

I am a charaid,
I thought I would meet you somewhere
on the Island - but with no luck - hence
the reason for writing.

do - mulling in between the two unrepeatable
words in the last Irish death - a very
common saying in Gaelic in the past in
Ire.

Bob Higham was wrong in what he said
with regard to "An Eaglaibh Shu" - that a
gale blew the roof off. It all consisted
of tin, my late father recalled a terrible gale
just before the First World War which blew
the complete building off the island and it
was never seen again. I do not know
where the dressed stone of the present replacement
building came from. Could it have been
taken from the demolished one which was
located at Seamill pier?

I remember Sandaigh Charlean Bham
East Hyndahilly along with a "slave" in the
1950's carrying out extensive maintenance
at the church which had fallen into a state of
disrepair. It was at this time the two
upper south windows were permanently closed.
There were quite a number built in a gable
at the time, one can be seen on the left
on the road to Glasgow at Dalmore.

4 Red Post Office vans were first introduced to
Ire in the late 1950's (at Hunter was in
our house that day one came to Houghopol).
Lachie Parkhouse is the only one living who

started on that day in a Moses Minor
van. It was a big day in Luce as it did
away with all the local posties.
Allen, Mr. Fadyen and Ina MacArthur are
the only ones still alive who were on our
route. The old man at Clachan had a
pony and trap on the Corrag run.

Continue the good work, my relatives
enjoyed one of your talks at Baugh.

He disassembled
Duley.