

A TRIP TO EUROPE

Thirteenth article in a series by Miss Margaret Laundry.

Scotland (cont.)

Following the shore of Loch Ness we travelled south west from Inverness (Inver-meaning north of) thro' little populated country over the Sheil Watershed of the Kyle (tongue of land) of Lochalsh, one of two entrances to the Isle of Skye. We crossed the rough channel by ferry boat to the legendary Isle in the Inner Hebrides where Bonny Prince Charlie was harboured by Flora MacDonald after the massacre at Culloden Moor. The country was barren but beautiful with the misty blue and red Coolins, numerous high waterfalls and herds of long haired highland sheep. That night we stayed at a crofter's (shepherds) cottage where the wife spoke nothing but Gaelic - no English. A storm struck the Island that night that made our little attic dormitory tremble with the wind and rain slashing against the windows. We cooked our food over a huge peat stove as there was no electricity and had to depend upon the stores of the crofter for there were no shops or towns for miles around. Hitching was poor along the narrow roads, so narrow in fact that one car had to pull off the road to allow an oncoming car to pass, and with the weather as it was we decided to head back thro' Malloig to the mainland and Fort William - (did you think Canada's was the original?) Very close to the city is Ben Nevis, but we didn't see much of her because of a thick low hanging mist. The rivers in the district were swollen and swift running due to the very heavy rainfall in the past few days. We stayed in a mountaineering type of hostel in Glen Nevis where latecomers slept on the floor it was so full. Many Glasgownians had come up for the weekend, hobnailed boots and all, to climb the mountain or tramp the surrounding district. That night 180 rosy cheeked, tired hostellers sat around singing "Annie Laurie", "The Skye Boat Song", and "Stop Yer Ticklin' Jock", while the smell of wet woolly clothing steaming around the big peat stoves filled the air. We sat back contented to listen after a big feed of Spam and beans, our first real meal of the day.

The next day we drove thro' the very rugged Glen Coe thro' miles and miles of heathered moor rising into steep bare mountains.

By mid afternoon we were in more civilized country at Callendar in the midst

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A TRIP TO EUROPE (Cont.)

of the Trossachs, one of Scotlands beauty spots and comparable with the English Lake District. A snazzy black limousine passed us slowly and stopped not far ahead of us. As we came abreast the driver hailed with a good Blue Nose "accent" and who should he be but the Professor of History at Acadia University. They saw the CANADA sign on the back of our packs and just had to stop! After looking in at the hostel and leaving our packs we took a walk to find some wild strawberries along the road-side when a passing car slammed on its brakes and someone shouted "Marg Laundry where did you come from? and here were two old Owen Sound friends. We called it "Canada Day"!

In this district is the lovely little Loch Katrine, setting for Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake". The sun was hot at lunchtime that day and we had just walked to the Loch and back out to the main road (about 5 miles) when a voice behind us called "Would you like a cup of tea there?" We couldn't turn around fast enough! The voice was from a little English lady in the doorway of her caravan (trailer to us) and we assured her that nothing would appeal to us more at that moment. We stepped in to meet the couple who were on their holidays from Cheshire and Kath and I vowed that next time we went travelling a trailer would be on our list of essentials. They offered us a ride as far as they were going and eventually ended up by taking us right on to Loch Lomond thro' some beautifully coloured countryside - the dark purple bell heather setting off the bright yellow flow of the gorse.

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HOE DOWN CLUB:

Our regular Hoe Down will be held on Saturday night, March 27th. Mr. Harold Harton's visit seems to have kindled a new Square Dance interest so there promises to be a good crowd. All new members welcome!

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STORK CLUB

Congratulations this week go to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Simmer on the birth of a son on March 20th and

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Woods on the birth of a son on March 20th.

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