

The Meadows

Grosvenor Rd Reading

Oct 8<sup>th</sup> 1913

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My dearest Mary.

I was so glad to have your letter from Bellerive of 18<sup>th</sup> Aug: & am so sorry that you had it had a letter for so long, but really dear. I do believe ~~some~~ one must have got it at en route. & I do so wish you would give me in your next letter a permanent address, because I never know where to address you now-a-days & you generally don't put much on the head of your letters - this one only has "Bellerive" on it, & so I shall have to send this to Summerhome again, & also I can't send you any papers (which I often want to do) for fear of troubling people to re-address them, so do tell me where you can always be found safely. I had not heard anything of the Howard Wrights for ages so am so glad to hear about them - that Howard got over that bad illness all right - that they are happier - but such dears in their separate ways it was a shame they should have any friction. Of course I saw about Mr Clarke's death in the papers, but George did not write any of us, we have not heard from him for a very long time. Mrs Clarke is truly wonderful. she always seemed so much more delicate than he did. I remember Queenie Wright quite well I liked her very much & she used to be a great deal of an artist. I should like to see her again very much. I will give Miss Cavelli's message to Mother, poor old lady I can't imagine her little & thin. Well Mary dear there is lots to tell you but it is so difficult to know where to begin isn't it? Mary & I have just come back from our holiday, we had three weeks



abroad & one week in Devonshire first & we took Pat with us  
 to France. Our week in Devon was very nice, we stayed at Dulverton  
 & spent most of the time fishing or driving about the moor in a dog-cart  
 going to meet of the Stag hounds or fox-hounds. The weather was very good & the  
 moor was lovely with heather & gorse. The last two days we went over to  
 Synton, driving over Exmoor from Dulverton, and stayed two nights  
 at the Cottage Hotel as Pat was giving a concert in the Town Hall, &  
 she was staying with Dr Edward Ford, and Anne was at Glen Slyn  
 with the Tonges. The concert went off very well, tho' not a very large  
 audience, but every one was very appreciative. Pat had a friend, a  
 pianist Una Snauden, who played her accompaniments & some  
 solos. & the two girls played some very good music. Then Pat & I  
 started off for Chambéry, a little town near Grenoble in Savoy, & had a  
 very nice interesting day in Paris en route seeing the picture in Louvre, Luxembourg  
 & Trotyrland. We were awfully lucky next day as we found the  
 train de luxe to Aux-les-Bains was running still for two days longer, & was  
 almost empty as the season was at an end so we got places & had the  
 whole train to ourselves all the way to Chambéry, with drawing room  
 & armchairs & all the train to walk about in - so we didn't feel  
 a bit tired even after travelling all day. Chambéry is a charming  
 little provincial Savoy town with quite a character of its own, and the  
 most lovely picturesque views of hills & Alps in the distance, a very  
 pretty river, a quaint old Castle, streets, and trams running to several  
 beautiful places close by such as Challes les Bains, Lac du Bourget  
 & soon all delightful sketching places. The hotel was very nice & comfy  
 & had a charming maître & wife who spoke English & German and  
 every other language apparently. We went from here to Aux-les-Bains  
 which is the next station, but didn't care for that stuffy old place much. We  
 made a most exciting expedition in a motor over the Col du Galibier, and



Lauterit, the highest pass in Europe except one: it was tremendously grand awe-inspiring scenery & was quite a new experience to crawl up those fearful heights in a car. It was cold & harsh on the top of the pass, & there were the most delicate lovely rare little Alpine plants all gray & flowering in the grey moraine stuff on these bleak slopes among snow & glaciers. It was terribly fearsome when we began to come down the other side as the motor simply tore along the steep zigzags, the end of each turn we saw a bottomless gulf & clouds below - one could not help knowing what must happen if any bit of machinery went wrong: but I feel it was jolly good for one's nerves as one soon forgot about it - that glorious air. We stayed all night at La Grave which is 6,000 feet up. (The top of the pass is over 12,000) at a little hotel. It was so cold we had to keep a big wood fire going in our bedroom all night. Next morning early we motored down to Grenoble & spent the day there, a very pleasant handsome big town. Then we returned by train to Chambéry that evening. Another day we motored to the Grande Chartreuse a most interesting place with a tremendous atmosphere about it & although the valley - steep towering hills it is placed among - it was most impressive all so big & empty & dreary, for of course the monks were turned out 10 years ago & only their works & their memory remains. The cemetery & mortuary chapel are inside the walls of the monastery & we saw all the stone crosses which were put up only for the Abbots & Fathers, & a few of the plain thin wood crosses like lathes painted black which were stuck in the Brothers' graves. They were all buried without coffins ~~and~~ their faces to the ground. There is a most gruesome Death's Head draped in a pall sculptured over the door of the Mortuary Chapel, so horrible it haunted me for several days after. Their cells & refectory & kitchen are all left just as they were, & the library all lined & shelved with cedar which smells delicious, but all the books & pictures & statues of Saints and furniture are gone, and the big statue of St Bruno in the Chapter Hall is left. Each monk had a



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little house of 4 rooms & a garden to himself, & all the little neglected rose-bushes & plants looked so sad. The cloisters are huge, so large & cold & vast. The whole convent looks quite like a big village & is so large. The people in the valley were very sad when the Brothers were turned out, as they were very good to them & made lots of work for them in the winter, making roads & bridges & so on.

After Chaumont, we went for 3 days to Geneva, which we didn't care for much a big ugly town & with that peculiar Protestant atmosphere which strikes one so much after Geneva RC towns, but a girl we know had just been sent to school there & was suffering much from home-sickness, so we went & took her out for a happy day up the Salève the big mountain above Geneva from where we saw a splendid view of Mont Blanc & all that range. We came back by Paris, & spent 3 days there through every shop & everything, bought each a hat, & went to one of the new theatres - the Champs Elysees where we saw Mistinguett dance the Tango most beautifully - it's such a lovely dance so swift & graceful, tho' it could not be managed in a ball room in its true form I fear.

We got back to Reading last Tues. week - I have been hard at work ever since beginning of my Bacteriology Course of lectures & classes. I have 26 advanced students in my class this session, a good lot to look after, & the Assistant for Cereals is ill so I have to take his work for the present. All the family are very well & we spent 2 days with them in London, & went to the links with Dad & Mother & Rita. Rita thoughly enjoyed her trip with us, she is a very interesting person to travel with, so thorough alive & interested in everything. She is going to give a Concert in the



Tom Hall here on the 29<sup>th</sup> is working up music for it now.  
 Anne has been ill at Synton, but is better now, she isn't very strong just now  
 & really wants far more care than she gets as she is so uncomplaining & never  
 quires. I'm told she is quite ill. Tom & family are well. Tony will be going to a

boarding school next term St Bee's I think. We are having great festivities here

in honour of the College being 21 years old. we had a big dance the other night, &  
 there has been a Dinner, & an At Home is to be given by the Coll: authorities  
 next Saturday.

This is a stuffed letter, just like a guide-book! but you  
 must forgive it. I dare not begin on books or thoughts or should go on writing  
 for ever. how I wish we could have a talk instead.

Well goodbye for today dearest. write soon & send me an address. Do you  
 see the English Review? it's very good generally. & worth reading.

Much love always.  
 From your friend  
 Heather