. Everyone has to enter & exit through the back door, owing to the immovable blockage of the front one. During this period Mrs F has to apply to the local council for permission to remove a section of fence at the rear of the property, in order to put Plan B into operation. This done, endless requests are made to the 3rd Removers, who continue to drag their feet, to bring the saga to its conclusion.

Scene2 Finally, after a stalemate lasting seven more weeks, Mrs E receives a telephone message from Mrs F: the 3rd Removers actually turned up on the morning of 21st March, lifted Mr R back down those terrifying steps, put him on a "wheelie-thing" & pushed him back up the road, round to the back lane, in through the gap in the fence, across the garden, in through the kitchen & at last he made his triumphal way to his designated resting place in the living-room!

End of Act IV, & the eight-month melodrama.

Surprisingly, Both Mr Ritmüller & Mr Neumeyer seem to have come through the experience relatively unscathed & still quite playable, though perhaps, understandably, a little the worse for fine tuning - but nothing that can't be fixed by a competent piano tuner.

Mave Ersu

Post Script. Mrs E is considering setting up a new charity -the SPCEP.

**News!!.....Have hats**

## The Witch of Glenmoriston

Step with me if you will through the mists of time into an age when the glen we live in was far removed from the one we know today. Life was hard for the communities of Glenmoriston, its people more naive, far less worldly. A time before tarmac roads and motor cars made journeys easy and comfortable. See then if you can a cart possibly pulled along by a horse, travelling a wheel-worn track on what would have been the old highway to and from Loch Ness. With the cart a man of the cloth determined to resolve a situation which was, shall we say, 'delicate'.

Unbeknown to the clergyman word was already out that he was on his way. Coming to meet him men from up the glen, following him men from down the glen. Both groups steadfast and ready to make their views heard. Matters came to a head not far from what would in a newer age become the site of Dundreggan dam. The opposing groups met face to face. In the middle the clergyman and the cart's cargo which he had hoped to dispose of in a civilized way. Tempers rose as neither side would back down; a decision had to be made. The two groups were from different parishes, nevertheless resolved in the same thought - she is not to be buried in our community. Caught in the middle the cart carrying the body of a

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## Dalcattaig Dialogue

In 1995, we temporarily deserted the Glen and lived in the small Cheshire town of Lymm for two years. Mike went to work long hours on the Thelwall Viaduct, (which takes the M6 over the Mersey and the Manchester Ship Canal and, honest, subsequent problems were nothing to do with him!) and I went with him to do, well, not very much.

One of the things I amused myself with was a weekly round trip of 60 or so miles to Liverpool, where I joined a friend for Scottish Dancing. As is usual in such groups (for confirmation, see Vince's eulogy in the last edition), everyone was very friendly and an easy topic of conversation was where I came from. Apart from expressing some surprise at the Yorkshire accent (and politely refraining from commenting on the dancing skill) most people accepted "near Inverness" as sufficient answer.

But not one diminutive lady, Mairi Munro. "Where near Inverness?" she asked.

"A small village called Invermoriston", I said, expecting that would be the end of the conversation. But no: "Where in Invermoriston?", she pursued.

"Well, it's a place called Dalcattaig", I said, wondering what that could

woman known as a witch. Was she that or just a poor misunderstood being ostracised and cast out of society? Whatever the truth on that long ago day one thing is clear, neither group would relent. The only solution was to bury her beside the road where the cart had been halted.

What appears to be a headstone marks the site of what might be called the witch's grave just a few steps down from the A887, shaded now by young trees. It feels quiet and calm although there is a spot close by which has a different feeling altogether. This is all I know about what in all honesty could simply be a rural myth, but if anyone has heard this tale before or has any other information to add I would love to hear of it.

P.S. When we looked at the photograph we had taken of the grave I could quite clearly see the face of a woman along with a couple of other things.

Leslie Clynes-Green



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possibly mean to a Liverpuddlian.

"Where in Dalcattaig?" came next - and I finally began to see there was a real point to this conversation.

"Almost at the end of the lane, in the old West Dalcattaig Cottage."

"I used to visit there frequently as a girl", she said. "I was born in the house just round the corner."



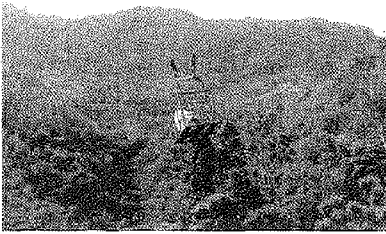
Mairi went to the school in Invermoriston, a slightly younger contemporary (and admirer) of Pat the Pier. Interestingly, her father was called Farquhar.

She went to Liverpool, married George and had a family there but made frequent trips back. The photograph shows her around 35 years ago with her daughter, in front of her old home, almost at the end of Dalcattaig.

Margaret Allen

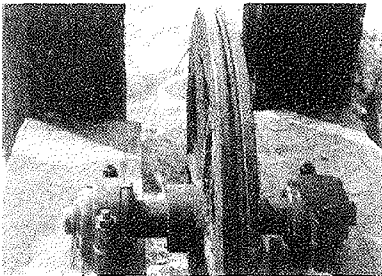
## Where Your Money Went

Some of you may remember that I put out a box for voluntary contributions at the time of my exhibition of photographs in the summer of 2004: this was to go to the Intermediate Technology Development Group (now called Practical Action) and over £300 was contributed. I have just heard what that money was used for - with photographs - and I thought you might like to know. I was pleased to get such a detailed letter, for much that is given to some charities just disappears into the general purse and one never learns what use is actually made of it.



This money went towards high-tensile wire cable which was used to construct an aerial ropeway 1350 metres long for the remote highland village of Janagaon in Nepal. The people of this village rely on traditional farming as their main source of income. But often their produce rotted before it reached the market place - a two hour trek down the mountain side. Women and children spent many hours

transporting goods down the rocky hillside on their backs, a dangerous and exhausting task. But now the villagers can move vegetables to market and essential fertilisers and goods back in a matter of minutes. The ropeway takes an average of thirty 50kg loads a day, and farmers are beginning to get good prices for their produce allowing them to spend money on schooling and medicine. There is also more time for better and more productive cultivation. There is a small charge which has been used to pay two operators from the village trained by Practical Action and to build storage sheds at both ends.



If one really wants money to go where it is needed, Practical Action is a good charity to support. The address is Practical Action, The Schumacher Centre for Technology and Development, Bourton on Dunsmore, Rugby, Warwickshire CV23 9QZ ([www.practicalaction.org](http://www.practicalaction.org))

Duncan Poore

The editors would like to apologise for omitting this article from the last edition.



## Glenmoriston Heritage Group

The Group's autumn/winter season of evening talks got off to a flying start when forty people were shoe-horned into the meeting room at the Millennium Hall on September 15th, to hear senior ranger Katy Martin on bats. Encouraged by this turn-out, the Group is hoping for a similar response on October 20th. for a talk entitled 'Old maps, roads and place names'. More talks are planned for early next year and details will be posted on notice boards.

Meanwhile the Group's energies have been directed towards completion of the signage at St. Columba's Well and the preparation of a history/heritage guide - a booklet which is planned to be available for the start of the next tourist season. Although much of the information for this guide has already been gathered and compiled, I would welcome any contributions from residents who feel they have particular knowledge to offer.

Members and residents are invited to come along to the AGM on November 17th. and to contribute to the planning of next year's programme. Failing this, as we're always looking for practical ideas and generally wish to reflect the aspirations of the membership, I'd be pleased to hear from anyone by e-mail. Contact [gordon@houseofletters.net](mailto:gordon@houseofletters.net)

Gordon Haynes

## Lite Bites

Where else could you go to enjoy delicious homemade soup; be tempted with sumptuous home baking (including wonderful (freshly baked!) scones with cranachan cream and homemade jam, ooh I can smell them now!), sandwiches made to order; your pick of books and bric a brac; convivial company; and all brought to you by the brilliant team of volunteers of the glen who served everyone with a smile? Lite Bites of course and this year once again proved itself with a tremendous profit of £2,760. A huge thank you to Sylvia, Mike, Trish, Agnes, Alison B, Debbie, Jean, Megan, Anne, Betty & Alan, Cherry & Iain, Mave, Brian, Lilian & Dennis, Peter, Marion G, Alison G, Sandy & Isobel, Pat H, Margaret H, Kirsteen, Alan M, Judy, Julia, Pat T, Catherine, Hazel, Val & Patrick, Toni and Betty Common from Beauly. Also, everyone who donated items for the book stall and bric a brac and of course those who came along and enjoyed their morning coffee, lunch or afternoon tea - without you all, there wouldn't have been Lite Bites and it can only continue with this kind of support. If you weren't part of the team this year there's always next. For those new to the area it's a great way of meeting new people.

Cherry & Clare

## Handy Helpers Continued

When we came to Dalchreichart some 30 years ago T.V. reached us (at least, this is how I saw it) through rusty tobacco tins fixed to our fences by Ken Craft of Invermoriston. Later a longer term resident, Norman Harris, arranged for a mast on the hill which provided the neighbourhood with a better picture.

Charles, my husband and John Curley who bought Lizart Cottage, gave freely of their time when the call, 'Harris here. May I speak to Kemp?' came in bad weather. Our Land Rover then toiled up the steep hill when the two retirees had to wrestle with the aerial misplaced by deer or heavy gales or snow.

Meanwhile, 'Charlie' had two elderly ladies, Mrs Isabel Common and Miss Rebecca MacDonald who called for his services for the little jobs in the home, the kind of thing Handy Help now provide.

The task that 'Charlie' hated doing was to shoot and bury Rebecca's cat to save the vet's fees. Pete and Angie Yair recently took my sick cat to Inverness to be put to sleep as a former benefactor Ken Anthony did at midnight once just before Christmas in the snow. Not to forget Ian Common who rescued that same cat from the top of my chimney in spite of the fact that he didn't like the breed.

Charles died the day after mains water was connected to our home after 15 years of stringent economy and a new Handy Helper arrived at Lizart Cottage—David Andrews. Wonder of wonders he understood electricity and was both patient and brave, mending my central heating panel and reconnecting the supply from the caravan to the barn. This was the bravest as it involved lying in the undergrowth below the caravan in fear of the protected adder family who infected my hill.

So you see that Handy Helpers are carrying on a tradition of 30 years that I know of. I am so grateful to 'Pete next door' and Larry for all they have done for me (an old lady of 86) from changing light bulbs and fixing light shades to providing me with a wonderfully comfortable arm chair, which, now I have finished my appreciation of past and present Handy Helpers, is sure to send me to sleep this Sunday afternoon.

Audrey Kemp.

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### Redneck farm lad

## Garden Thoughts

"That's it! Summer's gone! Winter's on the way". Surely an almost universal thought as gardeners unpack their hanging baskets and patio pots.

Now we must insulate the greenhouse, stow away precious tender plants, take cuttings and collect seeds for next year, there are bulbs to plant ready for the spring and plenty of clearing up in the flower beds and around the garden generally. Even, maybe, new projects to get under way. A gardener's life is awfully hard!! maybe we are just a little bit mad?

It seems to have been a prolific year for flowers & fruits, more primroses and bluebells along the road to Inverness (and elsewhere no doubt). Buttercups, daises, dandelions and many other wild flowers have brightened the grass verges along the roads, a gay profusion of colours and shapes. Now there are a multitude of berries and seeds to take their place. A feast for the birds. The same can be said of gardens; flowers have flourished, and though I have no fruit, it seems to have been a good year for that too.

This Summer's grumble is, undoubtedly, the high winds that have flattened the poppies and broken lupin heads and begonia stalks. On the plus side we have got into October without having yet had a frost. There are good points about global warming!! I'm just off to empty a couple of tubs of geraniums!! Cheerio!

Sylvia P. Andrews

## Fair Trade Afternoon



Join us for the taste of Fairly Traded tea or coffee and delicious biscuits and enjoy a sociable hour or so in Glenmoriston Hall on Saturday, 28<sup>th</sup> October., from 2.30 to 4pm. There's no charge: we just want you to know how good the produce is and to remind you that our VERY friendly local shop has Fair Trade tea, coffee and chocolate available all year round.

On this occasion, there will also be the chance to buy a wider range of food items from Traidcraft, and Christmas presents, cards etc. from Tearcraft. Do join us if you can. If you can't be with us on the 28<sup>th</sup> but would like to buy any Fair Trade goods, please phone 351228.

Elaine Minshull, Julia Pratt and Margaret Allen



## Hall Events

**Fair Trade** : Saturday 28<sup>th</sup> October, 2.30-4.00pm.

**Craft Fayre** : Saturday 11<sup>th</sup> November - if you would like to book a table please contact Clare Levings on 351254

**Heritage Group A.G.M.** : Friday 17<sup>th</sup> November, 7.30pm.

**Hall A.G.M.** : Friday 24<sup>th</sup> November, 7.30pm.

**St. Andrew's Night Dance** : Saturday 25<sup>th</sup> November 2006  
Music by the "WORTHIES"

**Salvation Army Carol Service** : Wednesday 13<sup>th</sup> December

**Childrens' Christmas Party** : Saturday 16<sup>th</sup> December

**Hogmanay Dance** : Sunday 31<sup>st</sup> December

## Regular Activities

**Monday** : Indoor Bowls, 2.00 - 4.00pm & 7.30 - 9.00pm., from 2<sup>nd</sup> Oct.

**Tuesday** : Badminton, 8.00 - 10.00pm, from 3<sup>rd</sup> Oct.

**Wednesday** : Scottish Dancing, 7.30 - 9.30pm., September till May.

**Thursday** : Childrens' Dance, Young School of Dance, 6.30 - 8.30pm

**Sunday** : Church Service, 1<sup>st</sup> Sunday of each month.



Congratulations to Geoff and Christina Mudditt on their recent marriage which was held in the hall—how on earth did you manage to keep it a secret! It was a most enjoyable and very emotional evening.