

Royaumont News-Letter



JANUARY, 1947

No. 10

Object 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: Miss Ruth Nicholson, M.S.

Vice-Presidents: Miss Elizabeth Courtauld, M.D., Miss Cicely Hamilton.

Chairman: Vacant.

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Editorial

Reading through this number of the "Royaumont News-Letter" we can congratulate ourselves upon the peace-time restrengthening of the ties of friendship, and although we hope in future to see many more members at the London reunions, we have, taking into consideration all the difficulties of our victory years, made a good beginning. Particularly heartening are the accounts of the Glasgow dinner, and McLeod is to be congratulated upon her most successful party there, drawing as she did upon some of the many outside influences which in the past helped to make Royaumont what it was, and the Scottish Women's Hospitals known throughout Britain, those present renewed old acquaintances and made new ones, and thus helped to enlarge our sphere of interest.

Early this year we lost an old and trusted friend by the death of Etta Inglis, Chairman of the Royaumont Association, of which she was one of the most loyal and enthusiastic members, and it is difficult to think of our meetings taking place without her, her courage and cheerfulness will always be an inspiration to us. All Royaumont members who knew Inglis will unite in sending their sincere sympathy to her sisters, Violet and Dr. Inglis, and to all her intimate friends, one of whom has written of her in this *News-Letter*.

An interesting little ceremony took place at the French Hospital in Shaftesbury Avenue, London, last June, when Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Alison and Mackay took the brass plaque commemorating Royaumont in both wars, which we have been allowed to hang above a bed in the Edward VII ward there. Miss Hamilton had prepared a little speech but the proceedings were too delightfully informal for speeches. We were met by the Secretary of the hospital and the Matron, and taken to the ward; it is quite a small one and "our bed" faces you as you enter. The occupant, an elderly man, looked somewhat astonished and must have wondered as he watched us approaching what was going to happen. None of us said: "Qu'est que vous avez, Monsieur"! Mrs. Alison and Miss Hamilton politely asked him how he felt, and Mackay carrying the plaque wondered if she should present it to the patient, the Matron, however, came to the rescue, and after a little time we left amidst smiles and bows. Later, in September, Mackay went back to visit the ward with a gift of honey from Morgan, and some French books which had belonged to the Vicomtesse de la Panouse. On that occasion the patient was a chef, he was surrounded by his relations, all very friendly and interested, and his wife said that she visited an English hospital sometimes and she thought

it very nice of an Englishwoman to visit theirs! So any old Royaumontites in London would do well to go and see "our blessed" there. There are no formalities, and if we can give a little amusement and show that we are not indifferent to the lot of sick Frenchmen in this country, well it is always a drop in UNO's bucket.

This year we are again going to have a postal ballot to elect our Committee, and members are asked to send any nominations to Smieton at once. Of the Executive Committee office-bearers on the front page of this number, *i.e.*, the Hon. Secretary, Treasurer and Editor, all are willing to stand again if so desired. We shall, however, have to elect a Chairman, and any nominations for this or for any other job should not be made unless the person whose name is suggested has previously been asked and agreed to stand, and someone living in or near London should be chosen. Of the other members of the Committee whose names are printed on another page, Salway, who for many years has acted so efficiently as our Dinner Secretary, finds that she cannot continue to do this, although she is willing to act on the Committee, so a Dinner Secretary will also have to be elected.

We hope to have a General Meeting this Spring, probably at Moor's Hotel, when the result of the ballot will be discussed. At the moment of going to press Smieton is abroad, and her date of return uncertain, but members will be notified as soon as possible.

Another matter of importance is the Ivens-Knowles Memorial Fund; Morgan, who is Treasurer, is about to close this, so should there be any Royaumont members who want to subscribe will they kindly send her their contributions without delay. The Fund now totals £74 10s. 6d.

Somebody suggested that there should be no Editorial so the Editor apologises for the length of this one, and at the same time draws attention to her new address, where visits and news of members will always be welcome.

Letter from our President

Upalong,
Lustleigh,
S. Devon.
Jan. 27th, 1947.

Dear Unit,

Our *News-Letter* is saddened this time by the death of Etta Inglis. I was much distressed to see the announcement in *The Times* early this month, and wrote at once to Morgan. Unfortunately, I did not know her address, and as I have not had an answer I fear she did not get it, so I am ignorant of the cause of Inglis's death. She looked thin and ill when I saw her at the dinner in October but seemed full of enthusiasm. I don't think any of us will forget the tall, slim, young blue cap who came out early in

January, 1915, and except for a short time away, from March till November, 1915, was on the staff till March, 1919, when the hospital was closed. Always Inglis gave of her best and was ready for any hard work that was going. Never did I see her shirk, nor hear her disgruntled. Carrying stretchers fell to her lot more than to many till the male orderlies relieved us of that job. She was an excellent orderly, very good with the patients and a favourite with the whole staff, and a loyal supporter of Royaumont. Since the 1914-18 War Inglis had been on the Committee, and for many years had been Chairman, and had shown her usual enthusiasm for the peaceful conduct of the affairs of the Unit. She will be much missed at our reunions and our sympathy goes to her sisters, Dr. Inglis and Violet.

The reunion in October was very enjoyable, though the numbers were small. Still, thirty or thereabouts is really quite good after so many years, when some have passed away and some are old and some are ill. A good many of the faithful attenders were missing but a few who cannot come usually appeared. It was nice to see Peter again after so many years and to hear of all her family and her trials during and after the war. Percival, too, was one whom we had not seen since the Royaumont days, and another chauffeur Moore came for the first time. Miss Hamilton and Mrs. Alison represented the office, the former much her old self, and the latter, unbelievably, a grandmother. The Doctors were not much in evidence; Buckley, for the last day in R.A.M.C. uniform, was my only professional supporter. As usual, Salway had made all the arrangements, and we are very grateful to her for her efficient work, for work it is. She very kindly put me up as her guest at the Forum for two nights and I much enjoyed our talks.

During the year Big Andy and Middleton paid us a visit here. Middleton had been staying with Andy at Bude and was on her way by road to London. She stayed here the night while Andy went back from Okehampton. Both were well and it was delightful seeing them, and we made use of Middleton's professional knowledge of gardening and got tips re rose pruning. I also heard from Dr. Henry from Montreal, with news of her son, a medical student, and her daughter, an expert skier, and this Christmas she sent me peaches tinned by herself. She said she wanted to join the Association again as she missed news of everyone.

I have become thoroughly domesticated and countrified, and do nothing but housework and gardening, with tea parties and cocktail parties occasionally; and hens—I now have five and get eggs, nice fresh eggs! We have a Scotch terrier, Jamie, nine months old, very lively and playful, who keeps us amused.

I hope to see many of you again in October. It was a delightful week-end in London last year, and I felt quite refreshed by my little holiday.

Best wishes for the year.

Yours affectionately,

RUTH NICHOLSON.

From Miss Hamilton

Miss Hamilton sends the following interesting letter about her recent visit to Holland

Dear Mackay,

Perhaps some of our *News-Letter* readers may be interested in some notes on my visit to the Netherlands a few months ago. It was by no means my first visit—and the last time I was there was in 1939, a month or two before the war.

I came away last Summer feeling that we do not all realise what the Dutch people suffered during the war, or what we owe to them. Take Arnhem, for instance; we know the cost of that heroic failure to the men of our own blood—but its cost was likewise terrible to the men and women of the Netherlands. The morning after the Airborne landing at Arnhem came an order, by Radio Orange, from the exiled Dutch Government in London, for a general railway strike—its object, to impede "the transport and concentration of the forces of the enemy to the greatest extent possible". The order was given and obeyed through the length and breadth of occupied Holland. None of the thousands who obeyed it could have been ignorant of the risks they ran—but they ran them without hesitation. By next morning the railway system was—so to speak—dead. The stations were deserted; the trains, one and all, stood motionless. For over seven months—till the German surrender—this state of inertia continued; and during those seven months the only hope of safety for the railwaymen lay in "going underground". Not all of them succeeded in eluding the Gestapo; and the best that could be hoped for by those who were caught was forced labour in Germany or the concentration camp.

It was not only on the striking railwaymen that German authority sought to take revenge; it let loose its anger on the railway system itself. What it could not use, it could wreck—and wreck it did. By plunder and demolition of rolling-stock, by deliberate destruction of the permanent way and, most serious of all, by the blowing up of bridges. "In those seven months", wrote a Dutchman bitterly, "we learned the meaning of German thoroughness".

And it was in those last months, between Arnhem and the Armistice, that many of the cities of the Netherlands starved; they, also, were hit by the lack of transport and their German overlords seemed well content to see them suffer. By the end of the war the weekly death-rate of Amsterdam was five hundred above normal. I lunched, one day, in a charming house, on the outskirts of The Hague, and learned from my host and hostess how near they had been to death. "If your planes had been a few days later with their food", they told me, "we should have died of starvation, like so many we knew. We could not have lived another week". And I heard the same story elsewhere from the wife of a professor, the mother of two babies. In extremity of hunger they had eaten the last that remained to them—and next day the aeroplanes came roaring over and the blessed food came down.

I drove out from Arnhem to the cemetery of Osterbeek where hundreds of our men lie buried. The Union Jack above them had been planted by their countrymen; but the flowers with which their graves were bedecked were brought by the people of the neighbourhood.

Etta Inglis

To me, as to her many friends and comrades of Royaumont, the death of Inglis means the snapping of a big link with the past. She stood for all the best that Royaumont meant to us all—good comradeship, loyalty, and hard work well done. When latterly her health was poor she still undertook to go to France with the Royaumont Unit in 1940, and when that work was finished, joined an ambulance unit and drove in London throughout the blitz. After her retirement from that exacting war work her health was seriously impaired—but she never complained—indeed, in all the years I have known her I had never heard a word of self-pity. After her death on January 3rd, all the letters I received from her many friends all sounded the same note—admiration of her gallantry and pluck. One, in especial, said of her: "She always seemed to me the perfect public-school boy", and I think no truer word could be said. Honest, straight, uncompromising, incapable of meanness—that was Big Inglis as we all knew her, and so she will live in our memories—and as her spirit was big so is our loss.

Royaumont Revisited

Dr. Martland sends us the following most interesting account of her visit to Royaumont last October:—

I was in Paris at the end of October, and the French friends I was staying with ran me out in their car to Royaumont, Chantilly and Senlis, where we had a marvellous lunch at the Henri Quatre—and back by Ermenonville and St. Denis, where I saw the cathedral for the first time, to my shame. It was one of those magic shimmery Autumn days—Royaumont in very great beauty, even lovelier than my memory pictured it. Nothing changed, unless for the better, except that the great double row of Lombardy poplars along the wall, was cut down during the war—which gives unexpected views from the upper windows. That was a shock. No new building has happened round here—from Viarmes to Royaumont I saw only one unfamiliar house (and that a nice one). The abbaye looks thorough happy and well cared for. Henri Gonin is evidently a man of taste—he has had it done up as a holiday retreat for artists and their families. The cells of the doctoresses are pleasant little bed-sitting rooms with impeccable plumbing (shades of those tin baths) and central heating. The old kitchen is a magnificent room, with a few pieces of admirable furniture in it—you can see the mark where the big square range stood, however. The

refectory has some noble tapestries on its walls. The cloisters were a dream, the creeper just at its most vivid.

I had a magnificent welcome from various concierges, all of whom seemed to have had sisters or nieces who helped the dames de Royaumont in some capacity or other, and was shown round most lovingly, though it was out of hours. We are by no means forgotten there. Many photographs were produced for me, and one who had been a kitchen-maid begged for the name of la petite mees qui faisait la cuisine. I tried Jamieson on her without success, and it came to me only afterwards that it was possibly Moor (?). Madame Berthe is dead, but perhaps you knew that.

I understood that the place had only just been put into order again—it is re-opening for the artists at Easter. Henri Gouin, who is now a grandfather, I was told, takes great personal interest in it, going there pretty often for week-ends to the wing they always had.

It was a most happy visit—grand to see Royaumont unchanged, happy, useful, and utterly beautiful—and to find ourselves so affectionately remembered.

Royaumont Reunion Dinner

Salway (Mrs. McIntosh) sends the following account of the Royaumont Dinner held in the Forum Club last October.

Present: Miss Nicholson, Miss Hamilton, Buckley, Mrs. Alison, Collum, Banks, Bruce, Butler, Broch, Sister Bedwell, Carter, Howard-Smith, Inglis, Large, Merrylees, Middleton, Morgan, Moore, Oliver, Peter, Percival, Salway, Smieton, Simonsen, Stewart, Thorne, Young, Murray, Mackay.

The following were unable to come and sent regrets: Miss Courtauld, Drs. Barfitt, Dobbin, Martland, Hodgson, Henry, Escourt, Oswald, Sisters Rose Morrison, Aked, Jackson, Houston, Anderson, Burrard, Berry, Bunyan, Cannon, Churchill, Conley, Day, Dow, Don, Fairlie, V. Inglis, Jamieson, Leng, Leishman, M. C. Merrylees, Miller, Macnaughten, McLeod, Moor, Moffat, A. Nicholson, Smeal, Stein, Simms, Wilson.

Tollit and Anderson (Mrs. Longrigg) bought tickets, but owing to ill-health were unable to come at the last minute.

Miss Nicholson read the following telegrams: "Best wishes for a happy evening, McLeod"; "With you in spirit, jolly evening, Sister Rose Morris". And from Dr. Henry, Montreal "Best wishes for a happy and successful evening, hope to meet you again at some future reunion".

Dr. Courtauld very kindly supplied the wine, which was much appreciated.

Glasgow Reunion Dinner

Smieton and Collum send the following accounts of the Royaumont Reunion in Glasgow:—

A highly successful reunion of the Royaumont Association in Scotland was held in Glasgow in June, 1946, very ably organised by McLeod, who took endless trouble to ensure an enjoyable evening.

Collum, Salway and I travelled from England to be present and thoroughly enjoyed the reunion.

There was a small reception before the dinner and it was delightful to meet and talk to old Royaumontites one had not seen for years. Delectable cocktails were served, kindly given by Ramsay, which were greatly enjoyed.

A delicious dinner, beautifully served, added to the pleasure of the evening.

Ramsay, who was Chairman, made an excellent speech of welcome to all present, who also included several notable Glasgow people. Telegrams and letters were read from many old Royaumontites who were unable to attend. More speeches followed, then general talk and, as usual at these affairs, the noise was deafening; all trying to say in the space of a few minutes what they had not told their friends for years.

Just as I was leaving I met a young Press reporter who told me, never had she enjoyed an evening so much. "Our enthusiasm and comradeship were an example to her younger generation."

We Royaumontites from the South thought the reunion well worth our long and tiring journey.

On Saturday, June 22, last year, there was held at the Grosvenor Hotel Restaurant in Glasgow, at 6 p.m., one of the most successful of Royaumont Reunion Dinners. From the South, only Smieton, Salway and Collum (the latter Salway's guest for the journey and McLeod's for the Saturday and Sunday nights) were able to attend. The reunion was organised—in response to our Committee's suggestion that one should be held in Scotland—by McLeod, with whose loss of her mother, shortly afterwards, all old Royaumontites will deeply sympathise. The dinner was "by invitation" and McLeod wished the fact that she was our hostess to be kept secret at the time. I feel sure that, in our own privately circulated news-sheet she will not object to the secret coming out now, so that we can all thank her for her hospitality as well as her initiative. Members present from the North were: Ramsay Smith, Miller, Betty McPherson (Mrs. Bruce), Leishman, Simpson (Mrs. Gray), Warren, Smeal, Matron Winstanley, Sister Lindsay, Sister Rose-Morris, Jackson, Stables, Cowie, Dr. Stein, Dr. Winifred Ross, The Robin (Miss Loudon), Dow, and, of course, McLeod. Leng, Mrs. Silvanus, Mrs. Clements, Jamieson and Sinclair who had been expected were unavoidably absent. A most successful innovation was the invitation and attendance of a number of old friends of the S. W. H. and present colleagues of Scottish members of the Royaumont Association, viz., one member each from the Serbian

and Ostrovo Units of the S.W.H., two representatives of the Franco-Scottish Society and two of the Free French Co-ordinating Welfare Committee, one member of the St. Andrew's Ambulance Association (who had served in France, 1914-18), two of our hostess's colleagues from the College of Domestic Science in Glasgow, two representatives from the Glasgow High School (*alma mater* of so many S.W.H. members), and last, and by no means least, three members of the original S.W.H. Committee. Salway's hostess, in Edinburgh, and the Misses Jean Kelvin and Catherine Gordon, representing respectively the *Glasgow Herald* and the Kemsley House newspapers, were also welcome guests.

Of the splendid dinner it is superfluous to speak—Scotland being noted for its cuisine even under the most difficult circumstances. Ramsay Smith gave the toast of "The King", and Dr. Alison Hunter, daughter of Dr. Russell of the S.W.H. Committee, who herself served in Serbia and is at present Hon. Treasurer of the Medical Women's Federation (and also holds a high appointment, previously always held by a man, at the Glasgow Royal Infirmary), in a most happy speech, gave us "The Royaumont Association", to which, at the last moment, the present scribe was called upon to respond. Dr. Winifred Ross gave us "Our Guests" in a most witty speech, with a spice of malice directed towards that scapegoat of all our Royaumont grouses—"the Committee"—which drew a charming and thoroughly appreciative reply from the S.W.H. Committee's Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Laurie of Greenock. The response was shared by Mrs. F. Jebb of the Glasgow High School in a very good speech. Votes of thanks came from Salway and McLeod, and Warren gave us a much appreciated feature—"Scrapbook News". Our Hon. Secretary, Smieton (Lady Sanderson), gave out Royaumont Association announcements, including a reminder that members must not expect *News-Letters* and notices of reunions if they allow their subscriptions to lapse, or fail to notify her of new addresses.

A pleasant feature was that the Free French organisation, having heard of the work of the S.W.H., expressed a desire to send fraternal representatives (in the persons of Mrs. Reid and Miss Grills) to the reunion. Of the other non-member guests, Miss Leitch had been personnel Secretary of the S.W.H. Committee. Miss Barber served in the Ostrovo Unit, and Miss Teacher presented the very first named bed to Royaumont. (On receiving, after the dinner, the 1941 *News-Letter*, Miss Teacher wrote: "The adventures of the Royaumont Canteen are most interesting and worthy of its 1914 predecessor. Those who stuck it out, I think wonderful! May I send this small donation to the Emergency Loan Fund in appreciation of their courage and constancy, and of the work of those who backed them".) Miss Hannen Watson (an office-bearer of the Franco-Scottish Society) and Miss Kennedy of the College of Domestic Science, are both Headmistresses and noted local French scholars, and the College maintained two beds at Royaumont, and subscribed to the Canteen Unit in this war. Miss

Edminstone, Hon. Secretary of the Glasgow Branch of St. Andrew's Ambulance, and Chairman of the Electrical Association for Women—which gave much equipment for war purposes—served with an Ambulance Unit in the last war and was and is interested in the S.W.H. McLeod, writing of her invitation to non-member friends and colleagues, says pertinently: "I felt that all 'French' Units should be represented and thought these other bodies should meet the S.W.H. I feel that the S.W.H. blazed the trail for the younger generation, and had it not been for our efforts, women would not have been utilised so much and so quickly in this war. I feel that the work done by the S.W.H. should go down in history as a pioneer effort. Glasgow was very glad to welcome you all, and had the members come forward in great numbers they would have been entertained by other bodies as well".

With this example before us, could not the Royaumont Association do something more to keep alive the fame of the S.W.H. in the South and to focus the mutual sympathy of all, on both sides of the Channel, who worked for the Entente in this and the 1914-18 war?

Members of the Royaumont Association Committee

(other than those printed on first page)

Banks, Mrs. Simmonds (Hon. Treasurer, Emergency Loan Fund), *Salway*, Mrs. McIntosh, Hon. Dinner Secretary has agreed to act on Committee but cannot act as Dinner Secretary again; *Tollit*, Carter (Mrs. R. P. Hills).

Co-opted Members.—Mrs. Alison, Morgan, Lady Tew, Collum, "Little Andy" (Mrs. Petitpierre), Rolt, Ramsay Smith, McLeod, Miller.

We have one honorary member of the Association, Miss Macfie.

All the addresses of the Committee members will be found in the new up-to-date list sent out with this number. This only includes members who have paid their subscriptions.

Four Years in Occupied France

By SMEAL

In the fatal month of June, in the fatal 1940, I was in the picturesque old town of Blois, trying to help with some work for the French refugees, who were fleeing before the advancing Germans. Suddenly, on Friday the 14th, the enemy started to bombard the town, and that night the prevailing panic increased when it was said that the bridge was to be blown up, and that everyone must get to the other (the Southern) side of the Loire. There had been so many rumours, and having heard an appeal on the wireless only that morning strongly advising people to remain where

they were and not to encumber the roads, I decided to wait until the next day at least. Everybody else in my block of flats, except a little handmaiden, had left. We kept each other company during the night while the bombardment of the town continued.

Next morning the bridge was still there, but streams of people were feverishly striving to get across it in any conveyance they could muster, trains and buses being at that time non-existent and petrol very scarce. Every shop in sight was boarded up. My bank was also boarded, thus my last chance of getting any money (all of mine being in England) had gone.¹ There had been no newspapers nor letters for several days, no talk of an Armistice, and of course it never occurred to me that France could sign a separate one.

Realising that it was hopeless to remain in Blois, I leapt on to my bicycle that morning (Saturday, June 15), leaving all my belongings in my little flat, and joined the stream of humanity which continued to flow across the bridge.

I should point out that, at the time of these somewhat hectic happenings, my health was far from good, and I had, in fact, been ordered a rest cure by my Doctor. Auspicious moment. . . . Such being the case, and having had practically no sleep for well over a week owing to the ceaseless roar of traffic, I had reached the point of exhaustion where I only wanted some haven of refuge, and an opportunity to collect my scattered thoughts. . . . Therefore, when I reached Huisseau-sur-Cosson (a village some ten kilometres from Blois), and saw that the beds installed for refugees in the *Mairie* were tolerably clean, I just flopped on to one of them, and there I slept for a few nights all mixed up with the aristocracy of the Paris slums—both sexes—who did not know where they were going nor what to do. . . . The electricity being cut (as well as transport, post and papers), and no battery wireless sets about, we were still without any official news, although rumours of an Armistice began to filter through on Tuesday, June 15.

I returned to Blois twice on my bicycle in order to retrieve a few of my belongings, and whilst on the famous bridge, enemy aeroplanes came to bombard it—so flop I went in the ditch, and when I looked up the bridge was there, but, alas, several buildings had been hit and columns of black smoke were curling up into the air. The fire brigade had left, and a high wind was blowing, so that a considerable amount of damage was done to the town. Many of the fine old houses near the Château were blown up by the French to save this historic building from the rapidly spreading flames. Thus, only a very small portion of it was damaged. The bridge was then blown up by the French—but to such a small extent that the Germans had repaired it in a very short time, and appeared in our village—Huisseau-sur-Cosson—on Wednesday,

June 19, only about an hour after the last of the French tanks had trundled off.

By this time I had risen considerably in the social scale, having acquired a small cottage, the owners of which had gone off to the Pyrenees for safety. The cottage, with its stone floors, lack of water and the "usual offices" would have taken the first prize in a Discomfort Competition. However, after having had to brush my teeth and to wash under the village pump, it seemed rather luxurious to me. Soon I had a little companion—an adorable cocker spaniel—a refugee, like myself, who tapped at my door one day and we adopted each other on the spot. Dog lovers will understand when I say that never have I had such a friend, and we were inseparable companions during those five long years we were destined to spend in that out-of-the-way village, which, alas, all too soon proved to be on the wrong side of the Demarcation Line—in Occupied France.

Whenever postal communications were re-established—after a lapse of over a month—I wrote to the American Embassy in Paris about the possibility of getting away, but there was nothing they could do about it. In view of the fact that the Mayor of the village had been made responsible for me (I had to report to him every day), and, having read in the papers (once more in circulation) that anyone sheltering British subjects would be shot, I did not feel justified in risking the lives of others on my behalf, and decided the only thing to do was to "stay put" in my extremely primitive rural retreat. Indeed, the lack of funds would have made it difficult for me to do anything else. For the first time in my life I felt poor health a great consolation. Otherwise it would have been even more maddening to be out of the swim when there was so much to be done. Not that time hung heavily on my hands, because, with the difficulties of the food problem, which for me became more acute each succeeding year, the struggle for existence was a whole-time job, even had I not acquired quite a number of pupils for English lessons. Most of the latter being beginners, this was rather boring. But it was better to be bored than to starve and, later on, when I became more crafty, I gave a lesson in exchange for a luncheon to those who had their own produce, and this was quite a help to me. Fortunately I was always able to get some potatoes (under the counter, as they were rationed) which enabled me to keep my beloved doggie as well as myself.

That first winter I had made plans to go to Paris, but a bout of typhoid fever which I tactlessly contracted at a very awkward moment knocked these plans on the head. The vintage was in full swing, and the entire population being at work in their vineyards not a soul could I get to come and look after me for the greater part of the time, and was therefore dependent upon the Doctor (who, fortunately, did not tell me what was the matter with me until I was better) and a girl of thirteen who looked in and brought me an *infusion* or so on her way to and from her work. I just felt like the Prophet fed by the ravens—but there were no ravens. . . . !

¹ Not until five months later did I receive the £10 monthly allowance which the Foreign Office allowed British subjects trapped in France to have sent to them.

Our village was occupied by the Germans for nine months. The latter did not start internment of British women at the outset, and it was only when I was recovering from typhoid (in December, 1940) that I heard the tragic news that some of my friends from the Paris area had been sent to Besançon. After that I lived in constant dread—every heavy footstep had a sinister ring for me. . . . The Germans, however, did not intern *all* British subjects, even in the Paris area, and, only a few kilometres away, an English Nanny and two girls whose father was English were never interned by them, although the latter's mother and step-father—both French—were deported to Germany. Possibly their fear of my typhoid germs saved me, or perhaps the fact that there was nothing more strategic than carrots and turnips in the Huisseau district may have accounted for my comparative freedom for several years, but not for *all* the time, as will be seen later. . . . I may say, however, that in many ways (food, letters from home, heating, etc.) I would have been better off—not at Besançon—but at Vittel (where the British were later interned) than in the conditions under which I was living. Not the easiest thing for me to bear was the suspicion with which I was regarded by a few of the inhabitants for NOT having been interned, which I found even more devastating than my complete isolation and all the physical discomforts. Of these, the worst of all, I think, was the bitter, blighting, blistering cold. There was no coal, and although Huisseau is on the edge of a forest, wood was very difficult to acquire, and once acquired, being green, it needed a good deal of persuasion to burn at all, and gave forth very little warmth (especially in a damp stone-floored room), so that my "heat wave" temperature in winter was only two degrees above freezing point, and it would have been possible to indulge in winter sports on the floor of my back kitchen, regularly covered in the cold weather by a furry coat of hoar frost.

Life was a bit grim. On the other hand, it had its lighter moments when one exchanged visits and the latest *bons mots* with people living in neighbouring country houses. Of the current *bons mots*, the best, I think, were: Les Allemands ont la trique, les Anglais ont le troc, les Français ont le truc, et les Italiens ont le trac! and Les Alliés vont gagner la guerre et ce sera grâce à la tenacité britannique, au sang russe, à l'or américain, et—à la Comédie française. . . .

In the village itself, however, the inhabitants being mostly at work in their fields and vineyards, I was chiefly dependent for bright conversation, I was going to say, upon a "deaf" mute (!) but, at any rate, upon a paralysed woman living opposite who mostly had to use a slate in order to make herself understood. It is true there were funerals, to which one was always invited with enthusiasm. . . . The Doctor's wife, who lived opposite, was a school-teacher, and, alas, too exhausted at the end of her strenuous day to be able to visit her neighbours. It is easy to realise in such circumstances what my Heaven-sent spaniel meant to me. But I had another friend, a pearl of great price, my wireless. Being British, it was *verboten* for me to

have one at all, which of course enhanced its value. I had taken the precaution to board it out when the restriction was first imposed, but, after being poisoned by a diet of anti-British propaganda in the German-controlled French press, I re-adopted it in secret some time later. And what an antidote it was. Well worth the risk involved. To me, both the Home and Overseas Services—to say nothing of the famous "Ici Londres" to which everybody I knew listened—were absolutely thrilling and really saved my life (although they might have caused me to lose it. . . .).

And now for the rations. The following microscopic quantities (which, please note, *were not for a week but for a calendar month*) speak for themselves: For the ordinary adult: fats $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. (and less than this for some time); cheese, under $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; meat, 1 lb.; sugar, 1 lb.; coffee (ersatz) 6 oz. No tea, no bacon or tinned products, no sweets, chocolate, jam or milk for the adult, although there was a minute ration of the last four of these for children. Fish was almost unknown, and, alas, only men were entitled to the cigarette ration which varied from forty to sixty cigarettes per month. The ordinary adult bread ration was between half and three-quarters of a pound per day, so that, apart from bread, it will be readily understood that—even with the greatest economy—the official rations only afforded one meal per week. A terrible situation and it required plenty of French ingenuity (or "*Système D*") to get round it. The commonest way, in the country districts at any rate, was the exchange system. Personally, I had nothing to exchange (apart from English lessons) until the war news improved, when I hit upon the bright idea of exchanging—no, not guns for butter—but VICTORY for butter. I always remember the first time I gently suggested at a neighbouring farm that as we would be taking Tripoli on Friday and they would be making butter on the Saturday I would expect half a pound of butter on that day. They looked rather startled. However, when I inquired whether they would prefer my asking the Allies to retreat, they protested vigorously, and I walked off triumphantly clutching the precious packet of butter. It was only a joke—but it worked. Thus, if I did not succumb to the Black Market, I practised a little bit of "Blackmail" on the side.

The only thing on the ration of which I had enough was the *vin ordinaire* (too vinegar-like and too bitter for my taste), a litre of which was allowed per week. In the Bible the water was changed into wine, but, with a good deal of manoeuvring, I managed to change my wine into cigarettes—and the cigarettes (occasionally) into sugar or some other rare commodity.

Enfin voilà, I endured these conditions, always greatly comforted by my beloved spaniel, for four years, until June 21, 1944—just a fortnight after the Allied landing in Normandy—when I became the guest of the Gestapo—supreme joy. . . . The latter arrived at my cottage armed, and, under the pretext that I had written to Norway, they searched my house (without, however, finding my wireless which I managed to hide while they were there) and took me and all my papers to Blois, where I was locked up in

a prison cell for six weeks—solitary confinement for four weeks and the last fortnight with two other prisoners. Owing to an attack of gastro-enteritis, to which I had been subject since I had had typhoid, which lasted all the time I was in prison, I was unable to appreciate the “charms” of this unique “rest cure”. Had I not taken with me some sugar and some biscuits (carefully hoarded for some such emergency) I do not see how I could have survived, the diet ordered for me by the prison doctor existing only on paper, and its being absolutely impossible for me to digest the prison fare (consisting chiefly of black potatoes and cabbage) which even my dog would not have touched. The Doctor's recommendation that I should be put in hospital was also totally disregarded by my Gestapo gaolers. It is possible, however, that I again owed something to ill-health, because when I was finally released on August 1, 1944, I was told they had intended to deport me to Germany. . . . The fact that the R.A.F. had been busy over our heads all the time I was in prison, bombing the town, and very effectively destroying the main lines of communication, may have been an added reason. In all probability, however, the chief reason was that the Teutonic sun was beginning to set . . . as indeed it did very shortly afterwards. The prison itself was liberated by the Maquis a few days later. The sinister swastika was soon to be replaced by the more inspiring red, white and blue.

On leaving prison (everything turning black and swimming before my eyes) I returned to Huisseau and to my faithful four-footed friend, who had been cared for by a pupil during my absence. Neighbours and friends all showed their sympathy by falling on my neck and kissing me, inviting me to meals and bringing me baskets of provisions. It was a tremendous day for me—but, alas, dark days were ahead for all of us before our final liberation. . . . The Germans—exasperated by attacks by the Maquis who did all they could to hamper the enemy retreat, amongst other things, cutting down huge trees to bar the roads—became more and more aggressive, and during that month of August many painful incidents occurred both at Huisseau, where three Frenchmen were killed, and in the surrounding villages. The reign of terror had begun. . . .

Early in the morning of August 18, there was a skirmish between the Maquis and the Germans within a yard or so of my cottage. On peeping through my shutters I saw the latter, machine gun in hand, going round my house, and, in the house exactly opposite the Doctor had a narrow escape when a bullet whizzed right over his head and lodged itself in the wall. The Germans, having already thrown hand-grenades into one or two of the houses, threatened to set fire to the entire village unless a missing German was found by 11 o'clock that morning. Thanks to the Mayor and a member of the Maquis, this was changed to 5 p.m., and, after an unforgettable day of anguish and suspense for the entire population, we were told—only ten minutes before the ultimatum expired—the German had been found, and the village was saved.

Shootings, however, went on in the neighbourhood for several weeks, and, in the villages on either side of Huisseau, the inhabitants had an even more harrowing time than we had. At Mont, only two kilometres away, the heavy artillery roared, and quite a number of lives were lost, whilst clouds of thick black smoke arose from Chambord—six kilometres away on the other side—part of which was burned. It was only owing to the timely intervention of the local *curé* (who spoke perfect German) that the famous Château de Chambord, where the priceless treasures from the Louvre in Paris were stored, escaped the flames. What a debt the entire world owes to him, and what a debt we all owed to the indomitable Allies who entered Blois on August 16, 1944. Our great day came a fortnight later, on September 1st, without exception the most memorable day of my life, when our little village Huisseau-sur-Cosson was also liberated. VIVE LES ALLIES—VIVE CHURCHILL—VIVE LA PAIX.

From Far and Near

Barclay (Mrs. Tom Golding, Gatornia, S. Rhodesia): “Tom (her husband) contested and won a seat in the last General Election and now is member for a vast and scattered constituency, which keeps him busy. Elizabeth (daughter) takes her finals this month and if she gets her B. Com. will probably go to Oxford some time next year. It is possible I may go home next year.”

Berry, P., we are so glad to hear from Morgan, is slightly better and is contemplating a visit to their cottage in Skye. Let us hope they will be lucky and have good weather.

Big Andy, so Collum tells us, had the honour of going to Buckingham Palace to receive from the hands of the Queen the Distinguished War Service Certificate awarded her by the British Red Cross Society. She is living with her sister, Mrs. Leader, in Bude, and in December both were in London for the wedding, at the Chapel of the Savoy, of Alison Blood's daughter, Alison. Little Andy was due to sail in the New Year for Barbadoes, of which Colony her husband, Sir Hilary Blood, is the new Governor.

Big Murray, up till last July, has been doing work with maladjusted and problem evacuee children, of whom she has had nearly 300 through her hands since she started the work in June, 1940. We all wish her well in any new venture. Her address until further notice is c/o Dr. Jean Murray, Town Hall, Trowbridge, Wilts.

Buckley, now an R.A.M.C. officer, looked very important in her smart uniform at the London Dinner. She is now going to practise as a radiologist in Bournemouth where she used to work. While in the Army she was at Haifa and was interested in the situation in Palestine and the Jewish question.

Burrard (Mrs. Dashwood) hopes to go to Switzerland this Spring; her daughter is now married and lives near Worcester.

Butler sometimes comes up to London. Bruce stayed with her lately.

Collum, herself, is seeking someone domesticated and elderly who would accept furnished accommodation in her downstairs flat (Peaslake half-mile, Guildford six miles, with half-hourly bus service) in exchange for undertaking the domestic chores of Collum's own studio-flat (averaging three hours every morning), Collum being anxious to be free to take up again her literary and research work which demands her entire energy and concentration.

Fairlie, M., was in London last November. She, we are glad to say, has rejoined the Royaumont Association. Fairlie was at Royaumont in the early days and later joined the F.A.N.Y.S., where she knew P. Berry's sister.

Gamwell, M., and her sister, Hope, most sportingly returned from Kenya to Britain early in this last war to work with their old corps the F.A.N.Y.S. Gamwell did exceedingly good work and travelled all over the world, inspecting, cheering and encouraging F.A.N.Y.S. often in lonely and dangerous surroundings. She was given the O.B.E. and presented with her portrait by members of the corps. The presentation took place in the F.A.N.Y.S. Club, Sloane Street, and was made by the Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, Commandant-in-Chief. Both the Gamwells have returned to Kenya but we hope may soon visit England again.

Hacon, Mrs., writing to Young and giving her Miss Annie Gordon's home address, says, apropos of paying our subscriptions, “It is a pity for us to fall out before our time, and just lose the *Letter*, and the news of all the Royaumont comrades. I hope to go South some time and then I shall see some of you. . . . All the years of the war Daisy Davidson taught in the school and nursed her mother until September, 1945, then in February, 1946, her mother died aged ninety-three; since then she has been helping to nurse a niece”. We are sorry to hear Mrs. Hacon has trouble with her eyes, but congratulate her upon the safe return of her two boys. We do hope she will come South soon.

McLeod, who organised such a successful reunion in Glasgow, writes: “I could write a glowing article on the Dinner. I could hardly write about my own party. Few members seem to have heard of me before. When I think of the night stunt at Villers, when no one else who tried it could stick it, and then to be told no one remembers me. Could one ever forget the one candle in a bottle for light to cook by, the rats slipping out from under one's feet, the windows and doors that opened and shut when no

one was there. Miss Ivens appearing from the black-out at 4 a.m. and sitting at the Orderlies' table discussing the events of Villers with Jerries hovering overhead. Could one ever forget. The wonder is that I am still living”. Yes, that is what a good many of us think today.—Ed.

Merrylees. After twenty years of work at “Barts” Merrylees has retired. She would like to find a cottage somewhere. Attached is a letter she received from Robert Rouilly, “le petit spécialiste”: “Il y a longtemps que je n'ai pas eu le courage de vous écrire—au printemps dernier alors que nous attendions un grand bonheur ma femme chérie est morte en mettant un fils au monde. Après une si longue et dure séparation et dix mois après mon retour d'Allemagne nous voici à nouveau séparés. Nous étions si heureux et allions l'être d'avantage avec le petit que nous désirions de tout notre être, . . . mon fils est près de moi avec ma mère qui est venue une rejoindre. Nous l'appelons Jean Louis c'est un beau bébé—très fort et plein de santé—il ressemble beaucoup à mon père, vous vousez rendre compte quand je vous enverrai des photos”.

“**Nicky**” when last in Scotland met Macintosh (chauffeur), Millar, and also Miss Loudon at North Berwick. Her godchild (Peter's Yolande) is married and lives at Highgate.

Oliver spent the summer in Cornwall and did some painting. She took Mackay's flat in Markham Square but at the last moment decided to give it up. Well we can tell her there has been very little water or gas there this winter, so perhaps she was lucky.

Pickard, J. R., is now living in Leeds, her address is “Westward”, 35 Gallaway Lane, Stanningley, Leeds. She is very lonely, we hear, and would like to have letters and news from old Royaumontites.

Prance writes that she is hoping to get a second cottage near her own (Baxter's, Wickham Bishops, Witham, Essex, where she has lived for a great many years) for her brother, Padre Prance, and wonders whether we managed to restart the Royaumont Dinner last November.

Rolt would be glad if anyone can send her “Vereker's” address as she has a suit-case of hers left in France during the Occupation. Perhaps Big Andy could help?

Ross (Mrs. McGregor) could not come to the Dinner but hopes to come South in the Spring to visit her son and daughter-in-law.

Smeal, whose interesting article appears on p. 5, is living in a flat, No. 8 St. Barnabas Street, London, S.W.1. She would like to get some congenial work, and already has one pupil for French.

000/3/18

Stein, Dr. (once an Orderly), with whom Collum stayed for part of the Scottish Dinner week-end last June, had retired before the war, but went back for rota medical service during Edinburgh air-raid alerts. She is now active in support of the League for European Freedom.

Thorne (Mrs. Newton) and family are having a holiday in Switzerland.

Webster, E. E. (St. Bees), has had a great loss in the death of her sister last July, and is now quite alone in her home. Webster often hears from Deschamps, one of the Blanche men.

Wilmot, Peter (Mme. Campora). We were all delighted to see Peter at the Dinner in London on October 6th. She came back to England to see her daughter Yolande, now settled in England.

Hon. Treasurer's Statement

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
In hand from Tollit, March, 1946	100	15	2	Paid out Feb., 1946, by Tollit, <i>News-Letter</i>	18	18	0
Subscriptions received up to Dec., 1946 ...	20	6	0	Paid out since March:			
Post Office interest not due till March.				Postage, refund to Secretary		15	2
Will be shown in next <i>Letter</i> .				Postage, Reminders, Stationery		1	5
				London Name Plate Co.		3	3
				Eastern Press Leaflet		1	6
						6	10
				Dec., 1946.—Balance in hand	114	11	2
	£121	1	2		£121	1	2

Royaumont Dinner Accounts, 1946

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
1946.				1946.			
Jan. 1.—In hand	5	1	10	Printing		1	13
Jan. 11.—Miss Nicholson	10	0	0	34 dinner tickets at 5s. 6d.		9	7
Oct. 5.—Dinner tickets	12	1	0	Wines		2	17
Miss Courtauld	2	17	2	Stamps			9
Sister Aked (stamps)		2	6				
Sister Jackson (stamps)		6	0			14	6
				In hand		16	1
	£30	8	6		£30	8	6

A. Jacquemot (described on the paper as the chief engineer). He wrote: "Dear Miss, I got the opportunity a few days ago to read the *Royaumont News-Letter* in which are detailed 'What happened in Villers-Cotterets' from the *News Chronicle*. I was during the world war in Villers Cotterets and I am the M. Jacquemot named in the report". He goes on to ask me to send him some copies of the number, offering me stamps in exchange. They have been sent. It would be amusing to know where he saw the *Royaumont News-Letter*, it is an odd coincidence, and we are glad to know we can in any way help M. Jacquemot who was one of the brave workers in the French Resistance movement.

Letter from our President

Upalong,
Lustleigh,
S. Devon.
Jan. 21st, 1948.

Dear Unit,

Another year gone, and thanks to "the present situation" we did not have our Annual Regathering. I don't know whether it looks very promising for one in October this year.

It is likely, I suppose, that we shall lose some member of the Unit now each year, and this year Dr. Elizabeth Courtauld passed on about Christmas time. I well remember her first appearance at Royaumont in January, 1916, a quiet little grey woman with spectacles half-way down her nose. Soon she made her way into all our hearts by her kindness her understanding, her unselfishness, her sense of humour, and, above all, her simplicity, and had bestowed upon her the well-loved name of "Mammie". Whenever there was any work, unspectacular, rather dull but necessary, of the nature of filling the breach she volunteered to do it and did it well. And yet she was shrewd and practical and full of commonsense and so respected she was never imposed upon. We used to find her invaluable as an adviser in cases of "pyrexia of unknown origin" where the soldier came from the East and in midwifery, of which she had great experience in India. I remember her thoughtfulness when I first settled in practice in Birkenhead and was trying to make ends meet and she insisted on coming as a (very profitable) paying guest for some weeks. It is not everyone who knows how to use riches in the unostentatious way which she had mastered.

She stayed at Royaumont to the bitter end, February, 1919, and was ready to go back to India to work later. She certainly had a very full, happy and useful life, which has now quietly and peacefully come to an end.

We had a lovely summer here in Devon, too hot some days to be out in the early afternoon. Anderson and Collum motored over in Anderson's sports model, called "Belinda", from Bude one afternoon. I was pleased to be able to get some hints from the vegetable

expert, Collum. "Nicky", my sister, stayed here in the strawberry season (140 lbs.), and I hear rumours of another visit this year at the same time. We find it a popular time with visitors.

I had a card from Dr. Henry from Montreal at Christmas, and a letter from Minchin during the year asking for information about Inglis' death. Strangely, it coincided with Collum's visit, and she promised to write to her. Poor Minchin is much crippled with arthritis.

I have not seen anyone of the Royaumont days, but we are expecting a visit this summer from Millar when she comes south to visit her brother in Dorset. So there will be some fun.

Anyone passing along the main road from Moreton Hampstead to Bovey Tracey will see a very small lane by a pretty little white cottage signposted Lustleigh. Do not fail to follow the road for about a mile-and-a-half to "Upalong", that is, if the basic petrol ration is restored.

A happy 1948 to you all.

Yours affectionately,
RUTH NICHOLSON.

From Miss Morgan

Morgan sends this account of a recent visit to France.

It may be of interest to members of the Royaumont Canteen Unit to hear that Macfie and Morgan revisited Mouzaia this last summer. During a three weeks' motor tour through France to the Vosges, Alsace and Lorraine they spent a week in Metz, and from there went over the old well-known haunts, lunching and dining at the Brasserie Amos, now in other hands, and at the Station Restaurant, still run by the stout old gentleman of the old school. They stopped at Mag. Mod. and Mag. Est. and in the Place S. Jacques. At Mouzaia itself the past might never have been—the coal mine was in full swing, the Hansel and Gretel houses are teeming with life. The Villa d'Ecosse is now a little branch of Les Echos grocery stores. The Canteen itself looked grubby and is evidently in use as a kind of social centre. Gone were the hangar for "Rosalie" and the Poste Militaire, the siren and the A.A. gun. The Scottish women might never have been there at all, and we felt like the forgotten relics of an old dream. To the east of the mine we were amazed to find how near we had been to S. Avoird and the no-man's-land towards Sanegemines, and also to realise what an amazing landmark the tall mine chimneys made. They are visible for miles on the German side. We were indeed, as the R.A.F. chaplain said, "the most forward ladies in France"! While at Elvange we called upon the old Jaeger ladies who had run the A.D.F. canteen there, and heard from them of the German occupation of the village. They themselves were evacuated just before we were, and returned to find their chateau devastated alike by Germans and Americans, but, as

in the first world war, the villagers had secreted what they could of their cherished heirlooms and furniture, so on their return they still had the nucleus of a home. Several of the men of Elvange spent eighteen months in the village during the occupation hidden under hayricks or the midden, emerging only at night.

The whole trip was extremely interesting. We saw the traces of war through the Vosges and into Alsace, and through Luxembourg and Belgium. We were much struck by the enormous American cemeteries in these last two countries. We visited the one where General Patton lies—in the middle of a beautiful wooded country.

On the way out we went to Royaumont and saw it as it now is, an international culture centre. We got a welcome from Mme. Berthe's niece, who is now the concierge, and she told us that earlier she had seen Andy (Petitpierre). We also saw Henri Gouin, and he spoke with regret of Miss Ivens' death. He now lives in a portion of the Abbaye, having let the chateau, and interests himself in the lectures and cultural activities. The whole place is changed beyond description and is a lovely exhibition piece, but we missed the charm of the old Royaumont with its blessings and les doctoresses and les misses and, above all, La Colonelle.

Dr. Elizabeth Courtauld

Some of my clearest—and kindest—memories of Miss Courtauld are connected with her lack of fluency in French; she was of Huguenot descent, and proud of it, but her French blood bestowed on her no special facility for mastering the tongue of her ancestors. Nor did it diminish her love for the country in which she had been bred; she was staunchly a patriotic Englishwoman. One of the memories called up by her death was of her listening with a flushed, indignant face while one of her colleagues, by way of entertaining some French officers, began running down our war effort, as compared to that of the French—to the courteous embarrassment of our visitors. Miss Courtauld did more than grow pinkly indignant; several times she tried to intervene and contradict, but always, after a word or two, her French vocabulary failed her. So, before long, did that of the detractor of Great Britain, who turned to a more fluent member of the party, demanding translation of one of her derogatory statements. The interpreter, however, was suddenly afflicted with deafness—to the irritation of the detractor but the obvious satisfaction of Miss Courtauld.

It was to that same lack of French that I owed a holiday in her company. She had set her heart on visiting the island of Oléron, whence her ancestors had fled in the day of persecution, and the opportunity came when beds were empty and work at the hospital slack. Distrusting her own powers of making the necessary arrangements and inquiries in French, she asked me, would I go with her—an offer gratefully

accepted. We travelled from Paris south-west to Saumur on the Loire, and from Saumur to the old town of Niort, where we had been told there was a Protestant congregation whose pastor would be helpful when he learned the reason for our pilgrimage. And helpful he was—all the more from speaking good English, like many French Protestant clergy; entertaining us hospitably and providing Miss Courtauld with an introduction to a brother of the cloth in Oléron. . . . I hope, in that journeying of thirty years ago, that she found me as good a companion as I found her!

*Dramatic
Swiss* — CICELY HAMILTON
*our Sec. of Royaumont
until 1917.*

Dr. Courtauld, the Association, its "News-Letter", and the Emergency Fund

By COLLUM

Our Vice-President's death at the age of eighty-one, on Friday, December 26th, to me was more than the loss of one of the three senior members of the Royaumont medical staff. She was my coadjutrix who made the launching of the Association and its *News-Letter* possible, and she was the good friend who enabled me to carry on with my free-lance literary career (including anthropological research) when otherwise I should have had to take a secretarial job and abandon it.

Here is the story. Founder members of the Association—there were 175—may recall the 1920 Circular addressed to Royaumontites attending the Second Dinner, outlining my scheme for a self-governing organisation, supplementary to the Reunion, and for the issue of a "Royaumont Gazette". Dr. Courtauld, in full sympathy with the idea, paid for the printing. Eighty-three having promised to join, a provisional committee was set up with Dr. Courtauld as chairman, and this body endorsed the proposed constitution. A sample *News-Letter* (edited by myself) was then sent out. Dr. Courtauld paid all the expenses. This resulted in the holding of a general meeting on St. Andrew's Day, 1923, at which the resolution, proposed by myself and seconded by Dr. Courtauld, that the "Royaumont Association" (with the Constitution as proposed) be formerly brought into being was accepted and passed. A second *News-Letter* began with the words: "Thanks to Miss Courtauld's generosity, here is an extra double size *News-Letter* to tell you all how the association scheme has succeeded". This is not all. The original scheme included the suggestion for the inauguration of an Emergency Loan Fund, but this was postponed until members had collected the funds for a gift to Miss Ivens to enable her to commemorate Royaumont in the starting of the new Maternity Hospital in Liverpool. The Loan Fund hung fire. And this is where we all owe our late Vice-President a further debt. Something had to be done to capture the

imagination of our members. I mentioned that I owe it to Dr. Courtauld that I was enabled to pursue a literary career: she had made me a grant at the critical moment. Later, being in a position to refund it, had it been a loan instead of a gift, I asked her to accept a sum equal to that grant, and—anonynously so far as she and I were concerned—to open our Emergency Fund with it, telling readers of the *News-Letter* how one old Royaumontite had helped another who now wished that £50 to set the ball rolling so that the original sum could be used over and over again, and challenging old Royaumontites to make it £100 in time for the announcement to be made at the next Dinner—our eighth. Thanks to Dr. Courtauld's co-operation in this little plan this was achieved—and the first "emergency loan" was made soon after—just twenty years ago. Others followed, but the Fund has never dropped below £100.

I think this story, now told in full for the first time, is the best memorial our Association can have to our dear Vice-President. Think what the Association has been to all of us! And it was "Mammie" who made it all possible.

Miss Dorothy Courtauld—at whose house near Farnham I last saw "Mammie" alive, very frail, but still keenly interested in us all—wrote to me on January 2nd that her sister had been in very failing health throughout the autumn and died peacefully in her sleep. I take much of the following from an Appreciation contributed by another sister to the *Halstead Gazette*.

Dr. Courtauld first trained as a nurse at the Cheltenham Hospital and then decided to become a doctor. She was a student at the Royal Free Hospital with Miss Ivens, and completed her studies and took her M.D. on the Continent. After practising in London she joined a medical friend as a missionary in South India, and was on her way home on furlough when war broke out. After taking various locum tenens posts for doctors who had joined up she herself came to Royaumont at Miss Ivens' invitation in 1915, and remained till the hospital was disbanded in February, 1919. Then she worked for a time with the American Red Cross in the devastated regions, eventually returning to her work in India. She was one of the five members of the medical staff decorated in December, 1918, with the Croix de Guerre à l'ordre du regiment. She made her home in Essex, in the "Courtauld country". The family were of French Huguenot origin and pre-eminent in introducing silk weaving into England. She herself was the daughter of the late Mr. George Courtauld, of Gosfield. She was most active in everything concerning the welfare of Greenstead Green and was a churchwarden. She was deeply interested in housing and built several cottages, and gave the village children a playing field. She was a great benefactress of the Halstead Hospital; and her support for the Marie Curie Hospital for Cancer Research enabled it to extend its work. During the last war Dr. Courtauld was on the local Invasion Committee and provided storage for the

medical supplies. All her life long she served her fellows and constantly helped useful projects to extend their usefulness. She has been described to me by a colleague as "remote", but she was full of humour, a good sport, interested in many things, but refreshingly matter-of-fact and to the point in all situations.

From Miss Hunter

Medical Women's Federation,
73 Bourne Way,
Hayes, Bromley,
Kent.
July 16, 1947.

Dear Lady Sanderson,

Miss Rew has informed me of your very kind letter of July 11th, enclosing a cheque for £100, a donation to our Memorial Fund, sent in special memory of the late Mrs. Ivens-Knowles, of Royaumont fame, as a special gift from the members of the Royaumont Association.

It will give me very great pleasure to announce this at our Council Meeting. We do appreciate the generosity of the Royaumont Association in deciding to honour Mrs. Ivens-Knowles' memory in this way. I am quite certain your action is one which would meet with Mrs. Ivens-Knowles' own approval. For this money will be used to help medical women and senior medical students in a number of ways, and I am sure you will know, as we do, how much she enjoyed extending the helping hand to her colleagues, especially the junior ones just starting on their career.

Most of us still think of Mrs. Ivens-Knowles as "Miss Ivens of Royaumont"; I expect all of you do also? I think your Association may be interested to know that we are compiling a record, as archives, of the important milestones in the history of medical women. I have been asked to write about the Scottish Women's Hospitals, and my contribution will of course include Royaumont. I have in my possession all the correspondence relating to the Scottish Women's Hospitals, and I know my task, although a big one, will indeed be a labour of love.

At the next meeting of the Royaumont Association will you please extend to all the members our very warm thanks and appreciation of this wonderful memorial gift in memory of Frances Ivens.

Yours sincerely,

ALISON M. HUNTER.
Honorary Treasurer.

Croix-Rouge Française

The Radiology Service of the French Red Cross

June 25th, 1947.

Ever since the winter of 1940-41 war prisoners were liberated in small numbers from internment camps, on account of their state of health. Alarmed by the advanced stage of phthisis found in most cases, the French Red Cross offered to proceed to systematic X-ray examinations so as to obtain an earlier diagnosis and better chances of recovery.

In April, 1941, an opportunity to penetrate into a camp occurred and was seized. Thereafter, during that year, small teams of doctors and nurses of the French Red Cross were allowed into the Frontstalags in France.

Two methods of prospection were employed:—

(a) **RADIOSCOPY**, or direct inspection of the image of the thorax projected on a fluorescent screen.

(b) **RADIOPHOTOGRAPHY**. Such is the name given in France to a recent process, so far little used in this country: a photograph of the shadow projected on the fluorescent screen is taken on a film in the small 111. x 111. size, by means of a specially adapted camera.

This method offers three main advantages:—

(1) It is a non-expensive process, as compared to radiography (or "plate" method).

(2) It ensures great quickness of execution: 150 films are easily taken in an hour.

(3) An iconographic document remains for reference.

During the year 1941, nearly 70,000 X-ray examinations were made in the internment camps situated in France. The diagnosis thus provided enabled the French Red Cross to obtain the release of 12,000 prisoners.

At that time, various Civil Bodies appealed to the French Red Cross for X-ray examinations. The Service was greatly extended and answered the call of schools, industrial works, Government offices, commercial stores, etc.

In 1942, 113,622 examinations were carried out.

In 1943, their number was 197,281.

In 1944, 225,972 examinations.

In 1945, 520,636. (In addition to these examinations of civilians, the French Red Cross was entrusted by the Ministry of Repatriation with the mass chest examinations of close on a million repatriated prisoners. New personnel was trained and the work was accomplished between April and July, 1945.)

In 1946, over one million examinations.

Twenty motor vans, specially adapted to the transportation of a radiophotographic set, are now in service.

Each van carries a team of technical operators and nurses of the French Red Cross, four or five in all.

The diagnosis is given later, at leisure, by a doctor specialised in phthisiology, who reads the films considerably magnified by projection. (For the sake

of identification, a card bearing a reference number is issued to each individual and is radio-photographed on the same film.)

Regional Centres for the detection of tuberculosis have been organised in Paris, Marseilles, Lille, Lyons and Grenoble. Each Centre has its own technical and secretarial staff, equipped with vans, sets and laboratories.

For Paris, apply to Madame Stuart, General Secretary; 17, rue Quentin-Bauchart, Paris 8e. Telephone: ELYsées 64-49.

Readers may be interested in this cutting from a French paper telling how Royaumont is again being used as a literary centre. What fun it would be if some of us could attending some of the interesting conferences to be held there—and what different scenes we would have in mind as we listened to the distinguished professors:—

Royaumont centre culturel international

Le bouleversement du monde n'a pu effacer le souvenir qu'a laissé à ceux qui l'ont connu avant la guerre le Foyer de Royaumont ouvert en 1938. Dans le cadre historique d'une abbaye cistercienne inaugurée par saint Louis, les intellectuels de tous pays avaient trouvé un asile de paix, à trente-cinq kilomètres de Paris, au carrefour des plus belles forêts de l'Ile-de-France.

Quelques concerts réputés de musique ancienne n'y troublaient pas leur repos ou leur travail, mais attiraient de temps en temps à Royaumont l'élite des amateurs éclairés. Et l'on n'en finissait pas de citer les hôtes illustres qui se rendirent dans la vieille abbaye: Paul Valéry, Paul Claudel, Louis Gillet, André Maurois, Jean Giraudoux, Darius Milhaud, May Clifton, tant d'autres encore. . . .

La guerre interrompit brutalement l'activité du foyer. Il a fallu attendre près de huit ans pour ouvrir à nouveau Royaumont à tous ceux qui intellectuels ou artistes, éprouvent le besoin d'une retraite dans une abbaye dont la règle pourrait bien être: "Fais ce que voudras".

Le Centre culturel international de Royaumont sera un lieu de rencontres et d'étude, où les hôtes pourront jouir d'un cadre exceptionnellement beau, tout chargé de souvenirs, et de multiples facilités de travail: à l'abbaye même, une bibliothèque générale importante, et la précieuse bibliothèque musicale de François Lang, composée de manuscrits, documents, éditions anciennes et modernes de musiciens français et italiens des XVI^e, XVII^e et XVIII^e siècles, ainsi que d'une collection d'ouvrages d'histoire et de critique musicales; à Chantilly distant seulement de quelques kilomètres, la bibliothèque de l'Institut, qui comprend 31,500 volumes dont 1,500 manuscrits, une magnifique

collection de manuscrits enluminés du moyen âge, d'incunables, d'ouvrages et documents relatifs à l'histoire littéraire du moyen âge et de la Renaissance à l'histoire et à la littérature françaises aux XVII^e et XVIII^e siècles, de pamphlets politiques du XVII^e siècle d'ouvrages sur l'histoire de l'architecture et de la décoration au XVII^e et au XVIII^e siècles. A Chantilly encore la bibliothèque "Owenjoul" offre aux curieux une collection remarquable de documents, manuscrits et ouvrages relatifs à l'histoire littéraire du XIX^e siècle.

Ajoutons que, si le Centre s'installe dans une Abbaye, ses hôtes y trouveront des cédulas pourvues du confort le plus moderne: l'eau courante chaude et froide, électricité, chauffage central, des salles de bains, et des douches. De l'ancienne règle cistercienne n'a été conservée que l'exactitude aux heures des repas. Et la nourriture ne s'inspirera nullement de la frugalité monastique.¹

Les distractions sportives même ne sont pas oubliées: tennis à Royaumont, bains de rivière et golf à proximité.

Le Centre a ouvert ses portes le 15 mai 1947. Au cours des mois de juillet et d'août, différents congrès y tiendront leurs assises dont les fameuses décades de Pontigny, avec le concours du professeur Jean Wahl, directeur du Collège philosophique de Paris, le François Mauriac, de Gabriel Marcel, de Jankelevitch, de Gustave Cohen.

Au printemps et à l'automne, les chercheurs isolés ou groupés, les intellectuels et les artistes pourront y séjourner.

La direction se propose d'inviter périodiquement à Royaumont des personnalités marquantes des Lettres et des Arts, l'établir des échanges intellectuels entre Français et étrangers, de grouper les hôtes pour le plus grand agrément de chacun, et d'organiser des soirées littéraires et musicales.

Ajoutons que le Comité d'honneur du Centre comprend les noms de:

- MM. Georges Duhamel, Paul Claudel, Auguste Perret, Lucien Febvre, pour la France.
- Le poète T. S. Eliott et le recteur Bowra (Oxford) pour l'Angleterre.
- MM. le professeur C. G. Jung et Robert de Traz, pour la Suisse.
- M. le professeur Jan Belohradek, recteur de l'Université de Prague, pour la Tchécoslovaquie.
- Mme Vittoria Ocampo, pour la République Argentine.
- Mme Bianca Fialho, pour le Brésil.
- M. le doyen William F. Russell (Columbia University de New-York), pour les Etats-Unis.
- M. Sven Stolp, pour la Suède.
- M. le doyen Pouliot (Université de Québec), pour le Canada.
- M. le Dr Sié Cheou Kang, membre de l'Académie royale de langue et de littérature françaises de Belgique, pour la Chine.
- MM. les professeurs Dr M. Valkoff et Tielsooy (Université d'Amsterdam), pour la Hollande.

Sous un tel parrainage, avec toutes les ressources dont il dispose, il paraît donc assuré que le Centre de Royaumont est destiné à jouer un rôle de premier plan dans une reprise féconde des relations entre intellectuels et artistes de tous pays.

G. M.

¹ Le prix de la pension complète est de 500 fr. par jour. La caisse d'entraide des Amis de Royaumont permettra d'offrir quelques bourses et un certain nombre de demi-bourses à des étudiants et des chercheurs. Pour tous renseignements, écrire au Directeur du Centre culturel international de Royaumont, Asnières-sur-Oise (Seine-et-Oise).

Howard Smith sends the following account of the Royaumont Tea Party

Owing to shortage of food it was decided by the Committee not to have a Dinner this year but to give a Tea Party instead, this was held at Craven Hill by kind permission of Moor on November 6.

Unfortunately it was the foggiest day in London so many of our guests were unable to come.

Those present were: Mrs. Alison, Banks (Mrs. Simmonds), Bedwel, Burrard (Mrs. Dashwood), Butler, Collum, Mrs. Carter, Howard Smith, Sister Learmonth, MacKay, Morgan, Moor, Murray, McGregor, Salway (Mrs. McIntosh), Smieton (Lady Sanderson), Smeal, Mrs. Savill, Simonsen, Stewart.

There was a fine spread of cakes and sandwiches which members of the Committee brought, including milk for tea, while Moor kindly supplied hot water and china.

A most enjoyable afternoon was passed by everyone but owing to the fog many had to leave early, as in some cases guests had come up from the country.

Prestwick to Montreal

Dornoch Lady's Flight

(This journal, recounting a recent flight to Canada by Miss Davidson, was not intended for publication, but will, we are sure, be of much interest to readers and is reprinted from "The Northern Times.")

In the "North Star", April 25, 1 p.m. Left Prestwick 1.30 a.m., landed in Iceland at 5 a.m., which we are just leaving after spending a few hours in the island.

We are sailing high above the clouds and can see the blue sea in between. The sun is shining brightly and I have a port-hole and a grand view.

For a while after we left, we saw fishing boats but are too far away to see them now.

We landed at the air-station, far away from any house, between R.A.F. huts and hangars, about 20 miles from Reykjavik. We just saw one village; it looked like a fishing-place. There is nothing to be seen

but snow-capped mountains and great flat barren moors.

The Station was made of Nissen huts all heated, and we were served with food, excellent, plenty of it, and hot. We had a great dinner-plate of boiled ham, two eggs and potatoes, most delightful white bread, good butter, tea or coffee. Before we left, we had coffee again with toast. It was served by girls in white lace caps, collars, cuffs and aprons—"dinky" was the word.

The plane is most comfortable and doesn't bump much. The seats are bigger than in a first class railway carriage, and when you press a spring, the bottom slides forward, and the back tilts back, giving a good stretch. The only thing is it doesn't always stay back.

I am in the tail; I chose my seat so that I could have a port-hole to myself. Behind is a little toilet-room.

The door out is on my left and beyond it the fore-cabin with room for about 26, and 10 behind. There are 5 seats vacant in the back, but we are picking up passengers at Goose Bay. We have about 7 hours' flying to get there, half hour's stop there, then 3 hours to Montreal.

There is a tiny kitchen-stove with a hot plate, but so far no meals have been served aboard.

After settling down for the journey, the hostess brought round a tray with a packet of chocolates or sweets for each of us and also magazines to read.

It soon began to get warm, so the purser came and took away all our coats and hung them in a cupboard on hangers. We were each given a blue blanket and a small pillow; very comfy.

Each seat is provided with a heavy webbing belt with a buckle, like a baby's pram-fitting. This you fix on taking off or landing, as you are apt to get a sudden jolt. Also there is a tiny electric sign turned on at times, "Please fasten safety-belt", "No smoking", etc.

We were also given life-jackets and shown that the door was unlocked. Every order is very exact and precise.

Later—4.10 p.m. Just been passing over the tip of Greenland, great fjords, rocky and streaked with snow. We see them in between the clouds, running deep into the mountains. We are leaving them behind now, great rocky masses, shining in the sun. We are about 2 miles up, so the icebergs look quite tiny; the sea is flicked with them in every direction—most wonderful. I wish I had words to describe it.

The villages are too far up the bays to make out from where we pass.

One of the navigators has just been along to show us the map and where we are. "Greenland's icy mountains" are now a reality to me.

I don't think we were far enough north to see the alleged flat place at the North Pole!

It is a gorgeous afternoon.

Here is coffee coming on a deep tray with holes to hold each article. There's tomato-cocktail, boiled

egg, bread, scones and butter, and a big pastry with apple in it, and fruit-salad. I've eaten everything but the salt and pepper!

The notice: "Fasten safety-belt", has just gone up, and the hostess has come along to say we are running into a bit of rough air. It is not very bumpy yet.

There are two electric lights overhead and under the shelf above our heads where the pillows and life-jackets stay is a tiny slit of a light above each seat that we can snip out ourselves; also a bell-push. The upholstery is all olive-green, also window curtains and paint—very restful.

Later at Goose Bay, Labrador, 5 p.m. British time, 12 noon (Canadian time).

It was wonderful to see the land and trees again after so many hours of the Atlantic and the clouds, but they came up to meet us so quickly that our eardrums nearly burst! We landed among snow and ice and my—it was cold. A bus was waiting to take us to the canteen where we got more "cawfee."

This is entirely a military station, now being taken over by civilian lines. Beautiful houses and hangars, nothing like the makeshifts in Iceland.

Everywhere the tall narrow pointed hemlock trees that make this country look so different from ours.

Here we are off again, next stop Montreal, in 2½ hours.

It has been a marvellous experience, and most pleasant all the way. We are flying over vast forests in a perfect blizzard of snow.

3 p.m., still Friday. Now we are flying up the St. Lawrence. It is still many miles broad. On the North bank, there's nothing but stretches of forest and snow, but on the South bank we can see signs of cultivation and villages.

5 p.m.—At the Air-Station, Montreal, just waiting to go through the Customs.

It has been a lovely trip all through.

We followed the St. Lawrence all the way and saw Quebec from the air and circled over Montreal before coming down.

I have enjoyed every minute of the journey which took 21 hours.

Royaumont Association Emergency Loan Fund

The total amount of this fund with interest up to date is £357 17s. 8d.

During the year there has been only one donation and one allocation.

J. D. SIMMONDS,
12:1:48 Hon Treas. and Sec.

Little Andy, writing to "Salway" from Lyme Regis last September, says she was in France in the summer, and that Mary Yvonne had a month in Cannes where if she could have got a job she would like to have remained.

Loudon, Miss (the Robin), writing to Young, says: "I had a delightful three weeks with Dr. Estcourt Oswald in September. She came up to the Royal Hotel here for the Festival in Edinburgh. 'Nancy' brought her car with her and we had some very nice picnics, which was lucky for late September."

Macgregor (Mrs. Hallam). It was nice to see Macgregor again at the Royaumont tea party. She is as busy as ever but looks well on it in spite of being a grandmother. Can you imagine it! Her daughter is off to Eire this month to pay a visit to Mackay's sister who has a house and lots of horses in Co. Wexford.

Macpherson, Betty (Mrs. Bruce) has just moved into a flat in Glasgow; her address is 26 Hamilton Drive, Glasgow, W. 2.

Miller. It was delightful to see Miller when I was in Edinburgh in September for the Festival. She showed me her lecture rooms complete with all the latest gadgets—beds for the student nurses to make, and human bones of every description. Miller is going to retire in July and would like to find a nice cottage in the north but before that she plans to do a round of visits.

Moor, who is always so kind about letting us use her hotel at 10 Craven Hill for our reunions, has gone to South Africa for a visit.

Morgan and Mcfie went for a tour in France last summer in a car visiting all their old war-time haunts, see p. 2. Morgan sails for South Africa on January 23. She expects to be away for a year.

"**Nicky**" is still at her secretary's job in Newcastle. She is very keen on her allotment and also works at the Red Cross. She shares a flat with a sister.

Prance, we are sorry to learn, broke her hip last winter and is still not able to travel by train. Her brother the Padre died suddenly last March.

Riordan, Mrs. (Dr. Rutherford), writing from Australia says "The Royaumont News-Letter made interesting reading" and asks for news of Griffin; she also says she is surprised that we manage to have parties on our meagre rations, she then gives the amounts of the Australian meat ration had without queueing but I won't quote it! Ed.

Salway (Mrs. McIntosh) had a very nice time in Monte Carlo last January, when she saw the bombed railway viaduct outside St. Raphael—the work of the R.A.F. Salway is becoming a great gardener: her garden, she writes, "was very beautiful this summer with Delphiniums and Larkspurs, etc."

Simms, F. W., has gone to South Africa where, after doing some nursing, she is working on a fruit farm.

Stewart is still looking after Arthur. They have left Lyn Park and their address is now Breaks, Hatfield, Herts.

Williams (Lady Smyth) writes most cheerfully from Australia. She now has all her three children there. Her daughter Nin and her husband arrived there a few months ago, and she is the greatest comfort to her mother and a tremendous help in the house.

Young. As most members know, Young has left London until next summer and is now at Frinton-on-Sea. Unfortunately her mother's health has caused her some anxiety. She was disappointed that so few members paid up arrears of subscriptions after her appeal and suggests that members might like to send her 10s. in advance for four years.

STOP PRESS.

We regret to announce the sudden death of Dr. H. M. Hendré at her home in Reading on October 27, 1947.

Cno/3/19