

Torlas

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



JANUARY, 1973

No. 12—Series 1

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, 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

Dear Royaumont-ites,

It was decided at our General Meeting in May 1973 that circumstances pointed the way to the closure of the Association in Edinburgh. The advancing age of our members, and the disablement of many, presented no easy journey by rail nor by car to Edinburgh. Dating back to the Editorship of Collum and Mackay and to that of my own, these Reunions have helped in no small measure to keep us in touch with one another, and the News Letter was a true bond. We regretted Ramsay's resignation of the Chairmanship. She was a most excellent Chairman, keeping us silent and in order when the Agenda came to be discussed, although this was not her only distinguishing feature! Her accident and the illness of her sister have made necessary her presence at home. We thank her for helping us along.

It was, too, with great regret we received the sad news of our President's death. Smieton

evinced great interest in the News Letter to the very end, and gave generously for its upkeep. Her health was poor during the last few years, but she never complained. It prevented her from attending the Reunions in Edinburgh after the first two years. But her interest never flagged, nor did it fade into the past. It remained a living memory. She lost her sight some years before she died, but her quiet courage never deserted her.

We thank Leishman, Moffet, Macnaughton and others for their help in organising the Reunions each year, and Stewart for seeing that the pennies rolled in to pay for the upkeep of the News Letter. These were no light jobs. We thank all other members who helped in many ways by their jollity and sense of humour. They created a happy atmosphere over all.

GOOD-BYE.

Stewart announces that no more "subs" are to be sent.

LETTER FROM OUR CHAIRMAN

Whyteknowe,
Peebles,

March, 21, 1974.

Dear Members,

How time flies, and how little one does — at least I do very little these days. I am glad that Miller has been busy getting the News Letter ready for the printers. It demands a lot of work. She must be quite unique in keeping in touch with distant Royaumontites, and getting their news from year to year. I have all the News Letters, and I think there are 48 of them. It is a wonderful record of those of us who were at Royaumont and Villers-Cotterêts.

Thank you, Miller, for giving us so much pleasure and keeping us in touch with one another. I hope to be at the luncheon if one can be arranged and see as many of the members as are able to be present. Good wishes to you all for good health in the future.

Yours ever,

RAMSAY.

Chairman.

FROM MOFFET TO OUR MEMBERS

9 Castle Street,
Brechin,

Angus.

22nd March, 1974.

Dear Members,

I feel sure we will all like to hear of a happy afternoon I spent with our late President, Lady Sanderson, Smieton to us, in October.

I was taken by the Matron to Smieton's delightful room in the Nursing Home, in Bath, and we started in to talk, mostly "Do you remember This and That?"

Later, a beautiful tea arrived, and still we went on with our chat. I shall always remember that Smieton was one of those who was kind to me on arrival at Royaumont, a really shy creature!

I have just had a meeting with Ramsay, and we hope to have a Luncheon and the annual General Meeting to discuss The Emergency Fund, and to wind up business of the Association.

Yours ever,

MOFFET.

ROYAUMONT AND VILLERS-COTTERETS ASSOCIATION

Annual Luncheon and Annual General Meeting

The Annual Luncheon was held at the Old Waverley Hotel, Edinburgh, on 11th May, 1973. An excellent lunch was provided and much enjoyed.

Those present were: Dow, Jamieson, Leishman, Moffet, Morris, Macnaughton, Nicky, Simpson, Sinclair, Stewart, Torrance.

Ramsay, Miller, Dr. Henry, Sister Adam sent their apologies and regrets. Leng was absent on holiday.

Members present welcomed as guests the visit of Monsieur and Madame Petitpierre from France, on holiday in England, as also Miss Una Moffet from Brechin. Thanks were given to Miss F. C. Moffet for arranging the meeting and luncheon.

Treasurer's Report.—Stewart reported that she had the sum of £6.90.

Emergency Fund.—Nicky reported she had £198.99 still remaining in the Fund. It was decided to carry on as before, as all members were getting older and might require help in the event of accident or illness.

As there were only three Trustees for the Fund—Ramsay, Miller and Macnaughton—and there should be four—Moffet proposed Jamieson, and this was seconded by Simpson and Mansen.

It was decided, with one more Reunion and Luncheon, to close the Association. There was to be one more News Letter.

In Memoriam

It is with great regret and deep sympathy to relatives and friends we record the death of two members of the Association.

Lady Sanderson (better known to us as Smieton) died on 11th February, 1974, at a Nursing Home in Bath. Ramsay, our Chairman, has sent the following tribute to her memory:—

Our members will be very sorry to hear of Smieton's (Lady Sanderson's) death on 11th February, 1974. She had been in a Nursing Home in Bath for some time as she went completely blind and had also diabetes. Her death was a complete shock to me, as the letters I had from her, though dictated, gave me no idea that she was so ill. Though I have not seen her for some time, she was one of my oldest friends at Royaumont, as we joined in

July 1916 and worked as Orderlies till Miss Ivens discovered I could type, after which I was transferred to the office. Later, Smieton took over as Dispenser.

She was a wonderful "out-of-door" person. She and her husband did a lot of mountaineering, not climbing, but walking in this country and also abroad. Many will miss her, but, I suppose, like most of us who were at Royaumont, old age is telling on us.

Sister Whitworth (Mrs Cadman), one of our favourite and most efficient Sisters at Royaumont died on 25th March, 1973. Her daughter wrote to me at the time: "She had been ill for a long time, and died peacefully in a Nursing Home in Malvern. She was 84 and had been a wonderful Mother. She often used to speak about her days at the old Abbey, and we always found that very interesting. She got a lot of pleasure from reading the News Letter, recalling those who had nursed with her. She liked getting your letters very much also from Stewart earlier in the year."

ROYAUMONT IN ITS FIRST DAYS AS A HOSPITAL

POUR LES "POILUS" BLESSES

Before beginning to prepare our last News Letter I received two extracts of letters written by Littlejohn (Mrs Hedderwick) to her family at home in Scotland during the first days of Royaumont as a hospital.

I quote the first one. It will interest and amuse those who were at the Abbey during the pioneering days. The first letter is dated December 12th, 1914.

ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST COOKS

At the present moment I am sitting in this beautiful old garden. I can hear the guns—the first time I have heard them since I arrived. I am off duty for two blessed hours, and it is nice to get away from everybody for a little time. We had a simply terrible crossing on Friday. Fortunately, I took Mothersill and was all right, but they said it was the worst crossing they had had this winter. Everybody was very ill except three of us, and we were nearly three hours late. At Dieppe there was the usual struggle to get through the Customs and, as our heavy luggage was not registered, two of us had to stay in Dieppe. I, being able to speak French fairly well, went on to Paris. Everybody else was feeling too feeble after the voyage, I had to

wrestle with the things at the station and at the Hotel. You would have laughed to have seen me, but it was just desperation that made me do it. We went to quite a nice Hotel near la gare du Nord. I had breakfast in my room as we hadn't got to bed until after midnight. On Sunday we, as least four of us, arrived here bringing two mattresses with us in the railway carriage. In what country other than France could one do that? Fancy travelling from Glasgow to Edinburgh and taking your mattress with you!

The Abbey is 1½ miles from Viarmes, such a nice little country town, with quite good shops. The Abbey itself is charming with lovely old cloisters and a real old fashioned garden with a little fountain in the middle, just what you see in pictures. The inside rather appals one at first, it is so large with so many odd staircases etc. In fact it is very "eerie," especially as there is no light anywhere at present and, as you know, a candle doesn't give much. One half of the Abbey is inhabited by some French people fleeing from the Germans to Paris, and we were kindly given the use of some rooms, as our own equipment had not yet appeared. The room I had felt very musty and, in the morning, my dress felt so damp I was afraid to get into it. What the uninhabited part will be like I dread to think.

I had an awful morning trying to get food ready, with the plumber every now and then putting my fire out. We have got a huge chef's range, in fact some of the parts are so heavy it is quite difficult for a woman to shift them. Thank goodness, Miss Swanston, the head cook, arrived on Monday night with 4 others of the party. They were quite unexpected, and I am afraid did not get much of a welcome. You see it is all very "muddled." One person I should like to remember is Miss Cicely Hamilton, a thorough Bohemian! She writes books, perhaps you have read some of them. I don't remember any of their names at present. She is the clerk and a most understanding person, and fortunately sees the funny parts. Certainly, if you could see Miss Swanston and me simply weak with laughter, you would be able to comfort yourself that I am not taking life too seriously, but, if we did not laugh, we would do the other thing. You see there is nothing in this place to work with until our things arrive from Edinburgh, so, for 25 people, we are cooking with two small pans, a few tiny bowls, a kettle, and that is all. The dishes are equally scarce, so it's a case of eternal washing-up, and there are also double meals and, really, by the

time we have cooked and fed all that lot we are almost past taking food ourselves.

This kitchen is a huge place with lovely arches and a nice door into the garden. At present we have nothing but candles, so it looks very gloomy, but they are going to put in a certain amount of electric light and also a kind of hot water system which will be a comfort. At present every drop of hot water has to be specially boiled. The kitchen is at present the only place where you can get any at all.

Of course there are any amount of chapels and some quite pretty windows. But what passages! Your skates would be the very thing if they could take you upstairs! The post comes only once a day, at 11.30 a.m. and the postman comes right into the kitchen. He thinks we are "très drôle"! It is only when I am going to bed or on my two hours off that I have time to think and "perchance to dream."

Next chapter in News Letter of 1975!

Nothing like hoping.

FROM FAR AND NEAR

Dr. Leila Henry. I think I mentioned in last year's N.L. that, owing to severe attacks of pneumonia, both she and her husband decided to spend their retirement in New Brunswick where their married daughter, Anne, and her family lived. A charming cottage was awaiting them there, designed by Anne's architect husband, and all pointed to happy days, but it was not to turn out that way. The downward swing came suddenly. Both she and her husband were hospitalised in different hospitals, both with severe heart conditions. Her husband, Dr. Stewart Henry, died on 8th June, 1973. He was a highly respected practitioner of his speciality—Gynaecology and Obstetrics—and a devoted teacher of these subjects. He was honoured by the Canadian Medical Association and made Senior Member. He received many more honours. In these sad times, Anne was always on the spot helping by her love and encouragement, her bereaved mother.

At the time of her last letter to me she was much better, "navigating" well with two canes along her lovely wooded lane. A perfectly wonderful improvement! In the house she can manage with one cane. It is now that she longs to be independent again, but rehabilitation takes long to establish itself, and demands patience all the way. We, Royaumontites, send you our best wishes, and hope that, in time, you will be able to enjoy the

beauty of your new home and the fun and laughter of your grandchildren.

Sister Adam (Mrs Bushby) writes: "A visit from Glossop! It was quite an exciting event. She and her daughter Diana were shopping in Watford, so thought they would come and pay me a long promised visit. We were great friends at Royaumont and still are. We can't expect to see Glossop very often, for her eyes trouble her and she never goes out alone. She has difficulty in writing, too.

Sister continues: "A few weeks before Christmas I had some trouble with a TV set, which was hired from Radio Rentals. The R.R. people sent two men to adjust the set, so they said, but two hours after they left, the whole set exploded! I phoned for my family and the Fire Brigade, because I saw flames by this time. No one was hurt I am thankful to say, but there was a good deal of destruction—carpet and curtains, etc. My flowers and flower pots all made a dreadful mess. It has taken a long time to get things back to normal. Many treasures have gone that I can never replace. For weeks I was interviewing insurance agents, 'adjusters', and all kinds of nice young men seemed to fill the flat for days. All my friends called 'to see the fire'. There was never a dull moment! The local press asked me for an interview, but I'd had quite enough excitement and publicity, so said a big 'NO'."

Sister Adam is very proud of her grandsons who appear to be doing well. One is now an architect with B.A. Hons. Sister finishes by saying: "It's lovely to be a granny, and I am longing to be a great-granny, wouldn't it be fun?"

Howard Smith sends us her news. I am so sorry the News Letter will be the last. I enjoyed them. I am having a "hec" of a time one way and another. Now I am alone, but I have good friends around, although I am very lonely since my sister died.

Hastings is becoming a rich slum. Houses are being pulled down, and flats, shops, etc., thrown up on land taken over. I had a marvellous time in Ireland near Belfast with my nephew and niece. They live in a lovely little village, Holyrood, and we did our shopping in Belfast. Soldiers in tanks were everywhere with guns at "the ready". We got held up at various points, poked, and made to show our purses, etc. The people round about are very nice and all take things very calmly.

I was annoyed the second morning I was there, as they diffused a bomb at Holyrood at 2 a.m. The whole house shook with the explosion, and the windows nearly blew in. I never moved!

Hugh was going to an official dinner one night. He was looking forward very much to it. When we arrived home he was in a fury, because he had been sent home at gunpoint—and he, Assistant Director of Public Prosecutions! (No wonder he was in a fury.—Ed.)

I wish I was nearer to you all in Scotland. I often think of the old times when we were together. I must stop now as I have to go out and sit with an old lady while her daughter is out.

I send good wishes to you all.

Simms writes: "I am glad that all is well with you in spite of 'tottery' legs! It is marvellous of you all to set forth the News Letter, not to speak of the Reunions from year to year (a good guess Simms.—Ed.). By the way, do I owe anything for the News Letter? (Shall soon let you know. I don't want you to be in the RED.—Ed.)

Yes, thank you, all is well with me. I still get about on a bicycle. In this part of the world it seems that the only cyclists are children and the elderly.

Last October I set off on a coach tour for Lebanon, Syria and Jordan via Cyprus. We arrived at Beirut the day the war broke out—most disappointing, as it was the second time I had planned to see Petra. However, four days of sightseeing—Baalbek, Sidon, etc., were fitted in. Then we were returned to Cyprus where the rest of the two weeks were spent.

I had a few words from Summerhayes at Christmas. She was spending the holidays in Nigeria with her daughter and son-in-law and four little boys. Her son-in-law is the British Consul there. She sends good wishes to us all.

Dow. I am glad to hear that Dow is much better and able to get about a little. I was sorry not to see her when I was in Edinburgh in October. Her sister died some time ago. She must miss her very much, for they lived together. (Hope to see you the next time I am in Edinburgh. Ed.)

Large. She writes: "I am in a home for elderly and retired people. There are 20 of us. We have a very nice large room divided by tall furniture, and our own bathroom, recently made, and for which we waited three months because the only man available had drinking bouts. However, the carpet is now down, but we wait for the telephone.

I can no longer run a house and garden, partly due to age and partly to the effect of X-Rays. They have made my hands difficult to use. My husband has taken it all in his stride, but I just faint away, a poor ending to a busy life. The surroundings are beautiful, and huge with age.

How are you? Is there a Scottish woman living anywhere near here? I often think of everyone, but where are they?" ("Sorry, Large, I looked up our list of members but there is no one in Herefordshire.—Ed.). I wish she had some of us near her.

"**Little Simpson**" (Mrs Gray). You like to hear about the family, so here, Editor, are some of their doings.

"Yes, Colin was married last July. He graduated B.Sc. with Hons. on the Tuesday, and got married on the Saturday! He is with I.C.I. in Ardrossan, and his wife nurses locally. Peter is in third year Medicine and studying hard; Robin, the architect son, is just back from a lecture tour in the U.S.A. where he spent some time at Charlottesville, Virginia; and Pat is still at school. Elizabeth is still busy with her pottery. A few days before the Election, Sir Alec Douglas-Home had been speaking in our little Church Hall. In his speech Sir Alec was simple, direct and thorough—a true peacemaker. Within hours, he was dining with Kissinger." Simpson aspires to be a grandmama, perhaps even a great-grandmama. She would be very proud of that status. I should have said a "granny" but am not going to change now.

Davidson. Grange Cottage, Dornoch, was D.D.'s home for many years, and a very lovely home it was. She and I were at Royaumont about the same time, but she never happened to be sent to "Mary", the Salle I was in for almost three years.

She writes: "I am at Cambusane Hospital for keeps. I am very well, not ill nor suffering. I have arthritis like many old people, but I have no pain—just old age. My sister has been having acupuncture treatment at £5 a time! I hope the cure is permanent. According to the Sunday Observer, it had been used successfully on a cow!

I am looking forward to your annual News Letter. You and I are indeed the 'Evergreens'. I am very well looked after here. I read a lot. The Red X people come every fortnight with library books for us. I also read the Scotsman and do what I can of the Crossword Puzzle. I have a big-gish cubicle to myself with light and heating. The food is administrated good and plentiful. There are three cooks in the kitchen, five or six fully trained Sisters and a host of orderlies—all administered by a man-Matron who alone lives in. All the staff are drawn from the country round about, and work in shifts. A lot of them drive their own cars. The whole atmosphere is good and kindly." (That place rather attracts me.)

Macgregor (our intrepid ambulance driver). I quote in toto her letter: "I shall miss the old Royaumont News Letter when it closes down, for it gives one news of some of the old ones who are still to the fore. The years are making up on us, and we are no longer young. All the same, it does not seem like nearly 60 years since I first went to Royaumont."

Well, you ask for news? I just sit here and time passes. I still do my own gardening, in fact I would be quite lost without it to occupy some of my time, and I do like it to sit in, when the weather is kind. I play a lot of Bridge. What a nice game it is for the aged. How true! You don't have to rush about as in other games. I still run my car and can travel around to play, so I am not tied to my own village.

You know, I am now a great-grandmother. Isn't it a dreadful thought. But Angus is quite a fine baby—eight months old and a perfect pest since he now can stand on his own two legs. His father is my younger grandson—the one who is brewing with Whitbread's and doing well. The other grandson is the Army one, and at present is in the desert at Muskat or Oman, with the S.A.S., very happy and always enjoys life. My daughter lives near Sheffield Park in Sussex, so I see her at any rate once a week on average. It is only 33 miles away.

I wonder if, in the last edition of the News Letter, you could put in a list of all deaths which have occurred amongst our members. I know there must be many about whom we know nothing, but I am very out of date now as to which of us are still alive. Age is pathetic in many ways, but I do think we have lived in a wonderful era. When I was a kid, even telephones and electric light were not universal. But I wonder if people were not happier in the old days, I wonder what babes like Angus are going to grow up to?

With best wishes to all Royaumontites who will be at our 'Swan Song' luncheon later in the year.

Jackson. "Sorry that this News Letter is the last one, but quite realise most things have to come to an end sometime. I would have written sooner, but I had an operation on my eye and, although now I can see much better, it is taking longer than I thought to get used to the change." (The Editor is sorry she has not met Jackson at any of the Reunions. She has so many questions to ask regarding the changes in Glasgow since she left the city many years ago. The one that interests her more than any is the road from Charing Cross westwards. I thought I knew it with all its bifurca-

tions, but I am told I wouldn't recognise it now, nor Charing Cross either.—Ed.)

Nicky. My sister and I are now living in a house that is really too big for us but to which we are always delighted to invite our friends and our relatives. We have a large garden that keeps us busy with its two greenhouses. Last year we grew all our own vegetables including tomatoes, colossal leeks and onions.

Last September we had a very interesting tour in the Highlands. We went by train to Edinburgh, then by road to Inverness where we stayed for five nights doing outings from there each day. We much enjoyed the beauty of the lakes, mountains and waterways.

I am looking forward very much to our next Reunion, in Edinburgh, and feel very sad when I think of the many who used to join us on this annual occasion."

Sinclair. (I think it is better to quote from her letter. I always find Sinclair's letters very interesting, so here goes.—Ed.)

"My daily help is a good worker but not experienced. This fact makes it rather difficult for me as I am not able to work with her. I have to explain everything, and it is very timesome. I have had my annual invitation to Waterloo for June or July and hope to go. I went last year and had a lazy time. Living is very dear in Belgium, so I fear we shall have to pay dearly for things here in Britain. They are bad enough at present. A friend who lives near me goes from shop to shop as prices vary from one to the other. As for the new book-keeping system, I do not understand it. There are always mistakes. These machines are the limit!

Last year I met an interesting man who had to do with the China clay in Cornwall. He told me about it in excellent English, so I never got a chance to 'air' my French.

Last summer I had surprise visitors. What a pleasure it was! (1) The American pastor, wife, and eldest son touring Scotland. Years ago, the newly married couple lived for some time in my house. It was wonderful that they should remember the occasion and return to see me.

My second visitors were the daughter and her husband of my Belgian friend with whom I stay every summer. Last time I took over as gifts to them some pieces of Caithness and Oban glass. It has been so admired and appreciated that a firm in the Avenue Louise, Brussels, has asked for some of it to be shipped over to Belgium. In this way I have been 'boosting' Scottish trade! Thanks, Editor, for giving us one more News Letter."

Rose Morris. I am sure we shall all be sorry to hear that she has had two accidents, one after the other, the first necessitating several weeks in hospital, the second not so serious but it meant hospital again.

We are glad to hear she is now improving. It is said that "a third time" is lucky, but we don't want our "Rose" to get knocked about again. Morris is one of the three Royaumont Sisters who have been able to keep in touch with us — Sister Morris, Sister Adam and Sister Whitworth, who died last year after a long illness.

Morris has been a regular attendant at all our Reunions and a very generous member of the Association. We hope she will soon be back to her own flat and settled down again comfortably.

Torrance thinks that it is time to "shut shop." Well perhaps it is. We have had wonderful times together, all arising from the far off days of the First World War. The Reunions and the News Letter have, without a doubt, kept us in touch with one another all those years. "Wha's like us?" I can imagine a loud response to this burning question.

Thanks for your letter — rather bad news followed by good — so, as "Jimmie" says, "Keep smiling." With best wishes to you and thanks for the News Letter. (I was very interested in the paper cutting you sent me. It is the foundation of a good discussion. Ed.)

Jamieson (Jimmie). She writes to me: "That was a very sad card that I received from you, but I suppose it was inevitable. It has been rather a unique publication and has given a great deal of pleasure.

I'm afraid I cannot be of much help to you as regards news. Living in a small, rather remote community with transport difficulties, one loses touch with distant friends, and that is why the annual "chat" was so enjoyable.

Do you remember towards the end of our time at Royaumont that we got a very mixed "bag" of "blesses" and even a few British. One of these in Salle "Canada" was very dour and difficult to get much response from, until he suddenly sat up in bed and, with a great big grin on his face, said: 'I've got it at last — S.W.H. STILL WANTING HUSBANDS.' He turned out to be quite a wag. Hope to see you in Edinburgh. Keep smiling.

Manson (Mrs Falconer). Thanks for your letter in true nostalgic mood. It was good to be reminded of the lovely countryside that surrounded the old Abbey of Royaumont—the fields blue with

cornflowers and scarlet with poppies (none too popular with the farmer). The woods were carpeted with cowslips, lilies of the valley, dwarf daffodils, all made gayer and more exciting by gorgeous butterflies, dragon-flies, and moths. No wonder the artists in our midst felt inspired. Manson continues: "Memories of Royaumont are still vivid in spite of the passage of time. To live and work in such an historic, old Abbey surrounded by the ghosts of the past, conjured up thoughts of earlier generations. But this was a time for action, not for thoughts of the past. The present was all important. There was plenty of work to be done by an enthusiastic band — some very knowledgeable, others, like myself, willing but inexperienced. There was a fine feeling of "camaraderie" and always a helping hand in a difficulty. We were not surrounded by red tape. There was mutual trust and respect, and there was never any thought of abusing this." (Royaumont deserves this tribute.—Ed.)

Thanks for all family news. Glad to hear that Aili is doing so well at the horse trials. I remember when visiting you many years ago how fascinated I was watching her quick responses to her grandfather's orders. She was getting her first lessons in riding. She was only a tiny child then (Editor).

Jackson. I do wish you would come to our next Reunion. Perhaps transport from Millerston to Edinburgh is rather difficult? That is my difficulty, never having had a car. I haven't been in Glasgow for years, but I am told I wouldn't be able to recognise that part of Glasgow I knew so well in those far distant times—from Charing Cross westwards. The date of the Edinburgh Reunion is not yet fixed. Ramsay and Moffet are having a meeting to straighten out affairs so you will hear in plenty of time. (*An extra by mistake!*)

"Peter" (Madame Campora). We shall all be glad to hear from Peter. She is still in correspondence with Oliver, Nicky, Dr. Henry, and myself. So she gets news of us all from time to time. It is good to know that the operation (for cataract, I suppose) has been a great success. To be able to read anything and to thread a fine needle are quite wonderful results. Peter thinks, like all of us here, that the way prices go up and up is "despairing". "They are just the same here," she says. They always go on talking about the indemnities we are to have for our properties stolen by the Algerian Government, but I imagine they are waiting for us to "die off".

Elizabeth, Yolande and the grandchildren all seem to be well. Elizabeth's sons are grown up;

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2:2

one is in America, the other in the Royal Navy. Bruce, Yolande's son is 15 and at school in Canterbury."

Thanks, Peter, for the £1 note you enclosed in lieu of subscriptions. I forwarded it to Stewart, our Treasurer. I thought by this time I would have had the date of the Reunion, but not so far. Ramsay and Moffet are having a meeting this week, I think. We miss Ramsay in the Chair, and affairs can't be so quickly decided on. Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose (Ed.). Best wishes to Lucien.

Leng has at last got settled down in her new flat in Moray Place, Edinburgh. She speaks of having a "lift" from the entrance of the flat to her house. It sounds ideal, particularly so for those of

her friends who have acquired a "limp". It must have been a frustrating performance waiting for the departure of so many workmen. They seem to create a "block" everywhere when they get into a house.

I hope we shall meet at the Reunion, the date of which has not yet been given me.

Rutherford. The "grands" seem to be an interesting little band and are amusing you quite a lot! I was greatly entertained by your stories of them.

The nightmarish tale of your "tangle" with the "Witches" after eating inedible fungi, which you appeared to have enjoyed at the time, is too grim a story for the last letter of "From Far and Near". I only hope you have by this time recovered from your nasty falls.

*No news from
Daint or Smeal.*