

SRUTH

DI-ARDAOIN, 25mh AN DUDHLACHD, 196 9 THURSDAY, 25th DECEMBER, 1969 No. 72 Sixpence

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The Standing Stone on the summit of Eilean Mor, Knapdale, with the Jura Hills in the background

Seiner Feared Lost

THE search for the seiner-netter, "Coral Isle" continues by air and sea although the liferaft, washed ashore on North Uist, Shetland, and identified as belonging to the "Coral Isle", gave additional cause for concern.

The vessel has not been contacted since December 14th, when she was in radio contact with the Inverness boat "Ajax."

Three married men and three bachelors form the crew. Skipper Fraser Thomson, Buckie, is unmarried, as is the mate, Alex D. Smith, and deckhand James Ross, both of Buckie. The three married members of the crew are Alexander Donald, and Albert Smith, Buckie, and Stormoway born Malcolm MacRae, whose family is resident in Buckie.

It is just one year since the "Coral Isle" ran out of fuel 150 miles east of Aberdeen, and had to be helped

out by an oil-rig supply ship. There is still hope that the vessel will suddenly re-appear as she did on that occasion. Coastguards are puzzled by the discovery of the life-

Tha sinn ag guidhe
Nollaig Chridheil
agus
Bladhna Mhath Ur
do ur luch-leughaidh
uile

raft, 250 miles away from the "Coral Isle's" last reported position, although it could have drifted a considerable distance in severe gales.

Last month the "Coral Isle" was in trouble when it had to

be towed 220 miles back to Aberdeen after an engine breakdown.

GORTA ANN AN NIGERIA

Aig an na Nollaig bidh cuirmean air an cumail agus biadh beartach air ithe ann an iomadh dachaigh ann am Breatainn. Ach tha cearnaidean de'n t-saoghal far nach 'eil ach dìth agus uireasbhuidh. Tha e air a radh gum bheil mìle neach a' basachadh leis an acras ann an Nigeria agus Biafra.

PRIS AN ARAIN NA'S DAOIRE

A chionn gum bheil cosgaisean a' dol an aird tha aig na fuineadairan ri sgìllinn a chur air pris nan lofaichean. Bidh seo a' tachairt air a' 5mh latha de'n Fhaoilleach, agus bidh pris lofaichean de gach seorsa a' dol suas. Math dh'fhaoidte gum cuir-ear sgìllinn eile air na lofaichean mora fhathast.

AVIEMORE MOD - A FINANCIAL SUCCESS

THE financial account for the National Mod held at Aviemore in October, 1969, shows a very healthy credit balance of £6,400. Altogether a total of £15,200 was raised including the income for the period of the Mod.

The target for the local committee was set at £5,000, and this was exceeded by £2,600. A spokesman for An Comunn described this as "a truly remarkable effort by such a relatively sparsely-populated area which indicates that hall and other accommodation being available, there is no reason to believe that the Mod cannot be successfully promoted in places that have hitherto been regarded as unsuitable.

The Aviemore Mod was different also in that it was the first nine-day Mod. Some costs were inevitably higher as a result, but the surplus of £6,400 indicates that increases were well contained.

The detailed accounts for the Mod will be published in An Comunn's Annual Report and Accounts. This will ap-

pear earlier than usual, as their financial year now ends on 31st December.

TIGHARRY SCHOOL WIN TROTTERNISH CUP

A PROJECT entitled "An Croitear 'sa Croit'" entered by Tigharry Public School, North Uist, won the Trotternish Cup in the 1969 History and Folklore Competition, organised by An Comunn Gaidhealach.

Seven schools took part and the judge, Dr J. A. MacLean, found all the entries to be of a very high standard.

It is significant to note that the teachers in all the schools concerned, consider the project as probably the best method of teaching Gaelic.

The Trotternish Cup was presented to the school at an informal function held in the school on Friday, 21st November, when the chairman was Rev. James Morrison. Mr Murdo MacLeod, Gaelic Supervisor, Inverness-shire, who was paying his last visit to North Uist as Organiser, made the presentation.

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Inverness Chosen For Forestry College

INVERNESS has been selected as the site for a Scottish Forestry Education and Training Centre. This was announced recently by Mr William Ross, M.P., Secretary of State for Scotland in answer to a Parliamentary Question. Mr Ross said that after full consideration of proposals from several education authorities and of views expressed by many interested bodies, including both sides of the industry, he was inviting Inverness Education Authority to make permanent provision for craft level courses.

At the outset it will be necessary to use existing facilities at Inverness Technical College, but the Secretary of State is asking the authority to put plans in hand as quickly as possible for a new centre at the college. This will be designed specifically for forestry education and training and will be developed in close consultation with the Industry Training Board to meet the needs of this expanding industry in Scotland.

Proposals to provide the forestry centre were received from four Education Authorities — Dumfries, Perth and Kinross, Moray and Nairn, and Inverness — and comprehensive evidence on the ability of each of the proposed sites to meet the criteria suggested for the centre was obtained.

Wide variety

Strong support for the merits of the Inverness area as the site of the forestry centre was received from the Scottish forestry bodies and the Agricultural, Horticultural and Forestry Industry Training Board. The area provides a wide variety of climatic and geological conditions within a relatively small radius of forest species. Inverness is also the focus for an area in which substantial afforestation is taking place and is a suitable centre for the development of a wide variety of courses of industrial training as well as courses of further education.

"A Gaelic Folk Mass From Strathglass"

THE item which follows was drawn to my attention by a friend and is to be found in "The Holy Eucharist in Great Britain," Vol. II by T. E. Bridgett, published in 1881: — "The Rev. Colin Grant of Eskadale informs me that in Inverness the Catholic peasants are accustomed to recite Gaelic verses in honour of the Blessed Sacrament which are derived from no prayer book, but have been handed down by tradition perhaps from pre-reformation times. He has kindly furnished me with the original Gaelic:

"Di do bheatha, a Chuirp Christosa,
Do do bheatha, a Rìgh nam fear.
Do do bheatha, a Dhiadhachd chaomh,
Di do bheatha, a dhaoinnachd cheart.
Mar a thoilich thu, Christosa, teachd
Fo seigh arain, do Chorp slan.
Leighis 'anam bhò gach oile
Ormsa an dràsda a ta.

Di do bheatha, Fhùil 'us Fheoil,
Di do bheatha, a phòr nan gras.
Bath m'ùile am fùil do Ghras.
Failt' ort, a dhuine 'sa Dhia.

Mothaich mi bhò'n tì th'air chuirp,
Blaiseam ort aig uair mo bhaiss,
A Thrianaid gun deireadh gun tuis,
Na biodh t'fhearg rium nas mo.

Failt' ort, fhuir Chuirp a rugadh le Moire Oigh.
A bhrìgh do tholladh, a' sìleadh tonna fala,
A Thrianaid Naomh, thoir d'shacramaid dhuinn
An diugh 's aig uair ar bhaiss, agus Amen."

"Mr Grant says that the rhythm halts sometimes, as if they had been imperfectly handed down. He took them in July 1880 from the mouth of John MacDonald of Eskadale, 99 years old, who learnt them eighty years ago from Donald MacGruar, Strathglass, then 70."

These verses then came down to us from the mid-18th century from a period before the breaking up of the clan system and the Clearances. As is suggested above, this traditional invocation may well be older, antedating the Reformation. It would be interesting to know whether there is any knowledge regarding this tradition still surviving amongst the Catholic communities in and around Strathglass, for as has been noted in "Sruth," living native Gaelic speakers are still to be found there. It would similarly be valuable to know whether Gaelic-speaking Catholic clergy have encountered any surviving vernacular forms of worship amongst their congregations in the above area or elsewhere.

K. M. MACKINNON

By Bridge To Skye

FOLLOWING the publication of the Scottish Council (Development and Industry) report, "By Bridge to Skye," Mr Russell Johnston, Liberal M.P. for Inverness-shire, wrote to the County Councils of Ross and Cromarty and Inverness, suggesting that it was most desirable that those parties interested in furthering this project should get together, decide whether they accepted the Scottish Scottish Council's conclu-

sions, and if so, how best the idea could be promoted.

He suggested that the County Councils of Inverness and Ross and Cromarty should sponsor an ad hoc Skye Bridge Committee, which, apart from the County Councils, might initially consist of the District Councils involved and the three Members of Parliament concerned, but could subsequently be enlarged to bring in other interested statutory and non-statutory bodies.

Mr Johnston made these approaches on August 12 and although Inverness County Council indicated agreement and is currently in touch with Ross and Cromarty County Council, the Highways Committee of Ross and Cromarty was not favourably disposed to the idea, which they rejected by 11 votes to 8.

Mr Johnston has written again to both County Councils and also to the contiguous District Councils — Skye and the South West District of Ross and Cromarty — to see whether they support the idea and if so, what they feel they can do to further it.

Commenting in Westminster, Mr Johnston said: "We have got to recognise that

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## An Geimhreadh

Tà an Geimhreadh, an Geimhreadh  
An Geimhreadh brònach garbh.  
Tà na hèin i bhfad thu saile,  
A's na duilg glasa marbh.

Tà an fuacht ann, an fuacht,  
An fuacht nimhneach gear.  
A's t-anail ag seal le feiceat  
Ag gluaiseach trid an aer.

Tà an oiche ann, an oiche  
An oiche fhada fhuar.  
A' bhith ann agann chian sìgraidh  
Ach uair nò d's, monair!

Bhionn an Nollag ann, an Nollag  
An Nollag aithbhionn o.  
Bhionn ceòl agann is aithbhionn,  
A's spòr a's seicp a's gleo.

Tà an Geimhreadh ann, an Geimhreadh,  
An Geimhreadh duaire deargail.  
Gus is fada uainn an Samhradh  
A's na laetha geala teo.

~~~~~

there are formidable obstacles in the way of constructing a bridge to Skye. The Highlands and Islands Development Board has not backed the bridge. The numbers who would be directly and continuously affected are fairly small, and this is a disadvantage in developing a campaign. It seems to me, therefore, that if we are to get anywhere within a reasonable period of time, we have got to show the Government that we are really determined about it, and this can only be done if everyone works together. If we don't work together, the excellent job done by the Scottish Council will be wasted and the prospect of a bridge, so necessary, not only to Skye, but to communications to the Outer Islands, will be still further back.



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Tha Alasdair agus Seumas a' falbh do'n mhonadh tràth. Tha Alexander and James are going off to the hill early. Mary bhiadh aig Mairi.
has food.
deicail ag sia uairean anns a mhadainn.
ready at six o'clock in the morning.

Alasdair: Greas ort a Mhairi. A bheil am biadh deiseil fhathast?

Mairi: Hurry up Mary. Is the food ready yet?
Gabh air do sheacair. Chanell e ach sia uairean fhathast.

Alasdair: Take it easy. It is only six o'clock yet.
Bithidh Seumas an seo an ceartuair.
James will be here in a little.

Mairi: Cha bhì e. Chanell Seumas ag erigh cho tràth.
He will not be. James doesn't get up so early
Bithidh e. Greas thusa ort.

Alasdair: He will be. You hurry up.
Mairi: Gabh air do sheacair. Bithidh am biadh deiseil an ceartuair.

Alasdair: Take it easy. The food will be ready soon.
A bheil biadh agad do'n chù?
Have you got food for the dog?

Mairi: Tha biadh aig a chù. Am bi sibh anns a' mhonadh fad an latha?

Alasdair: The dog has food. Will you be in the hill all day?
Bithidh gu dearbh.

Mairi: Yes indeed.
Mairi: Am bi Calum a' dol do'n mhonadh an diugh?

Alasdair: Will Malcolm be going to the hill today?
Cha bhì. Bithidh Calum anns a' bhaile an diugh.
No. Malcolm will be in the village today.

Mairi: Suidh aig a' bhòrd mata. Tha an lite deiseil.
Sit down at the table then. The porridge is ready.

Alasdair: A bheil agad a' tair?
Haven't you got an egg at all?

Mairi: Bithidh an t-ugh deiseil an ceartuair.
The egg will be ready in a little.
Alasdair: De tha sin?

Mairi: What is that?
Nacheil cuideigin aig an doras?
Isn't someone at the door?

Alasdair: Tha gu dearbh. Tha Seumas aig an doras. Thig a-steach a Sheumais.

Seumas: Yes indeed. James is at the door. Come in James.
Tha sibh tràth an diugh.
You are early today.

Alasdair: Nacheil sin math. Bha i goirt arson greis.
Isn't that good. It was sore for a while.

Mairi: Bha i goirt to fhada. A bheil thu fhein gu math a Mhairi?

Seumas: It was sore too long. Are you yourself well Mary?

Mairi: Tha tapadh leat. Tha mise gu math ged a tha mi a' fàs sean.

Seumas: Yes thank you. I am well although I am getting old.

Seumas: Tha sinn uile a' fàs sean.
We are all getting old.

Mairi: Tha gu dearbh. A bheil thu ag iarraidh cupa "tea" eile?

Yes indeed. Do you want another cup of tea?

Alasdair: Glé mhath. Thoir dhomh cupa eile.
Very good. Give me another cup.

Seumas: Ith thusa do bhiaidh Alasdair. Bithidh sinn anns a' mhonadh.
You eat your food Alasdair. We will be in the hill all day. Remember.

Alasdair: De tha agad anns a' mhaileid?
What have you got in the bag?

Seumas: Tha aran agus foil ag agus "tea".
I have bread and meat and tea.

Alasdair: Cha bhì an t-acras ortsa.
You will not be hungry.

Seumas: Cha bhì i' dearbh.
No indeed.

Mairi: Thoir thusa leat bhiaidh cuideachd.
You take food with you also.

Alasdair: Bithidh biadh gu leòr aig Seumas.
James will have plenty of food.

Mairi: Nise Alasdair. Thoir thusa leat aran agus càise.
Now Alexander. You take with you bread and cheese.

Seumas: Tha "tea" gu leòr agamsa.
I have plenty of tea.

Alasdair: C'ait a' bheil a' mhaileid again?
Where is my bag?

Mairi: Bha i aig Iain an latha roimhe.
John had it the other day.

Alasdair: C'ait an robh i aige?
Where did he have it?

Mairi: Bha i aige anns an sgoil Di-Luain.
He had it in school on Monday.

Alasdair: Tha i an seo aig an uinneig.
It is here at the window.

Mairi: Cuir an t-aran seo agus a' chàise anns a' mhaileid.
Put this bread and cheese in the bag.

Alasdair: Tha gu leòr an sin.
That is plenty.

Mairi: Thoir thusa leat biadh gu leòr. Bithidh an t-acras ort anns a' mhonadh.
You take with you plenty food. You will be hungry in the hill.

Alasdair: Thoir dhomh cupa agus sgiàn.
Give me a cup and knife.

Mairi: Seo an t-aran. An cupa mòr. A bheil thu ag iarraidh spàn?

Alasdair: Here you are — the big cup. Are you wanting a spoon?

Alasdair: Chanell, C'ait a' bheil mo bhata?
No. Where is my stick?

Mairi: Tha am bata aig an doras. A bheil sibh deiseil a' mise?

Seumas: Bithidh sinn a' falbh mata. Dè an uair a' tha e nise?

Mairi: We will be going then. What time is it now?
Tha leth uair an deidh sia. Nacheil e b'laith an diugh?

Alasdair: It is half past six. Isn't it warm today?

Seumas: Tha gu dearbh. Cha bhì feum again air còta.
Yes indeed. I will not need a coat.

Seumas: Cha bhì gu dearbh.
No indeed.

Mairi: C'ait a' bheil an cù?
Where is the dog?

Alasdair: Bithidh e comhle ris a' chù ag Seumas.
He will be along with James's dog.

Mairi: Oh tha. Tha na coin aig an rathad.
Oh yes. The dogs are at the road.

Alasdair: Bithidh sinn a' falbh mata.
We will be going then.

Mairi: Mar sin leibh.
Goodbye.

Alasdair: Mar sin leat.
Goodbye.

Bha Alasdair agus Seumas a' dol do'n mhonadh tràth. Tha biadh aig Mairi deiseil ag sia uairean anns a' mhadainn. Tha Ite agus Ith aig Mairi deiseil aig Alasdair. Tha mairid ag Seumas agus tha aran agus foil ag Seumas a' clach aig an rathad an diugh. Tha Alasdair cuideachd ag adar agus càise agus anns a' mhaileid. Bithidh Ite anns a' mhonadh fad an latha agus bithidh an t-acras ortsa. Tha Ite aig Alasdair agus an cù aig Seumas a' clach aig an rathad an diugh. Tha Alasdair agus Seumas a' falbh. Tha bata aig Alasdair ach chanell còta air idir. Tha an latha biadh agus tha iad glé thoilichte a' falbh.

1. C'ait a' bheil Seumas agus Alasdair a' dol?
2. De tha Ite agus Seumas anns a' mhaileid?
3. C'ait a' bheil na coin?
4. C'ait am bi iad fad an latha?
5. A bheil còta air Alasdair?

GRAMMAR

The Verb "To Be", Future Tense.

Affirmative: Bithidh

Negative: Cha bhì

Question: An bhì

Nach bhì?

Answer "yes" is "Bithidh"
Answer "no" is "Cha bhì"

The Regular Verb, Imperative

The Regular Verb, Imperative

Thoir, give or take

g. Thoir dhomh bainne, give me milk

Thoir leat an bainne, take the milk with you

GAIDHLIG *Review* *Order*

Masculine Nouns with and without the Definite Article
 Cupa, a cup Am cupa, the cup
 Feum, need Am feum, the need

Feminine Nouns with and without the Definite Article
 Sgian, a knife An sgian, the knife
 Spain, a spoon An spàin, the spoon

Common words and usage
 An ceathair, in a little while
 Cuidigin, someone
 Ro fhada, too long
 Gu leor, sufficient
 An latha roimhe, the other day
 Di-Luan, Monday
 Ged, although

EXERCISES

- A Complete the following sentences**
 a Cha lain a' dol do'n mhonadh?
 b Am Calum a' dol do'n mhonadh?
 c Tha màicid Alasdair
 d Tha biadh aig Maire deiseil an a tha Alasdair a' falbh
 e Bithidh aeras Alasdair
- B Give the answer "yes" to the following**
 a Am bi lain a' dol do'n seòl?
 b Nach bi Seumas a' dol do'n mhonadh?
 c Am bi bata aig Alasdair?
- C Give the answer "no" to the following**
 a Am bi an t-acras air lain?
 b Nach bi lain a' dol do'n mhonadh?
 c Am bi an eù aig lain?

Bardachd

le D. I. MacIOMHAIR

Uinneag

Thug mi sùil tromha uinneag dorcha —
 Gearran a' sadail bhlèidid mar dhùilichead foghair
 'S taobh thall an t-saoghail 'na thòs;
 Uinneag soluis is grìan samraidh —
 Samraidh a' dòrtadh bliathis mar theine dealain
 Far na dh'fhàicadh mi mo dhòchas tuil 'nad chois.

Dh'fhoighnich mi de'n duilleig uain-òir
 'N gabhadh i mo dhachaidh na bliadhna samraidh
 'S gu faighinn àrach ùr is fois;
 Dh'èigh i, 's b' fheadar tilleadh as mo shuain,
 Is dheàrach i le solhis 'mar sholus dealain;
 Cha robh i ann, 's bhà 'n uinneag dubh le sgòthan frois

Cogadh

Sheas mi air bàrr a' chnuic eòr amhàrc na dùthecha
 Air a lotadh le puill mhònach,
 Mar sgrìobhadh air cuirseing lèirnach nach tuigeadh tu,
 Is chuimhnic mi air cogadh Viet-Nam,
 Is itealan air 'frasadhbhaichean,
 A' lotadh dùthecha bha cèin bho Leòdhus.

Tairsgeir a' sgàineadh talamh mo dhachaidh
 Ann an cogadh an aghaidh an fhuachd.
 Ach 's fhada bho thòisich cogadh mo dhachaidh.
 Le gearraidhan nach gabh an slànachadh,
 Ach slànachair gearraidhean Viet-Nam
 'N uair bhios an saoghal 'na thòs 'san uagh.

Cuan

Dh'fhalbh mo rathad bho thoisich a' chruthachaidh
 Tha lèanaguan uisge is fìor bheann àrda
 Gu ruige, chan fhaic mi gu deireadh an turus dhomh:
 Ceap-stàrra mo dhùrachd a' duitlaidh gu 'm fhagail.

Sanas cogaidh 's na speuran 's deannan a' bheucail
 An impis mo rubadh air lèanaig mo dhòchais,
 Cu' bacaidh air lèirsinn o'n chruthaichean eudmhor
 Ceithi-chasach shìbhlèithean 's an dà-chasach deòraidh.

Tha 'n còinneach ag èirigh air taobh thall na haibhne
 'S na clachan le uisge cho còmhdaich' ri cuan;
 Clàrsach m' inntinn gu tiamaidh air òran 'nam chuimhne.
 'S nach fhaod mi dhol thair, seach raointean mo shuain.

"Ceannasach briathran dho dhòchais mur tig sinn le Fòirneart
 'S gu gabh thu gu dèonach a dh'ionnsaidh do bhais."
 Tha na tuinn àrd' bòdachd sgrìobhadh briathran cho bòidheach
 Buafadh chladhachan breòta 's iad a' strìth airson gràis.

A History of the Scottish People (1560-1830)

by P. Berresford Ellis

HERE is a book that should be on all Scottish bookshelves. This is Scottish history from the social point of view, a scholarly and well researched work bringing in economic, political, cultural, literary, religious aspects of the period many of which are completely new.

Perhaps one of the most important points made by the book is that it contributes to the modern academic attempt to destroy, once and for all, the ridiculous "two nation" myth of Scotland, i.e. the "Highland/Lowland" myth. The author, Dr Smout who is at present a Reader in Economic History at Edinburgh University, makes clear in his early chapters that the distinction between "Highlanders" and "Lowlanders" hardly existed until the coming of the English or Anglo-Norman influence, i.e. feudalism and the English language which spread into the southern parts of Scotland in the 13th Century.

Having pointed this out, Dr Smout then makes a surprising remark: "Few problems in Scottish cultural history are more baffling than why the Celtic language drew back and disappeared from the whole of Lowland Scotland during the middle ages . . ."

Surely anyone looking at any of this period can see how the Anglicisation of Scotland and the Anglicisation of Scotland was carried out? Johnston's *History of the Scottish Working Class* tells us how the tongues of the children in Galloway were torn out (in the 15th Century) "to prevent the accursed clan legends of freedom from being told to fresh generations." The more recent examples of persecution in the north of the country also gives us a fair idea of how the old Scottish (Gàidhlig) language was driven out of the southern half of the country by the English influence.

Dr Smout says that his idea is that little groups of Teutonic aliens were planted in the little townships up and down the country "who must have involved the common (Gaelic speaking) people in their unfamiliar language for so many of the ordinary economic transactions of life."

This is certainly true. But of course, this fact alone would not change the whole of southern Scotland into an English speaking area alone. The monarchy of Scotland became Anglicised, and the Churches began an active persecution of the language as well. Nevertheless, "Lowland" Scotland was still Gàidhlig speaking until comparatively recent times.

Galloway, for example, remained Gàidhlig speaking until the 18th century.

Perhaps the greatest criticism of this otherwise fascinating and well documented

book is the lack of mention of real Scottish culture. There is a section in the book entitled "The Golden Age of Scottish Culture" which Dr Smout devotes almost entirely to Anglo-Scottish culture . . . Scottish writers using English or the Scottish dialect of English ("Lallans") as their medium. Of Scottish writing Dr Smout writes, as an afterthought, "It is right at least to mention that the eighteenth century also saw the greatest achievements of Gaelic poetry . . ." He devotes only two paragraphs to the "greatest achievements."

It is a great shame that the great literary wealth of the national language of Scotland is again and again passed over; that people are taught that the only literature of note to come out of Scotland is literature in English!

Apart from this, *A History of the Scottish People 1560-1830*, is an extremely lucid and well documented history, most of which is contained in "A History of the Scottish People" by T. C. Smout; 63s; William Collins Ltd., Glasgow and London.

INDIVIDUAL MORALITY

by Francis Thompson

WE are on the threshold of a new freedom, and a clearer thinking with knowledge to the nature of man. This is a time to take our eyes off our own feet and look forward with mankind, changing the process as we live it.

This is said by the author of the book "Individual Morality," Dr James Hemming. The book is a study of the moral sense as an aspect of the natural history of homo sapiens. The author suggests that moral values should be closely associated with the changes which indicate the progress of man from one stage to another. The sense of morality in any individual, and thus in a collective group or society, should be such that a forward outlook is achieved to allow the continued development of the individual or group to a high goal.

This book is timely. It comes at a period in history when our society is being rocked to its very core by the whirlwinds of change which are blowing and buffeting individuals and societal groups to the extent that confusion reigns supreme and logical thought is only for those who are strong enough to seek out the eye of calm in the storm.

Morality is just about sex. There are morals in many aspects of human activity. In business, in commerce, in industry, in the professional activities or music, the arts, education, the law, and so on. Morality is not the basis of a religious vocation only. It runs through and through like a coloured thread in all our dealings with our fellow men on both formal and informal levels.

Dr Hemming treats his subject in a stimulating way, in four parts. The first part sets the scene by a discussion of the kind of moral crisis in which we find ourselves today, and the changes in the basic elements which govern our societal environments. Part two deals with the morality of freedom, which takes in the question of the individual in a free society, how he can equate the free action of his own identity with what he recognises as familiar elements in the society of which he is a part. Dr Hemming writes, "In an open society like ours, the moral responsibility of every person is high. Those who job at the responsibility are, in effect, acting against democracy. Democracy is not an invitation to participate occasionally; it is the

expectation and need that everybody shall become continuously involved in thought and action. Those who want the freedom of democracy without the responsibility are keeping themselves dry by taking other people's umbrellas."

Inevitably the subject of sexual morality must be tackled and Dr Hemming does so by stating a fact: "that sexual morality is no different from any other sort of morality." "Moral values arise from creative relationships and the creative use of the self . . . In sex, as in any other activity, the key principles are self-respect, respect for others, consideration and concern for one another, responsibility, courage, and right place of spontaneity and control."

Dr Hemming makes the valid point that what is needed today, to counter the present climate in which sexual licence threatens to start a decline in civilised values, is a restoration of social purpose based on contemporary possibilities and responsibilities.

The morals of violence also come in for discussion. There are many who say that violence is worse in society than sexual licence. Dr Hemming suggests that in the control of violence, as in the control of sex, we have a good deal to learn from the experiences of simpler societies, even though the techniques they use may not be directly transferable to our own social order.

The third part of the book deals with "Reassessments." Three particular aspects of a contemporary moral culture are mentioned: the changing perspective on the universe, on our traditional religious beliefs, and on the meaning of life.

Part four takes in the prospects before our complex society. "The new situation facing us is that we are now culturally fragmented in outlook, ideas, beliefs, attitudes, behaviour, dress — and yet must succeed in transmitting, along with knowledge, the values upon which our society depends if it is not to cease to be itself."

An excellent chapter on the subject of moral education indicates how wide a horizon over which this educative process must be operated if a soundly-based healthy society is to be created. "Acute physical malnutrition is now rare; it is malnutrition of personality that is still much too common."

This is a stimulating book to read. It is of immense value to any person involved with creating new paths for workers, researchers, ministers of religion, youth workers, prison officers, welfare workers, youth movement leaders — and not in the least any individual who has the will to use his mental facilities to delineate a path which will take him ultimately into the future with a healthy confidence and a will to achieve the goal of a completely-integrated morality in his life.

"Individual Morality" by James Hemming, 42s Thomas Nelson & Sons 36 Street, London.

(Continued on Page Eleven)

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The Man Born on a Cavalier Christmas Day

IN the heroic age of Irish history, there lived a king named Conchobar. He was king of the Ulidians, a tribe of fierce warriors who lived in Ulster. Conchobar's capital was at Emain Macha, known today as Navan Fort, near to Armagh.

An old legend about Conchobar tells us that he was born on the same night on which Christ was born, though, of course, the year

by Frang MacThomais

was not the same. And this coincidence of birthdays was strengthened by an event of which more later.

There was also something else rather strange about Conchobar: he had the brain of another man in his head along with his own. This was how it came about.

It was the custom with the men of Ulster in those far-off days that whatever warrior they killed in single combat, they took the man's brains from him and mixed them with lime to make a hard ball. And whenever an Ulsterman was in a boastful mood, he would bring forth the ball to prove his prowess.

Now it so happened that one of the Ulster heroes, Connall by name, had one of these balls which was one day stolen by Cet, a troublesome warrior and pest, forever giving and making trouble.

Not long after he had stolen Connall's ball, Cet, for an adventure, travelled to the east where he came upon a drove of cows belonging to the men of the Rosses. Cet stole the herd and was hotly pursued by the men of Ulster. Before long the men of Connaught were involved in the chase and a battle began.

Conchobar, the king of Emain, was among the men of Ulster and he fought valiantly until, by a trick of magic, he was seen by Cet.

Cet had a sling into which he put Connall's ball. He aimed his sling at Conchobar and fired. The hard ball struck the king in the crown of the head with such a force that it entered it. Conchobar fell forward on to the ground as if he were dead. The men of Ulster ran to help him and they carried him off the field of battle.

Fingen, the royal physician, was called to see what could be done to aid the stricken king.

"Well," said Fingen, "if the ball is removed from his head, he will surely die. If it is not removed, however, I could heal him. But it would disfigure his face for the rest of his life."

On hearing this, the men of Ulster said to Fingen, "It is easier for us to bear the blemish than his death."

So the king's head was stitched with gold thread, for Conchobar had hair which was the colour of gold. In time the terrible wound began to heal over. But Conchobar was warned by Fingen, "For the rest of your life you must live quietly. You must be on your guard lest anger comes upon you. You should also not eat food greedily, nor should you run."

So it came about that Conchobar had another man's brain in his head along with his own.

And thus he lived for seven years. But he was not capable of any action, and confined to his seat each and every day of those seven years.

One day, at the end of the seventh year, Conchobar was at a gathering of all the noble men of Ireland. While a banquet was in progress strange things began to happen which caused all to look at each other in amazement.

A great shaking came on the earth. The sun grew dark. And the moon turned to the colour of blood. For it was the day that Christ was being crucified.

Conchobar, as amazed as the rest of those round him, asked what ailed the elements that they behaved in this way. "What evil is being done on this day?" he asked.

Brochra, a wise poet and druid of the men of Leinster, spoke in reply.

"Thine own foster-brother," he said. "He that was born on the same night as you, is now undergoing martyrdom and has been put on a cross. He it is who is King of Heaven and Earth. And he it is whom seers and druids have prophesied. To save and to rescue the men of the world from the sin of Adam, He came from holy heaven; and He assumed flesh from the Virgin Mary without the presence of man. And to save the human race He is now on the tree of the cross by the command of the Jews."

Conchobar was stunned on hearing these words. He rose from his seat, despite warnings to keep his calm. For his pity for Christ had put him in a great rage.

Indeed, the rage and fury was so great on him that the hard ball which had remained in his head for seven years suddenly sprang out and Conchobar fell down dead.

And it was said that Conchobar was the first man in all Ireland who went into the Kingdom of Heaven because of the blood of his own wound was as a baptism to him, shed from pity.

William Edmondstone Aytoun was born at 21 Abercrombie Place, Edinburgh on 21st June 1813. He was the son of Roger Aytoun, a Whip of the old school, partner in the firm of Youngs, Aytoun and Rutherford, Writers to the Signet, and of his wife Joan Keir.

From his mother, a beautiful woman, he inherited his Jacobite sympathies. A Perthshire family, the Keirs had been "out" in the '15 and '45. Her youth Mrs Aytoun had known. Walter Scott, whose sister Anne had been her friend. It was from Mrs Aytoun that Lookhart is said to have first heard some of the stories of Scott's youth, quoted in his biography.

The Aytouns were from Fife-shire. A distinguished member of the family was Sir Robert Aytoun, poet and scholar. Having gone to England in the train of James VI, he became secretary to the Queen. Ben Jonson was proud to claim it. Robert's Fife-ship and birth records that the Scot was "acquainted with all the wits of England." Robert Burns altered and gave immortal fame to a poem of the Robert Burns type: "Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never thought of, 'poor . . ."

William Aytoun was a happy home with his parents and sisters. The family spent much time at Murieston, where they had a property.

It was a home where books were cherished. The young William delighted in the novels of Walter Scott, to whom years later, he paid his tribute in "Ballad Poetry of Modern Europe."

After some years of private tutoring, William was sent to Edinburgh Academy, then under the rectorship of the scholarly Archdeacon William. The Archdeacon was a frequent visitor to the Aytoun home. He enjoyed taking his pupil fishing. He also predicted a brilliant future for him.

From the Academy, young Aytoun went to Edinburgh University, and was soon writing and taking part in debates. He knew he was expected to follow in his father's footsteps, but the Law made no appeal to him. He felt unused to the study.

It was about this time that he began exploring the Highlands, which the novels of Scott had made fashionable. He was captivated by the scenes. He was also delighted by the Highlanders, their quiet dignity, hospitality, and courtesy. He even invested in a kiln.

Articled in his father's firm—solicitors to the Duke of Hamilton—Aytoun entered the political field, taking part in the Lanarkshire election which preceded the Reform Bill. He was beginning to move away from his father's radical views, but kept his opinions firmly out of consideration for parental feelings.

Restless and unhappy, he visited London in 1833. A frequent visitor to the House of Commons, he considered the Parliamentary Service as a career, but decided that he lacked the necessary influence to ensure rising to a high post. Of the English Bar he wrote to his father: "I should have said, worse than a lottery without English connections which I have not."

Having obtained his father's permission, he left for Germany to study the language too, and was busy translating part of Goethe's "Faust." The Continental Sunday impressed him favourably, and he wrote to his mother in Britain Sunday "is little better than a day of penance." He ascribed the "heavy drinking then prevalent in Britain, to the people being denied all innocent pleasures, and resorting to the notorious gin shops."

Back home again, he dutifully resumed his place in his father's firm, eventually being admitted

Writer to the Signet. In his spare time he contributed articles to "Blackwoods" on the poems of Goethe.

Edinburgh then had many Polish exiles, and Prince Czartoryski was a frequent visitor to the Signet.

by Joan C. Young

the Aytoun home. What he heard from the exiles no doubt inspired his tribute to their tragic country in "Poland, Homer and other Poems."

A member of the Episcopalian Church, the Disruption of the Scottish National Church in 1843 prompted him to write "The Elder's Warning," which enjoyed considerable success.

A happy man, happy in his religion, he expresses deep feelings in "The Scottish Christmas." "In truth it was a solemn show. The ancient Scottish Christmas."

The holy and the mistletoe, And other boughs as green as the holly.

He laments that in Scotland,

CHESHIRE VC SAYS THANKS TO SCOTS

"OF all our homes (there are now 105) the Bethlehem home is the one that has really needed constant financial support from overseas (i.e. from Great Britain). Fort Augustus has been its main sponsor."

So says Group Captain Leonard Cheshire, V.C., in a letter to Fr. Aloysius Carruth, O.S.B., at the abbey, where the permanent exhibition in aid of the Cheshire Homes has raised nearly £3,000 in 14 years.

Leonard Cheshire says that since the Israeli-Arab June war three years ago, difficulties have mounted for the Bethlehem Home, which shelters needy children, and the assistance of Fort Augustus visitors has been a major factor in keeping the home going.

A CASE OF BILINGUALISM

This summer, Armans ar C'Halvez, editor of the pedagogical magazine SKOL, won the title of doctor of the University of Rennes with his thesis: "Un cas de bilinguisme: Le Pays de Galles, histoire, littérature, enseignement." Dr Kayter has studied Welsh education for many years. His thesis is now to be published by SKOL, with an introduction by the professor of Celtic, Leon Fleuriot. It will be a book of 200 to 210 pages, plus eight maps, format 25 x 18 cm.

Those subscribing before 15th January 1970, can get it for 14 fr. postage free, but after publication it will cost 18 fr. Money orders to C.C.P. Revue SKOL, Crech' Aval, Lannion, 22, Rennes 1911 06.

Christmas had become a "cheerless and gloomy time whereon no grateful thanks are given."

In 1845 Aytoun was appointed Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres at Edinburgh University. He proved immensely popular with the students. He had a happy way with the young.

In 1852, he was appointed Sheriff of Orkney and Zetland. Very conscientious, he made frequent visits there, and greatly enjoyed the fishing and shooting.

Perhaps Aytoun is best remembered for his "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers." This would have pleased him. From his mother, he inherited a love of the Scottish ballad tradition. He himself said of ballad poetry, "It is the simplest and at the same time the sublimest form of poetry," and added that it could be written only under the influence of strong and absorbing emotion.

The Lays are written with emotion, Aytoun was a Cavalier and Jacobite born to late. The charm and misfortunes of the Stuarts fired his chivalry. He also tended to equate Jacobitism with Scottish patriotism, and he was nothing if not patriotic. Scotland, to him, was more romantic and more lovely than any other land.

His Jacobite sympathies were viewed with slight, but tolerant, amusement by some of his friends. In fact, many of his views have been confirmed by the scholarly research of Sir Arthur Bryant, Cyril Hughes Hartman and others. The Whig view no longer dominates our history, and MacAuley has been put in his place—one hopes!

In "The Execution of Montrose," Aytoun pays tribute to one of the great Scotsmen of all time—a soldier, poet and a great gentleman. In "Prince Charles Edward at Versailles," he remembers not only the Prince, but the ordinary Highlanders: "Give me back my trusty comrades— Give me back my Highland maid— Nowhere beats the heart so kindly As beneath the tartan plaid!"

In "The Burial March of Dundee," he defends the controversial figure of James Hogg, leader, and in "The Island of the Scots," he pays tribute to Dundee's officers who, after their leader's death, distinguished themselves in foreign service.

Deeply devoted to Scotland, in 1853 Aytoun supported Lord Eginton in pressing for a Secretary of State for Scotland, and in protesting at the inadequate number of M.P.s at Westminster. He campaigned over the sad neglect of the royal parks and palaces in Scotland, and the general indifference of the Imperial Government in all matters affecting the interest of Scotland.

In 1849 Aytoun married the daughter of "Christopher North." They had no children, and when she died in 1859, sad and lonely, he became something of a recluse for some time. He was a good writer. Four years later he married again, a Miss Kintner.

For the marriage of the Prince of Wales, he met the beautiful Alexandra of Denmark at the Ode. His royalist sympathies and convictions are very clear.

William Aytoun was a delightful man—gay, lively, a good friend, warm hearted. With a genuine feeling for his country's past and traditions, and a great concern for her future, he was a nationalist in the best sense of the word.

He died in August 1865. At the time of his last illness, he was at Blackhill, a property he had rented from Lord Fife, hoping to enjoy some shooting.

Aytoun was buried in Dean Cemetery, Edinburgh. They laid to rest in the grave of his Cavalier who, in his ballads, had tried to "Call back the days of bygone years . . ."

Naidheachdan Mu Na h-Eaglaisean

Air A' Ghaidhealtachd

Le "FEAR-FAIRE"

EAGLAIS NA H-ALBA

A' Cuideachdadh nan Bochd

Aig an Ard Sheanadh mu dheireadh chaidh a shuidheachadh gun biodh airgid air a chruinneachadh air feadh na dùthcha airson a bhith a' leasachadh cor buidheannan bochd ann an dùthchannan thairis. Chaidh an t-airgid a chionnail air Latha Feil' Ann-draids, agus tha e coltach gun robh na Gàidheil air leth fàilidh ann a bhith a' cuidheachadh leis an oidhirp ionmholta seo. Tha Cleir Uibhist — cleir cho beag is a tha ann an Albainn — air £1,106 a chruinneachadh. Tha sinn an dochas gum bi tuilleadh againn mu dheidhinn nan cruinneachadh seo anns an ath aircaim de'n phàipear.

Sgrìobhaichean Gàidhealtach

Tha dithis de na ministearan as ainmeile a chaidh arach 's na h-Eileanan a' sgrìobhadh air na duilleagan Beurla de "Life and Work" air a' mhios seo. Tha am Prof. Urr. Murchadh Eoghainn Donnabhullach a' sgrìobhadh mu theachd Chrìost — "The Mystery of the Incarnation" — agus tha am Moderator, am Fìor Urr. Tomas M. MacCalmain ag innse gu de a tha an Nollaig a' ciallachadh dha-san.

Coinneadh Thaingeachd

Chumadh coinneamh thaingeachd an Fhoghair bhò chionn ghoidrid ann an Liosmor. Bha am ministear, an t-Urr. Eeachann Mac a' Phearsain air falbh o'n taigh, agus air ceann na seirbhis bha an t-Urr. Coinneach Mac a' Mhaoilinn, (An Apainn).

30 Bliadhna 'san Dreachd

Air an 13 latha de'n Dùbhlachd bha an t-Urr. Iain Walker deich bliadhna fichead 'sa ministearalrach. Tha e an diugh air ceann coimhthional ann an Sìorrachd Air, ach chaidh a choisreidheadh ri dreachd na ministearalrach air an Fairbairn, Loch Fine ann an 1939.

Feil' 'san Oban

Chum Seann Eaglais na Sgìre 'san Oban feil' bhò chionn seachdain no dhà air ais. Chaidh a' foghladh leis an Urr. Iain MacLeod, agus thugadh £350 a steach.

AN EAGLAIS SHAOR

Air an Rìcizio

Air a' 14mh latha de'n mhios seo chaidh seirbhis Ghaidhlig a' chraobh-sgoileachd a' eaglais Coi' Loch Aillse. Air ceann an adhradh bha am ministear, an t-Urr. U. B. MacNeacall, agus a' togail an fhuinne bha Mgr. Ailean Guinne.

An t-Urr. Uisdean

MacFhionghain

Tha sinn duilich a chluinntinn gun do chaochail an t-Urr. Uisdean MacFhionghain ann am Baile Bhoid air an 12 latha de'n Dùbhlachd le bas aithghearr. Bha Mgr. MacFhionghain posda le triubh chloinne agus tha ar co-fhàireachdainn aig a dhaimhean.

Ministear Obair-phleallaidh

Anns an aircaim seo de mhiosachan na h-Eaglais tha am ministear air a thoirt seachad air an Urr. Donnall Frisael, nach maireann, a bha na ministear an toiseach ann an Sgrùghail agus mu dheireadh ann an Obair-phleallaidh.

Searmon Beag

"An slugh a bha a' siubhal ann an dorachdas, chunnaic iad solus mór." (Isaiah IX:2.)

Ged nach 'eil mios ann a tha cho dorcha ris an Dùbhlachd, ann an seagh no dhà 'se am soilseachd de'n bhliadhna a tha seo. Air na sraidean 'sa bhaile mhor-chithear soluis ioma-dhòrach a' boillsgeadh. Anns na h-èineagan ann an ioma dhadachaidh 'tha na soluis beaga a' pròbadh air na craobhan Nollaig. Nuair a dh'fhoghar na tiodhlacan madainn na Nollaig chithear soluis annaibhneis a' dearsadh ann an suilean na cloinne.

Tha na nithean sin a' cur 'nar cumhne gun tainig an naoideach a rugadh gu dibidh ann an staball Bheiltehem mar "sholus a bhoilseachd nan Cìneach."

Tha solus a' sgapadh an dorachdas. Thainig Crìosd mar Ghrian na Fìreantachd gu bhith a' cur ruag air na nithean sin a tha a' dorcha-beatha an duine. Mar an Reult na Maidne, rinnag an dorcha, tha e a' cur teicheadh air sgàilean dubha na diobhailmhisinn. 'Na sholus na lannan an as-creideimh a' tuiteam o' suilean. 'Dh'imich an dorachdas thairis,' ars an t-Abstol Eoin, "agus tha a nis an solus for a' dealrachadh."

Tha solus a' treorachadh. Air rathad air nach 'eil sinn colach tha feum againn air solus-iuil, agus tha Facl Chrìosd againn gu bhith 'na lochran do ar cois, agus 'na sholus do ar ceum. Mar a stùreas 'gathan an taigh-sholuis am bata air a' chursa cheart, is ionnann sin na Sgrìobtur, gan cumail o' bhith a' deanamh long-bhrìseadh gu spioradail. 'Is mise Solus an t-Saoghail; an t-ia leanas mise, cha sùbhal e ann an dorachdas, ach bith solus na beatha aige."

'Sè Dia mo sholus, is mo shlainnt,' co chuireas eagal orm?



AIR TUR NA FAIRE

Bha e faisg air da fhichead bliadhna 'san dreuchd. Bha e na mhinistear-airm aig am a' chogaidh mu dheireadh.

A' Coinheadh Romhainn

Bidh Sacramaid Suiper an Tighearna air a frithealadh ann an da choimhthional 'san Fhaoilleach. Air an treas Sabaid bidh an Comanachadh ann am Baile Dhùbhaich, agus air an t-Sabaid mu dheireadh de'n mhìs ann an Inbhirnis (Free North).

AN EAGLAIS SHAOR CHLEIREIL

Mìsionairaidh nan Iudhach — Air an t-Sabaid seo chaidh bha an t-Urr. H. R. Moshe Radckic air ceann na seirbhisean 's Ghearsadan. Tha esan a' saothrachadh mar shoghaileach am measg nan Iudhach.

AN EAGLAIS CHAITLIGEACH

Leabhar Ur — Tha am Fìor Urr. Eamonn Carruth air leabhar ur a

sgriobhadh fo'n aium "Mary and the Council." Tha an leabhar seo leis a' Phrìor ann an Abaid Chille-chuimein a' deilgeadh air an aite a thaig an Oigh Moire ann an creid-eamh agus ann an adhradh na h-Eaglais Chaitiligh. Tha an leabhar air a chlo-bhuiladh le Iain S. Burns (Glaschu) agus chan 'eil e a' cosg leth-chruinn.

SOP AS GACH SEID . . .

Chumadh Feil' bhò chionn ghoidrid leis an Eaglais Choimhthionalach 'san Oban. Chaidh mu thuiream £52 a chruinneachadh.

Bidh Fear-Deasachaidh na duilleg seo ghe fhada an coimead pearsachan-eaglais no leughadairam sam bith eile a' chuireas naidheachdan thuige.

Guth O' na Laithean A Dh'Fhalbh:

Leanabh an aigh mar dh'athris na faidhean, 's na h-aingeal ard
b'e miann an sul;
'se 's airidh ar gradh
's ar n-urram thoirt dha, sona an aireamh
bhios dha dluth.
—Mairi Nic Dhonnuille.

ALASDAIR ROS

MINISTEAR AINMEIL

Air a' 15mh latha de'n Dùbhlachd chaochail an t-Urr. Uilleam MacLeod, a bha na mhinistear 'san Eaglais Shoir ann an Dornach eadar 1928 agus 1968. Rugadh Mgr. MacLeod ann an Anoll, an eilean Leodhas, agus ann an 1915 thug e a mach M.A. ann an Oil-thaigh Ghlaschu. Aig am a' Cheud Chogaidh bha e na mhinistear-airm uig saibheadean an Fhreiceadain Dùibh Chaidh a thaghadh mar Mhoderator an Ard Sheanaidh, agus bha e cuideachd na Chleireach air an Ard Sheanadh Bha Mgr. MacLeod mar an ceudna 'na Phrobhoist air Dornach, agus thugadh saorsa a' bhaile dha. Bha e 'na Cheann-suidhe air Comhairle Sìorrachd Chataibh.

TIODHLAC NOLLAIG

Mar thoradh air a' choimhstirich eadar Breatain agus an Spainn ghearr an Seanalair Franco na ceanglaichean telefont eadar Gibraltar agus tìr-mor na Spainne. Ach thubhairt an Seanalair gun biodh na loinneachan air am foghladh air Latha na Nollaig ach am biodh cithrom aig daoine air a' Chreig bruidheann ri an caidèan 'san Spainn.

Faodaidh Sinn Uisge Nam Bailtean Mora Fhaighinn As A' Mhuir

Sin a thuirnt an t-Ollamh R.S. Silver a Oilthigh Ghlaschu ri coimehinn bhliadhnaidh a'chomnuina a tha airson ceàrnaidhean dùthachail Sasainn a' chaomhnadh, 'The Society for the Preservation of Rural England.'

Tha an comunn a nis ag iarraidh air an Rìghaltas Stèisean 'experimental,' a' chuir air chois a' biththeadh a' dèanamh an dà chuid, nearnt an dealain a dheanadh le uisge na mara agus an salann a thoirt as an uisge airson gum biththeadh e freagarrach airson feuman nam bailtean.

Thuirnt ant-Ollamh Silver gas faodadh gum biththeadh e nas saoire uisge fhaighinn as a' mhuir na biththeadh e fhaighinn le biththeadh a' chuid gheann. Rimeadh a' chuid as motha de dh'aitèan-gleidhidh uisge anns an linn a chaidh seachad, thuirnt e, an uair a bha coisgais tìr agus luchd-obrach mòran nas isle na tha iad an diugh agus mar sin cha robh sinn a' gabhail a' stigh cho coisgal agus a bha e aitean-gleid-

hidh uisge a thogail. Thuirnt e gum robh sinn deònach gu leòr airgead mór a chosg airson ar rìoghachd a dhion bho ionnsaigh nàmhaid a bha ag iarraidh cur as dha ar dòigh-beatha on taobh a muigh agus gum bi chòir dhùinn a bhith cheart cho deònach airgead a chosg airson rud sam bith bha dol a' chaomhnadh ar dòigh-beatha bho ionnsaigh sam bith bho thobh a stigh na rìoghachd.

Bheir bràid an Ollamh togail cridhe dha na Cumirich a tha a' feuchainn ri Cwm Dulas a' chaomhnadh bho bhith air a bhathadh agus cumaidh e mach gealladh gum stad an obair bathaidh seo anns a'Chumirigh

TELEBHISEAN DAITHE AIR GHAIHDEALTACHD

Air an t-samhradh seo tighinn chi cuid de luchd-amhairc air tìr-mor na Gàidhealtachd B.B.C. 2. Bidh na programan seo air an craobh-sgoileachd a Ros-mairneich, agus ann an 1973 gheibh daoine 's na ceàrnaidhean sin B.B.C. 1 agus I.T.V. ann an dath. Chan fhaigh muintir Leodhas na programan seo gu 1976.

An Comunn Gaidhealach

ITS ORIGIN AND AIMS

THE society known as An Comunn Gaidhealach has been so prominently before the public of late in connection with its annual Mòd, and that it may be useful to relate briefly its origin and the objects for which it was originally formed. It was in the town of Oban the last week of April, 1891, that the inauguration of the Society took place, and the programme of the first Mòd is dated 13th September, 1892. The idea of forming a society to cultivate the national music and literature came originally from "Wild Wales." The remarkable success of the Eisteddfod, and the tenacious and enthusiastic patriotism of the Welsh set some Highland gentlemen thinking, and in the year 1890 the Edinburgh newspaper urging the formation of a similar organization in the Scottish Highlands. This helped to ripen public opinion and a newspaper controversy followed, but it would have been a case of "*mòran ra nadh is beagan ga dheanamh*" were it not that certain Oban gentlemen of practical and energetic temperament took the lead, issued circulars and set about forming a society, the idea and plan of which had been in their minds even before the Professor wrote his letter.

Much adverse and jealous criticism of the proposal was uttered by Highlanders and in the time, criticism that appears fatuous and foolish in the light of the years. Cassandra voices were heard in the land asserting that the movement was doomed to failure from its commencement. But fortunately their counsel did not prevail. The "Oban Times" in a leading article on the inauguration of An Comunn Gaidhealach, remarked acutely that "the prophets of failure were in every instance gentlemen of the sort who detect in everything that is not the product of their own hands and brains the deficiencies of inexperience and ill directed enthusiasm. Like adversity, however, the barking cynic has his uses, and it is nothing derogatory to the programme of the Association that it has utilized to some extent the criticisms of even those who made no secret of their desire to strangle the movement at its birth." So, despite opposition, the movement took definite shape. Professor Blackie wrote sympathetically urging the Highlanders themselves "to put their hearts and heads to the work and advising them to be self-reliant and not to depend on the aid of outsiders. This movement was really of spontaneous growth and has continued to be in healthy and vital touch with the people. Yet there were some who honestly believed that the intellectual and artistic native culture of the people had been so long moribund that it could not be revived, that the Gaelic was at its last gasp, and that the time was for ever past for a Highland Eisteddfod. Nothing daunted by the pessimists and the croaking critics, the promoters of An Comunn took a more hopeful view of the situation, they started the Mòd, and the great progress of the past sixteen years amply justifies their courage and enterprise. The founders of the Society and members of the first Provincial Committee are those:— Mr J. Macmaster Campbell, Oban; Mr John Campbell; Provost J. McIsaac; Mr D. McIsaac (the present Provost of Oban); Mr Hugh McCowan; and Mr Clements, Mus Bae. These gentlemen are all happily still with us, and deserve to be held in honour.

The programme of the first Mòd is an interesting document. It is the size of a single sheet of ordinary notepaper. There are only ten competitions with 18 prizes. Year by year, slowly but surely and steadily, the number of competitors increased and the prize

fund rose. In the present year the syllabus of competitions is quite a large booklet. The greater part of the prizes are for Gaelic Vocal Music. There is an important contest for valuable prizes by senior choirs, with a great variety of prizes for solos and duets under varied conditions. The children's department is developing rapidly. The Juvenile Department is most important for the future and it is encouraging that this year there more entries than ever before. It should not be forgotten that the writing of original Gaelic poetry and prose is encouraged, and also the composition of original music. Reading, recitations and the telling of tales have a department to themselves.

The Mòd is the chief event in the year for Comunn, and by studying the programme of the Mòd one can get a fairly correct idea of the objects for which the society exists. The name "Mòd" means a court, a trial, or a general meeting and is a Gaelic word derived from the Norse, allied to the English "moot" and A.S. "mote". For the anxious competitors it is indeed a court of trial, but for most it is simply a great Song Festival. To it the clans gather from afar, and the torch of enthusiasm for Gaelic is kindled anew, to be carried, when they disperse, to every corner of the land. Practically the Mòd is already by its organization of examiners and prizes a College of Gaelic Poetry and Music. Its medals and awards are coveted badges of distinction honoured by all Highlanders. It is a magnet that draws from obscurity the talented sons of the soil by its incentive helps materially to develop the native artistic and imaginative and intellectual culture too long neglected.

It might appear to some that this society with so many other objects to effect, gives too much prominence to the musical side. But the founders of An Comunn were not thinking so. Music is the dynamic that moves the multitude. It has been found by experience that the native music is the most powerful lever to overcome the mountainous indifference of some Highlanders to the charms of their own traditions, history, and language.

As in the old days, spells of fateful power were laid upon individuals by the Mòd, so for a time, it seemed as if a spell had been laid upon the Gael to cause him to forget forever his nationality and his individuality, and to make the traditions and love of his fathers appear as so much worthless rubbish in his eyes.

But as of old, occult spells of evil could be met by mightier spells of good, so today the Gaelic Muse, successfully invoked, exercises a powerful counter-charm, re-awakens the spirit of the people, revives their hopes and dreams and kindles new life and aspiration. It is not the speech-making or the written appeal that is overcoming opposition and winning the indifferent so much as our beautiful native music that has even the power "to create a soul within the ribs of death." The very spirit of the Celtic race breathes in its music; it appeals to something in the blood, to deep hereditary susceptibility, with spiritual and elusive yet irresistible power.

All Highlanders should support the work of this association. It does not clash with the aims of other societies already in existence, as may be seen from the Association's meeting in Oban, and County Societies give annually to the Mòd Prize Fund. It is a non-sectarian and non-political. On its platform there is room for Highlanders of every class and creed. Those who join it will find that its work will unconsciously broaden their sympathies and quicken their interest in everything pertaining to the Highland people and their welfare.

In conclusion I shall quote a saying of Lord Archibald Campbell, the first President of the Association, at a meeting in Oban, in his early days of An Comunn. "We must remember that when people talk of education and culture that the best culture of a race is its own." It is one of the fundamental principles of this Society that the best culture for the Gael is that which has its roots in the past of his own race. It is the culture which is most likely to lead to the unfolding of the richest possibilities of the race in the future.

This article could have been written today, or 20 years ago, and will in its lifetime be as relevant as ever. From now on it is interesting to note that in comparison with the claim made in this article, Campbell MacLean writing in "New Scotland" Nov./Dec. '69 states "The whole show is held in contempt by those who are potentially the most serious and able participants. No singer who prided himself on belonging to the Gaelic folk-song tradition would go near the Mòd."

The Editor would be happy to publish readers' views on the subject generally.

The article is an edited version of the Rev. M. N. Munro's, Published in the Bazaar Book of Feill A' Chomainn Gaidhealach in 1907.

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Sgeulachdan A Sgoil Mhanais, Na Hearadh A'Chailleach

BHA cailleach ann uaireigin agus dh'fhalbh i ann an eithear. Bha ron a tighinn as deidh an eithear. Bha eagal air na daoine gun curidh e an t-eathair thairis. Thig a chailleach bocsa anns an robh ubhalan chun an roin. Shluig an ron e. Thainig e air ais. Thig iad cathair air an ron. Shluig an ron e. Thainig e air ais. Thig iad a chailleach chun an roin. Thainig e air ais. Loisig iad air an ron. Thug iad a steach dho eathair e. Dh'fhosgail iad an ron agus fhuirich iad a chailleach na sùidhe air an chathair ag itheadh nan ubhalan.

* * *
Nuair a bha a cheud chogadh ann chaidh bata smuid air na creagan air caolas Tharaisaidh Thainig an captain agus na bha beo-de na seòladairan gu tìr. Nuair a chunnaic e a chailleach thug e an t-òrdugh do na daoine "Loisig an tìr." "Se 'Loisig an tìr' a tha air a bhaile bheag sin agus an latha 'n diugh.

* * *
Bha duine an sud roimhe. Chaidh e dh'iasgach. Cha dh'fhuair e ach a dha no trì de eisg. Air an rathad dhachaidh thachair boireannach ris. Thubhairt i ris fe fanoich "Tha gad trom agad." "Tha", fhreagair an duine. Tha am marbthrom co dhiubh.

AN SGEUL BHEAG

Aon latha thainig bodach chun an tighne againn. Thuir e gu robh iasg gu leor anns an tigh bheag ag Maire. Dh'fhalbh sinn a mach air an doras chul. Chunnac sinn Calum Mor a gaireachdaim. Bha a bhadach mhòr a bha ag innse an uge. Thainig Morag Bhan a mach as an tigh. Thuir i "Tha". Aris mise "An cuala thu gun robh iasg gu leor anns an tigh bheag ag Maire?" Chaidh sinn a stigh Cha robh iasg ann. Dh'aithnich sinn gun robh an bodach breugach.

* * *
Bha cailleach Hearrach aon latha ag iasgach air Rubha Reubinnis agus mu coinneamh bha cailleach Sgiathanach ag iasgach air Rubha Bhatarnais. Caidh na dreanailchean aca a measg a cheile agus thoisich an da chailleach a'sladadh. Rinn a chailleach Sgiathanach an gnothaich air a chailleach Hearrach agus gu an latha 'n diugh chi thu cathair na caillich ag Rubha Reubinnis agus aon ghairdean ga dith mar a spion a chailleach bhochd Hearrach leatha i.

* * *
Bha piuthar agus brathair aon latha 'cur bunnta agus 'nuair a bha iad ullamh thuir a phiuthar ris a brathair, "Sin agad e ullamh agus denadh e fhein an corr air", a ciallachadh gun toireadh an Cruitear air fas ach bha a

(Continued on page 12)

Over to you: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A charaid choir, — What is it that makes some Scots hesitate before supporting Scottish independence? Is it routine or fatalism that makes them want us to be under England or just stick-in-the-mud lack of imagination? Orthers say that we would lose economically if we were a sovereign state. Even if this were true, economics is not our Bible. If they can prove to us from Scripture that we have not the right to be a nation and manage our own affairs, then of course we would have to haul down the flag of St Andrew and capitulate.

Anglicised Scots seem to have forgotten the five peace points proclaiming after the war among other things: The right of every man, large or small, to life and independence." Then we have the recent encyclical "Pacem in Terris" which states that it is the duty of the state to promote (not hinder) the language, schools, culture and press, of racial minorities and enable them to achieve complete independence if possible as appears to be the general trend today."

The Celtic News mentioned this some time ago but some seem to have forgotten it and keep harping on possible monetary losses as if they were partisans of "Ubi bene ubi patria." It is not on account of ideas of prestige and domination nowadays that states attempt to justify incorporation of smaller nations but always under the pretext of keeping our money bags safe for us. But we are not children and all the English propaganda should not blind us to the fact that the tourist industry would soar if we were able to develop what is really typical of our country such as language, national crafts, customs and dress. — Is misce,

IAN G. MACNAIR
Conde de Penalver
Madrid.

Sir, — May I be allowed to defend the column "Celtica Today?"

I think it is a tremendously worthwhile piece of writing and I look forward to reading it with each issue of *Sruth*. I would say that P. Berresford Ellis is really our Celtic answer to Peter Simple of "The Daily Telegraph" newspaper.

His irony, and the way he gets hold of facts that most English people would have us forget, makes us conscious that W EARE second class citizens! Anyone who says we are not, or that we still have dignity, is more a fool than I give the average man being credit for. Some say we still have dignity! Aye, as the cow is led to the slaughter yard, it still has a dignity of a kind! But what use is that dignity in this war of survival that we are engaged in.

If only we and a hundred

P. Berresford Ellis, we might be able to teach the people the full extent to which the conquered Celtic nations have fallen. Long may his column continue. — Your etc.,

(Mrs) A. MACINTYRE
12 Montpellier Place
Brighton, Sussex
England.

Dear Sir,—For some weeks past in the columns of "Over to You" have abounded with the snarls and yelpings of hounds chasing quarry. I have personally stood aside from the ridiculous ravings of the League of English Empire Loyalists (apart from a short answer to Mr Lee Collins, which I was invited to give by the editor). I must now, regretfully, make an intervention.

Firstly, let me congratulate the courage of the person who hides behind the fearless name of Cambrian Scot to insult not only the national language of Scotland but the Scottish people themselves by making a futile and feeble attempt to translate into English a Scottish name, i.e. Seumas Mac a' Ghobhainn, according to him, is some person named Jim Smith! So that's what Cambrian Scot thinks of the Scottish language — if he calls himself a friend of the language it doesn't need enemies.

Let me also comment on Cambrian Scot's jibe: "He (me!) does not say much of English bullying in the Highlands; it is this because most of your readers stay there?" Old fearless Cambrian Scot goes flat on his face again because if he took the trouble to read *Celtica Today* he would see many references to A' Ghàidhealtachd not only in English but in the national language of Scotland as well (but then Cambrian Scot can only read Cambrian?)

Then comes along G. H. L. Buxton commenting on Iwan Jones who was alleged to have been beaten up by six policemen in Bangor Police Station and had to go to hospital. Friend Buxton says "no mention is made as to why Mr Jones was at Bangor Police Station." As if the reason, had it been revealed, would have absolved the six policemen from beating up the young lad. Can anyone who presents an argument like that be taken seriously? Of course not, but Buxton bubbles relentlessly on and comes out with a real peach "... England, Wales and Scotland are governed jointly by a parliament in which the two latter nations are over-represented in proportion to their population . . ."

Well, there you are S.N.P. and W.P.S. etc., how ungrateful and beastly you have been to those generous English M.P.s who allow 71 Scottish members to sit in their 500 odd assembly. You have it straight from friend Buxton's lips that 71 Scottish M.P.s is

far, far too many. Why, this strong faction of Scots M.P.s might even get out of hand and actually manage to right some of the ills of Scotland without being outvoted by the 500 odd English majority (as has happened so many times in the past!)

Then, I sincerely hope with tongue in cheek, friend Buxton talks about "men of intelligence!" What a load of codswallop as an English friend of mine would say!

The only sensible correspondent in the columns is E. Gwynn Matthews who calmly and rationally assures me (without resorting to abuse) that the reports of Plaid Cymru's attitude towards federalism are wrong. I am glad that an official of Y Lloidi has put this in writing and I welcome his assurance that various reports on Plaid Cymru's policies, which have been filtering out since September, 1969, are misleading. Such reassurances from Y Blair and S.N.P. (in view of the statement in "The Sportsman" recently) will, I am sure, be tremendously welcomed by their respective memberships.

Now, because I have been attacked and motive words like "racialist" used, I would like to clarify my personal position. I believe in the value of mankind; that human dignity and individualism is paramount; that the exploitation of man by man and nation by nation, is evil and that the world must be rid of such exploitation and the social conditions which lead to that exploitation.

I believe the way to a sound internationalism lays through the recognition, not the reputation, of the fact of Nationality. The solidarity of the peoples of the world must rest upon a pact of national units associated in a common purpose and destiny. (In this respect on the economic level I follow the teachings of Professor Leopold Kohr of the University of Puerto Rico.) No state can be regarded as non-imperialistic and peace loving while it seeks to dominate the nationalities within or without its state boundaries.

Therefore, I reiterate that the principal condition of securing a lasting World Peace, and Prosperity, is that every nationality, without exception all over the world, should obtain freedom and the opportunity to decide for themselves their future as part of the human race. The Celtic struggle is a world struggle. The world is rushing headlong to its doom because of the evils of the big states, where man loses all touch with humanity, where individuals no longer count. It will be only through the individual, only through the small nations such as ours, that the world will achieve peace and prosperity.

The Celtic peoples should

SGEULACHDAN A ALBAIN NUADH

NACH ionnholta an obair a tha Gairm a' deanamh ann a bhli brosnachadh luchd-sgrìobhaidh agus a' cur an cùl obrach an clò! Tha an coigheam leabhar deug de an clò-bhualaidhean air tighinn gu mo laimh aig an so agus is mairt is fhìach e a leughadh. 'S e so Sgalachdan a Albain Nuadh le Calum Iain M. MacLeod agus co a' b'fearr g'ann cruinneachadh, a taghadh is an cur an òrdugh iomchuidh na esan? B' e athair Chalum Iain a' sgrìobhaiche ainmeil, deas-bhrìathrach Iain N. MacLeod a Gilleamhòire 's an Eilean Sgitheanach agus b'ann an Bèarnaraidh Leòdhais a rugadh 's a thogadh a mhàthair. Bi cuimne aig a' mhòrchuid air na sgrìobh Iain N. MacLeod 'na chainnt mhàthaireil le ubhir de shnas is de fhìleantachd an da chuid 'nuair bha e 'na mhaighstir-sgoile an Sgìre Mhuire agus an deigh dha a dhreuchd a leighidh, 'nuair bha an fheil' 's an toir bu mhòtha air *Gazette Steornabhage* le luchd-leughaidh Lìtrichean Alasdair Mhòir. Mar sin cha b' e' cheannach a rin Calum Iain a' chaidh air a' bhardhly agus chan iognadhaidh idir sed bhiodh taobh aige ris na h-eilthirich a Inne Gal agus a iomadh glèann is srath air tìr-mòr na Gaidhealtachd a chaidh fhuadach bh'o'n dachaidhean 's an ochedamh is an naoidheamh linn deug gu taobh thall a' Chuain Shiar.

'S ann am measg sìochd nan eilthirich sin aig sin Antigonish an Albain Nuadh a tha Calum Iain a' Còmhnaidh agus a' teagasg a nise o chionn àireamh mhath de bhliadhnaichean agus tha e air an deagh fheum a dhanamh the oillean is the eòlas fhèin ann a bh' a' cothachadh gus sponndaidh air dhasgadh 's a ghleidheadh anns an t-seann chànan agus an cleachdaidhean nan Gaidheal. Tha faisg air ceud gu leth duilleag anns an leabhar so agus air deidh roimh-radh goirid leis an ùghdar fhèin tha a'cheud earrann, fo'n ainm *Eachdruidh nan Eilthirich*, a' cur an cèll dhuinn àireamh an t-sluaigh an dh'fhàg an duthaich so bhò am gu a'geam a thog orra gu 'tìr a'ghaillaidh."Cha cheadaidh an tìne dhuinn cunnantas mionaideach a thoirt air gach bàta brèite a sheòl gu mairnealach thair chuain agus air coigheam tighinn an t-sluaigh fhad 's a bh' iad air bòrd 's 'nuair chaidh iad air tìr measg nan coiltean grumach air bheagan bidh is fasaighidh, ri uchd cruaidh is drìod-fhòrt, an cunnart bhò fhiadh- b'heathaichean agus aig amannan bh'o'n chuid bu bhorba de na h-Innseanach.

Ann an dara earrann de'n leabhar, Sgalachdan nan Eilthirich, tha iomadh seòl a chaidh a thrudadh gu dìcheallach, chaidh bhò lamh-sgrìobhainn agus cuid eile

air an recordadh le Calum Iain fhèin bhò bhilean an t-sluaigh. Mar dh'airramaid 's e so an earrann a' s' motha. Aithnicidid: feadhainn cuid de chuspairean nan sgeul ach tha cruith is dreach ur orra an so. B'e mo roghainn fhìin dhuibh "Sìniur Tuath 's an Ear-thuath," "Sneachda Mòr Mhàbò" agus "Famhairhe Cheap Breatainn." Nach tìr a' chualainn sin iomadh air an Fhamhairhe, Aonghas Mac-Asgail, an Gille Mòr, agus air na h-euchdan a rinn e! Chaidh cuid a threise a sgoaidhadh fad is farsaing air gach taobh de'n chuan Shiar ach tha agaidh 's an leabhar so trusadh comhlhonta, dearbhta air gach ri an abheil cuimhe air a' ghaigheach fhoghaiteach so anns gach cearna dhe'n t-sluaigh.

Tha eachdradh sinnsreachd Iain Mhic Codrum nan Ròn air a h-innse as ùir anns an earrann, Sgalachdan a Albain, agus 'g a leantainn tha Sgeulachd no dha eile air an bhèil sgrìobh mhat d'ann bhlas a chuireadh na seachaidhean a b'ainmeil air an leithid.

Am measg nan Sean chasan Albainn leis am bheil an leabhar a' tighinn gu co-dhùthachd chòrd "Domhnall-Chib-isteach" gu math riun agus goirid 's gu bhìil e chan eil "Na Thri Plaighean" fad air thearadh air an eibhinn-eachd.

Bi mòran leughadairèan an comain an ùghdar airson an da taobh-duilleig aig fìor dhreighd an leabhair òir tha feabhrìchean air an ainmeachadh a tha airidh air an tilleadh aithe agus a bh' gu mòr fheum anns gach cladhach a b'fheadar a dheanach ma's robh na tha so de iomhhas air a thasgadh gu tearainte fìachd-mhor.

IAIN MAC A' MHATHAIN

IMPROVEMENT IN SCOTLAND'S ECONOMY

The gap between Scotland and the United Kingdom in average weekly earnings among men in manual work in manufacturing industry is now less than 2½ per cent. This is the lowest total since figures became available in 1960. The gap then was nearly 9 per cent.

The sustained reduction in the ratio of wholly unemployed is seen as "another indication of the improvement of the economic position in Scotland relative to the U.K." The ratio of 1.58 per cent. over the past two years is the lowest in the period since 1954.

Details of the big drop in emigration, and the narrowing gap in earnings and unemployment between Scotland and the United Kingdom, are given in the November issue of *Quarterly Report* on economic development, issued by the Scottish Office. The emigration figure is estimated at 25,000 which is 8,000 fewer than the year before and the lowest figure since 1958-59.

- over to you -

be free peoples in free countries and not subject to any servitudes whether they be cultural, political, social or economic.

I believe that the Celtic peoples should awake to the dangers which have almost destroyed them; to look into their hearts and question themselves — do they care? Do they have any self-respect for their humanity, individuality, nationality? If the answer is "no" let us cease to use the nouns Scottish, Irish, Manx, Welsh, Breton, Cornish. Let us simply call ourselves English or French — for that is what we will be. If we do not care, let us quickly stamp out those who continue to use the national languages of our countries...

It was that arch English imperialist Winston Churchill who is on record as saying: "If a nation cannot stand up for its rights and freedom it deserves to be stamped out."

As I read the columns of "Sruth" I believe I can hear his gruff laughter echoing on the wind.

Ochón! Ochón! Ullagón! O! Is mise,

P. BERRESFORD ELLIS

Sgeulachadh A Sgoil Mhanais, Na Hearadh-A'Chailleach

(Continued from page 10)

brathair a smaoinicadh gur e an athair air talamh a bha i ciallachadh agus thairt e. "De n' e air son fas a thoir air mur a cur e suidh air."

AM BODACH GLIC

Bha bodach ann uaireigin agus aon latha thachair am ministear ris. "Gu de a dh' fheumas a bhli agad de dh'air-giòd airson do chumail as neamh?"

Aon latha chaidh da dhruine a Scarista a mach combla ri duine a Horgabodh ann an cathar bhag iasgach. Bha torr linn aca anns an eathar. Bha iad faisg air Tarasaidh an uair a chunnaidh iad ruidheigin air an robh solus. Cha do ghàbh iad eaghl sam bith. An uair a raing iad an t-àite far am fac' iad an solus chuir an t-eathar car dhith agus bha iad air am bathadh.

Tha e air aithris gun robh duine anabarrach tapaidh ann an Caolas-Sgalpaidh aon uair. Bha e cho tapaidh 's gun leud eadh e thairis air a chaoi cadaid Caolas-Sgalpaidh agus Eilean Sgalpaidh. Bha e aon latha ann an Sgalpaidh agus thionndaidh i mach cho fiad-

haich agus nach robh doigh air faighinn dhachaidh. Cha robh e gu bhli air a thilleadh agus leum e seachad air a' chaoi. Tha larach a bhonnan r'm faicinn ann an creig anns a chladhach far an do bhual e tìr.

AN TIGH MOR

Tha tigh mor an Roghadail ach 'se an t-uachdaran a bha fuireach ann aon uair. Aig an uachdaran a bha nighean a bha a' dol a phosadh fear nach bu toigh le a h-athair agus chum e i na prìosanach anns an tigh mhòr. Aon oidhche an deidh dhaibh a dhol a chadal thainig an t-oganach le cathar agus chaidh e stigh air uinneig agus thug e leis an nighean. Dh'fhalbh iad gu tìr-mor agus as a sin gu Canada far an do phos iad. Tha e air a radh gu bheil e taisè anns an t-seomair sin. Aon oidhche bha neach na chadal ann agus dh'fhaireich e an doras a' fosgladh mar gum biodh neach a tighinn a steach. Dh'èirich e ach cha robh neach ann. 'Se seomair na taisè tha aca air an t-seomair sin ann an tigh mhòr Roghadail gun an la an duigh.

Aon oidhche chaidh da nighean a mach ach am faicheadh iad de an cron a dheanadh iad. Cha b'urrann dhaibh smaoinicadh de a dhèanadh iad ach thubhairt te dh'ibh gun (teardhail iad damh Eoghainn a mach as a bhatiaich agus gun cuireadh iad de don bhataich aig Iain. 'Se Iain a ghabh an t-iongnadh anns a mhaduin 'nuair chunnac e gun robh damh a bharrach aige.

Bha bodach anns an Hearadh uair aig an robh droch fhuachd. An latha seo chaidh e chun an toitair agus dh'innis e dha mu dheidhainn. Thubhairt an doitair ris e dh'fhagail a h-uile h-uinneig anns an tigh fogsailte an uair a bhiodh e a' dol do'n leabaigh Rinn an duine mar a dh'iarr e air agus dh'fhogail e a h-uile h-uinneig aig am cadaid. Thachair an doitair ris ann an latha mu doitair agus dh'fhoighnich e dha "An do dh'fhalbh ann fuachd, agad?" "Cha do dh'fhalbh" fhreagair am bodach, "ach dh' fhalbh leabhar pòcaid agus mu dheise."

DOMHNALL MACASGAILL ARDHASAG

Buth Ghoireasan is Gach ni a tha dhith oirbh

MAIRI NICAONGHAIS Snath is aodach Chloinne

Paipair sgrìobhadh Goreasan eile

Tairbheart na Hearadh

Ma Tha E Bho Muigh

(Continued from page 3)

Bheurla. Tha ar mnanan do thugheach dhunn, ach tha iad ur 's tha iad bho muigh. Chuir sinn a mach an dreasair 'nuair a dh'imrich sinn don taigh ur — taigh ur, airneas ur, fhuair sinn e anns a' cho-op.

'S iad na h-uine tha fear Inbhrìach ag eighachd rinn a thighinn a mach as an dig. Ach cha do mhothaich e fhathast nach eil sgeul air a' chlaiche-stiuraidh. Feumaidh sinn an toiseach fèamadh dhinn na beachdan ruighinn a tha tìde air fhagail oirnn. Feumaidh an toiseachadh a bhith bog, Feumaidh na sgoillear a thighinn sìos a mheas na cloinne, chan e bhith fidhe stocainne no barachd leotha fhein, air eagal gu faicear nach eil iad idir cinnteach asda frein. Cho tha?

An nochd cha mheall mi ri fhin le ceilidh beus anns an dig, is nìp ann am fasgadh na seann charbaid 's air a' claithaich. Tha cho ùmhneuh gun gheulusadh, chan eil an nìp ann air fichead oran, cha chum mi sgeulachd riagh a tha cuimirt air chan aithne dhomh ann phobaireachd, cha bhith mi lion, cha bhual mi le suisd, cha thorr mi adag, cha thugh mi slòc, cha spoilt mi tross, cha threabh mi le crann cha steidh mi cruach, cha bhlòghann mi bo, cho fhuagh mi sìol cura, cha ghearr mi barrad, cha speal mi rath, cha thanaich mi curran, cha stiùir mi eathar, cha thoir mi sìol.

'S dh'fharraich ach crann a dh'fhadhadh le freumhaichean combla ri mu shean shean seanair, 's a dhuilleach ri tarraing toiraidh a' ceithir ranan an domhain. Mar a tha sinn an crasd 's gun a tha greim aig freumh nach goitean de'n h-uile seors' a' falbh leinn le rìs, mas bi sinn a mach as an fhusan, mar gu falbhaidh i le cloinn bheag a' tighinn as an sgòil.

THE article above is reprinted from "Crann". As a piece of prose we find it remarkable for its maturity perception, compassion and ordered marshalling of ideas. It shows a clear understanding of the sad facts of life of Gaelicland and presents these facts in a simple, yet penetrating manner uncluttered by the all too common emotional over-tones. More important still, the writer has the content to record what belongs to another day, but recognises the need for a healthy growth in stem from these roots, and the need for leadership that will instill confidence, co-ordinate and guide.

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Misc. Tha an t-òran ag ràdh: "Thug mi mo làmh do'n Eileannach." Ach cha rug thu a leas do làmh a thoir do Eileannach a bhios a tighinn a dh'athghair. Chan eil e ag iarraidh bhàth ach deich tasdain 's bhliadhna. Agus de a bheir ean dhuitse? Cum do shòil air an duilleig seo anns an ach àireamh de Sruth agus innsidh sinn dhuit.

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Text for the Times

Agus beiridh i mac agus bheur thu lusa mar ainm air; air sòraidh e shluagh fein o'n peacabih.

Mhata c. 1 r. 21. And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name JESUS for he shall save his people from their sins.

Proverb

'S math am bata a bheir a mach an cala a dh'fhag i.

It's a reliable boat which returns to the harbour it left.

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