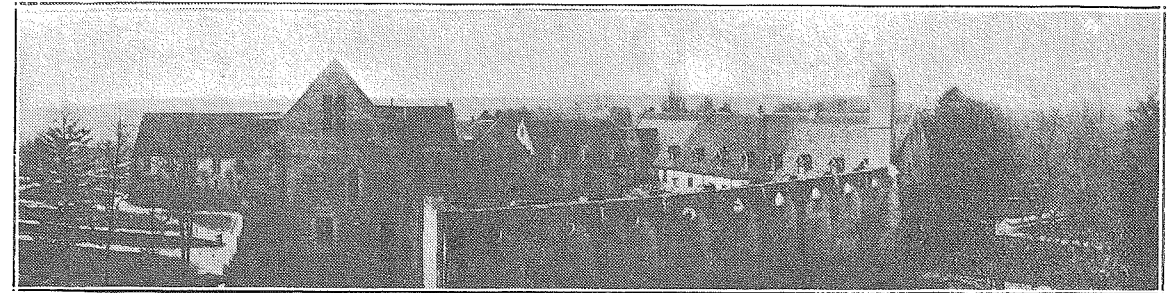


# Royaumont News-Letter



Vol. II.

NOVEMBER, 1929.

No. 2.

Published by the Royaumont and Villers Cotterets Association of the Scottish Women's Hospitals,  
70 Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1.

Hon. Editor: V. C. C. COLLUM, 4 Milton Chambers, 128 Cheyne Walk, S.W. 10. (Tel: Flaxman 5716.)

**Object of the Association:** To maintain and strengthen our wartime comradeship.

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

**President:** Miss Frances Ivens, M.S. (Lond.), O.B.E.

**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.

Subscribing Members can have letters addressed to them c/o the Association. They can also consult the Association Address-Book, kept at **70 Victoria Street**, on production of their visiting card.

## Editorial

### The News-Letter

The Honorary Treasurer has taken the Editor seriously to task. We have been living on our capital. A twelve-page News-Letter, such as you had last time, costs 1s. 5d. for the printing alone, without counting postage. You get two News-Letters every year. The minimum annual subscription is 2s. 6d. And then there are all the other expenses of the Association as well. We have gone on doing it because a few have been paying much more than the minimum subscription, and they have been paying for all the rest. And even then a great many of you go on taking the privileges of the Association—and do not pay even your half-crown! This cannot continue. We are trying two cures. One is an appeal to you all to pay up at least the minimum subscription—and as much more as you can afford. The other is to put up a list of members whose subscriptions are in arrears at the Annual Dinner. Tollit had to send out forty-seven postcards of reminder to members who have not paid up this year (*i.e.*, October, 1928—October, 1929). At the date of going to press

she had received only twenty-eight replies sending the subscriptions overdue. The Association simply cannot afford to send out these reminders as well as publish two News-Letters. Members can take their choice!

### The Matinée

No progress has been made with this scheme. Our old Royaumontites, alas, seem to have forgotten how to work! The Hon. Secretary of the Matinée sub-committee, Arthur, together with Cicely Hamilton and our Chairman, Inglis, have done what they could without any support. The other members of Committee were nearly all abroad this summer. The Matinée has had to be postponed till next year.

### The S.W.H. Memorial Ward at the Royal Free

Purses of money will be handed to the Duchess of York on December 3rd for the equipment of this Centenary Memorial Ward in the new Maternity Unit of the Queen Mary wing of the Royal Free Hospital, when the endowment of the last Bed in memory of "Scottish Women" will be complete—the Memorial

Ward holding eight beds. (It is in memory of Miss Edith Palliser of the London Committee, one of the old Executive Committee members of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies whose Scottish Federation was the parent of the S.W.H.) The Royaumont Association last year pledged itself to give a minimum sum of £50 for some special piece of equipment, to bear a plate recording the occasion and the donors. Our President wishes that gift to take the form of an operating table for the Maternity Unit, and since Professor MacIlroy is in immediate need of a new operating table the gift will be given at once, although the Memorial Ward has not yet been begun. The table Professor MacIlroy has chosen will cost about £90, without including the cost of the plate, in chromium plating, which will be affixed to the pedestal of the table itself, bearing the following inscription:

Presented to the  
Scottish Women's Hospitals Memorial Ward  
By  
The Royaumont and Villers Cotterets Association  
of the  
SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS,  
December 3rd, 1929.

The receipted bill for this table, with a replica of the plate, will be handed by Miss Ivens to the Duchess when the Memorial Beds and the purses for the equipment of the Ward are presented. Since the Matinee by which we were to have collected the money for the gift has been postponed by the sub-committee organising it, we have had to call for guarantees. Our President is contributing £25, and Mrs. Arthur is contributing £25. Guarantees for a further £50 will be necessary. And we shall send round the hat at the Dinner in the hope of clearing off the remainder of the debt—so please remember to bring cheque-book or purse with you! Should we be able to clear off the whole amount, it will leave us free to devote all our efforts, at the Matinee next year, to the Emergency Loan Fund.

#### V.C. Film

We hope to show this Film at the Dinner without any hitch on this occasion.

#### Guests of Honour, Royaumont Dinner

For ten years the supply of Guests who had been at Royaumont was not exhausted. This year we have invited two friends of the S.W.H. who helped Royaumont to come into being—Lady Frances Balfour, and Annie, Viscountess Cowdray. Lady Frances Balfour helped the Scottish Federation of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies to start their scheme of Women's Hospitals for Foreign Service, and was a staunch supporter of Dr. Elsie Inglis. Lady Cowdray, who has just enabled the Memorial to Dr. Elsie Inglis in Serbia to be completed, helped vitally to make Royaumont what it was, for she gave us our X-Ray outfit. We understand both have been obliged to refuse.

#### Museum Collection

Shall we have to give up this scheme? Out of all Royaumont, the only offers Collum has had of objects for the exhibit are her own uniform, and Young's chauffeur's uniform—minus a cap! Wake up, Royaumont! You can do better than this. We must have one set of each uniform. And we want souvenirs, also.

Rumour has it that a non-medical member possesses a case of scalpels perforated by a bullet at V.C.—Query: who do the scalpels belong to? And how did the bullet get there? Nevertheless, we want them for this historical collection, please.

#### Royaumont

The Abbaye is now *classée* as a Monument historique. A guide conducts parties round it and tells them its history. No mention is made of the War or of the fact that we maintained a hospital there for French soldiers. It has been suggested that we ask Madame Gouin if she will allow us to place a tablet somewhere on the building recording this fact—which was historic in its humble way. It has also been suggested that a short memorandum recounting this little bit of history be prepared and sent to the appropriate Commission of the Ministère des Beaux Arts et de l'Instruction publique, under which ministry the surveillance of historical monuments is placed. If these suggestions meet with the approval of the French authorities it might be possible for the Association to pay a visit to the Abbaye when the tablet is affixed.

#### Christmas Greetings

Miss Ivens sends good wishes for Christmas to all who cannot come to the Dinner—our first without distinguished guests—and on St. Andrew's Night Inglis will organise an eightsome reel.

#### Royaumont Dinner

The 11th Annual Dinner will be held on Saturday, November 30th, at the Belgravia Hotel, Victoria, London. Tickets, price 7s. 6d., may be obtained from the Dinner Secretary now.

RUTH NICHOLSON,

45 Rodney Street, Liverpool. Hon. Dinner Secretary.

#### Hospitality

Will those who desire hospitality, and those who can offer it, please write at once to Mrs. Sanderson (Smicton), Tyndrum, Bailey's Hill, Sevenoaks, Kent.

#### Sunday Tea-Party and Evening Gathering

Arthur very kindly asks any old Royaumontite who may be in London the day following the Dinner, to take tea with her at 14 Culross Street, Park Lane (close to Mount Street) at 4 o'clock. This is the house whose decorations were undertaken by Inglis, and Mrs. Arthur will be pleased for any Royaumontite who is interested to see over the house. Our Chairman of Committee, Inglis, invites, to meet Disorderly, any old Royaumontite the same night to coffee at 8.30 p.m. at 36, Oakley Crescent, S.W.3 (Busses Nos. 11, 19, 22, 31, and 49).

#### Silver Paper for the Emergency Fund

Our Chairman, Etta Inglis, again asks members to save all tin-foil and silver paper and send it to her, for the benefit of the Emergency Loan Fund. During the last six months she has received a big contribution from Ashton, and also from Pete and Hamish Findlay-Mitchell, and a small anonymous contribution.

#### Emergency Loan Fund

Our President, who acts as Honorary Treasurer of this Fund, sends us the following financial statement:—

Emergency Loan Fund		£	s.	d.
1926, Nov. 28	...	12	0	0
1927, May	...	109	13	6
1928, Aug. 28	...	3	10	0
1929, Interest allowed by Bank	...	5	5	7
July 31	...	8	8	0
Total received to September 30, 1929		£138	17	1

#### Receipts and Payments Account

1929.		1929.	
Sept. 30.	£ s. d.	Sept. 30.	£ s. d.
To cheque book	2 0	By Sundry Donations	133 11 6
To sundry applicants for aid (3 grants)	50 0 0	Bank Interest credited	5 5 7
Balance at Bank			
Deposit A/c.	88 15 1		
	£138 17 1		£138 17 1

Certified Correct,

C. H. IVENS, A.C.A.,

Rugby.

Oct. 25th, 1929.

Four of our members have now been helped by grants of loans. The Fund's capital is dwindling, and we ask no interest from the grantees. Does this cause need more eloquent advocacy than the figures themselves?

#### Proposed Royaumont Matinée.

If the Royaumont Association lends support to the project, it is intended, after the annual meeting, to start preparations for a *matinée*—to be held next autumn, at a London theatre, under the Association's auspices. The financial objects of this *matinée* will be twofold: to raise the minimum £50 promised to the Royal Free Hospital as our contribution to the Scottish Women's Hospitals Memorial Ward in the Maternity Unit of the new Queen Mary wing (the contribution to take the form of an operating table); and to raise as much more as the theatre will hold, as a contribution to our own special Royaumont needs!

First and foremost among those needs is the Loan Fund (all too meagre at the present day) to which those who have fallen on sickness or hard luck have the right to turn for assistance. Luckily or unluckily (you can choose your adverb according to your temperament!), we are none of us growing any younger; and, with increase of years comes, often enough, a decrease in health and in earning power. The calls on our fund, as time goes on, are likely to be heavier, very much heavier, than they are in this present year of grace. Hence the need for adding to our diminutive capital—putting more cash to our credit.

That, briefly put, is the motive power behind the Royaumont *matinée*. The rough details of the project, together with suggestions for a programme, will be laid

before our annual meeting; here it will perhaps suffice to say that it will be impossible to make a success of the undertaking unless we can count on the help of a large number of our members. It will not only be a matter for those who have theatrical interests; if we are to pack our house and minimise expenses, we shall want help in many directions. In the work of committees, in the selling of programmes, in the score of odd jobs that are bound to crop up—above all in the disposal of tickets. No charity *matinée* ever pays its way without the help of energetic ticket-sellers and advertisers, and, if the Royaumont Association votes for a *matinée*, members must understand that they pledge themselves to "do their bit" for its success. Those who can sell tickets, must sell them, and those who cannot do anything else can advertise, advertise, advertise! The dwellers in London personally, by word of mouth; and those who live elsewhere, by letter!

CICELY HAMILTON.

#### The Elsie Inglis Memorial Hospital in Belgrade.

Mrs. Eva MacLaren, Dr. Elsie Inglis' sister, went out to the official opening of the Memorial and kindly sends us the following:—

The Committee of the London Units of the S.W.H. collected after Dr. Inglis' death a considerable amount of money to be used in some memorial to her. This money, two years ago, they decided to give towards the building of a Hospital for Women in Belgrade. The Committee, with Lady Cowdray as its Chairman, visited Belgrade at that time and went most thoroughly into the whole question of building the Hospital there. The Belgrade Medical Women's Association formed a Committee amongst themselves, and those two Committees, the one in London and the one in Belgrade, are responsible to-day for the wonderful Hospital which was opened on Thursday, October 10th, by Annie, Lady Cowdray. The Hospital stands on a hill a little out of Belgrade, and is the last word in efficiency and beauty. Having received an invitation to be present at the opening, I left London at 11.30 on Monday, October 7th, with the Committee, who were also travelling by that train. It was a wonderful journey (by the Orient Express), Calais, Paris, Lausanne, Milan, Venice, Trieste, and finally Belgrade on Wednesday morning at 11.30. Lady Cowdray and Mrs. Kinnell (the Treasurer of the Committee) joined the train at Venice.

What a reception we got on the Belgrade platform! Between 40 and 50 people were there, everyone of them excited and happy. We were each presented with two large bouquets of flowers and kissed by numbers of hostesses on both cheeks—the stately Serbian men kissing our hands.

The Hospital was opened the next morning by Lady Cowdray. The religious ceremony which preceded the actual opening and was a very beautiful one, was performed by the Patriarch of the Serbian Church, assisted by two priests. The Patriarch in his speech at the end of the service, mentioning the Committee by name, wound up by saying: "We have with us also a sister of Dr. Elsie Inglis—but all Serbian men and women are brothers and sisters of Elsie Inglis." After the opening we were shown all over the Hospital which is absolutely up to date in every respect, and is a monument to the credit of Lady Cowdray and her

Committee and to the Belgrade Women's Medical Association. It is a wonderful place.

That evening we were entertained at a Banquet given by the Belgrade Medical Women's Association. Mr. Lee-Smith from the British Legation, and some other English people were there, but of course the main guests were Serbian—135 all told.

The next morning (Friday, 11th) we were at the opening of a new Laboratory in the Belgrade University, the money for which had been given by Lady Cowdray and her Committee out of the Memorial Funds. A tablet on one of the walls with an inscription about Dr. Inglis in Latin (the universal language) was unveiled by Lady Cowdray. In a touching speech made by Dr. Buryon, a professor at the University, he referred to the work done by Dr. Inglis for Serbia during the war, and said: "True and active love is a wonderful thing—who are we to say that such love is not even now pursuing its strong and beautiful course even beyond the tomb! For—as you have it in your English Bible—Love is stronger than death. And indeed the charitable work of Dr. Inglis—I use the word 'charitable' not in its conventional but in its deepest and truest original sense—is efficacious still although in bodily presence she has gone from us, for it is being carried on by you her faithful and great-hearted friends." All the papers published from this particular Research Department are to bear her name.

After this ceremony was over we were entertained to lunch by the Belgrade Corporation, the Mayor being in the Chair. The lunch began at 1 o'clock and we were sipping our coffee at 3.30. Miss Curwen and I left by the 4.30 train and arrived in London again on Sunday evening.

It was a wonderful and never-to-be-forgotten time. All honour to the enthusiasm of the Belgrade Medical Women's Association and to the efficiency of Lady Cowdray and her Committee who have brought that superb and beautiful Memorial to Elsie Inglis into being.

#### Postscriptum.

[The name of Elsie Inglis cannot now be forgotten in Scotland or in Serbia, and the Scottish Women's Hospitals for Foreign Service have their memorial in the Royal Free Hospital in London. Let us now remember the women who implemented Elsie Inglis' great idea. Do not let them fall on evil days without a hand held out to help them by their old comrades. The Royaumont Association Emergency Loan Fund has been created to help old S.W.H.'s of our own Unit. It is too little in amount for the task facing it. Hence our Matinée scheme. Those who do not help us in this scheme are failing their old comrades. **Elsie Inglis would weep to think that memorials were raised to her whilst one single woman who answered her call for volunteers was in misery and distress.—V.C.C.C.]**

#### From Far and Near.

**Adrain** (Mrs. Maclagan) sends photographs of her Cubs, Philip, nearly eleven, at school at Broadstairs; Caroline, nearly seven, and Patrick, one year. She hopes to come to the Dinner. What if we do look older and more matronly than we did? We all grow old together! Though anyone would doubt it who is not accustomed to Royaumont Dinners.

**Big Andy** and **Alison** (Mrs. Blood) are home again from Ceylon and will be at the Dinner.

**Armstrong** has gone back to Australia, and **Ashton** has got a job in England.

**Berry**, members will be sorry to learn, lost her Mother in July. Lady Berry was a good friend to the S.W.H., and her house has always been open to old Royaumontites.

**Brown** is anxious that we should have a flashlight photograph of the Dinner—and would like **Daunt's** face in it! "The very thought of Daunt cheers one up." She backs her request with 5s. to help with the cost of the flashlight! The Editor doubts, however, after the wiggling she got from the Treasurer about spending money, whether we should be justified in going in for such a photograph without knowing beforehand that members would purchase copies.

**Cannon** (Mrs. Walford) is now home—in Newmarket—for two years, and sends a photo of "Ann" for the Cubs Album.

**Cranage**, now a medical woman in Kenya, was married on October 30th at the C.M.S. Mission Church at Maseno to Captain V. M. Costa, Engineer, Kenya and Uganda Railway. We all wish her the best of luck.

**Grandage** is in Switzerland.

**Dr. Henry** is now visiting Europe. **Miss Ivens** and **Miller** met her boat at Liverpool and saw the infant John, "not," Miss Ivens says, "quite the little plaster saint he appeared to me."

**Sister Jeffery** wrote in September: "You know I am not a member of the R.A. but am sending 2s. 6d. again as you kindly keep on sending me the *News-Letter* and as you are really rather a good beggar." But she did join us in 1927, and we are very glad to get her back into the fold! She mentions, as a souvenir, the "Special Hospital Number," Nov. 15, 1915. Would she let the Museum Exhibit Secretary know what this consists in?

**Kennedy** (Mrs. Clements) was home with her husband and daughter for 5 months this summer, but sailed on October 13th for California. She wrote in August that she hoped to send us £5 before leaving, to be used as you think best, though personally I am very keen on the Emergency Fund. She also promised to look through her photographs and to send any interesting ones for the Museum collection. We shall be pleased to hear from her again!

**Leng** writes that she and **Dunn** went to Royaumont last month, their first visit since early 1916, and forgot all about the Monsault junction and got landed at Beaumont, whence they reached the Abbaye by taxi. "On payment of 3 francs we were conducted over the 'ancient monument' as sightseers by a good lady who had never before encountered the Dames Écossaises and whose eyes grew rounder and rounder as the inspection proceeded. Tales of Louis IX, &c., left us quite cold and the rôle of guide was soon reversed as memories revived. The dormitories and a funny little attic on the far side of 'Elsie' were greeted with special shouts of joy and pointed out to Madame as our respective *chambres à coucher*. Incidentally, it requires a very good scrounger to make the best of hospital life, and my mouth waters even now when I think of that bedroom of Dunn's—two wardrobes, no less, and a *table*! Compare this with a cubicle and an orange box for 3 in the dormitories and you will understand which of us two became a leading light in the British Red X! But what really thrilled us to the core was the cabinets—absolutely untouched—and that gallery overlooking

the blessés' bath! Every one we found, and it almost compensated for the fact that the old orderlies' sitting-room was locked and we could not see the dear old scene of many hilarious tea-parties when **Mackay** completely routed us all at those paper and pencil games by her intimate knowledge of obscure Bible characters. After this we just had to let our guide get a little bit of history off her chest while we dreamily gazed our fill at the beautiful old place looking its loveliest in the golden colourings of autumn. Then off to Viarmes for lunch. That was rather a snag. We had vaguely heard of the Cheval Blanc and thought it was at Asnières! In Viarmes we were eventually met by cold looks at the Cheval Blanc—no longer, it seems, a hotel, but a private house! [This, one may interpolate, comes of only joining the Association 9 years after it has started!] They tried the Hotel du Commerce next, and **Leng's** advice is "Don't!" But she found a pâtisserie where bed and pension can be had for Fr. 28 per day. Perhaps a word of explanation about the Cheval Blanc may be useful. M. Delacoste did endow it as an Institute for his workpeople, and he did make provision for us to board there whenever we wished to revisit Royaumont, provided we wrote to him first. But even into that ideal factory Communism has burrowed its way, and the son of the *materfamilias* he placed in the Institute as concierge (as a reward for her contributions to the population) has used this convenient base as a centre for disaffection in the Works. M. Delacoste shrugged his shoulders at the ingratitude—and told us, when he visited London, that he has never set foot inside his own Institute since this young man's disaffection, but he hoped that the Dames Écossaises were still treated with courtesy when they stayed there.

We have to record that our Member, **Winifred May**, of Leamington Spa, died in June of this year after a long illness. We have no details.

**Merrylees** and **Leng**, with two friends, took an original holiday this summer. They went for a trip in a cargo boat by kind permission of **Macpherson's** brother, starting from Glasgow. "We took ten days to Marseilles without touching anywhere, but the captain gave his passengers as near a view of Tangier and Gib. as possible." At Genoa two of the four got off the boat and went overland by motor to Florence, Perugia, Assisi and Rome, rejoining at Civita Vecchia. The other two landed at Leghorn, spent three days in Rome, three in Naples, visited Pompeii, Capri, &c. They came on board again for the trip to Sicily, saw Stromboli give a display, passed between Scylla and Charybdis, reached Catania in the afternoon, getting a good view of Etna, and on to Palermo and Spain. Here Merrylees landed to come home through France, whilst **Leng** went back in the boat all the way to Glasgow. The boat in which Merrylees landed was run up on the beach, and the Customs official unpacked her luggage there. Thence she went to Barcelona, Avignon, Lyon, and Chartres. She concludes: "All Royaumontites who love the sea—and those who don't—are advised to write to Mr. Macpherson and book a passage in Captain Bremner's boat."

**Morgan** has also lost her Father this summer. This brought her home earlier than she expected—but we shall have the pleasure of welcoming her back to the Dinner on St. Andrew's night.

**Little Murray**, chauffeuse, winters every year in Switzerland, on account of her health. We should like to see her and **Jamieson** and one or two other absentees at our Dinner!

**Nicky** was home on leave from Bucharest in October.

She sees **Mme. Manoël** regularly "and she has been kindness itself to me since I came out. We always drift back to Royaumont talk, though we start off by discussing much more up-to-date subjects. She gets a lot of amusement out of my experiences and my attempts to talk Roumanian."

**Ramsay** writes that **Lindsay's** (Mrs. Hayward's) two children, a boy and a girl, are most attractive, but the little girl a regular pickle. "I wonder," she continues, "if anyone noticed the following engagement in the *Times*: Henry John Alexander Dinsmore and Constance, widow of Holbrook March Goodale, U.S.N., of Honolulu and Vermont, U.S.A., and second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Elliot Birks, of Hampshire, and 37a Wilton Place, Knightsbridge. I feel sure it must be the **Binkie** of Royaumont." [Ed.—Please note that we publish this only as Ramsay's opinion. We have no independent knowledge, but had an idea Binkie's home was in Wales, that her surname was Binks, and that her mother bore a title. We should all very much like to get into touch with Binkie again. Was she not in Australia when last heard of?]

**The Robin** (Miss Loudon) writes in June that she had a lovely time this Spring in Greece. She went overland to Marseilles, and there embarked in the "Théophile Gautier," the vessel chartered by the Hellenic Travellers' Club for Ægean cruises. "We lived on board, and only landed for excursions. Our first stop was at Katakolo for Olympia, where the chief joy was the Hermes. He is wonderful. Some hyper-critics say he is too sugary, but he appealed to me, and I don't criticise Praxiteles. There was also a lovely, though headless, Victory. The little hotel at Olympia was kept by a man who was reputed to be a were-wolf. He seems quite a friendly old gentleman, but we were told a creepy tale of some people who had spent the night there and in the small hours heard an animal snuffing outside the door, and then between the floor and the bottom of the door appeared the paws of a wolf. The guests jumped on the paws with their heavy boots, when the wolf retired. The next morning when they went downstairs they saw Mine Host with both hands bound up!" They then went on to Athens. "We were lucky enough to see the sunset from the Acropolis, and we quite understood why they call Athens the City of the violet crown. We went to Sunium from Athens to see the temple of Neptune—a marvellous ruin in dazzling white marble—and another day we went to Marathon. At Thermopylæ it was wonderful to feel that we actually stood where Leonidas and his Three Hundred made their last stand." A long train excursion, through the Vale of Tempe, took them past Pelion, Ossa and Olympus. "We had a very good lecturer with us, a Canon Wigram, who knew Greece inside out, and he told us weird tales about the Thessalian peasants. They say that there are still centaurs on Pelion, and on stormy nights they come down to the cottages on the plain. They are very fond of counting, but they can only count up to two, so the peasants put a sieve in the window and the centaurs spend all the night counting one two, one two, till the morning comes, when they have to go back to their haunts on Pelion." [This bears a family resemblance to a folk belief about witches who ride to the Sabbaths among ruined megalithic monuments in Brittany, and some of our Highland members, I dare say, could supply a parallel.] "The Vale of Tempe ends in a wonderful gorge, through which a river runs, with huge oriental planes on its banks." Next they went to Chanak, for Troy, passing through villages shelled

by *Queen Elizabeth*. Troy disposed of the Robin's preconceived ideas of the city of Helen and Priam. "Going and coming from Troy by ancient motor-buses, we saw strings of camels, each lot led by a huge man on a tiny donkey. Coming back our bus broke down, but one of our shepherds commandeered a brand new Ford lorry driven by a Bavarian boy in the service of an Englishman who was farming in those parts." They saw Samos and Delos, and went to Crete to see the palace of Minos at Knossos, and the Museum at Candia. "We learned, amongst other things, that the Cretans had water sanitation 5,000 years ago. In fact, as a French scientist said, the system of sanitation was tout-à-fait Anglais, while the frescoes depicting Cretan ladies of 2000 B.C. in flounced dresses and fly-away hats made him remark—*mais ce sont des Parisiennes!*" After that they went to Syracuse, Naples, Marseilles, and so home. Among the Hellenic Travellers on board they met a Mrs. Watson (née Yeld) who knew *Miss Nicholson*.

*Mrs. Robinson* has been staying with *Bruce* in Oban, and in the spring had a delightful holiday with *Mrs. Carter* in Belgium, and loved Bruges.

Almost as our last issue came out, with better news of *Dr. Winifred Ross's* father, we learned of his death on July 8th. Our note was written several weeks earlier. She was in Switzerland in October and fears she will not be able to come to the Dinner.

*Salway* (Mrs. MacIntosh) came home from India in July, and her husband retires in March, "so once more I become a citizen of the British Isles. I shall be up for the Dinner." Scally had a little Royaumont tea-party before *Armstrong* sailed, at which she and *Rolt* and *Inglis* were present. We are glad to hear that *Rolt* has been making garments for some of the old Royaumontites.

*Smeal* wrote in October that there was just a chance she might get over from Paris for this year's Dinner. Although she kindly says that the *News-Letter* is the "next best thing to being present at the Reunions" we hope the "best" will come off this time! If the Editor could have anticipated the very kind remarks in the margin of her letter to *Tollit* she would have hunted up *Smeal* when passing through Paris this October, but arrived there only to remember that *Smeal's* address had been left behind in London.

In July *Stein* sent *Tollit* a generous donation to the Emergency Loan Fund. She hopes to come to the Dinner this year as she will be working for a few months at the Central London Ear, Nose and Throat Clinics in the autumn. We wonder if she has come across *Mrs. Berry's* sister, *Dr. Octavia Lewin*, in this connection? If not, she should visit her Nasal Hygiene Clinic at 25 Wimpole St. on Wednesday afternoons.

*Summerhayes* wrote (from Shropshire, on leave) in September: "*Graham*, writing from Honolulu, asks if the *Russell* in West Africa is sister to the *Margaret Russell* who drove a Mail Van in Edinburgh. I am not in Africa at the moment so can't ask *Helen Russell*, but I have often heard her talk of her sister who went to Russia. Apparently she had a most exciting time there, and amongst other things managed to rescue a Russian who was trying to escape from the country—and subsequently married him! They now both live in Saskatchewan and are farming, and sound blissfully happy though fearfully hardworking. I think the name of the town is *Elpos*, but, as I am not sure, their

Edinburgh address would be safer! It is 3 Walker St. I am home on leave and have been having a glorious time tramping about the hills and mountains of Shropshire and Wales and amassing stores of energy to take back to Africa in the autumn. I love my job out there. I am in charge of a new Maternity Hospital and find the African mothers and babies perfect darlings. When queer folk ask me how I can bear to be in a hospital for natives, I laugh to myself, for I love them and find them much more amusing as well as more grateful than many European patients! And as far as medicine is concerned there's enough good material in my small hospital to keep one full-time employed in research, if there only were time, and if only one hadn't to act as student, house-surgeon, and consultant in one. I am due to go back in October, but the Colonial Office has just written to-day suggesting that I should stay till December to do an extra course of study. I was anxious to take, so I may be able to come to the Dinner. I expect you have heard that *Cranage* is engaged to an Italian engineer in Kenya. She was thinking of being married at once, but of keeping on her work at the Mission Hospital till another doctor can be sent out. *Simms* was just going out to visit her when she heard of the engagement, but she has gone out nevertheless, thinking she may stay there for a bit if she meets some interesting job. I should think *Simms* must have been nearly all over the world since Royaumont days. Best wishes to the *News-Letter*, which is specially interesting when one is abroad.

Welcome to *Warren*, a new member. Her address is 10 Westbourne Terrace, Glasgow, W.2. *Warren* was an orderly from March 1916 till September of that year.

*Webster* writes to say that *Sally* (Ellis) is living at Lavender Hedge, Chessington Rd., Ewell, and that *Merrylees* and herself went to see her some time ago. She has adopted a very jolly little girl. Why does *Ellis* never come to a Reunion?

#### New Addresses for Members

*M. Graham*, c/o Mrs. F. Horne, The Sandbed, Hawick.  
*B. Johnson*, 24 Adam St., W.I.  
*Johnstone* (Mrs. Lyon), Lockerbie, Canford Cliffs Rd., Bournemouth.

Canford Cliffs Rd.; Bournemouth.  
*Merrylees*, 65 Elm Park Mansions, S.W.10.  
*A. M. Nicholson*, Astra Romana, Boulevard Carolo, Bucharest.

*Tozer*, 38 Russell Square, W.C.  
*Collum* (after December 15th), Well Bottom, East Melbury, Shaftesbury, Dorset (in addition to London).

#### Bed-sitting Room in Chelsea

Any member wishing to rent a furnished bed-sitting room, with electric light, in a Royaumontite's flat overlooking the River, with cleaning provided, and use of gas cooker, water and sink, bath and heater, and telephone, should communicate with the Editor. Available 16th December. (Newly decorated by *Inglis*.) Certain privileges granted in return for clerical help with the *Royaumont News-Letter*.