



Paris Branch

Newsletter

N° 29 - October 2024



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Chairman's introduction to the October 2024 Newsletter.

Welcome all to a wet autumn.

Both Janet and I have been very busy preparing Poppy boxes, some of which have already been distributed, the remainder will go out next week. We have quite a few new outlets this year which is encouraging.

We have also been busy preparing goodies that will go on sale at the Poppy appeal coffee morning on Thursday 24th October at the Ambassador's residence at the Embassy. There will be a raffle at the coffee morning, so if you could bring in a suitable prize to donate that would be much appreciated. Feel free to also bring in some goodies that we can sell to raise funds.

Last month Janet and I prepared the monthly lunch which everybody said they enjoyed. This month there will be a lunch on Wednesday 30th. Phillipe Sechet and his wife have kindly volunteered to cook the lunch. As soon as we have the menu we will let you know.

We are finalising the programme for the 11th November Remembrance service to be held at St Louis, Invalides. This will be the last time we hold our service at St Louis, because next year we shall be back at Notre Dame.

This year marked the 80th anniversary of D Day and the 85th year since the battle of Britain. Next year will see the 85th anniversaries of the ends of WWII – in Europe on May 8th and in Japan on 2 September.

Janet and I, along with invited guests attended the Battle of Britain ceremony at the Arc de Triomphe which was followed by drinks at the Embassy.

Hope to see you at the lunch and coffee morning.

Best,

Richard

JANET'S OCTOBER QUIZ



1. What is the birthstone for October?
2. Which famous artist painted "Guernica"?
3. What is the zodiac sign for people born between October 23 and November 21?
4. Which future US President commanded the Allied Expeditionary Forces in Europe in World War II?
5. What is the traditional flower for October?
6. Which famous poet also wrote horror stories (one involving the rue Morgue)?
7. What is the name of the full moon that occurs in October?
8. Which country celebrates Oktoberfest, a famous beer festival, in October?
9. What is the name of the famous battle on October 21, 1805?
10. Which famous musician was born on October 9, 1940?
11. What is the traditional birthstone colour for October?
12. Who invented dynamite?
13. Which famous explorer reached the Bahamas on October 12?
14. Which famous author was sent to prison in the UK but ended up in Père Lachaise?
15. What is the name of the famous painting by Johannes Vermeer that was stolen on October 12, 1971?
16. What is the name of the famous Bram Stoker novel published on October 26, 1897?
17. Which famous artist painted "The Night Watch" now in the Rijksmuseum?

Answers on last page

EVENTS & CORRESPONDANCE

Fiona Terris sends this appreciation of an event held at Clichy on Sunday, 8 September. The links at the end provide some extra information and pictures:

Over the years I have attended the RAF annual commemoration at Clichy several times. It holds a special significance to me as a Lancaster crew came down over my town in the Val d'Oise in August 1944. They were taken to hospital, a recently opened primary school, but sadly nobody survived. My children attended the school which has a plaque at the entrance and holds an annual commemoration. I visit their graves in the cemetery when I can.

This year was the 80th commemoration and was very well attended. Many local dignitaries were present, representatives from the military including the Embassy of Australia, school children, flag bearers from veterans associations, the Mayoress of Southwark (twinned with Clichy) and a delegation from ParalympicsGB. Sadly this year there was no representative from the British Embassy.

The cortège formed up at the entrance and proceeded to the French Carré Militaire, then the tomb of the Unknown Soldier and finally the CWGC section. Wreaths were laid at each spot, and finished with a ceremony with speeches and the national anthems of the UK, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and France led by a 4 part harmony group.

It was a very moving occasion, and I was glad to have taken part. Thanks to the municipality of Clichy for honouring the sacrifice of the fallen and keeping alive their memory.

<https://www.cwgc.org/visit-us/find-cemeteries-memorials/cemetery-details/2097256/clichy-northern-cemetery/>

<https://www.aerosteles.net/stelefr-eaubonne-lancaster>

Laurence David-Grant writes:



Among all the ceremonies held for the 80th anniversary of the liberation of towns between Utah Beach and Strasbourg by the 2nd Division Blindée, was the spa town of Vittel. I have already recounted the story of my mother's experience in the FrontStalag of Besançon and Vittel where 3.000 British women were interned – you can find it on our website rblfrance.org under “Members’ Stories” – I had thus a personal interest in attending the commemoration there.

It was at the entrance of the Vittel camp that General Leclerc said : « L'Angleterre nous a offert l'hospitalité en 1940 et nous a généreusement soutenu. Je suis heureux qu'il soit donné à un général français de vous rendre votre liberté »
Vittel is well worth a visit for many reasons but if you find yourself there, do visit the "Musée du Patrimoine" which has a room devoted to the prisoners' life in the camp.

NB A new guide Michelin called « Voie de la 2eDB » can be found free in the tourist offices of those towns liberated by the 2ndDB In it you'll find information on no less than two hundred towns.

And, from Rosemary Rudland:

Passchendaele, Flanders, 1917:

In his book, 'The War in Outline 1914-1918', infantry officer and historian Basil Henry Liddell Hart writes that, shortly after the end of the 3rd Battle of Ypres, a principal coadjutor of Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force, paid a visit to the scene.

When his car neared the fringe of the battle-line, he was so appalled by the land « battered, beaten, and torn by a torrent of shell and explosive...hills and valleys alike were but waves and troughs of a gigantic sea of mud », that he burst into tears, crying « *Good God, did we really send men to fight in that?* ». Such were Flanders' open fields, once peaceful, fertile countryside with peasant farms and hamlets, now barely concealing thousands of human and animal bodies who had slipped and often drowned in the giant shell-holes, or pounded into dust. "*No battle in history was ever fought under such conditions as that of Passchendaele.*»

One of those lost in that treacherous slime, and never found, was my great-uncle, Lieutenant Jack Cecil Watson, 10th Bn Middlesex Regiment. Born in East Yorkshire in 1896 to John and Emily Watson, Jack entered Hymers College, Hull, in February 1906 (the 944th name in the ledger book), here he earned his First XV Colours, with the commentary « Has played many good games, and is quite good considering his size », and was promoted to both Library and



school prefect. He left in May 1915 to join the army, Sadly, many former students and staff were to lose their lives in the Passchendaele offensive, and one day the dreaded message

arrived: *“We hear with much regret that Lieut. J. C. Watson, Middlesex Regt. has been reported wounded and missing. He is well known to most Hymerians, and we hope that e’er long better news will be received.”*

But the “e’er long better news” never came, and losing their younger son was a bitter blow to my great-grandparents. A stained-glass window was placed in Holy Trinity Church, Hull, dedicated to his memory, and John Watson had a brooch made specially for his wife in the form of the crest of the Middlesex regiment. I’m proud to have inherited this memento of the « Die-Hards », surmounted with the Prince of Wales feathers and inscribed “Ich Dien” and “Albuhera”. The term “Die-Hard”. was attributed to the regiment in honour of the determination and bravery of its Commanding Officer, Colonel Inglis, during the « bloodiest battle of the Peninsula War’ -Albuera, fought on 16th May 1811. The Middlesex Regiment is the only regiment in the world whose motto has become part of our English language.

Killed on the Western Front, at the age of 21, but not forgotten. Jack’s name is commemorated on a panel high up on the South Rotunda at the Tyne Cot Memorial to the Missing, which bears the names of 33,771 British and 1,165 New Zealand servicemen who fell from mid-August 1917 until the end of the war. Both the Memorial and the cemetery, just 12 km from Ypres, were designed by Sir Herbert Baker and John Truelove. Tyne Cot is the largest Commonwealth War Graves cemetery in the world and contains 11,968 graves. A tragic reminder of the post-war battlefield clearance, 7 out of 10 graves have no personal identification.

Last May, 47 students from Hymers College went on a study trip to France and Belgium to explore the battlefields, enrich their understanding of the GCSE case study on trench medicine, and visit the graves of Old Hymerians who lost their lives in WW1. Every year in November, the school pays tribute to the 208 pupils killed fighting for the country, by holding a Remembrance Service when all their names are mentioned.



On behalf of my family, I would like to thank all the students and staff involved in this long-term research project - and particularly Victoria Bastiman, Alumni Engagement Officer, Helen Robinson, and team, from the History Department - who, by their relentless work on the very meaning of

the war's sacrifice, keep the stories of the Old Hymersians alive, and bring to mind the iconic last line of Laurence Binyon's famous poem, For the Fallen: « We will remember them. »

Rosemary Rudland
Member RBL-Paris Branch
Photos: Family Collection

COMING EVENTS

There is still time to sign up for the Embassy Coffee Morning. Do come - and bring your friends.



THE 2024 POPPY APPEAL COFFEE MORNING
will take place by kind permission of HM Ambassador at

The British ambassador's residence,
39 rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris 75008

THURSDAY 24th OCTOBER, 2024
1030 to 1200

Reserve
janetwarby@yahoo.com or by telephone 01 39 28 90 28

Browsing Old Books

Back in the seventies an erudite friend, Michel Verdier introduced me to “Chez Emile”. This was a curious weekly ritual attended by a clique of bibliophiles in a small ground floor room in the rue de Cluny next to the museum. The room was open one morning a week on a Saturday and the band of aficionados would arrive to discover, on the naked floor a higgledy-piggledy collection of books scattered there.

“Emile” was a book dealer. This pile of literature, a heap of miscellaneous volumes, old and new, large and small, in various languages, consisted of his rejects after another week buying up the collections of recently deceased booklovers, mostly in the hallowed halls of that other phenomenon of the time - Chez Drouot.

Drouot, which as you may well be aware, was the only well-known auction house in France until 2001 when the 200-year-old law which granted a quasi-monopoly to a few licenced *commissaires-priseurs* was relaxed. This allowed Sotheby's and Christies to appear on the scene successively in 2001 and 2002 raring to go and grabbing much of the top end of the market. The Drouot, however, is still eminently visitable. It constituted - and still does constitute in more modern and less picturesque surroundings - a sort of constantly changing museum of the unpredictable. Any one of its numerous sale rooms can harbour vast collections of furniture, artifacts, jewellery, sometimes exceptional

works of art, different every week.

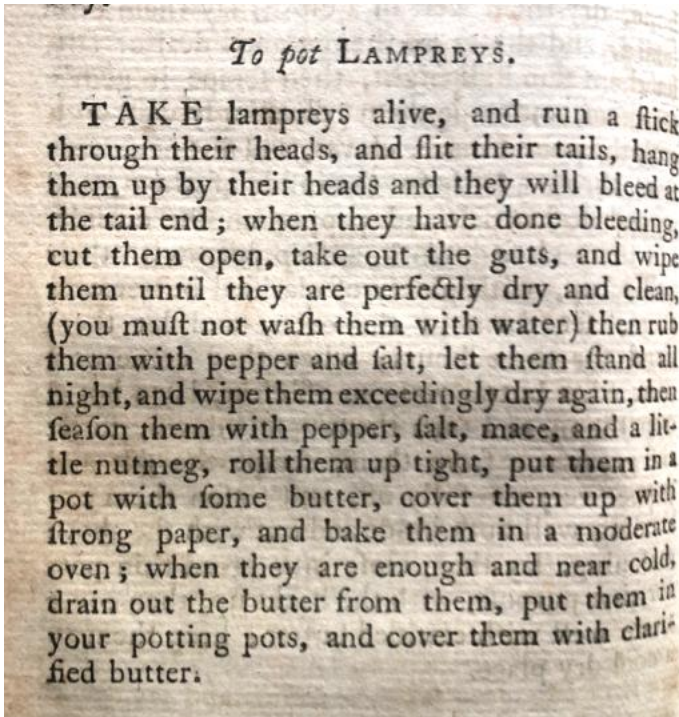
This then was one of Emile's hunting grounds. A dealer with an impressive list of devoted clients with specific interests, he would buy up collections from which he selected those works he could sell profitably. The rest he threw into that little room on the rue de Cluny and sold for ridiculously low prices. Now, although he had obviously, with a practised eye, extracted those of substantial value there remained in the heaps of rejects a lot of unexpected treasures.

It was there that I purchased a coverless but otherwise complete example of "The Experienced English Housekeeper" with its - to our eyes - extraordinary recipe for Yorkshire Goose Pie which involves a goose, a turkey, two ducks, six woodcocks

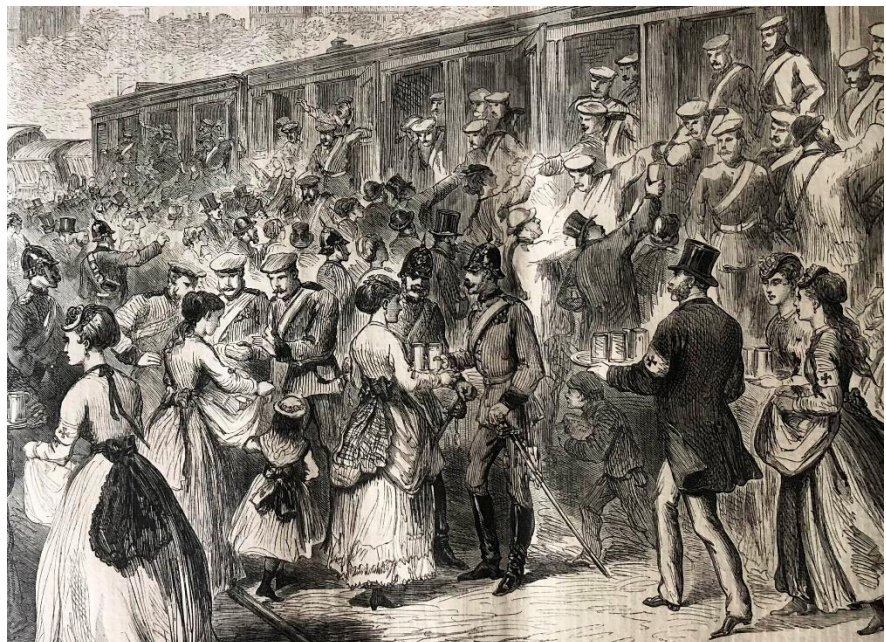
and a hare. The turkey is stuffed into the goose and the hare into the turkey, the ducks

and woodcock serving as garniture as you make the crust of the pie with 24 lbs of flour and six pounds of butter. After a substantial Christmas dinner there may be a little left

over for supper. For those of you interested there is a nice page in Wikipedia [here](#) with a few extracts including the bit about how to roast a pig. This is remarkably detailed, going, as it were, to the heart of the matter, beginning with "Stick your pig just above the breastbone, run your knife to the heart. When it is dead"



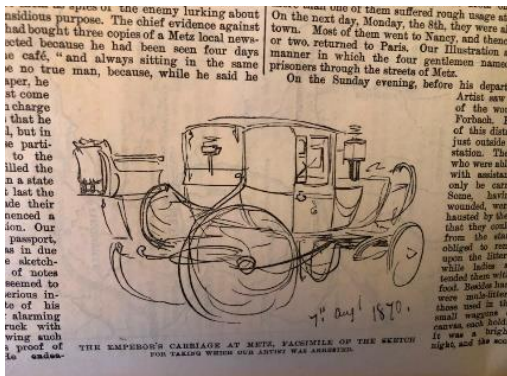
Another recipe for the more adventurous cook





There were other finds too one of the most interesting being bound copies – in one volume, of the “London Illustrated News” and the “Graphic” covering the periods July 1870-Sept. 1871. This covers the entire Franco-Prussian war and the Paris Commune. It is interesting to see the events reported in an English paper because British observers were uninvolved with either side in the war and free to communicate – as best they could - with the outside, which included

messages by balloon from the beleaguered capital at the height of the Commune. The first mention of the developing situation in Paris is from the jaundiced eye of a journalist who observes “the improvised defenders of the national soil in novel and bizarre uniforms strutting and lounging wine shops In warlike plumes. The actual outbreak of hostilities is recounted below with a certain detached boredom. It is always fascinating to consider the splendidly engraved illustrations of that pre-photography journalism although their value as accurate documents must be



questioned – the two pictures, “Soldiers leaving Paris” and “Soldiers leaving Berlin”, could be more or less interchangeable if it were not for the headwear. It would appear that in fact the presence of reporters rapidly became less acceptable. One of those working for the ILN was arrested for having made this highly suspicious drawing of the emperor’s carriage. The latter part of the war was, of course marked by the Paris Commune, a two-month period when the city was in rebellion against its own government. English reporters were still around and the ILN has a

stirring account of one of its correspondents who managed to attach himself to a group who commandeered a balloon on the Place de la Concorde and flew to Versailles to descend by chance into the hands of the by now victorious German army, the commanding officer of whom took him to dinner,

its own hand.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.
THE WAR.
FRANCE.
(From our own Correspondent.)
PARIS, Thursday, July 21.

A sufficient pretext has been at length found, and the friendly intervention of foreign Powers has been disregarded, and the Liberal Empire goes to war on a mere point of etiquette, just as in days gone by, when, under the influence of a personal régime, the empire was accustomed to go to war for an idea. Paris applauds the decision that has been come to in so far that bands promenade the boulevards nightly, chanting “The Marseillaise” and shouting “A bas la Prusse!” in spite of injunctions to the contrary issued by the Prefect of Police. Subscriptions flow in for the benefit of prospective sufferers from the Prussian needle-guns, and the newspapers, with one or two exceptions, throw themselves might and main into the struggle.



encouraging him to write his story.

One well-known aspect of the Commune was the fact that food supplies became so bad that the contents of the zoo and household pets became desirable additions to the menu – as illustrated here. However, for me the most interesting article of all is a totally different affair. Having spent my early years in a school run by the Sisters of Charity, I was duly imbued with the essential Catholic dogma. This included the Infallibility of the Pope (then Pius XII of doubtful reputation now). I am pretty sure we youngsters all thought that infallibility must obviously go all the way back to St. Peter.

Somehow or other the details of the affair had escaped me for half a century or so and thus it was with some surprise that I fell upon the article which I reproduce in its entirety here. Apart from the fact that Papal infallibility goes back only to 18th July 1870, interesting in itself, the intriguing part is in the second part of the article which I recommend to your attention. *During the event there was a violent*

thunderstorm flashes of lightning darted about Storm clouds so dark he could not read

Pope Pius (IX this time) obviously couldn't take a hint!

I have one more volume of interest which I recuperated from the fruitful floor of that splendidly casual book dealer of half a century ago. This is a three kilo, magnificently bound, complete series of the weekly journal that was published during the 1878 Paris World's Fair which took place from May to November of that year. The promised series of 30 weekly journals ran to 40 in the end. However, that's worth keeping for some other time.

Mark Yates

clads yet constructed.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL COUNCIL AT ROME.

The ceremony of proclaiming the new dogma of Papal Infallibility, in accordance with the resolution of the Ecumenical Council, took place on the 18th inst., in the temporary council-hall, which is the north transept of St. Peter's Cathedral. There was no procession or other pageantry, and very few spectators were present. Two or three hundred seats of the members of the council were vacant, many having been compelled to leave Rome because of the heat of the summer. The Pope having entered quietly and taken his seat, a mass was performed, and was followed by the Litany of the Saints, and the hymn "Veni Creator." The secretary to the council then read the decree announcing the doctrine of infallibility, and the names of all the members of the council were called over, each Father responding with "Placet" or "Non placet." This lasted an hour and a half, during which time there was a violent thunderstorm; the loud peals frequently interrupted the reading of the list, while flashes of lightning darted about the majestic building. When the record of the voting was taken up to the Pope, the storm-clouds made it so dark that he could not read it without a huge wax taper. His announcement of the result was received by the assembly with a great clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs. It appears that 533 Fathers voted for the dogma, 88 voted directly against it, 62 were in favour of it with some modifications, and 70 declined to vote. We give an illustration of the scene when the secretary was reading the decree from the pulpit at the lower end of the hall. The Pope is seen enthroned at the upper end.

PRIZE CATTLE AT THE ROYAL



Declaration of Infallibility



**Don't forget to
book in for this
month's lunch.**

**Mercredi 30 October
1215 for 1230
Only €18 - Pay on the day
(in cash please)**

Contact Richard at 06 45 10 47 70 or
richard.neave05@gmail.com

*Reserve early to be sure of a place.
(Cancellations up to 48h before)*



LUNCH MENU Wed 30 October

APERITIF

STARTER
Mixed Autumn Salad

MAIN COURSE
Cordon Bleu and Courgette terrine

DESSERT
*Merveilleux de Fred
(smooth chocolate meringue)*

WINE SERVED WITH THE MEAL

COFFEE OR TEA

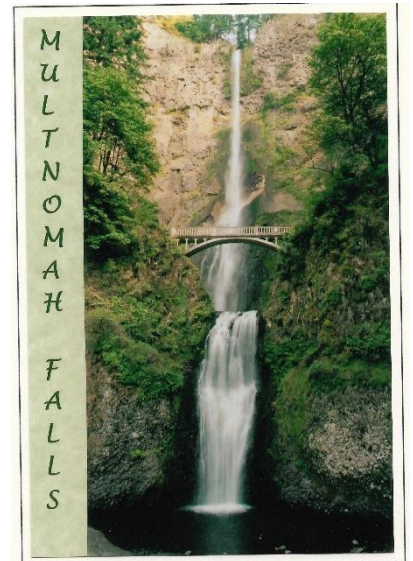
Down the Columbia & Snake Rivers July 2024



Our holiday this year took us across the pond to the Western side of the USA. to Portland, Oregon to pick up the Columbia River. On arriving in Portland Airport my bag came through, but Roger's was nowhere to be seen. Fortunately, it arrived on the next waggon train, so the nail-biting interval was abbreviated.

The company American Cruise Lines welcomed all passengers, and we were soon on the first trip of our holiday to the mighty Multnomah Falls, a sort of double waterfall, rebounding off a ledge halfway down. At 620 foot high it is the second highest in the area after the Yosemite Falls. They are, as you can see, spectacular.

Back at Portland we transferred onto our River Ship – The American Harmony. A nicely appointed boat, our cabin had a balcony, bathroom etc. with coffee and tea making equipment in the cabins. Meals on board were invariably good but we mostly went for half portions. The American requirement for giant helpings of food is a little wearing after a bit. Obviously, generous supplementary facilities were also provided where the insatiable could fill the odd gap with hotdogs, pizza and burgers between meals.



Fort Clatsop was our next stop. This was built by Lewis and Clark of the expedition named after them, pioneers who found the way towards the Pacific Ocean. After the Louisiana purchase in 1803 they were charged by Thomas Jefferson with the exploration of this new territory and did much to prepare it for the western migration which followed. The fort is tiny, a contrast to those huge ones in the John Wayne Wild West movies. The beds in the two main rooms were very small. The day started with the raising of the Flag and singing the National Anthem which we witnessed. “God Bless America” was said at the end of it with hand on their hearts. One man said to me why did I didn’t put my hand on my heart, my reply was “I am British and God save The King!”



Kalama, 90 miles west and near the mouth of the river was our next port of call. Originally a tiny settlement, its fortunes hit a high spot in 1870 when it formed a base for the construction of the Northern Pacific Railway. For a while it had a port, a sawmill, hotels, a hospital, stores, saloons, a brewery, a gambling hall and a large Chinese population who laid most of the tracks. The railway moved on, however, and Kalama drifted back into obscurity. There subsists a monument to the areas first inhabitants first inhabitants, the Cowlitz Tribe, with the largest totem pole I have ever seen. It was 140 foot high and is now lies in the Mountain Timber Market.

From here we visited Mount St. Helens in southwestern Washington State, about 50 miles northeast of Portland. It is one of several lofty volcanic peaks that dominate the Cascade Range of the Pacific Northwest. A magnificent sight, especially as there was still snow on the top of the mountain. The flora and fauna were also wonderful. All very splendid provided one can forget the enormous eruption which occurred in 1980.



Hermann the Sturgeon

Our next port of call was a place called the Dalles. We were taken to the Bonneville Dam where we were shown how the dam works. There were no less than five locks to go through, always an impressive experience. There is an aquarium there with what they advertise as a sturgeon called Hermann. It appears though that the sturgeon here, for some obscure reason, have been

subjected to numerous attacks with knives and theft of fish and the current Hermann is the one of several successors to the name. Nonetheless the current Hermann the Sturgeon is estimated to be about 80 years of age, and his “birthday” is celebrated annually. He is a fierce looking fish. We also saw lampreys which are a bit weird. The sturgeon is already a very primitive fish, but lampreys beat them hollow. They are so primitive that they haven’t even developed proper mouth parts. Indeed, some specialists hesitate to call the lamprey a fish. As you can see in the photo the sucker disc which replaces the mouth is designed for its preferred diet – attaching itself to its prey and sucking its blood. The only creature I know of which more revolting is the hagfish which latches onto a fish, eats its way in and devours it from the inside. The hagfish’s slime producing abilities are incredible. Look it up if you want more.



Lampreys

We then moved on to Richland, Washington State and Pendleton, Oregon. These two states are separated by the Columbia river. We visited the Sacajawea State Park and Interpretive Center. Sacajawea was the Native Indian woman who guided Clark and Lewis on their exploratory expedition. She had a couple of children and died at the age



Statue of Sacajawea and child

of 24. The youngest boy was 'adopted' by Clark. Sacajawea was a Lemhi Shoshone woman, one of two squaws owned by a Frenchman named Charbonneau. Her son was called Jean Baptiste Charbonneau and was born on 11 February 1805. Sacajawea was a great help to Clark and Lewis as she stopped them eating the wrong type of berries and nursed them through illnesses. It was an opportunity to see how the native people of the area lived, worked and entertained themselves. A hard life but not without its attractions and consolations.

We dropped off at Clarkston, Washington State on the Snake River. We docked and had a look about the town. I needed to go to a chemist or drug store. "Three blocks away" they said, "Great, I'll walk." I said. I thought they looked at me a bit funnily as I set off. I was walking for ever. Their blocks are not like ours; they are massive. That little stroll tired me out for the day. However, on the way I passed a shop that sold items produced by native Americans and local people. I got some great gifts for my family there.

The next day we took a small boat to visit the deepest river gorge called Hells Canyon. We went over small rapids, medium rapids and then a couple of larger rapids that shook everyone up, it was great fun though. At one stage we had Washington State one side of us, Oregon on the other side and Idaho right in front. Three States. We saw some native drawings in the rocks. Now one thing I think I should mention is that at the time we were in the area there were bush fires. Some of those on the cruise had signed up to visit a vineyard but the area overtaken by the bush fires and the trip was cancelled. The vintners came to the boat however so all was not lost. We stopped at Garden Creek Ranch for some fresh cookies and drinks. The lady in the gift shop told us she was about to shut the shop and go to see if she still had a home. She had received a message to say it was on fire. I do hope she found something left of her home. Wildlife was rife along the river gorge. Many birds including lots of eagles. On the way back to the ship I noticed that the sky had taken on a funny colour, then I smelt the smoke! You could see it rising and at one point we the flames were in sight. Luckily the conflagration did not reach Clarkston but it was close enough to leave a lasting impression.

Back on the boat there was some sort of entertainment every evening. We had had Larry Wilder and "On the Road Again" on our first evening. On this, our last evening, a group of native Americans recounted the story of their tribe –the Nez Perce - One elder, accompanied by his son and a nephew told us of their tribe's help given to those original explorers Lewis and Clark and the several wars in which the Nez Percé tried to defend their reservation from gold diggers. Their tales were interspersed with traditional dances and songs.

The following day, we had to be up with the lark. I looked out of the window and saw a family of Racoons wandering along the waterfront looking for something to eat. It was magical. After an early breakfast we left the ship and got a coach to Spokane. There we got on a flight to Seattle and then after a couple of hours layover we got a flight to London Heathrow then another flight to Paris Charles de Gaulle.

It was a great trip. Not only was it an opportunity to see lovely friends whom we had met on previous cruises but an opportunity for new friends to join the ranks.

Here's to the next one...

Janet Warby



A Word in your Ear.... Whipper Snapper:

A diminutive or insignificant person, especially a sprightly or impertinent youngster.

Origin

'Whipper snapper' is now a rather archaic term and, although you might hear it in black and white British films, those who are young and streetwise enough to actually be whipper snappers aren't likely to use it.

'Whipper snappers' were known by various names, all of them derived from the habit of young layabouts of hanging around snapping whips to pass the time. Originally these ne'er-do-wells were known simply, and without any great linguistic imagination, as 'whip snappers'.

This term merged with an existing 17th century term for street rogues - 'snipper snappers', to become 'whipper snapper'. A diminutive or insignificant person, especially a sprightly or impertinent youngster.

Maxine Arnault

The Last Laugh:



29 - The Prescription

Pharmacist - Good morning madam. What can I do for you?

Customer - I would like to buy some cyanide.

Pharmacist - Cyanide is dangerous stuff madam. Why on earth do you need cyanide?

Customer - To tell you the truth, I want it to poison my husband.
 Pharmacist - Good Lord! I can't give you cyanide to kill your husband! It's against the law! They'd throw you in jail! They'd throw ME in jail as an accomplice. You CANNOT have any cyanide!"
 Customer - I thought it might be a problem for you, so I brought something for you to look at.
 Pharmacist - Whatever it is, it won't change my mind about the cyanide.
 Customer - We'll see. Just have a glance at this photograph.
 Pharmacist - What's the point? It's not going to change anything!
 Customer - Oh, go on. It won't hurt you just to cast an eye over it.
 Pharmacist - Oh, pass it over then ... What's this? Two people in bed.
 Customer - Yes, one of them's my husband.
 Pharmacist - And - Good God... Yes it is! That's my wife in bed with him!
 Customer - So now can we get back to the question of the cyanide?
 Pharmacist - Well now. That's rather different. You didn't tell me you had a prescription.

Mark Yates

Janet's July Quiz: Answers:



1. Opal and tourmaline are the birthstones for October.	6. Edgar Allan Poe	12. Alfred Nobel
2. Pablo Picasso	7. Hunter's Moon	13. Christopher Columbus
3. Scorpio	8. Germany, specifically in Munich	14. Oscar Wilde
4. Dwight D. Eisenhower	9. The Battle of Trafalgar	15. The Love Letter
5. The marigold and cosmos	10. John Lennon	16. Dracula
	11. Pink	17. Rembrandt

**Comments & contributions to mfyates@gmail.com
 Back numbers: rblfrance.org/ then "Paris Branch Newsletters"**