

and chips. My mam always brought a simple picnic for us, but my sister was dispatched up to Frankie's to buy the chips. One of us would be sent with her and I can still recall the feeling of sandy bare feet on the pavement and shop floor as we left the softness of the sand to visit the shop."

Cathy Turton "Thanks for another wonderful magazine. I was especially pleased with the South Shields articles. Before retirement I worked in South Shields, travelling across on the Tyne ferry, passing reminders of EBD; St Hilda's Church, Winchester Street and the Misses Stewarts' School in beautiful Westoe village. I've kept my (NHS) dentist which now involves a two-hour journey for check-ups. Inevitably I arrive early so have often wandered in nearby Westoe Cemetery hoping I might spot Henzell's gravestone. Next time I'll find it, thanks to the map and Susan's article."

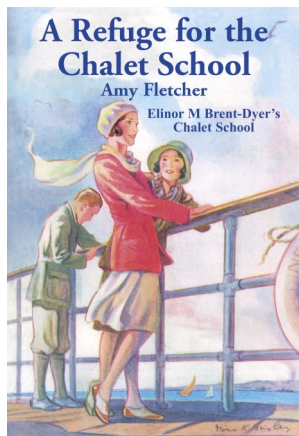


The Implausibility of *Gay*

Susan French "Thank you to Ann for a very interesting article on China – a period of history I knew little about. I had never realised this while reading *Gay*."

Fill-ins

Judi Marsh "With fill-ins I slowly read the Foreword, then rather quickly read the actual story so that I can reach the Afterword asap! I find these absolutely fascinating, reading how the authors made their decisions, how they dealt with a multitude of EBD-isms and all the research undertaken. The other thing with the fill-ins is that I can't read them in isolation. All the following books and short stories I was reading in tandem with each other. Perhaps none of EBD's books need fill-ins as much as *Exile*. Thankfully Katherine Bruce obliges with *Peril*. What a chilling cover it has with the swastika on the sleeve of the Nazi who has his eyes fixed on the CS girls. This book really shows the reader what it must have been like with their every move being watched and not knowing if they could ever escape. Moving on to *Refuge*, here we finally get to be at Joey and Jack's wedding, and their house-hunting."



been doing for years. None of them like what they have seen. Hitler has been vocal about those he despises, and Karl said he's been treating some people abominably."

"Daddy told me Hitler doesn't like Jews and that he's trying to get rid of them all." Enid handed the letter back to Emmie, looking sorrowful at her own words.

"But how?" queried Alixe. "And why, anyway?"

Enid had no reply to this, as she'd not been privy to such information during family discussions in Cornwall, and Emmie remained uncharacteristically quiet to this, as her elder brother had indeed informed her of his own suspicions.

"We have to do what we are told by the government," was the only reply she gave. "It is dangerous to even think of going against them."

"That silly man with his ridiculous little moustache, dangerous?" Enid giggled at this, despite the severity of her friend's situation. "I can't imagine why your people would be scared of him; I'm not."

Emmie tucked the sheaf of paper back into the envelope and sighed heavily. The English had no idea of the potential of this evil dictatorship, and she was hesitant about giving away too much.

"Some Germans have disappeared, never to be seen again," she whispered, with an eye to the juniors playing round about them. "Our neighbours, the Buchsteins, were seen being put into a lorry in the middle of the night, Karl said, and they've never come back. He said they were Jewish; I used to play with their daughter, Lotte."

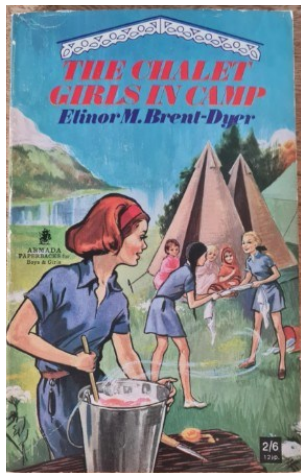
"I've heard such stories too," piped up Alixe, recalling memories of home. "People vanishing from our town. I overheard Mutti and Papa one evening talking about the Lindenfelds, who lived in a huge mansion at the end of our street. They went away and a family from Berlin moved into their lovely house – which, strangely, has all the Lindenfelds' furniture still inside. The frontage has enormous windows, and you can't help but

see in, that's how I know; I wasn't snooping or anything."

She continued, despite the look of shock on Enid's face. "And an employee of Papa's has gone, his whole family in fact, haven't been seen for months." Alixe paused to stare at Emmie as though she had unlocked a mental door with a key. "You know, I hadn't thought much about those families until now. How awful."



three. First up is *Jo Returns to the Chalet School*. I too have written stories since I was very small. I think it was Val McDermid who said that this book was one of the things that inspired her to become a writer and seek publication. Jo also made me think I could write stories - so I did. *Holiday on the Scilly Isles* or *Grandma's Legacy* anyone? Unlike Elinor I always struggled to finish my stories.



Secondly, *The Chalet Girls in Camp* reminds me so much of my old Guide camp days, though we neither fell down hidden pits and shouted at Captain, nor were chased by an angry horde of hornets. I've always thought that the comment from Dr Jack about Jo having to grow up one day was a hint of his feelings for her and a quiet clue about what Elinor had planned for them down the line. Obviously, the events that followed several books later in *The Chalet School in Exile* provided the means for that to happen.

Finally, *The Chalet School in Exile* has become very, very dear to me in recent years. Given that it was first published in 1940 when no one knew how the war would progress, the ideas it puts forward are truly remarkable and visionary. The girls' attempt to protect poor Herr Goldman the jeweller as he was

attacked by an antisemitic mob, and the establishment of the Chalet School Peace League showed a keen awareness of events in Europe and a sterling moral stance at a time when it could have been dangerous to speak out. Elinor describes so well the sense of stress and foreboding that was prevalent at the time. Ten years ago, I discovered I had a surprise biological father who was Jewish. Many, many of his family were hunted down and murdered in various ways in the Holocaust. That Jo and Co stood up for Herr Goldman as local Nazis hunted him down, despite their fear, somehow means a huge amount to me. The hair-raising and stressful escape from the Nazis has its echoes too.

I'm a voracious reader and read many different genres concurrently, but I always, always have a Chalet School book on the go. Elinor's Chalet School series takes me to a place of peace, calm and straightforward certainty which is sorely missing in today's world. "Once a Chalet School girl, always a Chalet School girl!"





German Hospital, London N.E. Ward 5

As the needs of the German population increased, so the size of the hospital and number of beds also grew. In 1864 there were 100 beds, rising to 142 in 1890, and two Sisters' Houses for the nursing staff were built in 1911 and 1912.

The Great War began in 1914 but the German Hospital remained open. This proved to be a difficult decision

by the hospital committee. The doctors, Kaiserworth Sisters and German ancillary staff were subject to hostility and anti-German sentiment from the local population. Staff were suspected of spying for Germany. Nevertheless the hospital weathered the storm, and continued to treat patients from the local communities.

Post War, and the German Hospital entered a golden period of expansion. Between 1931 and 1936, the number of beds rose to 192, with wings added for maternity and children's wards. An attractive roof garden was also created for convalescent patients.



German Hospital, London Children's Wards

When the Second World War began in 1939, most of the medical staff had already left England for their native Germany. However, the Kaiserworth Sisters remained in post until 1940 when they were arrested and interned on the Isle of Man for the duration.

Peace was declared in 1945, but the days of the German Hospital, staffed by natives from the Fatherland, were numbered. The 217 bedded German Hospital was handed over to the newly formed NHS in 1948. It's doors finally closed in 1987.

So much for the fortunes of the German Hospital. I'd briefly worked at Homerton Hospital in Hackney, and had been aware of the existence of the German Hospital in nearby Dalston. I was not however aware of the origins of a

second German medical facility, namely Pinehill Hospital in Hertfordshire.

Having lived in Hitchin for a few years, I obviously knew of Pinehill Hospital in Benslow Lane. Pinehill is now a private hospital, which offers some services to NHS patients. It has an interesting and largely unknown history.



GERMAN CONValescent HOME, HITCHIN