

Cro/3/14

Royaumont News-Letter



New Series.

JANUARY, 1939.

No. 4.

LONDON :
THE WOMEN'S PRINTING SOCIETY, LTD.,
31-35, BRICK STREET, PICCADILLY, W. 1.

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.).

Vice-Presidents : Miss RUTH NICHOLSON, M.S., Miss ELIZABETH COURTAULD, M.D.

Chairman : Miss ETTA INGLIS.

Hon. Secretary : Mrs. SANDERSON.

Hon. Treasurer : Miss F. M. TOLLIT, 12, Woodchurch Road, N.W. 6.

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

evening concert of our Blessés. But this was impossible. Back through the noisy streets to the Hotel Continental, where we had some coffee and fruit. Then off to the Place d'Opera.

By this time all the shops had closed and people had come out in crowds and were dancing in the streets, laughing and cheering everywhere. And so we drove back to Royaumont. We found "Canada" a mass of flags and decorations and already patients who could sit at tables and others in beds. Dinner began and noise everywhere. Miss Ivens came in and champagne was given to the men to drink a toast to the Armistice. Miss Ivens, Miss Nicholson, Miss Gray, Mons. le Curé, Michelet and General Descoigns were chaired up and down the ward. General Descoigns then mounted a chair and made a short pathetic speech which was greeted enthusiastically.

We (400 or more) sang the "Marsellaise" and our National Anthem which was grand. General Descoigns stood at the salute during the singing of the National Anthem.

Then the staff and all the patients who could walk streamed out into the rose-garden. There in a large open space had been erected a huge pile of faggots and straw and on top a huge effigy of the Kaiser. Miss Ivens set a match to this and soon the pile was blazing. The staff and patients joined hands and made a big ring round the bonfire—and after a time the Kaiser caught fire and fell back into the burning pile. People went back to "Canada" where a concert took place. But by 10 o'clock patients had gone back to bed. And we were tired, but had a long talk before going to bed.

Armistice Day, 1938.

ESSEX,
ENGLAND.

A lovely November morning. The sun breaking through the mist. Yellow-brown leaves quietly and steadily falling. All seems peace in this rural part of England. But look behind the scenes—and there is to be seen a room full of dark curtains and fittings ready for a "Black-out." Look at the old timber, thatched barn all ready to be used as a Casualty clearing station. And look deeper still. There is

no real peace. Envy—suspicion—ill-will between all nations, who are arming to "the teeth." Twenty years ago one innocently, but ignorantly, believed that the European problem was fairly settled. "No more war." "All would be well."

But the past twenty years have completely dispelled that belief, and have shown us our big mistakes. Bitter as this lesson has been, and indeed still is, we now recognize our mistakes. And if the "Armed Armistice" of six weeks ago lasts, we should begin to build a better and saner Europe than we had any conception of when peace was made after the last War.

Our congratulations to RICHMOND. The following is from the "Daily Telegraph and Morning Post" of Thursday, December 1st, 1938.

Drama of the Day—A Text-Book of Acting.

SUSAN RICHMOND'S WISDOM:
By Sydney W. Carroll.

A few weeks ago I referred to the work of that admirable educational institution, the Webber Douglas School, and mentioned amongst others the name of Miss Susan Richmond as one of those several skilled artists responsible for imparting the rules of stage technique to the students.

Miss Richmond is the author of a *Text Book of Stagecraft*, which has had a wide appeal amongst young people, and, encouraged by its reception, has now followed it up with a second volume called *Further Steps in Stagecraft* (Year Book Press, 3s.).

This well-arranged and carefully thought-out little book treats its subject, acting, in a more advanced way, but is self-contained. It provides a simple and practical theory of stage technique through a series of further exercises.

NO SHORT CUT.

There is, according to Miss Richmond, no short cut to clarity of diction. Nothing but determination and repetition of the awkward step or the tiresome phrase will ensure that

perfect easiness of effect which conceals necessarily the labour it has involved.

One must not, she reminds us, enjoy oneself too greatly in "elocuting" material as the audience's enjoyment is usually in inverse ratio to one's own.

No amount of individual brilliance is going to compensate for loss of unity in chorus work, which must obviously represent the effort of a team.

The art of telephoning on the stage is not quite so simple as a beginner might think. The audience must be made to realise the other end of the telephone and the other side of the conversation. Pauses neatly judged, facial expression, occasional gesture, emphasis in the right place, sustaining of pace, retention of interest, all these points must be studied.

The exercises provided under this head should prove particularly helpful if carefully practised.

The range of the average speaking voice, according to Miss Richmond, for ordinary conversation is roughly six notes, whilst the range of a good actor is two octaves. Great parts call for great resources. The voice in exercising it should be dragged up and down over as long a range of notes as possible. This develops elasticity.

In using a foreign accent one should be very sparing. The average audience finds accents difficult to follow. Inflections must be relied on rather than distortion of word sounds.

If you know that your characterisation is poor you should concentrate upon the "timing" until such time as you feel the former quality can be developed.

Economy of movement is a great thing. Only those who have the greatest command of movement can use it as freely as it is needed. The ability to repeat scenes exactly should be cultivated.

These and many other invaluable hints will be found in Miss Richmond's book, which I cordially commend to all who may be interested in training for the stage.

The following was sent to me by M. BERNARD CHAMPIGNEULLE, Directeur du Foyer de l'Abbaye de Royaumont—unfortunately we cannot reproduce the charming photograph of the cloisters at the head of this notice.—Ed.

Le Foyer de l'Abbaye de Royaumont.

The Foyer of the Abbey of Royaumont stands on part of a private estate in the heart of the country, twenty miles north of Paris. It offers the peace and poetic charm of an old Cistercian monastery, founded by Saint-Louis, to those who would withdraw for a while from the turmoil of the times, in order to collect their thoughts and devote themselves to study, or carry on, in favourable surroundings, some creative work for which the demands of every day life are too disturbing.

Thirty cells of the monastery, looking on to the park or the cloister, have been equipped with all the comfort of modern rooms (hot and cold running water, central heating, electric light, bathrooms, etc.), and are available for any persons who can satisfy the Management that they are qualified to benefit by the advantages of the Foyer.

Applications for admission must be received a few days before the proposed date of visit. The approximate time of arrival should be notified at least twenty-four hours in advance. The Committee of Management intends to group the guests so that the company shall be specially congenial, and to set up intellectual contacts between guests of French and other nationalities while excluding any suggestion of religious, political, or ideological propaganda.

The Director of the Foyer will make it his particular business to establish at Royaumont or elsewhere, personal contact between those intellectuals of France and other lands who may wish to meet one another.

The old Cistercian rule survives only in the observance of strict punctuality at luncheon and dinner. Each guest at Royaumont can spend his time as suits him best, provided that he does not interfere with the work or the repose of his fellow guests.

The Committee are prepared to accord free hospitality in certain cases requiring special consideration.

The Foyer is an Association formed under the Act of 1901. It has no commercial purpose.

Garage accommodation is available. There is a tennis-court in the park. In the immediate surroundings are a golf-course and a well equipped bathing beach by the Oise.

At all times of the year the Abbaye can be

reached from Paris in less than an hour by the regular 'bus service.

Terms : " en pension " 50 francs a day ;
week end only : 60 francs a day.

For all further information, details of terms of admission, etc., write to M. le Directeur du Foyer, Abbaye de Royaumont, Asnières-sur-Oise (S.&-O.), or 28, quai d'Orléans, Paris (4^e). —Tél. : Odé. 59-65.

From the "Figaro," 16th May, 1938.

Chronique.

L'accueil hospitalier.

Par PAUL MORAND.

Hier le ciel était gris et enfin la pluie tombait sur la terre. (Après tant de mois secs, on est désormais tenté de dire, comme en Orient, que journée mouillée est journée bénie.) Le jet d'eau du cloître s'efforçait à la hauteur des cyprès dont les fûts alternaient avec les ogives gothiques. Cloître voûté qui, dans l'architecture cistercienne, est le réduit central, le cœur carré de l'abbaye. Ce cloître où nous nous trouvions cordialement réunis sera désormais la cellule-mère d'une admirable et nouvelle fondation destinée aux intellectuels, le *Foyer de Roquaimont*.

Du réfectoire des moines sortaient les sons profonds de l'orgue, des fugues, des chorales de Bach. Des dortoirs, des antiques cuisines, des celliers et des chapelles, dans le parfum des premiers iris, des aubépines naissantes, dans l'éclat encore vert des boules de neige montait tout un arôme de siècles charitables, de journées coutumières, de récréations naïves, de très anciennes cueillettes et de lessives innocentes ; mais aussi d'heures de souffrances et de repentirs. Devant ces douves, ces ruisseaux, ces étangs, les bruits de Paris, les remous du siècle, le brouhaha de Chantilly s'étaient tus. De tant de graines semées par les siècles, des moissons pouvaient encore pousser pour nous. Ce n'est pas en vain que les écrivains pourront venir à leur tour méditer ici une œuvre future, sur un pareil humus d'ossements sacrés, de gestes liturgiques,

sur une telle épaisseur de confessions, de glas,
de cantiques et d'adorations.

Saint Louis fonda Royaumont. Il est né près de là, à Poissy ; on montre encore sa cellule, qui communiquait avec l'église. Après la brûlante Palestine, avant Carthage et Tunis éblouissantes de sel et de feu, les verdure cisterciennes apaisaient ce cœur tendre, avide d'oraisons et de repos, que la vie força contre son gré à tant de batailles contre le Sarrazin ou contre ses propres barons. Sur cette grande banlieue nord de Paris s'étend encore l'ombre de l'abbaye de Saint-Denis, qui faisait face à l'ennemi anglais, abritant derrière son dos le Louvre royal : Royaumont en était la jeune sentinelle, et c'est là que saint Louis, avant de frapper, venait prier, alternant l'action et l'oraison. Ces méditations du chef qui manquent si cruellement à nos dirigeants harcelés par leurs électeurs et par leurs discours dominicaux, à nos grands fonctionnaires écrasés par la paperasse, c'est aux écrivains et aux artistes de les entreprendre au sein de cette silencieuse jubilation conventuelle où les besoins essentiels du corps et de l'esprit sont comblés.

Sauf Pontivy, sauf l'Ecole de Sagesse de Darmstadt, sauf la Grande-Chartreuse et quelques couvents d'Europe centrale que l'hitlérisme a dû raréfier encore, sauf le Mont Athos, le Mont Cassin, sauf ce Bohemian Grove californien où des universitaires en *shorts* et des businessmen nus jouent du Händel parmi les sequoias géants, je ne connais aucun lieu du monde où la pensée puisse trouver pareil abri. En vain chercherait-on parmi les peuples les plus méditatifs une pagode chinoise, un temple japonais, une terre russe, ou parmi les nations les plus hospitalières un château anglais, un ranch argentin, offrant à des intellectuels, sans tri de race, d'opinion ou de nation, pareille cohabitation amicale. Accueillant tous les artistes dans les cellules cénotiques, invitant même gracieusement beaucoup d'entre eux, leur offrant, au choix, compagnie ou isolement sans l'ombre d'une pression intéressée, d'une propagande politique, d'une poussée confessionnelle ou d'un mot d'ordre officiel, l'œuvre doit réussir. Nous sommes fiers qu'elle ait été tentée par des Français et tout heureux que le Foyer de Royaumont, dû à une admirable initiative privée, ait été ouvert hier sans discours, ni subventions, ni fanfares.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

Royaumont Association Accounts for 1938.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
In hand from 1937	-	-	-	96	10	11½	
Received in Subscriptions, 1938	-	-	-	10	8	6	
Interest from P.O.	-	-	-	2	4	1	
				£109	2	8½	
				£	s.	d.	
				109	2	8½	
				16	13	7½	
In hand	£92	9	1				

October, 1938.

F. M. TOLLIT (*Hon. Treasurer*).

Royaumont Dinner, 1938, Balance Sheet.

[illegible]

Royaumont Association Emergency Loan Fund, Balance Sheet, 1938.

		£ s. d.				£ s. d.	
1/1/38	Balance brought forward	-	-	220	18	8	
31/5/38	By Interest	-	-	2	15	4	
30/11/38	By Interest	-	-	2	15	3	
				<u>£226</u>		<u>9</u>	<u>3</u>
17/11/38	To Cheque	-	-	20	0	0	
	„ Balance	-	-	206	9	3	
						<u>£226</u>	<u>9</u> <u>3</u>

10th January, 1939.

ISOBEL DOROTHY SIMMONDS
(Hon. Treasurer).

In Memoriam.

SISTER MACGREGOR.

MILLER sends the following :

Royaumontites will be sorry to hear of the death of Sister MacGregor. She had been in indifferent health for the past year, and she died very suddenly at the beginning of October.

Those orderlies who worked under her in "Mary" will not readily forget her. Her bright, breezy personality never failed to stimulate, and in the most trying and difficult times her innate cheerfulness and good humour helped and encouraged both men and orderlies alike. With the blessés she was inimitable. Conversation with them was always carried on in a series of staccato monosyllables, half French, half English; yet every man understood what she meant.

We shall ever remember her as one of the brightest and most amusing members of the professional staff, and her death will be much regretted by all those who were privileged to work under her.

We also regret to say that Sister Adams and Sister Cocking died last year. Sister Adams died in London last spring. Many Royaumontites will remember her in "Marguerite." Berry worked with her in Nice later.

MISS MARGARET ADAMS.

Miss Margaret Louise Adams, R.R.C., whose death has occurred in London, was matron of the Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital at Nice from 1920 to 1931 and a surgical nurse of conspicuous ability. She was trained at Edinburgh and King's College, London, and had held responsible positions in Winchester, Edinburgh and London.

SISTER COCKING.

Sister Cocking died in Cornwall. For a long time she was at the Chelsea Pensioners' Hospital, then when she retired she took a bungalow in Cornwall to be near her sister. Sister Cocking was always bright and cheerful and managed to see the funny side of things. She will be greatly missed by all her friends.

From "The Times" of 5th July, 1938.

STONEY.—On June 25th, 1938, Edith Anne Stoney, of 12, Burnaby Road, Bournemouth West, eldest daughter of the late G. Johnstone Stoney, D.Sc., F.R.S., aged 69.

MISS EDITH STONEY.

X-Ray Work during the War.

Miss Edith Anne Stoney, of Burnaby Road, Bournemouth West, died on June 25th, at the age of 69. Of her DR. WINIFRED C. CULLIS writes :

Members of the British Federation of University Women will have been deeply grieved to hear of the death of Miss Edith Stoney, who, on the day of her death, had been elected one of their vice-presidents. She was a member of a distinguished Irish family of scientists, her father (G. Johnstone Stoney, D.Sc.), and uncle, and a brother all being Fellows of the Royal Society, while her sister, Dr. Florence Stoney, was one of the pioneers of X-ray work in medicine.

Edith Stoney herself was a mathematical physicist. As a student of Newnham College from 1890 to 1894 she took both parts of the Mathematical Tripos, being bracketed equal to the seventeenth Wrangler in Part I. After leaving Cambridge she became head of the physics department in the London (Royal Free Hospital) School of Medicine for Women, a post which she resigned in 1915 to take up War work. Later she was lecturer in physics at the King's College for household domestic subjects. At the outbreak of the War she helped her sister, Florence Stoney, to assemble and equip a portable X-ray apparatus, which was of great service in Mrs. Stobart's unit which Dr. Stoney joined after her services had been rejected by the War Office. (In 1915 Dr. Stoney, however, took over at the request of the authorities, the X-ray work at the Fulham Military Hospital.) In 1915 Edith Stoney joined the Scottish Women's Hospitals and served with them in the Tent Hospital at Troyes, where she established and ran the X-ray department. In the autumn of that year she accompanied the hospital unit when it was ordered to Serbia by the French authorities. Before leaving Paris she had the foresight to equip herself, at her own

expense, with a portable engine—the committee having refused to sanction the expenditure. This action was soon justified, for, when the hospital was installed at Gevgheli, there was no electric supply. Thanks to her engine, not only was this the only British hospital able to work X-rays, but as a by-product of the work of the department Miss Stoney lighted the entire hospital with electricity.

She had many interests and worked always to widen the scope of women's work and their opportunities for service. She travelled considerably, and a visit to relatives in Australia convinced her of the need for visits from this country to the Dominions and of the good that would come from the personal contacts so made. As a scientist she appreciated the fact that these countries offered unique material for research, and that there were well-equipped laboratories in universities and scientific institutions where investigation work could be carried out. She supported these views practically and generously by her gifts to the British Federation of University Women of research studentships in science for women who were members of the Federation and graduates of the Universities of Great Britain and of Ireland. She gave expression to three of her great desires in the condition of the studentships. They were to be held by young women (candidates might not be over 26), they were for scientific research, and the work was to be done in Australia or New Zealand. She was so pleased with the success of her first scholars that this year she gave a sixth studentship, this time to be held in South Africa, to which the award was made at a meeting attended by Miss Stoney only a week before she died. It is learned that, in her will, she has left money to the Federation for the continuance of these Johnstone and Florence Stoney Studentships. Her association with the Federation, it is hoped, was a source of satisfaction to herself as certainly association with her has been a great stimulus and pleasure to her fellow members, who will be deeply sensible of the loss they have sustained in her death.

Who is H. H. ? She sends the following :

Reflections.

A for Another war looming ahead.

B Brings Before us a land strewn with dead.

C Can our Courage go through it again
D Death and Destruction, the Danger and Pain.
E Every evening o'er Royaumont's Tower
F Flight of Planes that repass at this hour
G for the Ghosts who now wander at will.
H for the Hosts lying quiet 'neath the Hill
I for the Intervals, Guns quietly brood.
J for the Joy then of Jaunts through the wood
K for the Knife which the surgeon must drop
When L for Lights out in the midst of an Op.
M for the Maimed no skill can restore.
N for the Noise of that opulent roar
When O all the Orderlies, firepails and boots
Pelt headlong at midnight downstairs—the galoots.
Q for the Quiet which pervades Doctor's rounds.
R for the Royaumont Abbey and Grounds.
S for the Splints whose adjustment brings ease.
T is the Theatre—extracting F.B.'s.
U Unknown Obsequies—Requiescat in Pax.
V are the Vêtements piled neatly in stacks.
W Week-end leave in giddy Paris.
X marks spot where you find the F.B.
Y are the Years and the friendships we made.
Z Zeal the Zooming Zepps left undismayed.
H. H.

It is much regretted that only one entry has been received for this competition. It will be carried on until next year when perhaps we shall have more !—EDITOR.

GRANDAGE sends the following :

From a Local Paper.

MISS MARY HENDERSON.

Mystery surrounds the cause of a motoring accident in Strathdon on Saturday afternoon (November 5th) in which a well-known Aberdeenshire woman was fatally injured.

The victim of the accident was Miss Mary H. J. Henderson, Auchincloch, Lumsden, who was found lying seriously injured beside her

overturned car on the Lumsden Road near Brig o' Buchat.

Miss Henderson, who was a cousin of Lady Dunedin, had been visiting friends at Ballater and was on her way home when the accident happened. There were no eye-witnesses, but it is assumed that the car had skidded and overturned, hurling the driver on to the roadway.

Fifteen Feet from Car.

A passing motorist, Mr. Watt, proprietor of the Kildrummy Hotel, found Miss Henderson lying on the road about fifteen feet from the car.

Mr. Watt told a *Press and Journal* representative that Miss Henderson was quite conscious but seemed seriously injured. Her car was badly damaged.

He lifted her into the car and took her to the Nicoll Hospital, Rhynie. As soon as she was admitted she collapsed completely. She was conscious during the journey to the hospital, said Mr. Watt, but could not explain what had happened. She just repeated "something went wrong."

Her skull was fractured and she died in Hospital yesterday afternoon, twenty-one hours after admission.

Social Work Interest.

Miss Henderson was well known in Aberdeenshire. She was a daughter of the late Mr. William Low Henderson, architect, Aberdeen, and is survived by a twin brother, who is in Wales. She was sixty-four years of age.

All her life Miss Henderson had been interested in social work. With Dr. Elsie Inglis she organised the Scottish Women's Hospital Unit in the Balkans during the War, and she was also a representative of the S.W.H. Committee, Edinburgh, for the Elsie Inglis Memorial Fund in London, then in constant touch with Grandage (Secretary of the Fund), and Tollit.

She was one of the founders of the Ladies' Forum Club in London, and in 1925 she founded the Ladies' Town and County Club in Aberdeen, of which she was managing director until a few years ago.

She had been staying in the Lumsden district for about two and a half years. There she took a deep interest in the welfare of the community, which held her in high regard.

She was a member of the executive committee

of the Nicoll Hospital, Rhynie, and was also connected with the District Nursing Association. The W.R.I. Movement interested her greatly and she was a member of the committee of the Lumsden branch.

Correspondence.

ROYAUMONT ASSOCIATION—SCOTTISH BRANCH,
6, STRATHVIEW GARDENS,
BEARSDEN,
GLASGOW.
28th August, 1938.

DEAR MACKAY,

The chief item of news for you is the very successful tea-party held in Edinburgh on 7th May in honour of "Miss Ivens" visit to Scotland.

The "Robin" got the use of a beautiful room in her Club and as usual there was plenty to talk about. There were twenty members present. Everybody was delighted to see Mr. and Mrs. Knowles and our warmest thanks are due to the "Robin" for organising such a pleasant afternoon.

The Scottish Branch tried to arrange a meeting at the Empire Exhibition in Glasgow but nobody would undertake to cater for us—or rather to guarantee seats in a restaurant at a specified time and it was decided to abandon the idea. Let's hope the members have saved the money and will turn up at the Dinner!

Looking forward to the next NEWS-LETTER.

Yours

A. L. JAMIESON.

41, CLAYTON ROAD,
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, II.
25th September, 1938.

MY DEAR MACKAY,

I was awfully sorry not to see you again before I left London. I had a farewell sherry party to which I wanted to ask you and I rang up several times during the first week-end in September but got no reply and gathered you were still away. Ruth had told me that you had visited her on your way through Liverpool to Ireland, so I expect you were still there when I 'phoned you. I was very sorry you could not be with us.

Ruth tells me I should tell you something of my new job for press purposes! But perhaps the

11, KING'S PLACE,
PERTH.

20th February, 1938.

DEAR MACKAY,

You will be, no doubt, very surprised to hear from me, but I have just been reading the ROYAUMONT NEWS-LETTER and have enjoyed it so much that I must write you on the spot and say "Thank you." It is the best and most interesting that we have ever had and I feel you must have had a great deal of work over it all. Perhaps it will help you, in your labours, to know that one orderly has greatly appreciated them.

I was sorry not to be at the Dinner, but I hope you will remember that I live in Perth, if you are up in this neighbourhood at all. I am not much from home, as Mother is so very frail now.

With renewed thanks for all your trouble,

Sincerely yours,

WILSON.

[This is most kind and greatly appreciated.—
EDITOR.]

Letters from our French Friends.

MERRYLEES sends the following interesting letters from M. Daviaud, the "Spécialiste," and the Spécialiste's son Robert Rouilly.

DAVIAUD,
47, RUE DE PARIS, 47
VIARMES (S.-&-O.)
le 24 Decembre, 1938.

BIEN CHÈRE MISS MERRYLEES,

Reçu vos vœux et souhaits de Noël et de l'an et du fond du cœur, Merci. Merci aussi pour le souvenir fidèle que vous gardez de ceux que vous avez connus ici, ce dont je vous suis particulièrement reconnaissant. Que d'années passées depuis votre séjour à Royaumont, que d'événements accomplis ou apportant aucune amélioration à nos conditions d'existence; que de nuages plus nombreux, et plus menaçants toujours, dans le ciel international; que de fautes commises par nos dirigeants français, lesquels par leurs luttes politiques stériles et leur incapacité, ont permis à l'Allemagne de redevenir une puissance beaucoup plus redoutable que celle d'avant 1914. Puissent la France et votre patrie rester unies et redevenir fortes pour en imposer au monstre germanique qui

Royaumont news has already gone to press. The local press has been giving me rather a lot of publicity since I came north and even took a photo of me, which Ruth thought was awful and which I thought was rather good. I thought I looked that horror of horrors—an efficient woman. (Don't put this in the NEWS-LETTER, it might hurt the feelings of some.)

I must explain what my job is. It is that of Regional Organiser for Women's Voluntary Services for A.R.P. in Northumberland and Durham. It is the show which was started by Lady Reading in May of this year "to assist the local authorities to obtain the number of recruits required, to stimulate the interest of women in A.R.P. work, and to help them to gain knowledge of how to protect themselves and their families against air raids." I haven't yet decided whether it is a useful work or rather a ramp (that also is not for the press), but it is frightfully interesting and affords me much amusement. I come in contact with all sorts of people and some of them fortunately say amusing things. One rather funny old chap said to me the other day after I had spent a long time trying to explain to him just exactly what I was aiming at doing (as I hardly know myself yet it is a little difficult to explain.) "Well, you know, I've noticed that there are a lot of cocks at the present time who enjoy crowing on their own middens." I don't think he meant to be rude, as after all he was talking about cocks.

I have not managed to get anything like round my area yet and it is especially difficult at the present time when most of the authorities have got into a flat spin about A.R.P. work and are all fully employed fitting gas masks and ordering sandbags. We are supposed to start centres all over the area, where voluntary workers will carry on the good work of enrolling recruits and anything else they can usefully do. I have to find the voluntary workers to man the centres and that is a job one cannot hurry over.

Altogether it is not going to be at all an easy job, and I shall probably come a cropper over it, but at least I shall have had some fun and collected a few more experiences, which is what I like.

Yours,

NICKY.

[I believe Nicky has now given up her A.R.P. job.—EDITOR.]

ne sait que s'incliner devant la force, n'admirer que la force.

J'imagine que votre fête de Christmas sera ce qu'elle a coutume d'être, c'est à dire la réunion de toute l'élite qui fut à Royaumont, et que vos jouissances seront marquées du Sceau du souvenir en une fraternité absolue et confiante. Puissions-nous, tous en tous pays, nous retremper dans le souvenir et vivre fraternellement, alors seulement l'humanité devrait pouvoir être belle! . . . Il reste entendu que je vous demande de bien vouloir être mon interprète auprès de toutes vos Compagnes venues à Royaumont pendant l'abominable guerre, qui devait être la "dernière tourmente," et, avec vous, je fais le vœux qu'une calamité aussi affreuse (que serait-elle aujourd'hui?) ne soit plus possible.—Ma pensée est souvent avec vous, sans que les années écoulées aient pu diminuer le souvenir toujours présent de vos sacrifices envers nos soldats. Malgré mes 70 ans bientôt, et d'assez sérieux inconvénients "pathologiques" je suis toujours debout, me contenant de vivre et de regretter la belle existence d'autrefois. Et je vous quitte, chère Miss, en vous priant de croire à la bien affectueuse et bien respectueuse sympathie de votre tout dévoué, ainsi que de ma épouse.

G. DAVIAUD.

L'usine Delacoste et Cie., quoique bien secouée par nos idiotes crises sociales, continue à prendre une extension de plus en plus considérable et est en route d'organiser dans le département de l'Orne une filiale, on y seront traitées des fabrications pour la défense Nationale. Je vois assez souvent Monsieur Eugène Delacoste (mon aîné d'un an), il est toujours le même, obligeant, alerte, sachant donner à son affaire toute l'impulsion nécessaire pour qu'elle grandisse encore.

Le charmant coin de Touthevie que vous aimez est plus joli encore que pendant votre séjour à Royaumont. L'abbaye de Royaumont en aujourd'hui classée comme monument historique et c'est M. Henri Gouin qui en dirige les destinées (sauf pour la partie classée). Mme. La Comtesse de Ségur, mère de Monsieur H. Gouin, est toujours la grande et charmante dame que vous avez dû connaître. Elle continue d'ailleurs d'habiter Royaumont en belle saison.

ETAMPES.

le 27.12.38.

CHÈRE MISS,

Comme le temps passe! Voilà déjà plus d'un an que j'ai en la joie de faire le voyage de Londres et être parmi toutes ces charmantes anciennes camarades de Royaumont, c'est toujours un bon souvenir pour moi et je n'oublierai jamais ces quelques jours trop vite passés et ce magnifique banquet qui pour mon compte me rajeunissait de vingt ans. Vers le 15 Novembre j'ai écrit à Mrs. McIntosh pour votre banquet annuel qui ayant été avancé à fait que je suis arrivé trop tard d'après l'aimable réponse de Mrs. McIntosh. Je pense chère Miss que votre santé est toujours très bonne et vous permet de supporter ce grand froid que nous subissons en ce moment; maintenant connu situation générale espérons que l'année 1939 s'écoulera sans catastrophe, mais malheureusement il y a beaucoup à faire et l'avenir est vraiment lourd de nuages d'orage, en septembre dernier nous avons vécu de terribles moments pourvu que cette paix ne soit pas qu'un armistice.

Nous avons bien reçu vos deux très jolis calendriers et nous vous en remercions beaucoup. Recevez chère Miss mes meilleurs vœux pour la nouvelle année.

E. ROUILLY, *ex Spécialiste*.

CHÈRE MISS MERRYLEES,

Je ne veux pas laisser partir cette lettre sans vous adresser pour la nouvelle année mes bons souhaits accompagnés de mon bon souvenir. Est-ce l'année 1939 qui nous donnera le plaisir de vous revoir un peu parmi nous, espérons toujours car avec le temps tout arrive.

Bien amicalement,

L. ROUILLY.

CHATEAU THIERRY.

28 Décembre, 1939.

CHÈRE MISS,

Je tiens à joindre aux vœux de mes parents, les miens et ceux de ma femme.

J'espère que notre lettre vous trouvera en bonne santé; pour nous le physique est bon, et nous tournées pour l'instant satisfaits car nous avons du travail. Nous avons aussi l'espoir

que l'année ne se passera pas sans que nous ayons le plaisir de votre visite.

Je sais que nos amis anglais, comme nous, ont de gros soucis en ce qui concerne l'avenir de la civilisation, et je suis avec intérêt les réactions de votre presse. Au mois de septembre j'étais mobilisé comme des milliers de français, d'allemands et de tchèques et j'ai pu me rendre compte que les uns et les autres nous n'avions qu'un désir: vivre en Paix, c'est là notre bien suprême sur cette terre!

Malgré toutes les angoisses qui pèsent sur nous je reste convaincu que si la France et surtout l'Angleterre le veulent jamais la Paix du Monde ne sera mise en danger.

Et puisque nous sommes en période de vœux, espérons que ces malheureux Espagnols et Chinois retrouvent la Paix dans cette nouvelle année, quel triste Christmas pour eux!

Je tiens à vous remercier ainsi que ma femme pour votre joli calendrier qui nous a fait un réel plaisir.

En terminant je vous prie d'accepter nos meilleures amitiés et renouvelle nos meilleurs souhaits de bonheur pour 1939.

ROBERT ROUILLY.

Sent by SALWAY:

ETAMPES S. MARNE,
AISNE, FRANCE.

17.11.38.

CHÈRE MADAME,

C'est avec un réel plaisir que je vous écris à l'occasion de votre vingtième banquet annuel et en même temps l'anniversaire du beau voyage que j'ai fait il y a un an grâce à votre généreuse initiative; je n'oublierais jamais la charmante réception et le banquet où j'ai retrouvé cette bonne camaraderie que nous tous avons tout apprécié à ce bon Royaumont. Je forme le souhait que toutes les dames avec qui je me suis travaillé l'an dernier y soient présentes et à cette belle soirée je vous prierai chère madame d'être mon interprète pour leur offrir mon respectueux et bien cordial souvenir.

Nous avons passé un bien triste mois de septembre où la sécurité du monde entier était en feu; le conflit a pu heureusement être enrayé, mais il reste encore beaucoup à faire et il faudra beaucoup de compréhension et surtout de volonte pour arriver à un sérieux

résultat enfin, espérons! il le faut, car la vie serait un vrai cauchemar.

Et pour vous chère madame ainsi que votre mari recevez mes bons souvenirs et l'expression de mes meilleurs sentiments ainsi que ceux de ma famille et une fois de plus mes sincères remerciements.

E. ROUILLY, *ex Spécialiste*.

New Addresses and Notes.

E. TAYLOR, 26, The Green Idle, Bradford.
ROSS (Mrs. McGregor), Gareton Field, Driffield, E. Yorks.
F. R. PICKARD (Sister), 35, Galloway Lane, Stanningley, Leeds.
E. INGLIS, 23, Paulton Square, Chelsea, London, S.W. 3.
E. ASHTON, Fontridge, Etchingham, Sussex.
Dr. M. J. ADAMS, 53, Gloucester Place, London, W. 1.
ADRAIN (Mrs. MacLagan), Fair Hill, Eastbury Avenue, Northwood, Middlesex.
MAIN (Mrs. Breaky), 21, Langham Mansions, Earl's Court, London, S.W. 5.
M. M. PETRIE (Sister), 119, Pilmair Street, Dunfermline, Fife, Scotland.
M. E. WADDELL, 38, Clarendon Road, Holland Park, London, W. 11.
FORREST, At 42, New Cavendish Street, London, W. 1.
CHURCHILL (Mrs. Christopher Latham), Bowden Hill, Pangbourne.

Last Armistice Day COLLUM sent a wreath as usual to our Memorial at Asnières.

We were very glad to see MARION GAMWELL at the last Royaumont Dinner. She and her sister Hope are here on holiday from their coffee plantation in Northern Rhodesia.

OLWEN CRAWSHAY WILLIAMS (Mrs. Alison's daughter), very sportingly also came. She was the little girl who walked beside her brother's go-cart when they visited Royaumont during the War!

MILLER, TOLLIT and INGLIS were greatly missed. We cannot sing without Miller, or clap without Inglis, nor produce our half-crowns without Tollit. Will they please note.

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Chapman has joined her local British Red Cross Branch and manages to fit in this work with all her other activities.

Collum was of course much upset about Sir Robert Mond's death as for years she has been working for him. Many readers no doubt saw her letter in *The Times* about this distinguished scientist.

Writing to Salway—**Day** says: "I really have nothing to do with the A.T.S. I am Hants Commandant for the *Women's Legion Mechanical Transport*, and we have to find, in time of a 'National Emergency,' all DRIVERS required by the Royal Air Force. In peace time the few they require are attached to the A.T.S. Air Force Association (Territorials), but as there are several hundred trained W. Legion M.T. Drivers unwanted at the present time, a 'Reserve' is being formed, ready to be called on if, and when, required, and this is what I am responsible for in Hampshire, recruiting and training and forming Companies all over Hampshire.

"Some of our W.L. drivers have joined the A.T.S. as 'officers' and one or two have been appointed quarter-masters (head of catering or stores), but I have not advised any of our W.L. who are the 'officer class' to join up under 'General Duties,' i.e., orderlies, as I think the domestic servant class, and others of that type, are more suited, and are being enlisted for 'General Duties.'

"There are of course very few officers required with the A.T.S., only two to a Company and they are mostly appointed by the A.T.S. Commandant of the County. If it was possible to form Royaumont or S.W.H. Company anywhere it would be a very different thing to enlisting as a private in an ordinary A.T.S. Company but I very much doubt it being possible, unless someone had 'influence' with an A.T.S. County Commandant—I have nothing to do with the A.T.S. Commandant of course, she is Lady Canteloupe (in Hants.) and her H.Q. Winchester, 73, North Walls. I am only Women's Legion Commandant.

"I don't know whether from what I have written you may be able to pick out something for the ROYAUMONT MAGAZINE. At present everything is still rather in a muddle as to exactly what is wanted, anyway where we drivers are concerned. If there is anything else you would like to know perhaps you will write to me again.

"I don't expect to be back at N. Warrington for some little time, but will look you up again, if I may, when I am in your direction.

"I am very glad you made me come to the Royaumont Dinner. I enjoyed it far more than I expected to and knew many more people than I thought I should."

Fulton (Mrs. Loring), writing to Tollit says: "I am now in California, drove across last Spring, and had a wonderful trip. It is nice to get away from the cold weather in New York for the winter. Have not heard about you for three years. I wonder if the S.W.H. is still in existence."

From **Mrs. Hacon**: "I grinned when I read in the ROYAUMONT NEWS-LETTER Dr. Ross pulling my leg, I wish it had been the right one, it alas! still remains about an inch short and is a great handicap. I have just returned from a month's holiday, I managed to get as far as Dawlish, South Devon, and paid ten visits *en route*. I only met one old Royaumontite, **Gordon**, in Edinburgh. She trained and has been nursing since 1918. I persuaded her to join the Association and am sending her subscription to Tollit.

"This has lain on my writing table for over a month—I thought I had sent it off. I hope it finds you well. With all kind remembrances."

Inglis, who was unfortunately not able to come to the Dinner, has, we hear, got a job in the Midlands to do organisation work raising funds for Dr. Barnardo's Homes. We all wish our Chairman the best of luck and good fortune in her new venture.

Leishman says: "Betty (Mrs. Bruce) and I were in Paris for two weeks in September, and a week ago Betty had a tea-party for one or two of us to meet Tollit."

Leng writes: "I do think you should emphasise in the next NEWS-LETTER what an inconvenient date they chose for the last Dinner. During Motor Show week it is quite impossible to get into any hotel without booking months ahead and all theatres, etc., are so crowded. The old date was very pleasant and most appropriate but I do see that perhaps it's difficult in some cases where health has to be considered. But I do think that country cousins might be considered. We like to make our 'annual visit' when we can fit in other things as well—such as Christmas shopping or the parties of the Season. Why not make it June when we could really 'kick up our heels' and it would even be quite pleasant sauntering in the Park in a bath chair!"

(I hope November 4th will be better for everybody.—Ed.)

Writing of the late **Sister McGregor** her sister says: "My sister had a stroke about two years ago but recovered sufficiently to resume her duties, but she was never the same and we could not persuade her to retire—she was a grand woman and beloved by everybody."

Bobbie Main (Mrs. Breakey) is doing voluntary work at Middlesex Hospital, where she helps in the library distributing books among the patients, etc.

Miller, who we missed very much at the Dinner, writes: "Congratulations! The NEWS-LETTER is getting 'better and better and better!' I thought the last one excelled all others. I am sorry I didn't send you any 'copy,' but you seemingly didn't require it. I had really nothing to say of importance. The extracts from letters, etc., at the end of the NEWS-LETTER letting us know about everyone are a good feature. I think we all appreciate the work you do for us."

D. Carey Morgan asks me to say that she has some etchings of Royaumont for sale—these are both plain or coloured, and cost from 10s. Morgan will be glad to send them on approval to any address—her address in London is 33, Hunter House, Hunter Street, London, W.C.

(Morgan has joined the Fire Brigade, all strength to her elbow, and apparently gets some fun out of it forming fours with three people and such jolly capers! —EDITOR.)

"**Big Murray**" writes: "After four years, I have been given hope of recovery, and am told I may look forward to normal life again in the near future. **Merrylees** is giving me daily massage now, and I've been able to see several old friends. I had hopes of being well enough to come to the Sunday party, but the powers that be have decided otherwise!"

Rolt writes: "I am so sorry I can't manage to get up for the Dinner but am going all out over A.R.P. and simply cannot get away. I took the training as an Instructor in the Spring but until the 'Crisis' practically nothing had been done up here and now everyone is clamouring to be trained and I have classes for V.A.D.'s, Air Wardens, Special Constables, etc.,

besides general instruction to the public, and there is only one other instructor for this huge district!

"I do hope you'll have a very jolly evening and that a good number will turn up. I had the good fortune to see quite a number of Royaumontites in the Summer. **Warner, Dr. Oswald** (with whom I stayed), 'Mammy,' **France** and 'Robin,' and I just missed **Ramsay-Smith** after I got home to my great disappointment.

"Please give my love to everyone and say how sorry I am not to be with you all."

From **Salway**: "I met **Mrs. Blood (Anderson)**, whom I had not seen since 1918 at a Re-union of the Ladies' College, Cheltenham. Both agreed neither had changed. **Margaret Freeman** had tea with me a short while ago. She has been Vice-Principal of Westonbirt for many years, and I have also had visits from **Collum** and **Day**."

Yeats. Yeats' sister sent a card to say that Yeats was not well enough to attend the Dinner. Her present address is, at Cootham Cottage, Pulborough, Sussex.

Young in her spare time is doing Ambulance driving and from all accounts does not seem to have much to learn.