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Torquay

# Royaumont News-Letter



Vol. III.

MARCH, 1935.

No. 10

**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, 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.

It is delightful to hear from far and wide that the NEWS-LETTER is so much appreciated, but may I take this opportunity of impressing upon readers the necessity of sending me news if they want it to continue. In this number the "Robin" contributes what she calls "An Unrecorded Adventure," and many Royaumontites will shake with horror when they read it and realise how nearly a respected hospital administrator and a perfectly good orderly were lost for ever in the green waters of the Seine! Now, I am quite sure that many other Royaumontites must have had equally thrilling and secret adventures during their time at Royaumont, so I hope that this unrecorded

adventure may be the beginning of a series. You need not give your name if you would rather not, just send your story along whenever you like. I could supply a hair-raising one known only to myself and another, but I am afraid of the censorship! While on the subject of the NEWS-LETTER may I remind readers that unless they pay their subscriptions, and Tollit assures me that there are many still unpaid, they cannot expect to get copies of this paper.

The last dinner which took place at the Forum Club was very successful, and we were all more subdued or better behaved than usual: can it be that the "weight of years" is really weakening our voices? There was a good turn

out, but we missed several of the old members, particularly Miss Gray and Prance. Others who sent apologies and regrets for absence were, Rolt, Burrard, Howard Smith, Cannon, Summerhayes, Moore, Tozer, and Butler. We are all grateful to Salway (Mrs. McIntosh) for arranging with the Forum Club to allow us to have our dinner there again next year, when we hope to have a record attendance.

And now may I be allowed a word on a purely personal matter, but one in which I know many Royaumontites will sympathise with me, and realise the difficulties under which this number has been produced. Writing as I am from my old home in Scotland, which has just been sold, I am in the midst of the process of demolition, and also, strange as it may seem, for the moment uncertain where to live. Courtfield Gardens, the address given in the front page, will, however, always find me, so do not be deterred from sending news. Places do wind themselves round one's affections in an extraordinary way. I remember in the very early days at Royaumont being terribly impressed by the beauty of it, and escaping from the scullery, carrying a few dishes as a *camouflage*, to walk round the cloisters, only to be met at the other end by the enraged cook. "Have you gone mad, wandering about the cloisters with the dishes?" was among the unkind things she said!! So, it is a wrench to me to have to leave this house, which, like Royaumont, is old and picturesque and full of memories.

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

Killagorden,  
Truro, Cornwall.  
March 18th, 1935.

My dear Unit,

I am so far away from everybody that I have very little news to contribute to the NEWS-LETTER and I have not been in London for about three months. Like all her friends, I was extremely sorry to hear of Inglis' severe illness, and am glad that the latest news is more reassuring. Those of us who listened to the wireless on Saturday evening must have

been taken back almost to the days before August 4th, 1914. Let us all hope that the outcome may indeed be different.

I was very interested to hear from Slicer the other day that it was our Dr. Guest who had been made O.B.E. in the last Honours list, although the *Star-Phoenix* in the cutting that was sent me only states that she served overseas and was identified with surgical services, and won distinction in that field. I am sure that all members of the Unit will offer her their hearty congratulations on this well-merited honour. I hope she will join the Association. Slicer also said that the weather in Saskatchewan had been terribly severe, 50° below zero, which sounds almost incredible.

Although we are fairly near neighbours I have not yet seen Sister Cocking, though I called at her bungalow at Cubert when I was last in that delightful village. When the weather improves I hope that she will be able to come over. We have had a very open winter here with very little frost and I have been able to do quite a good deal of planting (in fact I am regarded generally as a "horny handed son of toil") to commemorate the Silver Jubilee.

Your affectionate chief,  
FRANCES IVENS-KNOWLES.

P.S.—I forgot to say that I had a grateful note from Madame Poincaré, who has not forgotten her visit to Royaumont nor the welcome she was given. Poor General Descoigns wrote at Christmas from a nursing home where he was being treated for duodenal ulcer and sent all kinds of good wishes to the Unit. M. Delacoste has lost his brother recently. Dr. Weinberg wrote that he was going off for a holiday (as he was *très épuisé*) to stay with M. Réclus at the Scottish College at Montpellier and the Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld and Princess Murat seem to be very well and happy with their grandchildren.

**An Unrecorded Adventure.**

This is a joint production. In answer to an S.O.S. from our "harassed Editor" I dived into the recesses of my memory and recovered an incident, which even now, nearly twenty years after, makes me grin,

G. S. was my companion in the adventure, and I wrote out the account and took it down to her to read and approve. She read it, but said "You've missed the point!" So I have re-written it "according to G. S."

It was in December, 1915, and we had two days off, which meant a night in Paris. We put up at the Hôtel Ste. Marie, at the east end of the Rue de Rivoli, and went up to the Palais Gaumont to see the pictures. I can't remember what we saw, but when we came up from the Metro, on our way home, it was pitch dark, and we hadn't the remotest idea where we were. We tried to stop passing taxis, but they wouldn't look at us. At last I saw a tall woman (dressed, says G. S. in a cotton frock—a cotton frock in December!) and I said I would ask her if she could tell us the way to the Hôtel Ste. Marie.

"She answered, 'Venez avec moi, Mesdames, c'est par ici.'"

G. S. said, "No, that's not the way"; and we turned round and walked on, followed by our tall friend, saying "N'ayez pas peur, Mesdames; venez avec moi; n'ayez pas peur."

G. S. said, "That's not a woman; it's a man in disguise"; and we went on, followed as she said, by "Cotton-Frock." Suddenly we saw a light under a door, and we rang the bell. The door opened but there was no one there. We went in, and G. S. says that I said "Wait here while I go upstairs and see if I can find someone to tell us our way." (I don't remember this.) I found nobody upstairs, so came down again, and we went out into the street to find "Cotton-Frock" waiting outside. I remember trying another door where there was a streak of light, and there we found a concierge in bed, just inside the door. (G. S. doesn't remember that!) He told us to go on a little further, and we went on, followed by "Cotton-Frock" still saying "Venez avec moi, Mesdames; n'ayez pas peur."

Then we came upon two gendarmes and again asked for the Hôtel Ste. Marie. One of them jerked his thumb over his shoulder, and there beside us was a third door, a streak of light and the Hôtel. Never have I felt more

thankful than when we saw that light and found ourselves in safety instead of, possibly, in the Seine.

G. S. has since told me that though as Administrator I was supposed to "protect" her, she would have felt safer with Williams.

I don't blame her.

R.

**Notices and New Addresses.**

**NEW ADDRESSES.**

Carter, Mrs. R. P. Hills, 37, Evelyn Gardens, London, S.W. 7.  
Davidson, Miss M., Grange Cottage, Dornoch, Sutherland.  
Don, Miss G., Maulesden, Brechin, Angus.  
Dunn, Miss M. J. F., The Hut, Fairlie, Ayrshire.  
Kennedy, Mrs. Clements, 51, Eyre Court, St. John's Wood, London, N.W. 8.  
McLaren (Sister), Mrs. Bruce, Church Street, Glencaple, Dumfriesshire.  
Young, Miss M., 128, Kensington Park Road, London, W. 11.

**DR. GUEST.**

Dr. Edna M. Guest, Toronto, O.B.E. (civil).  
Q.—Did Dr. Edna Guest, who was honoured in the King's list, serve overseas.

A.—According to information given the *Star-Phoenix* Doctor Guest served overseas and was identified with surgical services. The physician won distinction in that field.

**ANNUAL DINNER.**

The 17th Annual Dinner will be held on Saturday, November 30th, 1935, at the Forum Club, 6, Grosvenor Place, S.W. 1, by arrangement with Mrs. McIntosh, Ponsondane, Wheatridge Lane, Torquay, Devon.

Mrs. McIntosh would like all Members of the Royaumont Association to communicate with her and not to the Forum Club.

Postcards with date, etc., will be sent out in October as a reminder.

## Royaumont Dinner, 1934, Balance Sheet.

Dec. 1st	£	s.	d.	Dec. 1st	£	s.	d.
In hand, 1933	-	-	1 1 11	56 Dinners at 5s.	-	14 0 0	
55 Tickets at 7s. 6d.	-	20 12 6		Tips	-	1 10 0	
Miss London's gift	-	13 6		Printing cards	-	13 0	
Rolt's gift	-	7 6		Postage	-	14 0	
Arthur's gift	-	7 6		Envelopes	-	3	
Leng, extra postage	-	6		Cigarettes from Miss London	-	13 6	
						17 10 9	
				In hand	-	5 12 8	
Total	£23	3 5		Total	£23	3 5	

## Royaumont Association Statement of Accounts, 1934.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Brought forward from 1933	-	73 8 2½		Printing and Postage of NEWS-LETTER	-	6 2 9	
Subscriptions for 1934	-	25 3 0		Stamps	-	4 0	
Subscriptions for 1935	-	2 19 0		Stationery	-	1 0	
				Wreath	-	1 1 0	
				Hire of Room for General Meeting, 1933	-	10 6	
				Printing and Postage of Special Notices	-	1 3 0	
	£101	10 2½				£9 2 3	
	£	s.	d.				
	101	10 2½					
	9	2 3					
Balance in hand, 1934	£92	7 11½					

F. M. TOLLIT (Hon. Treasurer).

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

GRANDAGE sends the following reviews of *Armstrong's Play* and an account of her visit to Australia in 1932.

"The Play 'Drought' performed in June last at St. Martin's Theatre—the International one-act play that won one of the prizes, written by Miss Millicent Armstrong of Clear Hills, Gunning (N.S.W.)—is to be broadcast on the Empire Service on December 11th.

"Miss Armstrong won the Croix de Guerre when with the Scottish Women's Hospitals' Unit during the War, and is now engaged in farming."

From "*The British Australian and New Zealander*," November 15th, 1934.

## PRIZE ONE-ACT PLAY.

"Three plays chosen for professional production by the International One-Act Play

Theatre have been published in one volume. (Harraps, 2s. 6d. net.)

"They are all written by women. . . . But it is the third play 'Drought' which has a chief interest for us. Its author is Miss M. S. Armstrong of New South Wales. It has but two characters; an out-back selector and his town-bred wife. The husband alternatively brutal and poetical in speech under the stress of trouble caused by drought. The wife, under the same stress, has become a wreck of her former pretty self and a crisis has come.

"There is a quarrel—an exhibition of high-strung nerves—and Joe, after this has subsided, persuades Ellie to go back to her mother and leave him to struggle on alone. Ellie departs. Joe takes his gun and shoots himself as the clouds break with thunder and lashing rain. And the final scene shows Ellie returned and her husband dying in her arms.

"The writing is powerful, but it is rather unfortunate that drought is to the reputation of Australia what fog is to that of England, and in reality about as characteristic."

From "*The British Australian and New Zealander*," December 6th, 1934.

I feel sure that many members will be interested in the cuttings from *The British Australian and New Zealander* regarding Armstrong's play "Drought."

These cuttings recall to me the visit I paid to her in 1932, when I had a delightful few days at Clear Hills, her little homestead high up in N.S.W. I arrived there after a somewhat adventurous journey in the mail-car running between Canberra and Gunning. I say adventurous because the weather was at its worst, and we had gales of wind, sleet and rain. This combined with roads which reminded one of the shell-torn roads of France, and a car piled high with mail-bags, bacon, meat, groceries and packages of all kinds, on the top of which my suitcases were perilously perched, was to say the least somewhat exciting, and you will understand that I greeted Armstrong's familiar face (so little changed from Royaumont and V.C. days) with joy. We were more or less stormbound during my stay up there, for it was "Sunny Australia" no longer, but very like winter in England.

It was very interesting to see Armstrong the farmer side by side with Armstrong the writer. She told me it was a good combination: the practical farming was there to tie her to earth, and the imaginative writing gave play to the romantic side of her nature.

I learnt that she had sent away a play for competition, but no result as to its success had then come to hand, so it was doubly interesting to learn of it through these notices.

The night I left Armstrong, she and her nephew motored me down to Goulburn to catch the midnight mail to Melbourne and before boarding the train we had supper at the Amber Tea Rooms, which were started and successfully run by Armstrong and Ashton soon after the War. I wonder where Ashton is and if this will catch her eye?

I stayed with other Royaumontites during my visits to Australia and I have happy memories of some time spent with Webster (now Mrs. Dudley Williams) at her charming home at Rose Bay overlooking part of lovely Sydney Harbour. We had some lovely runs up to the Blue Mountains, to Bowral in the Southern Highlands and to many other beautiful spots. Webster is now the mother of four children, the four R's, Rua (a replica of herself), Ross, Rosemary and Rachel. They were all over in England last year and it was a great sorrow to Webster that she had to leave before the Royaumont Dinner.

I saw Figgis in Melbourne. Her home is at Middle Brighton, quite near that city. I regret to say that she has not very good health, but she never failed to give me a warm welcome when I passed through Melbourne on my way from one place to another. I heard from her at Christmas and among other news she wrote "Victoria greeted the Duke of Gloucester with unprecedented floods of rain, but all the same his visit was a great success and he fulfilled all and more than was promised in the few weeks he was here." This I think is good reading. Among her many activities Figgis is Hon. Secretary to the Italian Section of the Melbourne Lyceum Club.

Many of you will remember Lindsay (now Mrs. Hayward). Her home is some sixty miles from Adelaide. She came down with her husband and spent two days there during the time my boat was in port. She has changed

little if at all, and we had a happy time seeing all the sights of the very charming city of Adelaide. She also took me for a lovely run to the hills behind, where we had exquisite views and a very good lunch at the Country Club. I regret so much I did not see her three small people but perhaps I shall on my next trip!

I have a letter from "Lindsay" this mail in which she tells me: "We listened in to the Royal Wedding and heard wonderfully well; it made me dreadfully home-sick, for a short time England felt so very near and then it all seemed to vanish." Again, "The Duke's visit fairly shook S. Australia up, he certainly had a great welcome, etc.," and further on she writes: "We have had quite a good season this year so must needs indulge in a few grasshoppers to keep us from being too uplifted, in some places they simply devoured every blade but were not quite so bad with us." I have heard what havoc they have played in some districts and feel glad "Lindsay" and her husband have escaped any great damage on their farm.

Last but not least I spent some months with Williams (now Lady Smyth) at her home in the far Western District of Victoria. I could tell you a great deal about the delights of that stay and of the interesting life she leads and of her three gay and clever children and their doings, but she herself told you something of it all in a recent issue of the NEWS-LETTER, so I will refrain and only say that I live in hope that she will appear some time in the not too far future at a Royaumont Dinner.

KATHERINE GRANDAGE.

February 1st, 1935.

M. YOUNG (chauffeur) sends the following:

Just been looking through my diary and found the following, which brings it all back so vividly to my mind.

April 16th, 1917.

Miss Ivens, Mrs. Berry, Miss Nicholson and self left Royaumont early in the Vauxhall for Villers-Cotterêts to try and find a suitable spot for an advance Hospital. Such a lovely sunny morning but a cold wind blowing. Went *via* Senlis, mostly in ruins, and Crepy en Vallois, I still remember *how* bad the road was. Took us two hours to get there, had

lunch and then found Monsieur Cousserge at the hospital, which was in an old chateau, I believe dating from time of François I. We saw over the hospital and then went through the forest to a chateau—such a lovely place—called Maucieux; no use though for us. Then to another chateau at Meyreux, again no good, and finally to a spot quite near Soissons, where there was a deserted hospital of huts. This seemed possible but again no station near. After this we drove in to Soissons,—all the way on the roadside were soldiers cutting down wonderful trees and regular carpenters' workshops. Parts of the road were barricaded, and dugouts with room for quantities of soldiers and guns. We drove under screens of brushwood and ivy. Ruins everywhere. We looked at the Hôtel de Ville—no use, ruins again. By this time it was pouring with rain, and we set off across a temporary bridge to look at the Abbaye of Soissons, another suggested hospital. Ruins again, and communication trenches all round the place and in the midst of all this graves of French soldiers buried in a hurry and pathetic little clumps of flowers, and mud—mud—everywhere.

All the time aeroplanes were circling over the town and three observation balloons up. How the Vauxhall held together over some of those roads and holes is still a marvel to me. From there we went right through the town, meeting convoys of ambulances bringing down the wounded direct, and on to another chateau, impossible, and then back to some big iron works where Mons. Cousserge thought we could put up huts in the fields. This place was indescribably filthy. Six p.m. the guns started, all afternoon everything had been quiet except for activity in the air. Whilst standing there we heard a big French Naval gun start firing—its range they told us was twenty-five miles. We were only a quarter mile from this gun post. Pouring rain and we reached Villers-Cotterêts Hotel, where we stayed the night, at 8.30 p.m., all very hungry as we had lunched at 11.30.

Miss Nicholson and I shared a room and Mrs. Berry and Miss Ivens shared another. In the morning poor Mrs. B. came in to say they had both felt very ill all night and were going to rest. We left Villers-Cotterêts 2 p.m. and returned *via* Pierrefonds!—such a very

lovely chateau. I am afraid I spent all my time admiring it and never went near the hospital, which also was useless. Back to Villers-Cotterêts, where we saw another hospital of huts which really seemed possible with a railway running alongside, and this one Miss Ivens decided might do. Home to Royaumont about 8.30 p.m., all tired, but a wonderful run and so much of interest which we had seen. This last hospital was eventually selected.

Dear Editor,

I was very much interested in Collum's very long and full reply to my letter about the Emergency Loan Fund and meant to reply to it at once but the last NEWS-LETTER came out rather sooner than I had expected. First of all I should like to express my gratitude to Collum for explaining so fully the scheme for using the Fund eventually when there are no Royaumont people left to draw from it and so exploding the myth of the French Orphan! But there are probably many who, like myself, fully believed in the Orphan, so perhaps this correspondence *has* done what I intended and cleared the air. There are so few of us who have the opportunity of attending the Annual Meeting that I had hoped with Collum that other donors would also write and give their views. That in fact was my sole object in writing in the first instance—and not any personal animosity to the originators of the Fund, which I think is a wholly admirable institution. But I still feel that, though very willing to contribute to the Fund if it is needed to help any of my fellow Royaumontites, I would infinitely rather treble my subscription to the Haig Fund or Poppy Day (to which we in Scotland *do* give to the best of our ability although Collum appears to doubt it) than leave the money lying in a bank to help to train French nurses after I am dead! This may be a purely personal feeling and the originators of the Fund have of course every right to decide how it is to be used but I should be very glad to read in the next NEWS-LETTER the views of some of my fellow contributors. I personally would very much like those loans to be more freely given and the repayment only to be made when the circumstances of the payee were again on a *really* satisfactory footing. It seems a dreadful idea that any of our fellow members should feel the loan as a loadstone round their necks

and a debt which they must strain every nerve to repay. Most of us, I am sure, feel that the difference in financial circumstances between those of us who *can* lend and those who are forced to borrow is so purely a matter of luck that we are only too glad of the opportunity of helping in this delightfully impersonal and delicate way. And for this, in spite of any criticism, we are indeed grateful to the anonymous originators of our Fund. May I point out that criticism is only a sign of a very lively interest!

LENG.

"PETER" writes:

Route de St. Hippolyte,  
Mascara,  
Dept. d'Oran,  
January 27th, 1935.

I always love the scraps of news about people in the ROYAUMONT LETTER, and wish there was heaps more. Personally, I'm afraid, I don't do anything very interesting to other people—I look after my house and bring up four cubs to the best of my ability—the eldest, alas, will be 14 in a few days. I hate them to grow up so fast—14, 11½ and 10, and then luckily the last only 10 months, so I still have a long spell of the adorable baby age to enjoy where she is concerned.

But if I don't do much to write about I think I feel decidedly proud of what my husband has done. Starting from *nil* we then got a small derelict mill used for '*la mouture arabi*,' which meant the Arabs bring their barley, which is ground into barley meal at so much a sack—(a most wearing *métier* as, unless you have an eagle eye, they steal each other's sacks and the miller has to make good!) This mill, two years ago now, had two stories built on, and all the most modern machinery installed, and is now a flourishing '*semoulerie*.' It grinds '*blé dur*' into every grade of *semoule*, from which the Arabs make *cous-cous* and all their native cakes. I do not know what '*blé dur*' is in English, but bread is made from '*blé tendre*' and *semoule* from '*blé dur*.'

My husband is now in partnership with his brother—they have a warehouse and office in the town (we live near the mill, a mile from the town)—my brother-in-law looks after the com-

mercial part—buying of grain and selling of *semoule*, and my husband looks after the mill. So far we are doing very well, which is splendid in these bad times.

The Algerian sun is glorious and makes up for lots of other things that are what they shouldn't be in this odd land. I think the extremely mixed and, in consequence, very weirdly principled (or perhaps I should say *un-principled*) population, is the greatest drawback. The *colons* and *vignerons* are mostly French though some Spanish—the workmen Arabs and low class Spaniards—the tradesmen Jews.

Mascara is very healthy, being high up above sea-level, and it is seldom too hot (for my taste) even in summer. At the present moment it is bitterly cold—hailing and sleeting!

I hope you will rake in stacks of news.

Yours sincerely,

WILMOT CAMPORA.  
("Peter.")

*Here is an eye-witness's account of the last Royaumont Dinner:*

My Dears,

Herewith a New Year's Letter. I suppose you Australian members are having lovely hot weather, and you in India are beginning to migrate to the hills. Morgan in Africa must be having ideal light for her paintings. I wonder if she has seen Prance.

Micky do your clothes smell of oil as it is an oil country where you live? Do tell us about it.

Well, I suppose you are longing to hear about the sixteenth Annual Dinner which was held at the Forum Club by arrangement with Mrs. McIntosh, who turned out to be Salway the Scallywag.

At the High Table our President, Mrs. Ivens-Knowles, was beautifully dressed in oyster grey satin—it suited her so well—and she wore the Royaumont pendant that we gave her when she was married.

My eyes never got beyond the chest of our guest of honour, who was Dame Louise McIlroy. It was literally covered with medals. I am glad that her war services were so well rewarded: she is a wonderful woman.

The speeches were very good and the one for

absent friends was proposed by Williams, blue cap orderly, who spoke well. In fact she has quite a gift for it.

There were eight doctors at the High Table and Mrs. Knowles and Miss Loudon and Mrs. Alison, who also made a good speech.

Swinton looked nice in beige lace over green but would look better if she could get fatter again. She has never missed a dinner. I wonder if this is a record.

Millar was there, just as jolly and amusing, recalling old memories to us. She was one of the large contingent from Scotland.

Chapman in red lace, looking so young and attractive and still wearing the very placid look that I always envied at Royaumont. She sat at the top of a table that had a good sprinkling of chauffeurs, also Tollit, Grandage and Mackay.

Salway forgot to give out a notice for Mackay about the Magazine, whether to have it printed *twice* or *once* a year.

It is difficult to get enough news for twice, especially as you abroad won't send us any of your doings.

Big Anderson was there beautifully dressed in a model frock of green and silver stripes.

We were sorry she and her sister and Middleton left directly after the dinner.

I have forgotten what Inglis wore but I saw her in the morning with a jaunty Marina cap on, which suited her well. Her young sister, Vi Inglis, has become air-minded and trips about in aeroplanes. I hope she will take me up some day.

I had no chance of talking to Collum, who is still busy with research work.

There were three sisters present who shook my paw. A pity a few more do not turn up to the dinner. Several I know you would like to hear about never came. Why the Londoners don't come I can't think.

With love and best wishes for 1935,

VICTORIA.

*The following cutting from an old newspaper may amuse readers:*

#### **Bombed Scottish Women's Hospital.**

##### **AMPUTATIONS BY CANDLELIGHT.**

Miss Marion A. Butler, a radiographer of the Scottish Women's Hospitals, who has just

returned from France, told a Press Association representative the following story of the experience which she and her colleagues had undergone at the hospital at Villers-Cotterêts:

On Wednesday, May 29th, there were rumours that we should have to vacate the hospital. We had begun to move the patients when we got a notice to say that 100 very bad cases were expected. The senior staff decided to stay to attend to these new-comers. A German raid took place, and two fires which Hun bombs had started in the neighbourhood lit up the sky. All the time the boom of the German guns could be heard getting nearer and nearer.

This light enabled the Germans to return again and again, and once they sent three aerial torpedoes into a little wood which runs close by the edge of the hospital grounds. One of these hit a little lodge, killing a woman and her three children and injuring her mother, but no bombs were dropped on the hospital.

During these raids lights had to be put out in the hospital, and in the operating theatre Miss Frances Ivens, the *Médecin en Chef*, performed several operations, including amputations, by the light of two candles and with the instruments on the table jumping about through the vibration caused by the explosions. We found a train load of wounded had been lying quite near, but they escaped harm.

At eleven o'clock next morning we were told that we must evacuate, and a party of about fifteen or twenty nurses and orderlies were given rations, including cheese, two boiled eggs, brandy, bread, and an orange, and carrying just the necessities, they set out for the sister hospital at Royaumont, all the cars being used for the wounded. Miss Ivens and a few of the staff remained to get the last of the patients away, and to save as much equipment as possible.

All the way along the road we passed refugees driving their cattle and pushing wheelbarrows full of valuables. There were also a few further air raids, but by one o'clock on Friday we reached Royaumont, and those who were able went straight on duty.

Miss Ivens and some of the seniors made several journeys to the evacuated hospital and succeeded in salvaging most of the equipment. On one occasion they had to lie down in a field to escape bombs from a German plane, and they

must have had a very narrow escape, as one of their cars was completely destroyed.

It is interesting to note that two nieces of the late Dr. Inglis were on the hospital staff.

A MISS IVENS  
*et à ses dévouées Collaboratrices.*

#### **Royaumont March.**

*Air:* En revenant de la revue.

##### **1. Couplet.**

Depuis le début de la guerre  
Dans l'Abbaye de Royaumont,  
Un hôpital pour militaires  
Reçoit nos brav's blessés du front,  
Ils arriv'nt en automobile,  
Le Poilu ne se fait pas d'bile,  
Ca le secoue p'têtre un peu fort—  
Mais il ne craint même pas la Mort.

Aussitôt débarques,  
Visités, auscultés,  
Ils sont suivant la gravité  
Pansés, trépanés, amputés,  
Tout cela sans douleur  
Par ces ang's de douceur;  
Grâce aux soins merveilleux  
En peu d'jours nos Héros vont mieux

##### **Refrain.**

C'est épatant,  
Etonnant, renversant  
Le mode de trait'ment  
De ces Anglaises,  
Tel gars perclus  
Qui semblait bien perdu,  
Red'vient vite un Poilu,  
D'l'Armée française.

##### **2. Couplet.**

Pour le Blessé c'est la grand' Vie,  
C'est le confort, c'est l'idéal;  
Pinard fameux, cuisin' choisie,  
C'est le "Home" et non l'hôpital.  
Au concert il pass' la soirée,  
Aussi dans cette maison rêvée—  
Où le jour c'est la partie d'billard,  
On n' peut pas avoir le Cafard.



Un' loge au Cinéma,  
Des cigars, du tabac ;  
Du champagne avec des gâteaux,  
Des fruits exquis et des cadeaux,  
Enfin d' tout à gogo,  
Et toujours du rabiote,  
Servis, c'est prodigieux,  
Par des Miss's aux sourir's gracieux

*Refrain.*

En général  
Aller à l'hôpital  
Quel supplice infernal  
Et quell' souffrance ;  
Mais v'nir ici  
Quel plaisir, mes amis :  
On s'croit au Paradis,  
Poilus de France.

3. *Couplet.*

Ce sont des Anglais's admirables,  
Les Reines de ce lieu charmant,  
Capabl's, activ's, infatigables,  
C'est la Maison du dévouement.  
Nuit et jour rempli's de vaillance  
Ell's savent vaincre la souffrance,  
Par leurs soins zélés, assidus,  
Tous nos enfants nous sont rendus.  
Miss's empressé's, courant,  
Sisters aux voiles blancs,  
Sourires joyeux pleins d'espoir,  
Tout's heureux's de fair' leur devoir  
Doctress's, grands savants,  
Soignant et guérissant.  
La Colonelle—grand coeur—  
Décoré d'la Legion d'honneur.

*Refrain.*

A Royaumont  
Y a du beau, y a du bon,  
C'est ça qu'est un filon  
D' l'Armée française.  
Pour remercier  
Aux noms d' tous les blessés  
Nous devons tous crier :  
Viv' les Anglaises.

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

**Anderson**, "Big Andy," is still looking after her old uncle near Glasgow but manages to get up to London for most of the Royaumont Dinners.

**Aked** (Sister) is training to be an agent for Messrs. Cockayne, Ltd., Imperial House, 48, Regent Street, London, W. 1, an organisation which for a small fee supplies goods to customers at the lowest possible price. Will any Royaumontites who want to buy anything from evening dresses to wireless sets write to Sister Aked about it before doing so.

**Berry** was at the Dinner looking very well. She had the honour of being one of the guests in Westminster Abbey at the wedding of H.R.H. the Duke of Kent and Princess Marina.

**Buzzard** (J. Dashwood) was unfortunately not able to come to the last Dinner owing to illness. She lives at Lymington, and we hope will soon be stronger.

**Collum** sent an amusing letter, written for M. Delaculé, from Asnières sur Oise, assuring her in rather queer French that our wreath had been placed below the memorial. This letter was addressed to "Madame Well Bottom Melbury Abbas Shaftesburg"—but as we know our postmen are super-detectives and it reached her safely.

**Miss Gray** we are glad to say has recovered from her recent illness but still has to take things very quietly, which for one of her energetic temperament is rather trying.

**Inglis**. We are sorry to hear from Tollit that Inglis is laid up in the Brompton Hospital. Tollit was going to see her when she wrote; and we hope to hear good accounts of her.

**Keel** (Mrs. Leethling) writes to Tollit that she hopes to come home from South Africa for a few months next year.

**Leng, M.**, whose letter we print on another page, is just off for another worldwide trip in which she hopes to include a visit to Australia and in particular to Williams (Lady Smyth) in Victoria.

**G. Smith** (Mrs. E. F. Willmot) writes from Ceylon: "I enjoy getting the NEWS-LETTER. We live out here on a tea estate and I have two boys, one I have just left at a 'prep' school at Swanage, England, but the other one is only five so can still stay out here. While in England I stayed with Goss (Dolly Harpin) who is another old Royaumontite. We often talked about the short time we had there in 1918."

**Steen**, who after she left Royaumont qualified as a doctor, has been studying Russian and is about to leave on a visit to Russia. She tried but failed to get in touch with Daunt.

(So did the Editor but got no reply from Ireland, her home address.)

**Williams** (Lady Smyth) writes: "All the children are home now and both the boys got prizes at their school. We are having a hectic time with some of the sheep; they have got a sort of eye disease called 'pink eye'—most infectious—and they go quite blind and we have to paint their beastly eyes every day, such a fag! We are also expecting the plague of grasshoppers any moment; they are about ten miles off and nothing seems to stop them. What a life!"

LONDON:

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31, 33, 35, BRICK STREET, PICCADILLY, W. 1.

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# Royaumont News-Letter



Vol. III.

MARCH, 1935.

No. 10

**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.).

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**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.**

It is delightful to hear from far and wide that the NEWS-LETTER is so much appreciated, but may I take this opportunity of impressing upon readers the necessity of sending me news if they want it to continue. In this number the "Robin" contributes what she calls "An Unrecorded Adventure," and many Royaumontites will shake with horror when they read it and realise how nearly a respected hospital administrator and a perfectly good orderly were lost for ever in the green waters of the Seine! Now, I am quite sure that many other Royaumontites must have had equally thrilling and secret adventures during their time at Royaumont, so I hope that this unrecorded

adventure may be the beginning of a series. You need not give your name if you would rather not, just send your story along whenever you like. I could supply a hair-raising one known only to myself and another, but I am afraid of the censorship! While on the subject of the NEWS-LETTER may I remind readers that unless they pay their subscriptions, and Tollit assures me that there are many still unpaid, they cannot expect to get copies of this paper.

The last dinner which took place at the Forum Club was very successful, and we were all more subdued or better behaved than usual: can it be that the "weight of years" is really weakening our voices? There was a good turn