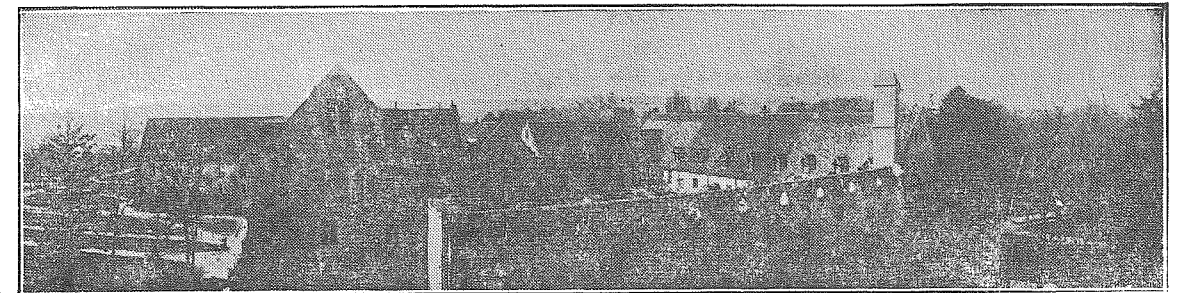


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ROYAUMONT & V.C. ASSOCIATION of THE SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS NEWS LETTER



JANUARY, 1970

No. 9—Series II.

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

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

President: Lady Sanderson.

Chairman: Miss Ramsay-Smith, Whyteknope, 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

Best wishes to all Royaumontites! I am afraid we are somewhat earlier than usual sending the News Letter to the printer, but my Scottish innate love of economy in all things prompted me to get our little paper ready for distribution before the weight of the new postal charges falls upon us. It may be a little "scrappy" this year. I could not say until quite recently whether or not I felt able to overcome the physical difficulties in trying to concoct a record of our doings. A gentle prod from Chairman and Secretary, however, set me going, and a good period of convalescence gave me courage. With an Edinburgh friend we had scoured the Lothians by car—and what a lovely countryside it is! The blossom was out on the chestnut trees, the laburnum, the lilac and the hawthorn, and the luscious green of the young trees bordering every way and byway was enchanting.

Now I shall cease my exaltations and get to work.

Strangely enough all our Office-Bearers have been struck down by illness of some kind or other. Our President and Chairman have not been too fit, and our President has been unable to be present at the Reunion for the last two years. Our Secretary had to suffer the pangs of an operation from which she made a brave recovery, and Stewart has suffered for a long time from a very painful back that has made walking an irksome process. She can, however, drive her little car and, in this way, gets over to see me sometimes.

I must not fail to thank all these members who sent me letters for the "From Far and Near" pages of the News Letter. There is no doubt that the annual Reunion and the many letters sent every year to the Editor for publication, strengthen the

links that unite us to one another in a happy fellowship. We are looking forward to seeing MacGregor at our meeting next year.

Ramsay's account of the luncheon and General Meeting is interesting. We had them as usual at the Carlton Hotel, Edinburgh. We had a good lunch and some generous understanding members provided the "pinard," a wonderful idea, and so necessary at an occasion such as ours!

I had first-hand news of Daunt this year. I asked two Edinburgh friends who were holidaying at Bantry Bay, Co. Cork, to pay her a visit. She was delighted to see them and no doubt introduced them to Royaumont. At any rate she told them to ask me to sing to them one of my poilu songs when we met in Edinburgh again. A propos of the poilu songs, I remember Miss Ivens insisted on me, before Royaumont concerts, reading the words of the songs and reporting to her whether any of them were "pas convenables." I did this with great equity of judgment!

In September Nicky and her two sisters paid a visit to Galloway and I enjoyed several trips by car with them to many of the beauty spots in that district of Scotland. It is "far from the madding crowd" and one can drive contentedly along its quiet roads without disturbance.

In October I spent a day in the lovely caravan of Littlejohn (Mrs Hedderwick). She is our "Evergreen." I remember meeting her in the kitchen on the day of my arrival at Royaumont on August 15, 1915. The caravan, a Dormobile, is wonderfully equipped with every necessity. Her daughter drives. Unfortunately the day was wet and we were unable to carry out our programme of a run round the shores of the Solway, but we kept to the high road and, at Dalbeattie, had a delightful, cosy tea inside, while the elements lashed in fury against the windows.

I hope the Christmas of 1971 will be a happy one for us all. In the meantime, Royaumontites of the North send Greetings to our friends in the South and let us all sing together a verse of the Robin's Song:

"Do you ken Royaumont and the old high tower,
And the engine-house with its one-horse power,
And the cloisters calm in sun and in shower,
And the Blessés out there in the morning?"

THE EDITOR.

The Treasurer writes me to say that sometimes she is asked about how the subscriptions are spent. If mentioned, she wishes to say that they are all used to finance the News Letter, together with any donations so kindly sent.

Letter from our President

Hare and Hounds Hotel,
Westonbirt,
Tetbury,
Glos.

Dear Members,

I was very sorry indeed that, owing to illness, I could not be with you for our Reunion on June 9th, 1970. It was a great disappointment, but I heard it was the usual success and my thoughts were with you all. We had no News Letter last year, owing to Miller's illness, but she is going to see what she can do for 1971. She is always grateful for any news members can send her, and we must give her our united support.

Many thanks to the Committee for all their kind help and interest in Royaumont affairs. Please remember to send your subscriptions to Stewart.

Yours ever,

SMIETON.

Letter from our Chairman

Whyteknowe,
Peebles,
Scotland.

Dear Members,

You must all be very glad, as I am, that Miller has made such a good recovery from her serious illness. But we are impressing on her not to do too much work on the News Letter this year, but really to make it a LETTER with reports from Members of their doings this last year. I do hope many will write to her, as the News Letter is really the only way we can keep in touch with each other.

As I get older it is difficult to keep up with other peoples' doings, and yet I long to know what is happening to them, and Miller is a wonderful Post Office for spreading news. Long may it continue. I think she had quite a good time in the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, where she taught for a good number of years. She met many of her old friends, and it must have been amusing for the Nursing staff to be giving her orders, as a patient; in the past it was she who was in command.

Leishman was another casualty but has also made a good recovery. Stewart and Nicky have also had trouble and aches and pains but nobly keep going.

My sister has not been at all well this last year, so we have not been from home at all, but we hope

to go to Gleneagles in October for a change of air—but not to play golf! It is a lovely part—a good grouse moor spoilt, as a cousin of mine who loved shooting, used to say.

With best wishes to you all for a good 1971.

Yours ever,

RAMSAY.

Reunion and General Meeting

Minutes of Annual General Meeting held in the Carlton Hotel in Edinburgh on 9th June, 1970. **Apologies—20.**

Present—Dow, Jamieson, Leishman, Leng, Manson, Miller, Moffet, Macnaughton, Rose-Morris, Ramsay-Smith, Simpson, Sinclair, Stewart, Torrance.

Guest—Miss Moore

The Minutes of last Meeting were read and signed.

Emergency Fund—Nicky regretted she could not attend, but reports that the balance in hand is £159.3.3.

Treasurer's Report—Stewart reports that she has a satisfactory balance in hand of £34.18.6.

Chairman's Remarks—Everyone was delighted to see Miller at the luncheon. She much regretted she had not been able to produce a News Letter this year owing to illness but hopes she will be fit enough to draw one up for next year. We find it is a marvellous way of keeping in touch.

Smieton much regretted she could not be with us, but her back was still so painful she could not travel.

Ramsay then said she would like to resign as Chairman, but this was unanimously vetoed. She then asked if someone in Edinburgh would help to organise the luncheon. The members proposed Macnaughton and Leng who kindly agreed to accept the work involved.

This was all the business.

In Memoriam

Judy Hills, better known to Royaumontites as Carter, died at her home in London on May 8th, 1970. She will be remembered with affection by all the early Royaumontites who knew her. She went out to Royaumont in May, 1915, and stayed there for a year, then she joined the British Army and was torpedoed outside Alexandria harbour, but she was rescued by some Japanese sailors and nursed as a V.A.D. in Egypt for the rest of the

war. When it was over she went back to Cambridge and took a very good degree in economics. She later married Sir Reginald Hills, and for many years was treasurer of the London Branch of the O.R. Association, in which she never lost her interest.

For the last few years of her life she suffered very bad health which she fought most courageously. The Old Royaumont Association is the poorer for her loss.

From Far and Near

Littlejohn (Mrs Hedderwick). The Editor spent a day recently with our "Evergreen" (92 years) and her daughter in their comfortable, well-equipped Dormobile. We meant, after a delightful lunch at the hotel, to do a bit of touring round the Solway shore, but a driving wind and sheets of rain drove us to take the nearest way home. It was one of the wettest days of this curiously varied summer weather—glints of sunshine and heavy rain. Our "Evergreen" is wonderful. After a serious attack of pneumonia some time ago she made an excellent recovery. Her speech is fluent with lots of humour, mental capacity first class as also her mobility. Yes "Evergreen" is an adornment to our association. I wish she would come again to a Reunion.—Ed.

Daunt. Daunt's letter must be quoted in full. It brings so much of her humorous self and we shall all enjoy it. So here goes:

"I have not been too well. In May my nephew and one of his sons came over from the U.S.A. Being American, they ran like wild rabbits from morn till next morn, dragging me along. They liked breakfast at 7 a.m. As I could not expect or allow my man James to parade at that hour, I rose up and coped. They then tore around until the "small hours"—generally 2 a.m. This went on for three weeks and, by that time, it was only by sheer determination that I kept going. When they left, the predictable happened, and my heart gave way. I enjoyed the visit immensely in spite of exhaustion. When I tried to get out of something by reminding my great-nephew that he ought to realise that I had 'one leg in the grave'—all I got from him was 'Yes, darling, but your other leg is in the nursery.'

Incident II. As usual, the far flung members of the tribe of Daunt appeared from all sorts of unexpected places claiming descent from this house. I have no idea who some of them were—One claimed my grandfath as his grandfather, and had brought his grandson along to see the house of his ancestors. As my grandfather had only two children—my father and my maiden, and most respectable aunt,

it was a bit embarrassing. He had come last year and I thought I had then made the position clear!

Incident III. We have been without a bank for months—not since May 1st. Life, as you can imagine, is not easy. Cheques are just bits of paper (large ones that is) and cash is getting scarce. All one can do is cut down to the barest necessities, and the village still takes mine, but only small ones. My tenants hope I will wait until the banks re-open though they could pay in cheques which are still taken if one can find any place that has enough cash, places like pubs and dance-halls, and so far I have managed. If one had had any warning one could have made preparation although it is too unsafe to keep money in the house, and until the banks closed all my bills were sent to the bank and were paid by them. The manager thought it safer.

Incident IV. At the moment our local burglars are in gaol or in hospital. My much loved dog Bonzo was so badly injured by someone that I had to have him put to sleep. All I have at the moment is a Golden Labrador puppy who, no doubt, will also be a good guard. He is full of tricks and has eaten two pairs of James' shoes and one pair of mine, not to speak of countless other things.

Incident V. We had a terrific gale in July which blew my dahlias out of the ground, and the slates off the roof, not too many, luckily, since there are no more slates to be had until October! At present there is a strike of cement workers and, as cement is used in the making of new slates, we can't have them until the strike is over!

Lots of loving messages to all old Royaumont friends.

My journeys by air to and from Belgium

Sinclair. Every summer I have an invitation to visit a former pupil in Belgium. She has a pretty country house four miles from the village of Waterloo, with tennis court and swimming pool which her grandchildren and friends enjoy. Sometimes picnics are arranged in a corner of the grounds so that no-one is disturbed.

My journeys are easy, as I have a wheel-chair, and the attendant sees to all formalities. The flights have been uneventful with the exception of two or three. Once the lift at Brussels Airport broke down but worked after attention. On another occasion the lift at Heathrow was out of order and my chair and I had to go with the parcels! This summer, after leaving Turnhouse, Edinburgh, we were delayed on account of an unidentified plane appearing in our path. It was not connected to the traffic controls, so

we had to wait. It had shown itself on the radar screen, luckily for us.

On my arrival at Heathrow I was told my seat on the plane for Brussels had been taken by a party who had booked the whole plane. The management said they would "stand" me any refreshment I wanted, and I was not to panic. I asked for a cup of tea and a bun (Very modest demand! Ed.). Word was sent to Brussels about the delay, and we arrived safely. We drove through Brussels and reached "Bonheur Vert" in time for supper.

On my return journey, on arriving at Heathrow, I was informed at the customs (where I had no trouble) that passengers had to accompany their luggage to the plane for security reasons. My attendant asked anxiously if my case was heavy? I said it was, and the poor man had to push me and carry my case. At one point the passage sloped steeply upwards so he pushed me up first, then fetched the case. At the second slope a passer-by came to the rescue and helped him. At the "check-in" point another attendant took over, and I saw the first man mopping his brow while talking to a man, evidently saying to him, what a time he had had "pushing the old woman." We had a long time to wait as the plane was late and had to be aired and cleaned. At last I arrived at Turnhouse, Edinburgh, where my friend met me. The city looked lovely in the evening light.

One is well looked after by the staff of B.E.A. and others. There are moving platforms, so one just steps on to the plane, also movable lifts for invalids and such like. Wonderful inventions!

Rose-Morris. We are glad that Sister Rose-Morris is now installed quite near her late sister's home. It appears to be a very convenient situation for shopping, including a hairdresser, easy access to the city, and a very good bus service with a "stop" just below her windows.

We all hope she will have good health and much pleasure in her new home. Her address is 120 Queensferry Road, Blackhall, Edinburgh.

Those of us who knew Mrs Stewart Murray, sister of our Rose-Morris, regret her death. She had come to a ripe old age and had been an invalid, more or less, for several years. Her sister was a devoted nurse and her invalid lacked for nothing.

Mrs Murray's personality, her kindness and generosity to those who visited her—all make a delightful memory.

Davidson ("Daisy"). With myself, one of the orderlies in "Mary" in August, 1915. Shall I ever forget the two of us washing soiled bandages (oh yes, we did that in 1915), Daisy at one end of the long arm bath and myself at the other. To relieve the situation which was more or less distasteful, we

sang sotto voce, an exotic song of the period: "I'll sing you songs of Araby and tales of wild Kashmir," from "The Indian Love Lyrics"! Davidson was a graduate of St Andrews University and taught in Dornoch Academy for many years. She has now retired to her own cottage there. She writes: "I don't have much adventure nowadays, but I enjoy seeing my friends and reading the "Scotsman," and I do still rejoice in my garden which a friend keeps in good order. I have many happy memories of old times at Royaumont and those help to entertain me when I look back on them."

Macgregor. This is Macgregor's second letter written after our notices were sent out. Both are much appreciated.

"Dear Miller, You ask for news? I am now a 'recluse.' I have come to an age when graceful retirement is better than people saying: "That old woman! How can we get rid of her?" So now I don't do Parish Council, W.I., Red Cross, or Civil Defence or any thing. Am enjoying an easy life, but miss the hubbub all the same. I am never lonely, however, as I have my daughter-in-law and the grandsons constantly around. The eldest grandson, in the Army, is stationed at Shoeburyness, so is over most weekends, and the younger one, Ian, is with Whitbreads (Beer) and works in Maidstone and around, so at the moment lives at home. He hopes one day to be Managing Director, at least! He is full of ambition. Both are nice lads without long, flowing hair, thank goodness. I can't bear these sexless creatures who go about today. I really am going to try to make Scotland in May next year—shove my car on a train to Perth, go north and then Edinburgh—so I'll try to look you up. I have not been north for five years, and how I miss my Scotland!

What a glorious summer we have had, and even now it is warmish. I mowed my lawns this a.m. and positively "dripped" even though I do use a motor mower. You'll notice I put "lawns" with an "S"; it sounds so much grander, but really they are the size of a pocket handkerchief. I am quite a gardener and go for colour as I love brightness. My daughter, Dorothea, and her husband live near Haywards Heath and I go there quite often to see her. They have just been in Portugal for a fortnight so I have been cumbered with one of her dogs which is much too big for my "but and ben." I was glad when they returned. I keep a pug myself—a noisy little brute—but rather sweet. They are good "old women's pets" as they don't really need much exercise—they can just grow fat.

I am sorry I've no special news for the News Letter, but there you are—I do like getting it and knowing about people, but we are getting on—I

sometimes feel 1000, and on a few occasions, a mere 17 years old."

Howard Smith. Howard and her sister are just back from Austria (Seefeld), where they have been for the eighth time at the same hotel. She continues: "I am ashamed to say I was a little disappointed that we were not "High-Jacked" either way! There were nothing more exciting than struggles and hangs-up at airports. I wished we were nudists as far as luggage was concerned.

We arrived half dead, as usual, to be greeted by a bottle of champagne and a vase of lovely flowers in our room. We had a most enjoyable time tramping around and going by bus to various places. We went one wonderful trip up the mountains nearly to the top. First by a cable train (an innovation) and then by cable car. My sister rested as her heart is not O.K. The fragile and aged "H-S" (80 next January) got nearly to the top, accompanied, I may say, by various small children and elderly ladies. I had a most fabulous view all round. Most of the mountains have paths by which one can ascend. I could have done them all.

We had a very large and rowdy "package tour" in the hotel who yelled and shrieked with mirth. My sister had to remonstrate with them owing to complaints from the Germans and the Austrians, but all was well and we made friends. When they left by coach the hall was literally packed with their purchases. We hoped all would be well, but had there been an accident, I think the coach could only have sunk with the weight of the passengers and luggage on arrival in Rome.

Sister Whitworth (Mrs Cadman). She writes: "I have heard of your illness and am very sorry you have had such a painful and crippling complaint. It is good to know you are improving and that the treatment is proving effective.

I can sympathise with you as I have not been as active as I should like the last few weeks, having somehow strained a muscle in one thigh and it is taking a long time to get better.

I am longing to get out to work in the garden now that the weather is making it possible. After the very wet weather the soil is still very cold and wet, but as I find bending and stooping very difficult I shall not be able to do very much for some time yet. I have missed the News Letter which I always enjoy." (You will get one this year.)

Sister Adam (Mrs K. B. Bushby). She has been laid up with a nasty attack of shingles all over her face, eyes and head. This happened three months

ago, and she is not yet able to write herself. Her daughter actually wrote this letter to her mother's dictation.

"It is wonderfully kind of you to attempt to get a News Letter together at great effort to yourself. I am sure that all other members will join with me in thanking you.

I remember lots of incidents which happened at Royaumont, both grave and gay. Michelet was a great source of entertainment, wasn't he? He continually told me how he loved the doctresses," the "Meeses," and the "Sistaires." The only time I felt any affection for him was when he presented me with a plate of apple fritters as I passed through the kitchen. He told me he had made "un mille" and asked me to feel his watch; how hot it was, even in his pocket after standing in front of the stove. Another time—he had had probably too much "pinard"—he took all the tea trays to make a path through the kitchen."

Her daughter continues: "My mother remembers many other happy times (and "flaps") at Royaumont, and often talks of them. My husband and I had a very interesting visit there four years ago. It is a lovely place. (An account of your visit would have been much appreciated at that time. We, Royaumontites of the past, know the old Abbaye well, and what is being created for its future remains a great interest to us. But in the midst of a busy life there is not always time for communicating one's impressions of people and things.—Ed.). Thanks for your mother's letter and the kind wishes she sends to us all.

Macnaughton (Mrs Crowther) has had lots of visitors during the summer. "How quickly it has passed," she says, "and I am feeling quite 'flat' now. We had five cousins from Vancouver who came for the Commonwealth Games. One daughter travelled with the Canadian team. This was a great thrill for her. We watched her partake in the swimming contests and were not disappointed. Then came the Festival when we had more relations from California who enjoyed every minute of their stay."

(I am sorry your cousin has had such a severe attack of shingles. Sister Adam (Mrs Bushby) has had the same. I hope both cousins will come back from their Jersey visit feeling ready to withstand the rigours of the Edinburgh winter. I still remember the very pleasant afternoon we all had together at Cringletie House. I hope the plants did well. Hope to see you at Christmas time if I ever get there and you are at home.—Ed.).

Rutherford (Mrs Riordan) writes from Australia. As two members of her family have now married, she has sold her lovely house in the hills and is living in the suburbs of Melbourne. She finds her town flat very difficult when it comes to placing all her treasures, although she has passed over many to her family. Her daughter is only two miles away from her, and she often goes there to play with the grandchildren who are most entertaining, she says.

Her son, Roger, who stayed with Dow in Edinburgh some years ago, lives almost five miles away and has a small family of two boys and a girl. Richard, her "gay bachelor" son, lives further away, so that he can escape "bossing" by his Mother but he comes home when he wants anything and that is fairly often! He can be very useful to his Mother and, at the time of writing, she informs us that he is renewing boards on the verandah of his Mother's house. Carpenters over there seem to be "hard to tie down to a job and unreliable too."

She did not see the Royal family at the time of their visit to Sydney and Melbourne, but they had a great reception everywhere. She says she is no longer able to climb lamp posts as she did once in Paris to see the King as he drove past in the old days. Princess Anne delighted the young people by her spontaneous gaiety.

(Since writing us, Rutherford has been seriously ill as the result of eating some kind of what was supposed to be edible fungi. She has now recovered, we are glad to say.—Ed.).

Dow. (During convalescence in Edinburgh this summer the Editor had a pleasant surprise when Dow and she met one another at a small lunch party given by a mutual friend. Dow was as astonished to see me as I was to see her).

Dow writes: "Our biggest 'event' last year was our trip to Canada. We went on September 18th by air to Toronto to stay with a cousin. This was followed by a visit to Montreal to stay with more cousins. It was wonderful, the weather glorious, and the 'fall' colours marvellous. Everyone was most hospitable. The journey was easier than going to Switzerland! We started off in a car from our own door to Prestwick. Then—5½ hours in flight—and our cousin met us with her car at the other end!

"However, we did actually go to Montreux again this spring and enjoyed being free from 'chores' and meeting old friends. The weather was rather cold and dull—so disappointing. Otherwise we had a quiet summer."

Leng has been on the Committee of International Lyceum Clubs for some time. This means a meeting somewhere in Europe every year, and a tri-annual congress of all members. She writes: "In 1971 we are meeting in Melbourne, and if there are any Royaumontites in Australia I should love to see them. At any rate I am hoping to meet Williams' daughter and her son, if possible. I have seen neither since they were toddlers at Kongsbool, in 1935. Last year our committee met in Stockholm and this year in Groningen, Holland, where we were most hospitably entertained. Our last conference was in Helsinki in 1968. This summer, apart from a week in Holland, has been spent in various short trips by car to the Highlands. I had a delightful week in Nethybridge till the final Sunday when the heavens opened and on Monday, when I wanted to take a friend to Braemar on my way to Pitlochry, we crawled through puddles up to Tomintoul, only to be told the Braemar road was closed under five feet of water. I returned my poor friend to Nethybridge and she went on next day by taxi to Aviemore, train to Inverness and another train to Aberdeen, that got as far as Forres when they were turned out and put in a bus for nine miles, as the line was flooded. She finally got to Aberdeen and another bus home as the Ballater Railway is no more. Some journey! How mad can we get closing down railways everywhere and the roads so congested we shall soon not be able to move? They pride themselves—Beeching and his friends, I suppose—on running main line trains at 150 m.p.h., but I'd sooner take an hour or two longer in a clean carriage and have a porter to attend to my luggage.

Mackay was in Edinburgh last week and we had dinner together, and hope to meet in London when I am there at the end of the month.

(Thanks, Leng, for that breathless description of a journey in Scotland during the floods).

Moffet writes: I was glad to get your letter and hear that you are getting around. We have just had a visit from Nicky. I was busy with two coffee parties at the time and Nicky was able to be at both of them. The first, a "Bottle Stall," was quite hard work. One has to get into contact with all and sundry and beg for bottles. They can be either large or small depending on the contents—anything from the alcoholic to the innocuous.

I was interested about "Littlejohn" as I take credit for "finding her out," as it were. It was my advertisement in the "Weekly Scotsman" that brought her into touch with us and she was able to be present at our 50th anniversary. We should like to see her again.

I had a lovely holiday with a friend in the North of Scotland and the Islands. Now I am working hard in the garden trying to get it into some semblance of order after a very "weedy" summer.

(Tell Don we should appreciate a letter from her. I have a very happy memory of her singing.—Ed.).

Smeal. Writing to Miller Smeal says: "As to myself I have nothing very thrilling to relate—my old knee, etc., having got "worse and worse," I recently saw a specialist who, owing to my inability to take any kind of drug, could only recommend a period of rest in a Nursing Home. He gave me an hour and a quarter of his time, and then pronounced that I have a combination of rheumatoid and osteoarthritis—the whole 'caboodle.' So here I've been stuck for the last five weeks (Nightingale Nursing Home, Littlehampton, Sussex), the old knee, etc., having, so far, shown little gratitude for the care lavished upon it. Very mean of it, I consider. And, of course, the thought of the ferociously steep hills and stairs in Arundel does present me with a problem. However, I am here in a nice Nursing Home and thankful to B.U.P.A. Insurance which makes this possible.

"The weather has been shocking lately, very depressing with howling gales which my father used to call the 'equally obnoxious gales,' and 'obnoxious' they were, accompanied by lashings and lashings of rain.

Now at least the sun is shining which makes a different world and I'm sitting out in it (Hallelujah for that) scribbling this hurried little note. So sorry not to have more exciting news for you, but my 'erstwhile' brain is a blank at the moment."

"And now for a sad event which you may not know about. Lady Hills (our dear Carter) died a few months ago. I kept a little cutting from the 'Daily Telegraph' for you, but I have not got it here so can't give you the exact date. I believe she had been recently in very poor health, but don't know the details. I always remember a very charming party at her flat in London some years ago.

"Please thank Leishy for her letter and love to her and Stewart and Ramsay and any other S.W.H. you see. I was sorry not to be able to go to the luncheon."

(Carter's death will come as a great sorrow to her Royaumont friends.—Ed.).

Simpson (Mrs Gray). "Little Simpson has had a busy summer although not far from home. She has had two friends staying with her from different parts of South Africa and both with divergent views on South African politics. 'I feel, unless one has seen life out there, one is in no position to judge.

"My family are all well and back to school.

Colin, my grandson, aged 20, who was awarded the Anglo-American Scholarship, has been working for 2 months at Kalgoorlie, Western Australia, during the summer. This was under the English-speaking Union. He is expected home shortly and will, no doubt, have lots of news.

"I myself spent a week in Edinburgh during the Festival. Elizabeth was doing 'Sound Effects' for 'The Lark,' at Moray House. The production was very good. From there I went to Burgh-by-Sands on the Solway Firth. A road runs by the shore and forms a wonderful vantage-ground for seeing many varieties of sea-birds. They appear when the tide goes out and there is feeding on the sands."

Sinclair—a second letter to her Royamount friends.

"Since my eye operation I can see to write, read and sew, but looking up or sideways is not easy (I feel as if I had blinkers on) and in this case I have to turn from the waist. My stay in the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, was a real rest cure. I missed neither books nor radio. I just lay thinking of the past, the present and the future. I have a great deal to be thankful for in this restless world.

"To the Editor and others suffering from rheumatism I hear ONIONS are very good for that complaint. I hope you like them. If you get a visit from an onion 'johnny,' buy a string."

"**Peter**" (Madame Campora). It was good to hear from Peter, although she says she has not anything interesting to produce. But what about a GOLDEN WEDDING? What marvellous news, and here is the story in Peter's own words: "This spring Lucien and I had our GOLDEN WEDDING. We had a lovely three days as our two daughters flew over from England and the other daughter is here again at present. It really was most gay and amusing as the three of them seemed to be back in their schooldays, remembering all the jokes and comical incidents of these far-off days. We were really spoilt with presents, cards and telegrams—altogether, a very heart-warming fête." (Congratulations to you both on this very important event. Here we are, all the survivors at least, ready to wish you good health and happiness in the years to come. The "pinard" is here all right!

We are sorry to hear the cataract has not turned out a complete success. Look up Sinclair in the "From Far and Near" columns. She, also, has had a cataract removed. We are glad that, in spite of your inability to read and sew, you still can go about on your own, and run your little house.—Miller, Ed.).

Anderson. (Dorothy) has good news of "Little Andy" who, with her husband generally visits her in England every year. But they have, too, a married daughter in this country, so this is a good reason for them to cross the Channel.

Dorothy returned with them to France for a holiday, visiting Rouen and the interesting old historic town of Domfret. In it there is an 11th century church in which Eleanore, daughter of Henry II. and grandmother of St Louis of Royamount fame, was baptised by Thomas a Becket (genealogical fact rather puzzling to the Editor, who must get out her "History of France" to verify). One of Andy's grandchildren is now old enough to enter St Cyr, the great military college of France.

Dorothy heard from an old Royamountite at Christmas—Goss, Mrs Harpur. Her husband, Dr Harpur, died a few years ago. She has a married daughter. Goss was very ill after a serious illness last year, but is now making a good recovery.

Torrance. Thanks for your letter (I hope you will know me the next time I wear a hat!). I am glad to know you are happy in your new town flat. You seem to have some interesting neighbours whose company you will no doubt enjoy. Your long runs by car into the Lammermuirs and Pentlands must be a pleasant memory if the weather was good. Choose Galloway for a change and do come and see me, only do not appear on the afternoon of a rugby international. Do you remember?—Ed.

Dr. Henry. She writes: "We are still in the Laurentians and likely to be. No-one wants to invest in real estate in Province Quebec, least of all to be bothered with 21 acres of lovely hillside attached to the attractive cottage, so we stay 'put.'"

Two days after our return from New Brunswick at Christmas my husband picked up a virus (flu type) and I did not get to the village nor to the bank which was more important, for five weeks. We had four inches of snow, and it remained with us until May. Then, on the 6th, we had the worst storm of the year. Spring was late but the lilac and flowering shrubs have never been so lovely.

I have just been reading the July number of the "Scots" magazine which I always get and enjoy. Amongst other subjects was a very interesting write-up on the gardens of Keiller Castle with beautiful coloured illustrations. There is often reference to the beauty of Galloway. I wish we were nearer you and could see a bit of this part of Scotland away down in the South-West. On the subject of selling our cottage here, there might be a chance after the airport for jumbo jets has finished building. There may

be then requests for land in this part of the Laurentians. The port will be only 15 miles from here. You will see by the papers that the Province of Quebec is going through troubled times. We shall be spending the summer, partly in Prince Edward Island, and partly in New Brunswick, with the family, after which it will be home to our hermit life in the Laurentians where the days never seem long enough for all we have to do."

Forrest ("Poppet"). I have tried my best to decipher Poppet's writing which, owing to her disablement, is difficult. I hope I have got it right. In a letter to the Editor she says: "I believe you are going to produce a news letter again and I look forward to it. I do hope you are much better than when I last wrote to you. I have nothing interesting to record for our new number. I fear I am almost crippled with a stroke and a "wear and tear" pity. I have a little flat up a good many stairs and good kind neighbours who give me an arm across the street and help me with a shopping basket.

I should love to see any of the Royamount "girls" for tea or sherry if they happen to be this way. Our phone is down one stair, but a message could be taken and I would phone back later on.

Poppet's address is:

Flat G, Phone No. 447.2781
9 Morningside Park,
Edinburgh 10.

An Episode in Corsica

In 1916 having passed a driving test and had some experience in driving fever ambulances, I applied for a post with a Unit at Ajaccio, Corsica, which ran a small hospital Unit for Serbian refugees, and was accepted.

The small ambulance which I was to drive could only take one stretcher and was the only one on the island. It had oil lamps and a canvas cover. In those days there were no interchangeable wheels so that it would be very primitive by present-day ideas. It took a while to get used to the narrow roads, often with a precipitous drop on one side.

The inhabitants were unused to cars. In one case, coming up behind a horse trap and hooting for the driver to pull over to let me pass, he and his passengers jumped off on each side, leaving the trap blocking the road and its contents of oranges rolling out of the back. It often took a time to get to one's destination.

One afternoon a request was made to me. Would I drive a father and his dead daughter's body down to the south of the island to be buried

on the hillside near her home? I agreed, and we set off rather late in the day, an orderly accompanying me, the roads unknown, and darkness coming on.

The father spoke no French and we no Corsican, but we managed. We had no idea how far we were to go or how long it would take, but as luggage we strapped rubber hot water bags to our belts—we were to be very grateful for them later on.

Our route took us through a part where deserters congregated, and we were relieved not to be stopped. A little later the father indicated that we should stop. Thinking we had reached our destination we got out of the ambulance and entered a small house. We were welcomed with bowls of nice hot soup. But this was to be a short halt and we set off again. Finally, in pitch darkness we reached our destination, somewhere invisible, and were thankful to fall into bed.

We awoke refreshed next morning and found we were looking across to Plateau d'Arabe, north of Bonifacio. We went to fetch the car to depart, for it was necessary to be back in Ajaccio that evening. The coffin was still in the car. When it was eventually removed we were reluctantly allowed to leave. From my map there appeared to be a good road which would cut off a bit of mileage so we branched off (very unwisely as it turned out), not realising that we were ascending one of the highest Cols (mountains) in the island. As the road rose, the weather got worse, until it started to snow. The next thing we knew was, that the car had stuck on the road where it was too narrow to turn.

Ruefully we climbed out to try and get help. We walked about five kilometres until we found ourselves in a village which luckily had an inn and a telephone. Here some of the men agreed to come up to the car. Back we all walked, but all we could do when we got there was turn the car round by hand between us and then abandon it for the night. But first we emptied the radiator and removed the brass oil lamps for safety. Back we trudged, but this time feeling very tired.

At the inn we sat in the bar in front of an immense fire with our hot water rubber bags. The inhabitants were particularly interested in these, apparently a novelty to them.

Next morning we all walked up to the car again, and it was towed down to the inn. We drove off from there, thankful for all the help we had been given and glad that the adventure was over with no damage to the car.

On our return I wrote to the policeman at the village to thank him, and enclosed francs for the muleteers. These he returned, saying that they

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were only too glad to help and finished by the mais attention; il ne faut plus revenir au site du
following words of advice: "Nous sommes très Col de Vaccio pendant la saison des neiges."
heureux de voir que vous avey fait bon voyage, RACHEL MIDDLETON.

Changes of Address

Forrest—
Flat G.,
9 Morningside Park,
Edinburgh.

Rose-Morris—
120 Queensferry Road,
Blackhall,
Edinburgh.

Rutherford (Mrs Riordan)—
74 Empress Road,
Surrey Hills,
Victoria,
Australia.

Statement of Accounts 1st January, to 31st December, 1969

RECEIPTS		EXPENSES	
Carried forward, 1st January, 1969	£47 3 3	Miller for News Letter Expenses	£1 13 0
Total Subscriptions and Donations	6 0 9	George Outram & Co., Ltd., Printers	23 5 0
		Bank Charge	12 6
	£53 4 0		£25 10 6
Balance in Bank		£27 13 6	

Statement of Accounts 1st January, 1970, to 14th October, 1970

RECEIPTS		EXPENSES	
Carried forward	£27 13 6	Bank Charge	15 0
Total Subscriptions and Donations	14 5 0		
	£41 18 6		
Balance in Bank		£41 3 6	
Emergency Fund—(Balance in Hand)		£159 3 3	