

Royaumont News-Letter



Vol. III.

MAY 1933

No. 7

Published by the Royaumont and Villers Cotterets Association of the Scottish Women's Hospitals,
c/o Mrs Ivens-Knowles, C.B.E., M.S. (Lond.), 65 Wimpole Street, W.1.

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

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

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

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

Chairman : Miss ETTA INGLIS. **Hon. Secretary :** Mrs SANDERSON.

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

Hon. Editor : Miss C. F. N. MACKAY, Whitehouse, Cramond Bridge, Midlothian, N.B.

Subscribing Members can have letters addressed to them c/o the Association. They can also consult the Association Address Book, kept at **65 Wimpole Street, W. 1**, on application to Mrs Ivens-Knowles.

Editorial.

THE DINNER.—“Men may come and men may go,” but judging by the splendid turn out at our 14th Dinner, the Royaumont Association shows no sign of weakening. In a sense this dinner marked a turning point, not only because of the important and far reaching financial crisis through which our country is passing, but also because we, as an Association, felt that just as in time of war, once again we must endeavour to efface self and strengthen the bonds of our comradeship, and do all in our power to increase our friendship with France. All of us who heard Madame Norman Bohn of the Institut Française, who, with Collum,

was the guest of honour, must have felt that come what may we would surely always be the friends of France. It was interesting too to hear the French point of view from a cultured and intellectual standpoint, and to realise that the tiny seed of service we gave at Royaumont could have blossomed into so strong a flower.

Madame Bohn read us a letter from the Mayor of Aisnières-sur-Oise which is printed on another page.

Our Medecin-Chef with Mr Knowles, was in great form. She wore a most becoming dress and proposed the toast of France and the Guests of Honour, Madame Bohn and Collum, with her usual

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eloquence. It was indeed time that we were reminded of all Collum has done, not only during the War but since by founding our Association and taking endless trouble to make that foundation a sure and true one by doing everything in her power to further the cause of ex-Royaumontites. All of us were glad to see Collum at the high table and wished her good luck in her new venture.

Telegrams of regret at not being present at the Dinner were received from Sister Rose Morris, McLeod, Violet Inglis, Andy and Alison, and Sally.

BISHOP BURY.—Many Royaumontites would read with regret of the death of Bishop Bury recalling his kindly interest in us all when he visited Royaumont. I remember so well an evening service he held in the St. Louis Chapel where in the flickering candle-light he looked like some old world saint ministering to a strange congregation of blue-clad women.

CRESWELL.—We were also very sorry to hear of the death of Creswell who was an orderly for some months at Royaumont. Creswell was one of the earliest members of the Royaumont Association and lived in Belfast.

DART.—Millar sends us the following appreciation of Dart whose loss we also mourn: "It is with very great regret that we have to record the death of Dart on December 21st. She came out to Royaumont in the autumn of '18, and although her time among us was short she proved herself a most efficient and tireless worker. Those of us who settled down in Liverpool after the War saw her a good deal, and we shall never forget the kindness and hospitality that she and her family extended to us there. We have many happy memories of pleasant evenings spent in her home, of delightful runs in her car and picnics among the Welsh hills. Although in very indifferent health for some time she bore all with wonderful cheerfulness and a most unselfish courage. It is difficult to realise that such a vivid personality is here no longer and those of us who were her friends will find her place hard to fill."

Monsieur Domergue, a former President of the French Republic who visited Royaumont in 1916 at the time of the battle of the Somme, was invited to be one of our Guests of Honour at the Dinner, unfortunately he had to leave London the day before, but sent the following letter which we print as it arrived too late to be read at the Dinner.

Ambassade de France à Londres.

Madame,

J'aurai été très heureux de venir à votre fête mais je suis obligé de quitter Londres demain matin.

Je garde précieusement en moi le souvenir de ma visite à Royaumont et celui du dévouement que vous avez avec vos compagnes prodigué à nos chers blessés. Avec mes hommages les plus respectueux veuillez Madame agréer l'assurance de mes sentiments dévoués.

GASTON DOMERGUE.

Letter to the Royaumont Unit from our Medecin-Chef.

65 Wimpole Street.

My dear Unit,

I hear another News-Letter is impending and hasten to send my greetings to you all, though I have not much in the way of news.

The memory of our last dinner has not yet faded for it was I thought more successful than ever. Madame Bohn was a welcome guest, and had taken a great deal of trouble to collect news from Asnières, which she conveyed to us in a very charming speech which gave us all great pleasure. Our Ex-Editor came in for quite an ovation as everyone present realized how much the Association and News-Letter owed to her magnificent initiative and strenuous labours. News of her interesting work in Guernsey has reached me from several sources. I am now in charge of the Cubs' Album, and will take great care of any further contributions. A few weeks ago I had a delightful visit from Big Andy, and we had a real Royaumont gossip. She was looking extraordinarily well. Richmond too I see sometimes looking younger every time in spite of her hard theatrical work, and McGregor who is quite her old smiling self. From Grandage who is just back from Australia and Rhodesia I hear good news of Williams and her delightful children. I was fortunately able to go to a French luncheon a few weeks ago at which Cicely Hamilton proposed "France" in a witty and amusing speech, which revived memories of Royaumont. M. de Fleuriau the French Ambassador was there, and I said good-bye to him, and expressed our gratitude to him for all he had done for the Unit at the beginning of the War in getting Royaumont for us. He is now retiring and leaving London to the great regret of everyone.

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All who knew her at Royaumont will grieve at the sad and untimely death of Dart after a long and trying illness borne with great fortitude, and sympathize with her family in their great sorrow.

I hope that one of these days we may have a Cornish Reunion, as the nucleus of Dr. Hancock and myself has been augmented by the arrival of Sister Cocking who is building herself a bungalow at Cubert near Newquay, and other members of the Unit have friends or connections in Cornwall. It is I think especially beautiful in the early Spring when the daffodils are blooming or in May and early June when the rhododendrons are at their best.

Yours affectionately,

FRANCES IVENS-KNOWLES.

My Life in Australia!

Mackay, your Editor, has asked me to write this. But what can I say?

Isn't life anywhere what one makes of it?

To me life in Australia seems Happiness, wide open spaces and wonderful sunshine.

In our "station" we live a life very near to Nature, amongst animals and out all day in one of God's most beautiful lands.

What I do most strongly say is do not come to Australia unless you mean to enjoy an outdoor life and make the most of what that life offers.

To one who enjoys it it is perfect and a wonderful life for one's children.

Needless to say there are advantages in having some spare cash! to go away to the towns or sea when one feels the want of a change.

Work there is in plenty for all. Let the wife be ready and able to help her husband with the work of the station.

Learn about the sheep and cattle. Go with him mustering the sheep. Help with the dipping. Have a well-trained dog of your own so that you can fetch the sheep up by yourself. Be able to ride, drive a car, milk, and the hundred and one things that help on a farm. It is all such fun and you can enter into your husband's life in a way perhaps no other occupation of his would allow.

The domestic side! What of that?

If, of course, you cannot afford help in the house, then it means that you have to stick at being a

house-wife. If this be the case you miss (to my mind) the enjoyable side of Australian station life and you might just as well stay in a city.

Get a good servant, treat them as friends (they are very independent) then they will stick to you. I have a cook and house boy, both have been with me over 4 years. I help in the house myself until 10 o'clock. Ours is a big house but by helping myself in the mornings things run very smoothly.

After 10 out I go into the garden or on a horse over the station often followed by a pack of 10 dogs for rabbiting.

Breakfast is at 7.30 and the children go off to school at 8 on their ponies with their lunch on their backs.

Saturdays and Sundays are more social—golf, tennis, bathing parties, picnics, and the usual social round of the country, nice friendly neighbours with large or small "stations" and we think nothing of 50 or 60 miles for lunch and a call.

That, my dear Mackay, is all I can tell you, but my advice is come and see for yourself and I promise you, my dear Editor, a happy and strenuous time for six months.

WILLIAMS.

Letter from the Mayor of Asnières-sur-Oise.

Le Maire d'Asnières-sur-Oise.
à Madame Norman Bohn,
Cromwell Gardens,
South Kensington.

Madame,

Je suis heureux de pouvoir transmettre par votre voix aux Membres de l'Association des Dames Ecossaises—et spécialement à toutes les Dames qui ont servi pendant la Grande Guerre à Royaumont —(et à Villers-Cotteret)—le témoignage de profonde reconnaissance et de gratitude de la population d'Asnières-sur-Oise et de Royaumont. Je suis aussi l'interprète de mes collègues les Maires de Viarmes—Seugy—Luzarches—La Morlaye et des populations de tous ses villages environnant Royaumont—qui ont été témoins de efforts héroïques—j'allais dire surhumains—et de dévouement vraiment sublime du personnel de l'Hôpital 301, sous la direction aimée de Miss Ivens. Rein n'arrêtait ces dames, les heures ne comptaient pas, ni le jour, ni la nuit, elles étaient vraiment infatigables au service des blessés des Armées, et aussi au service de nos populations civiles. Elles ont laissé une des leurs,

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Miss Gray, qui a succombé en 1916, aux fatigues de son service et qui repose dans notre cimetière. Nous avons salué sa tombe au premier Novembre.

Parmi les visiteurs que reçoit journellement la célèbre Abbaye, il se trouve souvent des soldats qui ont passé par l'hôpital et qui y ont reçu, à la manière de Royaumont! tous les soins que réclamaient leurs blessures, ils se souviennent de la manière! Il n'y a qu'une voix parmi eux, et ils disent d'une façon nette expressive "ah! Royaumont Royaumont, rien au dessus." Les Dames de Royaumont ont écrit, à leur façon, une magnifique page à l'histoire de l'antique Abbaye.

Vous avez bien voulu me demander quelques détails sur le pays où les Dames de Royaumont ont vécu et souffert près de nos Soldats et de nos habitants. Nous avons porté au cimetière il y a deux mois M. Bertin, âgé de soixante dix neuf ans, le Maire qui exerçait ses fonctions pendant la guerre.

Par ailleurs rien de bien changé. Nous avons la chance étant pays mi agricole, mi industriel, de ne pas être trop touchés par la crise mondiale.

Je termine, très honorée Madame, en vous priant de présenter aux Dames présentes au banquet, le salut ému et reconnaissant ces habitants de Royaumont, Baillon et Asnières-sur-Oise.

Le Maire,

P. DECART.

Tenth Annual General Meeting.

The Tenth Annual General Meeting of the Royaumont Villers-Cotterets Association of the Scottish Women's Hospitals was held at 65 Wimpole Street (by kind permission of Mrs Ivens-Knowles) on December 3rd, 1932, at 11 a.m. Inglis was in the chair and those present were, Mrs Ivens-Knowles, C.B.E., Miss Loudon, Miss Courtauld, Miss Gray (Scottish Hon. Secretary), Tollit, Collum, Ramsay-Smith, Merrylees, Berry, Pailey, Wilson, Smieten (Mrs Sanderson) (Hon. Secretary).

The Treasurer's Report showed a balance of £70 14 4½—£15 12 6 being advance subscriptions, and the Emergency Loan Fund Report showed a balance of £292 18 1.

The existing Committee was re-elected *en bloc*. Miss Courtauld kindly offered in Salway's absence to act as Dinner Hon. Sec.

WAR MUSEUM SOUVENIRS.—Collum stated that the Museum would not open for another six months but it was decided to collect trophies and souvenirs of Royaumont at once. Mrs Ivens-Knowles kindly consented to have a central depot at 65 Wimpole Street.

EMERGENCY LOAN FUND.—It was agreed that Collum should send a Report of the Dinner to the "Nursing Times" mentioning the existence of the Emergency Loan Fund so that S.W.H. Nurses who don't belong to the Association might hear of it.

To Collum. The R.A.

DEAR COLLUM,

You are Zeus, and we
Grey-eyed Athene come again,
For, full armed in our panoply,
We sprang from out your teeming brain.
But child-like we were apt to tease;
We recked not of our parent's frowns;
We would not choose our Committees;
We failed to pay our demi-crowns;
And as for sending "pars" to fill
The News-Sheet—we did not refuse,
We just did nothing, we sat still
While Chelsea cried aloud for news.
To-night forgive us for we bring
A tribute from your own R.A.
And give you thanks remembering
That we are nine years old to-day,
But we've not fully paid our score—
We owe a double "thank you" for
Our Daddy and our Editor.

Here's to you Collum! From our Head,
From all who worked with you in France,
Good wishes flow unnumbered.
The best of luck to you! Bonne Chance!
Good digging, Collum! May your spade
Strike hidden treasure! May your pen
Which into foreign parts has strayed,
Make your old Bretons live again.
Here's to you! And as is most right
We'll end in Frankish mode—Ma foi!
Are we not Francö-Brits to-night?—
"Un Bow pour Collum: un, deux, trois!"

R.

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S. O. S.

"To Strengthen our War-time Comradeship."

As the initiator of the Royaumont Emergency Loan Fund I gladly accept the charge, laid on me by fellow-members present at the Annual General Meeting last December, to reply to Leng's letter to the Editor in the last issue.

The first £50, with which I had the joy of opening the Fund, was given by two members of the Association, in the circumstances detailed at the time, with the perfectly definite object, and I am asked by those two members, who wish to preserve their anonymity, to tell Leng and the readers of the News-Letter that, not only would they strongly object to the money being diverted to Haig's Fund or a British Charity, but that they would consider that the Association had betrayed its trust if it ceased its endeavours to create that capital fund of which this £50 was to be the nucleus.

How came the Fund to be started? Because one of our members experienced an emergency and another member helped her out of it with a gift of £50. When the emergency had passed, and that £50 was once more intact, both of them had the inspiration that it should be given in trust to the Association to form the nucleus of an "Emergency Loan Fund" in case some other member might similarly find herself unexpectedly in an emergency.

The Fund was never intended to be a charity to "assist" members in times of general distress, but as a capital fund from which loans without interest might be made to any member finding herself in a special emergency through no fault of her own. Such emergencies are not so much dependent on periods of national distress as on the private circumstances—such as accident, ill-health, or advancing age—of individual members. The first is an incalculable risk; but the incidence of the last two, in the nature of things, is likely to increase rather than decrease, with time, despite the progressive thinning of our ranks. If the Fund helps only one member in an emergency every two years, its founders will consider that it has served its purpose. Indeed, the emergencies in which the Fund was intended to be helpful must be measured rather by the intensity of the anxiety caused and dissipated rather than by the number of applications received, considered, and "passed for action."

As for that "comparatively undeserving French orphan"—she is a myth. The founders of the Fund desired that the capital should be kept intact so long as any Royaumontites remained alive, but that, eventually, it should be bequeathed in trust to the *maires* of Asnières-sur-Oise and Viarmes to found a Training Loan Scholarship, to be awarded triennially, in perpetual memory of les Dames de Royaumont and the goodwill existing between them and the local French people during the Great War. The training they had in view was for hospital nursing, and the girls they had in mind were girls from the half-dozen communes round Royaumont. The object of awarding it triennially only, was that, since it would obviously take two years for each trainee to pay back, out of her earnings, the sum lent to her, it would be necessary, with such a small capital sum as would be available, to make provision for the capital to grow rather than diminish. There would not be sufficient interest to use the interest alone. It would be necessary to lend, each time, a part of the capital, while the remainder was invested to build up a reserve in case of bad debts.

Should this scheme not meet with the approval of other donors to the Fund, it is now suggested that the original £50 should be earmarked for this eventual commemorative purpose. The scholarship would then naturally consist of a smaller sum, and could not be awarded more than once every five or ten years.

Perhaps other donors would write and give their views to the Editor before our next Annual Meeting?

In the meantime, I ask you all to remember our experience at Royaumont, to remember that Royaumontites were and are of all sorts and conditions; and, above all, to remember that the Royaumont Association exists simply "to maintain and strengthen our wartime comradeship" and not for any other purpose whatsoever. For British charities there is the C.O.S. as a medium for the generosity of individual members. For Haig's Fund, there is Poppy Day organised by the British Legion—to which many of us belong, and to whose ranks we should be happy to welcome Leng as a recruit for service in connection with Haig's Fund. Our Association and our Emergency Loan Fund is for—Royaumont. I beg of you not to let either of them down!

COLLUM.

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Letters to the Editor.

Miss Nicholson Writes:—

"I jog on in the same old way, I don't produce any cubs, so can't talk about them, nor do I produce any original research so cannot brag about it. I can mention the Royaumont Bed at the Maternity Hospital and tell you that it is kept supplied with mothers and infants. I have had the name moved to a rather special bed where interesting cases are put. Offhand I can remember a few in it lately. A young woman I had to operate on for twins—two large boys over 6 lbs. each who did very well. The patient in it at the moment is a wretched little woman, one eye, diseased kidneys, bone disease, many children most of whom die. This time I have operated and she has a fine boy of 7 lbs. 8 oz. and will have no more—not fit to propagate like so many of them now. All marry on the dole, have a yearly baby on the dole in order to increase the family income by 5/- a week and thus add another burden to the State. The more decrepit mentally and physically they are the more children they bear. We are a mad Nation to encourage it. Another woman in our bed had twins, luckily both dead as she had 10 and wasn't at all fit herself.

Liverpool is very hard hit by the depression. Shipping at a stand-still, rates up to 18/4 in the pound, everyone hard-up and if possible they put off going to the doctor or having an operation! Not a cheerful letter but really I am quite well and happy."

Rolt writes:—

"Our plans are more or less fixed. We have bought another shop—in fact a whole house! so that we have living accommodation above. We hope to move in early next month. We are now spending much time with architects and plans, and electricians, and plumbers, and are doing our best to speed them on, so that we can get in before Whitsun. Our new address will be 134 High Street, Beckhampstead, Herts, and we are only a few doors from our present spot—still on the right hand side of the road coming in from London—please note! We are not in quite such a good position as we were before, but we are planning an arresting frontage so that we will not be passed by unnoticed, and we are hoping to sell the business before the end of the year, and now that we have a freehold, with good living accommodation to offer, it should be far easier. Any offers?"

Thank you so much for giving us the chance of making it known in the News-Letter."

Tree-Tops,
Le Lavandou,
Var.

Minchin writes:—

"Well, I have passed a very strenuous summer as my husband unfortunately had an accident on July 5th and broke his leg—a double fracture of the thigh. He was 3 weeks in a clinique in Toulon, then they transported him back here in an ambulance, only to go to bed again for 2 months, but in much nicer surroundings and, of course, infinitely simpler for me. I had rigged up a bed exactly the same as he had at the clinique, and the blacksmith had helped me to mount a pulley and weights on it for his leg. Max had to have a weight of 12 kilos. owing to his athletic muscles, but, also owing to those, and being so fit, he has made an excellent recovery. He is now able to walk with only one stick, and there is every hope that there will be no permanent lameness.

We had just about got our house into order before the accident, it had taken a long time as I had been laid up with rheumatism for some weeks in the middle, but anyway now it is all settled and we are very pleased with it. The villa is on a little hill all to itself, and the garden, which is old, was already laid out with little terraces and flights of steps. Also the main thing is that we have lots of shady trees. The house itself is between two tall pines, hence the name I gave it. We still have our wild wolf dog, and I have started keeping hens. My husband has a workman living on the premises, who does the garden, and whom we could leave the animals with if we went away. I do wish we could get over to England. Luckily business is not too bad, there is always building along this coast, especially here, and my husband is the only expert in central heating, and has even better prospects than we could have hoped in these bad times. I had my little stepson with us this summer for his holidays, he lives in Zurich with the grandparents till he finishes school, then he will come to us. He is a most charming person and already a great athlete."

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From Far and Near

Andy. We were sorry not to see Andy at the Royaumont Dinner and for the reason she lost her sister who died suddenly when Andy and Alison Blood were arranging to come up to London for the Dinner.

Barclay (Mrs J. Golding). We welcome Barclay as an old friend and a new member of the Royaumont Association. Her present address is Box 196 Beira, Portuguese East Africa.

Buckley we hear is still living at Bournemouth where she has most up-to-date X-ray apparatus.

Cranage (Mrs V. M. Costa) is living at Forli, Italy, where she has a small practice which she hopes may increase as she is the only "doctoresse" in the place. Her two sons aged 2½ years and 7 months are "fat, healthy and adorable."

Collum writes "I duly got a couronne of laurels with the usual spray of Haig Poppies mixed with Rosemary for Remembrance and Thistles, at the little Chelsea Florists, Miss Hammond who every year gives her services free to make wreaths out of Haig's poppies. It costs one guinea including postages, and goes to M. Delacoste, who puts it at the foot of our monument." News of Collum's archaeological work comes from Guernsey where the Guernsey Monument was re-opened, "Miss V. C. C. Collum having carried out the excavations for Sir Robert Mond."

M. Delacoste. In a letter to the Medecin-Chef M. Delacoste writes "C'est en effet avec un grand respect que je pense à vous toutes, respect pour le travail accompli—respect profond pour la façon dont vous l'avez accompli—soit à Royaumont soit à Villers-Cotteret." And he recalls how much he enjoyed himself as our guest in 1927.

Glossop (Mrs Bennett) we also welcome as a member of the Royaumont Association. She writes to Tollit from Cornwall where she is now settled with her husband and daughter. She says "we have the dearest little place imaginable on the banks of the Fal. We have boating, bathing, prawning, etc. We have turkeys, fowls and ducks, and are hoping to run a profitable garden with all sorts of vegetables." She will be glad to know of any S.W.H. member who would like to stop with them for a time and lend a hand with the work. Her address is Lower Treguland, St. Just-in-Roseland, Truro.

Grandage has once more returned from her wanderings and is working in London. She had a delightful time in Australia with the Smyths (Williams). She also stayed with Rhua Webster (Mrs Dudley Williams) who has four children. In Melbourne she met Figgis who we regret to hear is in rather poor health after a serious illness. The other Royaumontite Grandage met was Lindsay (Mrs Haywood) who lives about sixty miles from Adelaide. We S.W.H. you see have friends all over the World.

Miss Hamilton we hear is going to Russia. Let us hope she will be careful. All Royaumontites must read her latest work "Modern France" which is a tour de force and absorbingly interesting. Buy, borrow or steal it.

Dr. Henry writes from Canada "John grows very tall, he is 6 and at school; draws and paints all his spare time. I have had no news of Royaumontites for such a long time. I must write a few letters and link up again."

Kennedy (Mrs Clements) expects to spend the summer in Canada. She just missed seeing Smeal.

Leng has just returned from a trip all by herself to Barbados which she greatly enjoyed.

Morgan is home again and her address is Hunter House, 33 Hunter Street, W.C.1.

Peter (Mme Campora) writes most cheerfully from Mascara where besides her own three cubs she is busy with an odd collection of beasts. "This is an awful country for animals, the Arabs are awfully careless and cruel—mostly by negligence. I have an ancient horse which was 'thrown away' (the expression of the owner) in a gully near us—he found his way to us, a walking skeleton. We fed him and he is now fat and sound. Peter goes on to recall how "when Benkie left Royaumont she left a guinea pig in my charge, it had survived an injection of bugs and lived free in St. John's, it was a darling."

Nice company for St. John, I always felt he was rather desolate.—*Editor.*

Trail (Mrs Thomson) we also welcome as a new member of the Royaumont Association. Many old Royaumontites will remember her tact and calmness amidst the trying atmosphere of the Royaumont kitchen. Her present address is 9 Addison Gardens, London, W. 14.

Salway is at Estoril with her husband who we are glad to hear is keeping better.

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Vol. III.

FEBRUARY, 1934.

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LONDON:
WOMEN'S PRINTING SOCIETY, LTD.,
31, 33, 35, BRICK STREET, PICCADILLY, W. 1.

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Chairman: Miss ETTA INGLIS.

Hon. Secretary: Mrs. SANDERSON.

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

Hon. Editor: Miss C. F. N. MACKAY, 23, Courtfield Gardens, S.W. 5.

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

Editorial.

Can it really be possible that we have now reached our fifteenth Royaumont Dinner, was what many of us asked ourselves last November on receiving our dinner ticket. Why it seems just the other day when we started out, some of us dressed in rather tired-looking uniform, for the first one. The redeeming point about such an institution as our annual Dinner is that to one another we all seem to be much the same, some of us are fatter, or thinner, or more wrinkled, and as Anderson said in a witty speech she made at the last Dinner, would need some "face-lifting," etc., were another war to be declared and we wanted to put the clock back.

But, essentially we are the same, only—dare we say it?—we are much nicer, time has mellowed us and there are now no burning controversies or intolerant criticisms among us. From our Médecin-Chef downwards, we have, after fifteen years, maintained a comradeship of which not many associations can boast, and which is perhaps unique in history.

There was a good turn out at the last Dinner, although we missed the French element which always makes us feel we are really Royaumontites. The high table looked a little sad because of the many blanks there. Where were Miss Hamilton, Miss Loudon, Dr. Courtauld, Miss Nicholson, Dr. Savile, Dr.

Estcourt-Oswald? Not there, not there. . . . Our guest of honour was Miss Vera Brittain, the authoress of the *Testament of Youth*, about which Collum and Churchill have written in this number. In a short speech Miss Vera Brittain replied to Mr. Knowles, who proposed her health, but although her book was written as a piece of anti-war propaganda, she did not touch upon that and merely stated that being amongst us all made her feel she was a V.A.D. again. We all had a very jolly evening and have to thank Miss Courtauld for the crackers and Miss Loudon for the cigarettes. Telegrams of regret at not being present and of good wishes were received from Miss Hamilton, Miss Nicholson, Dr. Savile, Miss Estcourt-Oswald, Miss Loudon, and from Bruce, Burrard, Chapman, Cannon, Don, Kennedy, Moffet, MacGregor, Disorderly, Scally, Moore (Chaufeuse), Sister Lindsay, Main, Summerhayes, and Mrs. Alison. And now here is the list of those who were present at the Dinner; after you have read it add to it the list of absentees who sent regrets, and then write down the names of anyone not mentioned you can remember at Royaumont and send them to me on a postcard and we will see what can be done about getting in touch with them.

Here is the list of those present: Adrain, Arthur, Anderson D., "Big" Anderson, Little Anderson, Buckley, Butler, Berry, Banks, Carter (now Mrs. Hills), Churchill (Mrs. Latham), Collum, Forest, Glossop, Grandage, Inglis, Jamieson, Leishman, Leng, Murray, Martin, Macartney, Mackay, McLeod, Merrylees, Miller, Middleton, Moor, Newton, Phelps, Rolt, Reeve, Richmond (Mrs. Haydon), Stewart, Smieton (Mrs. Sanderson), Smeal, Tozer, Tollit, Tindall-Lucas, Woodall, Sister Whitworth, Wilson, Young; and too distinguished to be classed alphabetically, our Médecin-Chef, Mr. Knowles, Miss Dobbin, Dr. Martland, Miss Butler, and Mrs. Shaw McLaren.

On the Sunday following the Dinner the "Robin" and Grandage gave a delightful tea party at the Forum Club. Unfortunately the poor Robin, whose "wail" you will read elsewhere, was unable to be present owing to a bad chill. Some amusement was caused by the fact that, as the Forum Club cannot tolerate children, the Cubs had to be brought in at a side door, but the three present were not in

the least shy and played boisterous games with one another. Everybody thoroughly enjoyed themselves and felt most grateful to their hostesses.

Royaumontites living in London will be sorry to hear that Mrs. Ivens-Knowles has now left Wimpole Street and gone to live in Cornwall; her kind hospitality while she was in town was always much appreciated.

As may have been noticed we only had one NEWS-LETTER last year, this was unavoidable owing to the sea of troubles that temporarily overwhelmed the Editor, but in future we hope to have two NEWS-LETTERS annually in February and in October. So please start at once collecting news for the next number.

Tollit (our Hon. Treasurer) says that there are still forty-nine members of the Royaumont Association who have not yet paid their subscriptions for last year (1933). Will any of them who read this kindly send her theirs and so save her sending them reminders? She would also be glad of some new photographs for the Cubs' Album which she now keeps.

S.O.S. Does any Royaumontite know Sister Harkness' or Mrs. Wright's address, if so will they send it to the Hon. Secretary or to the Treasurer, as both the last NEWS-LETTERS sent to them have been returned, the former from South Africa and Mrs. Wright's from an address in Hampshire.

We recommend all Royaumontites to be sure and read Miss Hamilton's amusing book *Little Arthur's History of the 20th Century* and her book on Russia published this month, also Collum's book *The Music of Growth*, which has a Foreword by Sir Arthur Keith and is full of erudition, and does not seem to have had the publicity it deserves.

Letter to the Royaumont Unit from our Médecin-Chef.

Killagorden,
Truro, Cornwall.
February, 1934.

My Dear Unit,

I hope that it is not too late in the year to wish you all a very happy New Year. There is no doubt that a more cheerful and hopeful spirit is abroad, and I trust that the

cloud of depression is lifting. As you will see I am writing from a new address, as we have been living in Cornwall since the autumn, and I am afraid it means that I shall not see so much of you all as I have done in London. I thought the Dinner was as delightful as ever, and it was very pleasant to see some there who had not been present for some time, though the absence of the Robin and of Miss Nicholson, Dr. Courtauld and Miss Gray was lamented by everybody. Christmas has brought news of some of our faithful "blessés," my card from Fayode comes most regularly, and a charming letter from Michelet. He had just visited Mme. Perèire, who was in great trouble as her grandson was badly injured in a motor accident. She is now 89. M. Delacorte has been very ill and did not expect to live to see 1934, but is taking great care and is rather better. He has had a little committee meeting with M. Geoffrey Dechaume and Baron Fould to discuss the question of the most tasteful position for the wreath, so I expect it will now be well-placed. Baron Fould, who lives at the Château, takes great interest in the monument. General Descoings, Princess Murat and the Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld also sent Christmas greetings. Dr. Weinberg is still at the Pasteur, but finds Paris very noisy and tiring.

I shall look forward to seeing any members of the Unit who are visiting Cornwall, and hope they will not fail to look me up. We are just a mile from Truro—and on the telephone. The other day I was talking (by request) about Royaumont at the St. Austell Women's Institute. They were all so interested that I quite lived it over again.

Your affectionate chief,
FRANCES IVENS-KNOWLES.

From Miss Hamilton.

"Scottish Women" are scattered over most of the globe, so there is really nothing surprising in the fact that when my publisher sent me to Russia, with instructions to bring back material for a book, I should run against Royaumont in Leningrad. I went to lunch with the British Consul-General and found he had asked Daunt to meet me. She is a permanency in Leningrad, as administrator of Lady Muriel Paget's fund for British

derelicts in Russia—people like old governesses who spent their working lives in Russia and then lost their savings in the Revolution. I gather Daunt has plenty to do looking after them. Leningrad was the last stage of my Russian journey, which I found more interesting than enjoyable. Not that I myself had any hardship to complain of; the tourist is well looked after and the guides are courteous young women who speak excellent English—wonderful English considering that they never leave Russia. But—I shouldn't like to live there! I came back through Poland, where I did enjoy myself; and then on to Berlin—which is, I suppose, one of the most interesting places in the world at present. One can only hope that it won't become too interesting in the near future! After that, came back to London and settled down (in the company of my pampered cat) to write my book on "Modern Russia"—and that's about all my news!

CICELY HAMILTON.

Eleventh Annual General Meeting.

The Eleventh Annual General Meeting of the Royaumont and Villiers-Cotterets Association was held at British Industries House, Park Street (by kind permission of Inglis), on December 2nd, 1933, at 11 a.m.

Inglis was in the chair and others present were Tollit (Hon. Treas.), Collum, Banks, Tozer, Berry, Jamieson, M. Miller, Merrylees, M. McLeod, Grandage, Leishman, Smieton (Hon. Sec.) and Mackay (Hon. Ed.).

Apologies for absence were sent from Miss Loudon and Wilson.

Owing to Mrs. Ivens-Knowles having left London, Tollit agreed to keep the address book and to forward letters, and as Tozer has also left London, Banks agreed to act as Hon. Treas. for the Emergency Loan Fund.

The Committee were re-elected *en bloc* and Carter (Mrs. Hills), Howard Smith and E. Webster were asked to join the Committee. Miss Martland has resigned owing to pressure of work.

Concerning Testaments.

Testament of Youth deals with the period covered by Miss Vera Brittain's life up till her marriage a few years ago, and she was

not yet of age when war broke out. The book exposes remorselessly to public gaze Miss Brittain herself, her family, her friends, the respectable provincial *milieu* in which she was bred and from which she issued, with the self-conscious sense of undertaking an adventure in going up to Oxford and rubbing shoulders with men and women who, in 1914, had already won the suffrage struggle after years of work for women's freedom in which they had grown grey ere she left school. This young girl was unaware that other women were already living the untrammelled lives which she herself believed only became possible to them, as to her, after the War. This gives the earlier part of the book a curiously remote flavour. It is passionately sincere anti-war propaganda, but it causes poignant pain in the reader instead of convincing him that Miss Brittain's verdict on contemporary social and political history is well-founded or sound. A greater artist would have been shaped by her experience, and, in painting this picture of her times, would have passed on to us the inexorable truth of her period so convincingly that the book might have influenced her generation permanently. Miss Brittain—she herself, by inviting this vivisectional treatment, releases me from the necessity of apology—was warped by her experience, and exhibits to us her psychological wounds without reserve, claiming that what befell Vera Brittain and her intimate circle happened to all the young men and women of her generation, and imploring us to prevent war in future by diplomatic convention and political agreement, because it was war that did her and them this terrible hurt. That is why the book is so exquisitely painful.

It makes us feel that if British well-intentioned, well-educated Youth was so weak that it could be thus warped by the gruelling test of War, then had it been better for us had we all lain down and allowed the aggressors to walk over Europe and ourselves. Anything, we feel, would have been better than this intolerable massacre of the innocents. Miss Brittain would be horrified if any critic were so callously frank as to tell her that this is the effect of her book. We feel such compassion for her psychological wounds and such sympathy with her evident sincerity that we should not dare to expose her to this new

brutality. Yet, so it is. The book does not claim sympathy for the unfortunate peasant soldier who stolidly fought, as though obedient to destiny, and died of wounds, nor for the more unfortunate civilian industrialists who did not die but, workless, have deteriorated physically, and sometimes morally, ever since. Her cry is the cry of the very young among the little group of middle-class intellectuals whose self-consciously serious ploy was interrupted by war. Because Miss Brittain is honest enough—and artist enough—to reveal herself as the centre of her universe when war broke out, and to recapture for us the memory of the jars and jolts sustained as she gradually found herself relegated to the periphery of her world. She told me at the Dinner that she regarded the post-war section of her book, recounting her experiences as a League of Nations Union speaker, as the more important. The propagandist in her there snuffs out the artist altogether, and, willy nilly, it is the artist's reaction to the more vividly presented experiences of the war that must always interest the reader, who is likely to yawn over and then skip the pamphleteering at the end.

I urge all Royaumontites to read *Testament of Youth*, because it is a document that throws light on the psychology of a small section of our British population from which school masters and mistresses, civil servants, parsons, lawyers, and journalists, are drawn, all of them men and women who exercise an influence disproportionate to their numbers on the shaping of the opinions of the young. Royaumont saw war through the less sentimental, not at all hysterical, and more realist eyes of French youth. Royaumont learned to know what a 20-year-old Scottish-American civilian soldier, Langdon Muirhead (reported wounded and missing in September, 1918, and subsequently presumed killed), wrote in a literary sketch from the trenches in 1917: "You will never find, if you live to be a hundred, such comradeship. That's the great virtue of the war—just that, Comradeship. *You don't let each other down out here. There's no room for personal feeling at all.*" (*Phillips and Langdon Muirhead*, by their Father. Privately printed at the Oxford University Press, 1926. pp. 188-9.)

If this lesson could have been brought

uncontaminated out of the war by survivors, and learned by those at home, I doubt if we should need a League of Nations to keep us from cutting one another's throats. Is there no great poet left alive who knew this comradeship—this "*esprit des tranchées*"—and who could make the world bow before its beauty?

Maybe it is significant that there was less shell-shock in France than in Germany and England, and that it is in France that a little practical beginning has been made, not to preach to others of the hatefulness of jealousy, but to set a personal example of good neighbourliness. I speak of *l'Alliance Universelle*, which has been founded in a bookshop in Montmartre by the publisher of Belles Lettres, Eugène Figuière, to bring together writers who have faith in international and inter-professional good comradeship and who will fight, with him, against envy, hatred, and malice—in themselves! This is a practical step to bring the comradeship of the War into the more egotistical atmosphere of Peace. We who saw that comradeship, and knew it among ourselves, during the War, let us, at all events, keep it untarnished—the Testament of Maturity.

COLLUM.

You ask what I think of the *Testament of Youth*. If I didn't treat your requests as commands nothing would induce me to reply; however, as I do (having been broken in at Royaumont!) here goes! I enjoyed reading the book enormously, for which of us does not enjoy reminiscing over the days of the war, even the bad ones, and it is written with amazing vitality. Though what is wanted to save us

from another war is not a testament of our youth and suffering, but a constructive cause, which will demand from the youth of to-day, the heroism and comradeship demanded by war.

CHURCHILL.

A Wail.

*To those who were present at the last
Dinner from one who wasn't.*

O Fortune, 'twas a scurvy trick
You played on me that day,
When to the Dinner I came up
From Scotland far away.
"The Fifteenth Dinner," said the card,
And I had had fourteen—
But 'twixt the journey and the meal,
What dangers lurked unseen!
I caught a cold, a fiendish cold,
Those London germs are brutes—
They came and settled down in me,
And said "This house just suits."
So there I tossed, a worm, in bed,
While you were bright and gay,
And having just a glorious time
A shilling fare away.
Madame la Colonelle was there,
(Not so fair Mistress Ruth),
With, at her side, as honoured guest,
The *Testament of Youth*.
But there were lots of absentees,
Yet—are we hurt? or glad?—
You said the Dinner was the best
That you had ever had!!

R.

ROYAUMONT EMERGENCY LOAN FUND REPORT.

November 30th, 1932, to December 1st, 1933.

RECEIPTS.			EXPENDITURE.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Balance at Bank, 1932	-	292 18 1	By Loans	-	30 0 0
Subscriptions	-	14 10 0	By Balance	-	288 7 9
Interest for eighteen months	-	10 19 8			
		<u>£318 7 9</u>			<u>£318 7 9</u>

Note: Interest paid November 30th, 1933, appears in this Report instead of being carried on to next year's Account. Interest paid November 30th, 1932, also appears in this Account.

E. MARGARET TOZER,
Hon. Treasurer.

ROYAUMONT ASSOCIATION, STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS, 1933.

INCOME.			EXPENDITURE.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Balance from 1932	-	70 14 4½	Printing	-	7 7 10
Subscriptions	-	11 2 6	Postage	-	8 9
Interest on P.O. Account	-	1 7 11	Two Poppy Wreaths (1932 and 1933)	-	2 0 0
					<u>9 16 7</u>
			Balance in hand (including advance subs.)	-	73 8 2½
		<u>£83 4 9½</u>			<u>£83 4 9½</u>

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Barclay (Mrs. J. Golding) sends her new address, which is Gatooma, S. Rhodesia. Writing to Tollit she says: "I wonder if there are many ex-Royaumontites in South or Central or East Africa? I know Sister Quihampton (now Mrs. Dell) lives near Gatooma. It would be nice to get in touch with each other, or even form a branch of the Royaumont Association."

T. Burrard (Mrs. Dashwood) has a daughter aged twelve. Burrard unfortunately is still very much of an invalid and has a delicate husband. She hears from Yeats, who is working at market gardening.

J. Cannon (Mrs. Walford) was to have returned to India with her husband last October, but her little girl Ann was ill, so she has remained in England and may settle at Bexhill temporarily.

Carter. Congratulations to Carter, who is now Mrs. R. P. Hills and has consented to be on the Committee as she is now living in London.

Sister Cocking writes from Newquay, Cornwall, that she is now settled in her own little bungalow there and is very comfortable. She also kindly adds that if any Royaumontites are in that part of the globe she will give them a hearty welcome at her home; her address is Chelsey, Gostory Lane, Crantock, Newquay, Cornwall.

Daunt just missed the Dinner as she had to sail that evening. Miss Hamilton, who met her in Leningrad, wrote of her: "There are a good many members of the Unit holding down useful jobs but I wonder if anyone is doing more than Daunt in the way of helping very lame dogs over very awkward stiles? And Russia is not a happy place to live in. We ought I think to be proud of

her." All members of the Association will realise when they read Miss Hamilton's article in this number something of Daunt's courage and wish her the best of luck in her work.

Figgis, writing from Australia in October, sends an amusing description of the Australian Navy, which in a recent picture consisted of two battle cruisers "and to fill up the view they were taken end on end and broadside in." We hope Williams, who is thinking of putting her younger son into the Australian Navy, will take note of this!

Fulton (Mrs. Loring) writes from Long Island that she is trying to sell her house there and that until she does so her plans are uncertain. "It is," she writes, "rather difficult to understand what is happening in this country; it certainly is in a mess and Roosevelt is making lots of enemies."

Miss Gray we regret to say has been very seedy but although she hates being cut off from so many of her activities is making the best of things with her usual pluck. She had a most successful Royaumont tea party at her house last July. There amongst others was Sister Amour looking very well, it was nice to see her again and her voice brought back many memories. Sister Lindsay, who refuses to get any older, was also there and "Big Andy," Miller, Cowan, Murray, Sinclair and Mackay. The party was given in honour of Tollit, who was staying with "Disorderly."

McGregor (Mrs. Hallam). We all missed McGregor's cheery presence at the last Dinner. She was not able to come because her son was being confirmed that day. She writes: "He is now fifteen, which makes the old Royaumont days seem terribly far away." (Certainly a good deal of water has passed under the bridge since his mother wrote in Parisian French above her bedroom door: "McGregor Dormir."—Ed.)

H. McLeod, who is at present in London, sends the following little anecdote: "I recently entered a small establishment in the west end of London to make a purchase. While the girl was making out my invoice the owner entered into conversation with me.

"He was a foreigner. I ventured to ask if he were French. He replied, very modestly, 'No, I am a Serb.' Without thinking I replied: 'We had some Serbs in our Hospital in France during the War. It was a Scottish

Women's Hospital—you may have heard of these hospitals."

"His face brightened up immediately. 'Were you with the Scottish Women,' he questioned. Then he continued: 'We had many of the Scottish Women in Serbia and they did a very great deal for the Serbs.'

"At this point the girl presented my bill, which ran to a few pounds.

"He looked over the invoice and then said: 'We will take a discount off this—the Scottish Women were very good to the Serbs.'"

Minchin (Mrs. Steinmann) although in England was unfortunately unable to be at the Dinner as she was ill. She writes from a hospital in Brighton: "I was operated on by Miss Martindale, who was once a guest at the Dinner. She was able to give me a little news as she had met Mrs. Ivens-Knowles on Sunday, 3rd December."

Sister Rose Morris writes from Blackhall near Edinburgh that she is recovering from an operation and was very sorry not to be able to come to the Dinner.

Slicer, who is now Mrs. Scott and the mother of five children, writes from Salvador, Canada: "As perhaps you know, things in this country have been going from bad to worse. We have had drought lasting many years, and hail, frost and locusts have cut down the crops. Fortunately my husband has been able to hold his position. He is what is known as a grain buyer, and there are indications that this year's crop will be above the average."

Thorpe (Mrs. Victor Smith) still lives abroad but has a son at a Prep. School at Bognor.

R. Webster (Mrs. D. Williams) is coming back to London shortly. We hope that she and Main will be here for the next Royaumont Dinner.

Williams (Lady Smyth) writes vaguely about coming home, it is quite time she did so. Wool is much better in Australia for the moment, and her eldest son Osmond has just won a scholarship at his Prep. School for five years. He did the examination in the sick room as he had whooping cough, and there were forty or so competitors, so we think it is very good; incidentally the Editor is his Godmother, so this "boost" of a cub must be forgiven. Let us have some news of other cubs and their achievements for the next number.