

Mount Royal British Hotel - Dinner - Photograph

**ROYAUMONT & V.C. ASSOCIATION
OF
THE SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS
NEWS LETTER**

Reminders



JANUARY, 1963

No. 2—Series 2

Object of the Association: To maintain our war-time comradeship.

Subscription: Five shillings per annum, payable 1st January, for the year.

Hon. Life President: Miss Ruth Nicholson, M.S.

President: Lady Sanderson.

Chairman: Miss Ramsay-Smith, Whyteknowe, Peebles.

Hon. Secretary: Miss Leishman, Upper Loanside, Peebles.

Hon. Treasurer: Miss M. A. Stewart, Dunnydeer, Moniaive, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire.

Hon. Editor: Miss M. S. Miller, Meadowbank Cottage, New Galloway, Castle-Douglas.

EDITORIAL

Here we are again—Number 2, Second Series. We hope that all those who received No. 1 enjoyed getting the news and hearing about friends, far and near. There are many, however, who want the News Letter to continue, and yet fail to send anything to fill its pages. There was quite a lot of wit and humour among us at the "Abbaye." Is there no one left who can add a little "dash" and "spice" to our rather demure pages? Perhaps by the time I get a-going and piece together what I have received in the way of "copy," the News Letter may begin to take shape. We thank all those who wrote.

Will it ever be possible to forget the winter of 1962-63? Its rigours affected us all—north, south, east and west. Blizzards of snow, swept from the south by high winds, caused drifting everywhere. The snow ploughs added to the height of the drifts, and soon we were enveloped. In Scotland, the Borders suffered most. Ramsay and Leishman were marooned at their homes in Peebles for weeks. After the worst was over, Ramsay was taken a tour of the roads in Peeblesshire about which she writes: "It is quite fantastic what the road men have had to cope with—miles of drifts, anything from two to twelve feet high have had to be cut through."

Our President had not anything better to write about from the South West. "Here, at Tetbury, in Gloucestershire, we have been marooned since December 28th. No fun at all. However, things are better now (5th January, 1963) and the one main road to Bath and Bristol is open at last. The side roads to the villages are still blocked and, in many cases, food has had to be dropped to the people. Farmers have had a hard time trying to get their beasts fed and watered. Post is now coming in, but newspapers come only occasionally. There are only three of us in the Hotel at the moment, and all the functions over the New Year had to be cancelled, as nearly all the staff are local and live out and haven't been able to get here."

Can we now say hopefully and cheerfully "Summer is icumen in"? We are all in need of warmth and sunlight after these drab days. We are having our Annual Tea Party in Edinburgh on Friday, 30th August, time and place to be notified later on. Any Royaumontite passing through Edinburgh about that time will be made most welcome. Any who wish to re-join will be welcomed too. As you see by the Chairman's letter, on the 31st August, Ramsay and her sister have invited us to Peebles for the afternoon. If the day is good

it will be a delightful outing and the large garden should be at its best. It is being opened to the public on the 23rd. It will be Festival time too with lots of good music and drama to be heard and seen in the various places of entertainment. It would really be worth while coming to Edinburgh for that week-end. So mark it down on your diaries before you forget.

As we look forward to the summer days and to all the pleasures they bring, we do not forget to recall two of our members who are no longer with us. We have lost a very dear Royaumontite by the death of Margery Young after long suffering. She was a friend of us all and much beloved. MacGregor has sent us a touching tribute to her memory. It is with sorrow, too, that we have to report the death of Higgins (Mrs Phelps). We all remember with affection our efficient "House" orderlies at Royaumont, Robinson and Higgins. They got on so well together in the "House" that they decided to live near one another for the rest of their lives. This they have been able to carry out for many years.

We all send sympathy to Salway on the death of her husband on November 10th, 1962, after undergoing a serious operation. He never seemed to regain his strength after it. Salway feels very lost and alone after forty-two years of a very happy married life. We all hope she feels better after the bright sunshine of the Riviera and the company of friends there. She is staying on in London until her lease terminates in 1965.

Subscriptions.

These fall due on January 1st, 1963. On the subject of last year's subscription, the Editor was surprised that some members wrote to our Treasurer asking about the subscription, how much it was, when it had to be sent in and other questions regarding it. The answer to all these was given in the Editorial which had not apparently been read by our enquiring members. The Editor asks everyone to read the Editorial before passing on to the "Headlines." By so doing, less work will be incurred by Stewart, our Hon. Treasurer. Please let her know of any changes of address. By the way, her own correct address is Dunnydeer, Moniaive, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire.

A Greeting from our Hon. Life President.

Everyone will regret to learn of the continued illness of our Hon. Life President, Miss Nicholson, from whom we recently received through Dr Duvall a message of Greeting to the Association. I am sure that I shall have correctly interpreted the wishes of all Members in reciprocating her Greeting and in expressing our sympathy with her in her suffering.

Letter from our President.

Hare and Hounds Hotel,
Westonbirt,
Near Tetbury, Glos.
January, 1963.

Dear Members,

Another year has passed and this is the second News Letter to be published since the new Committee took over the affairs of the Royaumont and V.C. Association.

I think that events have amply justified the decision taken in October, 1961, to continue the Association with Headquarters in Edinburgh, and I want to congratulate the Committee as a whole and especially our Hon. Editor, Miller, and our Hon. Treasurer, Stewart, on the excellent work which they have done during the past year.

The Tea Party, ably organised by Sister Rose Morris, which was held in Edinburgh on 31st August last at the Royal British Hotel, was a great success and, judging by the amount of noise made by everybody talking at once, the old Royaumont spirit is still very much alive.

Long may the Association continue to flourish! Members can help it to do so by paying their subscriptions promptly and by giving our Hon. Editor as much information as possible so that she can continue to produce interesting News Letters.

I wish all Members a very Happy New Year.

Yours sincerely,

SMIETON.

Letter from our Chairman.

Whyteknowe,
Innerleithen Road,
Peebles.
March, 1963.

Dear Members,

How are you all after this terrible winter? It did not seem to matter whether one was in Great Britain or not; every country had some frightful disaster or unprecedented weather. All of us must have many tales to tell of what happened when the pipes burst or the drifts of snow reached the roof and the electricity failed.

We were lucky having oil-fired central heating, and the electricity and telephone held out. Let us hope that is all behind us and we can look forward to a good summer.

We had a small but very enjoyable Tea Party last August in Edinburgh, and now Moffet and Sinclair are making arrangements for one in Edinburgh on Friday, 30th August. They will be sending you full details of place and time.

My sister and I propose to be "At Home" here in Peebles on the 31st August when we would be delighted to welcome as many members as possible



Back Row (standing, left to right): McNaughton (Mrs Crowther), Jamieson, Sister Rose Morris, D. Anderson, Moffet, Dow, Stewart, Simpson (Mrs Gray), Warren, Nicky, Manson (Mrs Falconer), Leishman. Front row (seated, left to right): Merrylees, Ramsay-Smith (Chairman), Sinclair, Smieton (Lady Sanderson, President), Miller.

for a cup of tea. By car Peebles is only 23 miles from Edinburgh and by bus it is very easy as the bus stop is opposite our gate. So do come and see us.

Wishing you all a very good summer,

Yours,

RAMSAY.

The Edinburgh Reunion and Annual Business Meeting.

The Annual Re-union and Tea Party on August 31st, 1962, at the Royal British Hotel, Edinburgh, was a very happy occasion. Seventeen members were present: Our President, Smieton (Lady Sanderson), who came all the way from Gloucestershire to be with us, Ramsay-Smith, D. Anderson, Dow, Jamieson, Leishman, Manson (Mrs Falconer), Merrylees, Miller, Moffet, MacNaughton (Mrs Crowther), Sister Rose Morris, Nicky, Simpson (Mrs Gray), Sinclair, Stewart, Warren.

Regrets and Apologies were sent from Sister Adams, Mrs Alison, Banks (Mrs Simmonds), Butler, Sister Dunderdale (Lady Clow), Don, Dunn, Large (Mrs Wilson), Paley, Salway, Dr Savill, Howard-Smith, Tollit, Sister Whitworth (Mrs Cadman), Peter (Phyllis Williams), all of whom sent good wishes for the success of the party.

Sister Rose Morris made all the arrangements, admirably carried out by the Hotel. A photo-

grapher arrived on the scene much to our surprise. He was actually engaged to photograph another party who were not quite ready to receive him, so he offered his services to us first. A photograph of the group was taken and appeared in the evening edition of the paper he represented, and again, slightly enlarged, the following morning. Some of the members may already have seen the enlarged photograph that some of us ordered. (The Editor is left with three of these to dispose of, so if any member would like one as a "souvenir" it will be sent to her. No charge! Don't delay.)

We all extend our thanks to Sister Morris for her most excellent arrangements. She must have been pleased with the success of her efforts.

Thanks to Rolt for her telegram. It arrived too late to be read but we got it all right.—Ed.

As you will see in the Chairman's letter the Tea Party for 1963 is to be held on Friday, 30th August, time and place to be notified later.

Annual Business Meeting.

The Annual Business Meeting was held before the Tea Party and the following matters were dealt with:

Reference was made to the deaths of Miss Martland and Bruce, and much regret was expressed as both had been very popular at Royaumont.

Salway was appointed member of Committee in place of Miss Martland.

The Emergency Loan Fund now stands at £230 14/7. It was with regret that the Meeting received Middleton's resignation as Treasurer, and a vote of thanks for all the work she had done was passed unanimously. Nicky was proposed to fill Middleton's place and very kindly consented to undertake this work.

As a result of Miss Martland's death a vacancy occurred in the Emergency Loan Fund Trustees which Rolt has kindly consented to fill.

It was agreed to have a Meeting and Tea Party next summer, and Moffet and Sinclair agreed to organise it.

Rose Morris was cordially thanked for the present delightful meeting.

Far and Near.

Butler. Butler writes: "I expect you know that Bruce was, before her death, writing a book—her own experiences? I think it was to have been published before Christmas, 1962. I don't know the title of it, but have ordered two copies from the publisher, John Watkins, 2 Cecil Court, London, W.C." (Does Butler know the title of the book now?—Editor.)

She has had a visit from Glossop and her charming daughter. Glossop is now living at Brockenhurst. (Will Butler please tell our Treasurer if she has returned definitely to her house at Barton-on-Sea?)

Betty. We hope Betty will be able to come to the Reunion of 1963. She attends all the concerts of the Scottish National Orchestra in Glasgow and derives great pleasure from them.

Dow. Dow and her sisters had a lovely fortnight in Ireland in September. "We spent the first week at Blessington in the Wicklow Mountains, the second in Co. Donegal at Rathmullen. We thought Wicklow resembled our own Border country, while Donegal has a wild, rocky coast line with soaring mountains and cliffs."

(I wonder if Dow managed to get to Switzerland after the snow storms in Edinburgh? The Editor would have been afraid to face another white landscape.)

Figgis. I am sure members would like to have news of Figgis. In a letter from her last year (too late to be included in our 1962 News Letter) she writes: "My sister and I live together now that our family is reduced in number, in an old house in an outer suburb of Victoria's capital, Melbourne. It was our former home but far too large for two, so we had it divided into two flats and we live in the upper one. From our windows we have a view of Hobson's Bay, fast becoming shut out by tall buildings beyond us. We both have different interests as well as many in common—theatre, opera, bridge

and other peaceful games. We belong to different women's clubs. At mine, the Lyceum, I am a member of a French Circle so have been able to keep up my French, always hoping to return to our old haunts some day. World War I. and family events have made this impossible.

The News Letter has always been a great pleasure to receive. One cannot help losing correspondents after the lapse of forty years. Home ties and change in many ways inevitably prevent the carrying out of one's intentions. I have now seven grand-nephews and nieces. I find it very interesting watching this new generation growing up, a generation so different from ours. My last recollection of you was dancing a . . . up at Sallanches. (It wasn't the Highland fling, I assure you.—Editor.) I remember Stewart, one of the four who came out with me, and Smieton who, when I was home on leave in 1918, saved the Dispensary from complete destruction." (Does our President remember the incident?)

Howard Smith. She and her sister are now living in Hastings. Their present house is in the old town of Hastings, quite unspoilt so far. "I spend my spare time meandering about the hills and cliffs and hardly ever meet anyone. I have been told not to go about so much alone, but the only things I hear are ghosts and cows. Royaumont took away any nerve I had for the former. I wish Scotland was not so far away, and now I am away from London and am out of touch there." Howard has had to spend a short time in hospital, but she thoroughly enjoyed herself—good nurses, cheerful patients and delightful warmth.

Large reminds the Editor that "we are all getting old." Nevertheless, last year she climbed the Cairn Gorm and was surprised and elated at being able to do it. She has never seen the mountain so free of cloud. It was so clear that, through glasses, she could see the Coolins in Skye.

Large is busy on the Committee of the National Council of Women as well as on local committees. (Large was more awake in January than we were in this part of the world when she cheerfully asked the Editor if the News Letter was ready for distribution!)

Leng. Last year, while in Italy, Leng had what she calls a "stupid accident" resulting in a fractured arm. This prevented her from going to Paris, a visit she had been looking forward to enormously. (C'est pour une autre fois, Leng, only watch your step. Editor.)

Lindsay. We had looked forward to seeing Sister Lindsay at our Tea Party last summer, but at the last moment she had to call off—Doctor's orders. We hope to see her this year. She writes: "If I'm careful I get along splendidly. My sister and I are very happy to be back in this nice little house in Broughty Ferry, Angus, amongst many old friends. We all congratulate ourselves on being so spry at our age—but that may be just vanity!

I think of you all a great deal and the happy time we had. What a grand place Royaumont was, and what a wonderful hospital! How I loved it. How vividly many of the people there stand out in one's memory, almost as if I was still going round doing the dressings with "Disorderly" and Susan Richmond following on."

Minchin (Madame Steinmann). We are glad to hear that Minchin has had the operation on her eyes at last. The gift of sight, of being able to enjoy reading and the things around one is a precious possession we all hope to retain for as long as possible.

A message from Minchin to Smeal. Speaking of the "Any Questions" episode on the B.B.C. in which Smeal figured so brilliantly, Minchin writes: "Good for Smeal saying that 'Imagination is more important than Knowledge.' She is right. I have long believed it and seen it proved." (The Editor sends her apologies to Minchin for mis-spelling her name and omitting her married name. Both are corrected in this number.)

Moffet. Moffie has seen Coventry Cathedral about which she gives her impressions: "I think Coventry is a wonderful achievement. At the same time there was some of it I disliked, but it is a marvellous edifice, unforgettable memorial to those who suffered and died during the great Blitz." From Weybridge, where she was staying with friends, she drove over to Guildford and saw the new Cathedral there. "It, too, is very beautiful," she writes, "not so modern as Coventry; it is more like our ideas of churches as they should be."

Merrylees. We were very glad to welcome Merrylees from the other side of the Border. She visited Shetland after Edinburgh as well as other places before returning to Birmingham.

Nicky. Nicky is retiring from her job at the end of April and, to celebrate the occasion, is planning a cruise in the Eastern Mediterranean. The itinerary is most alluring. She has promised to write an account of her holiday for the News Letter. Unfortunately it will arrive too late for this issue, but members can look forward to reading some exciting experiences in our 1964 number.

We all wish Nicky much happiness in her retirement. With two sisters and an adorable, but mischievous, poodle, she will not weary. Besides, she has plenty to do in a large garden. Her spot of work is the greenhouse where she brings up her seedlings and, later on, embellishes the house with such colourful blooms as cyclamen, begonias, geraniums, gloxinias, etc. Happy days, Nicky!

A later communication informs us that the Red-X people have persuaded her to take on a job which calls itself Divisional Director for Newcastle.

Peter (Madame Campora). We all sympathise deeply with Lucien and Peter having to leave their Algerian home where they have lived such a happy life for so many years. They have passed through a

difficult time of suffering and frustration. They are at present living in France. (The Editor thanks Peter for her letters which she read with great interest. They were most enlightening on the Algerian situation. It is sad to read of the demobilisation of the Legion. Its very name spelt courage and romance.)

Rolt. Since the death of her friend with whom she had lived since she got back from France, and the sale of the old house, Wreay, at Ullswater, Rolt has been staying with another old friend at Grasmere. She will remain there until she can return to her own house which is let until the end of April.

Like everyone else, Rolt experienced the severity of the past winter at Grasmere. She writes: "The activities of the past few months have been limited by the weather. The snow was deep enough to make us have second thoughts about going out when we weren't sure of being able to get up the drive without the help of a "rescue party" complete with ashes, shovels and sacks, as happened once. The winter sports enthusiasts have had a wonderful time, and it has been fun watching skiers on slopes near here and skaters on the lakes. I found the prolonged cold very ageing, and my wits seemed to get quite numb." (Cheer up, Rolt. You are one of our ever-greens.—Editor.)

Smeal. I'm afraid my news is rather dull. I had been intending to set forth with my little Austin Seven in May, 1962, for "Bonnie Scotland," but a prolonged gastric trouble (an old enemy) cramped my style. Although I have not quite got to the "bowl of gruel" stage, a still somewhat rigid diet does make it difficult to make plans, so I'm just staying "put" for the present, hoping for the best. Added joys are visits to the dentist and a spot of rheumatism. Enfin, "variety is the spice of life" so 'tis said. The winter activities included playing my little flute, myself disguised as a shepherd in a Nativity play here last Christmas, and in February I acted as interpreter at the "Toy Fair" in Brighton.

Rutherford (Mrs Riordan). Rutherford writes to Dow about the bush fires in Australia: "The rain just saved us. Every woman with young children was evacuated from the whole of the Danengong and all the children. The following day the women, except those doing essential work, and all old men were sent away. Having a potato patch adjoining our orchard, we went across there with our car into which we had put a few treasures. We just sat and watched the fires moving up on all sides and wondered when our home would go. At 1 a.m. the rain came, and we were saved. The volunteer fire-fighters, who came up in thousands to help, did a marvellous job. Many elderly men who had never done manual work spent long hours scrambling up and down the mountain face with two-gallon water tanks on their backs. Over 50

homes were lost within a radius of Olinda. The destruction of trees was terrible."

Tollit. The Editor hears from Tollit quite often. She is always interested in the news as given in the "Far and Near" columns. She is not able to come so far to our Tea Party, but she likes hearing all about it. This is what this column is supposed to bring—an interest in those with whom many of us are unable now to keep in contact. (The mere mention of a name can recall a happy memory which is all to the good.—Editor.)

Peter (Miss P. Williams). Peter manages to get south to her beloved Italy every spring. Last year she and her sister hired a car in Rome and drove down to Ravallo (since become famous due to a much publicised visit there by Jacqueline Kennedy). It is a beautiful, quiet mountain village above Amalfi. The hotel is run by Gino Caruso, a cousin of the famous tenor of that name. Near Ravallo is Positano. When she first visited Positano, it was still quite unspoilt, with only one row of deck chairs, one row of rather primitive bathing cabins, one studio run by a French painter and a few, very few, avant-garde writers and artists who came there to enjoy a quiet and unsophisticated village with a sub-tropical climate. During her last visit she found many places, where she had stayed some years previously, entirely changed in character. From quiet mountain villages they had become playgrounds of the rich film "stars"—a modern intrusion which one cannot resent nowadays.

A car now operates as far as Basle. This results in more folk with shortish holidays being able to get to the more remote spots in Southern Italy. They became suddenly small "Llandudnos." The long stretches of golden sand between Paestum in the south and Terracino, north of Naples, which were so unspoilt and unoccupied as some remote planet, are now blossoming forth as booming summer resorts. She drove back to Rome along the coast road feeling grateful she had been privileged to see all those beautiful villages before their exuberant hey-day.

Burrard. On the eve of going to Press, Large sends us the sad news from Eastbourne that Burrard is very ill with little hope of recovery.

In Memoriam

Our much loved Young died on October 20th, 1962, after long suffering. McGregor sends this touching tribute for the News Letter.

Margery Young. "I remember when in 1915 a rather slight, pretty girl joined our small, but gallant, band of chauffeurs at Royaumont. 'Willie' and I thought she was much too frail to cope with the rather heavy work we had to do at times. Ambul-

ance work was by no means our heaviest job, though a large Senegalese on a stretcher was no light weight, but we also were coal-carriers, or wine barrel, or bed or any other object-movers, in one or other of the various string of cars in our garage.

However, our fears were quite unfounded, Margery proved one of the best at any job she was asked to do.

Always bright and cheery, popular with Staff and Blessé alike, able to chatter (and how I envied her) in excellent French to all. It is sad to think that for some years Margery was an invalid, but knowing her as I did, I am sure she never let her illness get her down. Dear old Young, I feel you are at peace now, and will meet many many friends in the happy hunting ground to which you have gone. No X-ray car to add another grey hair to that dark curly head of yours, and no more trips on a dark and stormy night in your old Vauxhall.

Higgins (Mrs P. B. Phelps), died on July 24th, 1962.

Higgins, who was at Royaumont, was the young widow of the late Lieut. H. V. Higgins who was killed on the Somme in the First World War, married again in 1921 the Rev. P. B. Phelps, M.A., Senior Area Secretary, the Missions to Seamen, by whom the report of her death and the following biographical details were communicated to us.

Higgins died unexpectedly from heart trouble on 24th July, 1962, after a short illness. For her great services at Royaumont she was awarded the Médaille de la Reconnaissance française in addition to the British War Medals. In private life she was a fine pianist and greatly loved by the villagers of Swanmore where she and her devoted husband lived for many years.

The Editor received the following letter at the time of Miss Martland's death. It arrived too late to be inserted in the News Letter of 1962.

164 Palatine Road,
Didsbury,
Manchester, 20.
May, 1962.

Dear Miss Miller,

Your kind letter about my sister Marjorie has been forwarded to me here.

I deeply appreciate all that you say. She was my only sister, and both my brothers, also doctors, have passed away in the last few years, so I have felt very much alone. She was the eldest of the family and I always looked up to her. We had a great deal in common in her love for music and painting and the beauties of the countryside. I miss her very sorely as you can understand. We compared notes and comments upon all that we enjoyed, and enjoyed exchanging letters about them.

I regret for her sake that she did not have longer to live at Cambridge which was so congenial to her.

I shall be very glad to see a copy of your News Letter when it is convenient.

I am interested in your address, having a great love for Galloway. I used to climb the Merrick in my younger days and often stayed at Dalry or Kirkcudbright or Newton-Stewart, all very dear to me.

Yours very sincerely,

Elizabeth Martland.

The Côte D'Azur in February, 1963. From Sinclair.

Sinclair flew to Nice on February 7th, 1963, leaving the horrible snow and the approaching thaw far behind in Edinburgh. She wasn't, however, very fortunate with weather, for she arrived at Nice Airport in heavy rain which continued throughout the night and next day. After this rather wet arrival, the weather was "mixed"—rain, snow and that deadly cold mistral that brings shudders with it as it descends on Southern France from the N.W.

Sinclair's letter about her visit to Fréjus is very interesting, so I shall freely quote from it in the hope that others will enjoy it too.

"I arrived in Nice in pouring rain and, as it was too late to go on to my destination—Croix-Valmer—my friend and I stayed the night in a hotel there. Next morning, still heavy rain, and if it had not been for the palm trees and the gaily coloured buildings, it might have been Scotland. The Mediterranean was very stormy and cold-looking. No flower market that morning. It rained the whole day. A new autobahn has been constructed between Nice and Fréjus. Fréjus is a most interesting little town. It contains many Roman remains—a theatre and arena and an aqueduct among others. The west part of the town was destroyed two years ago by the bursting of a dam at night carrying people in their beds out to sea, and 421 lives were lost. One can still see the traces of the floods and the water marks on some of the houses. Croix-Valmer is two hours' motor run from Nice westwards. "L'Arpent du Soleil," my friend's bungalow, is very modern built near the top of a mimosa covered hill with a splendid view of the Bay. In the neighbouring village it was possible to buy all necessities for the house, but it was a case of "fetch and carry" and there was no delivery of milk in the morning. (I don't know whether or not this is general in France, but I had the same experience as far north as Evreux in Normandy and had to be content with dried milk for my morning coffee. Very nasty.—Editor). We were about 5 miles from St Tropez where there are very good shops. Everything is very dear. Regarding current prices the value of the franc is very confusing, as the old and new francs are in circulation and most people count by the old franc which is worth very little—5 vieux francs is worth only 5 centimes.

I saw the Mediterranean in all its aspects—cold and green, looking rather sinister, muddy after heavy rain, rough with white breakers, and then, on the last day of my visit, motoring along the coast to Nice, it was a heavenly blue and not a ripple, just to leave me with a souvenir of what it can be like. As seen from the coast road the colouring of the landscape is lovely—the hills covered with pines, olive trees, mimosa, date palms (the fruit does not ripen, it is not warm enough), eucalyptus trees, also cork trees (they are called oak in the region). The bark is stripped and sent to the factories. There is also "le pin parasol" which is not allowed to be cut; in fact, one road we went along was divided in two at one point, so that five of those trees could remain in their original habitat. They are just like large umbrellas and are very useful in extreme heat as they give excellent shade. I saw cactus growing along the edges of gardens. The late frost had killed most of the flowers which had been lovely in my friend's garden before my arrival. We used to go to the markets of Cavalaire and St Tropez, but there were very few vegetables and no flowers because of the severe frost. At first there were no carrots to be bought.

I saw some quaint villages built on the tops of hills with narrow streets and surrounded by walls. In distant times these acted as a protection against raiding Moors who carried off the young women and looted the houses. There were good landing places on that part of the coast. One town had a monument commemorating the landing of American soldiers during the last war. One day we motored to Toulon along the coast road. Here there are more cliffs and rocks with little bays and seaside towns and villas up on the hills. On the way we saw some salt-pans—most interesting; as the salt dries, it is gathered into large heaps ready to be carried away. This was near Hyères. At Toulon, we lunched at a café facing the harbour where the French scuttled their warships in 1940. Another day we went to Cannes by the new autobahn from Fréjus to Nice. On the way we passed through Cap d'Antibes where there is a harbour and an old fort guarding it.

All this coast line, as far as Toulon, is most picturesque and colourful. The rocks and cliffs are of a rose-red colour, some pinkish, made still more striking by contrast with the deep blue, sometimes green, of the sea. The more often we see it, we realise that blue sky and sea, red earth and green or silvery trees form a lovely union.

I returned to a cold Edinburgh. The snow had gone and there was a remote feeling in the air that spring wasn't so far off. I wonder?

Episode at Royaumont. From Jamieson.

It was early spring 1918. I had a letter from one of my brothers, an officer with the Scottish

Rifles. He said he was having three days' leave at Etaples and if I could get to Boulogne we could spend the time together. "Wee Free" got a letter from her brother by the same post with the same suggestion. We got our leave with no difficulty and a railway pass from the old "Maire" at Viarmes and off we went in high glee. It was dark when we reached Boulogne, and there was a complete black-out because of enemy planes overhead. There was a lot of fuss and bustle in the dark at the barrier and an R.T.O. asked us where we were going. We told him the Hotel Folkestone where we had written to our brothers to join us. He escorted us there in double quick time. The boys weren't there, and we departed rather sadly to bed. Next morning we waited about, but nothing happened. We wired them of our arrival from a military P.O., then returned to the hotel, but still no sign of them. After lunch we went for a walk and it did strike us that the place was hotching with Brass Hats. Still no word, and after dinner we went to a concert but neither of us enjoyed it much.

Next day was a repetition of the first—I think we sent three wires, but nothing happened. By the third day we had to start off for Viarmes. We went to the booking office for our tickets. The clerk said: "We've been expecting you." He made a sign, and up stepped two poilus who told us to come with them. We were marched between them through the streets to the Prefecture of Police where a very stern-looking French Johnnie and a British Brass

Hat were sitting behind a high desk. They asked us dozens of questions as to how we got into Boulogne. "Why had we come?" "Did we not know that Boulogne was 'closed'?" (We would not have got out of the station on arrival had it not been for the air raid and the officious little R.T.O.) We got a long harangue on the folly of penetrating into war zone, and I'm afraid that the poor "maire" of Viarmes got into serious trouble. At last the French official took our passports and stamped them. I noticed on his desk all the telegrams that we had sent to the boys!

Just as we were leaving, the British Colonel came up to me and said: "Your train will stop for five minutes at Etaples, and your brother will be on the platform." He also whispered, with a twinkle in his eye, "How did you enjoy the concert?" My brother was waiting for me at Etaples. A week later he was killed.

"Wee Free's" brother had not got his leave. I wonder if he survived?

Changes of Address, 1963.

- Howard-Smith, Miss I., 47 Ashburnham Road, Clive Vale, Hastings, Sussex.
- Don, Miss M. C. E., Brookdale, Broadstone, Dorset.
- Rolt, Miss A. L., Croft, Watermillock, Penrith, Cumberland.
- Peter (Madame Campora), Villa St. Christophe, Chailly-en-Biere, Seine et Marne.

Financial Report, 1961-62.

STATEMENT OF ROYAUMONT AND V.C. ASSOCIATION ACCOUNTS FROM 4th APRIL TO 31st DECEMBER, 1962.

RECEIPTS.			PAYMENTS.		
Carried forward	...	£35 17 0	George Outram & Co., Ltd.—News Letter	£12 12 6	
Donations—			Miller's Expenses in connection with		
To News Letter—			News Letter	1 12 8	
Smieton	£10 0 0		Sent to Emergency Fund	1 0 0	
Leng	0 15 0		Stewart for Petty Cash	1 0 0	
Dow	0 5 0		Bank Charge	0 1 0	
To General Fund—			Rose Morris for Tea Party	0 10 0	
Ramsay-Smith	5 0 0		Balance in hand	61 0 10	
Manson	0 10 0				
Large	0 5 0				
Dr J. Stewart Henry	2 0 0				
To Emergency Fund—					
MacNaughton	0 10 0				
Rev. Mr Phelps	0 10 0				
		19 15 0			
Subscriptions		22 5 0			
		£77 17 0			£77 17 0

(Sgd.) MARGARET A. STEWART.

ROYAUMONT AND V.C. ASSOCIATION EMERGENCY FUND.

Balance in hand ... £230 14 7

(Sgd.) A. M. NICHOLSON.