



STRONSAY LIMPET

FUNDED BY STRONSAY DEVELOPMENT TRUST
ISSUE 21 JANUARY 2007



ELIZABETH TOWERS MILLER

1913 - 2006



Elizabeth Towers was born on Stronsay on the tenth of July 1913, the last year in an era described by Charles Dickens and still relatively unchanged almost a century later as "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times.", when Britain ruled supreme in the world. Her parents Thomas and Bella (nee Isabella Irvine Williamson) were at the time building Briarlea on their farmland and Bella returned to her parents home at the Lower Station for the birth. Elizabeth spent the first five months of her life at Milkquoy, a property belonging to her grandparents, until the new house was ready. She attended the South School and later Central School Stronsay, leaving at age 14 and working on the family farm. She married Leslie Miller 15-06-1938 and set up house at Holland farm where her husband was a horseman. Her first two children were born here, Irvine and Isabella (always known as Peace). They moved in 1944 to Strathearn (no longer standing) when her husband embarked on a new career as an apprentice blacksmith a career he followed until 1957. They had one further move to Fellsquoy before they returned to Briarlea to look after her increasingly frail parents.

JOHN FAIRBROTHER

1918 - 2006

John Fairbrother was born in 1918 in Nottingham and whilst still a boy his family moved to the New Forest in Hampshire. After leaving school he trained as a Surveyor and joined the Royal Engineers where, during World War 2, he was part of a detachment that surveyed the routes for the main army to follow through North Africa and Palestine. He also went to Iceland and France and was on the last boat out of Dunkirk. After the war he joined Somerset County Council. He then worked for two mineral exploration companies, one in South America and another in Nigeria, the Oman and Pakistan. He retired to Somerset in 1983 with Mary, his wife, and Sue, his daughter,



and moved to Stronsay in 2002. He will be remembered as a kind gentleman who, when out driving, never passed anyone walking without offering them a lift. He showed many visitors around the Island and brought them back home for tea. His figure, out walking the family dog, Ben, and taking his photos, will be missed. He is buried on Papa Stronsay and the other members of his family, son Paul, daughter in law Stephanie, granddaughter Harriet and grandson Edward were able to attend the funeral, Paul and Edward being pallbearers. A note from Sue:

My mother and I and the family would like to thank everyone for their kindness and consideration during the short illness and the death of my

Elizabeth was of the generation whose work centred on the house, her family and helping on the farm. She kept hens, taking part in the booming egg trade of the time. Her husband died in 1987. Prior to this she was a fairly outgoing person, singing in the church choir in her earlier years and attending the local dances with her family. As the years passed she became more withdrawn, concentrating more and more on her family and close friends. She was an avid reader and a keen knitter until her failing sight deprived her of these pleasures. When Bill Cooper moved to Kirkwall to stay with his daughter she became the Islands oldest inhabitant. She added further to this distinction when a granddaughter was born and for a short spell the oldest and youngest inhabitants of Stronsay were both Elizabeth Miller.



She died after a short illness on 30-12-06 and is survived by her three children, Irvine, Peace and Jim by her grandsons Leslie, Stephen and her granddaughter Elizabeth. She will be sadly missed by all who knew her and with her passing another link to the Stronsay of yesteryear has been severed



father. Being Catholics we know that death is not a terrible and sad occasion. Of course we will always miss him and there will always be an empty space in our hearts. To face death with a feeling that it really is the end, never to see the person again must be truly terrible, hopeless and incredibly sad. We are blessed with the knowledge that when we die, our soul goes before our Creator to be judged and the hope that after spending time in purgatory to make up for our sins, we go to heaven, where we will meet again for all eternity. We see death as "an angel of light, an angel that leads our soul happily home". We will remember you all in our prayers.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE


PETE THE PONY by LINDA SPENDLEY Part three

As he strode across the yard, he became aware of the silence. He stopped in his tracks, and looked around. He hadn't realised how many children had arrived for their riding lessons. Judging by the horrified looks on their faces, they'd heard every word. Completely out of patience with everybody, he strode back across the yard and disappeared into the tack room, slamming the door behind him. Tom came out of Pete's stable to be confronted by a group of crying children. "Is it true? Will Pete have to go to the glue factory?" wailed one girl.

"Not if I can help it," said Tom, and he sat on a bale of hay, and began to explain things. "I know you all love Pete, and want to ride him, because he's so good, gentle and loveable," he started, "but what you don't understand, is that sometimes he needs a rest." Before he could go on, one of the children broke in, saying, "but I only ride him once a week, so it can't be my fault." Several of the other children joined in, saying the same thing. Surely it wasn't their fault that Pete was so tired. "No," explained Tom, "it's not your fault, not really. It's Mr Jones' fault. He's too greedy. If Pete was the same as other ponies, he'd get his days off, but because he's so gentle and obedient, you all want to ride him, so he never gets a break."

Tom paused for a minute, giving the children time to think about what he'd said. As they talked between themselves, he wandered across to look at Pete. He wasn't on his feet yet, but he was looking happier. One by one, the children wandered over to see him.

Laura, the eldest girl, spoke at last. "We're so sorry, Pete," she said tearfully, "we didn't understand. We'll save you if we can." The children stormed over to the tack room, to confront Mr Jones. Tom followed, to see what would happen. "We want to talk to you, Mr Jones," said Laura, "and we're all agreed. If Pete goes to the glue factory, we'll go to another riding school. If you promise to give him a long rest, we'll stay, and ride the other ponies." There was a long silence after this. Tom felt proud of the children, for understanding poor Pete's plight, but he didn't know how Mr Jones would respond. He didn't think he was deliberately cruel, just very greedy. At last, Mr Jones broke the silence. "Alright," he shouted. "You win. He can have a holiday, and then we'll see."

The children cheered, and looked round, just in time to see Pete's head appear over his stable door. They cheered again. They were sure he'd understood. He was feeling better already!

Next month Pete's Holiday

**Word
Puzzle**

1	8		6	9	
7				9	6
	6		5		7
4		3	9	2	
9				5	
			4	8	7
	3			6	5
8		4	3		
		6		9	
				3	2

Answers on page 5

BIT
 BLANKET
 BLAZE
 BRIDLE
 CANTER
 MARTINGALE
 CURRYCOMB
 GALLOP
 SHETLAND
 GYMKHANA
 NOSEBAND
 HALTER
 JODHPURS-
 PADDOCK
 NUMNAH
 ROSETTE

MANE
 COB
 HACK
 REINS
 SADDLE
 GROOM
 STIRRUP
 TROT
 WITHERS
 JUMP

D	N	A	L	T	E	H	S	W	I	N	U	M	P	J
B	U	S	E	B	A	W	E	T	S	E	R	O	F	B
R	M	A	R	T	I	N	G	A	L	E	S	H	U	M
I	N	N	O	T	J	O	D	H	P	U	R	S	R	O
D	A	A	H	O	C	D	S	R	E	I	N	H	R	C
L	H	E	S	R	L	A	A	P	O	L	L	A	G	Y
E	R	O	S	E	T	T	E	R	A	Z	E	L	O	R
S	X	I	E	R	O	C	A	N	T	E	R	T	S	R
T	B	M	T	M	K	P	R	S	I	M	M	E	N	U
R	E	O	W	M	C	B	I	T	A	O	R	I	O	
Q	Z	K	C	O	D	D	A	P	K	I	O	O	E	O
T	A	M	N	S	R	N	E	H	O	U	R	L	R	R
A	L	M	A	A	N	A	H	K	M	Y	G	R	L	E
Q	B	L	E	N	L	E	R	T	O	N	P	M	U	J
D	O	N	O	S	E	B	A	N	D	H	P	U	M	P

Part 3 next month

Sheer luxury to contemplate endless hours of sleep compared to life on an inshore seiner. However he had drawn the second watch this morning which meant about three hours sleep before being called out at five in the morning for his four hour spell on which he would be partnered by Davey - a much more experienced fisherman. Even at this hour of a June morning there was still light in the sky and where they were headed there would be little darkness in midsummer - the Simmer Dim of Shetland. Sleep, surrounded by seven strangers in close proximity, the strange sounds and movement of a different boat and the excitement of what the next few days would bring, was elusive. All too soon he was being shaken awake to hurriedly dress and get up to the wheelhouse to start his four hour spell of watch duty. Already the sun was up, a beautiful summer morning as they ploughed their way north. Of the boats which had left harbour with them there was no sign, some faster, some slower, some on diverging courses. No land to be seen - nothing but the flat shining plain of the sea. In the galley the kettle was boiling on the stove - a steady supply of tea or coffee always available. Gradually, under the watchful eye of his older companion, he settled to his spell at the wheel. Plenty of time for stories - stories of good trips, bad weather, discovering mutual acquaintances. Soon three hours of their watch had passed and it was time to call out the cook who was exempt from watch keeping. The oil fired stove was soon glowing and the smell of frying bacon drifted in to the wheelhouse. The rest of the sleeping crew were wakened, a mound of sausage and bacon in an enormous enamel dish, accompanied by a similar dish of fried eggs and a dish of hot tomatoes were taken down to the cabin and laid on the wooden table in the centre of the cabin. The cook relieved the watch keepers and nine hungry men started to demolish the cooks efforts. First, however, Grace was said, and in time honoured tradition the skipper served himself first. What more could a healthy youngster want - a full cooked breakfast washed down with pint mugs of tea with bread and cheese and oatcakes to follow if needed. A quick look up on deck to stretch his legs, a cigarette then back to bed for a few more hours. By midday cooking smells were again drifting down into the cabin. Slowly he stretched himself awake, dressed and went up to the galley. Sammy, the cook, was busy preparing dinner. All his actions seemed effortless in the cramped quarters of the galley. Now, from the wheelhouse, a patch of high cloud could be seen on the port bow. Over the next hour this slowly resolved itself into first a hazy then a more well defined mass - the first of the fabled island s- Fair Isle. By the time dinner had been disposed of they were abreast of the Fair Isle. Off on the starboard bow appeared the tell tale cloud - this time hovering over the Shetland mainland. Another spell on watch, this time the monotony broken by the appearance of a new coast - the towering cliffs of Fitful Head giving way to the lower coastline of western Shetland. By early evening they were well up the Shetland coast and there on their port bow was the island of Foula - remote even for these remote islands. Rising from the ocean it resembled nothing more than a mighty pyramid with a small low tail on its south east side. Difficult to believe that anyone actually lived there and had done for centuries. Ever northwards, would the journey never end? , but now Foula was behind them and the sun was sinking to the horizon. Time for the next act of the drama to unfold. At one time when the herring shoals were plentiful the decision on where to shoot the drift nets was aided by " appearances - garnets diving in the sea, a whale blowing, the colour of the water. Some skippers were even credited with being able to smell the herring as they swam in their millions below the surface. Now such appearances were, due to the lack of herring, more or less redundant. The echo sounder could and sometimes did pick up a shoal. However it was now mainly down to experience, almost a sixth sense. The engine slowed and the speed of the boat decreased. The first end of the drift net fleet was pulled from the pile or "bing" above the fish hold. The tail end of the messenger rope - a heavy tarred natural fibre rope - was brought up from its store - the leader box - situated below decks in the bows of the boat. Aft on the port side deck the buoy locker had been opened to give access to the eighty or ninety large round plastic bouys to be attached to the drift nets. The lower corner of the first net was made fast to the messenger rope and the upper corner decorated with a buoy - both attached by a length of rope called a "stopper" -which could be varied by 2 or 3 metres to keep the net closer to the surface or deeper in the water according to the skippers wishes. The boat was now sailing slowly ahead, straight down wind, with a large canvas drogue or sea anchor attached to the port side to keep her speed slow. On the starboard side deck the crew awaited the order to start shooting the gear, the cook forward in his traditional place at the leader box, three men on the forward side of the nets to shoot the foot rope, three men on the aft side to shoot the head or cork rope. The herring nets were always shot from the starboard side of the boat following Christ's instruction to his future fishers of men on the Sea of Galilee - Shoot your nets from the right side of the boat. Then came the order from the skipper "Over for the Lord" and the work began.

LIMPET'S KITCHEN
TARTE TATIN Or UPSIDE DOWN APPLE PIE

Filling

5-6 firm apples (pears work well too)
 6 oz (non of your metric stuff in this recipe) white sugar
 4 oz margarine (or butter, if you're feeling lavish)

Pastry

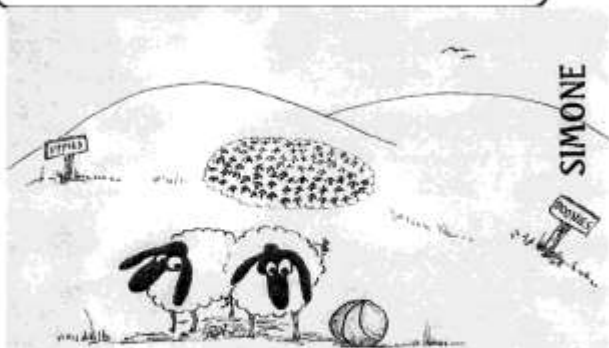
4 oz plain flour
 Pinch of salt
 4 ½ oz margarine or butter
 Splash of cold water

Method

1. Make the pastry (if you don't know how, get someone who does to make it for you). Cover it in clingfilm and put it in the 'fridge for at least 20 minutes (you shouldn't need much help with this). Preheat oven to Gas 6, 200 C, 400 F.
2. Peel and quarter the apples or pears and toss them in a few tablespoons of the sugar (to keep them quiet).
3. In an oven-proof pan melt the margarine then add the remaining sugar. When it starts to colour arrange the fruit round the edge and centre.
4. Continue cooking till caramelized – about 20 minutes. (If it goes black, it's time to call the fire brigade.)
5. Take the pan off the heat and let the fruit cool. Roll out the dough (that's the stuff you put in the fridge earlier, remember?) to a circle a bit bigger than the pan. Put the dough on top of the fruit, tucking it around the edges (a big kiss is optional).
6. Put in the oven and bake 15 minutes, then reduce to Gas 4, 180 C, 350 F. Bake till golden brown – about 15 minutes more.
7. Let it cool in the pan for 3-4 minutes. Run a knife around the edge and down the sides gently. Then comes the exciting bit. Put a plate over the top of the pan and flip it over. Now if all goes well you should behold a lovely golden-coloured fruit pie. (If not, just make sure you washed the floor before you started and the dog is out.)

Bon Appetit!

FOOD FOR THOUGHT



"WHEN YOU TALKED ABOUT THE BAAA, WE NEVER
 REALISED YOU MEANT THIS....."

SUDOKU ANSWERS

1	2	8	7	6	4	9	3	5
7	4	5	2	3	9	6	8	1
3	6	9	5	8	1	2	7	4
4	8	3	9	7	2	5	1	6
9	7	1	6	5	3	4	2	8
6	5	2	4	1	8	7	9	3
2	3	7	1	4	6	8	5	9
8	9	4	3	2	5	1	6	7
5	1	6	8	9	7	3	4	2

STRONSAY DEVELOPMENT TRUST

Nominations for Directors

Nominations are invited from members of the Trust for vacancies on the Board, to be voted on at the AGM on 28 February. Nominees also need to be members of the Trust. Nomination forms and a role description for a director are available from Olivebank, Ebenezer's and the Post Office. Forms need to be returned to the Secretary at Lower Millfield by 24 January.

Stronsay Development Trust AGM/EGM - 28 February 2007 - Advance Notice The Trust's AGM will be held on the above date at 7.30 p.m. in the Community Centre, followed by a short EGM. Full details will appear on notice boards during the next week.

REFIT TIMETABLES

	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
STRONSAY DEPART	18.00	09.25 & 13.30	07.00 & 15.15	10.35	07.00	08.15 & 13.25	09.50
KIRKWALL ARRIVE	20.00	11.30 & 15.30	09.05 & 16.50	12.40	09.35	10.50 & 15.25	12.25
KIRKWALL DEPART	15.40	07.00 & 15.00	13.00	08.45 & 16.40	16.20	11.05 & 16.00	NO BOAT
STRONSAY ARRIVE	18.00	09.10 & 13.20 & 17.35	15.05	18.45	18.25	13.15 & 18.35	NO BOAT



Great Granny and Grandad limpet were feeling sad as Christmas and New Year had passed and all their family had made their way home around the coast of Stronsay. It was a calm crisp January day the winter sun was warming them nicely as they relaxed on their standing stone home. The tide was going out and they were having their afternoon nap when granny was awoken with a jump something or someone was tapping her shell. She cried out in alarm this woke grandad limpet who opened his eyes just in time to see a huge bird flying off with granny in its beak.



Written By Christine Richings.

Grandad limpet started to sob very loudly this alerted a nearby seal who saw the bird land on a rock and lift its head ready to have granny limpet for an afternoon snack.

The seal splashed his tail with all his might and made a huge wave that flowed over the rock and washed granny off. The huge bird flew away in surprise and granny limpet was safe. Grandad limpet sent word to the mermaids to catch an extra large fish for the seal's tea to say thank you.

QUIZ Nicknames

1. Which Middle Eastern city is nicknamed 'the pearl of the desert'?
2. What was the real name of the murderer who was nicknamed 'the Boston Strangler'?
3. Which composer was nicknamed 'the March king' ?
4. Which boxer was nicknamed 'the Manassa mauler'?
5. Which American President was nicknamed 'old hickory'?
6. Which pop star is nicknamed 'the groover from Vancouver' ?
7. What sort of bird has acquired the nickname 'the laughing jackass'?
8. Which singer and actress was nicknamed 'the professional virgin'?
9. Which legendary sports star was nicknamed 'the sultan of swat'?
10. Name the British king who was known as 'the wisest fool in Christendom'?

ANSWERS BELOW

1. Damascus 2. Albert de Salvo 3. John Sousa 4. Jack Dempsey 5. Andrew Jackson
6. Bryan Adams 7. Kookaburra 8. Doris Day 9. Babe Ruth 10. James I

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Saturday; 5pm-7pm

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5pm-7pm

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NEXT VISIT MONDAY 29th JAN
check shops for times and places

DARTS & EUCHRE
27th Jan & 17th Feb
8pm start at the Hall
Kids Darts, 100 club & Raffle
Licensed Bar & Supper served

COMMUNITY COUNCIL MEETING
Monday 29th January 7.30pm at the hall

STRONSAY SINGERS
WE ARE DESPERATE FOR MORE SINGERS TO JOIN THE GROUP, ITS VERY INFORMAL AND GOOD FUN PLEASE COME ALONG AND GIVE IT A TRY.
CONCESSIONS AVAILABLE
STARTS AGAIN ON 22nd JANUARY
7.30pm

WOMEN'S GUILD
Wed 24th 7.30 pm in the Church Hall
Speaker Jennifer George
Tea & biscuits served
All welcome

MOTHER & TODDLER Meets
every Thursday
9.30 until 11am
All pre school children welcome
For more information phone Sarah 616406

LEARN TO DANCE
with Doris and Ingram at the hall
Saturday 20th January & Saturday 3rd February 7.30 pm

COMPANIONS
Starts again on 12th February
For more info phone Jean on 616307

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New reduced rate £5 per hour for room up to £15 max plus £5 for DISCO equipment. A DJ from the Hall list must be used.
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Badminton £2 per hour + hydro
Table tennis £2 per hour + Hydro
Snooker £2 per hour + Hydro
All equipment provided
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CONTACT COLIN ON 446

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IF YOUR GROUP OR ORGANIZATION IS HAVING AN EVENT OR THERE IS ANYTHING GOING ON WHY NOT TELL US SO WE CAN TELL STRONSAY. NO EVENT IS TOO SMALL OR INSIGNIFICANT, WE ARE TRYING TO GIVE OUT LOCAL INFORMATION BUT CANNOT DO IT UNLESS YOU TELL US.

HAVE YOU GOT A STORY OR A POEM OR OLD PHOTO'S OF STRONSAY TO SHARE, DON'T BE SHY. IF SO PLEEEASE CONTACT YVONNE 375 OR HEATHER 453 OR EMAIL US ON hfazak@btinternet.com OR BY LETTER TO LOWER LEAQUOY.

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NURSES	616453/232	B&B AIRY	616372
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BALFOUR HOSPITAL	01856888000	COMPANIONS	616307
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Calendar Advert

We are hoping to produce a Limpet calendar for next year to raise funds for the paper. If anyone has any Stronsay photo's past or present we would love to hear from you (if your photo is included we will give you a free calendar when they are produced) Heather & Yvonne

The Stronsay Development Trust is supported in its activities by Orkney Enterprise, Orkney Islands Council, Communities Scotland, The Crofters Commission and Orkney Community Planning Partnership.