

April 22, 2011

An Iodhlann  
Sgairinis  
Eilean Thiriodh  
Erra Ghaidheal  
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PA77 6UH

Good evening folks,  
staring at Captain John Mackinnon;  
Elizabeth Lamont in front of the

Bath Motel in Glasgow city made me wonder how they had each got to that point. Some many stories to grasp onto. All of your work is appreciated and marveled at from afar. I recount the Tiree stories myself staring out to Greasamul from Cooras beach, Donnies tractor tracks in the sand below the purple hills of Mull. What I stare at is a painting by Marjory Knapman, whom I remember fondly, along with the stories and photos from the newsletter. I am enclosing my annual fee of £8, roughly equivalent to \$16.

The stories I remember revolve around many.

The sweet truck rolling into the laneway at Flora's,  
the chicken that couldn't get of the egg, three days  
of rat hunting as the ducklings dropped one by one,  
the wind howling over the machar, Grannie feeding  
the seagull, Grannie naming the seagull, watching  
Countdown with John Archie, biking to Janet's, walking  
to the end of time in those dunes, Church twice  
on Sundays, knowing that people knew who was working  
on Sundays, the rain for weeks worrying the crofters alike,  
being on the boat with Donnie, all the collies named  
Mac, being on the tractor, driving through the cattle  
grid with Neil yellin to 'go faster lad just like Ronnie Reagan',  
the cola cubes, the milk truck, and the 'other' truck that  
would come by with random objects for sale, the papers  
at Brownes, pints at the pub, the year the ponies came, and  
finding Tiree sand in my anarake years later...  
and the kindness of relatives and all folks on the Island.

Tiree is far away from here but I sure think  
about it a lot. Stories I remember, and stories  
I make up.

All the best from Canada.

Aimiclement,

Jason Mauchan, grandson of William + Effie Dickie  
of Coalas.