

Inglis has been having 3 months' holiday at **Minchin's** villa at Ste. Maxime, on the Riviera, and is all the better for it. On her return she was asked by Miss Lena Ashwell to design and carry out a theatrical décor for the entrance of the Century Theatre, which is the home of the Lena Ashwell Players, the direct descendants of the Lena Ashwell Concert Parties of the War, and the parent organization of the various companies of Once-a-week Players. Subsequently, thanks to the remarks made in this column in our last issue about her readiness to undertake any kind of decoration, she has been asked by **Arthur's** Mother to undertake the entire decoration, from walls to carpets and hangings, from new bathrooms to small details of ornament, in her new house off Park Lane, which she is doing on a commission basis, employing for the painting the firm of Women Decorators Ltd., which she herself was invited to join could she have put some capital into it, when her late employer's firm was dissolved and some of the employees formed the new firm. The Association is very much indebted to Arthur for having acted so sportingly in the spirit of old comradeship which the Royaumont Association exists to maintain and deepen, and to Mrs. Arthur for her faith in an old Royaumontite's capabilities.

Violet Inglis, having made up her mind to remain there a year, recently resigned her post at the school where she had been acting as Art Mistress. Her successor resigned soon afterwards. She is hoping now to make a living by taking pupils and undertaking any kind of draughtsman's or artist-painter's work.

Miss Ivens, writing in May, explained how her Letter for the last issue never reached the Editor. "I must just write a line to say how sorry I was about the *News-Letter*. I was waiting to write until after I had been to Asnières, but alas! when I returned the *News-Letter* arrived, and I found that I was too late. I have had a splendid holiday and am feeling very fit,—and I feel I have seen an enormous amount which it will take years to absorb. I was grieved to hear of the death from embolism of poor **M. Delacoste's** nice nephew, and that **Mme. Beauregard**, sister of **Mme. Fox**, had jumped out of a window. Also the poor old **Curé** looks frightfully ill and I fear has something seriously wrong. Royaumont looked lovely, but rather sad, I thought. I was shown over the new propriété by **M. Delacoste**. It is Fred. Masson's old place and extremely nice—7000 books!—and a lovely garden. Kind messages to you all. I hope to go to Dundee for the 26th, though I feel rather selfish as I have been away so much." Your Editor stayed a few nights in Liverpool, first with Miss Ivens, then with **Miss Nicholson**, on her way back from Scotland. Miss Ivens told of the death of Marshal Fayolle while she was in France, and recalled how it was he who asked for us to be attached directly to the French Army. She had learned, too, of the death of Baron Jean de Neufize, of Coye, the banker, who was very kind to our Hospital. The Baroness, whom many will remember, died in 1926. Her daughter is the Countess of Bessborough.

Keil (Mrs. Neethling), writing in June from Transkei, sends "three snaps of my two Cubs, André Noel and Ian, in answer to the request in the *News-Letter*. André Noel has red curly hair and brown eyes, and Ian has brown hair and dark brown eyes. Although he is only 2½ years old, he is 3 ft. 3 ins. in height, and 38 ins. in chest, so he is a splendid young South African. I was glad to see the Hon. Treasurer enjoyed her visit to the Cape. I'm sure she'd revel in the glorious climate

if she was spared South-Easterns. We have wonderful scenery in these parts, but as it is Native Territory it is in no way progressive. Wishing the Association every success. . . ."

Members will be sorry to hear that last Spring **Dr. Octavia Lewin**, Mrs. Berry's sister, who visited us at Royaumont on more than one occasion, had a very bad motor smash when being driven by the young son of a friend. He swerved to avoid a dog, and ran into a lamppost, upsetting the car in Colchester. Dr. Lewin had serious head injuries and her elbow was badly smashed, and she had to spend some weeks in the Colchester Hospital, where we got news of her through **Dr. Estcourt-Oswald**. She was still confined to her bed when the editor visited her during the summer, and we understood that Dr. James Berry, who was looking after her, had insisted that she must undertake no medical work for six months.

Sister Lindsay, who was helping **Matron Winstanley** collect members for her Reunion in Dundee last May, has lately been at the Fernbrae Nursing Home herself as a patient, having worked too hard at private nursing. She was on the mend when last we heard of her, and we hope she is now restored to health.

Lindsay (Mrs. Hayward), writing to Tollit from South Australia last March, said how sorry she was to miss Grandage when in Adelaide. "I have just spent a month in Sydney where I saw **Dr. Dalyell**, and enjoyed a long talk with her." Cannot Lindsay persuade Dr. Dalyell to join the Association? It is tantalizing to hear of an old Royaumontite having met her, and yet to get no direct news of her—which we are longing to have.

Mackay is open to undertaking a translation from the French of any literary work of more than ephemeral value, so if any old Royaumontites have influence with publishers, here is their chance to do an old comrade a good turn.

Mme. Manoël, writing to Miss Ivens last March, quotes a verse sent to her for Christmas which the Médecin-Chef complained that she could not decipher. Here it is:

Le souvenir est un pain que l'on goûte
Quand les beaux jours, les festins ont cessés
Pain triste et doux que le temps sur sa route
Laisse pour nous au désert du Passé

But Dr. Manoël declares that she herself is happy and very busy, and looks forward to better times—for Rumania is still in the trough of the wave, having had a very difficult post-war period. She had just heard from **Miss Courtauld** from Constantinople. And she concludes: "J'espère toujours vous revoir une fois—à l'un des Diners de l'Association de Royaumont. Je vois quelquefois des communications scientifiques du **Dr. Weinberg** dans la *Presse Médicale*—assez rarement. C'est heureux que vous avez une bonne santé; Je vous la souhaite toujours. Moi, je suis bien aussi. Vous avez coupé vos cheveux? Mais, NON!" Mais oui! Dr. Manoël, and you may be the next!

Minchin, having let her flat for six months, has been revelling in the sunshine at Ste. Maxime, where more than one old Royaumontite has had the pleasure of holidaying with her. She will be back at Oakley Crescent after the winter. Incidentally, the Royaumont Association Committee has very much missed the hospitality of Minchin and Inglis for their meetings! It will be pleasant to have them back again.

Alison Nicholson, having had a job for a time on the Woman's Page staff of the *Morning Post*, has now

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

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

President: Miss Frances Ivens, M.S. (Lond.).

Vice-Presidents: Miss Ruth Nicholson, M.S., Miss Elizabeth Courtauld, M.D.

Chairman: Miss Elizabeth Courtauld, M.D.

Hon. Secretary: Mrs. Sanderson.

Hon. Treasurer: F. M. Tollit.

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

Editorial.

Ten Years

We rub our eyes when we think of it—ten years since the Royaumont Unit was disbanded! Fourteen years since it was incorporated. We have held together, as an Association, for a period more than twice as long as any of us served together in the War. So there is to be a special commemoration at this year's Reunion. A breathing-space, in which we take stock of what Royaumont was, how it came into being, and to whom we owe thanks for having made it possible for Royaumont to function. Instead of our having a single Guest of Honour this year there is to be a little group of honoured guests.

The Unit, by inviting those who officially and unofficially made things easier for us, is to pay those supporters and friends of ours a little compliment. We are to say to them, in effect: It is all a long time ago, but even after ten years of peace we have not forgotten what you did for us. Inevitably the Dinner will lose a fraction of its usual informality—but not more than a fraction, for *les huiles* are to be accommodated at the High Table and entertained by the doctors. After all, it will take more than the presence of our Guests to quench the ardour of 80 Royaumont tongues. We do not yet know how many of them will accept our invitation, but the following is the list of

those invited, kindly communicated to us by the President and Dinner Secretary:—

The French Ambassador, M. de Fleuriau	Mme. la Vicomtesse de la Panouse
Le Général et Mme. Des- coing	Major-General and Mrs. Clive
Lord and Lady Esher	The Hon. Maurice Brett and Miss Zena Dare
The Rev. A. S. and Mrs. Blunt	Henri and Simone Gouin (that was)
The Duchess of Atholl, M.P.	Mrs. Abbott
Mrs. Peacock, née Miss Kathleen Burke.	Mrs. Sam. Courtauld
Laurence Binyon	Gerald Campbell
Major Buchanan (of ours)	

And, by request of the rank and file of the unit,
Mr. & Mrs. Philip Wilkins and Professor Louise
MacIlroy.

All former Guests of Honour are asked to make a special effort to be present again on this occasion. And Royaumontites are requested by their fellow-members to make a special effort to appear in uniform. In any case, all members of the Unit are asked to wear a small label pinned to the right breast bearing the name and department of the wearer, thus: Anderson, Dispensary; Banks, Chauffeuse; Mackay, Bureau; Inglis, White Cap; Berry, X-Rays; Morgan, Vestiaire; Stables, Blue Cap; Wee Free, Doctor; Miss Todd, Matron; Sister Bedwell—and so on. All the above may consider that they were well-known characters, and do not require labels. But the fact is that we now get so many people of different years at the Dinners that there are always a few present who are entirely at sea as to the part played by 50 per cent. of the rest. Royaumontites are getting so polite in their old age that they sometimes sit next to a fellow-member for the whole evening without daring to betray their ignorance by asking, "What were you in the great Unit?" It would be so awkward if it happened to be an administrator or a matron! So long as we all preserved our uniform, that was a clue. But mufti makes ignoramus of us all, and who is to know the difference between a Sister and a Blue Cap, a house Orderly and a Doctor, when they all wear short hair, short skirts, and sleeveless garments, a complete disguise of their war-time and very different appearances? The evening is short, and it is natural that members who worked in the same Department in different years should

wish to compare notes. The labels will be a great help. It might be a good plan, also, to add the years during which the labelled one was at Royaumont or V.C., as: Disorderly, White Cap, 1914-19.

The V.C. Film

If Members think that their usual hilarity is going to be somewhat subdued by the presence of Brass Hats, "Generals," and "Committee" (we need hardly explain that neither of the terms within quotes had a literal acceptance), or that being labelled will confer a sense of undue responsibility upon them, we hasten to reassure them. There is to be an excellent antidote. No-one's dignity is likely to survive seeing herself as others saw us—eleven years ago! For at last, thanks to Minchin's efforts, we have succeeded in tracing the authorship of the V.C. film to the *Établissements Gaumont* in Paris. This firm agreed to do us a reprint on safety non-inflammable film at the rate of 5 francs a metre, and to give us complete liberty to show it whenever and wherever we liked, in public or in private, unofficially or for gain, without further payment. The actual cost was 717 francs for cost, packing and postage, plus £1 17s. 5d. for Customs duty chargeable under the Safeguarding Act. This sum (roughly about £8) Miss Ivens was kind enough to advance. We are therefore hoping to have the film shown at the Dinner. Mr. Alexander Keiller of Morven, Aberdeenshire, is kindly lending a projector, and we can hire an operator for one guinea. The decision lies with the company insuring the hotel. Miss Nicholson's plan of campaign is to usher us all back into the Reception Room when the toasts have been drunk, so that the Dining Room may be cleared and arranged for the cinema performance. This will take place at 9.45. When it is over, we shall be able to *circuler* with far greater freedom than at previous dinners, unembarrassed by anxious waiters trying to clear the tables. There will be a table for drinks and cigarettes at the end of the room. We intend to send round the hat to collect the money to repay Miss Ivens, after the film—unless sufficient special donations are received beforehand by post

(Williams has given us £3 towards it). We could not possibly have paid five guineas to Gaumont's English house for the use of a projector, and the services of an operator, for the ten minutes or so the film will take to show, which is the lowest fee this firm could offer to accept in the special circumstances, owing to its having so many charity claims on it at this season of the year.

War Relics and Tea at the Wellcome Museum

We are glad to be able to report that the project of an historical record of Royaumont and V.C. is now taking shape, and members are referred to the special invitation from the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum for Saturday afternoon, on p. 7, and to the Conservator's letter accepting our offer to organize an exhibit. This Museum, founded by Mr. Henry Wellcome, and inaugurated in 1913 by the late Sir Norman Moore, President of the Section of History of Medicine in the 18th International Congress of Medicine held in London during that year, and re-opened, after complete reorganization, by Sir Humphry Rolleston, in October, 1926, aims at illustrating the History of Medicine and Allied Sciences throughout the world from pre-historic times. The foundation is in perpetuity, and the Conservator is a well-known anthropologist. The collections are intended to record and illustrate the part played in human history by the arts of healing from the days of magic onwards, rather than to serve as an adjunct of medical training. It is pre-eminently a students' museum, and its scope is scientific rather than academic. It consists of a number of halls and rooms arranged under different sections, and it has a valuable library. Here the relics of Jenner and Lister have found a home—including a reconstructed portion of the "Lister Ward," with its equipment, demolished by the Glasgow Infirmary. Among the Sections are those of Primitive Medicine; Oriental, Greek, Roman, and Egyptian Medicine; Sections illustrating the evolution of Anatomy, of Dentistry, of Orthopædics, Obstetrics, Pharmacy, Surgical Instruments, etc., and others illustrating Alchemy, Astrology and Divination; an Anatomy Room, a Hall of Statuary, a Portrait Gallery, Personal and Historic Relics, and, last

but not least, a Section illustrating Medicine and Surgery in War. This Section contains much that will be of especial interest to Royaumontites, and it is felt that a visit to this department will help to kindle the imagination of members and inspire them with the idea of contributing, in however small a way, to our own future exhibit, which we shall hope to make representative of the work of a woman-staffed hospital in the war zone in time of War. For, let us not forget it, it will be on the historical records of the work of the Scottish Women's Hospitals that future generations will make up their minds whether such hospitals can really be *usefully* incorporated into Military Medical Services in wartime. Women's work will be judged, not by the bravery of the women and their readiness to face danger and death, but by its economic results—by the number of men their hospitals were able to restore to the effective forces, whether in the Army or in militarized industry, for a given number of days of hospitalization and for a given expenditure in money and in personnel. We do not boast when we claim that Royaumont, from this point of view, is in the unique position of having functioned uninterruptedly from 1914 until 1919, and hence of providing the only data that will be of any value to posterity as an example of consistent evolution and well-tested efficiency during an entire campaign.

Any members of the Unit who have relics that might help to illustrate our difficulties, our organization, or our actual work, are asked to communicate with Collum, Hon. Secretary of the Museum Exhibit Committee.

The Emergency Loan Fund

Members will be sorry to hear that we have had another call on this Fund, but, as in the first case already reported, they will feel very thankful that such a Fund exists. It is still well under £150, and we do not propose to harry people into immediate repayments. At the same time, each call on it will make it a little smaller, will bring us a little nearer the margin of danger in which we might have a serious emergency, and not sufficient capital with which to meet it. We still aim at collecting a sufficiently large sum to enable us to

invest the capital and use the interest only. At present we are simply using our capital. The capital would not be wasted, because, as has been pointed out so often, we could leave it, after all Royaumontites had passed away, for some living Memorial of our sojourn at Royaumont. The Scheme that appeals most to those who started the Fund is to endow a loan scholarship for girls living within the Canton of Luzarches, let us say, enabling one girl every three years to train as a hospital nurse or a midwife, such a "Bourse" could be administered by the Maires of Viarmes and Asnières, and could bear some name which would keep alive in the neighbourhood of the old Abbaye the ideals of treatment and nursing for which our Hospital stood, such as "Bourse Commémoratif des Dames Écossaises de Royaumont, Grand Guerre 1914-18." The loan would be repayable when the Scholar started earning. The Wellcome Museum will see to it that our work as a War Hospital is remembered. This Scholarship would perpetuate something else that we accomplished—genuine sympathy as between the Women of France and the British Women at Royaumont. It is on such friendships alone that lasting peace between neighbouring nations can be founded.

Our President's Letter

Liverpool, October 1st, 1928.

My dear Unit,

I must apologise for having failed to send in my contribution for our last *News-Letter*. My excuse is that I was far away in Bologna at the International Conference of Medical Women, with Miss Martindale, who motored me in her car through France, Switzerland and Northern Italy. We had splendid weather, and it was a glorious holiday.

The Scottish Reunion on May 26th was a most successful gathering, and Miss Winstanley eclipsed herself in making our visit enjoyable. I was very glad to have an opportunity of seeing Fernbrae, the beautiful Nursing Home which Miss Winstanley has arranged so perfectly, and to meet once more so many Scottish members of the Unit. Miss Winstanley on the following day took Miss Kemp and myself for a delightful run through the Trossachs. It was indeed a visit to be remembered.

My summer holiday was spent with Dr. Agnes Savill in the Dordogne and Auvergne. We stayed first at Domme, near Les Eyzies, the pre-historic capital, and visited several of the caves and rock shelters inhabited several hundreds of thousand years ago by our ancestors. It was startling to see the traces of their handiwork on the walls, marvellous drawings and paintings of prehistoric

animals showing wonderful purity of line. The Dordogne with its river, rocks and mediæval castles perched in inaccessible positions, and fascinating unspoilt little towns, dating from the middle ages, is full of interest and beauty.

After a visit to Mont Doré we returned by Paris, and I arranged to visit Asnières, as I was wondering how I should find M. le Curé, whose health had seemed to be failing when I saw him in the spring. M. Delacoste kindly sent a car for me, and I then learned that I had chanced on the very morning of the funeral of Royaumont's faithful aumônier. The car waited for me as we passed the Madeleine, and I bought roses and took them to the Presbytery where the relatives of M. le Curé were waiting. Among them was his sister, a sweet-faced nun from St. Germain-en-Laye. She seemed to be very pleased that I was there to represent the Hospital its aumônier had loved so dearly. It was an immense funeral, as the whole population of the district had turned out to show their respect and esteem to one who in the moment of danger had shown no fear, and who had spent himself to the utmost in bringing peace and comfort to the wounded soldiers of France. I left feeling that I, and all of us, had lost a most faithful and sympathetic friend.

Yours affectionately,

FRANCES IVENS.

Letter from the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum to the Hon. Secretary, Museum Sub-Committee

8th October, 1928.

54a, Wigmore St., W.1.

Dear Madam,

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of October 4th, and I have read the contents with great interest. We should be glad to take over the exhibit illustrating the work of the Scottish Women's Hospitals at Royaumont and Villers Cotterets during the War, and every care would be taken to preserve for all time such a valuable record in the history of medicine. This Museum is being developed along international lines, and we shall always be willing to care for a collection of this kind.

I should be very glad if you would kindly let me know when you are in London as I should like to arrange an interview with you. In the meantime I hope you will convey to the members of your Association our deep appreciation of their very generous offer.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) L. W. G. MALCOLM,

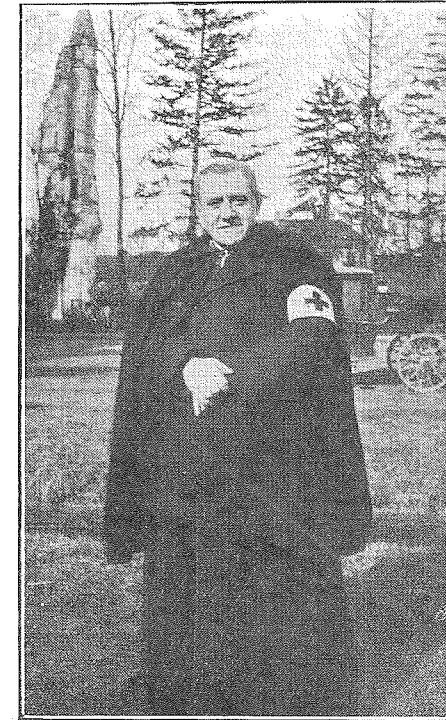
Conservator.

M. le Curé d'Asnières-sur-Oise.

On Tuesday, September 11th, Monsieur l'Abbé Rousselle, Curé of Asnières-sur-Oise, was laid to rest in the little cemetery where one of our number already sleeps. The service was taken by M. le Chanoine Foucher, vicaire général, who pronounced the absolution. The Mayor and Municipal Councillors, the local Company of Sapeurs-Pompiers, and a delegation from the Société de Secours Mutuels attended officially. The choir and the Curé designate took part in the service, which was attended, in the words of the local newspaper, by the "entire population" which desired to bear witness to the gratitude felt towards a pastor who had devoted himself completely to his parish for thirty years; one who, during the War, remained at his post on the approach of the enemy and arranged for the *ravitaillement* of such inhabitants as could not get away when the village was evacuated by its mayor and its able-bodied male population, and who was known to have worn himself out in his devotion to the wounded at Royaumont throughout the long years of the War, frequently denying himself necessities such as food and coal that he might, by such economies, have more to spend on cigarettes and comforts for the wounded soldiers. He was awarded the Médaille de la Reconnaissance Française, and he was also the recipient of the Scottish Women's Hospitals' bronze medal for length of service. Long will his memory remain green in Asnières.

Nothing, perhaps, could prove a greater wrench to Royaumont's memories of the past than our loss, this summer, of our faithful Aumônier, M. l'Abbé Rousselle, Curé d'Asnières-sur-Oise for so many years, about which our President speaks in her letter to the Unit. This simple and unselfish old man at once established his influence over the blessed by his practical Christianity. He never considered himself, and he made no difference in

[Note.—The cost of the block on this page has kindly been defrayed by Miss Loudon. We believe the photograph to have been taken by the late Dr. M. E. Wilson, but if anyone else claims its authorship, we tender them our acknowledgments with apologies.—(Editor.)]



M. L'ABBÉ ROUSSELLE,
Curé d'Asnières-sur-Oise, Aumônier de Royaumont, 1914-19.

his attitude to wounded men who were theoretically anti-clericals, with the result that he disarmed them immediately and they soon came to love the kindly old compatriot whom they all respected from the first. His attitude to ourselves was equally catholic. He never thought of us as outside the Church to which he belonged. He loved us because we were doing our best to heal and comfort the wounded soldiers of France. Our little Post-woman, who died of typhoid in 1917, told me a characteristic story of him. She was telling me about the anxious time when the Germans were advancing on Paris in 1914, when the Mayor of the Commune had fled with many of the inhabitants of Asnières, appalled by the happenings at Senlis, and when M. le Curé had quietly assumed the functions of Maire, and, with Mlle. Baignières, awaited the invaders daily at the boundary of the parish in the hope of saving the villagers from the horrors that had overtaken the citizens of Senlis. I will quote her words as I wrote them down at the time.

"We were all mute with sorrow, for we all believed that Paris would be taken. One evening M. le Curé returned from his post at the cross-roads with Mlle. Baignières to say that they had heard rifle-shots out there"—she pointed to the fields between the Oise and the Abbaye—"on the plain—an affair of patrols. I felt it was the end. Tomorrow the Germans must reach our village. I was

quite sure that they would kill me, but I dared not tell my father, who lay dying upstairs. I think he read my thoughts for his eyes were full of agony. He suffered intense humiliation, this old veteran of '70, in the thought that Paris must fall—a second time. M. le Curé was in the house, and I thought I had better confess. But—another thought came into my mind. Were not thousands of our dear soldiers dying unconfessed? Yet surely they died shriven, for they died for la Patrie! And if I died thus, by my father's side, would it not be the same for me? So I asked M. le Curé, and he said: 'My daughter, it will be as you say.' So I made my peace with le bon Dieu myself, and awaited death." Mlle. Louise was doubtless thinking of a domestic

event in her past life which the Church would certainly hold to be a sin, a sin about which the Curé knew all that there was to be known. This broadmindedness, coupled with his charity and courage, was what endeared him so greatly to all who came in contact with him. I cannot do better, perhaps, than continue the story of that dark hour in the postwoman's words:—

"Dawn came, and M. le Curé and Mlle. Baignières, as all thought, walked out to the cross-roads beyond the village for the last time. Would they save the village, or would the Germans treat them as M. Odent, the Mayor of Senlis, was treated? It was dreadful to see them go, an old white-haired man and a tall white-haired lady, walking with a cane—and yet—Oh! it was fine!"

Those who came late to Royaumont cannot realise, I expect, the impression created in the neighbouring communes by the martyrdom of Senlis when the Rue de la République and neighbouring streets were deliberately and systematically burned down. It was said that the Germans gave the order to burn the entire town, but that the entreaties of the curé of Senlis availed in procuring a delay that resulted in the Cathedral and the remainder of the town being spared. M. Odent, the mayor, had wisely counselled submission, to the citizens, when the Germans entered the town on September 2nd, and had himself spent the day at the Mairie. He spoke honestly enough when he told the German commander that the French troops had departed. When the concealed French rearguard fired on the Germans as they marched in, the Germans believed—or affected to believe—that it was the civilians who had ambushed them. Their revenge was terrible—civilians were marched at the head of the German troops as a screen from the fire of the retreating French. In this way many were wounded, and two youths, Jules Levasseur and Georges Lemayrie, were killed. But M. Odent, the mayor, was led away to Chamant and, with six of his fellow citizens seized at random in the streets, was shot. You must all have visited the field where a cross marks the place where his executors buried him.

"What a day that was—what suspense!" continued the Postwoman. "No more refugees came through, no more troops—only a straggler now and then. And in the evening M. Denain, mayor of Viarmes, came to tell M. le Curé that the Commandant had had marching orders which neither of them comprehended—for the troops were not to retire on Paris after all, but to swing across to Meaux. So the troops went, and we were left alone, and the sound of the guns crept further and further away. Gradually it dawned on us that a miracle had happened. For the Germans, after a week's occupation and a week's burning and pillaging, had evacuated Senlis, evacuated Creil, and their patrols had been withdrawn from the woods

and from Chantilly. The menace to our own little village was removed—and we all felt very tired. Then came the glorious news of the victory of the Marne. . . ."

Those who were present when the Royaumont Memorial was unveiled on April 30th, 1922, at the cross-roads where M. l'Abbé Rousselle waited to confront the invader—our Memorial which bears the inscription: "Le 4 Septembre, 1914, l'ennemi est venu jusqu'ici. La victoire de la Marne l'a empêché d'aller plus loin"—will remember that M. Denain on that occasion decorated the Curé with the Médaille de la Reconnaissance Française. The citation (dated 5th May, 1920) ran: "Aumônier de l'hôpital auxiliaire 301 de Royaumont, Seine-et-Oise, n'a cessé, pendant quatre ans, de se consacrer aux blessés de cette formation avec le plus entier dévouement, se rendant presque quotidiennement, de jour et de nuit, à cette ambulance de 3 kilomètres de sa résidence. A eu une très belle attitude au cours de l'occupation par les Allemands, en 1914, de cette commune, où il a fait les fonctions de maire." Some of you may not know that it fell to the Acting-Mayor to inform the French Commander when it transpired that some Uhlans had been kept in hiding at the Abbaye for a whole week by the connivance of one of the lodge-keepers—who suffered the penalty of his treachery.

No wonder that, as Miss Ivens tells, his funeral was followed by the entire countryside. One cannot help but feel extraordinarily grateful that our Médecin-Chef's uncanny flair for being in the right place at the psychological moment prompted her to time her visit to Asnières and its Curé on the very morning on which he was laid to rest. We all would have wished her to be there, representing us. The Curé himself would have been well pleased to know that the living embodiment of his beloved Hospital followed him on this his last earthly journey, and took farewell of him at the end of his day's work.

I had intended to suggest in this issue that Royaumont should add to its Memorial a special memorial inscription to Royaumont's Aumônier. Miss Ivens has forestalled me. She knew instinctively what we should wish. Cicely Hamilton has been entrusted with the wording of the inscription—which might well make allusion to the Curé's "belle attitude" in September, 1914, as he waited at this cross-roads to face the enemy and protect his fellow citizens. When the inscription is cut we should like to assemble once more at that cross-roads and pay our respects to our cheery, kind old friend who was in every way "one of ours." Perhaps we could arrange a Reunion at Royaumont for this purpose during the coming summer holidays?

V. C. C. C.

Annual General Meeting

The sixth annual general meeting of the Royaumont and Villers Cotterets Association of the Scottish Women's Hospitals will be held at our Headquarters' address, 70, Victoria St., S.W.1. (in the rooms of the Pioneer Institute), at 11 a.m. on Saturday, December 1st. The principal business before the Meeting will be the announcement that the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum has accepted with alacrity the offer of the Association to collaborate with the Conservator in staging and placing on record an historical exhibit and documentary data dealing with the war work of the Royaumont and Villers Cotterets Unit in order that future ages may have before them historic evidence of the part played in Military Medical Services by a women-staffed hospital in a war zone in time of war. The position of the Emergency Loan Fund, the Royaumont Bed in the Liverpool Maternity Hospital, and the Association's finances will also come under review. And suggestions will be considered in connection with the Association's Memorial to its late Aumônier.

Tenth Annual Dinner

The Dinner will be held on Saturday, December 1st, 1928, at the Hotel Belgravia, Grosvenor Gardens, near Victoria. Tickets, 7s. 6d., on application from the Dinner Secretary, 45, Rodney St., Liverpool.

RUTH NICHOLSON.

Invitation to Visit the Wellcome Museum

The Director of the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum at 54a, Wigmore St., W.1, has kindly invited Members of the Association to visit the Museum at 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, December 1st, when the Conservator will conduct the party over the War Department, give a brief address on the aim and ideals of the Museum, and entertain our Members to an early tea. A formal invitation is being enclosed with each Dinner Ticket ordered, and those who can accept are asked to reply to Collum before November 28th, in order that the Museum may know how many to prepare for. The Conservator asks us to say that he will be delighted if Members will treat the invitation as one to an informal reunion where old friends may meet and talk together with greater freedom than at a Dinner.

Annual Tea-Party for Visiting Members

This year Grandage has very kindly suggested that the Annual Tea-Party on Sunday should take place at her Club, to which she invites all old Royaumontites as her guests. The Forum Club, 6, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1 (4-6 p.m.).

Our Annual Wreath

Our chaplet of laurels, with Haig poppies and Scottish thistles, has been sent to M. Delacoste. This year, instead of the Curé placing it for us, we have included him in our remembrance. The wording on the chaplet was:

Soldats morts pour la France
Camarades épuisées par vos ministrations
ardueuses
Cher Aumônier, ton œuvre enfin terminé
Les Dames Écossaises de Royaumont,
Réunies pour la dixième fois,
Ne vous oubliez pas.

Royaumont Association of the 30 Nov. 1928.
Scottish Women's Hospitals.
70, Victoria St., London, S.W.1.

Hospitality

Any member who can offer hospitality to visiting members for the Reunion week-end are asked to communicate at once with the Hon. Secretary (Mrs. Sanderson, Tyndrum, Bailey's Hill, Sevenoaks). Will those who would like to receive hospitality also write to her?

Scottish Reunion at Dundee

A delightful gathering of Scottish Royaumontites was held at Miss Winstanley's Nursing Home in Dundee, on May 26th. The weather was ideal, and the gardens and grounds looked lovely in their fresh summer dress, and, I may add, so did the guests in theirs! The latter came from a wide radius, Mrs. Hacon and Dr. Ross from the North—the former had to travel overnight—Sister Robbie and Sister Flett, whose first appearance it was at a Reunion, and we hope it won't be their last; while "The Committee" was represented by Miss Kemp. Last, but by no means least, was our Médecin-Chef from over the Border.

Twenty-two sat down to lunch provided by Miss Winstanley. The table was most beautifully decorated with flowers, which were afterwards made into a bouquet and taken to the Scottish National War Memorial at Edinburgh Castle, a card tied with Gordon tartan ribbon being attached: "From a Gathering of S.W.H., Royaumont Unit, in memory of Dr. Mary Wilson and Sister Mary Gray."

Mackay in a very witty speech proposed the health of Miss Ivens, who in her reply gave us an account of a recent visit to Royaumont, with news of the Curé, M. Delacoste, and many other old friends. Miss Loudon proposed the toast of Miss Winstanley, thanking her for her very kind hospitality. After the latter had replied we all adjourned for a tour of this most beautifully

equipped Home. It almost made one feel that it might be delightful being ill in such surroundings!

Before leaving, we had tea in the Summer Parlour, which in a former state of existence was a conservatory. Everyone agreed that this had been one of our most enjoyable Scottish Reunions.

M. A. GRAY,

Hon. Secretary, Scotland Group of the Association.

Special Notice to Members in Scotland

Miss Gray asks us to remind Members who would like to attend the Reunion in London that the L.M.S. Rly. Co. now issues a week-end ticket from Edinburgh available from any hour on the Friday until Tuesday night for £3. 6s. Od., and that allows the holder to return on Saturday, Sunday or Monday. She has obtained a promise of the same price for a ticket available for three days in the middle of the week if a minimum number of 12 passengers travel together. In any case she can obtain a reserved carriage or carriages for a Royaumont party if they will let her know of their intention to travel, before November 18th. Miss Gray's address is 11, Traquair Park West, Corstorphine. In this way Members from Scotland could have a little preliminary Reunion of their own en route for the South.

Subscriptions

The Hon. Treasurer reminds members that subscriptions for 1928-9 were due on October 1st. She is sorry to have to rub it in, but the dole mentality seems to be spreading even to such an independent lot of people as old Royaumontites, for no less than thirty-two of our members have enjoyed the privileges of the Association for the year 1927-8 without troubling to pay for them, while there are four incorrigibles who also are in the Association's debt for 1926-7. Those who find it difficult to remember to pay their subscriptions despite the reminder of the Association's existence which comes to them twice a year in the shape of the *News-Letter*, once more have their attention drawn to the compounded subscription—15s. for five years, with a postal reminder at the end of the period. So many members who pay up, pay more than the minimum half-a-crown, that the Association would lose if it accepted an advance subscription for five years at the minimum rate. Members, therefore, are charged double for this concession to their bad memories! They will not grumble, for they must know very well that we could not possibly carry on, giving them two big *News-Letters* in the year, if our income was really limited to half-a-crown per head. It is merely fixed at that sum in order that no old Royaumontite, however hard up, need remain outside the Association on account of the

cost of a subscription. Some who cannot give in money can give much in voluntary help. To all those who have helped in the past the Association's thanks is tendered.

New Addresses and * New Members

We welcome a very early Royaumontite as our only new member, in Mary Morrison.

Armstrong and Ashton, (Temporarily) c/o Commercial Banking Co. of Sydney, Birchin Lane, E.C. 3.

Sister Clarissa Bedwell, (Temporarily) 35 Henley Rd., Ipswich.

Bond (Mrs. Kerill), Shaw Hill House, Whittle-le-Woods, Nr. Chorley, Lancs.

T. B. A. Butler, Derryvore, New Milton, Hants.

Day (Brother's house), 42 Winn Rd., Southampton.

Inglis, and **Y. Inglis** (After the Dinner), 36 Oakley Crescent, S.W. 3.

Mary Morrison (Mrs. Frank Philp)*, Lysite, Wyoming, U.S.A.

Nicoll (Mrs. Butler), 17 Windsor St., Dundee.

Alison Nicholson, (Home) Ashgill, Clayton Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

F. B. Simms, (Home) Abbotsfield, Exhall, Alcester, Warwick.

Smeal, (Temporarily) Ter Nood, Maison de Cure, Overysse, Belgium.

Sister Janet Williams (Mrs. Le Boutillier), 83 Heythorp St., Southfields, S.W. 18.

The Secretary begs all Members to keep her informed of any change of address. Unless addresses are kept up to date the Association's Letter Forwarding Service cannot function. Where addresses are likely to alter between two issues of the *News-Letter* some address from which letters will be forwarded should be given.

Volume I Completed

This double number completes Vol. I of the *News-Letter*. We remind members that spring-back self-binders in cloth with the journal's name in gold lettering can be had, post free, for 3/6 on application to the Editor, provided at least one dozen orders are received. Back numbers can still be had from the Hon. Secretary at 6d. each, post free.

From Far and Near

Big Anderson and Alison Anderson (Mrs. Blood) and her children are returning from Ceylon next May, Captain Blood's leave being due then.

Armstrong and Ashton have decided not to go back to Australia till next April.

Sister Bedwell hopes to be at the Dinner. She has been working most of the year at a private Nursing Home at Ipswich, where, in October, she had as a patient a friend of **Berry's**.

Bond (Mrs. Kerill) also hopes to be at the Dinner. Her babies are getting quite big; John is 7, Ruth 5, and Martin 2 years old.

Cranage (now a fully qualified doctor with the diploma of the Tropical School of Medicine) has been accepted for service in Kenya with the Church Missionary Society, and is now waiting to sail. We wish her all success in her new life.

Creswell wrote in May from Belfast that she found the *News-Letter* "unusually interesting this time particularly for the unlucky ones who could not be present at the Dinner." Can she not make an effort to be a "lucky" one this year? We should all be so glad to see her.

Miss Zena Dare has been contributing reminiscences to some paper (**Big Murray**, who sent the cutting, committed the unpardonable sin, from an Editor's point of view, of neither noting the journal's name nor date!), in which she remarked: "Yet the deepest impression that remains with me of those journeyings of mine in the war zone was my visit to Royaumont. Here in the old Abbey, built by Louis IX, was a hospital run entirely by women from Scotland. There was only one man, a French electrician, in the place. The rooms and cloisters were lined with between four and five hundred beds, containing French wounded, and every detail of the hospital was attended to by women. Miss Ivens, the head of the hospital, performed most of the operations herself. Many of the patients at the time of my visit were French black troops, Senegalese—pathetic creatures, who did not seem to understand why they were there or why they had been maimed, yet they were so patient and docile, checking in a moment any attempt by one of their number to misbehave, though doing queer things sometimes in their ignorance and pain. I remember a nurse telling me how one day she found one of them sitting on the floor stark naked, having torn off all his clothes and bandages in a paroxysm of pain. Tears were streaming from his eyes, and he was as helpless as a babe. That visit I shall never forget, nor can anything ever diminish my admiration for those splendid women." Unfortunately Miss Zena Dare is out of England for six months and will not be able to accept the invitation to this 10th Dinner, to which Lord and Lady Esher and their son, her husband, the Hon. Maurice Brett, have also been invited.

Davidson's letter of May last is one of those little things that gives your editor inspiration to go on working at the *News-Letter*, for though she supposes it is appreciated, it is nice sometimes when people take the trouble to tell her so. "The *News-Letter* was a welcome breath from Royaumont. It is delightful to have news of so many old friends and this letter keeps us of the Far North in some sort of touch with the other members. Many thanks to you on my own behalf for all your trouble and effort. . . . I should dearly love to see the Médecin-Chef again at the Dundee Reunion but fear it is impossible for me to get away." In her September letter she says: "I wish I could attend the Reunion sometimes, but it is hardly possible when one lives so far away. I got all the news of the meeting in Dundee from Mrs. Robichaud. It must have been like old times. I spent a very quiet holiday this year at Peebles and met **Ramsay** there. . . . she showed me all her maps and souvenirs. I felt as if I had been back in Royaumont for the afternoon, the old scenes came back so vividly and all our merry-makings and friendships. . . . I am hoping to go again to Canada for my summer holiday next year. Best of luck to the *News-Letter*!"

Day's old home in Southampton has been sold and at present she is moving about. Please note her

brother's address, under "New Addresses," which will always find her.

M. Delacoste, writing on 8th Nov. says, in reply to a suggestion that we might be able to arrange a reunion at Royaumont: "Rien ne nous sera plus agréable que de revoir les 'Anciennes de Royaumont' à Asnières et Viarmes—et vous pouvez compter sur le concours de la population pour vous accueillir de son mieux, comme vous le méritez. Pour le musée historique de la Médecine, c'est un peu tard pour retrouver les autos. . . . Cependant si je peux retrouver un souvenir intéressant, je ne manquerai pas de vous en informer. Je vous remercie de votre bon souvenir pour mon neveu—c'est une catastrophe pour moi, car il était mon élève, et j'en étais fier. Et je pourrais en être fier, car il aurait été un industriel de progrès. Je penserais à l'Hôpital de Royaumont le 1re Décembre. Je me remémorais cette soirée 'inoubliable' à Belgravia où j'ai été si bien accueilli. Je serais de cœur avec la réunion. Donnez my kindest regards to Miss Merrylees, to Miss Inglis, et croyez moi Yours truly G. Delacoste." The Association grieves for its kind friend's loss in the nephew whom most of us knew and who was to M. Delacoste as his own son.

Figgis, writing from Australia to **Tollit**, in June, says: "The welcome *News-Letter* tells me you have returned from your interesting travels in S. Africa and reminds me that subscriptions are due. All the old Royaumontites seem to be full of good works, and I do like reading all their news. It was jolly seeing **Grandage** and we were sorry not to be able to see more of her. I was so sorry not to see **Tozer**—she rang up about a month ago when I was away in the hills with my Mother, getting rid of the effects of some germ. When I returned she was on her home journey. **McKendrick**, a member of Sallanches and Vranje Units, had a very good trip in S. Africa a few years ago, too, and **Sister Dickson**, another from Sallanches, is out in Zululand nursing. Melbourne is just now beginning to build her Shrine of Remembrance—rather like a copy of Solomon's temple. On Anzac Day we had a very fine march of returned men; it is one of the sights of the year here. First come the couchés (cot-cases they are called), and les aveugles de la guerre driving with Army sisters, and then follow thousands of troops mostly in mufti as uniforms are either worn-out or out-grown. They all march past Parliament House where the Cenotaph stands, and this they salute together with the Governor-General and Governor. It is inspiring and solemn and well organized. Last month a French boy, whom the Australian Air Force had adopted as a mascot, was killed in an accident. He was found wandering about in France, his entire family being killed, and after staying a while with various regiments he finally adopted the A.F.C. or rather they adopted him, and after the Armistice smuggled him out of France with difficulty. They got him out here and kept him and he finally became an air mechanic, being 18 years old when unfortunately he met with this sad accident. The poor little chap was twice wounded by German bullets during his wanderings, and they gave him the nearest thing to a soldier's funeral with full military honours. Kindest regards and greetings to all who remember me."

We commend **Findlay's** (Mrs. Mitchell) example to all other Royaumontites who are married. She writes to the Hon. Treasurer: "Please find enclosed cheque. . . . it includes my next year's subscription, and one guinea from Pete, my elder Cub, for the Emergency Fund, and one guinea from Hamish for the Royaumont

Bed. You see I've taken the hint in the *News-Letter* and paid my fine! I am sending photos soon." Bravo Findlay—Many Happy Returns, and Many of Them!

Fulton (Mrs. Loring), not being quite sure about her subscription, sends a cheque to the Hon. Treasurer, remarking: "if my subscription is not due, put the money to any use you wish. I expect the *News-Letter* can always do with a little—I do enjoy getting them so. I think the Committee is wonderful for keeping it up. It must be hard work to collect people and news." (It is! The single-handed "Committee" who edits the *News-Letter* thinks herself especially hard worked! She agrees that the *News-Letter* can always do with a bit—both in the money and in the news line.) Fulton continues: "I have just come back from Florida, and had a very good winter with lots of golf and bathing. I drove down and back this year; it is over 1200 miles, but the roads are good, and you can always arrange to find a town with a good hotel to stay in. I really enjoyed the trip. I wonder if you ever hear anything of **Glossop**. The last time I was out in New Zealand she was to arrive there about the time I sailed. I wrote to her but never even heard if she went out there. I am thinking of going out this fall but don't know if it will come off. Is **Smeal** still in France, do you know?" This letter was written in April, so Fulton will since have read news of Glossop in Grandage's letter in our April number. Perhaps it may interest her to know that when **Collum's** cousin Marjory Butler (née Ellis) was in England last year they discovered that she and Fulton were very old friends. Collum always remembers her first glimpse of Fulton at Victoria station, when she was seeing **Alison Anderson** off to Royaumont—neither knew the other was bound there till they arrived. Fulton looked extremely demure. This look lasted until Fulton quitted us. In the jargon of the theatre—"the rôle was well sustained"! We all think it time she came to England and to a Reunion again.

Graham, writing from Nice in May, tells of an interesting rencontre. "I have been here—Hôtel d'Angleterre—all Winter. During March, while the King of Sweden was staying at this hotel, I spoke to one of the policemen on guard at the door and discovered that he spent a few days in the S. W. Hospital at Villers-Cotterets in May, 1918. If I should get into any trouble while driving here I have a staunch friend in him, for he has a very soft spot in his heart for all members of the S.W.H. and has told all his colleagues about meeting me. I am always glad to receive the *News-Letter*, and read it through many times. All good wishes. . . ." What a pity she did not ask the policeman's name; some of the V.C. people might have remembered him.

Miss Gray has seen **Tollit**, **Grandage**, and **Collum** in Edinburgh this October. Your editor had 3 nights there (with **Miss Kemp**) on her way home from Aberdeenshire, where she had been paying a week's flying visit to the Megalithic Circles of that county as a guest of a Scottish archaeologist. **Disorderly's** little house was looking sweet with its autumn flowers, and we had a long, long talk about Royaumont and her visit there, this summer, with her nieces. She must have been the last of us to have seen our dear old Aumônier, the **Abbé Rousselle**, alive. She saw many other old friends, too. Writing in August of her visit, she said: "I lunched one day with **M. Delacoste**. He took us over his charming new house, Le Clos des Fées. It formerly belonged to Frédéric Masson. M. le Curé is getting very frail. His room is full of Royaumont mementoes, and he has a basket

made by one of the blessés filled with postcards and letters from his 'chères Misses.' M. et Madame 'Poste' were so pleased to get news of everyone. We stayed 4 days at the Cheval Blanc, and Madame was so kind to us. She gave us roots of flowers from her garden to take home, and I'm glad to say they are thriving in my garden splendidly. M. Delacoste sent his car one day and we motored to Chantilly, where we spent the day. As we were walking down the street, who should pass but "**Whiskers**"! She has her home there now. She wished us to go to her house and have coffee, but we didn't accept her invitation. Perhaps it was a pity we didn't as I'm sure I would have seen many little bits of Royaumont! The dear old Abbaye looked so sweet, but, I thought, very sad and pathetic. When I went into the Cloisters I wanted to cry. We paid 3 francs to get in, and the woman wanted to show us round, but I asked if we could not go by ourselves, as that would have been the last straw. . . . Little **Sinclair** was here to tea yesterday; she has just lost her Aunt with whom she stayed."

Mrs. Hacon (Mrs. Robichaud) wrote on May 30th: "While I have the impression fresh, I am sending you this line to tell you what a wonderful day Saturday was, when the Scots met in **Matron's** beautiful Home in Dundee. **Miss Ivens**, **Miss Kemp**, **Dr. Ross**, **Miss Loudon**, **Sister Lindsay**, **Disorderly** and the others—I think 25 in all, not one looking a day older. When **Mackay** got up to propose the Chief's health, spoke in her inimitable way, it was pure joy—we were back in Royaumont at the 'Do's,' official and unofficial. **Miss Ivens** gave us a splendid account of Royaumont as she found it recently, and gave us news of old friends there. I was commissioned to take the lovely flowers, **Clarkea** and **Smilax**, that had decorated the table and room to the War Memorial in Edinburgh. We each received a buttonhole of **Forgetmenots**; mine will go with me, I hope, wherever I go. **Matron's** Home is in a beautiful situation on the outskirts of Dundee, with a garden full of blossoming trees and lovely old-world flower beds and parterres. We had tea in a pavilion in the garden, after an inspection of the whole buildings. Even to my unprofessional eyes it seemed to be the swishiest thing in Nursing Homes, everything is perfectly arranged and up-to-date. There is, in addition, something to please the artist's eye wherever one looked. All is quiet beauty and harmony. I can imagine it would be half the cure, if one were there for treatment. I hope one of the others will tell you of the technical side of it. I am sure the different apparatus for special treatments are 'it,' but I don't know enough to say, and had better stop!" In a letter to **Tollit** in September, **Mrs. Hacon** adds: "In August, one day, **Mary Morrison**, one of the early Cooks at Royaumont, looked me up and we had a delightful little re-union on our own, recalling all the jolly times and otherwise. She was home on holiday from the United States, where she now lives. I insisted on her becoming a member of the Association! With Greetings and all good wishes from Mother Hacon."

Dr. Heyworth, those will be interested to hear who were at Royaumont during very early days, was married on October 15th to **Dr. Haynes**, the Bishop of Fochow. It will be remembered that she left us to go as a medical missionary to China. She has been at home, we learn, for a considerable period, owing to the ill-health of one of her parents. Now she will be returning to China. We wish her all happiness and continued success in her vocation.

Inglis has been having 3 months' holiday at **Minchin's** villa at Ste. Maxime, on the Riviera, and is all the better for it. On her return she was asked by **Miss Lena Ashwell** to design and carry out a theatrical décor for the entrance of the Century Theatre, which is the home of the **Lena Ashwell Players**, the direct descendants of the **Lena Ashwell Concert Parties of the War**, and the parent organization of the various companies of **Once-a-week Players**. Subsequently, thanks to the remarks made in this column in our last issue about her readiness to undertake any kind of decoration, she has been asked by **Arthur's** Mother to undertake the entire decoration, from walls to carpets and hangings, from new bathrooms to small details of ornament, in her new house off Park Lane, which she is doing on a commission basis, employing for the painting the firm of **Women Decorators Ltd.**, which she herself was invited to join could she have put some capital into it, when her late employer's firm was dissolved and some of the employees formed the new firm. The Association is very much indebted to Arthur for having acted so sportingly in the spirit of old comradeship which the Royaumont Association exists to maintain and deepen, and to **Mrs. Arthur** for her faith in an old Royaumontite's capabilities.

Violet Inglis, having made up her mind to remain there a year, recently resigned her post at the school where she had been acting as Art Mistress. Her successor resigned soon afterwards. She is hoping now to make a living by taking pupils and undertaking any kind of draughtsman's or artist-painter's work.

Miss Ivens, writing in May, explained how her Letter for the last issue never reached the Editor. "I must just write a line to say how sorry I was about the *News-Letter*. I was waiting to write until after I had been to **Asnières**, but alas! when I returned the *News-Letter* arrived, and I found that I was too late. I have had a splendid holiday and am feeling very fit,—and I feel I have seen an enormous amount which it will take years to absorb. I was grieved to hear of the death from embolism of poor **M. Delacoste's** nice nephew, and that **Mme. Beaurégard**, sister of **Mme. Fox**, had jumped out of a window. Also the poor old **Curé** looks frightfully ill and I fear has something seriously wrong. Royaumont looked lovely, but rather sad, I thought. I was shown over the new propriété by **M. Delacoste**. It is **Fred. Masson's** old place and extremely nice—7000 books!—and a lovely garden. Kind messages to you all. I hope to go to Dundee for the 26th, though I feel rather selfish as I have been away so much." Your Editor stayed a few nights in Liverpool, first with **Miss Ivens**, then with **Miss Nicholson**, on her way back from Scotland. **Miss Ivens** told of the death of **Marshal Fayolle** while she was in France, and recalled how it was he who asked for us to be attached directly to the French Army. She had learned, too, of the death of **Baron Jean de Neufville**, of **Coye**, the banker, who was very kind to our Hospital. The Baroness, whom many will remember, died in 1926. Her daughter is the Countess of **Bessborough**.

Keil (Mrs. Neethling), writing in June from Transkei, sends "three snaps of my two Cubs, **André Noel** and **Ian**, in answer to the request in the *News-Letter*. **André Noel** has red curly hair and brown eyes, and **Ian** has brown hair and dark brown eyes. Although he is only 2½ years old, he is 3 ft. 3 ins. in height, and 38 ins. in chest, so he is a splendid young South African. I was glad to see the Hon. Treasurer enjoyed her visit to the Cape. I'm sure she'd revel in the glorious climate

if she was spared South-Easterns. We have wonderful scenery in these parts, but as it is Native Territory it is in no way progressive. Wishing the Association every success. . . ."

Members will be sorry to hear that last Spring **Dr. Octavia Lewin**, Mrs. Berry's sister, who visited us at Royaumont on more than one occasion, had a very bad motor smash when being driven by the young son of a friend. He swerved to avoid a dog, and ran into a lamppost, upsetting the car in Colchester. **Dr. Lewin** had serious head injuries and her elbow was badly smashed, and she had to spend some weeks in the Colchester Hospital, where we got news of her through **Dr. Estcourt-Oswald**. She was still confined to her bed when the editor visited her during the summer, and we understood that **Dr. James Berry**, who was looking after her, had insisted that she must undertake no medical work for six months.

Sister Lindsay, who was helping **Matron Winstanley** collect members for her Reunion in Dundee last May, has lately been at the Fernbrae Nursing Home herself as a patient, having worked too hard at private nursing. She was on the mend when last we heard of her, and we hope she is now restored to health.

Lindsay (Mrs. Hayward), writing to **Tollit** from South Australia last March, said how sorry she was to miss Grandage when in Adelaide. "I have just spent a month in Sydney where I saw **Dr. Dalyell**, and enjoyed a long talk with her." Cannot **Lindsay** persuade **Dr. Dalyell** to join the Association? It is tantalizing to hear of an old Royaumontite having met her, and yet to get no direct news of her—which we are longing to have.

Mackay is open to undertaking a translation from the French of any literary work of more than ephemeral value, so if any old Royaumontites have influence with publishers, here is their chance to do an old comrade a good turn.

Mme. Manoël, writing to **Miss Ivens** last March, quotes a verse sent to her for Christmas which the Médecin-Chef complained that she could not decipher. Here it is:

Le souvenir est un pain que l'on goûte
Quand les beaux jours, les festins ont cessés
Pain triste et doux que le temps sur sa route
Laisse pour nous au désert du Passé

But **Dr. Manoël** declares that she herself is happy and very busy, and looks forward to better times—for Rumania is still in the trough of the wave, having had a very difficult post-war period. She had just heard from **Miss Courtauld** from Constantinople. And she concludes: "J'espère toujours vous revoir une fois—à l'un des Diners de l'Association de Royaumont. Je vois quelquefois des communications scientifiques du **Dr. Weinberg** dans la *Presse Médicale*—assez rarement. C'est heureux que vous avez une bonne santé; Je vous la souhaite toujours. Moi, je suis bien aussi. Vous avez coupé vos chevaux? Mais, NON!" Mais oui! **Dr. Manoël**, and you may be the next!

Minchin, having let her flat for six months, has been revelling in the sunshine at Ste. Maxime, where more than one old Royaumontite has had the pleasure of holidaying with her. She will be back at **Oakley Crescent** after the winter. Incidentally, the Royaumont Association Committee has very much missed the hospitality of **Minchin** and **Inglis** for their meetings! It will be pleasant to have them back again.

Alison Nicholson, having had a job for a time on the Woman's Page staff of the *Morning Post*, has now

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betaken herself to Bukharest, where we are sure **Dr. Manoël** is delighted to have her and to talk over old days with her. Nicky is acting as private secretary to the local manager of a big Oil Company there. We believe that she and Mme. Manoël intend to keep 'Royaumont Night' on December 1st. Greetings to them both from all at home!

Ramsay is another who wrote a few lines of appreciation of the last *News-Letter*. Next time she writes, we hope she will send some news for it.

Simms, writing from Illinois in September says that she would like to subscribe to the "Royaumont Book" suggested in our last issue. But as she alone of all the old Royaumontites has mentioned the suggestion, it is obvious that it aroused no interest and that it would not be worth while compiling it. "After October I shall be leaving here for Japan, and shall not be in England till about February. I have been nearly 6 months in the States where I managed to get a post as Nursery Governess to 3 small American children, but have to be out of the country at the expiration of that time as I only got in as a Temporary Visitor. Thank you so much for all the trouble you take in carrying on the *News-Letter*."

Slicer was particularly interested in the last number because of the long account of the Scottish War Memorial, and says how much she wishes she could come over from Canada to see it. Your editor went to see it in October, on a wild, wet morning when only some dozen others were there. Its effect is indescribable. To the poignancy of one of the early war cemeteries, with its rough wooden crosses, is added the dignity of a Cathedral. Nothing like it has been imagined or built by any of the combatant nations. The Scottish dead are happy in those who have thus remembered them. Scottish folk will never dare to echo the too prevalent "Let us forget the War," with this shrine towering above their metropolis and triumphantly vindicating the spirit that prompts men to fight for their principles and to die, if need be, defending them.

Smeal writes to Tollit in October from a Maison de Cure et de Repos at Overysse. "I have been obliged to give up my work and go in for a proper rest cure. It is horribly boring but I suppose the only thing to do is to grin and bear it, and this place is really quite nice, rather like an English country house. It is 40 minutes' bus ride from Brussels. I should have preferred to be in England or France, but came here partly because it was highly recommended by my Red X people and partly because Belgium is one of the least expensive countries in Europe (being Scotch, I like to get good value for my money!!). I always look forward to the *News-Letter* and hope another one will blow in soon. I had a gorgeous week-end with a friend at the Cheval Blanc over a year ago. The Curé, M. Delacoste—in a lovely new house—and **M. Fossard** at St Leu were all most genial and *accueillants*. It was a great treat to see them all again and visit the old haunts. Letters will always be forwarded from the Paris address. I shall

probably be here a month or so. If any of the Royaumontites are anywhere near here I shall welcome them with open arms but can't promise anything in the way of correspondence as it is supposed to be *défendu*! I am determined to do my darndest to get fit even if I risk being transformed into a turnip or rather a Choux de Bruxelles in the attempt! Please say 'Vive Royaumont' and 'Vive Everybody' at the Dinner for me, and best wishes to you all."

Summerhayes has found another S.W.H. connection at Accra in the person of the daughter of **Mrs. Russell**, Chairman of the Personnel Committee of the S.W.H. during the War, who is also a medical woman, and on the staff of the Research Institute there where such valuable work has been done in the Study of Yellow Fever.

Whitehorn is visiting her brother in Ceylon, and should be meeting **Big Andy** and **Alison Anderson**.

Owen Williams (Lady Smyth) wrote last June from Australia: "I much enjoy the *News-Letter*, and Grandage and I had some good laughs over it when she was here. I enclose a photo of my 3 young imps for the Cubs' Album—a good idea, and I wish I could see it! I also enclose £5 for you to do what you like with, either the *News-Letter* expenses or Loan Fund. You seem thoroughly hard up on all sides, so it will no doubt help in something. I get news of you all from time to time, and its difficult to realize how long ago all that time at Royaumont was. But when one reads of all the 'grandchildren' it brings it home. Give **Merrylees** my love when you see her." We were indeed grateful for the fiver. And we are still "hard up on all sides"! The money was thus divided: £3 towards the V.C. film, and £1 each for the *News-Letter* and Loan Fund.

Sister Janet Williams (Mrs. le Boutillier), writing in September from Brynmavv, says: "I have just returned from China after four years. I am very anxious to get hold of some of the Royaumont news—I am afraid my subscriptions are much behind, but I will certainly pay up if you will let me know how much I owe. I would love to know about some of the old Royaumontites. Do you still have Reunion dinners? I should very much like to come to the next one—I am home until Autumn 1929—came home to put my boy of nine to school. I do hope this will reach the Editor of the *News-Letter*. I wrote before, but had the letter returned, so I am making another attempt. I addressed it to 70 Victoria St." We understand that later news to Tollit is that she is temporarily living in Southfields. So we hope she will be present at the Dinner. It should be noted that "70 Victoria St." is insufficient as an address for the Royaumont News-Letter. Correspondents must put on their envelopes: "ROYAUMONT ASSOCIATION", whether writing to officers of the Association, or to fellow members under the Letter-Forwarding scheme. She was asking for **Chapman's** address. Chapman, being a member of the Association can have letters addressed to her C/o the Association, and they will automatically be forwarded.

Scottish Women's Hospitals Medal.

Would any member who would like to have a miniature of the S. W. H. medal please communicate with Collum? If a sufficient number desire miniatures we could get them made more cheaply than if members have them made individually. The cost per miniature would depend on the number ordered.