

# Royaumont News-Letter



*New Series.*

**JANUARY, 1938.**

*No. 3.*

**Objects of the Association :** To maintain and strengthen our war-time comradeship.

**Subscription :** Half-a-crown per annum due **December 1st** for the following year.

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*Hon. Editor :* Miss C. F. N. MACKAY, 31, Markham Square, Chelsea, London, S.W. 3.

Subscribing Members can have letters addressed to them c/o the Hon. Treasurer at her house, where they can also consult the Association Address Book.

## Editorial.

We really are rather a wonderful organisation, real die-hards most people would agree could they have seen the large and prosperous looking party of us that assembled at the Forum Club for our nineteenth annual Royaumont Dinner last November. With the presence of our *Médecin Chef*, Miss Nicholson, Miss Hamilton, and Dr. Savill, to mention only a few of the names we associate most with Royaumont, and an honoured guest, one of our best known and popular *blessés*, M. Rouilly alias the "Spécialiste," the proceedings seemed to be more than usually typical of Royaumont. Everyone enjoyed

themselves, the "Spécialiste" perhaps most of all, and it was delightful to see how much he was at his ease with us, how cleverly he recognised many of those who spoke to him and how well he entered into the spirit of the evening. Never have we sung the "Marseillaise" with such fervour nor at such length. In a world where there are not many such cordial meetings between different nationalities this party of ours might be compared to a little candle shining bravely in a rather dark room. A good omen let us hope for the future. The "Spécialiste" came over as our guest and almost wore out his

shoes seeing the sights of London. Inglis, Salway and I met him at Victoria, and he picked out Inglis at once among the crowds of waiting people, their greeting was in true French fashion. Salway and her husband were most kind looking after him. M. Daviaud was asked to come too, but unfortunately could not do so, his letter with those of the "Spécialiste" are printed on another page.

On the Sunday following the Dinner, Smieton, our Secretary, gave a most enjoyable tea-party at her club. There, despite the thick fog outside, we had a cheery time and discussed all sorts of problems connected with our Association. One of the most pressing was the alteration of the date of the Royaumont Dinner, as owing to fog and bad weather coupled with our advancing years, we think it better to have it earlier in the year. After discussion with Salway the Forum Club have kindly agreed to let us have it there on *October 15th*, 1938, so note this when making your plans for the year.

Another thing we discussed was the suggestion that as this year will bring our twentieth anniversary we might celebrate it by visiting Royaumont as a unit once again. To many of us this will be out of the question, others may prefer to let the place remain a memory, but there are probably some of us who would enjoy such an expedition, and so the Committee have asked Collum to help to organise it. Her notice with clear instructions appears on page 6.

It will be interesting to see how many would like to re-visit this particular Yarrow.

We have heard that the memorial there requires repair so we are finding out what is needed and how much it would cost.

On page 7 there is an Alphabet stolen from an orderly's notebook. The Editor thinks that many readers of the NEWS-LETTER might improve upon this, so offers a prize for the best one sent in to her before October 10th, 1938. The prize will be presented by the *Médecin Chef* at the Dinner and the winning Alphabet will be printed in the next NEWS-LETTER, so brush up your memories and your rhymes and you may win.

Many thanks to all Royaumontites who have so kindly sent me news and articles for the NEWS-LETTER. I hope they will continue to do so, and also come and see me in Chelsea any time they are in London.

**Letter to the Royaumont Unit from our  
Médecin-Chef.**

KILLAGORDEN,  
TRURO,  
CORNWALL.

*January 13th (a notable date).*

MY DEAR UNIT,

I think we can congratulate ourselves upon having had a most delightful and successful Dinner this year, and the tea-party so kindly given by Smieton was no less successful. It was indeed a happy thought to invite Rouilly, and I think they will be red-letter days for him. You will all be glad to hear that the news of General Descoigns is much better, though poor "Madame" is confined to her room by "bronchite." Marie has a delicate little girl and has to take her to the mountains. General Descoigns pins his hopes upon the union of England and France, and thinks the present disturbed state of affairs would cease in the face of danger to "*la patrie*."

I have not heard from M. Delacoste for quite a long time, and should be glad of any information about him from anyone going over there.

I am afraid the idea of a re-union in France must wait for a year or two, perhaps when we have our Silver Jubilee in 1939—especially as the Exposition is no more.

I had an interesting invitation to the wedding of Simone Gouin (whom we all remember as a charming little girl with ringlets) to Baron Beyens, a Belgian Secretary of Legation. I was very sorry that the fogs were so fearful just then that it was out of the question. It would have been a wonderful sight if the Refectory was used and decorated for the occasion.

You will all be very sorry to hear of the death last week of Mrs. Carter, while staying at her sister's house in Minehead. Mrs. Carter, whose husband was killed in the very early days of the War, was a most valuable member of the Unit, and after she went home devoted herself to caring for the Blind at St. Dunstan's. Your Editor went to the Memorial Service in Brompton on my behalf.

Now I must conclude by wishing you all, though late in the day, a very happy New Year.

Yours affectionately,

FRANCES IVENS-KNOWLES.

*SALWAY sends the following—and we also print the Speech made by Dr. ESTCOURT-OSWALD at the Dinner, which, at our request, she was kind enough to send.*

The Nineteenth Annual Dinner took place on November 27th, 1937, at the Forum Club, by arrangement with Mrs. McIntosh (Salway).

There were fifty-three tickets sold, but only fifty sat down to dinner.

Telegrams were received from Anderson, Mrs. Hacon and Davidson, Mrs. Hallam (McGregor), Reeve (Mrs. Loach).

*Letters of regret from :*

Murray, Day, Kennedy, Wilson, Ricketts, M. C. Merrylees, Bibby, Moore, Mrs. J. Bruce, Paley, Yeats, Rolt, Mrs. Carter, Don, Middleton, Brown, Mrs. Baynes (Gill), Cannon, Sister Doig.

*Those present at the Dinner were :*

Guest of Honour : The "Spécialiste," an old *bléssé* with a jaw wound, Mrs. Ivens-Knowles, C.B.E., Miss Courtauld, Dr. Estcourt-Oswald, Miss Loudon, Mrs. Savill, Dr. Nicholson, Dr. Buckley, Mrs. Alison, Miss Hamilton, Miss Martland, Sister Peters (Mrs. Phillips), Sister Adams (Mrs. Bushby).

Ramsay Smith, Collum, Berry, Prance, Tollit, Webster, Mrs. Dashwood (Burrard), Mrs. Smith (Thorpe), Mrs. Breaky (Main), E. Inglis, Young, Chapman, Grandage, Ling, Mrs. Haydon (Richmond), MacKay, Mrs. Hills (Carter), Merrylees, Mrs. Large, Mrs. Newton (Thorne), Mrs. Sanderson (Smieton), Miller, Nicholson, Williams, V. Inglis, Oliver, Jamieson, Moor, Leishman, Newton, Martin, Mrs. Bruce (MacPherson), Tindall, Lucas, Howard Smith, Mrs. Hayward (Lindsay), Butler, Mrs. McIntosh (Salway).

Date of next Dinner *October 15th*, 1938.

**Dr. Estcourt-Oswald's Speech.**

LADIES AND—GENTLEMAN,

The Toast is "Miss Ivens and Royaumont."

Had you searched the length and breadth of France it would, I think, have been difficult to find a spot more unsuitable in which to house large numbers of English and Scottish girls and women, accustomed from childhood to bath-rooms,—hot and cold—it would have been difficult to find a spot more unsuitable, in which to carry out even the most primitive surgery ;—

a spot in short more *unsuitable*, in which to found a Hospital, than the Abbaye de Royaumont.

And yet, Miss Ivens, steeped as she was in modern hygiene and scientific surgery, chose this utterly inappropriate place, in 1914, as the scene of her next "Star Turn."

Why did she do it? How *could* she do it?

In answer, I submit,—with all respect,—like most others of the really great, Miss Ivens had a moment of terrible weakness, and in that moment she—fell. Fell in love; in love with Beauty; the Beauty of Royaumont; and, casting aside all reason, she took Royaumont to herself to be,—as it were—her Bridegroom,—for the Duration of the War, until a better, a far better Bridegroom should sally forth to claim her, later, for "Keeps."

But from this strange War-Time Marriage was born a splendid Progeny.

The eldest son and heir, the Healing of the Wounded. Another, that amazing conglomeration of surprising facts,—"*Flaps*"—among them, on which we look back with joyful memory, in spite of the *awful* time we had, as a great Adventure, which, even when we remember the misery and discomfort we suffered, we would gladly go through again.

And last, another child; a great and undying Loyalty, with Affection, Admiration and Devotion, to Miss Ivens was born.

With this Loyalty to Miss Ivens and Affection both for her and Royaumont welling up in your hearts, I ask you to raise your glasses with deep gratitude to Miss Ivens for having brought about this successful though apparently unsuitable union: "Miss Ivens and Royaumont." (*Loud and prolonged cheers.*)

**The Late Mrs. Aubrey Carter.**

From DR. JOYCE.

The death of Mrs. Aubrey Carter occurred, after a brief illness, at Minehead, where she was spending the Christmas holiday with her much loved sister and brother-in-law.

The news has brought much sorrow, not only to her friends, who will miss her charming witty personality and her gracious hospitality, but also to those large numbers of people who benefited from her life of sacrifice and well-doing.

She was the daughter of a country rector and at the age of 16 years, upon the death of her mother, she devoted herself to the upbringing of her younger brothers and sisters and to helping her father in his parish, often sitting up through the night to nurse the sick poor in their homes.

Her happy married life was ended by her husband's death. He was killed at Ypres—when in command of his regiment, the Loyal North Lancers.

Her work in the earliest months of the war was as Secretary to the Matron-in-Chief of the Territorial Nurses. Here she proved very efficient but was forced to resign through illness. She recovered, however, and accepted with eagerness Miss Ivens' invitation to come out to Royaumont. Of her work there, others are more able to speak than I.

She resigned only when she felt that a breakdown in her own health was imminent and she was ill for some time after her return to England.

Upon recovery she took up work among the blinded Officers at St. Dunstan's. Here her untiring energy, her forgetfulness of self and her amusing stories made her a valued helper and she formed many permanent friendships among the patients and their families.

For many years Mrs. Carter has been a regular visitor at the Queen Mary's Hospital of the Ministry of Pensions.

The welfare of its inmates was never absent from her thoughts. She took endless trouble to lighten their load of pain and suffering.

The work she has done for the widows and children of the men of her husband's regiment killed in the war, continued up to her death.

Not only was she very generous to them in money but her advice was continually sought by them in any domestic difficulty or crisis and was always carefully and wisely given.

She died in harness, which was always what she wished might happen.

*All Royaumont Members will be delighted to hear of Miss HAMILTON's award; the following account is from the "Evening Standard."*

#### Precarious Profession.

The fact that Miss Cicely Hamilton appears among the recipients of this year's Civil List

pensions is a good example of how precarious the writing profession still is.

She might reasonably be regarded as a writer of more than average success. Her first play, "Diana of Dobson's," produced in 1908, had a long run, and was highly praised.

Later, she was awarded the Femina vie Heureuse prize for her war novel, *William, an Englishman*, and some of her recent travel books have run through several editions. Altogether she has written twenty plays and eighteen books.

Nevertheless, she finds herself at the age of 65 in circumstances which make a pension from the State of £80 a year welcome.

#### Miscellaneous Memories.

##### ONE NIGHT AT SOISSONS, 1917.

I was tired after a fairly strenuous day and got into bed with the prayer on my lips that the Huns would think better of it and refrain from bombing the town that night—but one never knew one's luck! I called out to Chappie in the next room and she gave me a cheery good-night, then I snuggled down under the clothes and went to sleep. I was awake in an instant, sitting up and listening to the drone of aeroplane engines in the distance. Were they French 'planes? No—there was no mistaking the throb of a Taube engine—German all right and our luck was out! Down I went again under the clothes hoping that Tollit would sleep on and that the Huns were bound for more important towns than Soissons. The hum of the Taube engines was getting louder and louder—the raid was going to be a serious one. Why must they come at night and keep us awake? They were over the town now, and heading for the station. I heard Tollit moving about in the room below and cursed quietly to myself, knowing that the moment the bombing began we should be ordered downstairs. And what was the use of that? We should be killed as certainly on the ground floor as on the first. The noise of the Taube engines was deafening as they circled over the town, and then came the drone of the torpedo as it dropped to earth. I listened for the crash and when it came called out to Chappie that the torpedo must have fallen near the river and that the jolly old bridge would most certainly have gone west.

I sat up in bed listening, not feeling too sure of myself, I knew that we were in for a hot time. There was a moment of silence and Tollit called out, "Come down at once, you two children, come at once." There was an appalling crescendo of noise as torpedo after torpedo crashed to earth, then a deadly silence. I had a vision of Chappie dashing past my open door and heard the clatter of her bare feet as she hurled herself down the stairs. I leapt out of bed, threw on my coat and ran for the door. Could I get downstairs before the next crash? I must get downstairs. I would not be killed by myself—I must get down to the others. Then clear through the silence came the drone of a torpedo and it was coming right down on top of me and I could not get downstairs in time. I turned, made a desperate effort to reach the bed—failed. There was a noise as if the earth was splitting and the room was lit up by a bright yellow light.

E. J.

##### NEW YEAR'S NIGHT, 1917.

When it was decided to have a fancy-dress dance on New Year's Night, Morgan, McGregor and I stated that nobody would recognise us and that we should win the first prize. Then we met in Berry's room to discuss how we should disguise ourselves. Morgan, as usual, took the lead and suggested that we should go as the Three Blind Mice and that Berry should be the farmer's wife, as she was fat and had a round face! The next day we went to the storeroom and McPherson provided us with grey knitted helmets and long grey operation stockings. One of the chauffeurs bought several yards of grey and pink sateen at Creil Market. We borrowed grey cotton stockings from one of the Sisters to cover our arms. Michelet gave us the straw casing of a champagne bottle to make the whiskers and we stole three tin mugs from the kitchen to hang round our necks. We made the tails out of dressing-gown cords covered with the grey sateen and Morgan made the ears and lined them with the pink sateen.

On New Year's Night the three of us stood lined up in Berry's room dressed in the grey knitted helmets, jerkins made out of the grey sateen, arms and hands covered with the grey stockings and the grey woollen operation

stockings pulled right up our thighs. Berry examined us carefully to see that nothing had been forgotten. She tweaked one of my whiskers and touched up the point of my nose with rouge—pulled one of Morgan's ears straight and pinned on McGregor's tail an inch higher. We hung the mugs round our necks and dropped 10 centime pieces into them. Berry flourished the huge wooden knife, and the silver paper covering it gleamed in the lamplight. We caught hold of each other's tails and walked out into the corridor. Strains of a gramophone came faintly from Canada. Down the long stairway we walked holding each other's tails and chanting "Three Blind Mice." We burst into Canada squeaking with fright and followed by Berry brandishing the knife. Down the centre of the ward we trotted crying "Spare a copper for the poor blind mice." For a moment there was silence, then a roar of applause greeted us.

Doctors, Sisters and Orderlies made a rush at us and we fled squeaking, leapt on and off beds, dodged behind tables and chairs, Berry following and hacking at us with the knife. Then we caught hold of each other's tails, rattled the mugs and marched round the ward, the dancers falling in behind us and the vaulted roof echoed to the strains of "Three Blind Mice."

E. J.

#### THE GHOST THAT WAS NOT A GHOST.

It happened in July, 1916. I was on night duty in "Canada" and about Midnight (I cannot now remember the exact date or time) I was engaged in the usual duty of counting sheets and trying to avoid falling into the large box which held them, when the door into the passage was suddenly shaken violently as if someone was endeavouring to get in and could not get the handle to turn. But there was no one there and the shaking ceased. I gaped at it vaguely and then I decided it must be one of the Royaumont ghosts. "So," I thought, "if it happens again I will open the door for it and ask it to come in." Sure enough, in a few moments the same rattling came once more. In what I hoped was the grand manner, I flung open the door and cried, "Entrez donc!" to the empty air.

There was no movement—nothing—and for the rest of my time on night duty the ghost did

not return. "At least," thought I, "I have brought peace to one restless spirit."

The years passed, the War was over and I was in India in a bungalow on the edge of the North West Frontier only five miles from the border of the Independent Territory whence raiders used to swoop down to carry off Hindus or Cattle or any other loot. One night I woke suddenly to hear a scratching in my room which I took to be a mouse at the *Chittai* (palm leaf matting) on the floor. But the next second it was much louder and I feared that a rat had got in.

I put out my hand to get the matches to light my candle and at that moment the door between my room and the dining room was rattled and shaken so that I guessed raiders had got through the guards and were in the adjoining room. Deciding instantly that I must see what was happening I struck a match and as I did so I had the queerest sensation of something very evil blowing through my room in a great gust of wind, followed by complete silence and stillness.

The candle lit, I lay quaking and waiting for anything to happen. But there was no further movement or sound. Next morning I found there had been quite a severe earth tremor in the night.

A few years later I was again wakened suddenly to hear my wardrobe door rattling. This time I was in my own room at the top of a house in Scotland. I took note of the time as I felt sure it was an earthquake, though such a thing was quite unheard of in the South of Scotland, and sure enough the evening papers came out with the heading "Earthquake all through the Borders this morning."

In each of these three experiences the doors rattled in an identical manner and I am now convinced that my Ghost at Royaumont was only a double earthquake shock and no spectral visitor.

"RAMSAY."

#### How I Spent Coronation Day.

(*Overseas Daily Mail*, August 7th, 1937.)

#### ONE WHOM THE KING REMEMBERED.

Four walls of a sick room in Switzerland. Hardly a stimulating setting to catch the Corona-

tion atmosphere. Everything had failed. I had so hoped to be able to get to the inn nearby, even in a bath-chair. They had a wireless, but I was not well enough.

I had almost resigned myself to oblivion, but I fingered my war medals (I had been in a hospital unit in France) and idly polished an identity disc—an old war souvenir.

I took up the Coronation programme, which a friend had sent me, and then fell to dreaming.

A breeze rustled in at the window, the sounds round me died away, and everything was still. Over the sea a great nation was stirring. The wind sighed again, and an echo of the great moment seemed to come across the distance.

#### Those Quieter Days.

I was again in the India Office stand in the Mall twenty-six years ago when King George V. was crowned. Quieter days those, though marching on to terrible years. Further back still, in care-free school-days, in a stand in Constitution-hill, I was present at the crowning of King Edward VII. Beloved figures in the procession, heroes grown legendary—Kitchener and Roberts. A young brother slipping away and climbing to the top of a sentry-box overlooking the palace, returning soot-begrimed but triumphant, to the admiration of the crowd.

To-day the world's greatest Empire is gathered. Great Dominions have come from the world's ends, meeting and massing in the greatest city. In the midst of stormy changes and insecure innovations the most stable Government in the world is being renewed, with rites 1,000 years old. The most mighty power for peace is standing solidly in serried ranks.

Night falls softly, and they bring me the words that give me courage to write: the King's remembrance of "those who are living under the shadow of sickness or distress." And so, despite such an unfavourable dawn, at dusk I feel that even I have had some part in the Coronation after all.

"To make the life of man a fairer thing :  
God, grant this living glory to the King."

E. S.

#### Suggested Reunion at Royaumont.

1938 is the twentieth anniversary of the opening of Royaumont as a Scottish Women's

Hospital in the Great War. It would be pleasant to foregather at Asnières or Viarmes, picnic in the woods, and meet old friends. I, personally, have kept the picture of Royaumont, as we knew it, intact, and though I once passed the gates, did not go in. It is time, perhaps, to sort out old memories and see where we all stand for the future. Royaumont as the *venue* for the coming annual Re-union was discussed, but finally turned down as too costly an undertaking. Instead, the Committee has asked me to see if a pilgrimage can be organised. A week-end return ticket to Paris costs £2 7s. 6d. A party over ten in numbers can get a 50% reduction in fares. Probably cheap accommodation for a couple of nights (the week-end is reckoned from Friday to Tuesday by the Railway authorities) could be secured in the villages around through our good friend M. Delacoste. Will those who feel attracted by the idea please send me replies to the following questions?

- (1) What month would suit you best?
- (2) Would any other time suit you?
- (3) Would you like it to be a week-end trip?
- (4) Would you wish for a week-end ticket?
- (5) Or would you prefer to go independently?
- (6) For how long can you hold yourself open whilst we try to fix a date that will suit the majority?
- (7) Could you take your car over? Would you have any spare seats?

Address replies (within three weeks of reading this notice), to:

Miss V. C. C. COLLUM, Withyfold, Wonham Way, Peaslake, Guildford. (Tel.: ABINGER 221)  
V. C. C. C.

#### The Royaumont Alphabet.

A is for Asnières, our postal address.  
B for Bacteria, the doctor's pest.  
C the Chloroform the *blessés* detest.  
D is the Drainage the doctor devises.  
E the Elation when one Op. suffices.  
F stands for France, Freedom, Fraternity.  
G for Germany cursed to eternity.  
H stands for — the Kaiser's destination.  
I is for Ivens and also Isolation.  
J for the Jam—what tales it could tell!  
K for the Kitchen who fed us so well.  
L is the Lady who sits in the hall.  
M is the Modesty enshrining us all.

N for the Nurses with wisdom of kings.  
O for the Orderlies, poor downtrodden things.  
P for the Patients who make us the rings.  
Q—the Queries who frequent the bureau.  
R is the Road we all soon must go.  
S stands for Suffrage, Starvation and Strife.  
T is the Teapot our comfort in life.  
U stands for Unity, with Freedom and Might.  
V is the *Vêtements*, the soldier's delight.  
W the weary Wastage of War.  
X is our pride, the new X-Ray car.  
Y — has been censored.  
Z for the Zepps.

Thank goodness that's finished.

E. M. BAXTER.

(By kind permission of Webster).

See "Editorial" for particulars of The Royaumont Alphabet Competition.—ED.

#### Letters from our French Friends.

ETAMPES S. MARNE,  
le 25.10.37.

CHÈRE MISS,

J'ai reçu avec grand plaisir votre aimable invitation d'assister à votre banquet annuel et vous prie de remercier en mon nom toutes les anciennes Miss de Royaumont.

Comme vous le pensez j'accepte de tout cœur et je me fais une joie à l'idée de revoir nos si dévouées doctoresses et infirmières. Je vais me mettre sans tarder en relations avec Daviaud et me renseigner sur les horaires et demander le passeport.

Nous avions toujours esperer avoir votre visite à l'occasion de l'exposition internationale, c'est une chose superbe et nous en sommes fier a juste titre, le succès croissant (le record des entrées a été battu hier Dimanche par plus de 488,000) en est la preuve éclatante.

J'ai bon espoir que une lettre vous trouvera en bonne santé et en attendant le plaisir de vous revoir.

Je vous envoie mes amities avec celles de toute la famille.

E. ROUILLY.

ETAMPES S. MARNE,  
le 5.12.37.

MADAME ET MONSIEUR,

C'est avec plaisir que je viens vous remercier

de toutes les amabilités que vous avez eu pour moi.

Je n'oublierai jamais la bonne reception et ce cordial banquet où j'ai eu le plaisir de revivre les souvenirs de ce cher Royaumont.

Mon voyage fut favorisé par un temps superbe qui m'en permis de rentrée chez moi sans trop de fatigues.

En attendant le bon plaisir de vous voir un jour à Château Thierry, recevez, Chers Monsieur et Madame, mes meilleurs souvenirs.

E. ROUILLY.

24, Rue Nervo,  
Etampes s. Marne,  
par Château Thierry, Aisne.

DAVIAUD,  
47, RUE DE PARIS, 47  
VIARMES (S.-&-O.)  
le 23 Octobre, 1937.

Miss A. S. MERRYLEES,  
65, Elm Park Mansions,  
Londres, S.W. 10.

BIEN CHÈRE MISS,

Reçue votre invitation si désintéressé laquelle m'est extrêmement sensible. Elle m'a reporté à beaucoup d'années en arrière et j'en ai encore mieux senti combien étaient fidèles et votre souvenir et la vivace amitié que vous continuez à ressentir envers ceux qui furent un peu vos collaborateurs pendant cette époque terrible de la grande guerre.

Je suis confus de ne pouvoir mieux exprimer mes sentiments et mes reconnaissance, qu'en vous disant que je suis profondément ému et honoré de cette marque de distinction que vous m'offrez si simplement et si gentiment. Du fond de mon cœur—merci. Je ne pourrai toutefois pas venir à Londres, je suis vieux maintenant, j'ai plus de 68 ans et souffré de prostatite. Ma fragile santé ne peut me permettre le bonheur de ce déplacement, et de me retrouver quelques heures au milieu de vous. Chère Miss, veuillez être mon interprète auprès de toutes vos chères compagnes qui furent à Royaumont les anges gardiens de nos blessés. Dites-leur que mon souvenir, mes sentiments d'affection et de respect vivront aussi longtemps que moi-même. Dites que je vous associe toutes ensemble dans un même esprit d'admiration.

Toutes soyez assurées de ma gratitude et de mes vœux de bonheur.

Bien affectueusement, bien respectueusement,  
Votre dévoué,

G. DAVIAUD.

Et j'ai hier rencontré par hasard un ancien blessé soigné à Royaumont, lequel a particulièrement connu celui que vous appelez "Votre Spécialiste." Je ne verrai probablement pas ce Monsieur Rouilly mais puisse-t-il pouvoir venir à votre rendez-vous, vous apporter le témoignage de sa reconnaissance.—D.

WEBSTER sends the following interesting letter from Deschamps :

COURCOING,  
le 30.12.1937.

BIEN CHÈRE MISS WEBSTER,

Nous vous remercions aussi de vos bons vœux pour l'année nouvelle. Veuillez accepter les notes bien sincère pour vous et votre famille.

Ca n'a pas été très bien chez vous que vous me dites. Je crois que nous sommes bien mal partagés pour le climat,—nous nous représentons l'Angleterre en ce moment avec du brouillard—de notre côté le froid—l'humidité—mais pas encore de neige. Nous espérons que rien ne sera grave chez vous, nous formons des vœux qu'il en soit ainsi. Chez nous toute les santés sont bonnes.

Vous avez eu une réunion du personnel à Royaumont cette année, bien nombreuse comme je vois, 50 personnes, vous avez encore bien fait les choses. Vous me parlez d'un blessé de la Salle Mary, je ne me souviens pas, peut être était-il à Royaumont après mon départ en Août, 1915—mais celui que je me rappelle très bien, c'est le cuisinier Michelet, que j'ai revu d'ailleurs après la guerre chez Mme. Fox à Asnières, car en 1919 je me trouvais pas loin de Royaumont 4 ans après l'avoir quitter. En tout cas voilà Michelet et le blessé, ont bien eu de la chance de se trouver parmi vous pour votre réunion j'aurai bien voulu être là aussi—il y a des chances que j'aurai pu me faire comprendre je me souviens que je chanter Tipperary avec Sister Grey comme le temps passe chère Miss Webster.

Je termine en vous souhaitant une bonne Année—et bonne santé—ainsi qu'à toute votre famille.

Un ancien blessé de Royaumont,

AUG. DESCHAMPS.

# STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

## Royaumont Association Accounts for 1937.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.			
Brought forward from 1936	-	95	15	7½	Printing of NEWS-LETTER	-	10	7	6	
Subscriptions received -	-	10	13	0	Postage and Stationery	-	-	8	8	
Interest on P.O. Account	-	1	17	8	Poppy Wreath	-	-	1	0	0
	£108	6	3½				£11	16	2	

£ s. d.  
108 6 3½  
11 16 2

In hand 1938 £96 10 1½

January 5th, 1938.

F. M. TOLLIT (Hon. Treasurer).

## Royaumont Dinner, 1937, Balance Sheet.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
December 1st, 1937 :				December 1st, 1937 :			
In hand - - - -	11	1	11	52 dinners at 5s. - - - -	13	0	0
53 tickets at 6s. - - - -	15	18	0	Tips - - - - -	1	10	0
Miss Loudon - - - - -		13	0	Printing - - - - -		13	9
Stewart (Stamps) - - - -		6	0	Envelopes - - - - -			3
				Stamps - - - - -		14	0
				Announcing - - - - -		2	6
				Cigarettes - - - - -		13	0
				Visitor's Railway Ticket - - - -	3	15	6
				„ Hotel - - - - -	1	0	0
				„ Meal and Taxi - - - - -		6	0
						£21	15 0
					In hand	6	3 11
						£27	18 11
							</

## Royaumont Association Emergency Loan Fund, Balance Sheet, 1937.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
31/12/1936	Balance brought forward	-	-	235 0 10	23/12/1937	To Cheque	-	-	20 0 0
31/5/1937	By Interest	-	-	2 18 5	31/12/1937	To Balance as per	-	-	
30/11/1937	By Interest	-	-	2 19 5		Pass Book	-	-	220 18 8

6th January, 1938.

ISOBEL DOROTHY SIMMONDS  
(Hon. Treasurer.)



## Correspondence.

To the Editor.

WITHYFOLD,  
WONHAM WAY,  
PEASLAKE,  
GUILDFORD.

20th October, 1937.

DEAR EDITOR,

I should have written to you long ago to tell you, first, that when the Queen's review of ex-Service women took place, and we, having an Hon. Secretary and Committee in abeyance, so to speak, were caught napping and had no time to claim representation, I wrote to the Lady Helen Graham (who, you will remember, had been instrumental in obtaining for us the intervention of the then Duchess of York in safeguarding our name from use by another organisation of which H.R.H. was the Patron) telling her that, if our Scottish Queen should happen to look for representatives of the Royaumont Association of the Scottish Women's Hospitals and not find them, it was not because we had ceased to exist. On July 2nd the Principal Lady-in-Waiting wrote to me as follows:

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, S.W. 1.

DEAR MADAM,

I am sorry not to have acknowledged your letter of the 27th ult. before this, but we have been very busy.

I duly submitted the contents of your letter to the Queen, and Her Majesty has noted the facts that you give her regarding the "Royaumont and Villers Cotterets Association of the Scottish Women's Hospitals."

I remember perfectly well the correspondence that we had in the past regarding this Association.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) HELEN GRAHAM,

Lady-in-Waiting.

We none of us should have liked to think that, after the trouble the Queen had taken on our behalf, we had allowed the Association to peter out, and I explained that, owing to the illness of our Chairman and Hon. Secretary, we had temporarily gone into "cold storage." The

Queen took the action she did take, in the past, in the hope that, when the Association that was founded to keep green the memory of the Scottish Women's Hospitals, by endowing the fine work for Maternity and Infant Welfare being carried out at the Royal Free Hospital, ceased to use a title that led the public to confuse it with the actual old comrades' association of members *who had served* with the S.W.H., we, ourselves, should take advantage of the respect and affection in which the S.W.H. members are still held to further our own work for the benefit of actual S.W.H. members who were ill or had fallen on evil days. But, as soon as this action was taken, our R.A. Committee decided that none but Royaumont members should ever be asked to contribute to our Emergency Fund. The result has been that our Fund is so small that it is inadequate to help members of any other Unit but our own. I was one of the then Committee members who dissented from this action of the majority. I still regret it.

I was shocked and disappointed to hear, at our last Dinner, a proposal that the Association should be allowed to lapse. The proposal was not accepted. I do not know whether the Committee has been called together since, but I do rejoice to know that both Inglis and Smieton have been restored to health. May I plead with them, and with the Committee, to make an effort to get the Association out of "cold storage"? Many of us rank and file members would be willing to help in the process if called upon.

Now for my other news. In the summer I was delighted, one Saturday afternoon, to welcome Dr. Agnes Savill and the "Wee Free," who had motored over from Mrs. Savill's beautiful cottage lying between Blackheath and Farley Heath, to pilot me there to meet the Wee-er Free for the first time. Wee Free herself has thriven on the West African climate and is a buxom *materfamilias*, full of fun and "go" and has a tiny home near Reading to which they all repair on home leave. She is a very busy person because, in addition to running their home in Africa, she has started a private practice for native Africans, and I gather she is just as hard-worked as any missionary doctor in India. It seems incredible, but in the official hierarchy of our Colonial Service, the Wee Free, on an occasion when she was doing *locum* for a Govern-

ment doctor, ranked in the social scale above her husband—who is *only* "Educational"! (My italics.) And yet we dare to talk, as a nation, about our trusteeship for the Africans, when the vexed subject of Colonies is discussed internationally. This same Alice-through-the-Looking-glass state of affairs is responsible for the fact that Dr. Helen MacDougall-Hendrie, when she is *only* the wife of Captain Hendrie, simply "does not meet" one of our members, who was an orderly at Royaumont, and now is a woman medical in the Government service in a neighbouring West African district. The Wee Free was amused. I, frankly, am not. I am just ashamed of my country for being less civilised than China, which rates the Educator higher even than the Viceroy, and the Scholar above the King (when these antediluvian creatures existed).

The Wee-er Free is a charming person, with the dark hair, blue eyes, and vivid imagination of the Highlander. We did have rather a disconcerting conversation, however, when she had gone to bed and I peeped in to say "Good-night" to a young lady straining her eyes to read by the light of the sunset sky through her window. She found the ordinary young person's book "soppy." (I agreed!) But she revelled in the modern "thriller" of *The Murder on the Backstairs* variety. She is being educated in England. It is unfortunate that the Wee Free's leaves are always in the summer months. She gets home fairly often—but I think that imaginative little Wee-er Free is sometimes lonely. She has a bachelor Uncle a long way off in Scotland. I had hoped to meet her and the Wee Free again to propose, tentatively, some outings—but Captain Hendrie fell ill, and they had to go back to W. Africa as soon as he was well.

Mrs. Savill has picked the perfect country cottage, a converted small farmhouse, looking south across a deep valley to green hillsides and woodland, and surrounded, otherwise, by heath and pines. It is reached only by a bridle track sunk between high hedges, about a quarter of a mile long, and to get to it on wheels one has to drive along two or three miles of narrow winding lanes. It combines the charm of old timbering with the modern comforts of Calor "bottled" gas lighting and hot water on tap, and there is a grand piano and a first class

phonograph in the sitting-room, which gives on to a sun porch with sliding glass shutters. Someday she will retire to it, but at the moment she is very busy. I spent last Saturday afternoon walking with her on the heath, hearing all about her flying visit to Canada and the U.S.A., whence she had just returned from a Radiological Conference. I gather she was struck, as so many people are, with the beauty of New York's slender skyscrapers against the sky—but hated the din and artificial light of Chicago. She found the Americans convinced that Europe was on the brink of another Great War. (The dire result of having a constitutionally "emphatic" Press!)

My own new home off Wonham Way near Peaslake ("Withy-fold") is more or less complete, and is within an easy afternoon's drive of Town—*via* Putney, Esher, Ripley, Merrow, Newland's Corner and Shere. My telephone number is Abinger 221, and "Wonham Way" is a track, cutting up through Southbrooks Farm, by the Gomshall railway arch on the Guildford-Dorking road, to "Torrell's Corner," a 'bus-stop on the half-hourly service between Peaslake and Guildford. Green Line 'buses run to both Guildford and Dorking, and Leith Hill is near. I hope some Royaumontites will look me up some time. I am still working up my notes on Megalithic Monuments in Brittany for the *magnum opus* that will contain the fruits of my eight years of research, including ample evidence, as I believe, to demonstrate that these "ancient stone monuments" were not built about 3,000 B.C., but in the time of the Romans—a finding that, unfortunately, is not popular! Luckily the benefactor from whom my research grant comes is free from prejudice and desires, simply, that we should get at the facts.

Yours sincerely,

COLLUM.

MILLIKEN PARK,  
RENFREWSHIRE.  
19th August, 1937.

DEAR MACKAY,

So far my contributions to the NEWS-LETTER haven't been very valuable or numerous, but at last I have something to send.

It's rather a long story. My cousin Mary, who was at Royaumont for a few months, about

1916 I think, is married and at present in India. (Her husband is Major Eley of the Suffolks.)

About a year ago she was coming home and thought the stewardess looked familiar. It was Sister Shee! Shee was delighted to see anyone from Royaumont and asked about everybody. She told Mary that she heard fairly often from Sister Goodwin who is now married, Mrs. De Vaughn, Box 714, Nogales, Arizona. Sister Shee said that Goodwin would like very much to hear from me (why, I don't know) so I wrote, and after ages I had a letter from her. She is still very keen on getting news from everyone and asked me to write again. There must be plenty of others who can give her more news than I can. I sent her letter on to Mrs. Ivens-Knowles, who wrote too, and returned the letter to me, but unfortunately, I destroyed it, by mistake. I had meant to send it to you.

Just recently a French couple had a motor smash near here, and were taken to the Paisley Infirmary. I saw the account in the papers and thought I might do a spot of *entente cordially*, so went to see them, and found them perfectly charming. The husband speaks a little English but the wife none, so my French had to be rubbed up a bit. They live at St. Germain and the wife's cousin had a château near Asnières S/Oise, but they were a bit vague about Royaumont. I'm their only visitor. I rang up one or two friends, but everyone is away at present.

I hope you are keeping fit. I see no one at present, being pretty well tied to the house. My old Uncle hangs on and on, gradually getting weaker but on the whole wonderfully well.

Middleton is going to New Zealand in September for four months, as you may have heard. She hopes to see Dr. Henry in Montreal.

All the best.

Yours ever,  
AGNES L. ANDERSON.  
("Big Andy.")

ROYAUMONT ASSOCIATION,  
(Scottish Branch),  
6, STRATHVIEW GARDENS,  
BEARSDEN,  
GLASGOW.

31st May, 1937.

DEAR MACKAY,

Here are a few items of news for you in connection with the above.

As McColl was in Glasgow in May, Betty Macpherson asked one or two of us to meet her and we spent a most enjoyable evening. Miller, Leishman, Betty, McColl and myself foregathered, and as usual our tongues wagged, all the more so after a most *recherché* meal prepared by Betty—one of the features being the sweet in Coronation Colours. I just caught the last 'bus home.

We arranged that evening to try to collect as many of the Scottish members together as possible for an afternoon meeting. This was duly held yesterday in the Lady Artists' Club, Glasgow. Thanks again to Betty, a most commodious, beautiful room was placed at our disposal and a very dainty tea was served. Unfortunately only eleven members turned up—we could have comfortably taken three times that number. We were particularly glad to welcome Lindsay, home just now from Australia, and she and Manson had come all the way from Berwickshire. "The Robin," too, had a long journey from North Berwick and we were delighted to get her views of the Coronation from which she had just returned. Wilson came from Perth, which was very good of her, but we were sorry that Edinburgh sent only one representative, Sister Rose-Morris. Sisters Winstanley and Lindsay hoped until the last minute to be able to join us but duties did not permit.

After the "long-distance" people had left, Betty, Miller, Leishman and I visited a Picture House and finished up with a Continental supper over which we sat a long time!!

Apologies from the following were received: S. Winstanley, S. Lindsay, S. Colville, Moffat, Dow, Torrance, Brown, Big Andy, Don, Ramsay Smith, Forrest, Fairlie, J. Macpherson, Sinclair, Dunn.

Those present were: Wilson, S. Rose-Morris, Warren, Lindsay, Manson, Miller, Leishman, McLeod, Betty McPherson, Miss Loudon and myself.

I've had enquiries for the following, can you tell me anything of them? Carswell (Masseuse), Murdoch and Leslie.

Yours,

A. L. JAMIESON.

#### FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Banks writes: "My husband and I got back a few weeks ago from a voyage round Africa. We went *via* the East Coast and our boat stayed four days at Mombasa, and we had a delightful time there with Cranage, her husband and her two small boys. We spent a good part of each day with them. They took us round about in their car and we bathed in the cool of the evening too, which was lovely!

"It was so nice to see something of Cranage again and she has two such delightful small boys. Her mother was staying with her so that was an additional pleasure. Mrs. Cranage told me the names of all the flowering trees and shrubs that were in flower, they were lovely and so vivid in colour.

"We had good weather all the ten and a half weeks we were away and thoroughly enjoyed all the varied places and sights we saw.

"In South Africa we had a motor tour with some friends and for the first time in my life I saw mountains to compare with my home hills on the west coast of Scotland! It was marvellous going over the mountain passes and through the mountains where one seemed completely shut in and wondered could one ever find a way out."

Sister Cocking was not at the Dinner as she has gone to Jamaica to visit friends for four months.

Collum writes: "All members of the X-Ray Departments at Royaumont and Villers-Cotterets will wish me to place on record our sympathy for the bereaved relatives of Mr. Frederick Rowland Butt, designer and builder of X-Ray apparatus, who died on August 1st, 1937, aged sixty, after long years of acute suffering, involving nine operations culminating in the loss of an arm, but all without effect in combating the damage resulting from over-exposure to X-radiation during the busy period of testing the appliances his firm supplied to the War Office in the South African War and before the necessity for protective measures was realised.

"More than one of the Royaumont 'Salle Radio' staff suffered from the lack of adequate protection in the little Army pattern 'mule-back' Butt installation with which our Hospital started work and carried on, not only through the 1916 Somme push, but in the heavy work of 1918, when a second and French apparatus was also in use. Butt, as a designer and builder of apparatus for war conditions, concentrated on portability and reliable 'fool-proof' functioning. Thousands of wounded men have cause to be grateful for the reliability of his apparatus, which never let the radiologist down mechanically and showed none of the 'temperamental' qualities of, *e.g.*, our own more beloved Gaiffe installation. These solid virtues it shared with the Macalister-Wiggin gas tubes used with it, which stood up to incredible over-work in 1918 in our X-Ray department. Frederick Butt himself has paid at last with his life for the too scant attention given in those earlier years to protection for the operator, and his name must be added to the long list of X-Ray martyrs, for, by the work of the designers and builders of apparatus, no less than by that of the radiologists, the healing miracles of to-day have been made possible and stricken humanity spared an enormous amount of suffering in advanced inoperable cancer.

"The firm of Frederick R. Butt & Co., for a short period after the Great War associated with Siemens and known as X-Rays, Ltd., is now carried on under the guidance of Mr. Fred. Butt, Junior."

Sister Doig, we are sorry to learn, is still troubled with her heart. Writing to Tollit she says: "It would be a great pleasure for me to be with you all and to meet those with whom we worked so long since. There were with me the Misses Winstanley, Lindsay, Burr and Drummond."

We hope Sister Doig may be able to come to our next Dinner or perhaps she could get in touch with Jamieson and attend a Scottish Re-union.

Sister Flett, who last February had had to give up her work owing to rheumatism, we are glad to hear is much better.

Many Royaumontites who remember the Gamwells, Marian and Hope, that enterprising couple who were always so jolly and capable, will read the following with interest: "I went for a wonderful motor tour in Kenya, Uganda and the Belgian Congo in August, September and part of October. . . . The Highlands of Kenya are certainly a lovely part of the world. We went to stay with friends on Mt. Elgon, stopping at several places on the way, and then went on to Jinja to see the Ripon Falls, the source of the Victoria Nile. These Falls are not very high, but are really a tremendous water shoot. After staying a few days at Kampala, the commercial centre of Uganda, we left the car at Butiaba and took a boat up Lake Albert and the lower end of the Victoria Nile to see the Murchison Falls. This was a lovely twenty-four hour run, there and back. We arrived at the mouth of the river at dawn, and from there to the Falls we had a long panorama of large game animals. I never thought it would be possible to see so many elephant, buffalo, crocs. and hippo in one day! The crocs. were simply piled in heaps on the rocks, basking in the sun, and what appeared to be large islands in the distance, turned out to be huge schools of hippo. The elephant and buffalo were drinking and bathing on the water's edge and there were many lesser game animals too. The falls are wonderful, if you climb up the cliff and look down on them from above, the whole of the Nile tears through a gap in the rocks only twenty-one feet wide, and it falls with such terrific force it is driven up again almost as high as it has fallen!

"From Butiaba we went to Fort Portal to try and see something of the Mountains of the Moon. The snow peaks of this range are usually hidden by cloud, but we were very fortunate and the morning after we arrived the whole range stood out against a clear blue sky, but it only lasted about an hour, and then the cap came down again. It was a wonderful sight,—there is something quite unique about the sight of snow in the tropics. We stayed at Fort Portal for a few days to see the charming crater lakes in the neighbourhood, and then went on into the Congo. Our first day's run led us past Lakes George and Edward and over the shoulder of the Mountain range and so along the Semliki valley on the other side. This valley was a famous haunt of elephant hunters in the days when ivory was worth hunting for, and if the price ever goes up again, this should be the place to which one should

come. The Congo must be full of elephants, judging from the number we saw whilst we were there. Most of them were quite fearless and took no notice of the car,—just went on browsing by the side of the road. We spent a week in the Ituri Forest, at a rest camp run by an American and his wife, right in the heart of the forest on the banks of the Epulu river. We had a most interesting time there, as this is the home of the pygmies and of that strange beast, the okapi. We were very sorry to leave, but we were a long way from home by this time—only a day's run from Stanleyville, so we had to turn south again. On the way home we collected a safari of porters and climbed one of the live volcanoes in the 'Parc National Albert.' It was a rough trek which took three days, and the going was mostly over old lava beds, but it was well worth it when we got to the top. The rest hut is built right inside the crater, and we were able to get right down to the bed of the volcano, in fact I poked my stick in the rivers of flowing lava. The sight at night was very wonderful.

"We stayed for a few days at Goma on Lake Kivu, to rest after our climb. Kivu is much the most picturesque of the Central African Lakes, and it has the added advantage of having no crocs. and no hippo, which makes bathing a pleasure instead of an anxiety! From there we came round through Western Uganda, and across Lake Victoria from Bukoba to Mwanza and so home through Tabora and the Lupa Gold Field. On the way we stayed a few days with friends at the Shinyanga tse-tse research station, where we saw all the latest experiments that are being made to rid the country of the dreaded 'fly'; we also visited the Sleeping Sickness research station which is run by Dr. Corson. He had really retired from the Tanganyika Medical Service, and must be getting on in years, but he came back to do this research work and he has given himself Sleeping Sickness four times in order to check his experiments. The work that has been done on this disease is wonderful. If it is taken in its early stages it can almost certainly be cured. And Dr. Corson told us that in that case it is no worse than a bad attack of malaria, but I believe the injections make you feel worse than the actual disease!"

Extracts from a letter from **Marian Gamwell**, Chilongolwelo, Abercorn, N. Rhodesia. December, 1936.

"We spent a fairly hectic day (Coronation Day) here. In the morning there was an open air service for Europeans and Natives, and afterwards the Chiefs came up to the Rostrum and read addresses of homage to the new King. After the service we went up to a friend's house and were just in time to hear the broadcast of the actual service in the Abbey. I think what struck most people here, throughout the day, was being able to hear what was taking place at the time. This must have been the same all over the world. It is extraordinary what an improvement there has been in transmitting since the King's funeral. At that time it was very poor, but now it seems as though the speakers must be in the room with us!

"All the settlers had lunch at the hotel and then went on to watch the native sports. These proved too much for some of the younger members of the community who joined in too. The sports were followed by a football match and then a fireworks display at the

Club, after which every one went home to listen to the speeches of the King and Premiers. We dined with friends who have a wonderful wireless set, and we stayed until 1 o'clock in the morning listening to the relays. I suppose when the next Coronation is celebrated, people will be able to see as well as hear, all that is going on."

Extracts from a letter from **Marian Gamwell**, Chilongolwelo, Abercorn, N. Rhodesia. May, 1937.

**Giles.** Many old Royaumontites will remember Giles (now Mrs. Baynes), she writes: "I expect my many travels abroad have led to my being lost sight of. I met **Grandage** at Bath in the summer. Mrs. R. Baynes, Hill House, Upper Swainswick, Bath, will always find me."

**Sister Harriet Goodwin** (Mrs. DeVaughn), writing from Arizona to Mrs. Ivens-Knowles, says: "I am writing to you after all these years, asking you to be so kind as to give me a testimonial regarding my work in France for three years under you."

"I hope you remember me, Harriet Goodwin, I was your surgical nurse both in Royaumont and Villers-Cotterets, and was recommended by you and received the Croix de Guerre, also mentioned in Honorable Dispatches."

"Do you remember the night in France when we stayed for hours in the darkness and that ammunition train was bombed, and we had so much work to do and the shrapnel was flying in all directions? That indeed was a dreadful night, but you were like the Rock of Gibraltar and inspired us all."

"After the War I went to Serbia for about five years—two years with the Scottish Women's Hospitals, then joined the American Red Cross. My work was varied in Serbia, first nursing Typhus cases, then doing Public Health work, and the last year in Serbia I was head Surgical nurse of the Belgrade Nursing or Training School. Then I came to America and have been here ever since. I have had several positions but just now am doing private duty."

"I received a letter from Sister Shee, also one from 'Big Andy' some time ago."

"My mother, who lives in Accrington, Lancs., sent me a cutting from the *Daily Mail* telling me about your marriage some time ago. Do you ever see or hear from Miss Nicholson?"

"I am married now, and have a little boy 10 years old. He was a Caesarian baby and was born in California. We have lived in Arizona almost eight years. We have a lovely climate here. We have a small farm outside of the City."

"When I left Serbia I sent my medals home to my Mother (I was awarded four in Serbia), and they were lost *en route*. I was very sad indeed to lose the Croix de Guerre, but my Mother still has the photograph taken on the day the Croix de Guerre was awarded."

**Grandage** writes: "Here I am settled in England again and it may interest some of you to know that during my stay in Australia I saw two or three Royaumontites."

"On arriving in Sydney I was met by **Webster's** (Mrs. Dudley Williams) small baby and nurse and taken out by car to their home at Ruse Bay. I stayed several weeks there on my last visit but this time I could only

spend the one day that the boat remained in Sydney Harbour. Webster was a bit under the weather and recovering from an attack of 'flu, but in spite of that she was her usual cheerful self and anxious to glean any news I could give her of her old friends. Her children grow fast, and Rua, a replica of herself, is now seventeen and expects to come to England in 1939. Her latest baby, Alison, at the time of my visit some months old, was a bundle of good nature and full of fun. We all spent a very happy day together and Webster took me down to my boat which was to carry me on to Melbourne."

"In or near Melbourne I saw **Figgis**, who I regret to say was not very well. She has passed through a troubled time and suffered much strain during the days of her Mother's long illness, who died during my stay in Australia. She talks of coming to England with her sister when their affairs are settled. I have a Christmas letter from her now in which she tells me that she has been in hospital for the 'fashionable operation' (which I take to be appendicitis), but she is apparently recovered and looking forward to travelling later, so perhaps her friends will see her at the next Royaumont dinner."

"I spent some months with **Williams** (Lady Smyth), and found her, as ever, very much alive and very busy on the delightful Kongbool Station where she lives. Her three children are now respectively nearly eighteen, sixteen and fourteen, all full of life and interest in everything. The two eldest are looking forward to the joys of seeing England in about a year's time. I regret to say that her husband was taken very ill towards the end of my visit, but good news is now coming over and he has made a wonderful recovery."

"I failed to see **Armstrong** this visit. I heard from her and learnt she was leaving 'Clear Hills' and going to live nearer her married sister. Probably some others may have later news of her."

"When I was in New Zealand at Christchurch I unexpectedly met Dr. Scott of one of the S.W.H. Serbian visits. In the usual friendly way of S.W.H. members she, on learning I had been at Royaumont, arrived with her car and took me for a sight-seeing trip round and about the city, and we enjoyed a delightful tea at the Ladies' South Canterbury Club of which she is President. We found we had several S.W.H. friends in common, and it was a very pleasant encounter."

**Lindsay** (Mrs. Hayward) was at the Dinner after an absence of fifteen years. She has been over from her home in South Australia since April, together with her husband and three children. The latter were so excited at the prospect of the voyage, that they almost feared they might *not* be sea-sick and so miss one of its experiences."

They will all have reached their home again before the *News-Letter* appears, as they sailed on the new P. and O. Liner "Stratheden" (her maiden voyage), on Christmas Eve."

**Sister Lindsay**, who does not seem to have been at a Dinner for some time, writes: "I had hopes that I might have been down to the Dinner but most unfortunately I had a go of 'flu and felt very miserable for a bit. I hope you had a very successful evening

and that there was a good turn out. I was thinking about you all and will look forward to the next Royaumont letter to hear about it. We have missed Miss Gray so very much. I spent a week-end with her niece in Edinburgh last month and it felt so strange to be there and not see her. What a good friend she was."

**Millar** was at the Dinner full of fun and ready to lead our (raucous) voices in any chorus. In an account of a V.A.D. Camp published in the *Scotsman* last July we read: "It's good fun sitting at the feet of Sister Millar in the instructional hospital—unless she happens to light on you with one of her questions." Congratulations to **Sister Millar** on making such a success of her job."

**Minchin** (whose article "How I Spent Coronation Day" appears in this number) writes from Zurich, Switzerland: "We came here just a year ago from Nice—a terrific journey with me on a stretcher! I have been crippled in bed now for twenty-three months with acute rheumatism, have had ten doctors and a 'cure' at a well-known Spa, from which I emerged with three more joints seized by the malady than before."

"My doctor here had a big German doctor staying with him lately, who threw a new light on my case. I don't think they have got hold of the right end of the stick yet in treating it."

"I still cannot walk a step, but this summer I was able to get out in a bath chair, which was an immense pleasure. I had not yet started to go out at Coronation time, and when I saw the 'How I Spent Coronation Day' Contest in my Overseas *Daily Mail* I thought it was hopeless to try. However, as I hadn't anything to go on, I thought I would see what I could do with *nothing*, and had the luck to win a second prize. It is awful sob-stuff of course (the sub-title is the *Daily Mail's*), and I was never so surprised in my life that they printed it."

"But I did not mean to write about illness. I have recently started to collect stamps to pass the time, and I have got ever so interested in it. People have been very kind in giving me lots, and in a few months I have got a great many. I like the British Colonials best, and I wondered if any Royaumontites in the Colonies would be able to send me some. I would gladly send Swiss ones in exchange."

Her address is Mrs. Steinmann, 70, Römerstrasse, Ober-Winterthur, Canton de Zurich, Switzerland."

It would be nice if some Old Royaumontites could help Minchin with her stamp collection.—Ed.

**Moor**, we are sorry to hear, has not been at all well and is in a Nursing Home. However, she hopes soon to get back to her most successful private hotel. She was at the Royaumont Dinner full of life and energy as usual. We send her all good wishes for a speedy recovery."

"**Big Murray**" writes from Wigtownshire, which is in the South of Scotland: "I write from bed, where I have spent the last thirteen weeks, slowly recovering from a severe bout of cardiac asthma. The last bad attack came on just as the Dinner must have been ending last year, and my family and I thought I was quite safe for another year, as the three previous attacks



had been at intervals of twelve months, so when a cousin placed this tiny cottage in the most remote corner of Galloway at my disposal this summer, and offered to transport me from home (Bradford-on-Avon), without any exertion on my part, we accepted gratefully, and arranged with a friend of my young sister's, a trained nurse, to come with me for a month. She brought her car, and we had just two weeks of real enjoyment when a very vicious attack came on as we were returning from a visit to friends and were fifteen miles away from all remedial and restorative measures. We only just got home in time—and here we still are, marooned from all our friends and our families, but managing to be wonderfully contented in a very quiet way. Fortunately I know this much younger friend very well, having coached her twice in her schooldays during the long summer holidays, and it is not a strain for either of us to have this long enforced *tête-à-tête* existence. My brother has managed two very flying visits—he is the very busy minister of a large parish near Edinburgh—and but for the fact that I am so very far from my family, life is wonderfully pleasant. We knit and sew and read, and the days slip past very placidly.

We hope Murray will soon be better and able to come to the Dinner next year.—Ed.

Raymond writes: "I don't forget Royaumont a bit, always read the NEWS-LETTER with immense interest, and gave an account of some of our doings at our Women's Institute meeting this month. I was never much good at letter writing and my days are very full with quantities of things which must be done. I am afraid I cannot come this year, my son is being confirmed that afternoon and we shall not be free from that till about 7 p.m., which gives no time to come home and change. I did think I might run up to the party on Sunday afternoon, weather permitting, etc., and am writing Salway about it. It was great fun seeing her again.

"The family are thriving and are as follows: Hester, 17—Westonbirt School. Rodney, 15—Eton (K.S.). Veronica, 13—St. Mary's School, Colne.

"I haven't got any up-to-date snaps or would send them to you. So sorry for being so very unsatisfactory."

Dr. Winifred Ross sends the following amusing account of the presentation made to Mrs. Hacon last year: "I promised to let you know all about this, but I did not find out what she really got till 25th October though I have no doubt I could have done so if a little more energy had been expended. I was uncertain if she had got a silver fish, or a sort of curled up whiting thing they give, or a crocodile or a badger, but it turns out to be a silver beaver which is handed out to Guides who have really worked frightfully hard and it appears that Mrs. Hacon, in far away pre-war days, when we were all squawking in our cradles, was appointed sole Commissioner for the land north of Inverness with full powers to do what she could for the Girl Guides of that ilk—and she did. The beaver was presented to her by Lady Baden Powell with many compliments."

Our congratulations to Mrs. Hacon on this unique honour. I don't suppose any other member of our Association has anything half so grand.

Dr. Agnes Savill writes: "This summer I saw 'Wee Free,' who spent a week-end with me; she looks

very well though she works all day long in the heat of the Gold Coast. Then in September I went to Canada, and saw Dr. Leila Henry, who is in Montreal. She is very well and very happy, having a flourishing son and daughter, and a husband who is becoming well known as a leading man in obstetrical work. Thence I went to America, to an Electrical Congress, and was much impressed by their vigour and vitality, and by the amazing skyscraper buildings. The hotels were all twenty storeys high or more, and all the rooms which did not look out on streets were dead quiet, a most remarkable fact. In most of our new luxury flats one can hear every sound from adjoining tenants' rooms."

"Little Simpson" writes to Tollit: "I am busy with my two children, a little girl and a little boy—they are a full-time job, but I am glad to say they have kept fit this winter in spite of the change of temperature.

"I enjoyed reading the news, as it's the first I have had of any Royaumontites for ages.

"I am very much tied and so far have not been able to meet any of the Scottish Branch."

Ramsay Smith writes in August: "Lindsay lunched with us when she was in Peebles and she was just the same cheerful and amusing spirit that she was at Royaumont."

Tozer sends the following: "I am visiting my sister in Kenya and shall be here over Christmas. We came out in September and stayed in Cairo for a fortnight, had a most interesting time sight-seeing. We stayed at the Y.W.C.A. Hostel in Cairo and were most comfortable. Terms were about 8s. 6d. a day for a single room, including as many baths as you want, very good reception rooms and a library. It's very central and close to the museum where they have all the furniture, jewelry, etc., taken from Tutankamen's tomb.

"My sister has about 100 acres, a bungalow and garden, horses, dogs. We are about 120 miles from Nairobi and 20 miles from Nyeri where we shop. She has neighbours near—and I must say they all have very comfortable bungalows. The boys do the house work very well and cook and wait at table as well as trained English servants.

"The scenery is lovely, and we have a view of Mt. Kenya when the summit is not covered with snow.

"The roads are bad, but one gets used to deep ruts and bumps. We are over 7,000 ft. high and so far I have never found it too hot. The nights are cold and I have two blankets and an eiderdown and hot water bottle. A wood fire is lighted every evening in the sitting room. It seems strange seeing we are on the equator and I was warned not to go out between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. without a topee or double felt hat even if the sun is not hot.

"I am told there are leopards and baboons, but the latter do not come to this garden, but horses are stabled at night and the dogs shut up in case a leopard comes around the house at night.

"I am staying for some time I expect. I do hope you will have a very successful Dinner and a good number of members will turn up."

Wilson was not able to come to the Dinner this year. She writes: "I have heard quite often from Banks, who is thoroughly enjoying her trip round Africa."

# Royaumont News-Letter



*New Series.*

**JANUARY, 1939.**

*No. 4.*

**Objects of the Association :** To maintain and strengthen our war-time comradeship.

**Subscription :** Half-a-crown per annum **due December 1st** for the following year.

*President :* Mrs. IVENS-KNOWLES, C.B.E., M.S. (Lond.).

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*Hon. Editor :* Miss C. F. N. MACKAY, 31, Markham Square, Chelsea, London, S.W. 3.

Subscribing Members can have letters addressed to them c/o the Hon. Treasurer at her house, where they can also consult the Association Address Book.

## Editorial.

Owing to our twentieth annual Royaumont Dinner having taken place in October this year instead of at the end of November, this number of the NEWS-LETTER may seem rather belated, but it is really going to press at the usual time—and not too late to wish readers everywhere a Happy New Year. Of the year that has passed perhaps the least said the better, but we have certainly all been jogged up, as never before since 1914, which, for many of us, has been a good thing, and has, I think, shown that the old spirit of service is still alive among us despite the fact that we are all twenty-four years older. This was evident at our last dinner, where the

talk was not so much of what we had done, but of what we were doing or going to do, and there were several suggestions made that Royaumontites should try to band together and offer their services in some capacity to the Government. A somewhat similar idea is expressed in a letter from "Williams," Lady Smyth, who, writing from Australia, says of the Royaumont Dinner: "It seems to me that a 'bevy of women' meeting every year like that ought to arrange to do good in some way and not just meet to eat and gossip. Each member might undertake to help some less fortunate person or family in the year and then

report at or before each dinner to a secretary what they have been able to do or something like that."

Of course our Emergency Fund is a sort of *raison d'être*, but judging by the latest statement of accounts only one small payment has been made during last year.

At the time of the Crisis it was found to be quite impractical to form a unit of ex-Royaumontites owing to differences in age and capabilities and also because we are a very scattered community. Individually, however, it will be found that most of us are doing some sort of public work. It would be interesting to know what other members think about all this and by writing to the ROYAUMONT NEWS-LETTER, they are sure of having their views on this and upon any other subject circulated.

Turning away from these more serious thoughts, we all enjoyed the last Royaumont Dinner very much. Our Médecin-Chef was in splendid form. The "Robin" (Miss Loudon) was the guest of honour and Miss Hamilton made an excellent speech.

We are indeed lucky in being able to have the Dinner at the Forum, and "Salway" (Mrs. McIntosh) has arranged for us to do so next time, when events, or Dictators, permitting, it will be held on Saturday, 4th November, and a tea-party on the Sunday following (details of time and place later) will be given by the Editor of the NEWS-LETTER.

All Royaumontites will agree that the success of our annual dinner is largely due to the time and trouble Salway takes in arranging all the details. She seems to have a magic way of seating the right people next to one another, which is no easy matter.

On the Sunday following the last dinner our Médecin-Chef (Mrs. Ivens-Knowles) gave a most enjoyable tea-party at Moor's delightful house in Craven Hill. There we discussed everything from V.A.D.'s to A.R.P. and our hostess was, as usual, most interested in all our doings.

Royaumont rumours are already in the air about special preparations for our next Dinner, which, believe it or not, will be the 21st, but these are at present "secret and confidential."

Many thanks again to all Royaumontites who have so kindly written to me with news or articles for the NEWS-LETTER. I hope they will continue to do so.

#### Letter to the Royaumont Unit from our Médecin-Chef.

KILLAGORDEN,  
TRURO,  
CORNWALL.

January 9th, 1939.

MY DEAR UNIT,

Once more I write to wish you all a very happy New Year, and let us all hope a peaceful one. In the last few months our thoughts have often turned to France, especially at the time of the threatened general strike, and we trust have all rejoiced that a strong enough leader was found to pull things together.

Our last dinner was a great success, and I think that many of us appreciated the better weather and absence of fog. It was delightful that we were able to show our affection for the "Robin" by choosing her as our guest of honour, though I felt afterwards that it would have taken more than the evening if we had tried to recall all the kindnesses she has shown to each one of us. We missed Inglis and Miller. It must not happen again, and we must try to make a very special effort next November, our twenty-fifth anniversary.

I heard at Christmas from Dr. Henry, very happy with her two clever children. They all enjoy their trips in the lovely Canadian country. She hopes to see some of us in the Spring. General Descoignes, too, sent kind messages to everyone. He hopes to come to the next dinner. Last Summer we were fortunate in having Raymond (Mrs. Lloyd) staying at a neighbouring Vicarage. She is as lively as ever, and has a charming son at Eton and two beautiful daughters.

I am sorry to conclude on a sad note as I am sure you will all be sorry to hear of the death last year of Sister Cocking after her return from a trip abroad.

With the hope that our next meeting will be in a peaceful and happy 1939,

Believe me,

Your affectionate Chief,

FRANCES IVENS-KNOWLES.

Love and best wishes for 1939.

#### SALWAY sends the following:

The Twentieth Annual Meeting was held on October 15th, and there were fifty-one acceptances.

The Guest of Honour was the ever popular Miss Loudon ("Robin").

Telegrams were received from Ramsay-Smith, Mrs. Hacon, Davidson, Miller, and Ashton.

#### Letters of regret from:

Sister Duncan, Sister Petrie, Sister Jeffrey, Sister McLaren (Mrs. Bruce), Ramsay-Smith, A. L. Anderson, Brown, Don, Giles (Mrs. Baynes), Doig, Kennedy (Mrs. Clements), Leishman, Big Murray, M. C. Merrylees, Moore, Jamieson, Paley, Rolt, Ricketts, Tatham, A. Nicholson, Webster, Yeats, Tollit, Stein.

#### Those present at the Dinner were:

Guest of Honour: Miss Loudon. Mrs. Ivens-Knowles, C.B.E., Miss Nicholson, Miss Courtauld, Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Alison, Mrs. Savill, Miss Maitland, Miss Buckley, Miss Adams, Dr. Logan, Sister Lewis, Sister Adams (Mrs. Bushby), Sister Pickard, Sister Morris, Sister Dickie (Mrs. Waddell), Collum, Day, Butler, Mrs. Large, Burrard (Mrs. Dashwood), Oliver, Cannon (Mrs. Walford), Main (Mrs. Breakey), Young, Chapman, MacGregor (Mrs. Hallam), Gamwell, Grandage, Morgan, MacKay, Merrylees, Carter (Mrs. Hills), Martin, Newton, Smieton (Mrs. Sanderson), Mrs. Latham (Churchill), Banks (Mrs. Simmonds), Bunyan, Warner (Mrs. Hodgson), Forrest, Stewart, Moffat, Anderson (Mrs. Petitpierre), Wilson, Moor, Waddell, Howard Smith, Simonsen, Salway (Mrs. McIntosh), and Mrs. Alison's daughter.

The next dinner will be held at the Forum Club, by arrangement with Mrs. McIntosh, on November 4th, 1939, and as it is the 21st it is hoped that there will be a good number of acceptances.

Leng rang up from Edinburgh just as we were beginning to disperse to wish us all good luck.—Ed.

DR. COURTAULD sends the following interesting account of Armistice Day in 1918 and in 1938.

#### Armistice Day, November 11th, 1918.

ABBAYE DE ROYAUMONT,  
FRANCE.

Just before 8 a.m. General Descoignes arrived. Many of us were standing about the big stairs or in the Hall. Others rushed out from all parts of the Abbaye.

"La guerre est finis," he said. The Germans had agreed to sign the Armistice and at any moment a message might come through to say that it had been signed. Doctors, sisters, orderlies went from ward to ward to spread the news. In less than one hour the telephone rang. We heard that the Armistice had been signed at 5 a.m.

Then the Hospital let itself go! From ward to ward went processions of orderlies waving flags, singing, cheering, and beating anything that made a noise. And cheering men greeted them everywhere. "Vive la France!" "Vive l'Angleterre!" "Vive les Allies!" An impromptu concert took place in the gallery of "Canada." The Austrian prisoners with "Flue" in "Foch" were very "tristes."

Hardly had I finished dressings than I heard that I was to make one of a party to Paris. A light lunch and we finally started off about 11.0. Young drove the ambulance, much battered after four years of war service. Miss Ivens sat with her in front. Inside were Miss Nicholson, Matron Lindsay, Miss Gray, Ramsay-Smith and myself. Our drive was a triumphal one. Flags decorated the Ambulance, and we waved red grease rags out of the windows.

The villages were waking up to the fact that hostilities had ended, and the groups of men, women and children cheered us again and again. The morning had been misty, but the sun came out and it was all glorious.

Paris was already gay with bunting; cheers and noise everywhere. We were stopped and surrounded by people before the Hotel Continental—many shaking us by the hand. Our ambulance was boarded by little scouts who sat on the roof and clung on to anywhere they could cling, and then we drove up the Champs Elysée, round the Arc de Triomphe, and back up the Rue Royale, all cheering the whole time. In front of the Madeline the scouts left us. We tried to get wine at the Louvre for the