Newspaper of Current Events in he Highlands, the Islands and in Scotland

incorporating

THE LOCHABER DIARY

DI-ARDAOIN, 28mh AN DUDHLACHD 1967 THURSDAY, 28th DECEMBER 1967

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AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH Abertarff House . Inverness

HDB Launch **Uist Project**

The Highlands and Islands Development Board, in a positive move to develop the land resources of the Western Isles, are growing nearly six acres of bulbs in North Uist. The bulbs—varieties of daffodils and tulips—will be lifted next summer.

will be lifted next summer.

After an extensive survey and much consultation with trade and other experts in Britain and abroad, the Board are optimistic that, though risk is involved, this project could provide a means of stabilising the economy of the liter.

The Board have leased the land as sub-tenant from several crofters and are considering the possibility of expanding the scheme next

Skye A Skye contractor has improved and extended the drainage facilities on the land involved, and Durch experts have carried out the planting of the bulb's on the Board's behalf during what was the wettest autumn in the islands since 1869. contractor has

The Board's earlier investiga-The Board's earlier investiga-tions showed that the soil and climate of the Uists made them an area suited to growing certain varieties of bulbs. This supported the evidence accumulated by Hebridean Bulb Growers, a crof-ters co-operative, over the ten

that the crofters society had de-monstrated that there was a de-mand in Britain for bulbs grown in the Western Isles. He added: "It is far too early to be able to estimate accurately how many jobs there will be, but let us say that, at this stage, we are optimis-tic."

The Board will shortly be appointing a manager with the re-quisite experience and skill. They are also planning to provide a training course for people from the Uists.

BLIADHNA MHATH

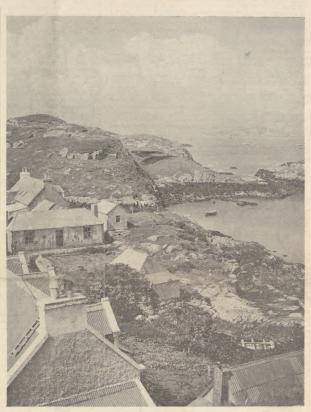
UR DO AR LUCHD-LEUGHAIDH. 'S AR

LUCHD-CUIDEACHAIDH

MENACE TO FISHERMEN

The "killer" whale, which attacked the lobster fishing boat of Alasdair and Donald Corbett off Kinlochbervie this week, has again been reported off the West Coast of Sutherland. It is thought that the whale, last seen in Loch Clash, has strayed from a school passing through the Minch.





The village of Plockopol, in South Harris. A typical community in the Western Isles made remote by successive decades of Government neglect. Those of us who live in large centres of population, with attendant amenities, cannot but admire the spirit of the Islesfolk who look to the Highlands Board for help to make their islands become economically important, as once they were. It is gratifying to see that two years after its birth the Development Board is elsewhere in the Islands, now taking positive action to give the Isles hope for the future.

(Ph oto by A. MacArthur, Stornoway)

CARAID SA CHUIRT

Ma dh' fhagas einseanair no scienteach Dun reidh gu dhol gu Westinghouse bithidh deagh charaid ga feitheamh. Dh' fhag an Dr. Hurraid saint an shail Ma dh' fhagas einseanair no

Morrisons Get New Chief

without a Chief, the Clan Morrison has now been told by the Lord Lyon that Dr John Morrison, of Ruchdi, North Uist, is confirmed as Clan Chief.

Dr Morrison, who is a brother of the late W. S. Morrison, Lord Dunrossil, was born near Oban, and was at one time an opthalmologist with Lancashire County Council. Dr Morrison can trace his ancestry back over 13 generations.

He is descended from the Scots.

original Morrisons of Lewis. His ancestors were armourers to the clan and keepers of the Island of Pabbay. With the title, Dr Morrison receives from the Clan Society a portion of Duneistein, a barren rock off the Butt of Lewis, which was once the stronghold of the clan. On this portion of rock Dr Morrison can raise his standard. The island was bought by the Clan Morrison Society from a London property company for one pound

advert stated

The

Highlands have surprisingly

good roads." In the same issue a Highlands and Is-lands Development Board

to slash the Highland Road

rt stated "Roads — network of main

BIRTH

LAURIE — At Stobhill Hospital. Glasgow, on the 20th December 1967, to Marjorie and John Laurie, Drimard, Lochgilphead—a daughter (Jeanne Thomson), a sister for Petra.

MARRIAGE

McCORMACK-CAMPBELL -December 9th, 1967, at Knox Free Church, by Rev. J. Heenan, Thomas, son of the late Mr and Mrs J. McCormack, Castleton, Auchterarder, to Torquila, young-est daughter of Mrs F. Campbell, 17 Park Place, Perth, and the Park Place, Perth, and the John Campbell of Storno-

DEATHS

MURPHY—At Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, on the 18th December URPHY—At Winnipeg, Manitoba. Canada, on the 18th December 1967. Annie MacKenzie, wife of the late G. T. Murphy, and youngest daughter of the late Bailie and Mrs George MacKenzie, and sister of Louis and Katie, 13 Kenneth St., Inverness.

MACKAY — At Free Presbyterian Manse, Tarbert, Harris, on 5th December 1967, Cathie Mary Matheson, aged 45 years, dearly beloved wife of Rev. Angus Mac-kay, and dear mother of Donald, Norman, Sandra, James, Anna and Callum

SEAN-FHACAL

An rud is fhiach a ghabhail, 's fhiach e iarraidh.

If it is worth taking, it is worth asking for.

Text for the Times

Agus, feuch, thàinig aingeal an Tighearna orra, agus dhealraich gloir an Tighearna mu 'n timchioll; agus ghabh iad eagal mòr.

Lucas II v. 9

And Io, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were none afraid.

Luke II, v. 9

BAHA'I FAITH

"We testify that when He (Jesus) came into the world He shed the splendour of His glory upon all created things. The testing of the specific property of the second that the s covered from the leprosy of perversity and ignorance, through Him the unchaste and wayward were healed. Through His power, born of Almighty God, the eyes of the blind were opened, and the soul of the sinner sanctified." He it is Who purified the world. Blessed is the man who, with a face beamine with

with a face beaming with light, hath turned towards Him."

From the

Writings of Baha'u'llah. Further information: 42 Island Bank Road, Inverness.

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THE DIRECTOR ABERTARFF HOUSE, INVERNESS

On the other hand ... WHAT THE PAPERS SAY

"High-speed building at on the same subject for Inverness, read the headline. A new annexe for the "The All-Brahan Seer." Highlands and Islands Development Board, with a floor area of 4,500 sq. ft., built in 48 hours. We Highlanders can show them, we thought and then we read An English firm are build ing the annexe." Readers of 'Sruth' muttering "Ochone, Ochone," probably missed an earlier snippet to the effect that some of An Comunn's recent printing was done in France. It is all enough to make any self-respecting Scottish Nationalist turn in his button badge. Stamped made in Birmingham or so we believe.

With Gaelic Top of the Pops records on the market and a new swinging image, Abertarff House has still to get around to button badges. We intend pushing the idea and would anticipate massive sales for "All the way with D.J." Loyal support from the Western Isles Temperance Movement for "Ban

* * *

A new booklet on the Brahan Seer appeared on the book-stalls last month.

the Bothans" and g sales for "Flora Power.

Sruth,' a regular cereal.

The December "Scottish Field " had an interesting reader's letter about a plaque at Dingwall Station

April 1919 in connection with the Ross and Cromarty County Red Cross Society. During which time 134,864 men were supplied with tea." One must acknowledge the public-spiritedness of the Ross-shire ladies and boggle at the statistic "134,864 cups of tea." We feel there must have been many dramatic moments at the tea stall in its forty-three months existence. What tales and events remain un-told? What happened when a member of the Royal Fly-Corps asked for tea? What happened when a soldier or sailor asked for coffee or cocoa? We can picture also scenes of emotion with a distraught Mrs McKenzie saying "I've lost count, I don't know if that was the 70,060th cup or just the 60,070th?

Excitement doubtlessy

* * *

This railway station was used as a tea-stall for soldiers and sailors from 20th September 1915 until 12th

the book-stalls last month. Excitement doubtlessy We have been pondering the mounted as the pouring of idea of doing some articles the 100,000th cup drew lord against act ait finalishing air idea of doing some articles the 100,000th cup drew lord against against a second agains

near - imagine the Navy roads permits fast transport troop-train, the Jellicoe, in Dingwall Station on a cold routes." This would seem to give Barbara Castle grounds frosty January night ... 1918, the sailors warm, as-Fund and spend the money leep and tired. Mrs Williamon necessities rather than son throws open the carriage door and yells "Everybody on projects like the Mallaig out, we've only 400 cups to go, Mrs McLeod is lying in front of the engine and nobody leaves here till we reach the 100,000th."

It was a nice touch adding an "E" to Concord for England. A trifle parochial perhaps but what can one expect? We personally feel it would have been more apt to add a D for St David of Wales, an I for Ireland, an S for Scotland and to have called the plane Discord.

'One shouldn't believe everything one reads in the papers" goes the old say-ing, but we always do. We were cheered to read earlier this month in an Investors Chronicle article that "the



road. The article man to have been reassuring to operators, fish have been reassuring to coach tour operators, fish hauliers and timber transporters. It must, however, have been missed by at least one industrialist: We quote from last week's Press and Journal "Highland roads are not good enough to encourage development of industry in the area - says pulp mill chief. * * * Surely the most incredible advert of the year appeared in a Highland newspaper last week-end, it read "First Footing: take a 5/- Gift Pack of 4 Elite Lamps from the Hydro Board." Imagine the dialogue some time after twelve on the First: "Will

> join you, amp blazing masel." R.M.M.

1971 CENSUS

you have another? Oh, no

thanks I'm light-headed al-

ready. Go on have just a

small one. Oh well then just

like a light. Good then I'll

40 watt, I'm driving and if I don't watch I'll go out

Ten Test Areas

Test designed to try out or-ganisation and procedures will be held in Scotland as a preliminary to the next full census of the population in 1971.

The areas selected range from densely-populated burghal areas to remote rural areas, so that the enumeration which differing con-ditions. The number of house-holders involved in Scotland will be about 3,500, and parts of Ross and Cromarty will be included.

and Cromarty will be included.

Every householder in the areas involved will be invited to complete a test questionnaire. The householder's part in the test will be entirely voluntary, and there will be no compulsion on anyone to answer questions in the form. Householders who do provide information will have the assurance that it will be treated as confidential.

RATHAD UR AN T-STROM

Se Dunean Logan a choisinn an cumhanat-cosgair luach £490,000 airson rathad ur taobh a deas Loch Carain. Bithidh an rathad ur ag gabhail aite an aiseag thar an loch. Tha Comhairle na siorrachd a faighinn 75 per cent. den chosgais agus nuair a bhios an arathad deiseil bithidh drochaidean thar Allt Phadruig, Caodal agus abhainn Atadal. Bithidh an rathad deiseil an ceann da bhliadhna. bhliadhna

MY DEAR: I sent my old fur coat MY DEAR: I sent my old fur coat to Fergusons and got a most marvellous renovation. You simple wouldn't know it from a new one, and the price was really moderate. I am certainly going back to them. Why not take her advice? D. A. Ferguson Lid. 90/94 Easter Road, Edinburgh, 7. Tel. ABB 405S. Estab. 1897.

7.— Longs of the Gael

" and good

Taladh Chriosta Lento 10000 0. 00000

The following verses are taken from a selection of hymns compiled by the late Father Allan Mac-Donald, of Eriskay. The music is quoted here from that of Marjory Kennedy-Fraser. The strength of this song lies in its extreme simthis song lies in its extreme sim-plicity and indicates that however ill the Gaelic folk were in the matter of writing, the oral tradi-tion of learning produced a degree of education in the relevant fields of human experience which far surpassed that associated with the folk of other parts of the country to whom formal education was an aspect of life taken for granted.

(Noted in Eriskay from the singing of Mrs John MacInnes, Words from Fr. Allan MacDonald).

Mo ghaol, mo ghradh, is m'eudail 's tu Righ nan Righ, 's tu Naomh nan Naomh, Miunntas ur is m' eibhneas thu, Dia an Mac thu's siorruidh t' aois, Mo mhacan alainn ceutach thu. 'S tu mo Dhìs 's mo leanabh caomh, 's tu ard Cheann-feadhna chinne-daonda.

Haleluia, Haleluia, Haleluia, Haleluia

Tha mi 'g altrum Righ na Morachd!
'S mise mathair Dhe na Glorach!
Nach buidhe, nach sona dhomhsa!
Tha mo chridhe lan de sholas.

Mo ghaol an t-suil a sheallas tla, Mo ghaol an cridh' tha liont' le gradh, Ged is leanabh thu gun chail Is lionmhor buaidh tha ort a' fas.

'S tusa grian gheal an dochais Chuireas dorchadas air fogairt, Bheir thu clann-daoin' bho staid bhronaich Gu naomhachd, soilleireachd, is eolas

Hosanna do Mhac Dhaibhidh, Mo Righ, mo Thigearna, 's mo Shlan'ear! Shlan ear!
'S mor mo sholas bhi 'gad thaladh.
'S beannaichte measg nam mnai mi.

Lochaber To-day

times even a deliberate action

by a management, that may

have found itself in some kind

of difficulty, "Sorry we cannot

complete that order Sir, as you

will have read, we have one of

those unofficial strikes on our

hands at the moment, trust you

will allow us time to get over this little difficulty," a good

story, a little difficulty, men,

women and children on the

bread line because some junior

manager was too taken up with

his secretary, to attend to the

starting of an operation, on

Of course the men are wrong

to go on strike, nobody knows

this better than they do, but a

iust settlement of a grievance

in industry takes time, and time

is something we are all short of. Industrial intrigue is as cor-

rupt today as it was a hundred

years ago, almost every im-

provement in every trade has come about AFTER A STRIKE OR AFTER THE THREAT OF A STRIKE

A strike free industry will

come about, in time, when the demarkations and differentials,

between management staff (non-

productive) and the "on-the-

it takes strikes to demolish

them, before the commercial

side of industry wakens up in

1968, then strikes there will be.

An exhibition of Glasgow

Portraits by J. Craig Annan (1864-1946), is being shown in

the Scottish Arts Council Gal-

lery in Blythswood Square,

Glasgow, until January 27

gallery is open daily from 10 a.m. till 6 p.m., and on Sun-

The photograpps on show are

a magnificent sample of the

Admission is free and the

ARTS COUNCIL

EXHIBITION

day afternoons.

have been demolished, and

clock

' (productive) employees,

time, to complete the order.

To Strike Or Not To Strike

ticle where we had a look at industry, the condition known as "Working to Rule this week we will look at the "Strike." This is the most serious action the worker can take, it is also the very last in the industrial relationship setup that the workers will use. It is widely assumed that every trade union member on strike receives "Strike Benefit" from his Union. This is a wrong as-

Firstly, the trade union Executive must recognise the strike and approve of the action being taken, and secondly, the member must not be in arrears with his contributions, before 'Strike Benefit ' is payable. As most trade unions today have a vast arrears, a large percentage of members are not eligible for

Strike Benefit." From this you will understand that for a trade unionist to go on strike is something that must be given a lot of serious consideration, and never at any time is it treated lightly, or in the delinquent manner you may have been led to believe. The right to withdraw his labour is the worker's, just as the employer has the right to shut down his works. or sell out to a competitor.

Every week you read of factories and mines closing down with all sorts of plausible excuses as to the need for this action, and to many this is perfectly acceptable. Irresponsible shareholders demanding an acceptance of a takeover, knowing that it will eventually mean an end to the continuity of employment for the employees of this company, seldom encourages a public outcry, but let half-a-dozen men strike in an effort to force an eighteenth century management to improve their working conditions, and everyone who can put pen to paper decries their action as irresponsible. Miners have gone on strike when they have been forced to work waist deep in filthy water, without extra renumeration, engineers have gone on strike, when they were being forced to work machinery that was unsafe when their fathers were apprentices, and the 'Bonus rate' had not improved from that date either, building trade workers have gone on

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Also Leather Goods and All Types of Jewellery strike when they were forced to I has taken place in the establishwork on staging that had long ment he is employed in. since depreciated to firewood, incident that brought on the and would certainly result in strike may be only a culminatthe death of a fellow craftsman. ing factor, one of a series, some-

The Scottish worker in industry has taken chances, and is taking them every day, to keep industries wheels turning, and very little thanks they have for it, when you consider that a tor raid craftsman in Scotland earns considerably less than £20 per week, without this new incentive - that was abolished by act of a Scottish Parilament over 300 years ago - "weekend working."

Strike is the last resort of the worker, and when he has taken that decision you can depend on it, something very wrong

OIDHCHE CHIUIN

(Silent Night) Oidhche Chiuin,

Oidhche Naomh,

Sith o neamh a' tamh gach taobh, Og-bhean chaomh 'is a ceile

A faire os cionn a Naoinein

Oig,
A tha 'na chadal cho seimh -A tha 'na chadal cho seimh.

Oidhche Chiuin, Oidhche Naomh,

Ciobair a' chual' an ceol os a

chionn, Chunnaic e rionnag a' dearr-

sadh 's na speur, Binn-cheol a' leanadh an t-sao-

ghail gu leir, Bho choisir nan aingeal air aird -

Bho choisir nan aingeal air aird Oidhche Chiuin,

Oidhche Naomh,

Caidil cho seimh, a Righ nan Dul

A thainig thoirt solas 'is dochas do'n t-sluagh, A shabhaladh ainim nam peach-

daidhean truagh, Failt' Ort, a Shlanaighear nan

Failt' Ort, a Shlanaighear nan

Gaelic words by D. J. Mac-Millan, London, December 1967. Annan.

POPULATION - GAINS AND LOSSES

The Secretary of State for Scotland, Mr William Ross, said in the House of Commons recently that estimates of the losses or gains in the population of the individual counties in 1966-67 should be available round about the middle of January.

The corresponding estimates for each of the previous five years are set out in the table below. It should be noted that the annual figures for individual counties are unreliable as year-by-year indication of population change, since they include in some cases correction for the five-year period are more reliable.

Population gain (+) or loss (-):—

Total

						Total	
						change	
	1961-62	1962-63	1963-64	1964-65	1965-66 ov	er 5 vrs.	
Argyll	-183	+159	-739	~119		-1.579	
Caithness			+46	-105	-131	+637	
nverness		-331	-768	+524	+2.782	+1.633	
Orkney	-105	-40	-67	-179	-143	-534	
Ross & Cro-							
marty		+18	+162	-128	-312	-286	
utherland	-47	-49	+119	-73		-115	
etland	-153	-12	+194	-205	-143	-319	
					110	217	

TWEEDDALE SITE SOLD FOR £52,000

Fort William Plans Take Leap **Forward**

Plans for the new modern Fort William took a leap forward on Monday night Town Council formally agreed to accept an offer of £51,750 for the freehold site at Tweeddale Place.

The offer was made by Vestnio Ltd., a London firm, whose plans for developments on the site include the construction of ground floor shops and stores, with Govemment offices, and possibly refreshment and entertainment facilities above.

Treasurer W. G. Mac-Pherson formally moved that this offer be accepted, and Councillor J. H. Rodger seconded the motion.

Mr MacPherson said there had been a lot of speculation in the town as to future developments at Tweeddale, and he felt that the very satisfactory offer by the London firm would put many minds at ease. It was decided to seek a meeting with the developers at the earliest opportunity, to hear exactly what the new proposals would be.

Provost Canon G. K. B. Henderson disclosed that immediately the offer had been received, the Town Council had met to look into the possibilities of finding alternative car-parking facilities to replace Tweeddale car park

It had been decided to ask the Burgh Surveyor to prepare a plan of the ground runnning from Ardlinnhe to Nevis Cottages, which it was thought would be most suitable for this purpose. Mr McLaren said they hoped to provide parking space for about 120 cars on this area, with two entries and one

Bearing in mind the ur-

GEARAIN MU IASGACH Choinnich iasgairean Phort-

righ agus buill na Comhairle Ionadail ri Mgr. T. Brown agus Capt. MacCallum o Roinn an Fhearain san Iasgaich o chionn ghoirid. Tha greis o na bha na h-iasgairean ag gearain mu na tralairean a bha sgriobadh an aghaidh an lagh mu chladaichcan an Eilein agus mu na doighean a tha na poidsearan cleachdadh ag cur linn is uid-heam iasgaich eile a dhith air muinntir an aite. Mar is abhaist ghealladh sealltainn ris a ghnorhuch. Tha muinntir Leodhais a bhi gearain bho chinn bhliadhnachan mun ni ceudna.

gent need throughout the town for car parking, the Council decided that they were unable to accede to a request from the County Architect for permission to take over part of the vacant ground at Ardlinnhe for use as a temporary library site.

They recommended that urgent steps be taken to transfer the burgh yard to the former B.A. hostel site at Inverlochy, and that the site of the burgh yard be offered to the County Council for use as a temporary library

Historic Buildings Grants

1966/67 REPORT **PUBLISHED**

Grants paid out by the Historic Buildings Council for Scotland reached more than £120,000 - a ord total — during the finan-year 1966/67.

This is stated in the Council's report for the 15 morths up to March 31 this year. The report (published by H.M.S.O., price 15 9d), says the Council received 77 applications for grants during the period of the report and recommended grants to be made in 27 instances. instances.

Grants ranged between £300 and Grants ranged between £300 and £10,000. Among them was one for Kilkerran, by Mavbole, Ayrshire, erected by Sir John Fergusson of Kilkerran, Ist Baronet in 1695-1700, which contains an interesting collection of pictures. Culzean Carde, one of Robert Adam's finest works, a popular tourist attraction, now looked after by the National Trust for Scotland was a tarfel two greats.

after by the National Trust for Scotland, was a t-ried two grants, Arniston House, Midlothian, the work of William Adam, also re-ceived help. This house contains many valuable works of art and is notable for two things — its long family connection with the Scot-tish Bar, and as a centre of Scot-tish Bar, and as a centre of Scot-tish Ile and letters.

Three 15th/16th century castles

Three 15th/16th century castles received grants — Balfuigh in Aberdeenshire, Cessnock in Ayrshire, and Bredick in the Isle of Arran (a National Trust property). The "little houses." which contribute much to the character of Scottish towns also benefited to the contribute much to the character of the contribute much to the character of the contribute of

some in the Old Harbour area of Fertsoy, Banfishire.

The Council are row working to a three-year allocation of about £85.000 a year, the report states. This is larger than the amount provided under previous arrangements and gives an assured programme over the next three

SRUTH

Di-ardaoin, 28mh An Dudhlachd 1967 Thursday, 28th December 1967

Politics and An Comunn

Am bu choir gnothach a bhith aig A' Chomunn Ghaidhealach ri nithean poiliticeach? Tha a' cheist seo ' toirt te eile 'nar cuimhne. Am bu choir gnothach a bhith aig an Eaglais ri nithean poiliticeach? smaointeachadh gur i an fhreagairt cheart do no ceistean sin nach eil dol as aca — cho fad agus a tha buaidh aig nithean poiliticeach air an obair aca. (Chan eil sinn a' ciallachadh le seo gum bu choir An Comunn Gaidhealach a choltachadh ris an Eaglais ann an doigh sam bith eile, ged a dh' fhaodadh cuid a bhith smaointeachadh gur e seorsa de chreideamh a tha anns A' Chomunn le ardshagart agus teampull ann an Inbhir Nis!)

Tha a h-uile bliadhna a' cur ris na rudan ris a bheil an Riaghaltas a' gabhail gnothaich. Nach d' thuirt Aneirin Bevan gun d' thainig e gu bhith tuigsinn, agus e 'na dhuine og a' fiachainn ri leasachadh a dheanamh air beatha nan daoine bochda anns a' Chuimrigh, gu feumadh e dhol dha 'n aite far an robh cumhachd an leasachadh seo a thoirt gu buil — " the source of power" — mar a thuirt e fhein. Agus tha gnothach aig an Riaghaltas ri cor

na Gaidhlig agus na Gaidhealtachd.

Chan eil seo ri radh gum bu choir dha 'n Chomunn taobh buidhinn seach buidheann a gabhail. Feumaidh mi aideachadh gu bheil mi smaointeachadh gum bitheamaid na b' fhearr dheth le parlamaid ann an Alba - ach chan eil an sin ach mo bharail fhein, agus tha cuisean ann an Eirinn far a bheil aig a' Ghaidhlig ri iomadh sabaid a dheanamh fhathast a' foillseachadh dhuinn nach leig sinn a leas smaointeachadh gun tigeadh Linn an Aigh ged a bhitheadh parlamaid againn fhein.

'S e neart agus laige na doigh-riaghlaidh againne gu feum an luchd-riaghlaidh a bhith sìreadh bhotaichean airson cumhachd a chumail 'nan lamhan fhein. 'S e seo a tha 'gar deanamh 'nar sluagh saor ach, aig an aon am, tha an luchd-riaghlaidh agus an fheadhainn a tha ag iarraidh a bhith 'nan luchd-riaghlaidh, mar a chunnaic sinn iomadach uair, buailteach air geallaidhean mora a dheanamh agus cuideachd, air fiachainn ri feum a dheanamh de dhaoine agus de chomuinn airson nan innleachdan aca fhein a thoirt gu buil.

Fhad 's a tha sinn a' tuigsinn seo faodaidh sinn an aire thoirt gur e sinne tha deanamh feum dhiubh-san agus

A New Philosophy

This is the time of year when we tend to look back and look forward. As we look back and consider the momentous world happenings which have taken place during the past twelevementh it becomes quite difficult not to become yone of the decision of the decision of the period of the decision of the decision of the decision will be decision of the decis

by atomic weapons when can wip to the analysis of the analysis

comes round.

It seems to us that the time has come for a new moral philosophy to be promoted among the nations of the world, to fill the vacuum produced by people in high places who presume to know better than those they lead. This new philosophy must be integrated into our present scale of values, if our existence is to have a continuous control of the control o

Those of us with children and grand-children must often wonder into what future we are pitching them, quite unprepared for the unexpected, and ourselves completely without the necessary modicum of experience and wisdom to which we ourselves had access from our parents. This is the time for new thoughts. Let us all think hard — and fruitfully.

Faicinn Bhuam SGEUL AOIBHNIS

Tha mi cinnteach gum b fheàrr le daoine cràbhach nach robh Latha na Bliadhn Uire cho faisg air Latha Nollaig Oir tha e na chleachdadh aig daoine a bhith a' deanamh gàirdeachais aig fos-gladh bliadhna eile agus faodaidh e bhith gur e toiseach na bliadhna a bhith cho faisg air latha breith an t-Slànaighir aon dhe na n-aobharan gu bheil àm na Nollaig a nise air a mheas cuideachd mar àm freagarrach airson cruinnichidhean is toil-inntinn.

Tha aobhar àraidh aig daoine bhìth subhach aig àm na Nollaig, an t-aobhar a thugadh leis na h-ainglean aig a' chiad Nollaig o shean. Ach s fheudar gun do lean cuid dhe 'n t-seann shaobh-chràbhadh ri doighean an lath an diugh. Mar sin chithear buaidh trì-fillte air àm na Nollaig - naidheachd ùrail na slàinte, beagan dhe na fhuair sinn o na linntean dorcha, mar a theirear, comhla ris na chaidh a chur riutha sin nar linn fhin.

S tric pearsachan eaglais a gearan, is feadhainn dhe 'n aon inntinn riutha, (chan ann, ma dh'fhaoidte, gun aobhar) bheil an treas buaidh, se sín, fleridhachas is greadhnachas eile, air àite ro làidir a ghabhail an cur-seachad na Nollaig. S iomadh rabhadh a tha sinn faotainn mu bhith a' dìochuimhneachadh fìor-theachdaireachd na Nollaig agus a' deànamh lethsgeul bhith ri spòrs is subhachas.

Tha cuid dhe na h-eaglaisean gu dìcheallach a nisc ag ullu-chadh airson na Nollaig le hean sònraichte a tha gar treòr- air an t-suidheachadh sin an achadh a dh'ionnsaidh an latha cabhaig. àraidh, latha-breith Chriosd. Cuid eile nach gabh gnothach ris an deasachadh seo, ag ràdh nacheil ann ach fasan ùr a thuair sinn bho na Sasannaich agus an seòl-cràbhaidh acasan. Tha an shuagh gun teagamh

buailteach, dìreach mar a th' air a chur as an leth, a bhith a gabhail lethsgeul sa bith a gheibh iad gu bhith ri curseachad inntinneach. Tha am bcatha air an talamh goirid, a réir cuid, agus feumar a bhitli subhach nuair a gheibhear an cothrom. Chaneil an sin ach mealladh, their an searmonaiche. Is còir dhuinn cur suas le duilgheadasan an t-saoghail. Clian e seo bail a mhaireas Deanamaid strith gu bhith cinnteach á sonas buan san tsaoghal ri teachd.

Ge b'e dé ni thusa no mise, tha móran aig an àm seo dhe 'n bhliadhna a' fiachainn comhairle Chriosd a thuigsinn agus a leantainn. Tha feadhainn mar seo a' deànamh an dìchill a chum cuid de thoil-inntinn na beatha a sgapadh am measg dhaoin eile. Their cuid gu dearbh nach urrainn do ghnìomharan matha sa bith 'ighinn ach mar thoradh air teagasg Chriosd. Cuid eile a lorgas an t-iarrtas caomh seo annta féin agus nach aontaich gur ann as an fhuaran seo a thainig e idir.

A dh'aoindeoin gach oidhirp a tha air a dhianamh, tha moran gainne agus trioblaid air chadh airson na Nollaig le feadh an t-saoghail fhathast bhith ag ainmeachadh nan lait- agus chaneil crìoch ri fhaicinn

San dùthaich seo fhéin bithidh daoine a' cnàmhan mu iomadh rud agus ag éigheach gu bheil sinn gu bhith ullamh. Tha iomadh rud nach còrd ri daoine, luchd-obrach a' diùltadh cothrom cosnaidh, móran ri mèirle is bruidealachd dhe gach seòrsa, prìsean a' dol suas, agus iomadh cruaidh-chàs. dh' aindeoin sin s gu léir, tha, na mo bheachd-sa, nas lugha de fhìor-ghainne, bochdainn is acras ri fhaicinn na bh' riamh roimhe. Agus cha bhitheadh e ladarna a' smaointeachadh gu bheil rudeigin aig a' chreidimh Chriosdaidh ri dhinamh ri sin.

Facal cnàmhain bho 'n Chornunn Ghàidhealach fhéin. An latha roimhe thàinig còrr is sia mìle leabhar sgoile thugoinn as a' Fhraing. Nam robh air a bhith mìos na bu tràithe, mun d' thàinig di-luach (devaluation) a not, bha e air lethchiad not a chaomhnadh dha na Chomunn, Ach faodaidh sibh an ceannach gu math saor fhathast, aig leth chrùn a fear.

prisean ag éirigh thall sa bhos, ach tha cur-feum na Gàidhlig cho saor sa bha e riamh.

Agus facal deagh dhùrachd. Bliadhna mhath ùr dhuibh naair

Somball Grand

TOPICAL COMMENT

It is the end of another year and looking back over the past twelve months most of us have mixed feelings - of achievement and of failure. In this age of technological revolution we have much of which to be proud - we can see the efforts of grappling with science being richly rewarded by the results of space research, the awesome Concorde project, the more peaceful, we hope, use of nuclear energy and even more important the advance of medical science, culminating re-cently in the transplant of a young girl's heart to a chronically sick man. Tragically, this experiment has ended in death. not attributed by the experts to the actual transplant, but to yet another failure of Nature, her-

In the initial stages I scoffed at the cynics and objectors and as the days went by I even condemned them. Louis Wash-kansky was given a "second chance," as he put it himself, albeit a short-lived one, surely no-one can grudge him those 17 days on which he felt better than he had felt for years. He was a dying man before the transplant and a terribly ill one at that, and although his willingness to act as a 'guinea pig' may have curtailed his days on this earth, we should all be

proud to know that his last few days of life were much happier and healthier than they would have been without the miracle operation.

But there is much of which we should be ashamed at the end of 1967. I will not dwell on the "trouble spots' of the world: Aden, Vietnam and the Arab/Israeli War, are only too familiar already. But we have not done much to com bat the problem of the two-thirds of the world's population who are starving — a massive problem this one, but one which a little extra kindness at this time of year could do much to relieve. Oxfam is an admirable organisation and well worth sparing a thought for when you embark on your seasonal feast-

But, nearer to home, we have our own problems - other than freeze, squeeze and devaluarion. which, although they are the outcome of economic failure. are not tragic in themselves. It should not be necessary in this age of advanced civilisation to have societies such as the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children or Animals and that these are neces-sary is a sign of failure; it should not be necessary for our population to put up with appalling housing conditions and Gaidheal ann.

it should not be necessary for the powers-that-be to be repeatedly reminded of plight.

As was said at the beginning we have much of which to be proud and much of which to be ashamed when casting our eyes back over the year that has gone. It is too late now to change that, but let's try hard to make a worthwhile New Year's resolution — and let's try hard to keep it.

SLUAGH

A reir a chunntais a chaidh a dheanamh an uiridh de 10% den t-sluagh tha 5,108,210 a dhaoine an Alba. Se Sasun-naich a tha annan 255,110 diubh no 4.9% den t-sluagh. Tha 717,040 de dh Albannaich an Sasainn. So mar a tha an corr den aireamh a tuiteam 9,570 Ameiriganach, 8,090 Innseanach, 8,060 Canadian, 7,590 Gearmailteach, 7,220 Polach, 5,720 Eadaidteach, 3,010 Astralianach, 2,030 Pacistani. O nacheil againn ach cho beag so de Phacistani saoil an sguir am B.B.C. a cur a mach program telebhisean nam Pacistani an Alba is an cuir iad Gaidhlig air na aite. Tha corr is 87,900

woman to woman_

Hogmanay! The traditional eve for Scottish family celebrations and reunions. But what lot of work for poor overworked Mum. She has already gone through the ordeal of having the children home on holiday and through the even greater one of Christmas Day, with its endless piles of crumpled fancy paper, tangled string and new toys; its tummy upsets and most of the day spent in the kitchen perparing the usual tur-key, Christmas pudding and what have you. Probably the thought of doing it all over again just one short week later makes you cringe - I know it does me!

The only evidence of Christmas by this time is the festive decorations and the now hourly brushing up of fallen pine needles, but most of you probably have your Hogmanay preparations well underway. haps you are having a family party at home or some of you may be visiting friends to bring in the New Year. For although Hogmanay is a traditional celebration, its festivities vary widely from town to town and family to family.

A good way to get the party going (if it needs that), particu-larly if you don't have a television set or cannot get good reception, is to invite a guest who can entertain - either musically or otherwise, and welcome all your guests with a glass of warming punch (the recipe was given in the last issue).

Probably, some of your guests will arrive before mid-

Failte Do Lybster

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SKIRTS. Expertly tailored from your own material. Write, phone or call for illustrated syle brochure, self-measure form and price list. D. A. measure form and price list. D. A. Ferguson Ltd., Tailors & Clothiers. 90/94 Easter Road, Edinburgh, 7. Estab. 1897. Tel. ABB 4055. Because of this the only sensible napkin, way to feed the "five thou- All t sand" is to set a buffet table with the usual traditional fare along with some more unusual items as well.

A quick, simple way to make your table attractive and provide something for everyone, is to buy half-a-dozen large oranges or grapefruit and a large packet of cocktail sticks. the fruit in half and place each section flesh-side-down on a You can use your own imagination as to what to put on the cocktail sticks, but popular suggestions include pickled cnions, cubed cheese, cocktail sausages, stuffed olives, gherkins and pineapple. My favourite is thinly sliced boiled ham cut into strips, rolled round a pineapple chunk, and pierced with a cocktail stick! Delicious. When the sticks are stuck into the fruit they look really appetising and a mest attractive decoration as well. Of course you can put two or more items on each stick, which works very well with something like a chunk of apple and cube of cheese.

Cheese dips are becoming most popular, too, these days and are simple to prepare: one or two tasty ideas are Philadelphia cream cheese whipped up with a tin of cream (three packets to one large tin of Nestle's cream); Philadelphia cheese whipped up with chutney, pickle even tomato ketchup and Philadelphia cheese whipped up with apple sauce. To go with the cheese you can have chunks of French bread, crisps or cheese sticks - just put the cheese dips in bowls and the bread, crisps. etc., on a plate and leave your guests to do the rest! The plates will be clean in no time at all.

People coming in from the cold need something to warm them up (apart from a dram!). and broth, hot dogs or chicken legs solve this one admiraoly. The chicken legs can be attractively wraped with "ruffles" so as to avoid greasy fingers, and the soup is best served in large mugs. Hot dogs are casy to deal with if each one is

night and a great many after. served on a plate with a paper

All these ideas will suit the children just as well as the grown-ups and if they are being allowed to stay up for New Year, you'll find they enjoy this sort of informal " meal " much better than sitting down to sand-

wiches and trifle, etc.
Well, this is the last "Woman
to Woman" for 1967 and may we wish you a happy and prosperous 1968 and hope that you will find some of our tips useful when entertaining this Hog-

* * * PETTICOAT TAILS

14 oz. flour; 4 oz. sugar; 2 oz. rice flour; 1 egg yolk; 8 oz. butter. Mix butter, sugar and egg yolk together. Sieve flour and rice flour on to butter and knead. Continue working till smooth. Mould, stab and bake lightly. Dust with caster suger.

* * *

BOOTS FOR WALKING

The popularity of knee high and above knee boots has led to some styles being bought and worn for purposes other than that for which they were designed. Many of these smart new boots with law or block heads are wally

With thicker soles, the whole foot is lifted above wet pavements, and will obviously stay drier, but if boots are needed for tough walking through mud, snow and slush the real answer is to buy wellingtons or styles with a storm welt sealing the join between sole and upper. If footwear storm welt sealing the join be-tween sole and upper. If footwear is to be impervious to water and damp it will also prevent heat from the foot escaping. This makes such footwear uncomfort-able if worn for any length of

The best advice for those of you who haven't already bought your winter boots is: Make sure when you buy that you know for what purpose you want the boots and ensure that the style you like

and ensure that the style you like is suited to that purpose. And remember that while these fashion boots may be completely weatherproof, they can prove a disappointment to the buyer if worn in foul weather for the uppermay be damaged if worn in her the word of the word

Innsearachd No Manaidsearachd

The gach fear den luchd oibreach aig Woodward Governor (U.K.) ann an Slough a meas an 82 eile. A h-uile foghar tha iad a faighinn paipeir measaidh agus tha gach duine an uair sin cur sios a bharail air a cho oibrich a reir an luach don chompanaidh. Tha meas gach fir air a thogail as a sin air leth. Tha an luchd oibreach an uair sin a meas nan gafair agus na gafairean na manadsearan agus sios air an rathad cheudna Tha luach an duine an uair sin air a chuir mu choinneamh a thuarasdail agus chan urrainn e ardachadh fhaighinn air a bhun paigheadh mur a bheil a nabaidhean ga mheas gu bhi air barrachd feum a dheanamh. Saoil an cosnadh sinn fhein sgillinn idir nan d'rachadh ar cur air a leithid so de mheidh!

AN GAIDHEAL AIR AINEOIL

Tha measg nan Gallaibh
Tha mo dhuthaich air m'aire
'S cha mhath leam a h-aic
eadh."

Seo mar a sgrìobh Donnchadh Ban Mac an t-Saoir o chionn da cheud bliadhna air n-ais, 'Sann an Dun-Eideann a bha esan aig an am ud ach tha mì cinnteach gum bheil seo fìor de Ghaidheil (bhlaschu eadhon an diugh. Tha Ghlaschu eadhon an diugh. Tha corr air tri fichead mile Gaidheal an Glaschu ach tha mi creidsinn gum biodh a' chuid mhor dhiubh gle dheonach tilleadh do'n Ghaidhealtachd nam b' urrainn daibh. 'Nuair a thig an Gaidheal a

Le Iain MacSuain (Na Hearadh)

Ghlaschu an toiseach 's e a' cheud ni air an cuir e uidhearachd-fuaim agus upraid a' bhaile mhoir seach fois agus samhchair a' chlachain bhig Ghaidhealaich a dh' fhag e as a dheidh. Chan'eil fois no fuaradh a' dol air daoine no air carbadan a sheachdain no na shabaid. Tha buthaidhean agus na sraidean a ghnath cho trang le daoine ach a dh'aindheoin sin tha a h-uile aghaidh cho'ur dha

oldinene. Ina an aon duan anns gach paipeir naidheachd a thogas tu-mort agus milleadh agus fail-cach dainn air na maoran sithe dad a dheanamh mu dheidhinn. Tha iad sin a deanamh an dichill ach gu mi-fhortanach chan'eil a' chuis a' dol ro mhath leotha oir oidhche Dhi-Shathuirne seo chaidh mhort adh aon fhear agus chaidh seachd deug a leon gu dona agus tha feadhainn diubh sin ann an tig-hean-eiridinn fhathast agus iad ri uchd bais. 'Se buidheannar: de dhaoine oga is coireach ris a' mhirian a tha seo oir ma choinnich eas iad a cheile tha am buaireadh a' dol air a bhonnan gun dail. Tha na sgeinean 'gan toirt as na pocaidean agus tha an t-sabaid a' toisinn. Tha seo 'na chuis-eagail do na Goill fhein gun tighinn air na Gaidheil nach robh riamh cleachdta ris an dol a mach uamhasach tha seo. Tha am baile fhein cho mor agus gun cuir e gaoir 'nad fheoil

'nuair a thig thu as an each-iar-ruinn no as an itealan agus a chi thu sraid a' dol mar sud agus

sraid a'dol mar seo agus gun fhio sraid a'dol mar seo agus gun fhios agad cia an taobh a thionndaidheas tu mur eil cuideigin eolach comhla riut. 'S i an oilthigh bu mhoba chuir de cagal, ormsa 'nuair a chaidh mi innte an toiseach. Bha i cho mor a' coimhead is gun tubhairt mise rium-fhein ach deaninn mor rium-fhein nach deanainn mo rathad fhein gu siorraidh innte ach ri tide dh' fhalbh an t-eagal seo agus tha cuisean gle dhoigheil a nis.

Airson maitheis a' Ghaidheil tha ceilidhean agus dannsaichean Gaidhealach ann am feadhainn de thallaichean a h-uile seachdainn Di h-aoine agus Di-Sathuirne agus bithidh moran a' cruinneach-adh thuca airson luchd eolais a choinneachath. Tha sochair aig Tha sochair aig choinneachadh. Tha sochair aig Gaidheil Ghlaschu aig na cuir-mearl seo oir tha moran de na seinneadairean Gaidhlig as na seinneadairean Gaidhlig as ainmeile a' comhnaidh anns a' abhaile mhor agus tha an duine irs nach cord an oidhche gle dhoirbh a riarachadh. A bhar-nachd air na ceilidhean seach-duineil seo tha na cuirmean mora duineil seo tha na cuirmean mora na Hear dhainn agus aig feadhain agus aig feadhain agus aig feadhain seach-cuideachd, agus iaig feadhain si fheir cuideachd, agus iaig sea is fheir cuideachd, agus iaig sea is fheir cuideachd, agus iad seo is fhearr

buileach.

Chan'eil moran Ghaidheil ann an Glaschu leis nach bu mhiann tilleadh dhachaidh do'n Ghaidhealtachd. A bharrachd air an tamh agus an fhois ris an robh iad cleachda tha iad cuideachd ag ionndrain farsaingeachd nam beann agus nan sliabh. Tha iad a' faireachdainn cho ceangailte anns a' bhaile mhor agus bu mhiann leotha mar a thubhairt am bard Uidhisteach. baile na cabhaig fhagail agus tilleadh dhachaidh far an robh iad ealach.

OICHE CHIUIN

Oiche Chiuin, oiche Mhic De, Cach 'na suan, Dis araon, Dis is dilso 'faire le speis,

Dis is dilso 'tarre le speis, Naion beag gnaoi-gheal ceann-ann tais caomh: Chriost 'na chodladh go seimh, Chriost 'na chodladh go seimh,

Oiche Chiuin, oiche Mhic De. Aoirí ar dtuis chuala an seal, Alleluía aingeal ag glaoch. Cantain tsuaire i ngar 's i gcein, Criost ar Slanaitheoir fein. Criost ar Slanaitheoir fein.

Oiche Chiuin, oiche Mhic De, Mac De bhi — gaire ar bheil Tuar a ra 's alan cur i gceill Ann go dtainig trath cinn an tsein; Criost 's a theacha ar an saol. Criost 's a theacha ar an saol.

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MISTELTOE

(Viscum Album)

Gaelic: Uil' ice (a nostrum, a panacea, all-heal)

It is a parasite, getting most of its food from the trees on which it grows, so weakening them. The stiff, branched stems hang in bunches from high up on a tree, often an apple or poplar tree. The sticky white berries ripen in the winter and attract birds, especially the missel-thrush. The seeds stick to the birds' beaks and are wiped off on to a branch of another tree.

This plant was held sacred by the Druids. It was thought to remove an animal's barrenness if given in a potion, and was used as a remedy against all poisons. It is supposed to be lucky and is the reason for kissing under the mistletoe bough.

The badge of Clan Hay.

MAIREAD

The Song Of Hogmanay (Duan Calaig)

From John MacRury, Tolorum, Benbucula

Be generous to me in the dwel-

ing, As I come to sing my Hogmany song, Give to me timely heed.

The wedding-feast of the black lad of the snuff Is a cause of pondering in the

ere I among the rabble,
Many an ugly fellow there
would be.

Some at flattery, some at lies, Some at words unwonted, Others devouring the gizzards Of the wheezy grey fowls;

Some of them fixing their back-

teeth
In the back joints of cattle,
and some of them hunkering
down

In a corner on a heap of pota-

They are from every quarter of

the land,
The hungry one of the corners
and the cairns;
Tis the rumbling of their bodies
Three of them at any rate to
this place.

... the chicken here from Lewis, A ragged-foot from Kintail, A great clumsy lout that was in Tiree

Who ate the milk-pail-cover in Balemartin.

(From "Carmina Gadelica" by Alexander Carmichael).

Wanted - Copies of the Trans actions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness - Early Volumes. Apply Box No. 55 Sruth.

Bho Iain Mac Ruiridh, Torlum, Beinne Bhadhla

Tonight is the last night of the A nochd oidhche mu dheireadh na bliadhna, Bithibh fialaidh rium san ard-

> Dol a ghabhail mo dhuan Calaig, Thugaibh an aire, na thrath dhomh

> nais gille dubh an t-snaoisein 'S adhbhar smaointean anns an

Nam bithinn-sa a measg na laoisg, 'S mor bhiodh ann do dhaoine

granda.

Cuid ri brosgal, cuid ri briagan, Cuid ro briathran mi-ghnath-aicht, Cuid eile 'g itheadh na ciaban Bh'ann an cearcan liath a'

charsain:

Cuid diubh a' stalcadh nan culag Anns na h-uilt bha 'n cul na

tanach,
cuid diubh 'nan dalla-chruban
Ann an cuil air torbhuntata.

Tha iad as gach cearn de'n duthaich, Ceachairean nan cuil 's nan

carnan; rupall an cuirp thug triuir dhiubh

Air astar co dhiubh do'n aite

... an isean ann a Leodhas, Cas-a-luidean a Ceann tSaile Sliopaireach mor bha 'n Tir Iodha Dhith an t t-imdeal 'm Baile Mhartainn.

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STOP THE WORLD

As 1968 gets into its stride, the investpapers will be filled (apart from our daily quota of bad news) with two main features - reflections on the Year that's awa'—and massive publicity on travel and holiday haunts for the year to come. When you think about it, these two semingly disconnections are really as the property of the company of the property of the prope hepe for the future is to get away from it all — if only for two weeks. This escape from the daily grind, this dream of getting away from it all is common to most city dwellers in the sixties and I thought, therefore, that you might like to hear from someone might like to hear from someone who can'ded the matter to an extreme — not just for two weeks but for the other fifty as well. Just over two years ago we sold and/or got rid of our city flat, telly, season ticket and city shoes and set out in search of our own particular degree.

and set out in search of our own particular dream.

It was something we had talked about for many years and though I had no particular island in mind I was always quite sure about the I was always quite sure about the location I wanted — a house with the hill behind and a gleam of loch in front. That — and much more has come true. I won't bother — or tantalise you with my inadequate descriptions of this lovely corner of the world. Instant a largest you return to the stories of Maurice Welsh. His

buy in bulk. The Highland house-wife doesn't just buy, a bag of coal — more likely she will have to buy 2 tons off the boat — and cart it herself from roadside to cellar. If unsuccessful with her potato crop, she will have to buy her winter supply by the bag — by the cwt. These, and many similar purchases, are, not geared to the weekly populated. If know of the weekly populated in many places but it bears repeating — the Highlands are being depopulated simply because ordinary working folk can no longer afford to live here.

We have been fairly fortunate in our venture in that this village is not average. It has the hasic We have been larry fortunate in our venture in that this village is not average. It has the hasite so an average in the hasite hasite has the hast has the hasite has the h

He will smile and nod know-ingly and say 'Ah yes, the water' or 'the peat' or even

offer no solution. Perhaps it is the escape from the prepackaged, pre-digested entertainment of T.V. and our dependence on radio. No and our dependence on radio. No longer mesmerised nor hypnotised we are forced to listen to what is going on in the world and to understand what we hear we are forced to think. Perhaps it is only the usual thoughts of high endeavour that we all indulge in at he. New Year. Whatever the reason, something has caused me at least to think about our way of life here — our contribution to the whole — and what can be done for this lovely and lonely to the whole — and what can be done for this lovely and lonely land. Perhaps this village could become some sort of model for other communities in the remote areas — small thriving self-contained industries set down among the great hills. the great hills.

No More Dreaming

Yes, I know this will set up a howl about access of raw mate-

Yes. I know this will set up a howl about access of raw materials and freight costs. But if this pier can be kept open for the import of coal and grain for the distillery — if this road can be kept open for the transport of bull whish the work of the transport of carpets — or bolts and nuts? This sad could live again, with some rethinking, some positive planning and by that I mean planning for people — not grouse and sheep. But not people like us. No more dreamers, no more escapees!

May I address nyself to the Highland Development Board. Why not organise a tour — a tour for the artists and artisand a thin the sangary, one foot on the aeroplane steps. Ask them to wait awhile and take a shorter trip to the north and west of these British Isles. Take them slowith the south east and mid-lands of England and the indistrial belt of Scotland and let them have a good long fook at what went wrong the last time. And them get the drawing boards of the most life in the contract of the contract of the part of the drawing boards of the most life in the contract of the contract of the drawing boards of the most life and prove that we have learned to build without despoiling—that for a land to be beautiful it need not be empty. There is room to breathe here and room to build if only we insist that we be given the chance. And this time they must remember that our eyes and our spirit need a view of the hills.

by MARTHA WELLWOOD

hest was written around this vil-lage and he wrote it in the house next door. We have found much that we were looking for to use a hackneyed expression, far from

a hackneyed expression, far from the madding crowd.

We have no T.V. — no morring papers — the papers, if they come, arrive in the afternoon — Sunday papers not at all. There is one bus a week to the nearest 'town' — we have pictures once a fortnight. In case this list does not appeal to you I would also mention that we have no traffic problems, no fumes, no fog and one of the consequences of this is that the stars are so bright, the one of the consequences of this is that the stars ard so bright, the moon so near and available that one wonders why man has not conquered them long ago. We have left far behind the cut price wars of supermarket and trading stamps. When the village grocer is asked for something that is out of stock he will pop into his van and fetch what you want from his comp croft — or from his wife's. own croft — or from his wife's larder. The village Post Office has larder. The village Post Office has meither queue nor iron grille and the postmaster al-vays keeps a supply of paper and string on hand to cope with the feminine inability to ite a decent parcel. And though Mrs. Castle may take a dim view of it, my hisband cherishes the sublime processor last. New Year's Day.

take a dim view of it, my hus-band cherishes the sublime moment last New Year's Day when the hus pulled un beside him on the roadside and the dri-ter climbed down and produced 2 glasses and a half-bottle. Tais is Paan Handy and Whick of an the thin, it you like, is Tir Nan Og.

Two Expensive

But there are two sides to every story and it didn't take us long to find that though we may be far from the traffic's roar we still have to live with the old inescapable problem of £. s. d. Here in the Highlands and Islands, with a road system inherited from General Wade, which in its turn is probably better than the rail system left after Dr Beeching's passage through the land, we face the twin problem of high freight costs and the necessity to

'The Wee Folk' or whatever his particular theory about the Uisge-bheatha happens to be. I repeat, he won't mind! But if I were to tell him that that was the Carpet tell him that that was the Carpet Factory along there—or worse still the Bolt and Nut Factory, there would be a howl of indig-nation about desceration of the landscape, spoiling the Highland scenery. Our attitude to the High-lands has become so conditioned by sentiment that we will not hear of these hills and glers being put to use for man's progress—these to use for man's progress—these hills must be kept bare for the sportsman's rifle or more recently the tourist's camera. These mountain streams must not be trapped and harnessed — salmon must find their birthplace as they left it their birthplace as they left it— tinkling pure and undisturbed. And we who came from the city are as much to blame for this neglect and decay as Laird and Crofter alike who only want things as they are. For we came, for the wrong reasons. We came, no wear of the thing the control of the way of the that had become too auch for use they are to the control of the much for use they are to the control of the that had become too auch for use they are the are they are the are they are they are they are they are they are they are they

Away From It All

Away From It All

I often think when I look up
the winding hill road from my
back door that the scene looks
like the back-drop for a le a
covered wagon will come into
view and Indians on the sky-line.
But no wagon will ever come into
my line of vision. The creak of
wooden wheel, the jingle of harness, these were the birth-pangs
of a new world — this is only
the quiet grave of the old. And
with this sense of loss, of thingaing of guilt. Guilt for all of us
here — the smart ones — who tell
each other that we have got out
of the rat race, given up the
struggle — we haven't just been
content to let the world go by
we have stopped it and clambered. off.

You may think that I'm being

You may think that I'm being pompous and pretentious in relating my own sense of personal failure to the Highland problem. You may say, and rightly, that I

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The Spaewife by Francis Thompson

It was a sharp, cold morning in late autumn. The broad hills hunched up their shoulders and hugged their pineclad coverings closer to keep warn. High up into the pale-blue sky, now reddening with the bith-colours of the rising sun, the glens blew huge clouds of white vapour, like the irregular breathing of a sleeping giant. About the baccessional giant. Above the many first-ori-morning sounds, the occasional throaty coughing of a herd of deer punched its way throug the thick-ness of the protective trees, and was lost in the deep rumble of the was lost in the deep rumble of the river, swollen with the recent heavy rains, burried away to the sea, impatient and anxious to be gone.

Half-hidden by the towering pine trees and graceful birches, at him, single-track road made its slow, cautious way down the cleft between two hills, past the open fields used for winter-grazing, the sheep, and into the village.

Following the road's leading finger as it twisted and turned, a small, frail figure of a woman placed one worn, earth-stained shoe in front of the other. She walked as thoush each and were.

walked as though each and every bone in her body was stiffly full of the night cold, a cold that was beyond the point where one no longer cares. Her skirt of faded colours was

Her skirt of faded colours was long. It flapped like a wounded bird about her ankles, as would a wet sail suddenly deprived of the life-filling nuzzling of the sea winds. Her old coat, pitfully thin had long since given up its had long since given up its being a covering and no more. It had, however, a good, high collar. This the woman wore up about her ears, and the silver-grey streaks that ran through and

about her ears, and the silver-grey streaks that ran through and through her hair.

The woman's face was lined like well-sunned leather, each line seeming to contain to the brim the sorrows of all mankind's yesterdays—with more to come on the morrow. There was, however, as though of pit about the face as though the strength of the world.

Strength of the world.

The yes were the most alive.

to the world.

The eyes were the most alive feature about her. They were alient electrones in the feature about her. They were alient electrones in the dark brown that is seen in deep pools of peaty water on the moor. And, just as the sun reflects the image of itself in dark water, so each of the black eyes contained a bright spot like a miniature sun, small, false and completely without heat, but penetrating to the very heart of life itself.

The Bridge

As she approached the old wooden bridge that spanned in a transfixed leap the foam-flecked River Glass, the woman stopped and looked beyond to the houses

River. Glass, the woman stopsed and looked beyond to the houses in the village. Here and there from the chimneys, long, thin fingers of smoke reached up to grasp at the morning air laced with rising birdsong. The sweet, the control of the control

slowly raised her eyelids. She pulled inside her body deep draughts of the cold morning air. exhaling each one slowly and care-fully, retaining the substance of its

With an almost robot-like movement the woman stepped movement the woman stepped the property of the property o frightened shudder.

when she was half-way over the bridge, the woman quickened her pace and made for the first cottage. A yellow light beyond the deep-set window attracted her as it would a moth. In a minute she made her way round and was knocking, gently but firmly, on the back door.

knocking, gently but firmly, on the back door.

At first her knocks were unheeded. So she knocked again, this time louder. The sounds of early morning inside the house quietened a little as a child's "There's someone knocking at the back door."

"Ach, nonsense, child! Now.

the back door."
"Ach, nonsense, child! Now, who would be knocking on a door in this village at this early hour?"
"But there is a knocking! I heard it! Just listen!"
And, as the household became a knocked again—a shy, gentle knock that begged pity from those within.

Ave, you were right, There's someone at the back door. Though who on earth can it be?" Footsteps sounding on hard flagstones came to the door and rattled the lock. The door opened and a face that shone from a recent, fresh, cold-water washing looked out at the woman. "Aye?" om a re-washing

"Aye?"
The question was put and waited for an answer, as Duncan MacRae looked at his strange visitor, not a little taken aback at her appearance. For, though he had seen many a tinker and tramp on his doorstep, he felt there was something unnatural. was something

there was something unnatural about this one.
"My blessing be on vou and your house," said the woman, with a voice as soft as a summer wind among young, growing grass.
"That same blessing be on yourself," said MacRae, his mind

for a moment running riot with tales of false blessings bestowed tates of faise ofessings bestowed by witches on many an unsuspect-ing Highlander. So he returned the blessing kindly just in case. "Might you have a spoonful of warm milk and a bite of bread to

Spare?"
Only once before had MacRae Only once before had MacRae turned someone away from his door, once when he had been in a bad mood with a swollen head. And he had carried a regret for the deed around with him ever

"Indeed I have. Will you come in and sit by the fire in the kitchen?"

The woman's bright eyes lost their sparkle for a moment as they filmed over.

"I can but give you no more than my grateful thanks for the sight and feel of a fire on this cold morning. I've been walking all night." night. . ."
"Have you come far?" asked

MacRae.

MacRae.

"Aye, far enough, From the North," the woman replied, and volunteered no more information, MacRae stood aside and, with a wave of his arm, pointed to the kitchen door. The woman felt the warmth of the small room force itself on her body, and she well-comed it like a returning son.

MacRae's wife was stirring a panful of noisy porridge. It put-tdred and made a confused reci-

tation of the traditional names of Scottish towns and villages to in-dicate that never more than now would it be good and ready for

would it be good and ready for eating would it be good and ready for eating bu'll take a sup of porridge."

MacRae's wife said to the woman. It was more an order than asking. The woman sat down heavily on a chair beside the fire. She stretched her thin, bonv. supplicating hands out to the flames as though to catch one and keep it. "Ah, mistress, but you'll be needing it all for yourselves and the wee bairn there."

"Nonsense! There's more than enough here. What's left over usually throw out to the hens. And, anyway, it's as little as we could do for a body just in from the cold of a long night's walking!"

the cold of a long night's walking!".

Without more ado, MacRae's
wife swept the big pan from the
fire and placed it on a wooden
board on the table. Then she began to spoon out the porridge
into white bowls.

Duncan MacRae came into the
room with a couple of hard, black
peats, which he placed on the fire
hungrily. He took up one of the
filled bowls and a spoon and handed them to the woman.

"Here. You had better take this
sitting by the fire. And here's a
drop of milk."

The woman took them, with a

sitting by the fire. And here's a drop of mik."

The woman took them, with a murmured thanks. Despite her eagerness to blunt the sharp edge of her hunger, she waited while Duncan MacRae, head of his house and small family, intoned a Grace to be said before the taking of food. It was a sad-said prayer, half-spoken, half-sung, invoking the mercy and blessing of

of food. It was a sad-said of prayer, half-spoken, half-spoken, palf-sung, invoking the mercy and blessing of his house and those in it who were about to eat what the Lord had provided. Grace, the woman supped her porridge slowly, carrelly savouring every nouthful, as though giving each one a name by which it would be remembered on a future day when there was nothing else to eat but a handful of sour berries. The summer of the same such and some bread. Though an outsider, the family made the woman feed as one of themselves. In a short time the first mean of the day was over, the night to work the summer of the day was over, the night the current of the same Then I'll get that old tree sawn up for the winter logs."

Mrs MacRae nodded. "You"ll be in for your dinner, then?"

"Aye."

MacRae turned his chair to speak to the woman, and the hair on the back of his neck rose as he saw her looking at him, through him into the very depths of his eyes, as though trying to find the secret of his life. ret of his life

secret of his life.

Her lips hardly moved as she asked — "You have to go acrow he bridge this morning."

"Aye. To go up to the fleld yonder. It's up the road, back the way you came this morning."

MacRae and his wife were completely impropried to white were completely impropried to what the way to the state of the word of the state of the word of the state of the word of the frightened whimper escape

let a frightened whimper escape from her lips.
For the woman's face seemed to set hard like a carved stone. There was no movement in it save for the nerve at the side of her mouth, which writhed like a snake. Her eyes grew very bright as she looked straight through MacRae, to a point far beyond MacRae, to a point far beyond es en moments when the straight of the lew moments she hardly breathed, and the watching family thought



NO. This is not a gimmick. Some of our older readers may remember the days when Scotland was perhaps more independent than she is now, when one could buy "Scotch" petrol at about one shilling less than that offered by the big petrol companies of another day. The petrol was derived from the now-extinct shale-oil industry, killed off by the government of the day. Our photo shows, somewhere in the Borders, what is probably the last relic of an old industry that served Scotland well.

that she had died. Then, slowly, the eyelids lifted, and the features softened. She lookeed at MacRae with

She lookee at Macket.

"The river is crying for someone this day. I heard it this morning. I will go for you. It has to to be. I cannot eseape it."

"Whatever do you mean?" Mac-

"Whatever do you mean?" Mac-Rae began to ask as the woman quickly rose from her chair. "My thanks to you for your kindness. It will be well re-paid," she said, and before Mac-Rae could say another word she could say another word she footsteps going round the house and on to the road outside.

The Sacrifice

The Sacrifice

MacRae moved over to the window and looked out. He saw the woman's retreating figure going back the way she had come, making for the old wooden bridge. "Well, she was a strange one and no mistake," he exclaimed. I think she must have been one of yon fey tinker women She just looked the part."

Curiosity took hith of the front Curiosity took hith of the front had not the road in time to see the woman walking towards the bridge. She walked with no life in the movement as though she were already dead.

The woman stepped on to the

in the illeview were already dead.

The woman stepped on to the bridge and made her way across it slowly, expectantly. The roar of the River Glass drummed into MacRae's ears and soared high above the tops of the watching

pines.

It was then that Duncan MacRae could not believe the sight
of his eyes. For the river seemed
to swell up. The waters rose and
tugged at the bridge; it pulled and
heaved at it like a mad thing.
MacRae tried to shout a warning
to the woman, but the cry stuck,
lapsed and was being swept away,
lapsed and was being swept away,
kaing the woman with it. The
wrenching and cracking of weak
wood echoed in the trees, and
above it all came a small thin
cry, pitful in its dying note. It
startled MacRae into action.

He ran down the road to the
river's edge, to follow the fast-It was then that Duncan Mac-

disappearing wreckage of the bridge, now being tumbled and tossed by the water. There was no sign at all of the woman. Her body would appear soon enough. It was past saving now.

MacRae climbed back up the river bank and looked at the stone supports of the bridge with gap-ing holes in them as uscless as blind eyes. He thought of what the woman had said, that she would take his place, and the thought made him shudder. If that had been him...

"She knew it would happen," he said in a harsh whisper.

And for the second time that morning the nape of his neck grew stig with a prickling fear of the unknown that was far beyond the pale of human understanding.

Sgrioban Shrupan

Tha Ughdarras an Eisg Ghil air sgnoban deocaidh a dheilbh (suc-tion dredge) coltach ri Hubhar a bhios bata a toghadh as a deidh airson srupain a thogail or ghainmhich. Oibrichidh an sgrìognainminen. Oibrichidli an sgrio-ban sios gu da aitheamh a dhoimhne (12 TR.) cha leigear a leas an uair sin fuireach ri traigh reothairt. Thog dithis fhear naoi tunna de shrupain ann an uair a tunna de shrupain ann an uair a thide leis an sgrìoban deocaidh se seachd tunna a thogadh le racain air an aon traigh. Ach tha luach a mhaoireach air margaid Lun-nain a dol suas a h-uile bhiadhna £1.93 muillionn ann 1966 agus ma ohleachdar an t-inneal so bhi thidh bataichean a ruith air Traigh Bharraidh traighean Chluaidh am Braighe Moireach Tung an Cataibh is oitirean nan eileanan siar. Nach bu choir do na h-iasgairean againn fhein a bhi sealltain againn fhein a bhi sealltain romhpa san latha a thann, Chun-naic sin mar a mhill feadhainn rombpa san latha a thann, Chun-naic sin mar a mhill feadhainn eile iasgach a ghiomaich leis a bhrath a ghabh iad Ach tha ceist a feitheamh fuasglaidh fhat-hast an cuir an t-inneal ur as don stoc a tha a siolachadh air na traighean sin gu nadurra?

OVER to you: Letters to the Editor

HIGHLAND AGRICULTURE

Sir, — We are losing ground rapidly in more senses than one. I scan every newspaper eagerly looking for an article by an aglocking for an article by an ag-ricultural expert crying out against the trend and telling us to "close up," and to stop the landslide which we all know ends in agri-cultural collapse. Very well then I, who am no expert even regis-tered as a croft and whose an-cestry is more Northumbrian than Highland, dare to raise my voice Highland, dare to raise my voice and shout "close up" Highlan-

Let us start by looking at para-graph 25 of the Highland De-velopment Board's first report, it velopment Board's first report, it says: "Crofting appears to be a form of living and working which gives deep satisfaction to those who follow it. It does not and cannot, support the crofter as a full-time pursuit. It is fundamentally unstable, therefore, and the supplementary income is proded from the sources." and it

goes on. I don't know what you feel when you read the first sentence, but, if it is the same as I feel then we are already "on net." That crofting does not normally support the crofter as a full-time pursuit means, presumably the days, earn his living entirely from a carriculture on his ten agree croft. agriculture on his ten acre croft. I think that we all agree that it is impossible to do so with the backing of machinery, co-operation and organisation is quite un-

have made this point to begin with because we all know that the progressiveness and success of the agriculture being done on the crofts is the thermometer which shows the state of health of Highland agriculture. It is upon the health of agriculture that the whole economic stability of our people rests. What do we see when we look

what do we see when we look at this thermometer? We see rushes on the fields, broken fences, bedsteads for gates and choked drains. We see top handreared calves being snapped up for nothing by avaricious dealers, good crofts being planted with trees, other crofts being deserted

for lack of trees for shelter and, ywhere, mono-grazing and stocking with sheep in a deseverywhere, perate attempt to earn enough subsidies for a living. Stock going to market in trans-

port too expensive to take it there, let alone bring them home should

the prices be poor.

Am I painting too dismal a picture? We all know that I am not, and we also know that this state of affairs is the "problem" or "thing" which is wrecking our life structure, our culture and our language. It is enough to give an energetic young lad the creeps and we should not be surprised that they are leaving.

Should we stop here, as is the current fashion, or should we

"United we conquer, divided we fall." All of us who live and work in Highland agriculture, either as crofters or smallholders, either as crofters or smallholders, lairds, dukes and lords must work for the success of their own and each others enterprises. How often do whear the crofters unions stating the landlords as if they were all wicked barons? Almost as often as we hear the landlords pretending that all crofters are idle and useless. Most landlords are keen to stop the rot in Highland agriculture as most crofters, graziers and tenants are skilled, graziers and tenants are skilled, hard-working people. Every com-munity has its share of drones, however, and judging by recent articles in the press, they get more than their fair share of the plat-

form!

There is an almost incredible surplus of official bodies working on a problem whose solution is obvious to you and I. A High-land Development Buard which takes nothing to do with agriculture; a Crofters Commission with small-takes nothing to do with small-takes nothing to do with smallholders; a Department of Agricul-ture that takes nothing to do with ferestry; a Forestry Commission administered from Basingstoke and a Scottish Tourist Board unrepresented in the West Highlands.
A County Council with no power and M.P.s all of different parties fighting like cats and dogs to de-cide whether we should pay S.E.T.

on Fridays and come to dig ditches, mend culverts and put up fences in the West . . . the prob-lem would be much closer to solution!

But seriously, a much more mple and practical plan is

Firstly, a development officer for h parish who should be one the residents (i.e. a crofter, tractor, laird, or what have contractor, laird, or what have you). The people would apply to him (or her these days!) for de-velopment assistance. He in turn would report to the County Coun-

secondly, a county development machinery pool for use in agri-culture, forestry or tourist devel-opment: the machines would be mostly owned and operated by in-dividuals or small firms scattered

dividuals or small firms scattered about the county.

Thirdly, a county development engineer to replace the forestry engineers and to co-ordinate the use of the machinery pool. The machinery pool the machinery pool the machinery to be used under the direction of the development officer at no cost to the crofter, farmer, hotelier, laird, Forestry Commission, etc. The amount of development controlled by an overall financial ceiling.

Fourthly, a trading post in each

Fourthly, a trading post in each parish for the marketing of all Highland produce. The posts to riigiland produce. The posts to melude freezing arrangements for deer, beef, mutten, fish and local produce; fattening lots for cattle and sheep; a craft community centre: transport section and agri cultural machinery for hire for all seasonal operations.

Fifthly, central trading posts to handle the volume of exports from the parish tradings posts. International marketing and transport arrangements and an air strip would be provided.

would be previded.

Trading posts would publish lists of what was required for the market. Crofters, graziers, contractors, lairds etc., would grow or manufacture the goods required. Hotels and local shops would then be able to buy a great deal of what they needed from the parish trading post instead of importing their stock as they do now.

If we were to do this the Crofters Commission and the Depart-ment of Agriculture could be amalgamated and greatly reduced

amalgamated and greatly reduced in size; the forestry engineering staff would be streamlined and the Highland Development Board could go home. And, best of all, we, the people, could get to work. I am not at all daunted by the serried ranks of salaried gentlemen who are prepared and ready to tell me that I am talking non-sense. I am more nervous about those of us who are slashing at the heather because we have been out on the left wine: Those who

the heather because we have been put on the left wine; Those who belong to the "THEY ought to do something," club: The "phphph ... can't be done "ites: or the larty with the largest membership of all —" the fence sitters club."

It is really quite simple because. as a famous millionaire once said — "It's merely a question of doing it!" Yours etc. Captain E. GREY

Garrygualach

TRIBUTE TO EDUCATION AUTHORITIES

Fhir Dheasachaidh Choir,

I would like to correct one of the errors in your contributor's re-port of my talk to the London Gaelic Society. Where it is stated that "An Comunn spearheaded Gaelie into primary schools out-side the Gaelie area"—this should read in full—"Local Education Authorities, particularly Inverness-shire and Glasgow, have spear-headed Caelie teaching in promary ing area, and the primary classes are taught in both Aberdeen and I would like to correct one of

Stirling. Gaelic is also taught in Edinburgh Academy."

String. Gaelic is also taught in Edinburgh Academy."
We cannot over-emphasise the tremendous work local Education Authorities' headmasters are dealers of the control of Gaelic werse in the Icelandic Saga, which describes Eric the Red's journey to, and settlement in, Greenland prior to the voyage to Vinland in North America. It is highly unlikely that the same poet would accompany him on that journey as well.—Le meas,

D. J. MACKAY.

Sir,—Lest I offend the pure in heart and mind with bad Gaelic, allow me to quote some very good Gaelic for the benefit of Mr Johnstone (no Mac Garian):—Cnú mhullaigh a mogaill féin bhaineadh do Chloìnn Néill go

nua
Is tric roighne na bhfear bhfial
go leabaidh na Niall a nuas."
(Aithbhreac inghean Coirceadail).—Yours etc., W. NEILL

Uilleam Neill (Lan Ghall)
13 South Gyle Road,,
Edinburgh, 12,
18th December, 1967.

SCOTLAND AND MECHANISATION

Sir,-In the matter of mechanisation many people are tempted to put the means before the end. It should hardly be necessary to recall that the machine is made to serve man not the reverse. Yet there are mistaken attitudes that there are mistaken attitudes that sacrafice human dignity and happiness, to mechanisation who cocksure arguments about progress being inevitable and we must bow to the winds of change," etc. That is just where their "Cocksurenesses" are wrong, esse of adoration), except to God and after the Divinius we are and after the Divinity we are bound to serve nothing except the interests of mankind. Now when I read the description of the launching of the "Queen Mary" by Priestley I got the impression that man's own mechanical creathat man's own mechanical crea-tions are like fetish worship idols before which we must prostern ourselves in abject adoration. Where is the "Queen Mary" now? And where are so many other ambitious schemes and amanufactures of human ingenity? up or destreyed and promptly forgetten in so many Cusses.

There only remains the service God and of the human race. Now if charity is to begin at home it would be nonsense to start vaunting the machine before first examining whether it will pre-serve what is characteristic of our country. In Genesis we were told "increase and multiply" but at the same time every species was commanded to remain true to it-self. Now if animals and plants are to conform to this law, why not man? It takes nothing away from the richness of the human race to bring out what is characteristic of one particular race. On the contrary, without this there would be no richness at all, only dull uniformity and death-like

drabness.

Now, by keeping the above ends in view, those who accuse us of being romantic don't know what they are saying. We are not going to let ourselves be robbed of our language, of our traditions and national dress inder the pretext of better mechanisation. The text of better mechanisation. The latter is for full time employment, but this should offer no contra-diction to living up to a Scottish and Celtic way of life. I am not asking anyone to make a religion of it. Culture and religion should

(Continued at foot of next column)

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TIGH-OSDA PHENTLAND

INBHIR-THEORSA

Air leth freagarrach airson teaghlaichean air thurus is iasgairean nan lochan 's nan aibhnichean 's an Taobh-Tuath. Am biadh as fearr.

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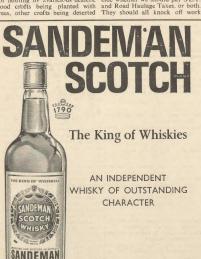
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go hand in hand but are not identical. Therefore those who advo-cate a Celtic Church are cutting themselves off from universal acknowledgement of public worship The more we progress the more

it should be made clear that it should be made clear that we are no backward nation that needs to be under the tutelage of others and the machine, like all material things, is neutral in itself and can be used both for or against Scotland's interests. Yours etc.

IAIN G. MACNAIR

Conde de Penalver Telelono



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"Se Righ nan Uisge Beatha"

The Scottish Clan

1908, Frank Adam wrote: "The clan system is dead, but a clan spirit survives."

Fourth and Fifth editions of his work have been published in 1952 and 1955, revised by Sir Thomas Innes of Learney, Lord Lyon King of Arms. In the preface Innes writes: "One dominant difference will, however, be found in the scheme and motif of the present edition." In law and social organisation the "Clan System" is still quite "alive!" No legislation "destroyed it." This presumably refers to some statement of Frank Adam in the original work to the effect that legislation had destroyed the Clan System. I do not have a ocopy of the original work to refer to but it seems to me important to remember this essential difference in presentation. Particularly as Innes accepts and presents the Clan as feudotribal even when he says: "In Scotland we are fortunate that in a great measure, our "auld - on which tenure and clan organisation were basedhave in their essentials survived until now from their ageold evolution in the early days of our Picto-Scottish patriarchal organisation; and it is these which have preserved in Caledonia so much of its ancient structure, character and outlook

Later in the preface to the Fifth Edition, Innes writes: the children of the Clans, wherever they may settle, may preserve the vitality of those age-old hereditary Highland institutions, that were so securely enshrined in the Laws Scotland, which southern politicians - when (from certain provisions in the Treaty of Union) they found they could not abolish them as readily as they would have wished have instead, in not a few cases, sought to destroy, trying by groundless propaganda to wheedle the Scots into abandoning the very laws whereby their ancient and native civilisation and their high national character have actually been preserved."

I suggest we wish to establish the position of the Clan and land-tenure in the ancient Celtic tradition - not in the Picto-Scottish tradition. The Picts and the Scots were invaders. The Clans of Celtic tradition are said to have been original inhabitants of clan-lands some of which can still be identified today. They certainly seem to have been in possession when the Picts and the Scots invaded the areas concerned.

The essence of Clanship is that Clan lands are held for the benefit of the Clan, not for the personal benefit or enrichment of any individual or Chief of the Clan. The Clan and its soil are indivisible and while here may have been variations in the rights which any particular

In "The Clans, Septs and family in a particular Clan had Regiments of the Scottish to any particular section of Highlands," published first in Clan land the affection of the Clan members for the Clan land as a whole was very real and deep. Clan land could not be disposed of by sale and it is not surprising, therefore, there are, as I believe, no Title Deeds going back to Celtic i.e. pre-Picto-Scots days.

It is important to remember that when the (Celtic) Clans mustered they were not mercenary troops fighting at the dictation of feudal chiefs for the preservation of a dynasty but free men coming together of their own free will to fight, when necessary, for the preservation of their common inheritance and the jointly owned clan lands. The King of Scotland in the early days held his position by the people's choice and held it only so long as he retained the confidence of the It was no treason to depose the king when the people thought it correct to do so. The aim was to preserve the peace of the Scots, not the King's Peace. Similarly, Clan Chiefs held their position only as long as they retained the confidence of the Clan. It was no treason to depose the Chief when the Clan thought it correct to do so. There is an old Celvic say "Stronger than the chief are the clansmen."

The position is well brought out by comparing Magna Carta and the Scottish Coven-

The principle declared in Magna Carta was that the King acknowledged the existence of rights and liberties in his (the King's) people. The people, in effect, belonged to the King. Since 1066 England had been conquered land. The King assumed ownership of the land by right of conquest. To maintain that position he granted ownership rights of varying degrees to his (imported) supporters ostensibly as rewards for services rendered (in subduing the real owners) but also with a view to maintaining overlordship in the future. In ac-Carta, the King was in fact acknowledging privileges bes towed by a conqueror, not rights by birth. Similarly, land occupation in England is a privilege conferred by a conqueror. privilege that in the last resort can be withdrawn by the conqueror at will.

The Scottish Covenant was the direct result of Charles 1's attempts to withdraw from the Scots peoples' rights to which they attached great importance. rights which they were prepared to fight for, and, if necessary, to die for. Charles I believed passionately in Divine Right of Kings and the Divine Right of Episcopacy In accord with ancient Scots concept of land tenure he revoked grants previously made out of Crown lands (just as Clan Chiefs did from Chief lands) But Charles I purported to sell manent ownership to the pur-chaser. The Crown had no right to denude itself of Crown lands.

System

By A. A. MacInnes

Everyone purchasing Crown Lands was fully aware that the transaction was liable to be overturned.

Because Charles I also determined to make the Scots Kirk truly Episcopalian with all the ritual connected with the High Church and Roman practices. the people united against him.

Under the Clan System the Covenant was able to proclaim levalty to the King and disalthough uniting against him which would be impossible in a ieudal state. It was their insistence on their birth-rights. Land could not be taken from them by the King (except by force which in the end it was) and the right to worship their own God in their own way. By that time feudalism had made progress in Scotland, Men like the Duke of Montrose originally subscribed to the Covenant but later treacherously went over to the King.

The problem will be to show that various agreements and legislative enactments which purport to govern land-tenure in Scotland today are illegal.

(To be continued

Cereals Deficiency Payments

Growers are reminded by the Department of Agriculture and Fisheries for Scotland that certi-Fisheries for Scotland that certificates relating to deliveries of wheat during the second accounting period (October 1-November 30) must be submitted by December 31, 1967.

Certificates received after De-cember 31, 1967, will not normally

Growers are responsible for submitting their own certificates to the Department. Any grower who has not received an acknowledg-ment from the Department within ten days of posting a certificate should get in touch with the De-partment at Government Build-ings, Broomhouse Drive, Edin-burgh, 11, immediately.

SHEEP SUBSIDY

The general issue of claim forms for sheep subsidy has now been made. Any farmer who considers that he has sheep which would qualify for the Hill Sheep or the new Upland Sheep Subsidy, and who has not already received an application form, should write the control of the properties Agriculture and Fisheries for Scotland, Sheep Subsidy Section, Government Buildings, Broomhouse Drive, Edinburgh, 11.

Completed claim forms must be returned to the Department by January 31, 1968.

outright and to guarantee permanent ownership to the pur-

A line of empty pockets stared, like blind and sightless eyes at the hard-boiled counter that separated those out of work from the counter that separated those out of work from the counter was painted with the start of the sta as arms, young, old, strong and frail, stretched out for the 'S.O.'-stamped indelible pencil to "sign-

A line of nervous, workless hands twitched in their parallel pockets as the men waited, with the patience of the Jobless, for the full-feel of crisp, new, Bank of England pound notes, reeking wealthily of rich-green ink. The sound of tin-bright shillings and the poorer, working-class copper-clanking pence jarred on hungry ears as small paper bags coughed out their exact, weighed-and-counted contents into well-worn holes in an open drawer. Its sides were smoothed to a bright polish as though to prevent escape

skiffles, small steps, restless, and under-breath curses marked the forward progress of the line. A man moved forward — a little — and his newly-left, made-to-measure space was taken over by

BRUSH UP YOUR GAELIC

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Under each Gaelic sentence or phrase you will find an English translation and a guide to pronunciation.

Thu = singular or familiar form. Sibh = plural or polite form.

Lesson 17

The irregular verb 'faic,' com-pared with the regular verb 'seinn. Seinn! Faic seo!
Sing! See (look at) this!
Shine! Fychk sho! (y=i in Mike).

a' seinn. De tha iad a' faicinn? singing. What are they seeing? a-shine. Jay ha ee-at a-fychkinn?

a sheinn. Da tha sinn a' dol a dh' fhaicinn? (fh is silent). to sing. What are we going to see? ne. Jay ha sheenn a-dol a-y ychkinn? (1st y as in your)

sang. We saw the boat.

dine mee. Choon-eek sheenn am

do sheinn mi? Am faca tu Did I sing. Did you see him (it)? An do hine mee? Am fachk-a too e?

Cha do sheinn mi. Chan fhaca mi

Tormod an dé.

I did not sing. I did not see Norman yesterday.

Cha do hine mee. Chan achk-a mee Torm-odan jay.

Seinnidh mi. Chi mi Muile. I shall sing. I shall see Mull. Shine-ee mee. Chee mee Moo-luh

An seinn mi? An cluinn sin Murch adh air a' phiob-mhor? Shall I sing? Shall we hear Murdo on the bagpipes? (i.e., playing

the bagpipes).
shine mee? An cloo-eenn sheenn Mooru-choo air a-ffepvore?

Cha seinn mi. Chan fhaic mì an telephisean an nochda.

I shall not sing. I shall not see the television tonight.

Cha shine mee. Chan ychd mee an television an nochk (fh is silent).

CINN T-SAILE

Bidh an earrain mu dheireadh air Cinn t-Saile 'San ath chlo

By JOHN DOLE

another as though laying claim to

another as though laying claim to a right.

"Haything doing for you yet?" asked an unknown, monotonous, brother-in-dole voice from behind. There was a full grounding of resignation in the sound that came from his lips. They fluttered like dying butterflies sraining to see the last of the farewell sun.

"Na. no for me."
An eye of despair poured into the questioner from a remote interior of bitter, dense blue, sulfis another eight years on the dole for me. The firm closed down and the work went to the South

and the work went to the South
of England. They said they were
really sorry — and gave me my
books," — pause for a drag at
an inch of cigarette — "and two

Said the other, "I was a loyal servant of the Companys only last year when I got ma gold watch for my twenty-five years'

A thin, bony, black-bewhiskered arm flexed upwards. The age-retarted movement revealed a gleaming ted movement revealed a gleaming yellow circle of fidelity enclosing a white, time-consuming face. The watch ticked its silent, jewel-borne way into five minutes past three.

"I'm holding on to it in case o' a rainy day. It'll maybe fetch a fiver or so."

The arm fell away sharply like a hawk and plunged swiftly into a coat pocket to bury the show of wealth

There was a commotion at the door. A bulky man swung his way into the room. He looked around for a clean, definite ending of the undecided queue, but was unable to find it. He made for the countries of the coun

to limit. He shade to the covered to limit. The shade to the covered to the cover

Things quietened as the man took up his position.

"It's a terrible pity for a' them

It's a terrible pity for a them young chaps."

A grey-moustached voice threw a look over to three teenagers. Their clothes were new; their pinpointed shoes shone; and their faces, though covered with young skips. Were beginning to show faces, though covered with young skin, were beginning to show a premature hardness about the eyes and mouth. Ash fell to the floor from a low-hung cigarette. "Ave. It's as bad being young as it is being old these days."

A throaty reply came from a small, mouse-faced man submerged in the being country to the control of the country of

small, mouse-faced man submerged in a black coat that bung help-lessly down almost to his ankles. He said. "We've had our chance. They've no had theirs yet." The line moved forward again. The counter was reached at last. Automatically hands stretched forward to great the plain provide.

ward to grasp the plain pencil. A rubber stamp kissed the paper and left for the records the word "Un-employed" between neat printed between neat printed rules. A scrawl served for a sig-nature as though it was almost a

nature as though it was almost a false witness against a neighbour. In return for the signature a piece of paper was given: passport to a pittance.

The pay queue was now joined. The money came nearer. Notes were counted. Loose change jingled in a well-counted.

in a well-counted, correct dance. A hand was pushed under the screen, grasped, and withdrew again, clutching what would mean

food for one, cigarettes for an-other and beer for a third.

But out in the sun-bright street there was little cause for satisfaction to a man used to work and now out of it. People on the pave-ments moved of their own voli-

They had business to attend to. They had their employers' biddings to heed. They had jobs.

BRIC IS BRADAIN

mu cheud bliadhna o chaidh am araidh a chuir air leth airson iasgach nam bradau. Chaidh na

h-achdan an clo an 1862 is 1868. Their cuid de na h-uachdaran gu bheil cus den iasg gan glacadh ann

tha e ceadaichte. Agus ma theid tu thairis air fearann uachdaran gu ruige loch chan urrainn e da ad a dheanamh ort ach cas stad fhaighinn nad aghaidh ann e cuirt lagha. Chaneil rinn sam bith air a ghnothuich mar sin s cha mho tha iarrtas aig uachdarain air lochan fhosgladh do na h-uile. Ach tha miann air ias-gach de gach seorsa a dol am meud agus nam biodhe rair a

h-uile. Ach tha miann air ias-gach de gach scorsa at dol am meud agus nam biodh e air a riaghladh ceart tha gu leor an Alba. Nam biodh lei cosgailte do Chear aig am biodh liers agus air an an air an air an air an air an air an teadh ghadh air air an air an air an teadh air an air an air an air an air an air an tigeadh sin dh' fheurnadh e a bhi an aghaidh an lagh an dubh breac aisgach gun chead direach mar aisgach bhradan. So an co dhun-adh gun tainig am Morair adh gun tainig am Morair

ON TRANSLATION

translation of drama. prose and poetry into Gaelic from English. More recently, too, we have been hearing translations into Gaelic of pop songs such as "Red River Valley." I am not sure what in fact these translators sure what in fact these translators of pop songs have been trying to do, Is there some kind of philosophy behind these translations? Is the impact of 'Red River Valley' in Gaelic different from what it is in English? Do the English translate foreign pop songs? Questions like these arise songs? Questions like these arise but no answers are apparent. The sengs seem to have been trans-lated simply because there are no Gaelic pop songs. I do not myself believe that one can get a ver different experience from listen ing to 'Red River Valley' sun ing to 'Red River Valley' sung in Gaelic than one would get from the same song sung in English. But I am willing to be converted. And as to the translations of prose, poetry and drama, one does not object to these in prinnot object to these in prin-What one does object to is ciple. What one does object to is the inferior quality of much that has been translated. If the play or poem is no good in English why bother translating it at all? There are a lot of silly one-act plays which ought to remain buried in the obscurity of their

There have, however, been praiseworthy attempts to translate, from foreign languages into Gaelic poetry which is good of its kind, I think of George Campbell John MacLean who is engaged on translations from Homer. Nevertheless, I believe there is

room for far more translation into Gaelic from good work. And I believe this would scree a use-ful purpose. I do not believe that the translation should be done for its own sake. Wh Whatever nition be inferior to the original and this of course is more true of poetry than of any other art

and at random is not important. There must be a purpose. And the main purpose, I believe,

the main purpose, I belie should be as follows: Translation should be done a deliberate way in order to test the Gaelic language to its limits. A lot of the translation that has A lot of the translation that has been done (though by no means all) does not do this. It is a effect more a transcription of words and sentences than true translation. At the moment good original work is being done in Gaelic. But there must be times when nothing of realiy creative value can be done. And this for various reasons.

For example, during the Stalin period a lot of Russian writers preferred silence to creation and turned their hands to translation instead. This is not to say that we are living in a Stalin period, but simply that for particular but simply that for particular reasons creative work may not be possible and therefore translation should be done instead. Gaelic should be pushed deliherately to the frontiers which are possible for it. Only in such way can we discover what it is capable of. It remains a serious accusation against Gaelic work that it has on the whole been revolutionary enough: that is has not been fully tested in the fire of the contemaccusation

Creative work is made from language and not from ideas and few Gaelic writers very few Gaelic writers have pushed remourselessly towards the conclusions of what they were doing. Too much of Gaelic work has been occasional and therefore too many open spaces have been left for those who came af-ter It would have been better if certain roads had been definitely

For this translation to should remain faithful (neces sarily) to the style of the original. I am not sure however that trans-lations of Shakespeare are of much value to the Gaelic lan-

Shakespeare has little in common with a quite apart from that he big, and perhaps too complex in an unusual way. I am not sure how far Shakespeare has been translated successfully by the greatest writers. Tolstoy could greatest writers. Tolstoy could get nothing out of him at all. I have also seen translations of sonnets by Shakespeare and other writers. Again, I feel that the sonnet form is not suited to Gae-lic. It is too tight and contrived.

der the words, under the trap-pings, poets are very like each other wherever they are and their wrestlings with experience very similar. A Jew who has suffered similar. similar. A Jew who has suitered under Hitler, is he all that dif-ferent — except in degree—from those who suffered because of the Clearances? After all, there is not all that much new under the sun and in translation we recognise each other in a new guise. Let us not just translate English poems: Let us, if we can translate from European languages (but probably not French). I have a strong feel-ing that French poetry is not for us. Perhaps German: but not French (at least not the French of the classical period). I am quite certain that there are people in the Highlands capable of doing this sont is not a contem-the sonnet is not a contem-ry verse form. Very few not simply translations but new

bition whom we could name. Lowell translates the Roman writers (such as Juvenal) because he senses that modern America is decadent Rome. It is a huge elephant lumbering about in a neon arena not knowing where to go or how to find its way out.

Juvenal castigated the vices of Rome and therefore, by implica-tion, those of America. For vices

I believe it is capable of it. I

And one final word: I believe

I do not see why words should not be incorporated from foreign languages provided there reason for this. If we there find an exact Gaelic equivalent or and an exact Gaelic equivalent or if the word has a special connotation why not leave it in? It has been done in English: why not in Gaelic? There should be no cosseting of the language, no protection. If the foreign word

I have enough faith in the lan-guage to believe that this kind of guage to believe that this kind of translation with a purpose would greatly add to the corpus of our living literature. And, too I would like to feel the shock of Gaelic words colliding creatively v foreign ones. But this must done consciously, purposetully and

Decision Against Speed Limit Extension

iasgach bhradan. So an co dhun-adh gun tanig am Morair Hunter. Mholadh Urras iasgar-ean slaite a chuir air bhonn air-son iasgach loch is aibhnean a ghabhail thairis len airgiod fhein no le cuideachadh. Dh' fheumte ordain slighe fhosgailte gu lochan fhaighnin on riaghaltas no an riaghaltas fhein seilbh a ghabhail air a h-uile h-iasgach a th'ann Chaneil rioghachd eile an ceart uair nacheil a leagail cis air ias-gach slaite agus cis eile air each In a letter to Mr Russell Johnston, M.P. for Invernessshire, on the question of exten-Chanell riognachd eite an cear-uair nacheil a leagail cis air ias-gach slaite agus cis eile air gach loch. Dh' fhaodadh a chis a bhi ga paigheadh sa mhios no sa bhliadhna. Rachadh an t-airgiod a thigeadh a stigh gu Buird no comhairlean a dh' fhasdaidheadh maoir is geimeirean agus a reigheadh an ceann obair leasachiding the speed limit between Drumnadrochit and Lewiston in the summer, the Joint Parliamentary Under-Secretary State for Scotland, Lord Hughes, said that he has now maon reigheadh an ceann obair leasach-reigheadh an ceann obair leasach-aidh air abhainn is loch. An ceart uair tha 107 Bord Ionadal air ceann iasgach nam bradan is leis an lagh se fear na cathrach am fear is motha aig a bheil a dh' airgiod san iasgach no an t-uachdaran is motha. S heag received up-to date information which does not in his view support the case for a speed limit. The number of pedestrians

It is also interesting to note that the Chief Constable does not advocate a speed limit.

Nuair a bha Mgr. I. Macleay no mar a tha e diugh am Morair Muirsheal, na Ard Runaire an Alba chuir e comhairle air bhonn fo stiuireadh am Morair Hunter fo stiuireadh am Morair Hunter a shealtainn ris an lagh a thaobh a sheattainn ris an lagh a thaobh iasgach bhradan is bhric. Cha robh moran aonta am measg nam buill nuair a chaidh an ruintean a chuir an ceill san aithisg ann an 1965. Chaidh a chomhairle a chuir air bhonn a chionns gu robh iasgairean an taobh an ear acus lis an card a chaidh a card a chaidh a chai

robh iasgairean an taobh an ear ag cur lion sagadan sa glacadh nam bradan mun draning iad na cladaichean—bha muinntii Grin-land cuideachd a glacadh moran air a mhodh cheudna. Be bhuil co dhiubh gun deachaidh stad a cnuir air iasgach a bhradain air an doigh so. Tha mu 1 872 tunna a ruighinn a mhargaid fhathast luach £1.75 muilionn. Chaneil ach mu cheud bliadhna co haidh am wiched bliadhna co haidh am winn cheud bliadhna co haidh am

say this without a shadow of doubt or hesitation. What we need doubt or hesitation, what we need is not the range of the original but the passion. The language is waiting for people to use it. All that is required is the wind in the

a the country of the management of the country of t that there has been too much emphasis on the purity of Gaelic. I am not saying that we should have errors of grammar, and the like. But nevertheless, it has been left too much in the hands of the scholars. A language is a way of life. A language does what its writers tell it to do. And this is why I think this emphasis on gabh cuid de a leigeil ma sgaoil mar a bha Bord an Dealain a deanamh. Dh' fheumte an uair sin cothrom doigheil a thoirt do iasgair na slaite air aiblinichean as cha ghabh sin deanamh mas ann le uachdaran a mhain a tha an le uachdaran a mhain a tha an chagach so gu bhi.

A thaobh dubh bric tha coirichean iasgach nan loch a dol leis chean iasgach nan loch a dol leis Ged nacheil e an aghaidh an lagha na bric iasgach cha mho a tha e ceadaichte. Agus ma theid thu thairis air fearann uachdaran purity is destroying the language. Purity doesn't produce much: it Purity doesn't produce much: it isn't fruitful. We need less purity and more vulgarity and I mean vulgarity in the sense of the colloquial, in the clash of the colloquial with the literary.

works in context let us leave it in.

crossing the road is, according to the County Council's count, only about 10 each hour, and although the number would be greater when the schools were open, a crossing parrol is employed to ensure their safety.

bheil a dh' airgiod san lasgach ilo an t-uachdaran is motha. S beag an t-ioghnadh ged chuir iad an aghaidh an run nach biodh ann ach 13 a bhuird agus am fear cathrach air a shaor thagaedh a on a shaor thagaring air a shaor thagaring sinn a cluinntinn a bheil h gu bhi air cunntas Chaneil sinn a cluiming fuasgladh gu bhi air d fuasgladh gu bhi air d anhairle a Mhorair Hu laghan riaghailtean, agus seilbh ur no bheil eagal air an riaghaltas gu bheil na h-uachdarain ro laidir air a son.

and virtues don't change all that much so long as man has the ways had. This is the only axiom we need in translation: people are human at whatever point in his-tory they live. Chaucer's pilgrims still walk. The Squire would playing his guitar and the Medicated to her work. The trouble about Gaelic is that it remains untested. People say:
"Oh, but Gaelic isn't capable of these translations."

by Iain Chrichton Smith

What we need is not transla-tion for its own sake but creative tion for its own sake but creative translation. By that I mean trans-lation which will be helpful for us as Gaelic writers. Translation should not be done for the scholars. It should be done rather by writers who are creatively ob-sessed by a particular writer and wish to show to others what he is like. I see little value in the translations of William Ross into English in verse form simply make him available to those v cannot speak Gaelic Similarly. I would see little value in transla-Similarly. I would see that Value in transla-tions (into Gaelic of certain writers simply because they are inaccessible. The kind of transla-tion I am thinking of is one which would be creative linguistically poetically.

English, in fairly

times, we have had a lot of translation. One thinks of Ezra Pound and more recently of Lowell. I am not so much con-cerned with total accuracy in these translations. I think slavish-ness to the fact is not so impor-tant in translation. Obviously one should not deliberately he una living translation faithful. But which is at the same time not too exact is better than a dead one done by scholars. Omar Khavhani has recently been translated by Robert Graves with, according to himself, great accuracy and the help of Persian scholars. But his translation will not replace that of Fitzgerald. What is necessary is creation, remaining true to the

irit of the poem.
The point is that the translation must be alive and felt to be so. It might also be worth conso, It might also be worth con-sidering which poems are worth translating. Is it better to trans-late poems which are close to pos-sible Highland experience than ones which are not? Some of Hay's poems read well because they are translated, for instance. from Greek and Cretan poems a kind of peasant community grimly concerned with the fundamentals of living and dying and scratching a living out of a tough hard land. These translations scratching a living out of a tough hard land. These translations seem to work because we as High-landers can understand them. (The Deserted Village' by Goldsmith seems to me to he a typically Highland poem with typical Highland imagery, though how one would translate it is a difficult rotally and the second of the control of the contr

cult problem).

However, I am not sure that we should limit ourselves in this way. I think that even modern American poems can be translated provided that they deal with what is recogniseable in human terms, even though in fact the milien is What is therefore needed at the very different from our own. Un

modern writers apart from Auden have been able to use it successfully.

They would, ideally speaking, be Gaelic poems.

True, there are many difficulties

of the important things is slavish translation but rather ar insight into what the poet is trying to do (or has succeeded in doing). It is this which must be translated. It is this which must suffer a sea-change into our lansuffer a sea-change into our language. Not just the words, not just the rhymes but the real rehymen, the continuation of the real reason why we should stick to the rhymes for instance. Provided we find the lever which operates the poem, then we can make the translation. Most bad translations are too close to, the original in a bad way. They follow the words but do not follow the self-consistency of the imagery. A lot of translations of Pasternak are translations of Pasternak are plainly bad because they do not have sufficient vision. We cannot nave sufficient vision. We cannot understand from the translation why anyone should bother reading him at all. The translation must both show us the original and also what is in it for us; it must be shown that the poet is worth reading. Otherwise, there is not the product of reading. Otherwise there is point in translating him at all. there is no transmutation must take place. We must make the stranger at

And that is exactly what it is ke. It is like taking a stranger like. It is like taking a stranger into our town, into our house. At first he is awkward and so are we. He wears a different dress. He speaks in a different way. He makes different gestures. But, as we get to know him, we realise that really we are very much alike. We are both alive we will both die. We both suffer from nerves. We both have to eat. But fundamentally we are the same. If someone attacked us presumably we should react in a similar way. If someone smiled at us, presumably we should smile back. To make the poem at home is what we want to do so that it does not appear strange in our landscape. If it does appear landscape. If it does appear strange we have failed. If, in spite of everything it is a marble or stone monument among a lot of crofters' houses, then we have

is this kind of translation It is this kind of translation that is desparately needed, a kind which v^a! make poems at home in a different land. And for this reason, writers should perhans reason, writers should perhans translate those poets whom they love or to whom they are attracted. There is no reason, however, why we should just translate twentiers of our own time. There are writers of other times who are more contemporary than some are more contemporary than some of those of our time. Swift is more contemporary than Annie S. Swan, and others of greater am-

Glaschu Air An Oidhche - Ban-Uibhisteach | Gomunn Na

an ceans and the control of the cont

Seall a' ghealach ag eirigh cho Saoilidh tu gu bhell thu aig an cearbach os cionn nan togalach tigh airson tiota—ach fairich mar gum biodh na sgodhan faileadh a' bhuntat is un eisg air ri tilleadh a chur innte—i a rosladh taic an stuagh a tha i mar gum biodh seann seideadh air am meoirean is a' duine a' direadh na staidhre agus stampadh an casan aig dorus na tuaindeal 'na cheann le laige, buha, a' feitheamh chun na greim critheanach aige air a' slugaid a shasacadh 'S fhad bhalla agus feuchainn uile neart air faibh an t-eilean dorch' gu chun an t-seomair a ruighinn, dearbh.

Tha drabhas bhodach aig ceann na sraide le seann fhidhill a' caoineadh is a' sgriachail: fear is

chaitheamh aig a' bhina on seann chreutair air leabaidh a' tarruing a' chuirtear gu taobh le meoirean sios air a' cheann a' chuirtear gu taobh le meoirean sios air a' cheas tha dol air adhart air an t-sraid. 'Nuair a chithear air an mathan-usasl ann ar carbad fada a' falbh a dhannsa le cot-aichean bein mu'n guailnean agus grìogagan 'nan cluasan 's 'nam falt is air an aodach is air am meoirean, am bheil dearrsadh a' tighinn anns an t-suil agus an cridhe falamh tioram a' lionadh le cuimhneachain? Ar neo bheil criane talamm toram a honadh le cuimhneachain? Ar neo bheil drein a' tighinn air an aodann rochdadh agus boinne searbh a' tuiteam air a' phlaide ghlas— am bheil am bas agus falamhachd air an deanamh nas ciuirrte dhaibh tre na seallaidhean sin?

Ach coma dha 'n sin, chan eil n oidhch' ach og, agus asteach o'n charbad agus air falbh chun cheilidh.

a' cheilidh.

Suarach cho sobarra 's a tha am fear-stiuiridh—'O Dhe, dean trocair oirnn ma theid sinn a dhith anns an t-suidheachadh seo'. Ach 's beag for a th' air trocair 'nuair a ruigear cala slan sabhailte agus theidear astaeach gu ceol is dannsa. Cuid ag ithe, cuid ag old is cuid a' dannsa; fear is uchd gu spreadhadh a' seinn, agus hinn a tha 'g innse sgeulachdan ropach ann ar oisein. Ach ameasg othail is ruidhle sud asteach dithis pholaismean ag gearain gu

laider mu'n fhuaim. 'Nach ann tha 'n traill anns an fhear bhiorach?' arsa mi fhin. 'Oidhche mhath,' ars am fear biorach ann an deagh Ghaidhlig Leodhasach amach an dorus.

Thursday, 28th December

News in Gaelic.

12.05 p.m. Da Cheathramh agus Fonn (Verse & Chorus) 3.30 p.m. Gaelic Midweek Service conducted by Rev. Rod 5mith, Edinburgh.

"In the Highlands": An all sorts magazine --comment, interview music and song

Gaeldom (recorded).

"An Reult" (The 5tar):
Christmas Story by
Colin N. MacKenzie
(recorded). 10.45 p.m.

Friday, 29th December

News in Gaelic. 12,05 p.m.

Da Cheathramh agus Fonn (Verse & Chorus) "Seinn an Duan So": Concert of Gaelic songs requested by listeners (recorded).

Saturday, 30th December

10.50 p.m. "Bliadhna Mhath Ur": A good New Year from '5e Ur Beatha featuring The Innis Gaels, The Albanachs and Carol Galbraith as guest artist.

Monday, 1st January

12 noon News in Gaelic. Da Cheathramh agus Fonn (Verse & Chorus) 12.05 p.m.

Tuesday, 2nd January

News in Gaelic Da Cheathramh agus Fonn (Verse & Chorus) 12.05 p.m.

"Mo Rogha Ciuil": loan MacKenzie wishes you a Happy New Year singers (recorded)

Wednesday, 3rd January

12 noon News in Gaelic

"Chanter": A marzine programme for piping world compiled and introduced by Seumas MacNeill (re-corded).

Thursday, 4th January

12 noon News in Gaelic.

Da Cheathramh agus Fonn (Verse & Chorus) 3.20 p.m. In Conversation John MacKenzie

Achterneed (rec'd). 3.35 p.m. Gaelic Midweek 5ervice

conducted by Rev. Donald, MacDonald Carloway (recorded). "In the Highlands": An

7,00 p.m. VHF all sorts magazine — comment, interview, music and song from Gaeldom (recorded)

Friday, 5th January

12 noon News in Gaelic.

Da Cheathramh agus Fonn (Verse & Chorus) 12.05 p.m.

"5einn an Duan 5o": Concert of Gaelic songs requested by listeners (recorded).

Saturday, 6th January

10.45 p.m. '5e Ur Beatha: A Gaelic Welcome by The Mac-Donald Sisters and The Albanachs with 5ean O'5e as guest artist (recorded).

Gaidhlig An Lunnainn

At its recent meeting on Thursday, 14th December, the Council of the Gaelic Society of London finalised arrangements for its activities in the early part of 1968. Saturday, 13th January—President's evening (R.S.C. Hall).

Saturday, 17th February—Chief's evening. This will comprise a talk given by the Society's Chief, Mr Alasdair MacKenzie, M.P., and will be followed by a Ceilidh (R.S.C. Hall).

Saturday, 16th March—Dinner/ Dance. Venue to be arranged. Friday, 29th March—London Gaelic Choir Ceilidh (R.S.C.

Saturday, 6th April—Ceilidh and Dance (R.S.C. Hall). Saturday, 11th May—Rich-

and Dance (R.S.C. Hall).

Saturday, 11th May—Richmond Highland Games. As in previous years, the Society hopes to participate in the running of a "clachan" and in the sale of publications and items of Gaelic interest.

Saturday, 18th May—Bring and Buy Sale and Social (R.S.C. Hall).

Friday, 24th May-Pre-Mod Ceilidh (R.S.C. Hall).

Friday, 24th May—Pre-Mod
Ceilidh (R.S.C. Hall).
Saturday, 25th May—London
Mod. Competitions will be held
during the morning and afternoon
in the Royal Scottish Corporation
Hall, to be followed by a grand
concert in the evening at Camden
(formerly St Pancras) Town Hall.
Donald Smith, South User, attacked, and the Mod Committee was
appointed, comprising Mr Smith,
Mr Hamish Graham, and the President, Mr John Nicolson.
The Committee also discussed
the need to augment the numbers
of the London Scottish Junior
Singers, Good progress is being
made, but the Choir is in need
of new members. The secretary,
Mr Frank Reid. 182 Gypsy Road,
Pleased to have the would be
pleased to specify the members
Problems of unemployment and
Problems of unemployment and

proclive members.

Problems of unemployment and economic conditions in the Western Isles were discussed, and the Council decided to make representations to the appropriate authorities. At the next Council meeting, it has been decided to consider ways in which the ideas of Mr D. J. MacKay, Director of Order Decided to the Council of Gaelie and the Highlands, might be implemented in London.

Do You Know?

Who originated the idea of raising Highland regiments?

2. How many Gaelic speakers are there in the Kingdom of Scot-land?

Where is the highest fall of water in the British Isles. 4. What does the Gaelic language

Gu de chiall a tha aig an t-ainn "Uilleam?"

6. De Ghaidhlig a tha air "dan-delion?"

ANSWERS

It was Duncan Forbes, born near Inverness, November 10th 1685. He was Lord President of the Court of Session in 1737.

76,587 persons. Aulin" of Sutherland at 658 ft.

In the Highlands. "Fas-coul-

18 characters of which five are vowels; 12 consonnants and the breathing or asperate H.

Tha e air a tharraing o'n a Ghearmailt, 'WILHELM' 'Helmet of resolution." bho 'will' agus 'helm.'

6. Bearnan-bride.

An Comunn Gaidhealach

BONN OIR - CLAR DE MHOD 1965

SEANN OR - CLAR DE MHOD 1966

TEAPAICHEAN de Orain 'san t-seann nòs

TEAPAICHEAN de Phiobaireachd - seann ruidhlean nach cluinnear ach tearc

LEASAN GHÀIDHLIG AIR CLÀIR

LEABHRAICHEAN AIRSON LUCHD-IONNSACHAIDH

agus de gach seorsa; Rosg, Bardachd, Dealbhan-cluiche is eile

BONN OIR - HIGHLIGHTS OF 1965 MOD

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Review Order

LEABHRAICHEAN UR BHO'N CHOMUNN

Ged is iomadh leabhar chuir An Comunn Gaidhealach an clo o chionn leth-cheud bliadhna cha do chuir iad aon a mach cho sgeilmor ris na tri mu dheireadh tha mu ar coinneamh

'S ann am Paris a chlobhualar iad so ach sann a mhain air sgath cosgais a rinneadh so. Ann a bhith deasachadh leabhraichean de'n t-seorsa so tha na dealbhan a cuir na cosgais an arda ann a' leithid a dhoigh 'sgu bheil aireamhan cho beag 'sa dh' orduichear de leabhrai-chean Gaidhlig gle chosgail. Bha An Comunn fortanach air an turus so ma tha gu robh na sgeulachdan air an cuir an clo roimhe so 's an Fhraing, sgu robh mar sin na dealbhan deant.

Dh' eadar-theanguich Domh-Grannd tri sgeulachdan. nall bho Grimm agus Hans Anderson, Rosbhan is Rosdhonn, mi radh gu bheil an t-Sneachda agus ged nach ur-rainn mu radh gu bheil an obair gu h-iomlan cho taitneach 'sa tha na dealbhan feumar - an-naidheachd a chuir air. Bha agus tha feum air an leithid so, agus tha Mgr. Grannd r'a mholadh airson obair a dheanamh a lionas bearn 'sna sgoilean sin anns a bheil clann aig a bheil a' Ghaidhlig.

Saoilidh mi gu ta gu bheil 'g a' chainnt' tuilleadh is domhain c a' chainnt' tuilleadh is domhain e orain aothrom aighearrach an drasda 'sa rithist agus gur tha sinn a' sireadh. docha gum b'urrainn i a bhith na b'aotrom gu h-araidh nuair a chuimhnicheas sinn gur ann airson na cloinne tha na leabhraichean.

Co dhiu, cha riaraichear a huile duine agus tha sinne an dochas gu lean An Comunn orra leis an obair tha so 'sgu faicear tuilleadh leabhranan gasda mar iad so a dh'uine gun a bhith fada.

Gheibhear na tri leabhraichean bho oifisean a' Chonnuinn air I 2/6 am fear. CLAR UR

O chionn da sheachdhuin air ais chuala sinn clar ur Gaidhlig a chord air leth marn

SYLLABUS OF SCOTTISH ASSOCIATION IN LONDON

Enfield and District Scottish As-sociation Saturday December 30 Enfield Highway Secretary: Mrs L. G. Barlegs. 16 Tollgate Road. Waltham Cross. Herts. Greenford and District Caledo-nian Association — Sunday, Decem-ber 31 — Hogmanay Dance in New Greenford Hall, Greenford. Sec-retary: W. Merrick, Esg.. 4 Haven Lane, Ealing. ALP 2626. Harrow and District Caledonian Harrow and District Caledonian New Year, Bull Sept. Enfield and District Scottish As-

Harrow and District Caledonian Society — Monday, January 1 — New Year Ball in Brent Town Hall, Wembley. Convener: G. Work-man. Waxlow 1283. Scottish Reel Club — Saturday,

Scottish Reel Club — Saturday, December 30 — Dance in Royal Scottish Corporation Hall. Secretary: Miss H, Jones. 405-4023. Siddup and District Caledonian Association — Saturday, December 30 — Old Year's Dance. Secretary: Mrs. M. Halstead. 2. Chatsworth Avenue. Siddup. Footstray 5427. The Scottish Association for Allerton, Carshalton and District. — Friday December 29 — New Year-Scott Carshalton and District. — Priday December 29 — New Year-Scott Carshalton and District. — New Year-Scott Carshalton and District. — New Year-Scott Carshalton and District. — A M. Leel B. 4 Woodcote Green, Wallington WAL 6863.

ruinn. B'i sin "The Bard Sings" le Tormod Mac Illeeathain a choisinn am Bonn Oir agus crun a Bhaird aig a Mhod an Glaschu.

Air an dara taobh chinnear an da oran "Cainnt mo mhathair Gaidhlig Bhairaidh" agus Soraidh leis a' Bhreacan Ur." Shaoil leam gu bheil a cheud oran air a sheinn fior-mhath agus a thuilleadh air an sin an ceol-ionnstramaid a tha maille ris air leth taitneach -- rud nach eil an comhniudh fior mu leithid. Ged is aithghearrach "Soraidh leis A' Bhreacan Ur." 's iongantach leam gun chiallaichear e a bhith air a sheinn mar so.

Smor a b'fhearr a chord an taobh eile de'n chlar rium "Uibhist nam Beanntan" agus "An Bothan a bh' aig Fionn-ghal." Tha daoine eolach gu ghal." leor air fonn "Uibhist nam Beanntan" ("The Dark Island") ach saoilidh mi gu bheil so cho thachdmhor ri ionn-suidh a chuala mi fnathast. Aithnichear air seinn Thormoid Mhic Ille-eathain gu bheil taobh mor aige ri ceol na

"Am Bothan a bh' aig Fionnghala"-so agaibh luinneag 'san t-seann nos. Cha b'ann an diugh no'n de rinneadh i so agus tha i sealltuinn nach leig sinn a leas idir a bhith cho deas gu bhith 'g eadar-theangachadh ma 's

DO YOU GIVE AWAY HALF OF A TYRE?

Motoring organisations in Britain have recently revealed that tyre defects represent the greater part of all car faults checked by their personnel. Now comes equally damning reports from a survey carried out in Germany by researches of Uniroyal operating their tyre plant at Aachen

This survey was carried out in German car parks. It revealed that two out of every three drivers seemed determined to throw away substantial part of tyre life. Thirty-six per cent. of the inspected cars had pres-sures appreciably below the recommended level, resulting in the owners getting only 75 per cent. of the normal mileage. It was worse with per cent. of the vehicles showing under pressures of 30 per cent. A tyre, permanently driven on pressures of 30 per cent, below, only achieves half its normal mileage.

Even more surprising was the fact that .11 per cent. of the inspected vehicles had as much as 40 per cent, below. In total, therefore, 65 per cent. showed tyres under-inflated.

Besides all that sorry state of affairs, the technicians of Uniroyal were shaken to find number of other extra-dinary instances. A car ordinary instances. with a left front wheel with 0.9 lbs. pressure and its right front 1.5 lbs.

A Peep At The Heavens

If you look at the sky in the late evening just now, you will see many wonderful objects—even with the naked eye. I don't mean Inidentified Flying Objects, but

Fairly high in the south-west may be seen a bright golden yel-low stellar-like planet — Saturn. Binoculars will show it up as a definite disc, while a small tele-scope will reveal a system of rings

by Donald G. W. Hurry

surrounding the planet. These rings are, in fact, composed of numerous small particles moving independently round the planet, just like small moons. Saturn lies 793 million miles from Earth; lies 793 million miles from Earth; its surface cannot be seen with even the world's most powerful telescopes, since it is covered in a dense layer of ammonia and methane gases at the extremely low temperature of -155 degrees C. Jupitor is very much brighter than Saturn and can be seen in

the very late evening in an east-south-east direction. It is also a bright golden disc and is large enough to contain 1,300 bodies each the size of Earth. It lies 390 each the size of Earth. It lies 390 million miles away and a pair of good binoculars or a small telescope will show faint belts crossing the planet. These are likely to consist of ammonia droplets which float in Jupiter's atmosphere. It is presented to the state of which float in Jupiter's atmosphere. It is impossible to see the surface of the planet and it, like Saturn is incredibly cold,

Good binoculars will show that

Jupiter has four satellites, two of which are about the same size as the Moon; its eight other satellites are toc small to be seen without a powerful telescope. The planets, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Uranus, Neptune and Plato are are either badly placed for viewing as in the case of the first two, or too far away to be clearly seen the case of the first two or too far away to be clearly seen the case of the first two.

Star Gazing

There are several very bright stars or suns visible just now — Vega in the constellation of Lyra is high in the north west and is a lovely blue point of light; the beautiful constellation of Orion is visible in the south-east — particularly colourful is the bright orange-red star, Betelgeuse, which is so immense that is has a diameter of 25 million miles, compared to the sun's 865,000 miles.

It is amazing how the oriests saw patterns in the stars — the Flough, Orion the Hunter and Canis Major are just a few examples — and they believed that Orion, the legendary hunter was placed among the stars after his death and that Canis Major was his faithful hound: still following his master in his eternal journeys through the Universe.

I don't think man realises what I don't think man realises what an insignificant speek of dust he really is in the Universe. "...so many as the stars of the sky in multitude, and as the sand which is by the sea shore innumerable." (Hebrews 10 v. 12).





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