

THE CATHOLIC CITIZEN

*Organ of St. Joan's Social and Political Alliance (formerly Catholic Women's Suffrage Society),
55, Berners Street, London, W.1.*

Vol XXXIX Nos. 8 and 9. 15th AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1953.

Price Fourpence.

Daughter of the ancient Eve,
We know the gifts ye gave and give;
Who knows the gifts which *you* shall give,
Daughter of the Newer Eve?

Francis Thompson.

Women in Medicine

By Janet K. Aitken, C.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.P.

The position of women doctors in the medical profession is now so good that we know that we are privileged in comparison with most other women workers. I think perhaps our history may be of interest because I believe that we owe our present satisfactory status to the courage and wisdom of our predecessors. Of course there were centuries in the past when it was mainly women who cared for the sick, not only practically, but by way of research and medical treatment. Bede tells us that the Abbess Berthagynta taught medicine and used a green mould for the cure of fever! Was this a discovery of penicillin?

In the industrial age, however, the position of women reached a very low ebb and the tide only began to turn in the last century. Florence Nightingale and other individuals and personalities began to astonish society and help to reform it.

In medicine, the first woman to qualify was Elizabeth Blackwell. She was born in Bristol and ended her days in this country, but she went with her family to America and qualified there in 1849. The next was Elizabeth Garrett, later Mrs. Garrett Anderson, and perhaps the third most outstanding name is that of Sophia Jex-Blake. They came from comfortable homes where they were loved, sheltered and guarded, and yet they faced deep criticism and animosity in attempts to follow their vocation. They persevered through immense frustration and disappointment. Though they always had a minority of men who supported and encouraged them, they experienced much hurtful unpopularity and aggressive disapproval,* but they succeeded in reaching their goal, and we now owe the ease of our progress in medicine to these women.

There are three points which are of interest to all women workers which I would like to make to try to illustrate our history.

1. Equal pay usually has to come before equal opportunity.
2. Until the principle of equal pay is universal the local implementation of this principle is always in jeopardy.
3. To get equal opportunity it is not enough to have equal pay.

1. That equal pay should precede equal opportunity seems fairly obvious, although we all know about the starving genius and the indispensable workers and professors in my profession whose monetary reward is less than that of the clinician; on the whole, however, it is a sad fact that a person is to a large extent valued according to his remuneration and his status, and promotions are dependent on it. Elizabeth Garrett, who was perhaps the pioneer with the greatest practical wisdom, recognised these facts and insisted on equal pay from the very first, and finally had the personality to persuade the British Medical Association of the justice of her argument so that they inserted in their Constitution: "There shall be no differentiation solely on account of sex."

2. *Vigilance.* Although the principle of equal pay has been accepted for so long in my profession, it will surprise you, I think, to know that even as late as during the last war the principle was threatened. In the early days this danger was constant, and public authorities, in particular, were always trying to break down the custom of equal pay in the profession. It was not always easy for the women doctors to refuse lower salaries. In the nineteen-twenties there was serious unemployment in the profession and a few women did go against the advice of the Medical Women's Federation in accepting such salaries. As the equal pay principle was strongly backed by the British Medical Association, these few backslidings were unimportant. The British Medical Association had at first supported the principle, because they believed it to be just, but later, of course, they realised that such lower salaries were disadvantageous to the profession as a whole.

During the last war, on several occasions, a lower payment for women was attempted. There was differentiation in the cost of living bonus; salaries in Rhodesia (for exactly the same job) were offered at a lower rate. On each occasion things were put right by protests from the Medical Women's Federation, supported wholeheartedly by the British Medical Association.

This Federation still exists, though there are some women doctors who feel that it may antag-

onise our male colleagues, and also they feel that it may not now be necessary. The former is most certainly not the case. The British Medical Association and the Medical Women's Federation work hand in glove, and for years there has been no serious difference of opinion, though the British Medical Association has expected an assembling of the facts and some explanation of the situation from the Medical Women's Federation before supporting their women colleagues. Women are in a minority in the profession and sometimes, particularly in respect of the married women, there are special problems, therefore many of us feel that this body should be retained. Ours is not the only associate body in the profession. The doctors in the Public Health Departments are also a minority with special problems who have their own association.

3. In the early days of equal pay there was no question of equal opportunities, and I am quite sure that the reason we have these opportunities now is because of the number of outstanding and enterprising women doctors who have proved to the professor that they were worthy of high responsibility in medicine. After all, why should menfolk believe us to be capable until we had proved so to be?

The School of Medicine (for women) was started, in faith, by Elizabeth Garrett and Sophia Jex-Blake, and others, even before they had obtained the promise of the Royal Free Hospital to give the students their clinical training. This courageous enterprise, this surmounting of what appeared to be impossible difficulties, gave opportunities for more women to train and for women to get post-graduate positions in the hospitals, but it was not considered enough, and special hospitals were started all over the country to treat women patients and give women doctors further training.

The women missionaries also started hospitals, and the women doctors in the 1914-1918 war overcame immense difficulties, and did immensely valuable work. We are apt nowadays to take all these efforts for granted, even to be bored with the story—we forget the inspired daring of these women.

I have had the chance of seeing something of the work and position of women doctors in other countries, and I have no hesitation in saying that in no country do women doctors' opportunities quite reach ours, though they nearly all have equal pay.

We experienced two methods of gaining training for women in the profession. Firstly we proved our worth by starting schools and hospitals of our own; secondly, we infiltrated into the existing schools and hospitals—in other countries the second method has mainly been used, with, I am sure, consequent slower progress.

Women And The Brazilian Police Force

Since 1949 the Press has occasionally taken up the subject of Women Police. Several interviews given by Maria Herminia Lisboa were especially interesting. Senator Mozart Lago, an enthusiastic feminist, has worked perseveringly for the admission of women police, finally gaining the reluctant goodwill of the majority of the existing police force. Recently, on the appointment of General Ancora to the post of Chief of Police, a commission was organised, presided over by Senator Mozart Lago himself and this has resulted in a project which will in all probability become law before the end of the year.

In the meantime, Maria Herminia Lisboa, encouraged by General Rezende, former Chief of Police and a tardy convert to the cause of women police, has founded a private course for candidates. The curriculum includes courses in Brazilian penal law, family law, the law concerning children and young persons, psychology and first aid. Two other women have instituted courses of the same kind (February, 1953). In all of these the voluntary professors or teachers are doctors of law and police technicians.

Maria Herminia's course takes place three times a week from six to eight in the evening at the Uniaao Social Femina, which is a club founded by Monsenhor Magalhaes and very popular. The course encountered many difficulties after the retirement of General Rezende, but it has succeeded with perseverance and because the well-selected group of candidates won the sympathy of Police Delegate Doctor Silvio Terra, who is the most prominent Brazilian detective. He is a kind of "Sherlock Holmes" and has founded a promising police school for men. He was a member of the commission mentioned above, for the official admission of women to the police force. It remains to be said that in isolated cases women have worked unofficially in the police force, by permission of a Chief of Police.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Gabrielle Jeffery, founder of the Catholic Women's Suffrage Society in "The Catholic Citizen," July-August, 1928.

I congratulate the younger members of St. Joan's on having come into their inheritance. For them it is a real coming of age, though in years some may be nearing thirty. It is for them, standing on the firm base of Equal Suffrage, to win their way to other victories—ever "loving justice and hating iniquity," to quote the oft repeated words of the Missal in the Common of Women Saints. With my fellow-members who have long borne the burden and the heat, I unite in giving thanks that we were counted worthy to participate in so great a cause, and lived to see it won. And with all, who were called and did their part, whether at the sixth, the ninth or the eleventh hour, I rejoice that we share an equal victory—*Messages of Congratulation on the passing of the Equal Franchise Bill.*

Notes and Comments

On July 6th, Mrs. Corbet asked if, in the near future, legislation would be introduced "to amend the law with regard to the domicile of married women so as to remove the disabilities suffered by them under the present law, particularly as to status, matrimonial rights and the right to and devolution of their property." The Attorney General replied that "certain aspects of the law relating to the domicile of married women are now being considered. The Royal Commission on Marriage and Divorce and the law relating to domicile generally is being considered by the Standing Committee on Private International Law, appointed by my noble Friend the Lord Chancellor. When the recommendations of these bodies have been received, the question of legislation will be considered." Mrs. Corbet asked whether the Attorney General appreciated the "very considerable hardship and injustice and uncertainty attaching to the law relating to domicile?" Had not the time come for more urgent action? Miss Ward asked whether the Committees mentioned by the Attorney General would have reported in time to include the necessary legislation in next Session's programme? The Attorney General did not think there was any reason to suppose that they would be long—"We can all hope," he said.

On July 30th, the day Parliament rose for the recess, the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced the setting up of a Royal Commission on Civil Service pay and conditions.

Miss Ward asked "whether the terms of reference will include yet another examination into the question of equal pay?" Mr. Butler replied: "The question of equal pay is within the terms of reference, but, as the House knows, the Government's policy on this matter has already been stated; namely, that we are in favour of the general principle, and that we hope to make progress on the matter as soon as the economic and financial circumstances of the country permit. I shall draw the attention of the Commission to this statement."

Mr. Pannell asked whether "in so far as the Chancellor of the Exchequer has indicated that the Government accept the principle of equal pay, can we take it that the Treasury will not again be allowed to obstruct by putting in any back-door papers on this matter?" To which Mr. Butler replied that he was not aware that the Treasury had obstructed in the matter and that "the question is when the situation will arise which will make it possible to go ahead with this desirable reform."

We would comment that "where there's a will there's a way," and that the Treasury has not tried very hard to implement this "desirable reform." In any case, the setting up of a Royal

Commission effectively hamstringing the question of equal pay until the Commission has reported, and this announcement will arouse the fury of the women concerned.

The Nigerian delegation, now in conference at the Colonial Office on the subject of the future Nigerian Constitution, includes two women, Mrs. Ogunlesi of the Action Group and Mrs. Ekpo of the National Council of Nigeria and Cameroons. These two ladies were entertained on July 30th by the Status of Women Committee (Chairman, Dame Vera Laughton Mathews), who were anxious to ascertain that women were not debarred from political rights under the new Constitution and to hear about the position of women in Nigeria. Both the women delegates were teachers prior to marriage and now run their own schools in West and East Nigeria respectively in addition to being mothers of young families.

Our members, especially those of the older generation who remember the Suffragette movement, will have learnt with sorrow of the death of Annie Kenney (Mrs. Taylor).

It was Annie Kenney who, with Christabel Pankhurst, lit the flame of militancy. These two young girls at a meeting at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in 1905, asked the speakers, Mr. Winston Churchill and Sir Edward Grey, if, in the event of being elected, they would do their best to make woman suffrage a Government measure. They persisted when no answer was forthcoming and when dragged out of the meeting and flung out of doors, they addressed the crowd which gathered and were eventually arrested and found guilty of obstruction. Their action in refusing the option of a fine and going to prison made headline news throughout the country. And so the fight began.

Annie Kenney was one of those who brought the headquarters of the campaign to London, and until war broke out in 1914, she was heart and soul with the Pankhursts in organising the militant movement.

Annie Kenney had been a Lancashire mill girl and from the age of thirteen had been a "full-timer" in a cotton factory. She had learnt about social conditions and the need for women's help in improving them in the stern school of experience. Her radiant personality and selfless devotion to the cause, added to her innate intelligence and leadership, made her an outstanding personality in the women's movement.

There are few people who have suffered more for their faith, but she has a place in history for all time.

The Alliance was represented at her funeral by Miss Graham.

ST. JOAN'S SOCIAL AND POLITICAL ALLIANCE

AND

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Signed articles do not necessarily represent the opinions of the Society

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St. Clare of Assisi

Those who have visited Assisi and seen the little Convent of St. Damian where St. Clare passed the greater part of her life and her incorrupt body in the Church of St. Chiara—once St. George—will feel that it is almost sacrilege to write of her in a brief article. There is a dewy freshness of the dawn about her life and one is afraid with rough fingers to brush away that dew. But this year brings round the seventh Centenary of her "wonderful and most happy death" on August 11th, 1253, so it is fitting that some tribute should be paid to her in *The Catholic Citizen*.

Somehow the spirit of the Franciscan idyll is completely contained in the tiny garden enclosed, called the Garden of St. Clare, which is found in the Convent of St. Damian. There are walls on three sides—part of the walls of the Convent—but on the fourth side one looks straight down on to the beautiful Umbrian plain with misty, blue hills beyond. It is a place of unutterable peace and quietude, so calm that one weeps to leave it to return to the world's hurly burly. Though the Poor Clares have left the Convent long ago and now live tucked behind the great Church of St. Chiara, there is a feeling that at any minute one may encounter St. Clare within these walls of St. Damian.

St. Damian's was the first Church that St. Francis repaired after his conversion and when he literally did not know what to do with his Sisters, Clare and Agnes, the friendly Benedictines, hearing they were without a home, offered to Francis for their use the chapel and priest-house of San Damiano. St. Francis had builded better than he knew.

Here are the brief outlines of St. Clare's life. She came from a soldier's family and her ancestry was on both sides military. Her father's name was Favorino and her mother's Ortolano, and it is probable that they had some kind of noble standing in Assisi.

As a child Clare showed signs of piety, but nothing very out of the ordinary happened till

she encountered Francis. He had come back from Rome with the approval of Pope Innocent III for his way of life and had settled down with his followers at St. Mary of the Angels, the Portiuncula. Clare must have heard him preach or at any rate she knew his fame, and she insisted on seeing him. For something like three years she would visit him at the Portiuncula with her aunt, Bianca Guelfucci, and they spoke of Jesus Christ "Whom love made man." At the end of this time Clare's father wished to betroth her to a nobleman of Assisi, but Francis and Clare had made their plans first. On Palm Sunday, March 18th, 1212, Clare went to High Mass at the Cathedral. When the time came for the distribution of the palms Clare felt unable to move and remained kneeling. But Guido, the Bishop of Assisi, seeing her, came down from the altar and placed the blessed palm in her hand. That same night Clara left her home for ever by a disused door at the back of the house. Here Bianca met her and together they walked down to the Portiuncula, where St. Francis and the brothers came out to meet her bearing torches and candles, and chanting. She was taken into the chapel, the Mass of the morning was sung and at the altar of Our Lady St. Francis clothed her in the coarse tunic of his order and tied the cord round her. And thus she vowed herself to God, keeping nothing back.

Early that morning St. Clare was taken to the Benedictine Convent of St. Paul and put in the care of the Sisters. As soon as her family discovered her disappearance, they came raging down the hill from Assisi bent on regaining her. But Clare clung to the altar, and showing her shorn head, symbol of renunciation, refused to return. Recognising her resolution, her family eventually left her in peace, and after this Clare moved to the Convent of St. Angelo di Panzo. Little more than a fortnight later her younger sister Agnes joined her. Scenes still more violent followed this second flight as the men of the family tried by force to drag Agnes back to her

home. She was only fifteen and must have been small and slight, but all the time Clare was praying and in answer to her prayers Agnes became too heavy for the men to remove.

In the meantime, St. Damian's had been prepared for the two sisters and they shortly moved in. Other sisters came to them and associated with them in their new life, and Francis drew up a rule. Clare never left the new Convent and she ultimately accepted the office of Superior and became the first Abbess in the new Order.

Many stories are told of her life there, and it is clear that she continued in close association with St. Francis. He sought her advice when in doubt about whether "He wills that I should preach or only keep to prayer." The answer came: "The Lord Jesus Christ has revealed both to Brother Silvester and to Sister Clare, that it is His will thou shouldst go about the world to preach, for thou hast not been called for thyself alone, but for the salvation of others." It was in a hut by night in the garden of St. Damian's that St. Francis, sleepless and troubled with his eyes and with the rats, composed his Canticle of Praise. For when he was sick Clare and the Sisters would nurse him—in the garden. There is the touching story of how St. Clare went to St. Mary of the Angels to "eat once" with St. Francis at her own urgent request. Of how St. Francis wished "the meal to take place in front of Santa Maria degli Angioli, because having been for a long time shut up in San Damiano it will do her good. . . ." And when the two had sat down to the meal, each with an accompanying Brother and Sister, "St. Francis began to speak of God so sweetly, so sublimely . . . all were ravished in Christ." And the peasants all around "saw Santa Maria degli Angioli as it were on fire . . . and the inhabitants of Assisi hastened with great speed to put out the fire." This story is in fact symbolic of the heavenly warmth of love engendered throughout the world by these two great souls.

But Clare, with all her obedience and affection, was a very determined woman, and a woman of prayer. When Saracen bandits in the pay of Frederick II approached the Convent they were confronted by the Blessed Sacrament held in a silver and ivory pyx and they fled pell-mell from the scene. Subsequently they attacked Assisi but they could not make any headway—Clare was praying.

Again when on one occasion the chaplain was withdrawn from St. Damian's, Clare, who valued his services, immediately countered by refusing to take any food from the lay-brothers who did their begging for them in return for many small services. "If we may not receive the spiritual food our good brothers bring us, neither will we take any earthly food from them." So the chaplain was reappointed and all was well.

On the matter of "the privilege of most high poverty," Clare was adamant. Pope Gregory IX proposed to her some measure of financial security for her Order and he offered to absolve her from her vow of poverty in the sense of having no conventual property at all. Her only answer was: "My Lord absolve me from my sins, but not from following Christ." And to further offers (for the Popes used to visit Clare for counsel and comfort) she would gently reply: "Soon after his (Francis') conversion, I and my sisters promised him obedience." On her deathbed she received the Papal Bull from the hands of Pope Innocent IV himself in which she read: "The sisters shall own neither house, nor convent, nor anything, but as strangers and pilgrims shall wander through the world, serving the Lord in poverty and humility." And so her life-long desire, formed as "the unworthy handmaid of Christ and small plant of our blessed Father Francis," was fulfilled.

Clare lived for twenty-seven years after St. Francis, and her death was a triumphal passing from this world to the next. Yet let us look back once more to the time when St. Francis lay dying and Clare could not be with him because her sisterhood of San Damiano had been made into a strictly enclosed Order. She sent messages down to the Portiuncula and Francis was very moved and sent her one in return: "I little Brother Francis, desire to follow the life and poverty of my Lord Jesus Christ and of his holy mother, and to persevere in it to the end. And I beseech you, my ladies, and I give you counsel, that you live always in this most holy life and poverty. And be very careful lest by the teaching or counsel of any other you depart from it." The friar who took this message to Sister Clare was to say to her "that she is to put aside all sorrow on account of not being able to see me, because I promise her that she shall see me before the end and be consoled." And so it was that when the body of St. Francis was carried back to Assisi the bearers took it by way of San Damiano and laid it before the sisters' grating that they might see him for the last time and say goodbye.

Christine Spender

I wish to acknowledge the following sources for this article: *St. Clare of Assisi* by Dominic Devas, O.F.M. (C.T.S. 4d.); *In the Steps of St. Francis* by Ernest Raymond (Rich and Cowan); *The Little Flowers of St. Francis* translated by Cardinal Manning (Foulis, 1915). C.S.

We offer our congratulations to Elvira Mathers (née Laughton Mathews) on the birth of her first child, Stephen Dale, on July 23rd. All blessings on him.

* * *

We ask the prayers of our readers for our member Madame Marta Vranesic of Zagreb, who died on June 6th. R.I.P.

REVIEWS

Storming the Citadel; the Rise of the Woman Doctor. By E. Moberly Bell. (Constable, 18s.)

In this stimulating and very readable book, Miss Moberly Bell traces the progress of women in medicine from the first medical aspirations of Elizabeth Blackwell to the Goodenough Report in 1944.

"If I could have been treated by a lady doctor, I should have been spared half my suffering," said a dying friend to Elizabeth Blackwell. These words so affected the social conscience of this remarkable woman that somewhat reluctantly she came to accept medicine as her vocation. The role of pioneer, though arduous, has certain advantages in that the opposition is taken by surprise. Miss Blackwell's well-planned campaign finally succeeded and she took her degree in 1849, becoming the first woman Doctor. In the course of the next eight years she was to discover that qualification was only the beginning of the battle, and in 1857, after futile efforts at finding medical employment in New York, she opened the "New York Infirmary for Women and Children," run entirely by women.

Whereas by 1859 the American woman doctor was an accepted and, by some at least, an appreciated phenomenon, there was as yet no woman doctor in Great Britain. Miss Moberly Bell describes with great vividness the struggle in this country and the whole picture is further brought to life by her brilliant portrayal of the two central figures, Elizabeth Garrett and Sophia Jex-Blake.

In many ways Elizabeth Garrett, although faced with great prejudice, opposition and hypocrisy, benefited as did Elizabeth Blackwell by being the first of the pioneers. With quiet perseverance, tact and endless patience she sought for loopholes. Although denied admission to a medical school, she managed to get private tuition offering "a considerable fee" and achieved qualification by passing the examination of the Society of Apothecaries. By so doing she closed the only possible door for others; the Society of Apothecaries, determined that the error should not be repeated, denied examinations to women.

Sophia Jex-Blake was a complete contrast to Dr. Elizabeth Garrett. Impetuous and dogmatic, she was faced with the hardest task of all. Her approach to problems may have been disastrous at times but only one of her character could have withstood the almost unbelievable difficulties, indignities and frank injustice she had to contend with. As the result of the apparent defeat of Sophia Jex-Blake and her colleagues in Edinburgh there arose the conception of a training school for women. Starting with little more than

courage it became what is known today as the London Royal Free Hospital School of Medicine.

The story of Sophia Jex-Blake's struggles, with its repeated defeats, but eventual success, form the highlight of the book. The latter chapters are of less interest and tend to become a chronicle of events. An error was noted which could be corrected in future editions, i.e., the name of Miss Maud Mary Chadburn is erroneously given as Miss Muriel Chadburn on page 147.

Marita Shattock Harper

Angela Burdett-Coutts and the Victorians. By Clara Burdett Patterson (Murray, 18s.)

This account of the greatest heiress of Victorian times and the first woman to be raised to the peerage, is limited, as its title suggests, to her relations with the men and women of her time, and only suggests the vast field which was covered by her good works.

Her father, "the man who dared be honest in the worst of times," was imprisoned in the Tower for his criticisms of Parliament. He was said to be the most popular man in England, the mobs who rioted at his imprisonment foreshadowed those who time and again acclaimed the Baroness in later years. Her mother, a daughter of Thomas Coutts the Banker, brought her the strain of shrewd commonsense which characterized her.

Her riches came to her from the second wife of Thomas Coutts, the actress Harriot Mellon, who had the disposing of his immense fortune, and left its entirety to the only member of her husband's family who had been kind to her—the youngest step-grandchild, Angela Burdett. Her parents were so angry that she left home and went forthwith to her new possession in Stratton Street, Piccadilly. Her former governess, Miss Meredith, was her faithful friend then and for nearly another forty years.

From this time Angela Burdett-Coutts lived to the full the life demanded of her position and fortune. Her entertainments were on a magnificent scale and her time and thoughts were increasingly taken up with the "study and practice of philanthropy."

This book does not describe in any detail this side of her life, but concentrates on her personal relations with the outstanding figures of her generation and particularly with the Duke of Wellington, Charles Dickens, Irving and Rajah Brooke. In the letters of the Duke and Charles Dickens there are tantalizing glimpses of charities of which we should like to know more—the Duke wrote, "I don't like to check your charitable disposition! But I am afraid that experience as well as the information to be derived from statistical works have taught us that there is but little hope of saving in this world that particular class of unfortunates to whom you have

referred." Dickens helped her to establish a Rescue Home for Women in Shepherd's Bush and wrote an anonymous invitation of a most moving nature to the young women they hoped to save. When she sent him a pattern of a material called "derry" which she proposed as overalls for the inmates, he wrote: "I return Derry. I have no doubt it's a capital article but it's a mortal dull colour. Colour these people want and colour (as alternated to fancy) I would always give them."

With so many opportunities for including matters of deep interest it seems a pity to give so much space to things that are comparatively trivial. A chapter listing the charities of this remarkable woman does not do enough to restore the balance of the book.

Phyllis C. Challoner

One Hundred Years of Army Nursing. By Ian Hay (Major-General John Hay Beith, C.B.E., M.C.). (Cassell, 21s.)

This is "the story of the British Army Nursing Services from the time of Florence Nightingale to the present day," and the late Ian Hay wrote it as part of the Memorial to Army Nurses who lost their lives in two wars.

The Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps today takes precedence as the Senior Corps of the Women's Forces, but before it reached this status it went through many stages. During the last war the Territorial Army Nursing Service and the Q.A.I.M.N.S. served side by side and it was not until 1950 that they were amalgamated and finally became part of the British Army. In 1939 the Q.A.I.M.N.S. were still wearing their grey nursing uniform and red cloaks and it was only later that slacks and battle-dress, adopted as front-line service, became the rule rather than the exception for army nurses. Florence Nightingale first introduced army nurses into the Crimea—before that the position was lamentable. Army Nursing was continued successfully in the Boer War, and owed its efficiency to Princess Christian, third daughter of Queen Victoria, who organised a reserve of nurses. In 1902, at the end of the South African War, the Q.A.I.M.N.S. was founded—i.e., the Queen Alexandra Imperial Military Nursing Service. The romantic uniform has disappeared but a modern "peace-time" Q.A.R.A.N.C. looks very efficient in today's style outdoor uniform.

Ian Hay has given the facts of history and organisation briefly and succinctly, together with the names of outstanding persons in the Service. But this book is chiefly an almost day-to-day account of what the Nursing Sisters really *did* during three wars—and an heroic story it makes. He has drawn from personal diaries and letters

at the same time writing of the background to these documents in such a way as to incorporate a masterly summary of the campaigns of three wars.

Christine Spender

Not Like This. By Jane Walsh. (Lawrence & Wishart, 7s. 6d.)

This is a story of working-class poverty and misfortune. Jane Walsh was born in Oldham, part of the mill country which saw the worst part of the pre-war unemployment connected with industrial slumps—chiefly the cotton slump. Very young she saw drunkenness and the sordid conditions which lead to this state of mind. She worked in a cotton mill as a mere child and it was only her indomitable spirit and an uncommon intelligence which, in spite of misfortune, led her upwards. She married a good, steady man, yet for the greater part of his working life he was unemployed through no fault of his own and he only got his real chance when the 1939 war broke out. He died of an illness which one can surmise was partly due to malnutrition followed by overwork. And his widow was left with three children to bring up and a determination that they should see and enjoy better things than she had enjoyed in her own childhood. With the two older children she has obviously succeeded; they have been able to take advantage of what the State offers in the way of higher education. The younger child has had infantile paralysis severely enough to cripple her, but at the time of writing Jane Walsh could not persuade officialdom to procure accommodation on the ground floor for her, though this was absolutely necessary for the child's well-being.

Struggles with officialdom and the puzzling and bewildering effect of rules made to limit public expenditure, the giving with one hand and taking away with the other, punctuate this book, leaving one with a sense of the hopelessness of generalised rules which even in this day of the welfare State do not make sufficient allowance for individual distress. One slip and all goes awry.

Two things stand out. One is that though we can thank God that certain bad things of the past are gone for ever, there is still a long way to go before the day dawns when every person is happily housed and happily employed with a sufficiency to bring up a family of children (not just one) in decent comfort.

The other thing is the uselessness of presenting religion in a narrow uninspired manner without *vision*. Jane Walsh was sent to a Catholic school—her father was an Irish Catholic who did not practice his religion—but nothing but resentment appears to have stuck to her in the way of religion and obviously the only glimpse of the supernatural she ever had through Catholicism

was in the peaceful nun's chapel at a convalescent home. None of the Catholics she came across seemed to her to *live* their religion and it is plain that a living example counts more than words. An object lesson for us all!

Christine Spender

BOOK RECEIVED

Gail Talbot. By Hebe Elzna. (Robert Hale 9s.6d.).

HON. TREASURER'S NOTE

Our funds are very low and we need all the help you can give us to keep ourselves out of debt. If you have not paid your subscription for 1953 yet, will you please send it off as soon as you have finished reading this (minimum 10s., including *The Catholic Citizen*). If you have paid, could you dig down deep into your pocket and find us something please. Our expenses are still rising and it becomes increasingly difficult to meet our obligations. This is an S O S!

N. K. Carr

MERSEYSIDE BRANCH.

On July 11th, by kind invitation of the hon. treasurer, Mrs. Brady, a garden party was held at the Paddock. Among the audience we had the pleasure of welcoming two of the White Sisters whom we are always happy to see. The speaker was Miss Margery Mercer, who for the past two years has been teaching disabled children in the boys' ward at Wrightington Hospital School. (We hope to report the interesting talk more fully in a future issue of *The Catholic Citizen*.—Ed.)

We congratulate Miss Lisboa, the founder and hon. secretary of Aliança Sta Joanna D'Arc on her campaign for the admission of policewomen to the Brazilian police force, which we hope will be shortly crowned with success.

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