

The immediate action of the little herd boys in South Africa would be to rush among the sheep to drive them off the road. But not this chap - the sheep had as much right to the road as we had - he just walked along quietly taking very little notice of us but spoke quietly to his dog and we moved slowly along the road, a way being made for us by the dog. How well trained these dogs are. They are bred and trained for the work as our pointers are for bird shooting. As we passed him we handed him a couple of Outspan Oranges we had bought in Inverness. We moved down along the Spey to Dalwhinnie then through Glen Garry and the pass of Killiecranky - which is mentioned in one of Harry Lauder's songs - on to Pittlochry and the river Tay on which there are some fine rapids of which we have a snap. We had come through on a winding and hilly road with a gradient of 1 in 9. There is a long descent through Glenshee where it is said great care is required. I remember we stopped at the top of the descent and a car which had come up stopped and the ladies seemed very scared and said be careful. Well, being used to these steep hills in this country, we carried on and saw no danger. Travel in second and save your brakes.

It was here at Grantully that we decided to spend the night as there were signs of rain. Lorna went into the hotel to enquire the tariff and thinking it rather high asked if they could make a small reduction. "Well I think we can by cutting out one of the courses, the charge would be 1/- less" said the lady. On this she decided to agree, so we were shown our room and then decided to have a bath for which there was an extra charge of 1/-. Lorna and I could share a bath but mother decided not to have one but was very cross when she later found that there had been no charge. Well we went into dinner wondering which course they had cut out but were not left long in doubt as we noticed our fish knives and forks had been taken away. The fish was salmon which we would not really miss as we had had a very good helping of salmon at Loch Ness the previous night.

As the weather did not look at all promising the next morning - in fact it was drizzling or as our old coloured cook called it grizzling - we decided to change our route and so phoned the Millers at Loch Lomond and they said they would be delighted to have us. So off we set along the banks of the Tay and then on through the town of Callander after which we had a quick look at the very small Loch Katrine and so on to the Millers where we received a warm welcome and a very fine dinner. It was not a very pleasant run as it was drizzling on and off all the way. I must here again digress for a while for, while talking over what I have written of our trip, Lorna mentioned Paisley. It was with regard to our night stop there. I have mentioned Paisley earlier but not the stop. On approaching Paisley it was getting late so we decided to stop there for the night. And what a job it was getting accommodation. Eventually we struck an old hotel. They managed a room for Lorna and I and a double room for Mother and Joyce as there were no other rooms on the ground floor. The other room was one in the basement which Joyce decided to take and not have to be kept awake by the snoring of Mother. After a good meal we walked about a bit but retired early and next morning set off for the Scottish lakes as mentioned earlier. Now I can carry on from our second visit to Loch Lomond.

The weather having improved we bid the Millers goodbye and set off for Edinburgh a matter of about 60 miles. On the way we passed through Falkirk Lanlithglo arriving in the city quite early. We went to a guest house which had been recommended to us in a side street just off Princes Street, Edinburgh's main street. The street with one side as it has been called as the shops are all on the one side and on the other the Railway Station, Station Hotel, the Gardens and the flower clock.