

stop yourself swinging out of control, specially if you carry a heavy load on your back.

Needless to say the teeth chattering patient was not the only one to be restored by a hot bath and dry clothes. They came in relays all day, festooned the kitchen with damp clothes, stoked up the stove, cut up piles of logs, consumed mountains of oatcakes and scones along ^{with} the hot venison stew and brought out their family photographs and mouthorgans. Next day they also cleared the drive of snowdrifts from top to bottom and went on their way rejoicing.

Pretty soon after that a slow thaw set in during the day, serious attempts were made to open the main road, the Home Guard up and down the Glen mustered its troops along with their shovels and pick axes. The supporting force of women trekked along to the work places ~~along~~ with their Thermos flasks and baskets of food, in turn. How to find the actual road was difficult enough, the towering walls of ice and snow cut on either side of it were formidable, as high as the telephone wires in some place. When finally the road was passable again and the telephone restored there was great rejoicing in the Glen, we felt that the spring was truly on its way.

With the spring came our first visitors with news about the War and the changing world outside. Events beyond our control began to involve us again and we began to plan for

peace time. We saw the end of our life in the Glen approaching with deep regret, yet we felt able to cope with the new problems and uncertainties of the future. We had proved ourselves able. I for one had learned that the simple life close to nature was important to me and that I should always strive to return to it, preferably in Scotland where the language of the past is still heard, among the solitude of the hills.

Marty continued on November 16th, 1988:

Peace now brought with it many problems for all of us as we went on our separate ways. Peggy had bad health and housing difficulties and I found very soon that my marriage was totally unworkable. I took on the full time care of a motherless little girl in exchange for the use of a house and garden in shattered Caterham. There I started a small kindergarten which was very successful. Within two years the rate of expansion became frankly terrifying and I needed bigger premises. Instead, I handed over the whole concern to one of my ambitious assistants who was vastly better equipped to become a headmistress than I was. Thankfully I took off with my child and my belongings on yet another May morning, on another Scottish adventure.

My sister Honey, had taken four months leave from her job in Zurich to help me get established in the house that I had found in Glen Prosen. I was going to make my fortune there taking in paying guests. I found it via an advertisement in the Dundee Courier which came to me wrapped around the salmon from Glenesk. This house, called Glenterry, turned out to be a partly furnished shooting lodge in a tiny village, folded in hills and golden with broom. Crooked around it were the beautiful little church, the manse, the school, a village hall, a tiny post office, a farm and a couple of cottages. The laird lived at Balnaboth, up an impressive beech avenue. The public road came to an end at Glenterry. Though the house was shabby and none too clean it was like coming home and we loved it.

On our first walk up the avenue to the laird's home farm we met the game keeper who turned out to be none other than Beadie, he of the concertina on the shores of Lochlee, Glenesk; a happy omen, we felt, and so it turned out to be. He had a nifty knack with rabbit and trout and soon helped to stock the larder, as of old. His youngsters made friends with Chris at once and so did the children from the Home Farm, the Smiths. They all took him to school on the first day where he was made very welcome.

On our first Sunday we were officially welcomed by the minister from the pulpit and the Lord's blessing was called down upon us. After church the chief tenant farmer and elder of the kirk took me aside and offered me half a black market sheep any time we might need it. Another neighbour left a sack of grain at our back door, for the chickens I was going to have.

At this time there was still strict food rationing throughout the land and I had to have permits for everything and account for every meal served. Though people were able to move about more freely in cars and buses, austerity still prevailed as far as holidays went. One egg per week per head and taking your own towels and soap, were still the rule. I was convinced that a little luxury here and there would soon bring in the guests to Glentworth and enable us to have a comfortable home life at the same time, and so it turned out. A very few judicious advertisements in the Times' personal column and the Courier did the trick, southerners came in the off season and Dundonians came in July and August. We managed to squeeze in 6 to eight people at a time and very interesting the various mixtures turned out to be. We adapted our style to the preference of the current house party and were greatly rewarded for our efforts.

When our first season ended after weeks of interesting and often hilarious happenings we could afford to buy a car and
