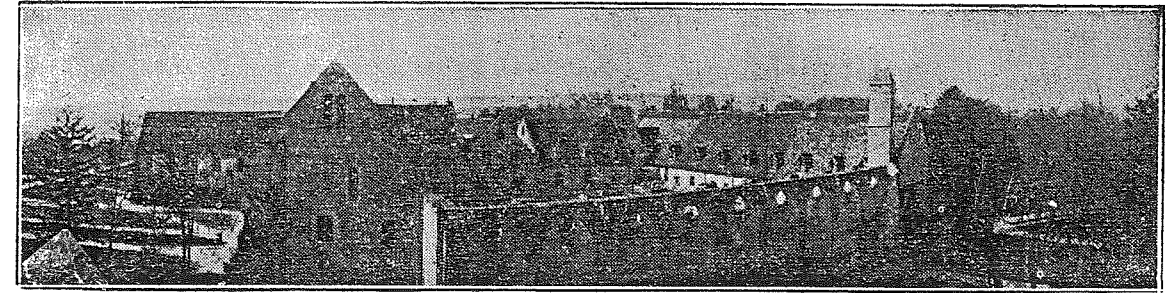


# ROYAUMONT & V.C. ASSOCIATION of THE SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS NEWS LETTER



JANUARY, 1972

No. 11—Series 11.

**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

Dear Royaumont-ites,

I have been slow in bringing out our News Letter for 1971. I owe this delay to several things, principally to the weather. For months it was misty or foggy, wet and cold with dark menacing skies. I just could not induce the necessary inspiration, nor feel the pressure of time pushing me on to to make a start. Now summer skies have arrived, more or less, and I have at last decided to put pen to paper.

The first news is none too gay, for it relates to the illness of both President and Chairman. Our President has been ill for some time and has been unable to come north for the last few years much to her disappointment and ours. We heard at the Reunion that she was now completely blind, and nothing can be done to relieve the arthritis from which she has suffered for years. We all regret this very much, and hope that good kind nursing will help to make the days pass in peace and comfort.

Our Chairman, as you will read in her letter, has had a very good recovery from a bad fall that resulted in a fracture of the left leg. Last year she was very much missed when it came to the General Meeting, for we require, on those occasions, her disciplinary fist on the table to stop us from talking when important events are on the Agenda!

It is at this point I should like to say how very grateful all our surviving members are for the great effort Ramsay has made to keep the Royaumont flag flying. So, in this number of the News Letter, we have the opportunity of expressing our thanks for what she has done to achieve this. Our happy meetings in Edinburgh have kept us in touch with one another and have been much enjoyed.

Sinclair celebrated her 90th birthday among an invited number of devoted friends. She has written something about this very important occasion for the "From Far and Near" pages. She is now off to Brussels by plane to visit her Belgian friends at Waterloo. They give her a bit of "spoiling," but ninety-year-olds deserve it.

I hope that many members will send letters about their doings so that I can have a nice fat packet to disperse among others and so spread the news.

Stewart, our Treasurer, has had a heavy blow by the death of her only brother and his wife. Both occurred about the same time, so it was a double bereavement for her. We send her our sincere sympathy.

**N.B.** In order to meet the severe rise in the price of printing we must ask those members who have not paid their subscriptions up to 1972 inclusive, to do so as soon as possible.

The News Letter is already in the hands of the printers who have done our work so well for so many years. But we cannot continue if we do not get the support of our readers with subscriptions up to date.

#### LETTER FROM OUR CHAIRMAN

Whyteknowe,  
Peebles,

Scotland.

July, 1972.

Like myself you will all be very glad that Miller is carrying on the good work of the News Letter, and hopes to get it out shortly, so I am taking the chance of sending you all my best wishes for good health in spite of advancing years which, alas, are overtaking all of us. Though you would not have believed it if you had been at the luncheon in June, Sinclair and Miller were two of the best examples of defying old age, and I could mention many more who were only prevented from joining us because of illness, and are therefore unable to travel.

Smieton is one, as she has gone completely blind, and is in a Nursing Home at Bath, and also her back gives her great pain so she cannot walk without crutches.

As you will all know, I broke my left leg last June, but the surgeon did a very good job and I am able to use it freely again. But I think the fall must have affected my head as my brain does not work as it should!

You will be getting all the news from Miller, so I will close. Once more I send you my best wishes for a good 1972, and good health.

Please remember that if any of you are in this neighbourhood I shall be delighted to see you. In Peebles we are well-known to the Police. So if you want to find our house, ask a Policeman!

Yours ever,

RAMSAY.

#### ANNUAL LUNCHEON

The luncheon preceded the General Meeting. It was held in the Carlton Hotel, Edinburgh, where we have been for the last few years. The old Royauumont spirit still prevails on these occasions. With the News Letter, this annual Reunion keeps us in touch with one another. We again thank the generous donor of "pinard" that appears to promote the uninterrupted flow of conversation.

#### ROYAUMONT AND VILLERS-COTTERETS ASSOCIATION

Minute of Annual General Meeting held in the Carlton Hotel, Edinburgh, on 23rd June, 1972

**Apologies.**—10.

**Present.**—Moffet, MacNaughton, Miller, Leng, Leishman, Sinclair, Stewart, Manson, Torrance, Simpson, Rose-Morris, Nicky, Ramsay.

There were no Minutes of the Meeting in June, 1971.

**Emergency Fund.**—Nicky reported that there was £198.99 still remaining in the Fund. After some discussion it was decided to carry on the Fund as all the Members were getting older and might require help in the event of accident or illness.

**Treasurer's Report.**—Stewart reported that she still had in the bank the sum of £31.46.

**Chairman's Remarks.**—Ramsay congratulated Sinclair on reaching the age of 90. Smieton regretted that she could not attend the Lunch as she is now in a Nursing Home in Bath, and has gone completely blind. All present regretted this bad news and sent her their sympathy. Miller hoped to get a News Letter out shortly, but she had waited until after the Luncheon to write it.

Ramsay said she must definitely resign as Chairman but hoped Moffet, MacNaughton, and Leng would be able to arrange a lunch or tea for next year.

This was all the business.

#### In Memoriam

With great regret and deep sympathy to relatives and friends we record the death of four of our members.

Warren (Christian Don, M.B.E.) died in 1971. Her life was interesting and varied. We all knew

her at Royaumont where she spent six months with the Scottish Women's Hospital during the First World War.

Her association with the British Empire Leave Club in Cologne in 1919 led to her becoming involved with the organisation of similar Clubs, and she was appointed organiser of the Overseas Forces Club in Glasgow in 1940. She was awarded the M.B.E. for her services to the Forces the following year.

The Club disbanded, and Miss Warren took up residence in Blanefield, becoming a member of Stirling County Council for the Strathblane District. Later she moved to Callander, where she lived for 17 years, and finally to the Buchanan Estate at Drymen.

"Andy" (Lady Blood), younger sister of "big Andy," both at Royaumont during the First World War. She died at Addlestone, Surrey, widow of Sir Hilary Blood, former Governor of the Gambia, Barbados and Mauritius, whom she married in 1919, and who died in 1967. She was Alison Farie, daughter of Mr Boyd Anderson of Ayr.

Goss (Mrs Harpur, M.B.E.) died on 6th May, 1972, at the North Staffs. Royal Infirmary. She was the widow of the late Dr Henry Percy Harper.

Littlejohn. At Hazelbank, Auchterarder, on 21st July, 1972, in her 96th year, Dorothy Harvey Littlejohn, widow of Harold James Hedderwick, mother of Rachel and the late Ivor Hedderwick, thirteenth and last remaining child of Sir Henry Littlejohn, first M.O.H., Edinburgh.

(Our "Evergreen" gone! I shall miss her very much. We have met each autumn for the last few years. After a good lunch in some chosen Hotel, we continued our outing by having a long run along the Solway coast in Rachel's caravanette.)—The Editor.

Don (Gretta). Don's death took place in a Nursing Home at Ballater on 10th July, 1972. She was the daughter of a much esteemed family in Angus. She is remembered by the older generation as a very gifted singer whose voice of rare quality and perfect enunciation was always a delight to listen to. Don sang in many places and also made very successful concert tours abroad, including America. While serving with the Scottish Women's Hospital as a V.A.D. orderly, in France, during the 1914-18 War, she used to sing to the wounded soldiers. It was a tremendous pleasure to listen to her.

She was a great lover of animals and a keen walker, striding out, rain or shine, with a vigour that belied her age. She was 83. When the family left Maulesden she stayed for some years in the

Norther Hotel, Brechin. Latterly, when she became frailer she lived with her niece at Aboyne, Aberdeenshire.

### ROYAUMONT — 1972

This article was printed in "Le Figaro." I have made a quick translation of a part of it, in the hope that it will interest our readers (The Editor).

The Abbey has undergone great changes. For acoustic reasons it was decided to alter the old kitchen and its adjoining dependencies into a large Concert Hall. This was opened recently for the Boston Symphony Orchestra and will be used for all concerts following it.

While remaining the owner of the Abbey and the surroundings, Monsieur Henri Gouin has handed it over to Monsieur Bernard Lefort, a well-known baritone, who was at one time Director of Opera at Marseilles. He has taken over the destiny of this modern Centre International de Recherches et de Créations artistiques.

At the present time, the Budget of the "fondation" has reached the large sum of a milliard d'anciens francs. The money is to be spent buying all the houses available in the district, so that those can be taken over as suitable boarding houses for the families who have won bursaries or exhibitions for their entrance into Royaumont and the study of the Arts. The young "artistes" and "intellectuels" are housed, fed and "laundered" free of charge, during a certain number of weeks. For these advantages, the only obligation is, to dedicate to the Abbey the work they have been able to compose or write in the quiet of their surroundings with no material worries to distract them.

The organisation of "décades internationales" allows, for the first time, the confrontation of all kinds of "artistes" — actors, "cinéastes," musicians, decorators, painters — and their like. Invitations are being sent out to other countries, the first being Poland.

The Cinema Hall is ultra-modern. It is here that one sees "le tapis chauffant." The heat of the Hall emanates from it, alimented by the normal air currents. "Le tapis" was tried out with success in the chapel of the château de Vincennes.

The Abbey provides many more activities, but the enumeration of these will have to wait for the next chapter!

### A LINK WITH THE PAST

Lindsay was one of our orderlies at Royaumont. On her marriage after the First World War, she went to live in Australia where she died in 1960. She was a friend of Manson, both living in the Border country. It is Lindsay's daughter, Virginia, to whom we owe the following letter. She married a Greek

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architect, and they built a house on Poros, one of the small islands off the coast of Greece. And here we quote the letter:

"One day a man, tall, French, came here to see George, my husband, in connection with buying land in this area. George helped him, then our visitor disappeared to Paris. He kept on cabling and telephoning, I asked George the name of his visitor and he said it was GOUIN. This immediately sounded very familiar, but I thought, probably, he would belong to a firm of wool buyers. But no, I woke one night and realised it was not the wool business — it was 'Royaumont.' Anyway, he returned. I met him, and he was telling George he had no need of property as he had a beautiful estate 20 miles, N.E. of Paris. So I said: 'It doesn't happen to be Royaumont, does it?' He was astonished, and said: 'Yes, how do you know?' I replied that I had often heard the family name Gouin mentioned when my mother, recalling Royaumont days during the First World War, told the story of the huge Senegalese 'blessés' that the young orderlies had to carry upstairs on stretchers. The stairs were very awkward and difficult, so to ease the stretcher work for these young girls, it was suggested that a lift should be installed. Monsieur Gouin, however, thought that this was quite unnecessary and refused.

Our visitor did not seem to have much sense of humour and did not see the funny side of the story, but he was interested in it. He explained that he was a boy of only 15 at the time! He said he was still in contact with some of the doctors. The family still owns the farm, but the Abbey has been given over to the Department of Social Studies of the Sorbonne for Summer Schools and such like. He sent me a copy of the History of the Abbey which is listed now as a historical monument of France. He wrote the History. His wife and two married daughters spent a month on Poros, and he has just completed building a house about 10 miles away."

**SISTER ROSE MORRIS MEETS HER WAR PATIENT**

Sister Rose Morris (88) lives in Queensferry Road, Edinburgh. One of her most precious keepsakes is a faded photograph taken in a field hospital beside the River Marne, France, during the First World War. Beside Rose stands one of her patients, a young French soldier. He was brought to the hospital on a stretcher in the spring of 1916, seriously wounded. He was laid on a sack of straw raised on planks above the floor of the flimsy hut that served as a ward. The young soldier said his

name was Maurice. She told him that her family name was the same, only spelled differently. That day, as Rose went about her duties, she heard a beautiful voice begin to sing a soldier's song. It was Maurice. Propped up on his bolster, he was singing his heart out. Somehow it made everyone feel a bit better.

Rose asked the padre if he knew anything about Maurice. He told her the young soldier used to sing in the streets of Paris, outside cafés. He was the ninth of ten children, the son of a drunken house painter. He had been in a children's Home. Later, he had found work as an electrician, then became a café entertainer.

For ten days Maurice charmed the ward with his singing. Then he was removed to another hospital.

Rose had often wondered what had become of him. Then, during the 1920's, she heard of a singing "star" who had become famous in France. Maurice Chevalier. Could it possibly be her wounded soldier?

When he came to Edinburgh on tour Rose went to see him. Sure enough, he was the boy she had tended during the War. She was too shy to introduce herself. But, from time to time, she collected every scrap of news she could about Maurice Chevalier. Early this year, when she read that he had retired she wrote to him, wondering if he remembered about the hospital by the river Marne? Back came a letter saying he remembered her well and, enclosed, was a photograph on which he had written "Thank you. With best wishes from Maurice Chevalier." Though she was thrilled to get it, the picture she prizes most is the faded one of 55 years ago. The memories it holds will never fade away.

**OUR "SCULLERY QUEEN" ENTHRONED ON HER NINETEENTH BIRTHDAY**

She writes: "I was very touched by all the kindness shown me—beautiful flowers, cards, gifts received.

"On the great Day I was told to 'Stay Put,' which I did quite willingly. When I went into the dining-room it was all arranged—the chairs round the room and the old Grandfather big chair at one side of the fireplace facing the door where I was placed to receive my guests, Mr Murray (my tenant upstairs and good friend who looks after me like a thoughtful nephew) had made and arranged a tempting cold buffet of chicken and meats with a variety of salads, followed by delicious tarts and cream. Then coffee and cakes. Mr and Mrs Bayne (family connections) had brought bottles of champagne, a very cheerful final touch to a delightful

supper. It was a very happy occasion, just like second Christmas.

"I am, indeed, very fortunate to have such good, kind friends, and I am very grateful to them. Mrs Lorraine, a neighbour, baked a beautiful birthday cake. As there was no room on it for 90 candles, she used her icing sugar to make a big 9 with a circle round it!

"We had a pleasant Reunion on 23rd June. It was a pleasure to see Ramsay-Smith in the chair and looking well after her accident. We were a goodly number. It is a wonder to see so many of us after so many years. I do enjoy the News Letter, hearing about members 'Far and Near.' Many thanks to Miller for all her trouble."

#### FROM FAR AND NEAR

Dr. Henry sent her best wishes to those at the Reunion and was sure we would have a happy time on June 23rd.

Here is a most interesting letter from her written from her new home near Anne, her married daughter, and family, at Rothesay, New Brunswick, Canada. Life in the Laurentians had to be abandoned having become a menace owing to its close proximity to Montreal where disturbances like those in our own cities, made it dangerous to live in isolated parts. This change is a happy one for both her and her husband.

"I cannot believe that I am already so adjusted to a new environment, but here we are in a little house altered very cleverly by our architect son-in-law, Hamish Murdoch, with all our possessions fitting in as if they had always been here. How fortunate we have been! This residential village — only six miles from the largest city, St. John — is most sought after. My son-in-law heard about this little house before it went on the market. It is in a quiet lane (all are called 'lanes' here) just behind the Netherwood School for Girls (private). Every 'lot' of ground must be at least ½ acre, so houses are not close to one another. All have beautiful gardens and trees. This one has a wood of mature spruces and silver birch — we look right into it.

To complete the scene, there are birds we have never seen before on our trees — colourful little warblers, fascinating to watch. One precious antique we have brought with us is the 'Temple Bowl' brought home from Ceylon by my parents. This bowl, filled with water from Vimy Ridge, sent home by my husband during the war has been used at the christening of all my children. The water was poured back into the original bottle and so was

able to be used on each occasion"

"Peter" (Madame Campora). Dr. Henry's letter in hand, makes me think of Peter for we both correspond with her.

Although never reconciled to living in France, Peter writes: "We have much to be thankful for. Our children are all comfortably married and settled. Here everyone is always busy, not surprising with such a big family. Andy had her seventh child on Midsummer Day (1971), a little girl, Catherine, the sweetest and most good tempered little creature you can imagine. Helen the eldest, is 18, Chantal 16, and they both go to university in Paris every day. Xavier and Philip, 15 and 16, Xavier for the 'baccalauréat' this year and Philip the year after. Then there are Jean and Benoit, seven and six, who at present go to school in the village.

It is a great help to supporting old age to have so many gay, young things around. Heaps of good wishes."

Moffet. As usual at the luncheon, looking very well. She and Stewart spent together a few days in Edinburgh. She writes me now from Cupar enjoying a week with an old friend then returning to prepare for guests at home. It is to Moffet we owe the tribute to the memory of Don.

"Little Simpson" (Mrs Gray). She says her family are fast growing up and are all well and busy. Peter (17½) has started his medical course at Glasgow University, so he is intending to follow in the footsteps of his Father. Alasdair (14½) was a lines-man at the French-Scottish Tennis International in Edinburgh. At the end of the match, these boys were taken with the teams for tea at the North British Hotel. He sat between a Scotsman and a Frenchman. He will remember this all his life!

Dorothy Anderson. She gives us this news of "little Andy" and her husband. They were both in England this summer visiting their married daughter, Maryvonne. Dorothy lives in an attractive old house at Slaley, Northumberland. She has a beautiful garden and sun parlour and, to add to her possessions, has just got a car and has passed her test too. In it we visited, with Nicky and her sister, the village of Banchland, an old monastery Community *Banchland* (1165) situated in the valley of the River Derwent. Parts of the Abbey survive in the church. The original gate of the Abbey is now the entrance of the village square.

Rutherford (Mrs Riordan) writes: "Very sorry I am unable to give you news of Armstrong. I have not met her since Royaumont. She used to come over to Victoria when Figgis was alive, but as I was living in the country at the time, we never met."

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1968

(Most of us will remember Armstrong. It was she who wrote the little plays that used to be acted on "free" evenings at Royaumont.—Ed.)

"This winter I went off with my son, Roger, and his family camping to New South Wales. There is here a most interesting prehistoric range of hills rising out of the plains. It is in this region that one finds the oldest plant and animal fossils in the world. The weather on the whole was quite good and we had great fun. Kangaroos wandered all over the Park, much to the delight of the children, one of whom, 20 months old, got hold of the word "gorgeous" and used it on every occasion, much to the amusement of the grown-ups." (Glad you are still going strong, Rutherford. Ed.)

**Macgregor.** (Mrs Hallam). Glad you found my letter. You are just in time to "catch the post." Ed.)

Macgregor thought she was to be made a great-grandmother, and (What a thought!), she says, but it didn't come off. The Scottish air finished it. Her other grandson, age 25, and still unmarried, is in the Army and as happy as a lark. No chance of me going to Scotland. Cost and distance are getting to be too much for a poor old hag living on unearned income (Tu tut, Ed.)

I am looking forward to hearing of our old pals. All good wishes to any left who remember me (Quite a lot, I am sure. Ed.)

**Jamieson** ("Jimmie") We were all very sorry that Jimmie was not able to come to the Reunion luncheon party as usual. But here is the reason, in a letter to the Editor:

"Thank you so much for writing about my absence from the luncheon. It was a great disappointment, but it was a terrible morning here with a fine old "swell" on the Clyde. I had to get the 8 a.m. ferry, and when I looked out, just felt that I would be mad to attempt it. The date of the Reunion came just at the height of that awful wet spell. If it had been this week now! Tonight, it looks as if the sun has taken itself off again, but we shall keep hoping.

"I look forward to the News Letter, but can't think of anything that would be of interest. I think that an attendance of 15 was remarkable. Dorothy and I are very well, but have had a very anxious six months with the serious illness of our brother. He came out of hospital today, and we may have to go to Glasgow to help his house-keeper. Fancy Glasgow in this weather! Hope your rheumatism is behaving." (Sorry to hear about your brother, and now away from hospital may he have a good convalescence.)

Torrance has been scurrying around the country and trying to avoid strikes. However, the Railway one got hold of her—"No taxis, no porters, no anything" and was glad to arrive home in a sound condition after, nearly, fourteen hours of travel. Incidentally some fun too, she adds.

She goes now and again to see Sister Rose Morris who must be lonely at times since her sister died. Torrance is full of good deeds. She has just ~~been~~ finished making up parcels for the Homeless that are always to be found in the large cities. We hope Torrance has found her spectacles. (Your writing was more or less legible this time.)

**Leng** writes: "I avoided the coal and power "cra's" by spending six weeks in Barbados. It is probably the most peaceful of these islands since they became independent, but, like everywhere else, in this world has not changed for the better in nearly 50 years since my first visit. Sugar is a poor second to the Tourist Industry. The Platinum Coast with its luxury hotels and villas lives up to its name. Having friends in Barbados who, like myself, enjoy a good evening at Bridge I always choose a locality near everybody I know.

During my visit to Australia Nyn Williams' delightful daughter was farming in Victoria with her charming husband and three teenage girls. Her brother has a very high command in the Australian navy.

In about ten days I go on my annual visit to Speyside to breathe the best air in Scotland. The more I travel the more thankful I am to live in this country, not yet completely spoiled by Trade Unions, psychoanalysts and POLLUTION.

**Rose-Morris.** We were all very sorry to hear of the accident that prevented her from attending the Reunion, June 23rd. It all seemed a bit of a "mix-up"—church, coffee, hurrying pedestrian, and then a fall. Sorry you should be the victim. We hope your stitches are now all out, and you are on the way of becoming once again our "blooming rose".

Your meeting with Maurice Chevalier during the war days is most interesting. I hope you enjoyed reading about yourself in the papers of the U.K. With regard to your last letter, may I say once again "I enjoy your letters in type better than those in script"! Effie does the translation, so all is well—Editor.

**Sister Whitworth** (Mrs Cadman). In your letter of sometime ago you were complaining about not getting into your garden on account of a strained muscle. I expect it is all right by now and your

garden looking very lovely after this really fine summer weather we have had. We must not lose sight of you. You are one of the three loyal "Seestaires" who have not forgotten the "Mees" of Royaumont. What a reception you three would get if you all appeared at the Reunion. As you will see from the Report of the General Meeting on June 23rd we numbered 15, not bad at the end of 50 years and more.

**Jackson.** We were glad to get news of Jackson again and were disappointed she was unable to attend our luncheon on June 23rd. Apart from Jamieson, Jackson and myself, we have no others coming from the West. (Ed.).

**Davidson (D.D.)**—one of our early orderlies—1915. In her letter to the Editor, she hopes I shall be able to get some material for the News Letter. It is **some business** I know, to collect News Items, and one's ranks are thinning with advancing years. She says she is in good health, but has to be careful not to fall as she gets "dizzy" now and again. She spends most of her time reading and listening to the Radio. In summer she has a camp-bed with a very nice duvet in her sitting room, and from it has a view of her lovely garden. In sunny days she sits out. She has a gem of a home help and a good gardener, so what more can one desire at 93? (Carry on, Daisy, you are a wonder!)

**Howard Smith.** We were sorry not to see Howard at the luncheon. She would have had a great reception! She and her sister have been staying with cousins in Somerset and Devon. She writes:— "It is such a treat to see so much lovely unspoiled country, unlike Hastings, which is like a rabbit warren, houses being built everywhere and crowds of people and over fat ladies.

I am having a list of friends up for libel. They will chide me for walking too fast and tearing up hill, etc., so bad for my age, etc. The only trying thing is that my feet go faster than my head. Hastings is also a place after one's money. There are always Sales, bazaars or tin cans to take round collecting. I have made up a little poem about this:—

"Bazaars to right of them,  
Coffee parties to left of them,  
Volleyed and thundered,  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs but to bring and buy.  
Wretched 600".

We are looking forward to next Saturday as we are having a six-day trip to Wales with some money left us, to be spent exclusively on trips!

These trips are wonderfully organised, no hurry, perfect hotels, and no crowds, or everlasting cars.

Please remember me to all at the Reunion. If I get "EARNIE" I will come up next year, like as not.

P.S.—I am so sorry about Ramsay. It is so difficult when anyone of our age has an accident.

**Manson and "Little Simpson"** (Mrs Gray) came to New Galloway for four days last autumn. They found our village hotel comfortable and convenient. We had some lovely motor runs and, at times, got through a wonderful amount of talking. I hope they come again. I enjoyed our time together very much.

In another portion of the News Letter Manson tells the story of Royaumont meeting with Greece. Don't miss it! It is interesting.

**Nicky** has become a most accomplished gardener. The Editor spent a week with her and her sister immediately after the Reunion. It was a little too soon for the roses which, in the month of July last year, were a wonderful sight—all colours and kinds. Nicky has now two green-houses, colourful and beautiful. In one is a flourishing vine that produces each year a plentiful supply of grapes to the household, and friends no doubt. They have a very naughty little poodle called Marguerite! She loves to chew up wicker waste paper baskets. She made a mistake one day and thought my new hat was just one of those! It was lying on my bed. She seized it between her teeth and galloped madly round and round the lawn. I watched it from a window and laughed and laughed because I did not know at first that it was my new hat! It was saved from total disintegration by the family. It had to get a stitch in it—but it was saved!

**Smeal.** I must give Smeal's letter in her own words. Her sense of humour seems to "**adoucir toutes les douleurs**" as we used to say at Royaumont.

"As to my news, it can be summed up in 'Non U' terms as 'Some old Sixpence!' In other words, I am still in the same Nursing Home as when I last wrote. I therefore lead a very humdrum existence, the 'villian of the piece' being my wretched old 'madrítés' (chiefly the right knee). Although I am subject to truly terrifying bouts of pain at times, on the whole the pain is not unbearable. I'm very lucky in that respect. I am also very lucky in still being able to drive my little car—much easier than walking—and, especially, in recently having had my Driving Licence renewed till

1975 without having to take a test! Hallelujah for that!

"You ask if I am now at home Oh, no! There is no question of that because, when I came here a year ago (plus), the house was being sold where I had my flat in Arundel, and I was obliged to pack up—a regular earthquake!

"Alas, alas! no congenial company 'dans cette galère.' A drearier bunch I have never beheld—mostly ninety (plus). Even I feel quite a chicken! I have been lucky in having several old friends from a distance (two separate ones from Crieff) coming to stay in the village for short periods which has been very pleasant. But, oh! how I dread the winter and the dark days. I do not drive in the dark.

"Howard Smith kindly telephoned me one day at short notice from Littlehampton, where she was staying. I was very sorry to miss her, but the day she suggested coming I was booked up, alas! Long live the remaining Scottish Women. With much gratitude to you."

**Dow.** Readers of our News Letter will be sorry to hear of her sister's long illness. They had hoped to get to Switzerland in spring for their annual visit, but it had to be cancelled. They may manage to go during the autumn. (Sometime we must have a meeting in Edinburgh, but the long, stone stairs of the Edinburgh flats scare me. However, if I can get up the stone steps leading to our friend, Olwin's cottage, I could attempt anything, I think! Ed.).

Sister Adam (Mrs K. B. Bushby). First of all we are so glad you have recovered from your bad attack of shingles. Those affecting the head and face are very serious. It must be good to be well again. Sister Adam has got into touch with Glossop! In the old Abbey days they travelled together to France and returned to England together. It will be better to quote her own words about how they met again after many years: "Having driven into St Albans one day, my daughter and I thought of "Betty" and stopped an elderly lady in the street and asked her if she could give us any information about her. Much to our astonishment, and hers, she said she was a sister of our Betty Glossop now Mrs Bennett." Since then, Sister Adam has visited Glossop at her home at Berkhamsted. Her house is surrounded by trees and ponies. We talked much about Royaumont, and our old friends there, Glossop has a daughter, and a son at Cambridge. She has a beautiful Great Dane, a good watch dog for her rather isolated house. Many of our members will be glad to get news of Glossop. She and her pretty daughter were at one of our London

Reunions. (So here you are again! Do write to us, Ed.).

**Daunt.** I was so very pleased to get your letter today. I answered your last by return but you say it did not arrive. This is one of several which apparently got lost. I don't know whether they are being censored. I was beginning to wonder whether my English friends were blaming us for the I.R.A. atrocities. I can assure you that quite 90 per cent of the inhabitants of the South are utterly ashamed and opposed to violence — of course they would wish for a United Ireland but are not mad enough to imagine that it can be achieved by violence. You are wonderful in keeping us all in touch. I am so very sorry to hear of Smeton's blindness. Is there no hope of a cure? even a partial one. Do tell Armstrong when you write to her that growing old may be a nuisance in some ways but it has compensations, i.e. one is forgiven for anything one chooses to do. People just say "Oh! You know she's old, also the most comfortable chair is immediately produced and everyone waits on one. I find young people of today very charming, even though their hair styles leave something to be desired. Often all one sees are two bright eyes looking through a hedge of hair. My young neighbours are so good about coming to tell me all they do or hope to do and they talk as though I were of the same generation instead of being old enough to be a great-grandmother!! Time flies, does it not. It is hard to believe how long ago it is since we were in France together. It would be such joy to see you and whoever is still left. My wanderings are over, arthritis is crippling me and I just hobble about with the aid of a stick, otherwise I am well, but a bit deaf, that, however, also has its amusing side for I just hear what I think has been said and then I hear the right thing, so I have news on the double. This has been a very active summer. The family from Europe, England, North and South America, all converged on the place. I don't know what bee stung them, since I took on trust having no idea what special ancestors they descend from. They also declared they were "of Kilcascan! I daresay they were right. Anyway they were all very pleasant, and in this wilderness one is delighted to see people. My two dogs and I, plus my wonderful man James find life a bit lonely. James of course goes home in the evening. Most afternoons someone calls and in the evenings, and most of the night I read.//

DAUNT.



**THE INVALID**

by Christian Don Warren

(1)

Lift me that I may see the rising sun  
Surmount the distant hills seen from my bed  
And watch the stars surrender one by one  
To the advancing day.

(2)

I want to see the dawn expand and spread  
Down to the valley 'neath the mountain steep,  
Where lambs awaken and begin to play  
Beside the mother sheep.

(3)

S I can then think of pasture, flowers and trees,  
Of crystal water trickling down the screes,  
Of fitting swallows and fat bumble bees  
And butterflies so gay.

(4)

E Then read to me some verses from a Psalm,  
For that will sooth, comfort and calm  
My restless mind—then screen the light,  
For gone will be the fears that haunt the night,  
And I shall sleep.

**STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS From 10th June, 1971, to 23rd June, 1972**

| RECEIPTS                    |     |     |               | EXPENSES        |     |     |            |
|-----------------------------|-----|-----|---------------|-----------------|-----|-----|------------|
| Carried forward             | ... | ... | £21.96        | Bank Charges    | ... | ... | 55p        |
| Subscriptions and Donations | ... | ... | £10.05        |                 |     |     |            |
|                             |     |     | <u>£32.01</u> |                 |     |     | <u>55p</u> |
|                             |     |     |               | Balance in Bank | ... | ... | £31.46     |

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