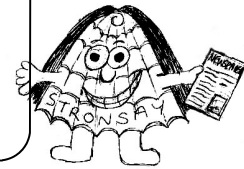




STRONSAY LIMPET

FUNDED BY STRONSAY DEVELOPMENT TRUST
ISSUE 45 MARCH 2009



STRONSAY HEALTHY LIVING CENTRE

The Long awaited Healthy living Centre has finally opened with a public open day on Saturday 7th March. This was a chance for everyone to have a look at the impressive new facilities and register an interest in becoming a member.

If you're not sure what joining the gym involves you can speak to one of our newly qualified



Fitness Advisors, who are Julie Andrew and Tracey Boler. Basically though the first thing you need to do is book an Induction session because before you can start to use the equipment on a regular you need to be shown how to safely use the machines. (During March inductions are half price at £4.30) Also during your induction there will be a short health questionnaire that will assess your suitability to embark on an exercise program. All information disclosed will be treated in the strictest confidence. If there are any concerns you will need to see the Doctor who will assess your ability to start exercising.

The centre itself is very well equipped with an excellent range of Cardio-vascular machines, including :- 2 Treadmills, 2 Cycles, 1 Rower, 1 Synchro (similar to a cross trainer) and a Wave machine. Also there are two resistance (weights on pulleys) machines and a comprehensive range of Dumb bells for all you budding Body Builders out there. Seriously though the resistance equipment is an excellent method of toning up and does help to burn fat!

There are two showers one of which has disabled access, several lockers for storing your valuables and a communal changing area for changing into your exercise clothes. For hygiene and health and safety reasons clean trainers must be worn in the gym area.

Prices are £3 a session and this can be as long as you can comfortably manage but allow about 1hour for an all round exercise routine.

You can buy 10, 25 and 50 visit cards at discounted prices, or there is the option to purchase an Annual card. These sound like a lot of money but you can spread the cost over 12 months by Direct Debit and during March you will also qualify for a free induction. Plus 2 full price adults living at the same address can get a 50% discount on the second card! These cards pay for themselves if you just visit the gym twice a week.



Opening times have not been fixed as yet because of other work commitments we have to be flexible and we also have to see what demand is and when. We aim to open 6 days a week for a few hours each day, so keep a close eye on shop notice boards to keep informed.

In the future though we hope to run what is called a 'BUDDY System' so the gym can be open without a fitness advisor being present during the day for members to exercise with a friend as long as both have completed their inductions. But we need to ensure everyone is confident in the gym environment first.

Children aged 14-15 may use the gym but only when a fitness advisor is present and can only use the cardiovascular equipment and NOT the weights. Concessionary price is £1.50 16-18 year olds must have an authorized adult with them.

There is a CD/RADIO player for easy listening although some people like to use iPods/mp3 players to listen to their own music choice while exercising.

All in all this is a great facility for the people of Stronsay to become more active whatever the weather in a warm, light and modern surrounding.

So come on give it a try and see if its for you. You really will notice the difference taking regular exercise makes to your overall well being. See you there!

Tracey & Julie

Latest Bird News John & Sue Holloway

It is amazing how often the island experiences 'multiple arrivals' of the same species and this occurred on 18th Feb. when 2 Greenfinches were found by Wendy & Dennis at Linkshouse while 5 were present at nearby Castle. 'Single arrivals involved a Brambling at Dale; a Song Thrush at Airy and a Mealy Redpoll on several dates at Castle, where a Chiffchaff was seen on 1st March. A few returning Shelducks and Meadow Pipits have also been seen.

An indication that an unusual bird of prey was on the island in late February was the behaviour of many local species-thrushes and other small species diving into the gardens in terror. All was revealed to two lucky observers on 24th when Brian & Christine Richings came across a Goshawk with its freshly caught prey near Holin Cottage (see photo)

The Goshawk flying off towards Hescombe firmly gripping its prey.

The bird was seen on subsequent Days by Sue at Castle and Norman Kent at Dale. The very pale overall Colour of the bird indicates that it May have been of the 'Siberian' race. (photo by Brian Richings)

The bird may still be about!

Now is the time to look out for the first returning Pied Wagtails



MARY MILLER

4th February 1920 - 12th January 2009

Mary Shearer was born in Blackha, a house standing across from Whitehall farm, the eldest child of Judy and John (Jock) Shearer both residents of Stronsay. Jock worked as a cattleman on Whitehall. They had a family of four, two sons and two daughters. The family later moved, first to Clestrain then later to Huip from where Mary attended North School then later Central school. Her father not only worked as a cattleman but in his 'spare' time was employed by a local builder in the construction of Hillcrest, a fitting memorial to the hard work expected in those days.

On leaving school Mary went to work in Clestrain Cottage where she remained until she married at age twenty five. Her parents had in the meantime moved to Kirkhall where her father farmed in his own right.

Mary married Tom Miller in 1945 and they moved in to Park of Holland where she remained for the rest of her life. They had five children, two sons and three daughters.



Mary worked as a typical smallholder's wife, looking after her home and her family, making butter, cheese and tending to her hens.

Her husband Tom died in 1990. As she grew older Mary developed health problems but the most devastating for her was her progressive loss of sight. This led to restrictions in her daily activities but she refused to let it get her down maintaining an independent life style, refusing to be, as she described it, a "burden" to her close and deeply caring family. She desperately wanted to stay in her own home until the end of her life. Unfortunately, this proved impossible and she spent a short time in hospital at the end. She was brought back to Stronsay and spent the final day before her funeral service resting in her beloved Gesty, a lovely tribute to a proud and independent lady.

Throughout the nineteen fifties and sixties Aberdeen had reigned supreme as the biggest white fish port in Scotland mainly due to its large company owned trawler fleet. Alongside this had grown up an organised dock labour force with strong trade union backing. The end result of this was that all fish had to be discharged from fishing vessels using the port labour force. If the port labour force were not so employed, the boat concerned was still charged for the labour which should have been used— the Hobson's choice of dealing with any organised trades union in the chaos of industrial relations of the time. Such practices, while acceptable possibly to the trawl owners, themselves no paragons of virtue, were certainly unacceptable to the family owned boats of the smaller coastal towns, a fleet gaining rapidly in importance as the trawler fleet in Aberdeen and other major trawling ports rapidly declined due to the imposition of realistic, protective fishery limits by Iceland, Faroes and the Scandinavian countries. Although the Aberdeen trawl owners were to a greater or lesser degree tied to their home port the skipper owners of the seine net fleet certainly were not. In a short space of time this led to a mass exodus of the seine net fleet from Aberdeen to Peterhead. At the same time the new harvest from the North Sea was oil. From the beginning of recorded history fish had been the only harvest from the sea. Now it was being replaced by oil. Peterhead, again, was placed to act as a service base, secondary in importance admittedly, to Aberdeen. Thus was created the massive expansion from one of the larger small fishing ports on the North east coast to the largest white fish port in Europe. Aberdeen, meanwhile, saw the total collapse of its trawling industry. It was with no little sense of amusement, along with a tinge of bitterness, that he watched the changing emphasis in Aberdeen in its relationship with the sea and those who sailed on it. For generations Aberdeen had treated its trawler men almost as a race of sub-humans, aided it must be admitted by the behaviour of some of its itinerant crews. They were there only to provide a regular source of income for shopkeepers, pub owners and the other host of individuals who were only too willing to relieve the trawler crews of their hard earned cash. Little interest was ever shown in the fishing industry by the various educational establishments. Indeed such an unworthy thought would have been regarded as some form of insanity. Not so with the oil industry. Within a short space of time one of the leading academic institutions was falling head over heels to prostitute itself to this new source of wealth. Now the North Sea had suddenly become a dangerous place to live and work. Strange, indeed, how it could change so dramatically in so short a space of time. Be that as it may, Peterhead was the unwitting beneficiary of many of these changes and it was heard that most of the big seiners were now based.

Their fishing grounds on this trip were well to the north - almost two hundred miles north-closer to the Norwegian than the Scottish coast on the Bergen bank. This entailed a journey of about twenty four hours to reach the fishing grounds. In the six years since he had left the industry many changes had taken place, the open deck was now covered over by an alloy shelter leading to a much less exposed and dangerous working environment. The old winch and rope coiler had been replaced by massive, hydraulically driven rope drums which could now be controlled directly from the wheelhouse.

No longer had the net to be hauled by muscle power alone, all was now done by hydraulic power block, leading to much bigger nets being used. The wheelhouse was also transformed. Now in front of the skipper was a bewildering array of state of the art electronics, V.H.F. radio, high definition echo sounders and fish finders, position plotting navigational equipment, automatic pilot and related benefits of the modern age. While these improvements certainly reduced the heaviest physical work it also served to increase the catch, leading to even longer hours being spent on the fish deck, boxing the catch as soon as it was released from the bulging cod ends into the fish pounds, stacking the boxes against the constant roll of the boat, then setting to with a will to gut, wash and pack the fish in ice in the fish room with minimum delay.

Part 3 **MEMOIRS OF A NONAGENARIAN** by **Robert Fazakerley**

It appeared that the farm had decided to dispose of the piggery part of the system. A lot of government regulations were coming into force at that time which caused the owner to decide on a change of direction in the farm. Anyway the upshot of this was the fact that we had to move and my father had found a similar job just outside of West Derby, Liverpool in the village of Croxteth. I can date this time very precisely as I received a book 'Hans Anderson Fairy Tales' for the first Christmas and it was inscribed in the front with the date as 1923.

At this time there was a lot of interest in the Coal Mining Industry and we used to get miners bands parading through the village, the bands consisted of perhaps a drummer accompanied by made up instrument of a comb and a cardboard trumpet. I think that most of the money they collected went into the pubs they passed on their rounds.

I started school in the local Croxteth Village School but soon graduated to the main area school in the village of West Derby. It was a walk of about one mile from our house which was called Dwerry Cottage owned by Norris Green Farm, my Fathers employer. The children who attended the school mostly lived in the Croxteth Village had to pass our cottage on their way to school. By the time they got to our house there was quite a bunch of them and I was able to tag along on the way.

We had not lived there very long when the farm was sold to the Liverpool Corporation so that they could build a housing estate and extend the boundary of Liverpool. This caused us to move once again and eventually we finished up in the village of Netherton, still on the outskirts of Liverpool (about five miles to the west). There was a canal passing through the village and my Father made me a fishing rod, the springy end of it formed by the tip of an old umbrella.

Work for my father at this time was rather hit and miss. Work at the local farm was not sufficient to keep him employed full time so he often joined me in the fishing trips. There was method in the system because we occasionally caught enough fish to provide the whole family with a meal.

Eventually because of the lack of regular employment we drifted back to the West Derby area of Liverpool, to share living accommodation in a cottage in the village. It was a grotty upstairs one room arrangement and it didn't take long before we managed to get alternative accommodation in a half share in one of the two war time wooden encampments a mile or so away in Stoneycroft. This was followed soon after by us obtaining a full suite in the alternative encampment a few hundred yards away. As my father was unable to find employment he decided to become self employed by starting a vegetable round to supply houses just being built in the Norris Green area of Liverpool about two miles away. In retrospect it was doomed to failure right from the start. It entailed pushing a hand cart for two to three miles down to the wholesale market, buy the produce, and then pushing the handcart back up the hill with perhaps three or four hundredweight of potatoes, cabbage etc. before he arrived at the Norris Green area where he went door to door to sell the produce. On a Saturday when it was expected that he would have the highest sales it was my job to go to the market with him and help to push the handcart up the steep hill of Islington! I don't ever remember being upset or annoyed at being expected to do this task, in fact the only thing I really remember about it is the pleasure I had in the Eccles cake and mug of tea we bought at the kiosk at the end of the round.

As part of the duties I seemed to acquire, going door to door selling kippers in our local area 'would you like to buy some kippers, two pence a pair'.

To be continued

Daft homemade poetry by Bill Embleton No 7

HARD UP

I am sick of not having money, I have nothing I can spend
It takes all my dole to pay the bills, that never seem to end
I owe every shop on Stronsay and every shop in the town
I'm having to tick in Stromness now, it's starting to get me down
I once had a go at topping myself, so wrote farewell to my lass
Then stuck my head in the oven, but, the oven had run out of gas
So I lay on the Rothiesholm road after dark, a car would do the job
But all that hit me was a bike, right in the blinking gob
Then I thought of electrocution, surely I couldn't lose
But couldn't get the current through, the meter had blown a fuse
Now I've sent nasty notes to the Mafia, honestly it's true
I have called them a bunch of fairies, maybe that will do
I have told them where to find me, so I hope it does the trick
They might shoot or even hang me, as long as they make it quick
Meanwhile I'm sitting here starving, I have nothing in to eat
I am freezing as it's bitter cold, with no way of getting heat
I have got no coal since I spent my dole, nor gas or electric light
So have no hot water to make any tea, you know, it isn't right
Well I'm getting to weak to write now, my heartbeat's very slow
I only hope I don't wind up, in hell, with those that I owe

But what's this,

The postman has come and put a letter in my hand
Granny down south has passed away, and left me twenty grand

-
1. What is the name of the Egyptian God of the sun?
 2. Which Rock musical featured the song 'Good Morning Starshine'?
 3. In the third of the Star Wars films, Return of the Jedi, which monstrous villain was choked to death by Princess Leia?
 4. How many men have walked on the Moon?
 5. Which country has a symbol called 'The Sun of May' at the centre of its flag?
 6. In Greek mythology whose wings melted when he flew too close to the sun?
 7. Who wrote the novel The Moon and Sixpence?
 8. Which song opens with the line 'Starry, starry night paint your palettes blue and grey'?
 9. Kenny Jones replaced Keith Moon in which pop group?
 10. By what popular name is The Royal Ballet Company known?

ANSWERS BELOW

1. Ra 2. Hair 3. Jabbba the Hut 4. 12, the last of which was 1992 5. Argentina 6 Icarus 7. Somerset Maugham 8. 'Vincent' by Don McLean. 9. The Who. 10. Sadler's Wells. The Royal Ballet is the title under which the British Sadler's Well Ballet (at Covent Garden), Sad-

LEST WE FORGET

LEST WE FORGET

JIM CLEAT

HEALTHY LIVING CENTER PRICES

ME WINTER WOOLIES!

Whatever will we do, Woolworth has gone bust,
Whenever I went shopping, to go there was a must,
I'd buy me socks and pants and an occasional vest,
Great on frosty mornings for warming up your chest.
Now me socks will go in holes, me darning needles rusty.
And I need another vest as this ones going fusty'
What about me pants, the elastics very poor,
Will you worry about me, when the y fall down to the floor.
Oh Woolies please don't leave me wallowing in tears
After all we've been through for a hundred years.
Me Mother bought me sweets there , right back in 54
Where will I get them now, when you're not there anymore.
I'll surely waste away without me Pick 'n' Mix
Me Mars bars and Bounty and a double Twix.
And what about Me music that I play here every day
You surly can't be going to take even that away,
Where will I find Cliff, Elvis and the Stones.
Can't you see I'm suffering , listen to me groans.
Please don't go and leave me , me vest is getting old,
You'll feel very guilty , when I go down with a cold.
I came in for me lottery, although I never won
I waited for me numbers, now they'll never come.
If I'd won a million I'd have bought your share
Then I'd buy another vest, for one to wash and wear.

By Ellie from Newfield

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42 inches x 49 inch drop.

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PHONE 616492.

IS ANYBODY NEEDING A TV ARIEL
OR SATELLITE TV INSTALLING
I AM HOPING TO GET OTE TO
COME OUT TO STRONSAY IN THE
NEAR
FUTURE. IF THERE IS ENOUGH
INTEREST.

IF THEY DON'T WANT TO COME
OUT I WILL TRY SOMEONE ELSE
IF YOU ARE INTERESTED PLEASE
PHONE 616225 (HEATHER)

STILL NEED MORE PEOPLE !!!!!

Grandad limpets misty morning visitor.

There had been low cloud and mist for two days and Grandad limpet was getting fed up as he could not see across St Catherines bay. He could hear his friends the seals singing their early morning song in the distance on the island of Linga holm. Grandad limpet had the usual bird visitors to his standing stone home but this morning was very different as someone trod right on Grandad limpet causing him to call out do you mind can you not see where you are going. I am very sorry came the reply but I am rather lost I thought you were part of this stone. Well said Grandad limpet I am certainly not I can see you are a bird but I have never seen a bird wearing jewellery before the only jewellery I have seen was being worn by a mermaid are you related? What a strange question the bird began to laugh. Grandad limpet became cross if you are going to be silly you had better find another standing stone to stand on hadn't you he shouted. I am sorry I think we had better start this conversation again the bird replied my number is HUN 36409 it tells people where I have come from I am a pigeon I was born in the year 2,000 a very special year the millennium year. I have a blue ring and a green ring very colourful don't you agree. I race for a living from here to there as fast as I can I like to win it pleases my owner. I lost my sense of direction in a storm I would like to go home but I have no clue which way to fly so I have made my home here on Stronsay and that suits me fine for now. I have visited many houses in Stronsay I feed with my friends the chickens I have had a good feed at a house near here I am feeling rather full and the mist is making it difficult for me to see so I have landed here for a rest to let my food go down. Grandad limpet looked him up and down you are a fine looking bird you have a very proud look about you fine feathers of grey with a purple blue tinge you certainly like to keep yourself looking your best I am sure your owner must miss you and look out each day for you to return. Yes I must admit I miss them too and I hope one day when the wind is in the right direction and I am flying high I may meet relatives of mine racing home then I will be off flying as fast as I can doing what I love best winning a race. Oh well the mist is clearing now and I am feeling much lighter I will say goodbye and if I am ever your way again and need a rest I will be careful not to tread on you when I land. Happy flying Grandad limpet said with that the pigeon disappeared and Grandad limpet settled back down into his shell

By Christine Richings.

USEFUL INFO AND DATES

**POST OFFICE TIMES - MON & THURS 9am to 12pm & 1pm to 4pm
TUE, WED, FRI & SAT 9am to 12pm**

RE PLACEMENT BIN BAGS TEL: 01856 873535

SUNDAY SERVICE AT THE KIRK SUNDAY 11am

OUR LADY'S CHAPEL, PIER HEAD. - DAILY MASSES 7am SUNDAY 9am

NEXT SPECIAL COLLECTION MAY DATE TO BE ARRANGED

DENTAL EMERGENCY WITHIN NORMAL WORKING HOURS

TEL: 01856 888280

OUTWITH NORMAL WORKING HOURS

NHS 24 08454 242424

LOCAL BUSINESSES & ADVERTS

Stronsay Fish Mart Winter

★ Opening Hours ★
Cafe, Hostel & I
Interpretation Centre

MONDAY to WEDNESDAY CLOSED
THURSDAY 12pm - 2pm
FRIDAY CLOSED
SATURDAY 5pm - 7pm
SUNDAY 12pm - 2pm



TEL.636386

INSTANT PHOTO'S

Passport, visa, travel pass, driving licence, gun licence, etc.

Personalised birthday, Christmas & get well cards with your own special message or photograph. Business /Invitation cards. You name it! Tell me what you want & I'll supply it. call Bill Miller

STRONSAY ARTWORKS

Original paintings of Stronsay Landscape; Limited edition prints, greetings cards and postcards which are available for sale at local shops, Post Office, Hotel, B&B's and the Fishmart. Commissions taken. Tel. Jenny 616475

SPARKY

For all your electrical & Plumbing needs
Contact John at Clifton Tel: 616466

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EMAIL hfazak@btinternet.com

Letters to Geramount

NEED A MECHANIC

TELEPHONE ANDY ON 616277OR
MAURICE AT OLIVEBANK 616255

SWIMMING POOL

NEEDS YOU!

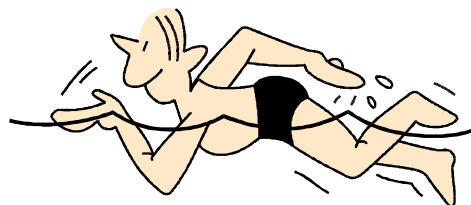


POOL OPEN
TUESDAY &
THURSDAY



7.00 - 7.40 PUBLIC/ PRIVATE HIRE
7.40 - 8.20 PUBLIC
8.20 - 9.00 ADULT

PRIVATE HIRE AVAILABLE AT OTHER
TIMES SUBJECT TO
AVAILABILITY OF LIFEGUARDS
FOR MORE INFO TEL: ELSIE 616331



The Stronsay Development Trust, A Scottish Charity SC038888 .

<http://www.orkneycommunities.co.uk/SDT>

Supported in its activities by HIE Orkney, Orkney Islands Council,
Communities Scotland, The Crofters Commission and
Orkney Community Planning Partnership.

GROUPS CLUBS AND ORGANISATIONS

FRIDAY NIGHT GAMES CLUB

FRIDAY NIGHT 8.00 TILL 10.00
ENTRANCE £1

COME ALONG FOR A FUN FILLED
NIGHT, AIR HOCKEY TABLE,
POOL TABLE, PLAY STATION 2,
NINTENDO WII & SING STAR,
SNOOKER, JUICE, CRISPS AND
SWEETS
AVAILABLE

SWIMMING POOL NEEDS YOU!

POOL OPEN
TUESDAY & THURSDAY
7.00 - 7.40 PUBLIC/ PRIVATE HIRE
7.40 - 8.20 PUBLIC
8.20 - 9.00 ADULT
PRIVATE HIRE AVAILABLE AT OTHER
TIMES SUBJECT TO
AVAILABILITY OF LIFEGUARDS
FOR MORE INFO TEL: ELSIE 616331

LIBRARY

NEXT VISIT MARCH 17th
Village 9.15 - 11am
School 12pm - 2pm
Gorries 2.30 - 4.30pm

COMMUNITY ASSOCIATION

New reduced rate £5 per hour for room
up to £15 max plus £5 for DISCO equip-
ment. A DJ from the Hall list must be
used.

Now available to hire.

Badminton £2 per hour + hydro

Table tennis £2 per hour + Hydro

Snooker £2 per hour + Hydro

All equipment provided

Adult supervision (over 18) must be pre-
sent

During hire. Any damage must be paid for
to book. Please note that any groups or
individuals hiring the Hall require their
own Public Liability

FOOD FOR THOUGHT



"IT'S A GAME WHERE A SMALL BALL IS
STRUCK WITH CLUBS INTO A SERIES OF
HOLES BY SOMEONE, AND SOMEONE ELSE
CARRIES A SMALL BOX FOR TEA."

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