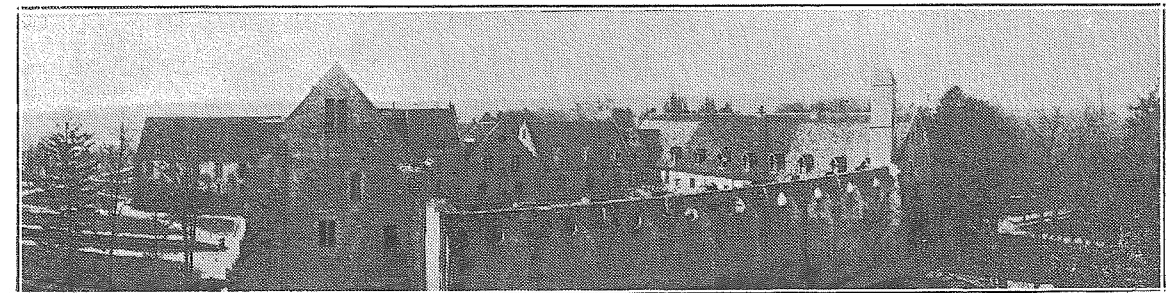


*copy letter to Mackay  
Lube Whitehouse Bampton Page 4*

# ROYAUMONT NEWS - LETTER



JANUARY 1959

No. 22

**Object of the Association:** To maintain our war-time comradeship.

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

**President:** Miss Ruth Nicholson, M.S.

**Vice-President:** Lady Sanderson.

**Chairman:** Mrs. Alison, 70 Queens Gate, London, S.W.7.

**Hon. Secretary:** Mrs. Wilson, The Moorings, Church Lane, Upper Beeding, Sussex.

**Hon. Treasurer:** Mrs. McIntosh, Hatch Gate, Bucklebury, Berkshire.

**Hon. Editor:** Miss C. F. N. Mackay, 15 Upper Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London, S.W.3.

## EDITORIAL

"Life must go on," stalwart people are sometimes heard to say when misfortune overtakes them, which of course is quite true, so perhaps in spite of inevitable losses, changes and frustrations, we should so long as possible keep this Association alive? And here we must protest, and I know in doing so all Royaumont members will agree, against our President, Miss Nicholson's suggestion in her letter that she should resign because for some time she has not been able to come to our luncheons, etc. But that is surely immaterial, much as we miss her, and we could not do without her as President, one of the earliest Royaumont "Doctoresses" and known to practically all of us.

You will notice that we have a new Hon. Secretary, "Large," (Mrs. Wilson) has kindly offered to carry on, which will help us to keep a check on members' new addresses, etc.; apropos of which it might be a good thing, if funds will allow, to have a new List of Members printed, our last one was done in 1954.

The long and serious illness of M. Young has distressed all her friends, she is still in hospital, and has faced much pain and many setbacks with courage and patience, she asked me, on her behalf, to thank all the Royaumont members who have sent her cards and written to her as she is not able to write herself.

The sudden death of Susan Richmond was a great shock to all her friends and relations. On the Sunday before her death on the following Tuesday,

she produced a Nativity Play in her village church before a crowded congregation, so she worked at what she loved and excelled in up to the end. We, and many others will miss her very much.

The Luncheon, held on 10th October at 52 Lower Sloane Street, was most enjoyable, afterwards we had coffee and the General Meeting, at which a suggestion that the Association should be wound up was heavily defeated. It is hoped that the next Reunion will take place on the first Friday in October (i.e. 2nd October) at 52 Lower Sloane Street, this should give plenty of time when planning holidays to include it. We do want everyone who can to come, our Dinner Secretary has to take a lot of trouble arranging the Luncheon, and Londoners might show a good example by turning out in force. Anyone from further afield who wants hospitality should write to the Editor who will do what she can to arrange for accommodation.

It was disappointing that so few readers had a shot at guessing the authorship of the article "Who wrote this." As the the author does not want her name disclosed we can only say that the correct answer was sent in by Rolt who received a cheque for £5.

In conclusion many thanks to all the Royaumont members for sending such interesting letters (mostly Scots, "who's like us") which we hope will help to make a rather thin number more enjoyable.

## LETTER FROM OUR PRESIDENT

Upalong, Lustleigh,  
S. Devon.  
January, 1959

Dear Friends,

A happy New Year to you all. Again I was not able to be with you at the Reunion, due to my inability to go further than a walk on our road. I have not been away from here for a night, for more than a year and a half. In fact, I am now such a broken reed as President, that I think, as I foresee no signs of improvement in my hip joint, that you had better choose another—a younger and more able woman.

We had a very pleasant visit in April from Ramsay Smith and her two sisters who were all staying at Torquay for a few days. Ramsay was full of "go" as ever. "Big Andy" and her sister and brother-in-law were also staying in Torquay at another time, but unfortunately we could not manage to fit in our times for a meeting. However, she thinks she may be here again.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

10 Manor Court,  
Pinehurst, Cambridge.  
21st January, 1959

Dear Miss Mackay,

In reply to your cri de coeur, I send you for the News Letter a few random reflections upon life in Cambridge.

Our choice fell on Cambridge as an Eventide Home a few years ago, as we realized that a remote Dorset village, however charming, would become less so as our mobility decreased with the years. We looked around for a place that would combine urban interests with a setting reasonably rural, and the answer seemed to be here. So when, by a series of small miracles we were offered a flat in lovely surroundings on the outskirts of Cambridge, we sold our Dorset house, got rid of the accumulated hoards of years, and packed up.

So here we are, in a small but ideally convenient flat in an enormous and beautiful garden, just across the road from the college where I was an undergraduate half a century ago. Cambridge seems at first sight wonderfully unchanged since those days; the same stately vista of colleges with their avenues of trees and green "Backs" reaching to the river and beyond. There is during term a bewildering choice of joys, musical, dramatic and learned, to which the University makes one most courteously welcome. The whole place bubbles with youth, and that in itself is a delight. Cambridge society, which we expected to find exclusive, turns out to be friendly and congenial. And life is very good.

The critical eye, however, sees many changes in the last fifty years. There is so much more of everything; many more undergraduates, and extensions of

The sad news of Susan Richmond's sudden death on 30th December, came as a great shock. One always thinks of her as the personification of happiness and gaiety at Royaumont. She will be much missed by her family and her fellow workers as she had a very busy and varied life, helping others in their Art as well as continuing her own acting and teaching. Our own reunions will be less bright from her absence.

Dr. Winifred Heyworth (Mrs. Hind) who came out with me in December 1914 and stayed six months, lost her husband, Bishop Hind, last year. She lives on in Belfast and continues her good works for the church.

I am sorry this letter is so dull, but I am so much out of the world down here that I have not much news. We are surrounded by snow, but not nearly so badly as our Scots friends, I am sure.

All good wishes,

Yours affectionately,

RUTH NICHOLSON.

the colleges to house them. Whether the quality of the former is maintained I am in no position to judge, but I have my doubts. As to the buildings, there is a great feeling for the "contemporary," and though nothing could surpass the frightfulness of most of the 19th century work, some of the new college building seems to me nearly as horrible, though in a less pretentious mode, and probably less distressingly durable.

To come to manners, they also have changed. Not that the undergraduates are not unfailingly and charmingly courteous to old ladies who prowl about their precincts. The differences I see are mainly concerned with the present-day mixture of men and maidens in staut pupillari. In my time at Newnham we were strictly segregated and heavily chaperoned by female dons, and I rather blink to see the hoards of young men popping freely in and out of Newnham's gates. Also I do not care for the spectacle of gowned figures fervently embracing under the very shadow of the Senate House; nor, incidentally, can I think that a mortar-board looks its dubious best when perched upon a pony-tail. Perhaps our secluded existence at Newnham gave us a better sort of university life than is enjoyed by these young women who have the same freedoms as the men. One's undergraduate years are unique, and it seems a pity to spend them in falling in love, which can after all be done anywhere, anywhen.

On that middle-aged sentiment I had better cease these ramblings, only adding that if any Royaumontite (ghastly word!) should find herself in Cambridge and would let me know, we should make her most welcome.

Yours affectionately,

MARJORIE MARTLAND.

## KINGSMUIR HALL, PEEBLES

Dear Mackay, 7th Jan., 1959.

I'd been thinking of writing to you when your postcard came. I am sorry to hear of Susan Richmond's death. She was so attractive and clever. I always remember her singing those Irish folk songs ("The Raggle-Taggle Gipsies" was one of them) at Royaumont. This has been a very mixed year for me. In spring I was in London helping to look after my sister who had that horrid virus influenza and then we went to Torquay hoping for warmth and sunshine, to find a bitter wind all the time and shrubs, which one had always considered very hardy, burnt brown with the cold winds. We motored to Lustleigh one day, and had coffee with Miss Nicholson, who was looking very well in spite of all the pain she still has from her bad leg. Her house is in a charming situation but what a narrow road to it! We couldn't have passed anything had we met a car—but we didn't.

We opened our garden in August in aid of Scotland's Garden Scheme for the nurses, and also the N.S.P.C.C., and had one of the few gorgeous days, though there was a wild thunderstorm in Edinburgh. We had spent weeks beforehand coping with weeds which just popped up the moment one's back was turned, so were very pleased with the result. To raise some money we had a competition to name household gadgets which are now out of use, such as a cheese cradle, a taper holder, etc., and also some new things for the younger generation to guess. It was a great success and caused much brain-worry!

Later my sister and I went to Droitwich to do a "cure" for rheumatism. It is a curious town with houses at all angles, caused by the subsidence of the ground owing to the vast brine lake underneath, but the country around is lovely.

Florence Anderson and her husband turned up at The Hydro here and it was so nice to see her again. I've also seen Simes, who was still looking for a house, and Miller, who came to lunch when she was in Edinburgh at Christmas, just as energetic as ever.

Best wishes for 1959.

Yours ever, RAMSAY.

New Galloway,  
9th January, 1959.

Dear Mackay,

I can't give you much news of the Scottish members as I haven't seen many of them during the past year. To help you, I have written about a dozen cards which I have sent off to those I know best, asking them to write you a short note giving you their news as well as the news of those with whom they have been in contact recently. I have asked them to do this before you close with the printer, so we shall see what response this will have. As regards myself, I have just returned from Edinburgh where I have been celebrating the Christmas festivities with friends, and while there saw Ramsay and Sinclair and Sister Morris. The latter has had a card from Dr. Henry, but she will tell you about this herself, for she is one who is sure to answer my P.C. I was at the Edinburgh Festival as usual and stayed with Sinclair. We had a real orgy of music among other items of entertainment for which

we had booked in the spring at the time of the postal booking. Ramsay has been at Droitwich and feels the better for the treatment there. She had seen Smieton when passing through Broadway and found her recovering from a torn knee cartilage. I have asked Nicky to give you news of Peter Campora. She and Oliver are the only Royaumont-ites Peter writes to as far as I know. She and her family must have come through a pretty tough ordeal in Algeria when things were at their height. I spent a delightful week with Nicky and her sisters in September in their new home at Prudhoe in Northumberland. They have an adorable miniature white French poodle which I should like to run away with. He is most intelligent, but sometimes very naughty! His name is Barnabas. I went down to Bournemouth after that and then back to London thinking the Reunion was on October 3rd. I was mistaken about this. Bus travellers, like myself, have to plan well in advance as the buses get very crowded during the summer and the best seats are all taken early. I hear, however, that the date of the Reunion has been fixed until further notice for the first Friday in October. I thought that had been agreed to some time ago, but I was mistaken apparently. I hope the cards will bring forth some more "copy" for you.

I was deeply grieved to hear of Susan Richmond's sudden death. Not taking the London Times I didn't know. She was indeed a charming personality and, as you say, very gifted.

A happy New Year to you.

Yours ever, MILLER.

45, Homedale,  
Prudhoe-on-Tyne.

11.1.59.

My Dear Mackay,

I had a card from Miller yesterday asking me to send you any news of Royaumont people I have, to put in the Newsletter. I am afraid I have not much but what I have I give with pleasure.

My two sisters and I live in great felicity with our miniature poodle, Barnabas. We are keen gardeners and are developing and, I hope, improving a young garden which was only in its third year when we bought the house. It gives us plenty of hard work, some disappointments, but a lot of fun, and our friends appreciate our flowers and our view which is extraordinarily pleasing for a pit village ten miles out of Newcastle.

We spent Christmas in Exeter and visited Ruth at Lustleigh on her birthday, Dec. 27th. She had a very cheerful party and cut two birthday cakes for her guests. She is very lame, but gets out on sticks and crutches most days and enjoys watching television.

Miller spent a week with us in September and we enjoyed her visit very much. She is gradually exploring Northumberland and Durham on her annual visits. Last year we took her to the Roman Walk and Hexham Abbey this year it was the Bowes Museum at Barnard Castle and the lovely little village of Blanchland. We shall have to think up something fresh for next year. I see Dorothy Anderson frequently. She and a friend live in a

fascinating cottage about eight miles from here. Last autumn I visited Mary Petitpierre in Paris shortly before she and her husband went to live permanently at Perros Guirec in Brittany. We had a marvellous week together and did quite a lot of motoring. One day we went to Royauumont and trespassed in the grounds, it being too late to join one of the organised tours round the Abbaye. It was lovely just to wander about and remember the past and argue as to whether the stream is in the same place as it was forty years ago, but one of the guests staying in the Abbaye was horrified when she discovered that we didn't belong and advised us to make our way to the entrance with the greatest despatch! We felt quite hurt, since we had certainly been there before she had!

Madame Petit-Pierre now has four grandsons (three French, one English) and a granddaughter (English) and is an ardent and hard-working granny. Her younger daughter, Mary Anne, and her husband have just returned from Assam to live in England and the babies have been staying in Brittany while their homes were prepared for them.

"Peter" Campora and I correspond once a year, nominally at Christmas time, but usually after the turn of the year. My last letter from her reached me in March. I gathered she and Lucien were always in considerable danger of their lives, but had at that time suffered no harm. Peter said it added spice to life to know that you might anytime get a knife stuck in your back, but it must be pretty nerve-racking. She was at that time chiefly distressed because Andrée's husband who had been stationed at St. Cvr for two years was going back to his beloved Foreign Legion and the question was where were Andrée and her four children to go. In the normal way she would go to her parents when her husband was overseas, but Algeria was not a safe place for children last year. I haven't heard yet how the problem was solved.

I was sorry not to be able to get to the lunch this year but was glad to hear it was a good one. If there is a tea party again in Edinburgh I shall hope to go to it. Last year's meeting was delightful. I enjoyed it tremendously.

It was sad to see that Susan Richmond had died. I remember her well in uniform—she looked so charming and as we knew she had been on the stage she brought glamour to the outlook of us junior orderlies.

Hope you are well and happy in your nice Chelsea home, which I remember visiting one year with Sister Ruth.

Yours,  
NICKY.

8 Hillview  
Blackhall,  
Edinburgh.

Dear Miss Mackay, Monday, 19th/59.

Recently I had a letter from Marjorie Miller, stating you had complained that members of the Royauumont Association had not written you any news for the News Letter, so here I am—with just the ordinary day to day routine,

I realise that as we get older—and I am now what

the younger generation call "an old lady," we find life goes on in a daily sameness—until we get a jolt—or demand to do something about it. Well the Christmas and New Year excitement is past and personally I feel quite relieved, as I find the older I get the greater my correspondence grows. The stern fact is all my younger friends married, had babies—they in turn are now grandmothers and the younger ones write to inform me of their babies' "awards" so instead of my contemporaries I have the two younger generations on my lists of Marriages, and Births. Ah, it is something to tackle all the circle at home and abroad.

When I look at the third generation I realise my age—and the fact that Royauumont is now 44 years old. Nearly half a century and incidents and all its interesting lifework seem to be receding from one's memory. So much has happened since in the fight for existence.

You will know, of course, that we had a lively tea party in the past summer—we all enjoyed the company and reminiscences. Without being too, too personal, we all looked a bit different from Royauumont days, somewhat wider—heavier in proportion, hair distinctly whiter, or greyer? But all seemed jolly lively and active.

It was dreadful to think afterwards I had quite forgotten many names. Miller, whom I just caught a glimpse of in Princes Street during the New Year, looked her jolly, cheerful self, and was on a visit to relatives for the Christmas festivities.

Sinclair I have not seen for over a year. She is a busy person.

I regretted I could not fit in the Dinner in October. I had hoped to be in town, but the illness of a relative prevented me. Some day, perhaps, I'll manage it. Up here in Scotland we have had arctic weather; hope you fare better in the south.

I had a card from Dr. Henry at Christmas, from Montreal, with the sad news that her husband had a severe heart illness, but was back in harness after four months, and that her son John (Dr.) was the proud father of a baby daughter, Susan, last July. So Dr. Henry is now grandmother to a grandson and daughter. She regretted she had not sent her usual cable to the R. Dinner. Understandable!

I am sorry to hear from Miller that Miss Ruth Nicholson is not so well, and is handicapped in her movements. Poor dear. Hope the summer will help her when it comes.

I wonder if you'll ever come up to Edinburgh? If so, you will find a tremendous difference in the suburbs. Where we had lovely country round Barnton, Clemiston, Groathill, Ferry Road, is now tremendous housing schemes, with thousands of inhabitants, with some rather doubtful types. In fact, there now are no country walks left to us between Blackhall, Cramond, etc.

M. E. ROSE MORRIS.

(Late Blanche de Castille Royauumont).

## FROM FAR AND NEAR

Anderson (Big Andy) writes from Kent, where she lives with her sister: "We find life in the country most strenuous, what with a too big garden, a daily who has frequent 'turns' and all the local what-nots, the W.V.S. and Gardeners' Club, etc."

Banks (Mrs. Simmonds) in a letter to Morgan writes: "I have spent the last three months coping with what seemed to be a slipped disc. I am coming to London but not until after the tenth." (We all send Banks good wishes for a speedy recovery.—Editor).

Bruce Betty writes: I am sorry that I am unable to come to the lunch now—I used to enjoy meeting my old friends so much.

I had a letter from Wilson at Christmas and in it she said she hoped a tea party could be arranged in Edinburgh again, we all enjoyed it so much.

She also told me that she sees Sister Lindsay sometimes. She has been very ill, but Wilson says she looks so bright and well again. Harvey, who was at Royauumont for a short time died in Glasgow last June.

Perhaps you have heard about Percival's death. I just got a letter the other day from a sister-in-law thanking me for the Christmas card I had sent Percival, which had been forwarded to her by Percival's solicitor. She died on November 9th after being ill for several months. I had a lovely Christmas card from her with good wishes written in her own handwriting. I suppose she must have written her cards while she was ill.

I shall miss Percival—we were good friends—we worked together at Créfange and then escaped to Bayonne along with Prance and later we were sent up to Cheshire along with Howard Smith to look after some French sailors.

Jamieson, writing from her home near Glasgow, says: "What about a 'This is your life' on T.V., starring Miss Nicholson and Dr. Martland? It would bring in quite a number of Royauumont-ites. We could get the old film on again. It was on at a Glasgow University 'do' not so many months ago."

Keil (Mrs. Neethling) writes from South Africa: "I look forward to getting the Royauumont News Letter and was very pleased when it was decided to carry on publishing it. In all the years I have only managed to attend one Reunion, and that was in Edinburgh, I think about 1924. Jackson and I have kept in touch throughout the years, and I have heard from Taylor from time to time. And I have been most interested to hear of the others through the News Letter."

Large (Mrs. Wilson) sends the following: "Did you see the enclosed in The Times in July? I thought it would interest you, a marriage reception is rather different from that for which we used Royauumont."

Mr. R. H. Bonham Carter and Senorita E. Propper De Callejon

The marriage took place on Saturday at Asnières-sur-Oise, France, of Mr. Raymond Bonham Carter,

younger son of Sir Maurice and Lady Violet Bonham Carter, of 21, Hyde Park Square, W.2, and Senorita Elena Propper de Callejon, daughter of the Spanish Ambassador to Norway and Senora Eduardo Propper re Callejon. L'Abbé D. de Grunne officiated. A reception was held at Château de Royauumont, Asnières-sur-Oise, Seine and Oise.

Macgregor (Mrs. Hallam) who was at the Luncheon looking very well, writes: "I am giving up the farming part of my work but not until the spring, then I shall have more leisure and will probably turn into an old woman." (We don't believe it.—Editor).

Macnaughton (Mrs. Crowther) writes: "Merrilees and I were so delighted to meet again at our last reunion in Edinburgh. She and 'wee Ross' and I were always such good friends at Royauumont. Our Edinburgh Festival is always the highlight of our summer, and some of us, through the English Speaking Union, give hospitality one day per week to Overseas visitors, and enjoy showing them the sights. I would like to take this opportunity of thanking you most sincerely for all you are doing to keep the Royauumont flag flying. I do love the News Letter with snippets of news of the comrades." (This sounds quite Russian. Thank you very much for your kind appreciation.—Editor).

McLeod, writing from Glasgow, says she is not able to go about much and has to avoid towns and crowds. "I have," she writes, "heard from Salway, and Smieton, also from Miller, Sister Rose Morris and Ramsay. Banks has not been well; I spent a holiday at Newtownmore last summer. Newtownmore is on the direct route from London and makes a very good centre for a holiday. There is golf, tennis, fishing, and plenty of variety in scenery—Aviemore, the Cairngorms and countless walks and rambles; for a quiet holiday it is ideal. One has to book well in advance. Mains Hotel is the chief favourite. The Craig Mohn is also good, and so is Loch Earn, but it is smaller. I never see Warren or Mrs. Gray although they live about 20 miles away on the direct route."

Moffet, who went to the Bavarian Alps two summers ago with 'Nicky', writes: "I still carry on my physiotherapy practice here, but don't do so much since the N.H. Service came in. But I am one of the lucky ones, being well established and my old patients (as well as new ones) are very faithful and seem to think I do them good, which is satisfying. We are very lucky here as regards weather in this corner of Angus; we seem as a rule to miss the severe winter frosts and snow and have a lovely summer and spring. The garden is rather sweet and old fashioned. Don lives about a mile from here and we see quite a lot of her at times and then not for ages, you know how it is. I always have a card at Christmas from Sister Lindsay in Dundee, but have not seen her for a long time, though only 26 miles away. 'Andy' (Madame Petitpierre) is now living in Brittany, her husband having retired. Her younger daughter, with her husband and two babies, is now home from Assam and living in Essex, and Anne Marie, the eldest girl, is in Casablanca and has two boys."

**Simpson** (Mrs. Gray) writes: "It was a great piece of good fortune that during our holiday in the south last October, the date of the Royaumont Reunion coincided with a few days spent in London. The last Reunion I attended was more than thirty years ago. I was glad to meet Parkinson again, she and I had much contact in the kitchen at Royaumont. My husband and myself have our home in Callendar and would welcome a visit from any Royaumont-ites on tour in the North."

**Sinclair** writes from Edinburgh: "I was in Belgium in '57 with friends in the Ardennes parts of which reminded me of Wales and Scotland. They have planted forests, and the country folk were busy planting tobacco. It is very strong tobacco which our men don't like. It was a lovely motor run from Brussels. I remember the delightful afternoon some of us spent at your old home, and how charming your father was; some friends motored me that way one spring and we stopped and looked at the crocuses; not quite so many as in your time, but the garden and house looked just the same." (You make me feel homesick. How nice of you to have remembered that far away afternoon.—Editor).

**Smieton** (Lady Sanderson), **Morgan** and **Mackay** called at Broadway on their way back from a tour in Skye, hoping to see Smieton but she was out. She was going north later, having almost recovered

from a torn ligament in her knee which made it difficult for her to get about.

**Torrance** writes from North Berwick: "I always enjoy the News Letter and find it very interesting to hear about the varied lives of the 'Old Girls' Far and Near. You will see from above address that I live at North Berwick in a flat in a converted house. It is rather cold in winter as we are on the sea front. However by way of a change I am going to Devon to live in a caravan with a sister, and am quite looking forward to the Bohemian life. In summer when near Glasgow I go and see Macpherson (Jean) and enjoy meeting her. We have much to talk about and Mac usually puts the 'finishing touch' to any remark. Last summer she looked well and not any older."

**Warren**, from her home in Callendar, Perthshire, writes: "We knew the Carvick Websters in Glasgow and Rua came to Royaumont in 1916 shortly after I left in September. I had news of Jean Hayward (Lindsay) at Christmas time from Adelaide. I think her two daughters are still in this country. I was sorry not to be able to be at the Luncheon in London and would so much like to see all you 'Southerners' again, but it is not easy to get away from one's house and garden if you live alone. I should be so pleased to extend hospitality to any of our friends who are coming north. I should like you to make this known. I have a bit of a nice old house and a pretty garden in which I do a lot of work."

#### Annual Luncheon at THE SERVICE WOMEN'S CLUB

A very enjoyable lunch followed by a general meeting was held at the Service Women's Club on October 10, 1958. Mrs. Alison took the chair in place of Miss Nicholson who was not well enough to attend.

Greetings and letters were read from Miss Nicholson, Dr. Savil Carter, Smieton and Rolt, Simms and Ramsay Smith. Miss Nicholson suggested that as her lameness was not improving and it was so difficult for her to get about that she should resign from being President. Mackay suggested that a message be sent to Young who has been in hospital for several months and is improving a little.

The death of Sister Colville on January 31, 1958, was reported. The Financial Report was read by the Hon. Treasurer. The General Fund has £70 16s. 2d. in hand.

The resignation of the Hon. Secretary was reported. As there were no volunteers for the post and very little secretarial work, Mackay has kindly

offered to take the minutes at future meetings and the former secretary will continue to send out R.N. Letters.

The date of the next Lunch was discussed. Scots members would prefer a date in late September. It was decided to arrange for the first Friday in October at the Service Women's Club for the next meeting.

A suggestion to wind up the Association was heavily defeated.

Those present: Tollit, Morgan, Mrs. Alison, Moore, Johnson, Oliver, Macfie, Solway, Parkinson, Dr. Martland, Large, Phillips, Mackay, Andy, Stubbs, Adam, Dr. Hancock, Simpson, Butler, Macgregor.

Cider was kindly given by Wilson, Rolt and Johnson and cigarettes by Macfie.

#### EDITOR'S NOTE

As Large has kindly agreed to act as our Hon. Secretary, the above arrangements for same are cancelled.

#### In Memoriam

**SISTER COLVILLE.**—Mrs. Silvanus died on Jan. 31, 1958. She did splendid work at Royaumont, and was a great favourite, and a very loyal member of the R. Association.

**WILLIAMS.**—At Sydney, N.S.W., on 12th January, 1959, RUA, wife of Sir Dudley Williams, K.B.E., and daughter of the late Harry and Mrs. Carvick Webster (formerly of Prestwick, Ayrshire).

R. Webster, an orderly, was at Royaumont in 1916. It is some years since she visited England. She had several children and liked living in Australia. Some Royaumont members will remember her tall, graceful figure and pretty face.

#### From "The Times"

**HAYDON.**—On Dec. 30, 1958, suddenly, at Holmbys, Speldhurst, Kent, Susan Eleanor Haydon (Susan Richmond), wife of Dr. Leonard Haydon, T.D. Service at Speldhurst Parish Church, 10.15 a.m., Saturday, Jan. 3rd. No flowers please: donation to Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

#### MISS SUSAN RICHMOND

Miss Susan Richmond, the actress (Mrs. Leonard Haydon in private life), died recently at the age of 64.

She was the daughter of D. C. Richmond, C.B., and was educated at Wycombe Abbey. She studied for the stage with the Benson Company, and made her first appearance in London in 1913 in a Stage Society production of "The Brothers Karamazov." During the 1914-18 War she nursed in France and took part as well in Lena Ashwell's dramatic company at Abbeville. From 1919, when she joined the Birmingham Repertory Company, she had a series of engagements in the provinces—at Birmingham, with the Liverpool Repertory, touring with Mrs. Patrick Campbell or the Co-Optimists—and in the West End where she took such parts as Arabel in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and Mrs. Fairfax in "Jane Eyre." In 1925-26 she had an Australasian tour, and in 1943 she joined the B.B.C. repertory company. She was for 10 years co-director of the Webber-Douglas Dramatic School and from 1939 to 1948 was chief dramatic instructor at the Royal College of Music, and she was the author of "A Textbook of Stagecraft."

She married Dr. Leonard J. Haydon, T.D.

We have just heard of the death of Percival which took place on November 9th; she had been ill for some time. Percival was one of the Royaumont pioneers. She went out to the Abbey in 1914 as a chauffeur and by her intelligence and forceful energy was invaluable in the early days. Later her brother joined the Unit and eventually married Allen, then a kitchen orderly. Some years ago Percival lost one of her legs but characteristically carried on driving a car and helping in the farm.

## ACCOUNTS and NOTICES

## STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

1958		Payments	£ s. d.	1958		Receipts	£ s. d.
Mar. 11	Wembley Press	...	20 11 11	Jan. 1	Balance in Hand	...	88 1 3
	Postage	...	2 3		Interest for 1957	...	1 16 11
Mar. 19	Hon. Sec., Postage of News-letters	...	17 10		Subscriptions	...	8 0 6
	Hon. Sec., stamps	...	2 6				
Oct. 20	Printing New Cards	...	1 11 4				
Dec. 1	Donation to Luncheon Funds	...	2 6 6				
1958	Balance in Hand	...	72 12 10				
	<b>Total</b>		<b>£97 18 8</b>		<b>Total</b>		<b>£97 18 8</b>

C. V. McINTOSH, Hon. Treasurer.

## LUNCH ACCOUNT FOR 1958

		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
In Hand	...	2 9 8	Postage	...	16 2
Sale of tickets	...	6 18 0	Lunch	...	8 3 6
Donations	...	1 13 6			
Grant from Roy. Ass. Fund	...	2 0 0			
		<b>£13 1 2</b>			<b>£8 19 8</b>

From D. Carey Morgan In hand ... £4 1 6

ROYAUMONT ASSOCIATION EMERGENCY  
LOAN FUND

No calls have been made on the fund during 1958; so do let us hear of need this year whilst there is someone to deal with the kitty.

Balance in hand £277 0s. 2d.; interest (approximate) £6 5s.; total £283 5s. 2d.

R. MIDDLETON,  
Hon. Secretary.

We acknowledge with many thanks donations to the Royaumont Association from Miss Rose Morris, Miss Miller.

## CHANGES OF ADDRESS, 1959

"Large," Mrs. Wilson: The Moorings, Church Lane, Upper Beeding, Sussex.

Alison, Mrs.: 70, Queens Gate, London, S.W.7.

Staples, Miss N.: Boarhills, Ardnadam, Nr. Dunoon Argyll, Scotland.