



The eagle-eyed among you will have noticed the new title. By overwhelming popular demand, '**Logie Life**' has been voted the new name for the Community Newsletter.

Thank you to those who suggested names and took the time to vote.

Dates to remember

Archaeology Talk 24th May (times tbc)

Trust AGM 25th June 7pm

Condolences to Sue Allen and family

E. Vivienne Brownlee, formerly of Ochil Neuk, Blairlogie, died peacefully on 30th April 2019, at Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, aged 89. She is very much missed by her daughters Susan Allen (The Manse, Blairlogie) and Anne Henderson, her sons Robin, John and Donald Brownlee, as well as her many grandchildren and great grandchildren, sons and daughters in law.

The funeral is on Monday 13th May at Mortonhall Crematorium in Edinburgh.

April Wine Tasting

In April we enjoyed a convivial evening quaffing six samples of European wines. Michael Miller, from Woodwinters, shared his expertise. We learned that 'Col fondue' is wine where the grape skins and leaves are left in and 'Olage' is the space between the wine and the cork in the bottle. Fascinating!

Interestingly, 'Carina', the Punica Barrua Magnum 2010 from Sardinia, was voted the most delicious: at £58 per bottle, don't expect it at the switching on of the Christmas lights' soiree.

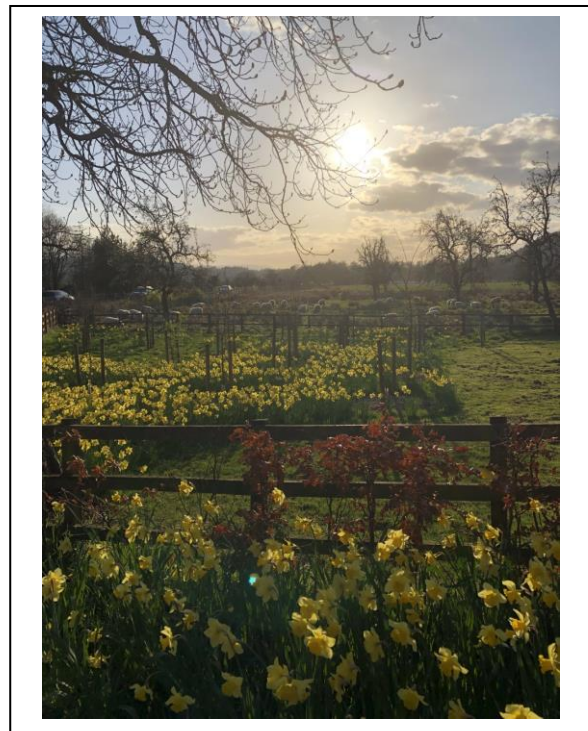


Archaeology Talk 24th May (time tbc)

Rod McCulloch will talk about his role in archaeological excavations around Bannockburn in the 1980s. He will give a sense of the passing of time and how in Scotland we are surrounded by the remains from deep time; he will consider how this might impact on our present day consciousness. There will be references to his Mum; glaciation; the formation of the Carse; the Iron Age and the legendary rock group The Groundhogs.



Thanks to Beckie for this photo taken in March showing the passage of spring in the village.



Young at Heart Classes are fun dance/exercise fitness classes designed for the over 50's. My classes always have great music which will not only get you fit, but uplift your mood. If you are looking to improve or maintain your fitness in a fun and sociable environment my classes run in Bridge of Allan, Dunblane, Stirling and Doune.

Please contact me for further details:

Janice 07565 182259



Tales from the Archives



The following is an extract from the Glasgow Herald printed on Saturday 16th October 1880 concerning a tragic death in the village of Blairlogie. The house no longer exists but its location can still be clearly seen in Robin Kelsall's garden in what was then called Victoria Place.

The photograph to the left is from the Archives and shows Victoria Place around 1900. To view the archives please visit

www.blairlogie-scotland.org or contact craig_bryce@hotmail.com

Blairlogie. – *Woman Burned to Death.* – Early yesterday morning, it was discovered that a one storey house, occupied by a widow named Mary Hodge or Bain, at Blairlogie, was on fire. Mr. Beveridge, manager at Glenochil Distillery, who resides in the house adjoining, made the discovery, having awakened from sleep almost suffocated with smoke. The flames had complete mastery of the house, and the roof immediately fell in. The fire however, was prevented from spreading, and on search being made the charred remains of Mrs Bain – the arms and the legs being almost consumed – were found in the bed after the flames were got under.

Since the last edition of the Bugle, one further person has indicated a desire to help the archives team. We would be keen to attract further assistance and if you would like to help, please contact craig_bryce@hotmail.com



Forth Environment Links Neighbourhood Food for Stirling

www.neighborhoodfood.co.uk

Welcome to Forth Environment Links Neighbourhood Food for Stirling. Here you will find a variety of great products direct from quality farms and producers. Vegetables, fruit, meat, eggs, dairy, real bread, preserves, raw cakes, small batch hand roasted coffee and lots more. Come and meet the producers and enjoy a new way to eat well while supporting local agriculture and food producers.

Forth Environment Link believes this kind of food shopping connects community, local seasonal produce and the environment in a fun fair and sustainable way, thus giving a renewed appreciation of the real value of food to all aspects of life! We hope you will enjoy your food more, and that connecting with its source will help prevent food waste and save food miles

COLLECTION POINT

Stirling High School,
Torbrex Farm Road,
Stirling

How It Works

Step One: Buy Online

Find your local market and choose from a wide range of local produce including fruit & veg, bread, pastries, cheese, meat, beers and many more. When you're happy with the items in your basket, complete your purchase online.

Step Two: Collect your order

Each week you collect your order at a local venue. During your collection meet the local farmers and food makers who create the amazing produce as well as your fellow shoppers! We often have tasting nights at collections, where producers give away free tasters; not to be missed!

Our Products

All of the products listed in a NeighbourFood market are grown or produced by local farmers or artisan producers. The sale of any large-scale commercially grown vegetables, non-organic imported fruit or vegetables, genetically modified products, intensively reared meat, imported fish or battery eggs are not permitted to be sold at a NeighbourFood market. Imported organic fruit and vegetables may not be sold when the same organic produce is in season in your area. Artisan foods from abroad, which are not freely available in your area, may be sold on account that these products are sourced from small importers with sustainable business practices.

Chair Yoga: An inclusive class

It has been a few years since I became a qualified yoga teacher... I travelled to a beautiful Spanish retreat for three weeks, and was taught to teach Vinyasa Flow - a fast, challenging style yoga (did you know there are lots of types?) and, although I had a wonderful experience, I didn't feel it would serve the people I wanted to work with - namely, those with injury, pain or insecurities about moving; and those who are interested in the "how" and "why" of movement practice.

I teach Chair Yoga - not only because I feel there is a gap for those who would like to have yoga in their lives, and perhaps using a chair as support makes it more accessible to them; but also because it allows me to focus less on demanding physical poses (asanas) and more on other yoga practices, such as mindfulness, breath and community support. For me...right now... it just makes sense.

We are a lovely group of people and, if you would like to join us, we meet on Tuesdays at 11.15am - at St Ninians old Parish Church Halls, in Stirling. Bring your mum, your uncle, your friend... or just yourself. You can drop in, it costs £5. And, as always, if you'd like to chat through to see if it would suit you, please get in touch.

Namaste,

Kirsty

[Improve with Kirsty Hall](#)

Restorative Movement Teacher

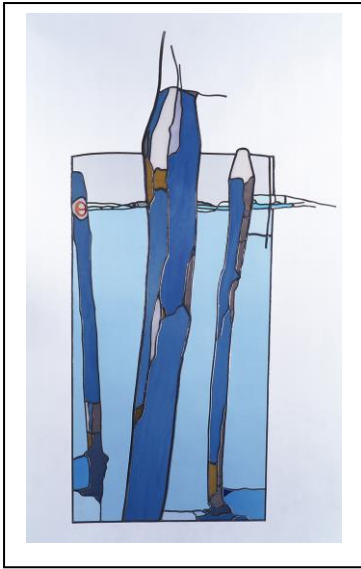
Stirling

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Marta Sienkiewicz-Sutherland, daughter-in-law of George and Lys Sutherland



Between 1987 and 1993 I studied at The Eugeniusz Geppert Academy of Art and Design in Wrocław and in 1993 was employed in the stained-glass studio at the Academy. From 1994 I worked creating stained glass, conserving and restoring historical windows. From 2007 to 2017 as an Assistant Professor I headed the Stained-Glass Studio at the Department of Conservation and Restoration of Ceramics & Glass. From 2008 to 2012 I was Deputy Dean of the Faculty of Ceramics and Glass. Between 2000 and 2017 I ran regular workshops for adults and children in glass crafts.

In 2013 I moved to Dunbar, East Lothian to work freelance in the glass art and conservation field. I have a workshop in Skerry, Highlands, Scotland, UK where I run Marta Glass Studio at Borgie Breco, working with glass art, in its design, restoration as well as providing open workshops.

I am an artist, glazier, glass and stained glass artist and conservator of stained glass, designing interior spaces, both private and public.

Glass painting is a challenge for me because painting on glass gives me the widest range of possibilities coordinating colour and light simultaneously; allowing delicate emotions and feelings to be expressed in painting with light, creating ultrasensitive worlds based on internal landscapes. In approaching a stained glass window, I create an entire interior atmosphere. I have not found another medium that offers as much creative freedom.

My travels provide inspiration for my work. I try to capture precious moments by spinning them into images, conveying a sense or mood of place and time with paint, light and glass, carefully choosing colours, textures and transparency in glass panels. Most of my work features unfinished tales, expressed in the sharp breaks in the stained glass panel, depriving it of the prospect of a traditional framework: like emotions, stored in the most perfect way in our somewhat chaotic and volatile memories. It seems impossible to systematise memories in any photo albums without losing the depth of their message.

So, my stained glass conveys impressions rather than views, memories rather than photographs, emotions rather than relationships. I work using various glass art techniques. Stained glass and painting on glass are the most important and obvious in my art. But I sometimes



enjoy fusing and slumping methods, as well as casting and sculpture shaping and hot blowing techniques. Stained glass windows are complemented with additional detail; polished, sandblasted, engraved with the application of other materials but, above all, painted stained glass. I like using additional materials fitted to my glass work, such as

stones, ceramic panels, metal casts or wires. The additions are usually added as a comment I'd like to pass by my work.

I also restore stained glass, where I follow strict rules of the art of conservation and restoration as closely as possible. I work hard trying to guess the original author's intentions, to salvage someone else's creative inspirations from oblivion, from destruction or the slower degradation of aging. I try to adapt my methods with the scope of conservation and restoration to an object's origin, to its primary or secondary uses, applying techniques suited to their condition and future exposure to the elements.

The precision, accuracy and discipline required for conservation and restoration can be relieved in my free art works, where I can decompress the stress of responsibility faced with commissioned work.

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mar2siena@gmail.com +44 (0) 74 76 446 470 Marta Glass StudioBorgie Breco By Thurso Sutherland



Blairlogie Boyhood

Thank you to Robin Kelsall for allowing me to use an extract from Blairlogie Boyhood. This is part one of a chapter; part two will follow in July's edition, but if you cannot wait there are still copies that may be purchased from Robin for £5.

~Big Bella ~

During the war years, when many young men were in one or other of the armed services, Waiter Alexander's buses were run by older men and by women -the former sat in noisy, fume-laden isolation in the driver's cab, while the latter collected fares and generally kept a watchful eye on events in the lower and upper saloons as the passenger accommodation was rather grandly called. Big Bella was one of that band of decent, conscientious, no-nonsense conductresses who made bus travel safe and secure for young and old alike. Although it would never be used to her face, the sobriquet was adopted in order to avoid confusion with a similarly named, but shorter, colleague; predictably, she was Wee Bella.

In the wake of a first and conspicuously unsuccessful attempt to kick-start my education, the parents, after careful consultation, decided to send me to Riverview, a school in Alloa. This tiny establishment was run by Mrs Janet Grieve and her husband along the lines of the system devised by Dr Maria Montessori. In this, the child is encouraged to define its own interests and disciplines rather than having them directed and strictly controlled by a teacher; fine in principle, but fairly useless for idle dreamers like me. I'm told that, having proclaimed my mastery of 'sums', I offered to demonstrate this new skill to my parents. Armed with paper, pencil and ruler, I wrote a digit, placed another underneath, drew a line, wrote another digit under that and then, neatly, drew a cross beside it. As ambition and confidence grew, sums involving single digits gave way to tens then hundreds then

thousands (not that I realised this). With a flamboyance born of the certainty that my parents' looks of amazement as they regarded paper, me and each other indicated their deep admiration, I was soon doing sums incorporating whole rows of numbers -each with its neatly drawn cross. In a strangely small voice, father asked about the crosses. His very question showed that he knew nothing about sums; putting down the pencil, I gave him my full attention and Rule One ... "*Allsums* has exes!" ... displaying a grasp of grammar marginally less confused than my understanding of arithmetic. A day or so later, and to my surprise, my teacher took me to one side and we spent a long time doing sums. Equally surprising, crosses no longer seemed mandatory; a new sign appeared quite often -a tick.

The school was about half-a-mile from Alloa bus-station, so it was arranged that Mr Grieve's elderly father (known to all as Pop) would meet me and, at the end of the late-starting, early-finishing day, deliver me back to the bus for home. This meant that the potential for mishap was confined to the actual journey; aware that her unworldly son was quite capable of getting lost anywhere between Blairlogie and Alloa, my poor mother elected to accompany me, hand me over to Pop and get the same bus home. This twice-a-day chore -a total of thirty six miles and two-and-a-bit hours travelling time -was rather beyond the duty of responsible motherhood; within two or three days, Big Bella had convinced her of this. From then on, the burden was reduced to putting me on the morning bus and meeting me off the afternoon one. So, over a four year period, Big Bella and I became chums and, one incident apart, developed a fond relationship.

The writer and journalist John R. Allan lived in Blairlogie at this time; he and his wife, poet Jean Mackie, pre-dated our arrival in the village by some three or four years; indeed, they were responsible for introducing my parents to the place and, possibly, to the cottage in which Kelsalls have lived ever since. They had one child a year or two younger than me and when he became of school age, they too decided to send him to Riverview.

Charlie was a happy, chatty, curly-headed cherub who first awakened within me the sensation of jealousy although I couldn't have put a name to it. Until he joined me on the daily journey, I was the one who put the smile on Bella's face and the twinkle in her eye; I was the one occasionally allowed to turn the handle on her ticket machine; I was the one who was given some of the unused tickets when she put a new bundle in the holder. Charlie changed some of that; not all of it, because Bella was too wise to leave me out of things, but enough to persuade me that it would have been better were Charlie not there.

At the end of the lower saloon gangway and centrally placed on the bulkhead beyond which was the engine and the driver's cab, there was a projecting, circular heater; this was my steering wheel. Often I would spend much of the journey with hands on the shiny-rimmed heater and eyes on Jock, Bella's driver. Although the steering was gear-assisted, it still looked physically demanding to haul the great vehicle round a corner; as Jock heaved the wheel through several revolutions, so did I imitate him on the heater. It wasn't long before Charlie wanted some of this particular action; resisting his attempt to push in, I kept hands and eyes resolutely on heater and Jock. At the wail and the shrill complaint...

"He winna gie me a shottie" (Charlie was of north-east stock), I correctly anticipated trouble. Bella's firm tones resounded from the far end of the saloon.

"Don't be so selfish Robin; give wee Charlie a go."

Resentment seeping out of every pore, I moved aside and watched with lip-curling disdain as Charlie's little hands flapped at the heater without any of the imitative and synchronised perfection I brought to the task. Fortunately, his interest in the game was as short as he was and soon he lurched back down the gangway towards Bella, smiling endearingly at each passenger on the way. Charlie was a charmer, but it didn't work on me. Things came to a distressing pass one hot, summer's afternoon. It could be that he wanted a break from the two girnin' weans, but for whatever reason, Pop was unable to walk us down to the bus-station.

To be continued in July's edition of Logie Life

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