

Lorna though she had read the directions correctly until, as the traffic got heavier and heavier as we went on, we found ourselves in some large town. Seeing a policeman I asked if we were on the right road to the lakes. He smiled and said 'You are in the centre of Glasgow in Saachihall Street, the main street. I will help you out'. We were indeed very helpful in putting us on the right road out of the city. However, it was an experience and very interesting. As a matter of interest when I was training as an Instructor in the Royal Air Force in 1918 I was stationed on the training drome at Ayr and we often came into Glasgow.

I should have mentioned that after leaving Carlisle we crossed the border into Scotland and passed through Gretna Green famous for runaway marriages a few years back.

After crossing the Border one strikes fine open country with Lowland scenery and the moorlands.

We had on the way passed through Paisley, is this not the town of silks and Coats Cottons?

Next came Old Kilpatrick where there is a monument to Henry Bell the inventor of the first steamship, "The Comet". Then a fine run to Loch Lomond.

As we approached the Loch we were lucky in coming on a very fine Farm House with a board, "Bed and Breakfast 7/6d". As we went in to make enquiries we saw one of their very heavy sheep with a thick coat of wool lying on its back and had to be helped up. It is surprising that from the outside one would never think the house had so many rooms. Anyway, they were able to fix us up very comfortably with three nice rooms and a private dining room/lounge. Mr and Mrs Miller, the farmers, we found most hospitable so much so that we again stayed there on our way to Edinburgh a short while later. We visited the little town of Lud which is on the Loch on the Colquhoun Estate. On the shore of the lake we gathered a shoe box full of very pretty stones of all colours. These Lorna wanted to take back to East London to decorate a bird bath. This we eventually did but the birds did not fancy the rough bath.

It was when we returned to the Regent Palace and parked the car at the entrance that in unpacking the shoebox fell and scattered stones all over the road and into the gutter where with the help of a Porter we retrieved them.

The Millers were very friendly people and one day we took them for a drive and picnic tea which they supplied onto the high ground above Loch Long. It was here they told us that submarines were tested. They knew all about it as one of the brothers was a member of a Submarine crew.

It was at this time that Hitler was causing a lot of trouble and unrest that the Prime Minister Chamberlain flew over to see the man and came back full of the paper of non aggression they had both signed. He waved it as he landed from the plane but it was a washout agreement. Broken as easily as the crust of a cottage pie.

In spite of Chamberlain's visit preparations were quietly being made for war so as to be ready for the war everyone expected in spite of that document ensuring peace.

Yes, things were warming up quietly and on the way home the ship's Captain told me that he had been warned of the possibility of having to change course on account of possible submarine attacks. I am getting adrift so had better make tracks back to my story.

After two very pleasant days, during which we were well cared for and fed, we set off from Loch Lomand and following the words of the song, we took the high road, and at the top of the Loch turned North passing an A.A. man on a push bike. He was one of the many we saw but all the others had either cars or motor bikes. They never failed to salute, we being members as shown by the badge we carried on the car and if they failed to salute it was a sign that one had to be on the look out for police or speed traps. Anyway, the Police cars with their blue light on the hood are well advertised.

They are out /