

**A Fall Night in Scotland:** As a travel agent many years ago, I made four trips to the British Isles between 1951 and 1962. Each time I was planning for or conducting a large group from America on tours of Western Europe. In 1960, I had an interesting night and early morning in Scotland, although it was not planned quite the way it turned out.

I had reservations to fly transatlantic from Idlewild Airport (JFK) to Prestwick, Scotland, a major airport in the days before jet travel. My flight was on Scandinavian Airlines System (SAS), one of the top transatlantic carriers in those days. Eastbound flights usually stopped at Prestwick (also the airport for Glasgow) to re-fuel before going on to Copenhagen, Oslo, or Stockholm, their final destinations. The flight was to leave New York in late afternoon and arrive at Prestwick in mid-morning the next day, taking considerably longer than the jets of today. Rental cars were not easily available, and those performing such services were in the cities, not at airports. I had arranged to rent a small car and have it delivered from Glasgow to Prestwick for my arrival.

I arrived at Idlewild on time, only to find the SAS flight was delayed, and the airline put us up at a hotel near the airport, from which we did not take off until late morning, about 18 hours late. I told them of my rental car, and they said they would wire ahead and cancel it. We landed at Prestwick about 3:30 A.M. local time. Inside the terminal, I heard my name being paged, and who was paging but the agent from the car rental company, saying he had my car waiting? The poor fellow had not gotten the word and had waited over 18 hours for my arrival. I didn't want the car at 4 A.M. and didn't know where to go with it at that hour, but I didn't have the heart to tell him I wouldn't take it, so take it I did and started out in the dark over unfamiliar Scottish roads, hopefully heading in the direction of Glasgow. I remember going through an underpass and hearing a "swish" overhead in the darkness, which was a local steam passenger train—nice, I thought, as steam was gone from the railroads in the U.S.

As dawn broke, I crossed the River Clyde on the west side of Glasgow and soon saw multitudes of ship workers with their lunch pails walking along the road to work. Most worked at the John Brown Shipyard at Clydebank, where the first two *Queens* had been built for the Cunard Line. After 6 A.M. on a damp early October morning, I was traveling north along the shore of Loch Lomond and observed several new British trucks (lories) with two front axles. They must have had power steering, but I never quite understood how this worked on a curve without excessive tire wear. I stopped for a good English breakfast at a small inn along the lake.

Having placed my order and while awaiting my cooked breakfast, the kitchen at the inn caught fire, and all of us were evacuated. From that time on, the day got better, however. I saw Lake Katrine (scene of Sir Walter Scott's *The Lady of the Lake*) and went up the steep incline to Stirling Castle, high above the city of the same name, the scene of fierce battles where the Scots repelled the English. By late afternoon, I was in Edinburgh and finally had a good meal, although it was not breakfast. A day or two later, I must have driven to Glasgow and turned the car in before going to the railway station to take a steam train to London.