

They are out to prevent crime and not snooping.

From Ardlui at the top of the Loch we passed through Glen Falloch on to Crianlarich. We then passed through beautiful scenery, the route passing through very historical country, particularly Glencoe, the scene of the massacre in 1692. Here the hills or mountains in the distance were covered with snow. We stopped for a while and looked back on that very fine wide strip of tarred road on each side of which lay a light fall of snow. It was here in Glencoe that the two Scottish Clans: the McDonalds and the Campbells engaged in a fierce battle each accusing the other of treachery. I believe even today it is said that neither Clan would have anything to do with the other. That is the story but from what I have seen of friends of mine of these two Clans the feud must have been patched up long ago. Passing through the Glen the road takes a wide sweep to the East and then another very sharp sweep to round Kinlochleven and on to Onich, and so along Loch Linnhe, part of the Caledonian Canal, to Fort William where the ferry crosses the Canal. This canal between Fort William and Loch Ness joins several small lochs and this Caledonian Canal is used by barges plying between Inverness, Fort William and Loch Linnhe on the West Coast cutting Scotland in two. Having reached Fort William we decided to have our lunch here, a meal which we always looked forward to. Anxious to see what surprises our Minister of Supplies had in store for us a very fine lunch of ham sandwiches, my weakness, and some fruit. We then travelled up the East or rather South bank of the canal. This is a popular tourist route following the Caledonian Canal with its typical fine West Highland scenery. At Invergarry we stopped and had a look at Invergarry Castle which is open to the public. A very old partly ruined building. We saw one or two barges being towed towards Fort William and on reaching Fort Augustus we crossed the Canal.

We had been travelling through beautiful but very rugged country which seemed uninhabited. We, eventually, arrived at Loch Ness famous for its supposed Loch Ness monster, a supposed large snake or some such creature. It was still early afternoon but we decided to stop for the night and get accommodation at the small hotel or wayside inn which seemed to be built entirely of wood and run by two sisters. The accommodation was very comfortable and the position just right for we were right on the banks of the Loch. Having settled in we decided to take a walk along the shore and see if there were any signs of the monster. We struck an old Gillie with whom we had a chat and he was most indignant when we suggested that there was no such creature as the Loch Ness Monster and that it was purely a publicity stunt or could only be seen through the fumes of SCOTCH. "No such thing" he said. In his broad Scotch "I have meself seen it twice".

When we got back to the Inn we were told by one of the sisters that we were in for a special treat as her brother had that afternoon caught a very fine salmon. To this we were looking forward for here in East London one pays a fabulous price for smoked salmon or even tinned salmon.

We spent a very pleasant evening and found the charges very moderate indeed. Across the Loch the country looks very rugged and uninviting. Next morning we set off for Inverness where we did not spend much time, apart from having morning tea and buying a few souvenirs and some tartan ties etc.

This was the furthest North we were to travel as from here we turned South on to Nairn and Grantown a very pleasant run with stretches of moorland scenery. It was very pleasant motoring and we thoroughly enjoyed the fine mountain and moorland country with expansive views. It is on these moors that the grouse shooting takes place and I believe the birds are sent to the London market.

It was here that we came across a crofter or shepherd with his flock of sheep and a fine sheep dog.

The immediate action /