

ODE TO A THRUST

During the long late spring evenings of May 1984 an adult education party from the University of Nottingham were inspired (possibly with the aid of a few drams) to write the following lines of verse. They were staying at the Inchnadamph Hotel in Assynt, where a few yards down the road on the shores of Loch Assynt on a rocky knoll of thrusting Cambrian dolomite is a memorial to Drs. Peach and Horne. The memorial erected in July 1930 is in recognition of the excellent work of these two officers of the Geological Survey while mapping the Assynt area. In a highland haze and with notable poetic licence the following words were written.

Came that auspicious summer morn,
When Mr Peach and Mr Horne
Went out with Hammer, ink and pen,
To map the Torridonian.

Said Mr Peach, "It seems to me,
This is no unconformity,
They must take to me to be a fool,—
This is the thrust of Loch Glencoul."

And so straightaway they went to see
The old Director, Archie G,
Who said, "Return! Map all again!
Put Cambrian o'er Lewis-i-ain."

Then two and twenty years of work,
Through sun and mist and Scottish murk,
Until at last they reached their goal—
The thrusts of Moine, Ben More and Sole.

And now to-day their monument,
O'er the banks of Loch Assynt,
Commemorates their lifelong toil,
Upon that stable foreland soil.

Now students come from far and near,
And as they stand, they shed a tear
To pay their homage they insist,
Though cannot tell their gneiss from schist.

Now Peach and Horne have both passed on,
And you may ask, "Where have they gone?"
"To meet their Maker", I reply.
"And map those thrust planes in the sky."