

Echoes of 1960 Holidays on the Clyde**SCOTLAND OUR DELIGHT**

"WHAT a holiday! We could not have a better one anywhere." Yes, these were our remarks to friends when we returned from Scotland last August. My wife and daughter Lyn and I left our home in Middlesex, and drove the 423 miles to our hotel in Dunoon. This took us two days, and, of course, being a little tired, we were wondering if it would be worth it. We need not have worried, because from the moment we pulled into the drive of the hotel and were greeted by the manageress and all the staff with such kindness, we know somehow that we were going to enjoy our holiday.

One reads in travel books, etc., about the scenery of the Western Highlands, but, frankly, none of them does the area justice. We just could not stay indoors. Every minute we could spare was spent exploring in the hills and glens.

Each day we used to open our maps and plan a new trip. For instance, we left early one morning and drove to Oban. The sun was shining, and the waters of Loch Eck were so still that it was like looking into a mirror with the reflections so perfect. In fact, all we saw that day was perfect: Inveraray Castle almost fairy-like, Loch Awe and, of course, Oban itself, a most interesting town with so much to see.

"Sailing up the Clyde" to Glasgow we did another day, and what an interesting day that was, passing all the famous ship-building yards like John Brown's, and seeing the partly finished ships as well as those ships in dock from so many corners of the world.

Magnificence of the Trossachs

A drive off the main roads into the hills was always such a great pleasure and joy, stopping the car and wandering through the heather, you could almost hear the silence. One day we even became brave and climbed 1,200 feet to the top of a hill overlooking Loch Striven. We were all panting, but it was certainly worth it—the view was wonderful.

Perhaps the loveliest drive was through the Trossachs, going a complete circuit *via* Arrochar, down the west side of Loch Lomond, Drymen, Aberfoyle to Loch

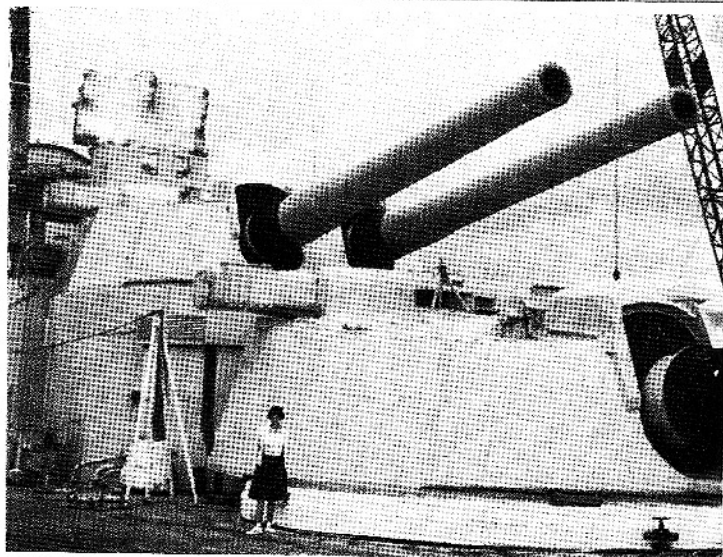
A. C. Barrett, Tyres Advertising Manager, who is located at our Tottenham Court Road office in London, records his first holiday in Scotland . . . and how wonderfully successful.

Katrine. After lunch at a little place at Brig o' Turk, we returned *via* Callander, Lochearnhead, and Glen Falloch. On this trip, like all others, we had our camera with us and just didn't know what to photograph, it was all so lovely.

Another day we sailed to the Isle of Arran, going *via* the Kyles of Bute and stopping for lunch at Brodick. While there we saw some local fishermen trying to catch a huge conger eel, which they managed to get out of the sea, but couldn't hold.

End of a great ship

I suppose the greatest thrill of the holiday, particularly as far as my daughter was concerned, was going aboard H.M.S. *Vanguard* three-quarters of an hour after this great battleship arrived at Faslane. In the Gareloch, to be scrapped. The battleship had passed Dunoon in the early morning, and after lunch we decided to drive round to the loch and take some photographs. When we arrived, and after looking through the fence at the ship, we wandered through the dock gates and edged our way towards the gangplank. Suddenly I thought we had had it; an officer was approaching, and I felt sure he would tell us off, but no, he said, "Would you like to take some photos on board," and you can imagine we didn't have to be asked twice. What a thrill for Lyn and, let's be frank, also her dad. Incidentally, my wife Mary stayed on the dock in case, as she said, she would have to "bail us out".



Cliff Barrett's daughter, Lyn, dwarfed beside the Vanguard's armaments.

Within walking distance of our hotel was the Holy Loch, which since our holiday has been designated as the new Polaris submarine base. This is a lovely loch, with interesting drives and walks, and we only hope that not too much of the natural beauty of the area is spoilt by this decision.

Nothing really could express what a wonderful holiday we had, and what kindness we found everywhere. We only hope that Scotland will let us visit her again!