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This is the first biography of Dame Eileen Younghusband, a major influence on the development of the social work profession in many countries, who died in 1981. It is based on recorded discussions with Eileen in the last three years of her life. The volume concludes with the text of the valedictory address given by Professor Roger Jones at Dame Eileen's memorial service in London in 1981.

Kathleen Jones is Professor of Social Policy and Head of the Department of the Social Policy and Social Work, University of York. The author of a wide range of books on social policy and social work, she was a friend and colleague of Dame Eileen's over a period of some 15 years.

Jones

Eileen Younghusband

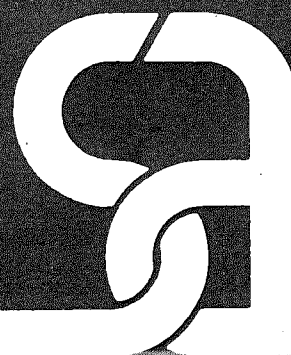
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Kathleen Jones

Eileen Younghusband

a biography



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EILEEN YOUNGHUSBAND
a biography

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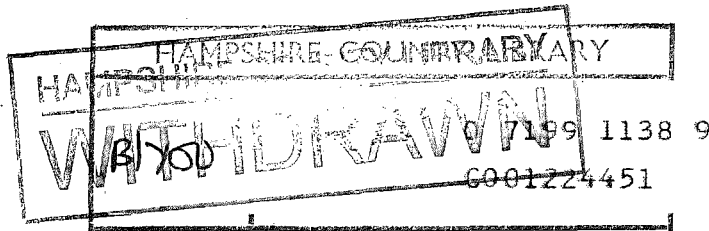
Kathleen Jones

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Series Foreword

This series of Occasional Papers was started in 1960 to supply the need for a medium of publication for studies in the field of social policy and administration which fell between the two extremes of the short article and the full-length book. Since the inception of this Series of papers, it has, however, been extended to include many which might better be described as books: comparative speed of publication being one factor that has attracted authors to us. It was thought that such a series would not only meet a need among research workers and writers concerned with contemporary social issues, but would also strengthen links between students of the subject and administrators, social workers, committee members and others with responsibilities and interest in the social services.

Contributions to the series are welcome from any source and should be submitted in the first instance to the Secretary, Social Administration Research Trust at the London School of Economics.

The series is now published by the Bedford Square Press to which all queries about this and previous titles should be addressed.

Frontispiece: Eileen Younghusband 1977

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RETROSPECT

This is a biography with elements of autobiography, and this is how it happened. Eileen Younghusband made a major contribution to the development of social work as a profession in the crucial years between 1950 and 1975. In 1978, when her own history of social work was published, one reviewer, Phoebe Hall, complained that it was the history of social work with Eileen Younghusband left out.

I had known Eileen for some years - first as a remote and rather awesome public figure who gave lectures and chaired committees, then as a hard-working colleague whose judgement I trusted, and latterly as someone with whom I could relax, and talk over the problems of my own work. She gave me far more in support and friendship than I realised at the time. After the Phoebe Hall review, I suggested on impulse that Eileen ought to write her autobiography. She said she did not think it would be very interesting. I offered to work with her on it. She said I would be better occupied writing a fresh life of her father, Sir Francis Younghusband, the explorer. Eventually, she agreed that we might make some tape-recordings together in which she would think back over her own life, and comment on some of the ideas and influences which had been important to her.

We fell into a regular pattern. I would take the afternoon train from York to London about once a month, arriving at Eileen's flat in Holland Park in the early evening. She would give me a good dinner (strenuously refusing all attempts to return her hospitality, though I was occasionally allowed to provide a bottle of wine) and we would settle down to talk into the tape-recorder until about eleven o'clock or later, when I would retire to the spare bedroom to scribble additional notes. In the morning, we would discuss the material over breakfast, and then put in another hour with the tape-recorder before I took the train back to York.

Why did I want to write her life? Partly because I had a considerable respect for her breadth of knowledge, her seemingly tireless energy, and her skill in committee work, and I felt that her contribution to social work should be properly recorded; partly because I thought that behind the public personality there was a very private and civilised woman with something to communicate which did not come out in her own intensely economical and practical writing; and partly on what I can only describe as a sort of reporter's hunch: I thought that she had a story, and was ready to tell it.

In order to understand the Younghusband Report of 1959, which recommended the massive expansion of social work in Britain, the Third International Survey of Training for Social Work, which extended Eileen's ideas and principles in social work education to many other countries, her presidency of the International Association of Schools of Social Work, the Gulbenkian Report on Community Work and Social Change, and much more, it was necessary to go back to the mainsprings of action: to her own childhood and development. It turned out to be quite a story. I found myself in contact with worlds beyond my own experience - with the brilliance of the Indian Empire in the days when Curzon was Viceroy; with Edwardian London, the gas-lamps, the horse-drawn cabs, the balls and dinner parties, the servant classes; with Zeppelins and Flanders poppies and the wild rejoicing in Trafalgar Square on Armistice Day in 1918; with the flappers and the drones of the 1920s; with the harsh life of Stepney and Bermondsey in the bleak days of the 1930s; with the London School of Economics in the days when Harold Laski was a young lecturer, and Westermarck walked up and down in the classroom in squeaky boots, proclaiming that if married life was a bed of thorns, spinsterhood gathered no roses. I learned something of Eileen's relationship with her much-loved father, who established the British presence in Tibet when she was two years old; and with her elegant and fashionable mother, who wanted her to marry into society, and always spoke of the London School of Economics, without naming it, as 'that horrible place'.

Brought up in the fashionable part of London, she left the dances and the marriage market which were the normal lot of a *débutante* for the East End, to see how the poor lived, and what social injustice was like; and she stayed to make friends. The London School of Economics gave her Plato and Whitehead and Laski and Tawney and Hobhouse. Intellect and emotion combined in a formidable drive to develop social work as a means of social change and social justice.

In her late seventies, Eileen was still extremely active. Papers and books littered the sitting room with the Manet and the Renoir reproductions, the slightly chipped famille rose, and the comfortable armchairs. As we talked, we were watched by a small metal Buddha, about seven inches high, with a young, calm face and beautiful hands. Callers came and went, some asking for advice and guidance, some wanting practical help in setting up a social work agency or running a course. The telephone rang often. Amelia Harper, her housekeeper for over forty years, padded obligingly in and out with coffee. Our regular sessions were interrupted by Eileen's visits abroad - to Israel, to the United States, to Singapore and Hong Kong - when she went swinging off down 'Buck Pal Road' to the airport 'bus with a bulging airline bag over one shoulder, to visit Schools of Social Work or to give papers at conferences.

It seemed a good way to grow old; and I had an increasing sense that she was not old at all, because all the younger Eileens were still there within the ageing Eileen, still alive, still reacting.

So she talked into the tape-recorder - 'You'd better have this bit, Kay, it will help you to keep the record right'. But what started as the record of a busy and productive life gradually acquired another and less expected dimension. It became an exercise in which she accounted for her life, ordering and re-interpreting experiences, re-working her relationships, judging her own achievements and failures. The listener became unimportant. Sometimes she was talking for an outside audience, but for the most part she was talking for herself. It was total recall, a final balance-sheet, a summing up. By the time she went off to the United States again in April 1981, we both knew that the main task was finished.

She went off down 'Buck Pal Road', and across the Atlantic, to New York and to Chapel Hill, North Carolina; and on the way to the airport at Raleigh to catch a flight to Chicago, the story came to an end with a car accident. She was killed outright.

After that, it was difficult to write for a time; but eventually I went to see her friends and colleagues, read the tributes and criticisms, hunted up library sources, and tried to make sense of the story. The result is not a hagiography. Eileen would not have liked it if it were. I hope her friends will find it a fair likeness.

The main sources are Eileen's own recollections (often vivid, but not very precise as to dates and circumstances), her major writings on social work, letters and manuscripts which she lent to me, or which were made available by the National Institute of Social Work, and the recollections of her friends and colleagues.

It is not a definitive biography. There is enough material in the archives at the National Institute to keep a dozen Ph.D. students busy for some years; but it seemed that there was a story to be woven now out of more personal material, including my own recollections of an unusual personality.

To my regret, this is not a scholarly account in the sense that most of the material is not attributed to particular sources. This goes against the habits of a life-time, but there are reasons for it: some of my informants did not wish to have material attributed to them; information had to be checked and cross-checked; and voluminous foot-noting would have become tedious - often one point came from six or seven different sources, and it was necessary to use my own judgement in interpretation.

Eileen's friends and former colleagues have been generous in making time available to talk about her life and work. The assistance of the following is most gratefully acknowledged:-

Miss Robina Addis, Vice-President of MIND
Dame Geraldine Aves, formerly Chief Welfare Officer,
Ministry of Health

Miss Mabel Baker
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 Professor D.V. Donnison, Head of the Department of Town
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 National Institute of Social Work
 Dr Katherine Kendall, formerly Secretary-General
 of the International Association of Schools of
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 Mr Sheridan Russell, formerly a Medical Social Worker
 Miss Margaret Roxburgh, formerly Head Almoner, the
 Middlesex Hospital
 Mr R.C. Wright, Deputy Director, Central Council for
 Education and Training in Social Work.

Because interpretations vary, and some of the material of Eileen's life was very controversial, an unusually strong disclaimer is necessary: any errors, dubious interpretations or notable omissions are my responsibility. In the last resort, it is a matter of 'Believe this because I tell you so'. It is as honest and objective an account as I can make it.

The tapes of my conversations with Eileen and other material in my possession have been deposited in the National Institute of Social Work archives in London.

Special thanks are due to Alison Holdsworth, Secretary to the Department of Social Policy and Social Work, University of York, who carried out some of the library research, and who has been my most constant and valued critic.

KJ
 York, August 1984

CHAPTER I

FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND'S DAUGHTER

Eileen Louise Younghusband was born in London in a nursing home at 27, Gilbert Street, W.1 on January 1st 1902, the second and only surviving child of Major Francis Younghusband and his wife Helen. Six months after her birth, the family sailed for India, where Major Younghusband was Political Agent at Deoli in Rajputana. On arrival, they were invited to Viceregal Lodge, Simla, as the guests of the Viceroy, Lord Curzon.

To understand the relevance of even these few facts, it is necessary to start with Eileen's parents, and the reasons for Lord Curzon's interest.

Francis Younghusband was then thirty-nine - a soldier by profession, an explorer and a mystic by inclination. He came of a distinguished family which traced its origins back to Saxon Northumberland. Oswald became corrupted to Osban, and Young Osban to Younghusband. There was a Sheriff and Mayor of Newcastle in the line, and a Captain Younghusband who commanded his ship in the Battle of the Nile. By the middle of the nineteenth century, the Indian connection was well-established - a Major-General Younghusband had five sons, all in the Indian Army. Two were killed in action as lieutenants, the other three became generals. One, Major-General John William Younghusband, was father to Francis and grandfather to Eileen.

Francis went to India as a small, rather shy and passionately religious subaltern of nineteen. Peace-time soldiering at Meerut and Rawalpindi was scarcely to his taste. He learned Urdu and Hindustani, and at twenty-one undertook his first lone trip into the Himalayas. A strong sense of personal discipline and a metaphysical love of the mountains led to a series of extra-regimental assignments on the frontiers - Manchuria, an expedition across the Gobi Desert, a dangerous and exhausting crossing of the Himalayas by an unknown pass through Kashmir, an exploration of the northern passes.

He talked to hill tribesmen and itinerant traders (and, one suspects, found them better company than the stilted society of the officers' mess). At twenty-six, he was a skilled political agent with access to Foreign Office files on Russian policy. At twenty-eight, he became a Commander of the Indian Empire - and modestly thought that the letters CIE after his name represented 'a mistake on the part of a clerk'. In the same year, he dined with the Viceroy, Lord Lansdowne, and met the Under-Secretary of State for India - 'young

and fresh and alert and very able'. The Under-Secretary's name was George Curzon.

Missions and political appointments in India absorbed the next few years. In 1895, when Francis was on leave, the Times sent him to South Africa as a correspondent. He met Cecil Rhodes, and reported on the Jamieson Raid. On the ship which brought him home from Capetown, he met Helen Magniac, daughter of a member of Parliament and grand-daughter of an Irish earl, Lord Castletown of Upper Ossory. Two years later, they were married in the church at Datchet, near Windsor.

Francis was thirty-four, and Helen probably somewhat older. There is no record of the actual date of her birth, and when she died, Eileen had to guess her age for the death certificate. Helen had reached something of a crisis in her life - she was beautiful, grand and aristocratic, but unmarried Victorian women were distinctly 'on the shelf' by their mid-thirties, and the wealthy Magniacs had lost their money in a City crash. Helen was sent to South Africa to stay with relatives, and perhaps to find a husband. Though Francis was strongly attracted, and the marriage solved her problems, she temporised for months before agreeing to be his wife. The marriage solved his problems too, for he was reaching the stage in his career where it was necessary to live in some state, and to entertain. Helen's appreciation of fashionable clothes, her social small-talk, her skills as a hostess, her knowledge of eighteenth century furniture and belles-lettres, made her an ideal partner in career terms. On both sides, it seemed a highly suitable match; but she was never to share his intense inner life.

In 1898 they had a son, Charles - 'so young and tiny, and so like his father' said Helen, but he lived only a few months. Eileen thought later that he might have been handicapped. Soon after the baby's death, Francis moved to Deoli as political agent, and Helen followed when she was strong enough; but there was little time for the exercise of social skills. What seemed like a safe and even tame assignment turned into a nightmare when drought in the summer of 1900 ruined the crops. Famine and cholera followed. Francis exhausted himself, riding from village to village, organising, administering, providing food and medical supplies. Helen was his equal in courage. She could have gone back to England, but she chose to stay in Deoli, carrying out relief work 'in spite of the horrible sights all around and the cholera and the heat'.

The monsoon came late, and the famine and cholera passed. Helen and Francis came back to England on leave, and Helen was expecting a child again. When Eileen was born on the first day of 1902, it must have seemed like a new start after a time of tragedy.

Eileen went to Somerset House many years later to get a copy of her own birth certificate, and had difficulty in tracing it. Eventually an official found a record of a birth to her parents on the right

date which merely read ' - , a girl'. It is tempting to suppose that the Younghusbands had wanted another son, and had no girls' names in readiness. She was christened Eileen Louise Clara Nina, but she dropped 'Clara Nina', and later owned in Who's Who only to 'Eileen Louise'. When she thought back to her childhood, she was not conscious of having felt any pressure from her father to fill the place of the son he had lost. Francis Younghusband was to communicate with his daughter, as he did with all human beings, simply and directly, without stereotyping. It was not in his nature to treat any person as less than a unique personality, and it was not in his philosophy to wish that things were other than they were. Helen's reactions were very different. She frequently talked to the child Eileen about the loss of Charles, and told her that she had been sent to replace him. 'A rather negative role for a child' was Eileen's laconic comment in later life. Helen was probably pleased, all the same, to have a daughter, who might be expected to share her own tastes and interests.

Lord Curzon, who welcomed the Younghusbands at Simla early in 1902, showed a remarkable kindness in one so often icy and inaccessible, saying that Francis was 'not to look on him as Viceroy, but as an old friend'. Francis Younghusband added 'He was just the warm-hearted English host doing a kindness to friends who had had a hard time'.

Soon after, Curzon nominated Francis as Resident of Indore, a wealthy state with a mad Maharajah who once harnessed the local bankers to the State coach and drove them round the city. Francis exerted himself in diplomacy, induced the Maharajah to abdicate, studied the Vedantas, and started a book on native government in the Rajput states; but this was never completed, for in May 1903, when Eileen was only seventeen months old, Curzon sent her father on his greatest mission, the mission to Tibet. Helen and Eileen were left in Simla.

The story of the Tibetan mission is only part of Eileen's story as a heritage of legendary proportions. It is fully recounted by Francis Younghusband in his book India and Tibet, by George Seaver in his Francis Younghusband: Explorer and Mystic, and by Peter Fleming in Bayonets to Lhasa. These books do justice both to the physical hazards and to the political peril of a remarkable episode. The Tibetans were breaking their treaties with Britain, and negotiating with the Russians. The British Government was lukewarm, sanctioning only a mission to the nearest point inside the Tibetan borders. Curzon wanted a British presence in Lhasa. Francis noted in his diary 'The whole enterprise was risky. But men always prefer risk to ease. Comfort only lulls and softens their capacities, whereas danger tautens every faculty'.

The mission set out in secret, Francis telling his friends that he was going to Darjeeling. There was a physically exhausting journey through the Himalayas, a three months' wait while preliminary negotiations were conducted, the threat of attack by massing Tibetan troops, and a series of conversations with an abbot who contended not

only that the earth was flat, but that it was triangular. Francis Younghusband was in his element: 'The glory of the mountains - infinite room for the soul's expansion'. The testing of stamina and courage, the difficult negotiations, the threat of military attack and the chance to play high politics fitted his sense of destiny.

There was a return to Simla for further instructions, and a terrible journey back through the mountains in winter with reinforcements. There were endless negotiations, skirmishes and minor battles with an elusive enemy. In the end, Francis did the impossible. He led his small force (200 British and 1,200 Indians before casualties) across Tibet and into Lhasa, the Forbidden City. He negotiated a treaty, established a British Agent in Lhasa, and broke the power of the Russians in Tibet.

He had exceeded his brief, and was officially censored for it by the Secretary of State for India; but he became a national hero. England, and English society, were thrilled by the story of the man who risked his own life by going out to meet the opposing forces without an escort, discussed reincarnation with the Ti Rimpoche, and left Lhasa with a statue of the Buddha and 'many protestations of friendship' from the Tibetans. The Buddha is the one which Eileen kept for many years in her sitting-room in Lansdowne Road. When Francis died, it was placed on his coffin. The record of this unusual man was to be one of the formative influences of his daughter's life.

The Younghusbands returned to London, where King Edward VII talked with Francis for an hour, and pressed the Secretary of State for India, John Brodrick, to recommend him for a decoration. Brodrick at first refused, complaining that Francis had failed to cable for instructions before virtually annexing Tibet. Francis commented that there was no telegraph office in Lhasa (though in fact there was a field telegraph post only four miles away: the failure of communication was personal rather than technological). Following the King's insistence, Francis became a Knight Commander of the Indian Empire, and he and Helen did a London season of Edwardian brilliance. If the Secretary of State placed obedience to Whitehall's orders above initiative and daring, London society reversed his judgement. The new Sir Francis and Lady Younghusband stayed with the Balfours, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and Princess Christian of Denmark, and all doors were open to them. Sir Francis probably found it somewhat overwhelming.

Four-year old Eileen, of course, was too young to know about these events, and the contrast between the parents' experience and the child's experience is sharp. Eileen's recollections for this period were of farthing buns - 'lovely and shiny on top', and of attachments to nannies. She lost one beloved nanny, who, before she left, made the child promise that she would never call anyone else 'Nanny'. Eileen's only comment when she recalled this episode was that this was difficult for the next nanny, but one could sense the remembered

desolation. The next nanny was called Annie Higham. She was a about four feet ten inches tall, with thick fuzzy hair, gold-rimmed glasses and a round cherubic face. Since she could not in loyalty be called 'Nanny', Eileen designated her 'that short person', and in time she became 'Shortie' to the entire household. Letters used to arrive at the residencies in India addressed to 'Mrs Short'.

Shortie joined the Younghusbands just before the family returned to India in 1907. There were ants in the ship's biscuits, and all the children on board were singing 'Has anybody here seen Kelly?'. Eileen had her sixth birthday in the Residency at Indore, and then the family moved on to Kashmir, where the vivid memories really began. Fittingly, they were memories of mountains:

'Snow mountains became engrossing to me, always the things I wanted to see, always a desire to see snow mountains...In the spring, the vale of Kashmir was covered with great drifts of white and mauve and dark purple flag irises, and then there would be masses of peach blossom and rolling country, and beyond that the blue foothills, and then beyond the foothills, the high snow mountains of the Himalayas.'

When Eileen was in her seventies, she went back to Kashmir, and visited the Residency in Srinagar again. She remembered it as vast, and making allowances for the perceptions of a child, expected it to have shrunk with the years; but it was still vast, a great airy palace, the rooms built high for coolness; and she could still find her way from room to room, though she had left it at the age of seven.

The Maharajah of Kashmir used to call, 'dressed in snowy white muslin kind of gaiters and a huge turban and a very formal kind of Indian frock coat'. Bearers would bring toys for the Resident's daughter, but the Resident's daughter learned early that they had to be refused. 'I used to look at them and long for them, masses of wonderful toys, but that would have been construed as bribery to my father.' It was an early lesson in political restraint.

There had to be restraint with the servants; too. The child Eileen would peer underneath the house, raised on piles, to watch the men cooking. A bearer led her away, explaining to her that if her shadow fell on the cooking pots, they would have to throw their food away. 'In fact, although I didn't realise this until much later, I was an untouchable.'

Crowds of petitioners would come to the Resident's office to ask him for favours or the redress of grievances. They would ask Eileen to intercede with her father, and he had to explain why this would not do. Justice had to be even-handed.

The Maharajah's eldest son, Hari Singh, used to come to play. The child Eileen was unimpressed, and thought him 'a tiresome boy'. On one occasion, he ordered a servant to throw her fox terrier down a well to see if it could swim. Eileen told the servants to do nothing of the kind. In her old age, she re-lived the scene- the fox terrier, the 'poor servants' terrified at the contradictory orders. The English child's will prevailed, and the fox terrier lived.

Life at the Residency was gracious and spacious. There were garden parties - 'I can still see my mother dressed in beautiful garden party clothes of the Edwardian period, with a long train behind and a great deal of ornamentation on her dresses, sweeping across the lawn to receive the guests'. There were gardens with great drifts of lilac in the spring. There was the Resident's houseboat, propelled by boatmen in scarlet uniforms with heart-shaped paddles, while the Resident and his family and their visitors sat on the upper deck. There were ponies - a little shaggy one called Bhalu, and a lively chestnut called Ginger. There were birds to watch - golden orioles and paradise fly-catchers with long white and apricot-coloured tails, and bulbuls.

There were no lessons. Somehow the Resident's daughter learned to read, largely because she was always demanding to be read to, and the grown-ups were too slow, and would not do it for long enough; but life was a round of light and colour and movement, of visits and visitors, of picnics and excursions. It was 'everything a child could wish'; and the Resident, busy as he was, became his small daughter's companion. They would spend a week on the journey from Sialcot to Srinagar, stopping every night at a dak bungalow:

'He used to talk to me the whole time as we drove along, pointing out the mountains, the trees, the butterflies, the birds, the flowers, and teaching me, by his own enthusiasm, to be very observant of all of them. It was the same when we rode together every morning...looking at the majestic beauty of the Himalayas through the pine forests and the foothills.'

She remembered the scents and the sounds:

'The hot smell of marigold flowers, of orange blossom, the sharp white dust in your nostrils...the creaking of the yokes on the oxen as they went round the well.'

Then it all stopped.

In 1909, Sir Francis Younghusband resigned, and the family returned to England. There was the long trip down to the rail-head, the interminable journey to Karachi, and a sea voyage which took three weeks or more. All the light and colour were extinguished, and a grey, cold England, insecure and unfamiliar, took their place. The splendours of childhood were over.

CHAPTER II

A LONDON GIRLHOOD

Why did the Younghusbands return to England in 1909? Francis had made his home in India for twenty-seven years, and his wife for twelve. Though they had many relatives in England, they had no home of their own, and no very strong ties. Francis was only forty-six years old, which was young for retirement.

England, of course, was 'Home', as it is to most expatriates; but Francis would have stayed in India if there had been work to do. There was not. Though he had the King's favour and his hour of limelight, as far as the India Office was concerned, he was still in disgrace for exceeding orders on the expedition to Tibet. Curzon was no longer Viceroy, and there was no-one to protect him. In the India Office, senior appointments were going to sound men - consolidators, not pioneers. Francis was regarded as unsound, unlikely to keep to policy briefs, and liable to rock the boat - the cardinal Civil Service sin. A man who risked his life and did as he thought fit was an anachronism, an embarrassment to his masters.

Even under royal and viceregal pressure, Brodrick had only recommended the KCIE, the lowest form of knighthood available in the Indian Honours list. It was not until 1917 that another Secretary of State for India, Austen Chamberlain, re-read the papers of the Tibetan expedition and recommended the award of a KCSI (Knight Commander of the Star of India), a much higher decoration; but by that time, Francis's active career was over.

Eileen wrote in 1965, in an address to the World Congress of Faiths, which her father founded:

'It needed all his enormous personal integrity to remain fundamentally unshaken, though deeply hurt, when he was disowned and made the scapegoat by the Government when he had brought off a successful mission to Lhasa and won the respect, indeed the friendship, of the Tibetan authorities...'

There was no possibility of Francis rejoining the Army, which he had left on becoming a political agent. He had never commanded a regiment, and most of his exploits in his Army period had been undertaken while technically on leave. In any case, it was becoming increasingly clear by 1909 that the next war would be fought in Europe. not in India. Time had simply passed on, and left him

behind.

If this was devastating for Francis, it was equally devastating for Helen. Brought up to be a society hostess, she had had a few years of fulfilment. They were not to come again. The beautiful dresses in which she had swept across the lawn at Srinagar to greet the Viceroy and the Maharajah were left in trunks, never to be unpacked. Her social position was no longer central, only peripheral. The Younghusbands had neither inherited wealth nor property, and despite their social contacts, life was somewhat precarious.

Francis considered a political career. He 'plunged recklessly' into the General Election of 1910, offering himself as a parliamentary candidate. He enjoyed the experience of facing the crowds, as he enjoyed all testing experiences, but Lhasa was no training ground for the hustings. He was 'a dismal failure on the hustings' in his own estimation, and he was not adopted as a candidate. Shortly after the election, he had an accident in Belgium - a car hit him in the street, and caused a double fracture of the leg and ankle. Some primitive nursing led to pneumonia, and the man who had survived the dangers of the high plateaux nearly died in a Belgian convent hospital. While he grappled with new experiences of pain and fear, vividly described in his diary, and Helen, indomitable as ever, organised medical care to bring him back to England, young Eileen was coping with her first experiences of English life.

It was not until 1912, when Francis had survived several major operations in England and narrowly avoided a leg amputation, that the family finally settled in London. For the better part of three years, they had no home of their own - as Eileen said 'we wandered'. She spoke of 'that long, bitty, confused period of going from place to place, staying with friends and relatives, and hating this country compared with all the beauties and excitement of Kashmir'. Life was 'bitty, disoriented, rootless' and 'desperately penny plain'. Neither of the Younghusbands knew much about bringing up a little girl. They called her 'Teeny' or 'Rogie' (short for 'little rogue') or 'little pet' or 'dear child', but gave her little in the way of companionship. Eileen was 'a middle-aged child', dressed in a sailor suit and socks and three flannel petticoats with feather stitching. She must have been a very self-contained child. She kept her miseries to herself, and was slow to make friends - how could she, when her few years of experience were so different from those of her English contemporaries? A fire in the bedroom of a strange country house was a comfort, but she was terrified of big, grand house-parties:

'I was always so frightened of going that I used to get styes on the eye. I never realised, of course, and neither did anyone else, that this was due to nerves.'

In such circumstances, most children would turn to their mothers for support; but the relationship between Eileen and her mother was

complex and uneasy. Helen expected children to behave like small adults. Being a woman of very orthodox views, she assumed that mothers love their daughters, and daughters love their mothers, but she did not know how to get close to her own child, who often walked hand in hand with other people, responded to kisses and hugs, and sat on their laps, but would not do so with her. Eileen thought that part of the problem was that her mother never bathed or dressed her, and would not have known how - this was left to her nanny. Helen had rapid changes of mood - from an extreme show of affection to caustic sarcasm - which made the child shrink from closer contact. She needed 'to discover her own self' and was afraid of being emotionally overwhelmed.

Perhaps it was a double failure. Helen brought her daughter expensive presents, and Eileen could remember looking out of the window to see her mother arrive home in a hansom cab. Helen waved the parcels she was carrying, and the child thought 'It's not the parcels I want'. So they existed in the same house like members of different species - forced by convention into a show of affection but mutually repelled; and in real terms, they never met.

The really maternal figure in Eileen's life at this time was Shortie, her nanny. There are hints of conflict between Shortie, who defended the child's interests, and Helen Younghusband's maid, Mrs Idie, who had her own interpretation of her lady's wishes. (Mrs Idie's real name was Alice Woolford - Eileen, who had some difficulty in remembering Shortie's real name, had no idea how Miss Woolford came to be called Mrs Idie. Neither of them was married, but of course nannies and ladies' maids were always called 'Mrs'.) Despite the occasional conflict, Shortie and Mrs Idie were also good friends. They had gone through the years in Kashmir together, the only English staff at the Residency, and for Eileen they were 'largely the backbone and continuity of life for a long time'.

The Younghusbands usually stayed with relatives, taking their staff with them. It was not the practice for people of their station in life to stay in hotels or guest-houses, though occasionally they might stay (with staff) in a lodging-house of a particular kind: a butler from one of the great houses would marry a cook, and set up an establishment where gentlefolk could live on the lines to which they were accustomed; but for the most part, the Younghusbands went to country houses. There were visits to many different relatives. Eileen did not remember her grandparents, but there were some rather alarming great-aunts, dressed in voluminous black bombazine, jet and lace caps; and there were the uncles and aunts. Francis Younghusband had two brothers and two sisters. One brother, George, became Keeper of the Crown Jewels. Helen had seven brothers and one sister. The Magniac uncles included Vesey, who commanded the Coldstream Guards, Douglas, who became Comptroller of the King's Household, and Eileen's favourite uncle, Claud. Uncle Claud and Aunt Di lived in Ashtead in Surrey, and Eileen often stayed with them, during the 'wandering years' and after, till she was grown up.

They had no children of their own, but unlike her parents, they were able to enter a child's world, reading to her and playing with her. She responded with affection and interest. They gave her a sense of belonging.

In 1912, the family settled at last in a flat at Buckingham Gate in London. Eileen remembered the horse-drawn buses and the growlers and hansom cabs - the horses so different from the Kashmir ponies. The sound of horses' hooves was a London sound, and when people were dying, straw was spread in the street outside the house to muffle it.

In 1912, Sir Francis Younghusband was forty-nine, and an eminent ex-public servant. He was in demand as a public speaker, received several honorary degrees, and devoted much of his time to writing - Indian affairs, philosophy, religion; Lady Younghusband moved in society and read eighteenth century French memoirs. Eileen, now aged ten, went to school - Miss Wolff's in South Audley Street, where she was taken daily by Shortie.

Miss Wolff's private school taught the conventional subjects - English, French, History, Geography and Arithmetic. It was scarcely congenial to the child who knew Srinagar better than she knew London, and who, at the age of five or six, had interpreted for Shortie and Mrs Idie when they wanted to communicate with the Indian servants in the Residency. Eileen thought the teachers, apart from Miss Wolff, 'not awfully intelligent'; and was worried by the lack of books - the school had no library.

But Miss Wolff herself was different. A very small 'eager little birdlike person' with grey hair and a parchment skin, she lived in the lives of her pupils and their families. She was quick to pick up the relationship between Eileen and her mother. When she suggested that children should tell their mothers everything, Eileen and Shortie looked at each other, and Miss Wolff said 'I see that it is impossible for you to tell your mother things'.

Eileen responded to Miss Wolff's teaching, and became her prize pupil, for whom she had intellectual ambitions; but for the time being, Francis Younghusband was still his daughter's chief mentor, intervening in the educational process in a way intended to broaden her intellectual horizons, but demanding much of her.

'I remember that he produced for me a chart...a chart of the whole history of the world from the beginning, from the evolution of Man and then all the different civilisations. It was all most beautifully drawn out in his very fine, neat handwriting, and it came right down to the present day, and him and me having our lessons together. I've got that chart still, somewhere.'

A letter, written from a country house in Raglanshire, shows Sir Francis's methods in some detail:

'My dear Rogie,

Here are some nice sums for you to do for me by the time I arrive on Monday. Mind you get them right. You can do them in your sum book.

1. Gulmarq was once under the sea. It is now 8200 feet above the sea. Supposing it was upheaved at the rate of one inch in five years, how long did it take to come up?
(You do this by multiplying 8200 by 60, that is by five times 12 as there are twelve inches in a foot.)
2. Nanga Parbat is 26,600 feet high. Supposing it is worn down by snow and ice and rain at the rate of one inch in six years. How long will it be before it is level with the sea?
(To do this you multiply 26,600 by 72 - that is, by six times twelve.)
3. The distance of the sun from the earth is 93,000,000 (miles). Supposing an aeroplane flying at the rate of 90 miles an hour was to start off for the sun, how long would it take to get there?
(You divide 93,000,000 by 90 to find out the number of hours and find out the number of days by dividing by 24 and the number of years by dividing by 365.)'

Some Geography questions follow, mostly involving the location of mountains, and then

'...There is a fine park here, but not as good as Lord Ducie's. I hope you are a good little girl. You seemed to be very full of mischief when you started.
Your loving
Dad'

The arithmetic was not over difficult for a bright ten-year-old girl, but what other father would have set his daughter questions in 1912 about mountains being 'upheaved' and laid level, and aeroplanes flying at 90 miles an hour into the sun?

The closeness between father and daughter held, and every journey together was an excitement, even if it was only from London to Slough instead of from Sialcot to Srinagar. They took this journey several times a year, and Eileen remembered:

'...the moment near Slough when one could see Windsor Castle, where the Union Jack he took to Lhasa hung;... the excitement of timing the train with his watch by the milestones, until it reached a mile a minute...he was well

into middle age when he was able to make that journey such an adventure through familiar landmarks for a child.'

Most of Eileen's good memories of this period were not of lessons, but of holidays - the long visits to Uncle Claud and Aunt Di, sandcastles and donkey rides at Westgate-on-Sea, bilberries and Devonshire cream on Exmoor.

For a few months, the Younghusbands had a house of their own in Bath - two houses in an eighteenth century crescent converted into one, and beautifully furnished by Eileen's mother; but they were not to settle for long. In 1914, when war broke out, Lady Strathcona bought it as a convalescent home for wounded officers. Francis volunteered for active service, but both the India Office and the War Office turned him down. He offered to raise a Travellers' Battalion, which might have contained some interesting people of his own kind; but it was World War I, largely fought in the trenches, and the hazardous tasks undertaken by Lawrence of Arabia and others required a knowledge of the Middle East, not the Far East. He was rejected again, and eventually offered the fairly routine task of preparing daily news cables for the Viceroy of India - 'not very satisfactory employment' was his comment. Perhaps the India Office was afraid that he would annex somewhere else if not kept out of mischief. Helen ran an information centre and a canteen for soldiers in Parliament Square - Eileen could remember the blue hospital uniforms, but not much more.

Buckingham Gate was thought to be too dangerous because of the possibility of German air raids, so the Younghusbands moved to Wimbledon. Eileen went up to Miss Wolff's in South Audley Street 'several times a week' and shared a French governess with her friend Peggy Leigh, who lived in Upper Berkeley Street. The governess was 'a bit of an adventuress', and had no teaching qualifications, but Peggy and her brother Rowley were good companions. It was at Upper Berkeley Street that Eileen had her only World War I experience of an air raid - 'nothing happened apart from the sound of guns'. Her father picked up some pieces of shrapnel afterwards.

Wimbledon was scarcely a place at all to Eileen, only a suburban limbo. The house, though charmingly furnished, was 'agonisingly cold'. The soil was poor, and things grew badly. Wimbledon residents are said to regard their Common as part of rural England, but Eileen thought it was 'artificial'. Her love of trees and plants and flowers, which comes out in the early Kashmir memories, had turned into a thoroughly English love of gardens with a kind of mystical passion behind it which was to endure. At the age of seventy-eight, she had to be almost forcibly detached from a climbing hydrangea in order to lecture to a waiting group of students on 'The Future of Social Work'.

For a time during the war, the Younghusbands went to stay with a famous woman gardener, Miss Willmott. The arrangement was one of

convenience on both sides. Audrey Le Fievre's book, Miss Willmott of Warley Place, describes her as rich and eccentric, by turns incredibly generous and incredibly mean. She wrote a sizeable monograph on roses, and hid her tiara in a paper bag in the bushes for fear of burglars. Despite the beauties of the garden, the Younghusbands wearied of the eccentricity and the meanness, and came to suspect that Miss Willmott's only motive in asking them to live with her had been to prevent her butler from being called up for military service. After rather an uncomfortable period, they left.

For Eileen, the war meant patriotic songs - 'Tipperary' and 'We don't want to lose you, but we think you ought to go' and talk about the boys in khaki; but there was no action and no involvement. There were 'long boring stretches' for a good, nice little girl who heard a great deal of adult conversation, and was too young to realise how bored she was. Perhaps the concept of being bored originated in the 1920s. Earlier generations do not seem to have thought of it. Nor was there any concept of being a teenager - one was simply too young for all the exciting things, and that was that. Eileen was strictly chaperoned, and her mother opened her letters. Eventually she would 'come out', and be expected to grow up rather quickly.

Eileen spent the war years in intellectual and emotional suspension, not much stimulated by her haphazard education, and largely lacking friends of her own age. Under the surface, there were fierce emotions - acute loneliness, hatred of London, love of the country, and always the yearning back to 'snow mountains and riding and wildness - and belonging'. Wimbledon Common was no substitute.

Armistice Night - November 11th 1918 - was a vivid memory. Eileen was in Trafalgar Square with the inevitable Shortie in attendance, and several thousand other people. The cheering, excited faces and the red glow of the jubilatory bonfires they lit in the Square stayed in her mind. One fire was so near to one of the lions that it scorched the plinth.* Shortie 'got very excited, and started kissing soldiers, which surprised them very much indeed'. Sixteen-year-old Eileen was too young and too shy, and much too well brought up.

After the war, life became interesting. The family moved back to Buckingham Gate, and Eileen rated the next four years as 'one of the best periods of my life'. There were friends - Peggy Leigh, Anne Bevan, Kathleen Corry and others. Anne, the daughter of Edwyn Bevan, the philosopher and philanthropist, was of a serious nature, a friend to discuss the world with. Kathleen had been a friend since they were both ten, when the two of them climbed on the roof of her uncle's house at Bath, and had to be brought down with many

* I have looked for this in Trafalgar Square, but there are two scorched plinths - one facing Admiralty Arch, and one facing Piccadilly. Perhaps the second was caused by a VE night bonfire. (Author's note)

exclamations and some concern. She was a friend for more frivolous activities and mischief, and devising ways out of boredom.

Once, when Kathleen and Eileen were about eighteen, Lady Younghusband took them to stay at the home of a Miss Fitzroy in Suffolk. Miss Fitzroy had some of the eccentricity of Miss Willmott of Warley Place. She disapproved of daylight saving - 'the most wicked thing that has ever been invented, it is living a lie against God's own time' - and would not admit cars to her estate: all traffic had to be horse-drawn. Conversation between Miss Fitzroy and Lady Younghusband consisted mainly of comments on mutual acquaintances - 'Dear Alice' or 'That dreadful Lord X' - and diatribes against the Modern Girl. One night, they agreed that 'Really my dear, you wouldn't know the difference between their nightdresses and their evening dresses'. The next night, Kathleen and Eileen came demurely down to dinner in their nightdresses. Neither of the older ladies noticed.

Kathleen Corry (who was to become Mrs Lutyens-Humphrey, and to outlive Eileen) remembered Lady Younghusband as impressive and terrifying: 'If SHE came floating in, I used to dive under the bed'. Lady Younghusband 'never seemed to walk, just glide, and had a habit of holding her arms a little behind her sides and waving her fingers as she progressed'.

As a charming lady in her eighties, still with a strong sense of mischief, Kathleen Lutyens-Humphrey recalled a discomfited young Army officer - 'not particularly well-informed or cultured, just one of those "poor bloody infantry"' - being catechised by Lady Younghusband: 'And who, Major D., do you think will be our next Lord Chancellor?' Kathleen commented 'I do not remember hearing any reply. After all, it was rather a poser'.

Lady Younghusband attempted to instil into the two girls a proper sense of their own station in life, and the skills of running a great household. She told them how, in her own girlhood, on an occasion when her parents were away from Chesterfield House, their London home, the steward had tested her knowledge of running the establishment, asking whose task it was to clean the looking-glasses in the drawing-room. 'I replied the fifth footman, which was perfectly correct.'

School was over, young ladies of their station did not work, and occupations had to be found for them. Sir Francis used to take Eileen and Peggy Leigh to the London museums - 'mostly to the Natural History Museum'. They disliked the Natural History Museum, and found the brontosaurus boring, but never said so. 'We just went.' Sometimes Sir Francis took them to the Royal Geographical Society, of which he was President. Eileen quite often fell asleep.

Asked if she ever went to the Victoria and Albert Museum, which might have roused an interest in the Fine Arts, Eileen at once replied 'Oh

no, that would have been my mother, not my father'. But her mother did not take her to museums, only to endless social functions. Eileen was 'almost illiterate as far as the Arts were concerned'. But she and Peggy Leigh did discover the theatre. You could get into the Gallery for ninepence in those days, and Eileen and Peggy went often. She remembers The Playboy of the Western World and Galsworthy - particularly The Silver Box and Justice - and admiring Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and an actress called Rene Kelly who played Judy in Daddy Longlegs for over 500 performances. She saw Sybil Thorndike as St Joan, and thought her 'totally unsuited to the part' - much too cosy and middle-class for the peasant girl from Domrémy.

But her chief discovery was St Martin-in-the-Fields, where the great Dick Sheppard was Rector, preaching a gospel matched to the needs of the post-war world. Week after week, he preached social reform, pacifism and good human relations. It was Sermon-on-the-Mount Christianity, entirely remote from the tub-thumping materialism of the war period, and not always to the liking of his ecclesiastical superiors. A mixture of pure goodness and impish irreverence drew huge crowds - for who could fail to warm to the parson who said that every time he saw a parish magazine, he tore it up, before it could do any more harm? When Eileen was about to be confirmed, her mother went to the Army and Navy Stores and 'laid in a stock of holy books'. Dick Sheppard looked at the books, looked at Eileen, roared with laughter and said 'What shall we do, burn them?'

So Eileen was confirmed, and became a regular churchgoer, if not a very orthodox one. The Younghusbands went as a family to Morning Service on Sundays. The queues stretched round Trafalgar Square long before the doors opened; and when they opened, the congregation filled the big bare church. People jammed the aisles and sat on the pulpit steps. Eileen, who shared her father's conviction that God was too overwhelming to be restricted within religious formulae, found much to help her, and some principles on which to found her life.

She knew little of the life of the poor, though she had inherited (or adopted) her father's directness of approach. She was as much at home with an Indian bearer or a London servant as with her own contemporaries. The basic interest in other human beings, their lives, their experiences, cut across differences of race or class. But from Dick Sheppard she learned in detail for the first time of the condition of poor families in East London, and of the need for social action.

For the time being, this new dimension in her thinking was kept under strict control, for she had to join London society. Miss Wolff thought that Eileen ought to go to Oxford, and offered to coach her for matriculation without payment; but Lady Younghusband dismissed the idea as unsuitable. Her daughter had to come out, and 'coming out was awful'. In 1919, Eileen was a debutante. King George V and Queen Mary received the lines of suitable girls dressed in long

white dresses, ostrich plumes in their hair and white kid gloves above the elbow, in the Throne Room at Buckingham Palace. Then the girls went off to do the season, to meet at dances the suitable young men who were too young to have fought in the war.

Eileen was still being chaperoned. Her mother said 'Well, you will be taken everywhere until you get married, and after that I hope your husband will take you everywhere'. Kathleen Lutyens-Humphrey commented that Lady Younghusband had been accompanied everywhere by a footman in her own girlhood, 'so a 4ft 10in Shortie was substituted for a 6ft 4in footman'.

Eileen 'couldn't dance for toffee' and she found the young men boring. She could only recall with any pleasure one regular partner for the supper dance, because they both enjoyed the 'terrific suppers'. Off the dance floor, she still lacked suitable accomplishments. She was incapable of hitting a golf-ball or a tennis-ball (probably because she had no interest in where it went). She played the piano badly, and she had no small-talk. There were dinner-parties before the dances, long and formal, with quite interesting grown-up dinner partners to talk to. Then the 'ghastly dances' with her own generation, at the Berkeley or the Ritz or the Hyde Park Hotel. 'It was, of course, a marriage market.' Some girls liked it. Peggy Leigh did - 'she was beautiful, graceful, had the social graces, dressed beautifully, and had a stream of young men'.

Eileen, bored by formality and superficial relationships, unimpressed by society people, her good mind stirring under the impact of her father's teaching and Dick Sheppard's preaching, looked for a way out of an alien world.

CHAPTER III

LIVING TWO LIVES

'I was very full of life, very much interested in ideas, but I couldn't discover what I was, or where to put my energies.'

Several more years had to go by before the second life of Eileen Younghusband could become a reality, but the beginning was there. Discussion groups and contacts at St Martin-in-the Fields convinced her of the horrors of war and the need for a new international spirit. She went to Disarmament meetings. She read the New Statesman. She became enthusiastic about the League of Nations and (perhaps rather less so) about the Labour Party.

Peggy Leigh disappeared into socialite London - she became fashion correspondent for the Daily Mail and eventually married Robert Graves' brother Charles - 'a purely society person', according to Eileen. Eileen's closest friend at this time was Anne Bevan, 'full of ideas and ideals'. This friendship was particularly important to Eileen after 1922 when the Younghusbands, having duly brought their daughter out and given her a London season, moved to Westerham in Kent. At Currant Hill, 'an ugly Edwardian structure which provided a very inadequate background for the fine English and French eighteenth century furniture which was my mother's chief pleasure and pride', the parents settled to their respective concerns. Eileen's mother was absorbed in eighteenth century memoirs; and eventually published a book entitled Marie Antoinette: her early youth. Her father was absorbed in the first Everest expeditions - the 1921 reconnaissance which revealed the North Col, and the expeditions of 1922 and 1924. There were applicants to be interviewed, supplies to be planned, 'the logistics, the struggles and heartbreaks of trying to raise the money'.

Francis was a happy man, still content to take life as it came. Eileen remembered him 'walking along with zest, swinging his walking stick, his hat rakishly on the side of his head, and whistling or singing as he went'. He was well-known in the locality, and would stop and talk to the village children, showing the same interest in their pursuits as he had once shown to maharajahs and bearers alike.

Eileen and her friends called the house 'Currant Bun', and remembered conditions as somewhat chaotic. Lady Younghusband knew how to run a great household, but was quite incapable of running a small one - eventually Eileen took over that task. There was no carpet on the stairs for years, and when Kathleen Corry asked why, Lady

Younghusband replied grandly 'Oh, we have one, but it is much too good to use'. On the landing stood a china slop-pail, with a portrait of a rajah leaning against it. 'The Rajah and the slop-pail' became a short-hand phrase between Eileen and Kathleen to express any kind of incongruous juxtaposition.

The fine eighteenth century furniture (most of it bought by Lady Younghusband at auctions) took pride of place. The relics of Sir Francis's travels, including some splendid and priceless Tibetan robes, were relegated to the garden shed. One day, the jobbing gardener lit a fire too close to the shed. The fire brigade was called, but their hoses were too short to reach the blaze, and shed and relics were reduced to ashes.

Sir Francis withdrew into his own world. On one occasion, Lady Younghusband said to him at breakfast 'I don't believe you'd notice if my head was hanging on by a thread, nor if they built the Eiffel Tower one night in our field'. At meal-times, she would ask Eileen 'Where's your father?', and the reply would be 'Oh, he's down in the garden looking at the butterflies on the buddleia bush'.

Eileen was conscious of the same vagueness in her father. When she took the daring step of having her hair shingled, they sat facing one another through dinner, and he made no comment. Eventually she said 'Have you noticed anything?', and he said 'No, what?'. 'So then of course he roared with laughter and said he could hardly forbid me to do it again as it was done.'

It was a rare revolt on Eileen's part. To all appearances, she was an obedient daughter, but dissatisfaction was rising. She drifted through 'two or three very frustrating years, with practically nothing to do, and without quite the initiative to find anything'. Though ex-debutantes were beginning to find jobs, it was not easy for one who disliked London society and had no skill or qualifications to offer. An ability to ride ponies and a love of 'snow mountains' were not marketable assets; but a job was absolutely necessary if Eileen were to escape from her mother's narrow world.

The specifications for such a job were becoming clearer. It had to provide an outlet for her growing idealism; it had to draw on capacities for organising and for human understanding of which she was as yet only dimly aware; it had to be in London, because that was where her friends were; and it had to be intensely respectable, or she would not be allowed to take it.

In 1924 (Eileen was only twenty-two, but the waiting had seemed much longer) Anne Bevan told Eileen that she needed a purpose, and something to do, and asked her to meet Edith Ramsay, who was then LCC Care Committee Organiser in Stepney.

Care Committees were groups of volunteers attached to London County Council schools - mainly the infant and junior schools, which took

children from the ages of five to eleven. Eileen went to lunch with Edith Ramsay, who 'had the great gift of making anything she was doing come vivid and alive'. That day, she fired Eileen with her account of the life and colour of Stepney, and the need for Care Committee workers. It was an introduction to a new world.

Eileen was attracted to Edith Ramsay, who became a close friend; and she enjoyed the Care Committee work. The volunteers in Stepney at that time were mostly employed in following up school medical examinations, ensuring that children went to the School Dental Service (which usually extracted decaying teeth, there was little preventive dentistry) or went to hospital to have their tonsils and adenoids removed. Mothers often had to be persuaded, the standing excuse being 'Well, I would, but his father don't hold with it'. Volunteers also assessed the children's need for free school dinners or holidays provided by voluntary organisations, and tried to find out why some had poor attendance records. Often the answer was as simple as the need for a pair of boots. Eileen cannot remember much unemployment at that time, but she remembers sickness, malnutrition and poverty: thin, anaemic bare-footed children in ragged clothes; women old and tired beyond their years; men with white mufflers, but no overcoats in the cold weather. Few people had new clothes or new bedclothes - that would have meant capital expenditure. They bought from jumble sales or street market stalls, and struggled to pay for boots for growing children.

There were the pawnshops, under the sign of the three gold balls, where clothes, bedclothes or even a wedding ring might be taken on Tuesday or Wednesday, to be redeemed with luck, on Friday, pay-day. Standard questions on visiting a mother to assess a child's need were 'How many children? How many dead? Have you got any pawn tickets? Can I see the rent book?'

The housing was appalling. Old three-storey houses had been turned into tenements. There were

'...broken down wooden staircases, peeling walls and ceilings, no indoor sanitation, and gas cookers on each landing for (shared by) several families. Over-all, there was the smell of ingrained dirt of every kind, the sharp peppery smell in the nostrils'.

Eileen had no consciousness of lice or bed-bugs, and no hesitation in visiting the dirty, raucous tenements. She had a sharp eye for the way people lived - the staple diet of white bread, margarine and cheap jam, the weak tea and condensed milk (cheaper than 'cow's milk', and it kept better in hot weather); the cheap cut of meat once a week if the family could afford it; the fish and chips or jellied eels eaten out of a newspaper; the crowded pubs which no respectable woman would enter, and the foaming jugs of beer passed out by the side door. Almost every family kept 2d or 3d a week for funeral insurance because

'...the pageantry of the funeral was the one great display in drab lives - the glass hearse, the black horses with their black feather plumes, the pall bearers in their black frock coats and top hats, and the relatives in deep mourning in a carriage behind. It was said of one undertaker that he "cut the corpses to fit the coffins".'

Eileen's main reaction was that it was 'all immensely interesting and stimulating'. Stepney was 'intensely alive, perhaps because so much of life had to be lived in the streets, and for the moment'. The struggle for survival produced its own excitement. Living was a passionate and violent affair, far removed from the constraints and restrictions of 'the other end' - the West End of London. The flaring gas jets after dark, the noise and variety of the Petticoat Lane market - where you could buy almost anything, and some of it stolen goods; the orthodox Jewish women in their red wigs (a phenomenon Eileen was to encounter again, many years later, when she went to Jerusalem); the funerals, the fights, and the sheer grind of making ends meet and bringing up a family brought her in touch with a new kind of reality. She went from tenement to tenement, sometimes being asked in, sometimes talking on the doorstep; and only once met hostility, when a woman asked 'What does the LCC mean by paying young women like you to come and worry the likes of us?'

Eileen remembered the medical inspections, and the smell of the LCC schools - 'that particular smell of pitch pine and polish'; and she remembered bringing a mass of primroses from Currant Hill, and the children 'flocking round like wild creatures' for bunches.

Perhaps it was all still very ladylike, and slightly romantic. Eileen's was not a revolutionary or fierce spirit (and conditions in Stepney at that time raised both emotions in others). She said of herself 'I was an unenquiring, unobservant creature'. She simply took people as she found them, and got on with the work which came to hand. She was warmed by human relationships less artificial and seemingly richer than those which she had found in Mayfair. She met her new acquaintances - the families, the other care workers, the few social workers - with a spontaneous enthusiasm which had been repressed through years of 'empty existence'.

Neither of her parents took much interest in this new activity. Her mother seems to have regarded it as a suitable time-filler for an unmarried daughter who continued obediently to fulfil the demands of the social round at the same time. Her father, engaged in philosophical and spiritual exploration, had something of the indifference to material conditions which characterises the Eastern religions.

In the following year, 1925, they must have realised that she had found a serious interest, for she went to stay at the Princess Settlement in Bermondsey. She broke the news to them on the way back from the United States - evidently careful timing. And she

added that she would be home from Saturday to Monday, which must have been reassuring. The settlement was a suitable milieu for a young lady, for the volunteers had their own rooms and a maid to bring them morning tea.

The Princess Settlement was in Jamaica Road, run by an Anglican deaconess, one of the Grey Ladies from Blackheath. 'The whole thing was female, no male residents or workers, no male club members. I think there were boys in the play-group for small children, but that was it.'

Eileen ran play-groups, and cleaned the chapel 'which was thought to be too holy for the maids to clean' and ran the library, where a group of girls gradually came together to discuss their lives, their families, their boyfriends, their mates, their fights and their reconciliations. Many years later, this would probably have been called 'a spontaneous leaderless group'. At the time, it just happened.

Eileen was on free and easy terms with these young people of much her own age, and enjoyed their vivid comments on life. 'Give us a book with a bit of love in it.' 'Your young man's mum ain't born yet.' 'She can't cook hot water without burning it.' She learned about their working lives. The best employer was Peak Frean, the biscuit firm, and the children used to be exhorted at school to be clean and tidy and good at their lessons 'or you won't get a job in Peak Frean'. There were terrible Dickensian factories, like the jam factory where the vats of jam and crystallised fruits were covered with a thick, dusty scum 'and when the orders came in, they stirred it all up and bottled it'. There was a story about a girl who fell into a cauldron of boiling jam - 'nothing was found afterwards except her boots, so they took out the boots and bottled the jam'. It is not easy to say whether Eileen believed this well-known piece of Grand Guignol: her sense of humour ran deep.

Some of the violence was real enough. Eileen made one friend, a girl called Flo, who used to take her children with her and sleep on the roof every Friday night because her husband always came home drunken and violent on pay night. 'He was a steeple jack, and she said "Thank heavens" the day he fell off and broke his neck.'

She had begun to appreciate the evils of casual labour in the docks, where the men never knew from one day to the next whether there would be work, and the women lived from hand to mouth on their sporadic wages. She learned about debt, and the uses of the pawn shop. She learned about pubs, and how the women and children stood outside and waited for the men to come out, hoping that there would be money left for food. She learned about religious prejudice against Irish Roman Catholics; and how to distrust people who came from 'over the water' (this meant on the other side of the Thames, not across the Irish Sea).

There were absorbing discussions with the other residents in the Settlement about the causes of poverty, and how to eliminate it:

'We really thought that the cure or cures for poverty were going to be available to us, were clear and could be worked for. This was in quite marked contrast, I think, to the nineteenth century acceptance of the inevitability of poverty.'

Eileen was very short of money at this period in her life. At the Settlement, she had free board and lodging in return for being what the Settlement members called 'the peel round the onion', but she had no regular income of her own. Her mother gave her money rather erratically, but her parents were not wealthy - her father had an Indian Civil Service pension of £500 a year and small royalties, while her mother had an income from investments which must have dwindled alarmingly in the years of economic depression. Eileen said that 'neither of them had any idea how to budget or manage their income'. There were servants - 'one didn't dream of not having servants' and Shortie and Mrs Idie were taken for granted as part of the household. Eileen managed holidays with friends and relatives, but often 'did a whole month of visits on £3, and the house-maids did not suffer'. Her style of living was extremely modest. £3 might mean no more than a night out to 'purely society people', but she knew it represented two weeks' wages or more to many Stepney or Bermondsey families. Though she still had contacts with people of wealth and position, she understood the value of money.

While she was working in Bermondsey - a period which lasted eighteen months, and was to be invaluable to her later - Eileen began at last to feel the need for formal education. She needed some kind of framework for her polarised experience - some concept of 'society' which went beyond the limited worlds of the West End and the East End, and included both. She needed a philosophical framework which would build on the foundations she had derived from her father, and take her into the new world of Dick Sheppard and the fight against poverty; and she needed some knowledge of human relations which would take her from instinctive sympathy into deeper insights. Even at this stage, she was seeking 'knowledge for practice'. In her second year at the Settlement, Edith Ramsay strongly urged her to take the Social Science course at the London School of Economics, which would give her the intellectual underpinnings she needed. Eileen agreed to this suggestion with a mixture of fear and excitement. In the summer of 1926, she went to LSE to be interviewed by Edith Eckhard.

Eileen had met Edith Eckhard, the deputy head of the Social Science Department at LSE, at the Bermondsey Settlement. The head of department was Mostyn Lloyd, who was also Editor of the New Statesman, but it was Miss Eckhard who ran the department:

'She...knew all the staff intimately, interviewed

people before they came, drew up the lists of who was to coach with whom, knew the students all through, arranged all the practical work, had no secretarial help...in fact, her whole life was LSE...she put her whole heart and soul into the department.'

Miss Eckhard was a close friend of Sir Ernest and Lady Simon, (later Lord and Lady Simon of Wythenshawe) and her sister was the wife of an ambassador. A vital, energetic dark-haired woman of some originality, she had mannerisms which were to remain in the memories of her students:

'Edith wore red stockings which were always twisted round her legs like a spiral staircase. She very often used to put one leg on the mantelpiece...she used to tie her handkerchief, and it was usually rather a crumpled handkerchief, round her eye tooth, and then pull hard, most severely...in the years that I knew Edith, and I did know her till she died, the tooth always resisted the handkerchief.'

Miss Eckhard, unencumbered by Admissions Committees, UCCA requirements and all the later inventions of the university system, was able to recruit single-handed. She saw Eileen at work in the Bermondsey Settlement, talked to her, suggested that she should be interviewed at LSE, and interviewed her alone. Eileen was accepted as a student for the two-year London University External Certificate in Social Studies. 'She lent me Tillyard's Industrial Law for something to read before I came to LSE' - a bleak book, calculated to put off the wavering student.

This was no wavering student; but in the summer of 1926, Eileen had the first serious illness of her life. There is a horrifying story of 'feeling very peculiar', of a doctor at Corfe Castle, where she was staying with a friend, Barbara Bentinck, diagnosing 'a touch of the sun'; of an endless journey home to Westerham by train on a Bank Holiday with her father who 'didn't notice when I fell down'; of another doctor's injunction to bathe her legs, 'by now very weak' in Tidmarsh's Sea Salts, and the eventual discovery after much pain and suffering that she had poliomyelitis. An old friend of the family, and consultant physician, Sir John Broadbent ('Johnny B.') was suspicious about the meaning of a rather casual telephone call, went down to Westerham, and made an immediate diagnosis. He did not tell Eileen or her family until much later that he thought she would never walk again.

Eileen skipped hastily over the pain and suffering (unlike her father, who analysed his own reactions to his accident in Belgium, and its spiritual implications, in great detail). All she was prepared to say was that she used to go and lie on a window-seat in the sunshine; that her mother arranged for Paradism (a procedure for putting electric currents through the affected limbs under water to

galvanise the muscles) and massage without consulting the doctors; that the specialist 'nearly took the roof off', but that in the light of later knowledge Lady Younghusband probably did the right thing. And of course, Eileen recovered. The specialist told her that she would never again be able to walk normally upstairs, to run for buses or to take walks uphill. 'He was wrong about all that.'

There is a notable determination behind this laconic account. What Eileen experienced in that crucial summer when all her plans for an independent life seemed jeopardised was evidently not to be told in detail; but she was determined to go to LSE; and in November 1926, half a term late, and walking up the stairs because she was 'frightened to use the lift, it was for the staff', she arrived. Her formal education had begun.

CHAPTER IV

THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS

Miss Wolff, who had been perceptive enough to see that there are some things which daughters cannot tell to some mothers, had also understood that her unenthusiastic pupil had a good brain, and that she ought to develop it. The offer to coach Eileen for matriculation, so that she could go to Oxford, had failed. When Eileen was accepted at LSE, which had no such inconvenient entry procedures, Miss Wolff asked her to stay in South Audley Street during the week, and this she did for several years. 'She was a marvellous friend to me, and a very great help...I used to manage the whole thing, including going to and from Westerham, on fl a week.'

Eileen 'took to LSE like a duck to water'. She was in her element, and it was a very stimulating element. If she still felt a weakness from her illness, she kept it to herself. Many years later Mollie Batten, who was a fellow-student, recalled her as 'a beautiful girl with a limp'. Eileen's only comment when this was reported to her was 'I didn't limp. I DIDN'T LIMP'.

Eileen kept her lecture-notes on Eileen Power's lectures on nineteenth century economic and social history. It is something of a disappointment to find that they are exceedingly dull - no more exciting and no more interesting than those which any first-year student takes from any lecturer. Conscientious, dry, precise, they record every bare fact - we learn for instance that the population of England in 1700 was 5,385,279 (a somewhat specious accuracy, since the first census was not taken until 1801) - and they allow of no questions or interpretations. There is no indication of a good and unusual mind catching fire from one of the best minds in the social sciences of the founding generation. There should be some magic there, in lecturer or student or the elusive interaction between the two. Why does none come through?

One reason is that Eileen was only a first-year student, and a first-year student with a very shaky scholastic background. Most students takes notes of that sort at that stage - the capacity to create or even to appreciate theoretical constructs tends to come later, and lecturers who force such constructs on undeveloped minds may produce windy generalists. It is a good idea to have some ballast first. What is remarkable is the diligence and competence with which she recorded the facts placed before her, rather than her inability to make more of them at the time. And, though she went back to Westerham every Saturday to Monday ('week-end' was still a

vulgarism) she must have been reacting to some extent against her parents' habits of thought. Here was no high adventure, no mystical quest, just facts, facts, facts.

Another reason is that LSE teaching in that period was characteristically factual. When Sidney Webb took over the Hutchinson Bequest to found the School (an entertaining and rather shabby story recounted in full by Margaret Cole in The Story of Fabian Socialism) he was able to pursue with complete conviction two opposing arguments: to the Hutchinson executors, that the new School would be as the terms of the bequest required, a centre for training socialists; and to the University of London authorities, who were asked to sponsor it, that it would be fully academic and without political bias. The reconciliation came in his own firm belief that anyone who took a straight look at facts would inevitably become a socialist - no other reaction was possible. For many years, the Fabian Research Bureau produced a pamphlet entitled Facts for Socialists - founded by Sidney Webb, and annually updated.

This concentration on factual material was to some extent deliberate. It was also inevitable in the sense that there was not a great deal of theoretical material to draw on outside political and social philosophy. Sociology was in its infancy, and much that passed for sociology was marginal in terms of the later development of the subject. Economics was pre-Keynesian. Politics was largely a matter of the static analysis of existing organisations, taught functionally, rather than an appreciation of dynamic flows in decision-making.

A third reason for the dullness of this particular set of notes may have been that Eileen Power was a medievalist, and perhaps not very excited herself by the Expansion of Trade, the Mercantile System, the Doctrine of Laissez-faire and the Condition of the Pauper.

Eileen went to Social Philosophy lectures, which started with Aristotle and Plato. This subject was taught by Hobhouse, who also taught Social Institutions, and 'something which wasn't called Anthropology, but that's what it was', mostly about tribes in Central Africa and Polynesia, with no reference to Western society. Malinowski lectured on the Trobrianders. Westermarck, in his squeaky button boots, lectured on 'monogamy and polygamy and polyandry and so on' and achieved some relevance with his final lecture on marriage as a social institution, ending with the phrase about spinsterhood bringing no roses (fifty years on, and Women's Lib. would have stopped him in his tracks). Eileen Power, torn from her medieval moorings, lectured not only on British Social and Economic History, but less explicitly, on the unification of Italy and the China Wars. A 'new young lecturer' called T.H. Marshall taught some of the British material, but was on the way to forsaking history for sociology - largely, he contended later, because he could never remember the dates. There were lectures on the social services - 'quite agonisingly dull, so we didn't go' and physiology and

psychology. The psychology covered all the known schools of thought. Eileen dismissed much of it as 'now dead as a doornail' but remembered some Freudian teaching, taught so academically that it had no reference to everyday life, and Bernard Hart on Insanity. Hart was exciting because he was a psychiatrist and a practitioner, and he made the material live.

R.H. Tawney lectured on Equality - Eileen remembered his ideas, but little of that unobtrusive man's personality. He was 'a good, solid lecturer, but not inspiring'. H.L. Beales lectured on the Trade Union Movement - but in the year following the General Strike of 1926, stopped the course at the Taff Vale decision of 1906. Eileen was already beginning to demand relevance in teaching.

Beatrice Webb lectured on Social Investigation. 'The only thing I clearly remember...was the importance of keeping card indexes and shuffling them.' Beatrice was 'very thin, very active and quick'. Eileen remembered her as always wearing a touch of ermine:

'Her housekeeper used to buy her clothes because Beatrice Webb had a mind above such things and couldn't be bothered, and her housekeeper thought... that she was a very important person, and that very important people ought to wear white ermine.'

Sidney Webb, who was still presiding over his academic creation, was 'in and out a good deal, looking like a very benign, very fat he-goat'. (Beatrice once said that he looked like the head on an Assyrian gold coin. Eileen dismissed this as 'very much the same thing'.) But she said that she read everything the Webbs had written. That would include the two-volume Poor Law Policy, and the ten volumes on Poor Law History - written, according to Beatrice, after the constant shuffling of cards on the famous dining-room table.

Hugh Dalton lectured on Economics - he was very self-satisfied, and used to 'creek about in room 9, looking very pontifical', lecturing on supply and demand. Young Lionel Robbins recommended the students to read 'my little book on wages' so often that he became known as 'My little book on wages'. Best of all was Harold Laski:

'He used to hold one of those very fine, sensitive hands up in front of him and apparently see the whole lecture written on it...he had one sheet of notes which he used to lay on the desk and not look at it again, and (the lecture) used to be perfectly formed, so clear that you could practically take it down verbatim.'

Laski was to retain this gift of lucid and grammatical exposition to the end of his life. It evoked a concentrated attention from his audience.

The contrast with the syllabus of a modern Social Science degree, with its emphasis on sociological theory, political theory since Marx and computer techniques is striking; but of course, it was not a Social Science degree. It was a broad education for students, mostly women, who were going into a rather ill-defined activity called social work. At this time, only two universities, Birmingham and Liverpool, had degrees covering the subject matter of Social Administration, though several had certificate courses on the LSE model. There were no professional courses, apart from the training given by the Institute of Almoners for hospital social work. Probation Officers, if they had any formal training, took a Social Science Certificate. Psychiatric Social Work and Child Care had not yet developed. The course Eileen took was one of the best available, and what it lacked in theoretical coherence it more than made up in originality. All the lecturers Eileen remembers were to make major contributions to the development of social science, and they were in their productive period. To have heard Hobhouse on Poverty, Westermarck on Marriage, Malinowski on the Trobrianders, Tawney on Equality, Laski on Government and Lionel Robbins on Wages - all live, and at the height of their intellectual powers - was an opportunity later generations of students can only envy.

Eileen's recollections of the lectures she attended spanned the two years of the course, and it was difficult to grasp what went in to Year 1 and Year 2, or to gain any sense of progression. A query on this point elicited the fact that she and many of the other students went to all the lectures twice - in both Year 1 and Year 2 - 'because they were so fascinating'.

The lecturers were terrifying and remote - to be listened to, but not to be met in tutorial contact. Even more terrifying was the Director, Sir William Beveridge. It was not until some years later, when she was a member of staff, that Eileen actually came face to face with him:

'My father came to tea with me in the Senior Common Room, and Beveridge came over and greeted my father, who said "...and this is my daughter". Beveridge looked as though he had smelled a bad smell and said "Oh, yes" and that was it.'

Tutorial contact was provided by tutors, a lower form of academic life. The Certificate in Social Studies occupied a humble place in the School's hierarchy of courses - not an internal qualification, not a degree course, 'practical', and mainly for women, and therefore only marginally acknowledged in academic terms. Mostyn Lloyd was head of department in a part-time capacity, but Edith Eckhard ran it, and other women tutors assisted her. Theirs was the task of bridging the gap between the glorious academicism of the lectures, and the realities of East London. Elizabeth Hoskins, who was Eileen's tutor in her first year, started her off well: a report on the Education of the Adolescent had just been published, and Eileen

was set to work applying the findings to the girls she had known in Bermondsey. Tutorials were given in groups of four:

'One wrote an essay once a fortnight and then discussed it, and anything else one wanted to discuss, and of course this was the first time that I had come across education, and it was absolutely lovely, all that reading and thinking and writing essays and then discussing them.'

Sometimes the four young women would go and sit on the back stairs after a tutorial 'endlessly discussing and putting the world to rights'.

They talked about poverty, and the fact that many people 'didn't have a dog's chance'. They discussed liberty and equality, and became lost, as social scientists still do, in the dilemmas of securing liberty without some measure of economic equality, and securing greater economic equality without the diminution of liberty. They thought about 'freedom to die in the ditch' and Aristotle's phrase about treating unequals equally and equals unequally. They debated the right (if any) to private property, and the boundaries to private and public ownership.

Their hopes ran high. There was a day when Eileen sat down in the garden at Westerham with McDougall's Principles of Psychology, in the confidence that when she had finished it, she would understand human behaviour. She was disappointed. Theories of instinct, perception and conation were not related to human behaviour as she observed it. She learned more from her friends from Stepney and Bermondsey.

Utopia seemed just ahead. Eileen and her fellow students knew (in rough outline, anyway) the sort of society they wanted: it was just a question of getting there. But Eileen had no taste for macro-solutions: politics had no appeal. For her, the answers lay in personal contacts, small groups, steady day-to-day work on a practical level.

It was high thinking and plain living. Their usual meal in the refectory was a bowl of soup and a bowl of sago pudding, which they decided was 'very nutritive'. The meal cost ninepence.

Eileen did very little practical work during her certificate course - partly because her illness had left her unfit for physical exertion, and partly because she had already done more than most students in her Settlement days. She did spend a month attached to a Probation Officer at the juvenile court at Shoreditch, which started her interest in juvenile courts. The practical work 'ought to have been related to the course, but wasn't'.

Eileen started the certificate course with a handicap, and ended it with two more. In her second year at LSE, her beloved Shortie lay dying of cancer in St Mary's Hospital, Paddington. Eileen visited

Shortie weekly, so she was never far from pain and the realisation of human weakness. Then in the Easter vacation of that second year, shortly before she took Finals, she went riding on Dartmoor, and was thrown from her horse. She was concussed, and unconscious for twenty-four hours. Her consultant physician (Sir John Broadbent, who had attended her when she had polio) had apparently learned something about his patient's determination to overcome physiological obstacles. He said that she could go back to LSE to take her examinations, but she must stop working if she got headaches. 'Well, I did get bad headaches, but I didn't stop working'.

She had been awarded a distinction on the first year's work. Even under difficult conditions, she got a pass on the second, and she received the accolade: she was invited to stay on for a third year to take the University Diploma - a full university qualification, not an extra-mural certificate - in Sociology. After another year, specialising in Industrial Law and sitting seven further examination papers, she passed that, too, with distinction. She said that Mostyn Lloyd told her that it was because her handwriting was so abominable that the examiners gave her the benefit of the doubt. Self-deprecation was a habit too ingrained to be abandoned.

CHAPTER V

THE TUTOR

In the summer of 1929, Eileen, with a two-year certificate and a one-year diploma to her credit, began to think about the next step. One interesting possibility was that she might take the new Mental Health course which was starting that year at LSE. Training in psychiatric social work had started in the United States, and in 1928, four British social workers had taken American training, funded by the Commonwealth Fund of America with a view to starting a course in England. One of them, Miss Noel Hunnybun, was to tell the present writer many years later that it was not a very good course, and that they had to do most of the work for themselves; but no matter: it was new, it was prestigious and it was psychodynamic - a considerable departure from the kind of course provided on other certificates and diplomas.

Had Eileen taken the Mental Health course, with all its early shortcomings, she would have been recognised later as a qualified social worker. The concept did not exist at that time, when many social workers had no qualifications at all, and a Social Science certificate or diploma was highly regarded. Many of the early PSWs had neither, and much less education in the social sciences than Eileen possessed.

She was attracted by 'this strange new...course that they were starting'. She was told that it was to explore people's emotions, and this made her dubious, because she had been brought up in the belief that emotions were not to be explored or analysed. The little that she knew of Freud had made scant impression, and her bent, reinforced by the LSE teaching, was intellectual, not introspective.

A more important reason for not taking the Mental Health course at the time was that she was still going to Westerham every weekend, and virtually responsible for organising the household. 'One didn't dream of not having servants, and servants changed constantly, and the household had somehow to be kept afloat'. Her parents were in their mid-sixties, and her mother expected much of a single daughter. She had her freedom from Monday to Friday, but the weekends were sacrosanct - and the Mental Health course involved working on Saturday mornings. So engaging new maids for the house at Westerham took precedence over Eileen's professional development. The consequences of this decision were to be much greater than she realised at the time.

Eileen applied for one post - as Secretary to a Council of Social Service. The interview was hardly a success. It was raining hard, and she arrived off a 'bus without an umbrella, 'dripping from everywhere it was possible to drip'. Nobody commented, or asked her to remove her mackintosh (it must have been one of those cumbersome shiny garments, not a modern raincoat). She was 'led into the interview room dripping' and asked a series of questions 'all about experience I hadn't had'. Both sides quickly made up their minds that they were mismatched.

Shortly after, she received a letter from LSE: the Social Science Department needed a half-time tutor for the coming Michaelmas Term, and offered her the post at a salary of £2.10s. a week. Eileen thought that this was 'absolutely wonderful'. She could stay at LSE, read all the books she wanted to read and get paid for reading them, keep her contacts with Bermondsey and Stepney, and still be in Westerham on Saturday mornings, which seems to have been the time for interviewing prospective maids. She had a room to herself on the second floor (there was only one building, now the Main Building: the East Wing and the other outlying premises came later with expansion).

As a part-time tutor, she was 'absolutely the lowest form of human life' at the School. She did not even aspire to the status of Assistant Lecturer, and she ate with the students because she was frightened to go into the Senior Common Room. At the end of a term, she was asked if she would stay on for the rest of the academic year, and she accepted gratefully. That led to a second, a third and a fourth year, all accepted with similar gratitude. There was small concern for the career prospects of women staff in a marginal teaching area. However, there was a rule that no member of staff could be kept on temporary appointment for more than four years, and at the end of that time, she was given a full-time post at a salary of £250 a year.

The School absorbed most of her interests. Mostyn Lloyd 'rushed between LSE and the New Statesman', Edith Eckhard generated nervous energy and ran the department with the title of Senior Tutor (even she did not aspire to be a lecturer). She 'did all the work of interviewing students and all the correspondence' - the latter without a secretary until the mid-1930s, so all her letters were written by hand.

The small group of staff in the Social Science Department got on well with one another in a fairly undemanding way. There was no talk about 'team-work' or 'staff integration' and certainly none about 'staff development'. People were assigned responsibilities, and they got on with them. 'There was no suggestion that anybody needed help with teaching. There was no talk about teaching methods... a pity, but there it was.' There were no staff meetings, because there was nothing to discuss. Students never asked questions about the course, they simply accepted it as it was.

Eileen loved the teaching, which involved coaching students in every subject in the curriculum as well as making those elusive connections with 'real life':

'We leapt light-heartedly from Aristotle to current social legislation, taking in on the way psychology, elements of economic theory, social history and law.'

Lecturers gave specialist lectures, tutors were expected to do the integrating. The weaknesses of this system were obvious. As the teaching of social policy and social work developed, academic staff were to be concerned about tutors who were assigned to such general tasks: the academic world thrives on specialism; but for this generation of students, doubtful of their own ability and their capacity to learn, the intensive in-group method worked:

'We were able to help them to see the significance of one subject in relation to others. We knew where their strengths and weaknesses were right across the board.'

Eileen said that she never disliked a student. Teaching was fascinating, and if there were dull patches, there was always the fascination of trying to find a way in, to get a particular mind to spark and glow with its own mental activity. And there was the constant quest for relevance - the attempt to knit up first-hand experience with the academic material handed down from on high by the lecturers. It does not seem to have occurred to Eileen during this period to criticise what was offered; but she did ask one student who was leaving whether the Psychology lectures she had attended would make her a better social worker. The student looked at her and said 'No, what an interesting thought, it had never occurred to me'.

There were no student grants, and no entry requirements except the ability to pay. The fees were low by modern standards - £27.10s. a session when Eileen was a student, and very little more in the thirties. Most students were paid for by their parents. Some were mature people - secretaries, ex-missionaries - who wanted a change of work.

There were three main kinds of student: the 'tramline' of people who wanted to be social workers, the group who did not apply for a job until they finished training, and those who did not need paid work, but who took the course out of interest, often taking up voluntary work as local councillors or chairmen of voluntary organisations. Non-graduate students took two years. Graduates took the same course, but were expected to cover it in one year.

The majority wanted to be 'lady almoners' and achieved their ambition by taking a social science certificate and spending a year at St Thomas's or one of its satellite hospitals under the eye of the Head

Almoner. 'A pretty high proportion were either the sisters or daughters...of doctors, or else they wanted to become doctors, and for one reason or another hadn't been able to.' Some could not afford what was then a very expensive medical education, some could not pass the preliminary examinations, some fainted at the sight of blood. The white coat and status of the almoner attracted them as an alternative.

Once Eileen got a term's leave to go and work in St Thomas's, 'wearing the sacred white coat and spilling coffee down the front of it', so that she could understand the other part of her students' training. Two more terms, and she would have been a qualified almoner. But Eileen remained distinctly sarcastic about the Institute of Almoners, though she numbered individual almoners among her friends.

In 1936, the Probation Training Board was set up, and a more systematic training for Probation Officers promoted. Some of the most able were sent to LSE to take the Certificate in Social Studies. Among them were some male graduates from Oxford or Cambridge who brought a new and more recognisably academic element to the department. An early group included Ronald Drinkwater, later to head the Department of Social Administration at the University of Hull, and John Spencer, later Professor and Head of Department of Social Administration in the University of Edinburgh.

Almoners and Probation Officers thus had a common training on the certificate course - the specialist element in their work being catered for in practical work placements. The Mental Health course trained psychiatric social workers in almost total isolation from them - the course which 'taught students all about their emotions' had a mystique of its own, and a syllabus of its own.

Eileen's vacations were spent in work with the Stepney Family Welfare Association, often with students in placement. She used to invite one particularly articulate Stepney housewife to come to LSE and tell students about life on the dole, with four children to feed and clothe. Characteristically she invited her guest to tea in the Senior Common Room, which she was beginning to frequent. There was no fee, and the visiting lecturer used to walk all the way from Stepney to Houghton Street to save the fare. 'I probably didn't have the imagination to give it to her.'

Most of the work in Stepney was with the Charity Organisation Society, which was working on lines not very different from those of the late nineteenth century. Applicants for 'charity' were severely questioned to find out whether they were 'deserving' and every entry in the record book had to end 'applicant expressed gratitude'. Eileen and her students, often tongue in cheek, would work hard to think up justifications for saying that some not very grateful applicants had taken the correct attitude, so that they could be considered again.

Eventually, Eileen decided that she wanted to live in London. The arrangement with Miss Wolff had gone on for several years, and she needed a base of her own. The weekly journey down to Westerham on the Green Line 'bus was becoming tedious. She proposed to her parents that she should share a flat with a woman friend, and 'this caused a furious scurry'. Her mother thought it 'quite a terrible idea' for a daughter in her late twenties, and after many discussions, her parents moved up to London as well.

Eileen thought that her parents moved to London in 1931; but the date is brought into some doubt by a curious episode which was to draw some public attention much later. After the Younghusbands moved to London, they had a pantry maid called Gladys Aylward, who left their house to go to China on a remarkable mission of faith. Alan Burgess wrote the story of her life in The Small Woman, and Ingrid Bergman played the name part in a film, The Inn of the Sixth Happiness. According to Alan Burgess, Gladys was positive that she left England for China in 1930 - and she is not likely to have been wrong about so momentous a date in her own life. It appears from the book that Gladys never met Sir Francis, though she 'dusted the books in the library of his stately Belgravia residence'; but she remembered, on her first arrival, being sent to see the mistress of the house, who greeted her as 'Miss Aylward', hoped she would be happy there, and unexpectedly paid her fare from home - three shillings towards a ticket for China. This sounds much more like Eileen, who usually dealt with the maids, than like her mother.

Alan Burgess gives the impression that Gladys worked in the Younghusband household for all the time it took her to save forty-seven pounds ten shillings, which must have been a year or more. Eileen, though somewhat vague about the date, was sure that she only stayed for three months - she had been saving for China for years beforehand; and she was a pantry maid, not a housemaid, so she would not have dusted the books.

In the film, the story has gone even further awry. Ingrid Bergman not only dusts the books, but reads them when she should have been cleaning the grate. Sir Francis surprises her, is touched by her interest, and encourages her in her ambition. This was exactly the sort of thing that he would have done, but Eileen was positive that it never happened. She wrote in 1959 to Professor Charlotte Towle in Chicago to say that she had been to see the film:

'It is about Gladys Aylward, who was a pantry maid with us before she went to China and did incredible things there. The picture of my father in the film is about as untrue as Ingrid Bergman's portrayal of Gladys Aylward, but the photography is lovely, and the Chinese children enchanting.'

Many years later, after Gladys finally returned to England, she was the subject of a television presentation in This Is Your Life, and

Eileen was asked to attend. The pantry maid who had become an internationally famous missionary and the daughter of the house who had become 'The Dame of social work' met after forty years with real pleasure under the presiding eye of Eamonn Andrews.

To return to 1930 (or 1931), Eileen lived at home for something like three years before her parents agreed to settle in a flat of their own. During this time, they borrowed houses from relatives and friends, and the 'stately Belgravia residence' must have been one of these. Eventually Eileen, then well over thirty, was allowed to share a flat with one of her ex-students, Alison Church, and another girl in Medway Street, Westminster. The arrangement was not altogether satisfactory. There were bed-bugs, which Eileen caught with cakes of soap. In the late 1930s, Eileen met Helen Roberts, who was Chief Women's Officer of the National Council of Social Service. They took a holiday in Ireland together in 1938 - 'all the beauties of Connemara and Galway and Achill Island':

'We found that we had very many interests in common, and political and what you might call philosophical-religious points of view, and towards the end, Helen said "Why don't you come and live with me? I've got a spare room at Lansdowne Road in my flat".'

Eileen left Medway Street 'very precipitously' for 'a very close partnership of living together' in Holland Park. They had a daily help who came in five times a week and stayed in the evenings three times a week, doing all the shopping and the cooking so domestic life was easy. Eileen had been surprised to find that Helen, who shared her own simple tastes, came of a very wealthy family - 'They had a big house in Sussex set in a park, and...a butler and a footman... and a flat just off Park Lane. Helen was not at all enthusiastic about that kind of life'.

Helen - dark, intense, half-Jewish, worked as hard as Eileen. As the refugees poured in from occupied Austria and Nazi Germany, she took on additional work with refugee organisations:

'Most of them were pathetic elderly or late middle-aged people... That was the way Helen worked, giving a tremendous amount of support and individual concern and kindness and helpfulness to many distressed people, sometimes very neurotic people, other times people who had had an extremely raw deal in life.'

Helen's mother (her father had been killed in a hunting accident when she was young) became 'Aunt Margaret', and at one stage early in the war offered Sir Francis and Lady Youngusband her Park Lane flat.

'So here was lovely London at the weekends.' Eileen's early hatred of London had long since worn off, and she enjoyed the freedom of Saturdays and Sundays in the capital. There were interesting dinner

parties (different from the stilted ones of her coming-out period) and theatre visits, and picnics in Kew Gardens. On Sundays, she went to the John Knox Presbyterian Church in Stepney, and took Sunday School classes with adolescent girls - 'that was all very hilarious'. She cannot remember what she taught - 'I think we had it in a book' - but she remembers the vitality of the Stepney girls, and she must have taught it well, because they kept up their attendance.

In the early 1930s, Eileen became a magistrate - a responsibility which was to continue until she reached retiring age in 1967, and which meant a great deal to her. She once said that the days when she was due to sit on the Bench (Thursdays for about six months in the year) were specially set aside. If any other proposed engagement cut across these days, she refused it.

The manner of her appointment was typical of her double life. She went to a luncheon party in Chester Street, just off Sloane Square. Her hostess, who had an interest in social reform, had a habit of sitting at the head of the table with a note pad and a pencil, and writing notes to her guests. A note reached Eileen in the middle of the meal saying 'Would you like to be a Justice of the Peace?'. "Well", I thought, "you can't say no, try everything once", so I wrote "Yes".

Her hostess was a member of the Lord Chancellor's selection committee. Beatrice Webb was approached, and agreed to sponsor her - 'because I came from LSE' explained Eileen, self-deprecating as usual.

Eileen spent two rather unsatisfactory years with the Licensing Justices, before finding her métier in the juvenile court. By 1937, after experience in juvenile courts in Toynbee Hall, which covered the Stepney area, and Caxton Hall, which covered Pimlico and Soho, she became Chairman of the Greenwich Juvenile Court.

In a sense, this was her field experience - a way of keeping in touch with the reality of social problems. Dr John Bowlby once asked her how she could bear to make the decisions. She replied 'Somebody has to - there's no alternative'. A court was 'a casualty clearing station', a 'kind of independent last resort tribunal'.

She would spend a good deal of time making a relationship with the child and his or her parents - colleagues on the Bench complained that they started at 10.00 am and were still sitting at six o'clock in the evening. She liked the mischievous small boys and some of the 'difficult' girls, and would often follow a case up through Borstal or Approved School - an action comparatively rare among magistrates. But if she could be both patient and gentle, and warm to a glint of humour, she could also be very tough. Her Platonic sense of justice had to be satisfied.

This seems to have been a very contented period for Eileen. She had

her teaching, and the work on the Bench, and her friends and her freedom. She went with her father to the Royal Geographical Society and to the Alpine Club. She still kept in touch with the social world of her parents, going to seven or eight-course dinners with wines and liqueurs and rich plum cake and coffee and chocolates - 'a bit of a stoke-up'. But she was probably happier eating with students in bed-sitting rooms:

'One of Heinz 57 Varieties boiled in a saucepan on a gas-ring. Those who were skilful had something else on top of the saucepan which was warming up. Then a cup of cocoa or a cup of tea afterwards.'

Eileen was close to her students. She found one living on £1 a week, and recommended her for an Exhibition which was worth £26 a year - 'which was luxury'.

That same student, after working desperately hard for her final examinations, became depressed. Eileen found her on the roof of LSE, contemplating suicide, and

'There was a hand on my shoulder, and Miss Young-husband's voice saying "Congratulations on your Philosophy paper. I have immense faith in you".

"Why?"

"Haven't you seen the results?"

She had come top of her year. After that, it was still difficult to get a job, she was still depressed and badly dressed. Eileen sent her some money for a coat with a note saying 'Please accept this - don't be offended - with love from Eileen'. She went to D.H. Evans, bought 'a beautiful tweed coat' for £4.19s.11d. - and got the next job.

This led to a rather painful attachment to Eileen. The student followed her about and wrote to her every day. Eileen was uninterested in sex - 'These things never worry me' - and 'very snooty about lesbians' - 'I can't see why they need to express it physically' - but she handled this rather dangerous relationship with tact and gentleness, turning it into a mature friendship which endured through the years.

Eileen only fell foul of authority at LSE once: some time in the mid-1930s, she saw students sitting on the steps at the entrance to LSE, eating sandwiches. They told her that they were on strike against the refectory, where they objected to both the quality and the price of the inevitable soup-and-sago. (These were not the only items on the menu, but they formed the staple diet of most students.) Eileen gave them the keys of her office, and told them that they could eat their sandwiches there in comfort.

The head porter saw this, and reported Eileen to the awesome Secretary of the School, Janet Mair (later Lady Beveridge). 'So... I was had up on the mat. Did I not realise it was not my room, it was LSE's room, and I had no right to do this?'

Faced with the charge of aiding and abetting a student strike, Eileen thought quickly. Her excuse - 'I'm not sure whether it was true or not' was that some of the students lived in settlements, where they paid an inclusive rate for board and lodging, and were given sandwiches every day, so they were not striking against the refectory. Mrs Mair, who was 'also a very sentimental person' said that her heart bled for them. 'I was patted on the back and let go.'

CHAPTER VI

WORLD WAR II

Eileen's reaction to the rise of the dictatorships in the 1930s was curious. She was by conviction an internationalist, a democrat and a pacifist; but like many people in Britain, at first she found it difficult to take Hitler and Mussolini seriously. Mussolini was 'rather absurd' and she was surprised when, on a holiday in Italy, she made a derogatory remark about him in the streets and drew hostility from passers-by. Some time later, when she and her father were in Germany, they laughed at Nazi propaganda in a shop window, and found 'rather sinister men stopping and coming close to us, and realising we'd better not'.

Later, when she was sharing a flat with Helen Roberts, she became involved in Helen's work of helping to resettle Jewish refugees from Germany and Austria. By 1938-9, there were 'tremendous tensions' - the desperate hope for peace at all costs, and the sense that the ultimate tragedy of war was impending.

Even so, August 1939 found Eileen and Helen enjoying a carefree holiday in Switzerland and not really thinking about war. They returned to London at the end of August to find active preparations for evacuating the children in case of air raids.

In all, one and a half million children were evacuated from London and other large cities in a few days. Train after train pulled out laden with pink-ticketed children with suitcases, none of whom knew where they were going, or to what circumstances. Eileen volunteered to help in the operation and found herself transported to Brighton, where she helped to settle the children in their temporary homes. After that, she went back to London. Her parents had gone to Dorset to stay with cousins, leaving their cook, Mrs Macauley, alone in the flat at Ashley Gardens. Perhaps it was typical of Eileen that her first thought was for Mrs Macauley. She moved into the flat for a time to keep her company.

A day or two before war broke out, Eileen awoke in the night to hear 'the most terrific sounds of crashings and bangs'. Convinced that Armageddon was upon her, she put on her dressing-gown and gas mask, and went along to Mrs Macauley's room where she knocked on the door and said 'very calmly' (presumably through the gas mask, which must have been difficult), 'Don't be afraid, Mrs Macauley, I think it's an air raid, but it's quite all right'.

Mrs Macauley was unimpressed. 'Air raid?' she called back through the door, 'It's a thunderstorm'. Eileen and her gas mask went quietly back to bed.

The actual declaration of war on September 3rd - Chamberlain's radio speech, 'It is evil things we shall be fighting against' and the air raid warning only a few minutes later (fortunately a mistake: the air raid posts must have been trigger-happy) are searing memories for most people who were in London that day. Eileen missed them altogether - it was a Sunday morning, she was in St Martin-in-the-Fields, and she 'didn't set any great store by Chamberlain'.

The London School of Economics moved to Cambridge. Eileen decided not to leave London and sent in her resignation. She received a letter from the Director which contained no word of thanks for her ten years of service, and made it clear that she would have no right to be reinstated at the end of the war. But there was plenty of work to be done from a London base and she felt a responsibility to her parents, who were now in their late seventies. Her mother stayed in Dorset, but her father was frequently in London and 'the household would just have collapsed if I hadn't been there to keep it running'.

For one period, with her father's agreement, Eileen installed two of her students who needed a home in the Ashley Gardens flat. They were not charged rent, but asked only to pay Mrs Macauley. One remembered her clearing her mother's room, which was 'cluttered' with tins of talcum powder, jars of face-cream, 'yards and yards of lace' and 'underclothing galore' including fourteen pairs of black satin corsets. Eileen said 'She won't be coming back' and sent the entire collection off to charity.

Sir Francis came to stay from time to time:

'He gave us, the intruders into his home, the feeling that we were his 'hosts' and charming ones at that. Sir Francis, sitting with his shoulders slightly bent, would give the impression of resigned age until we looked into those very spry blue eyes...or heard the perennial interest in our affairs in his youthful voice. He discarded age, in the same way as he discarded other non-essentials and complications with which we tend to fill our lives.'

One day there was panic: Lady Younghusband was coming back. The two girls and the kitten they had acquired were forced to leave (Sir Francis insisting on paying for their accommodation until they got settled). The fourteen pairs of corsets were irretrievable but the flat was hastily set to rights. Only one thing was forgotten: the girls had whiled away the time in the long dark evenings by making loin-cloths for the naked gold cherubs on the light fitment in the drawing-room, and they forgot to take them off. Lady Younghusband saw them at once. Sir Francis and Eileen never talked about the

outcome.

In September Eileen set up one of the first Citizens Advice Bureaux - a new and imaginative idea piloted by George Haynes of the National Council of Social Service, a former LSE Certificate student. Eileen's CAB was in Kensington Church Street. She had a number of voluntary helpers, a growing pile of circulars on changing regulations, and a steady stream of callers. War, even before the bombing, altered people's lives in many ways. She remembers the proprietor of a small Kensington hotel who suddenly found that he had no guests and no livelihood. He used to come in to talk about it every day. Much of the work in that early period was simply listening and recording - there was little that could be done in the way of practical advice, and, despite the forest of circulars, little official help available until the ministries had worked out formulae for emergency assistance. Eileen organised the CAB over some months, and then left it at the invitation of Mrs Walter Elliot, wife of the MP, who was herself Chairman of the National Council of Girls' Clubs. The general secretary of the NCGC had resigned, and the new secretary could not take on her appointment for several months, so Eileen virtually took on the running of the organisation. In 1940, a new Government initiative, the Service of Youth programme, led to a considerable expansion in clubs to meet the needs of girls who were away from home - in munitions factories, in the cities, in the rural areas where the land girls worked. This involved a staff recruitment programme, both for specialised appointments at central office and for the regions.

Throughout the year of the 'phoney war', Eileen worked with Kay Elliot in setting up this national network. Ruth Griffiths was her secretary then, and says that she was driven hard. If Ruth complained of overwork, Eileen would merely say 'Well, the work has to be done'. 'I was never late' said Ruth, 'but when I came in in the morning, her bell would already be ringing.' One day, Ruth got thoroughly overwrought, and threw the letters at her inconsiderate boss. Eileen was not amused.

To anyone who remembers Eileen in her later years, when she was infinitely considerate to people who worked for her, her behaviour to Ruth is distinctly unexpected. She was simply not the kind of person who would drive a young secretary into a violent response - and Ruth, who was to become Administrative Secretary to the Department of Social Science and Administration at LSE, cannot, even at the beginning of her career, have been anything but competent. Perhaps two strong personalities came into conflict. It was a difficult time to live through, and tempers were short. Perhaps Eileen always had this peremptory streak, tempered, when she became conscious of it, by her father's gentleness.

She must have become conscious of it in this instance. There came a day when Eileen and Ruth started to laugh together, and Eileen asked Ruth to teach her how to make marmalade. The bell no longer rang,

and the work got done by co-operation. It was typical of Eileen's approach to an initially difficult relationship that she should herself ask for help.

Holland and Belgium were invaded. France fell. The British Army scrambled out of Dunkirk, and the invasion of Britain seemed imminent. The Battle of Britain began, and Eileen recalled the experience:

'I remember the first day they came in this direction (towards Holland Park) looking out of the dining room window...and seeing a solid mass of 'planes coming up from the north...and realising that these were German 'planes, and there were the barrage balloons, but no other defences at all...it was a daylight raid, and of course after that, we had many daylight raids.'

This matter-of-fact approach to the drama and dangers of the London blitz was not peculiar to Eileen. When the broader parameters of life get totally out of control, there is not much to be gained from striking attitudes and indulging one's emotions. Fear and uncertainty are best handled by concentration on the job in hand - the part of living which can, at least temporarily, be controlled. Eileen's attitude seems to have been 'The German Army may be in London tomorrow, but today I have work to do'.

She was in the flat at 24 Lansdowne Road right through the blitz, and sometimes alone in the house when Helen Roberts was away. 'I didn't mind it. I just used to go to sleep and that was that.'

She became a fire warden (most fit Londoners did) and firewatched in a tin hat, carrying the inevitable gas mask. She took shifts with a German refugee, Mr Wallach. 'I often thought how queer it was that here were a German and I watching together against the German bombs.'

Papa Wallach was alarmed at Eileen's habit of going to bed instead of going to the shelter in Holland Park underground station at the end of the road: 'What happen if a bomb drop? You go out ze house in your nightgown?'. The truth was that she was driving herself hard as well as Ruth, and she used to come home so weary that she really did not care about the bombs. When buses and underground trains failed, she groped her way back through the blackout to Lansdowne Road on foot, with the aid of a small torch. Torches were blacked out, too: only a small pin-point of light was allowed. Then there was firewatching:

'We had our particular evenings when we used rather pointlessly to walk up and down the road...we certainly didn't know how to use the stirrup-pump, but fortunately nothing fell that concerned us. It was a queer feeling, because one used to go to work in the morning not knowing whether the office building

would still be there. One used to come back in the evening not knowing whether one's house would still be there, and with many streets with water rushing down the streets where the drains had been broken, and often littered with broken glass, and very often bombed houses.'

Eileen never worried about being attacked as she stumbled through the London streets - 'all the danger came from the sky'.

She saw the red glow in the sky when the London docks were bombed, and feared for her friends in Whitechapel and Stepney. Sir Francis and Lady Younghusband were bombed out twice - once from Ashley Gardens, which was in a target area, being near to Victoria Station and the Houses of Parliament, and once from a flat in Park Lane. When Eileen heard the news of the Ashley Gardens bombing, which was in daylight, she set out at once with an ex-student to find out what had happened to her parents. Frugal habits held. They waited endlessly at a 'bus stop until her companion suggested that they might take a taxi. Eileen looked up surprised, and said 'What a good idea'.

On this occasion, her parents were safe, but needed a home. Helen Roberts' mother, 'Aunt Margaret', offered them her Park Lane flat. They had not been there very long when 'a land mine fell opposite, and the concrete wall buckled in like warm icing'. They moved again, to the garden flat in 24 Lansdowne Road, where Eileen could be close to them. This arrangement did not last long, for Lady Younghusband had become increasingly frail, and had to be moved into a nursing home. Eileen continued to be a dutiful daughter. She visited her mother every day, and if the visits were a strain, she never said so.

For Sir Francis, the end came suddenly. He had had a coronary occlusion in the late 1930s, when he wrote to Kathleen Lutyens-Humphrey 'Eileen has been splendid as she always is, and is running the whole show'. In 1942, he was taken ill on a visit to a conference in Birmingham, and he died a few days later. Lady Younghusband survived him by three years.

A 'close unfailing friend' to Eileen during this time of grief was Nona Smythe, the widow of Frank Smythe, the explorer, and later the Countess of Essex. Nona 'swam into our lives', as Eileen put it, in the Currant Hill days. Pretty and intensely feminine, she loved good clothes, fine art, belles-lettres, and greatly admired Lady Younghusband, whom she thought born to be a great society hostess. Sir Francis called both Eileen and Nona 'dear child' in his absent-minded fashion, and for years they used this form of address in writing to one another.

After Frank Smythe's tragic death, Nona became almost an adopted daughter, and Eileen thought her 'a much more satisfactory daughter than I had ever been'. Nona was 'a great strength' to Eileen's

parents, and a sister to Eileen. 'Nona was always there when there was any crisis or anything to be settled or done.' She combined elegance with a very down-to-earth practicality and warm affection. She was with Eileen when her father died. Together, they piled the farm cart which took his body to the cemetery at Lytchett with fresh flowers, and placed the little Buddha on his coffin. She was with Eileen again when her mother died, and they remained close friends until Eileen's own death.

In the later years of the Second World War, Eileen and Helen Roberts continued to share the flat at Lansdowne Road. Bombs fell within a few yards. A house further along the road was hit, and 'there was an inner wall exposed to the elements, and on the wall was hanging a little glass barometer, and the glass wasn't even cracked'. Two houses across the gardens at the back had a direct hit. They were empty at the time - evacuees from East London had been due to occupy them on the following day. Every day the queues formed outside Holland Park underground station, three minutes' walk away, clutching their bedding. The platforms in underground stations were practically filled by bunkbeds for those taking shelter from air raids - travellers had to stand dangerously near the edge.

Eileen and Kay Elliot were working on food and rest centres. When the war seemed imminent, and plans were made for dealing with the effects of mass air raids, there had been what Eileen called 'very thorough preparations for large numbers of casualties'. These consisted of paper coffins and arrangements for mass interments. Very little thought had been given to what turned out to be a very much larger problem - that of homelessness. Sir Walter Elliot was Minister of Health, and Eileen, with several other colleagues, was constituted a temporary inspector to do a rapid survey of food and rest centres in the London area. She kept her reports - concise accounts of homeless people crowded into temporary centres under minimal conditions. It was not a time for journalistic writing. The Minister wanted 'facts, facts, facts', and that was what he got. Eileen continued through most of the war to be connected with this work. Under the next Minister of Health, Henry (later Lord) Willinck, the inspectors were known as 'Mr Willinck's young ladies'.

The work with the clubs, through what was by this time the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs, continued. Boys' and girls' clubs had joined together in a single organisation, and the development of regional work became more important as the provincial cities also experienced frequent air raids. Families were split up, fathers away in the Forces, mothers in war work, schools evacuated or bombed, so there was a special need for work with young people. Eileen travelled to Hull, Newcastle, Liverpool and many other bombed cities, usually by the agonisingly slow and overcrowded blacked-out trains, which stopped at nameless stations, and sometimes for hours without explanation between stations. She had a 'terrific title - Principal Officer for Training and Employment' and a salary of £350 a year. She was trying to develop some standard of training for youth

leaders, advocating that like Probation Officers and almoners, they should take a Social Science certificate before proceeding to learn about club work and club leadership. But for the time being, shorter courses were necessary. The Carnegie United Kingdom Trust provided from 1941 a few bursaries 'to discover whether club members could be turned into club leaders', and set up a committee consisting of prominent women in the educational and voluntary youth work fields to administer it. There was only one man - Harold Shearman of the Workers' Educational Association. Eileen, as Principal Officer for Training and Employment for the NAGC, acted as secretary; and in 1943, she provided an excellently drafted and informative report on the scheme, arguing that it should be extended to men as well as to women, and that 'candidates from unorthodox sources may be found and trained for youth work, to its very great enrichment'. This was Eileen's first connection with the Trust, which was later to support her two major investigations on social workers.

She tried to find relevant written material, but there was very little available. She could remember asking psychologists for material on the psychology of adolescence but 'they used to look pityingly at me...and then their faces would go blank'. Eileen was working out her own philosophy of the relationship between theory and practice in social work. Her LSE experience had provided good theory and good practice, unrelated to each other except through the tutors' efforts to relate them. Now she was working in a field where there was little or no theory, and where the problems of practice were urgent. Conditions were changing so rapidly that established practice was of little use as a guide, and new principles had to be developed. The method had to be inductive, and this led to a conviction that the best teaching for social workers was undertaken in much closer connection with the agencies 'where services were given to people who needed them'.

Eileen was still involved in Helen Roberts' work with refugees - 'it was a queer feeling, being with Germans so much of the time'. She learned from them about conditions in Dachau and Ravensbruck and Belsen, and helped them in the problems of re-settlement. Her enormous capacity for work was being used to the full, and her mind was being stretched by new problems and the possibility of new solutions.

Eileen's interest was caught by plans for the restoration of shattered and still occupied Western Europe. She became involved in courses, run in Hamilton House, the headquarters of the Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs, for 'allied women'. Norwegians, Poles, Czechs, French, Belgian and Dutch women (and later some men) with experience of or capacity for social work were prepared for a return to their own countries. 'It wasn't easy, obviously, because nobody knew what conditions were going to be like.' The courses seem to have been a mixture of philosophical and political discussion, elementary teaching of nutrition and basic understanding of social work principles. What was important was that these women were getting

together, comparing experiences and problems, handling their considerable guilt about being in England when so many of their contemporaries were in occupied Europe, and giving each other much-needed support. From the sound of it, it was group-work rather than straight teaching. Much of Eileen's work was of this character, from the early days when she gathered the girls together in the library at the Bermondsey settlement.

The courses for 'allied women' were taken over by the British Council, and Eileen ran them on a half-time appointment with the aid of Kit Stewart, another former LSE student, who was to become a friend and colleague.

In 1944, there was a totally new departure which meant giving up both the 'allied women' and the youth work training. The Assistance Board, which was the forerunner of the National Assistance Board and the Supplementary Benefits Commission, asked Eileen to undertake a survey of their welfare functions. It was written into the Assistance Act of 1940 (the Act which abolished the notorious household means test) that the Board was responsible for 'promoting the welfare' of the recipients of benefit, and there had been a good deal of public criticism of their failure to go beyond basic financial provision for the many bewildered casualties of war-time circumstances.

Eileen 'thought it would be a fascinating thing to do'. She became an Assistant Secretary, with a Higher Executive Officer, Sally Reed, as an assistant. They travelled all over England visiting Assistance Board offices, and studying the work of the officers. They studied both the chronic poverty which had continued from the pre-war period - 'extremely deprived people living in appalling slum conditions' and the special poverty created by the war. One day, when they were in Plymouth (a defence area for which they were issued with special passes) 'you couldn't see the water in the harbour for ships' and the woods were full of camouflaged tanks and heavy artillery. The next day, they were all gone. D-Day had begun.

The Assistance Board experience gave Eileen a broad knowledge of the conditions of poverty, and of the officials who were responsible for handling the assistance scheme, and the way they worked. She learned about Form O6M, which contained details of applicants, and was used for identifying cases involving welfare needs. She studied how it was handled by different offices, and different officers. She looked at the links between the Assistance Board and the public assistance committees, which still continued their pre-war work of poverty relief (the dual scheme was complex: and the anomalies are described in some detail in the PEP Report on the Social Services of 1937). She explored links with doctors, with hospitals, with voluntary social services. On every visit, there was 'a kind of educational effort with the local staff'; and after every visit, there were 'regular meetings at headquarters with the top brass'.

Eileen thought that officers of the Board ought not to engage in social work, but that they ought to be 'trained to act as spotters' and to liaise with other agencies. She found the status of temporary civil servant interesting, and learned a good deal about the Civil Service and its style of operation which she was to utilise later.

This work took her into 1945. Eventually the Report to the Assistance Board was finished, and she was asked to stay on. She was 'very much torn' by this proposal, because it had 'all the fascination of national policy...being formed, and at the same time the possibility of being in touch with the people who were receiving or not receiving the service'; but she did not think that she had the makings of a permanent civil servant. The war years had broadened her professional experience, and given her opportunities of stretching her capacities to the limit; but she decided that teaching was her first love, and joined LSE again when it returned from its war-time home in Cambridge.

Her domestic life was changing too. In 1944, Helen Roberts went to the Netherlands, and later to Germany, to act as liaison officer between Army GHQ and the relief organisations working in North-western Europe. Eileen recalled with some sense of desolation:

'It seemed very funny to see her in uniform. She used to come back periodically on leave, but it was the break-up of the partnership.'

Later, Helen went on to a distinguished career as Secretary of the World YWCA, based in Geneva. She and Eileen were to spend many holidays together, and to share a weekend house (planned for their retirement) at Petworth in Sussex; but they did not work together again.

CHAPTER VII

THE CARNEGIE EXPERIMENT

When the Second World War ended in 1945, LSE returned to London from Cambridge, and Eileen returned to LSE; but the war experiences had broadened her horizons, and she had discovered a fascination with policy-making. She was already involved in a survey of social work for the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust which was to shape the second half of her life, and to have an immense influence on the development of social work as a profession.

Nobody can remember where the first idea for the survey came from. Eileen recalled towards the end of her life that she had been searching for some kind of central theme out of her own apparently scattered strands of experience. 'Somehow, things came together' - the settlement experience, the academic teaching, the youth courses, the work with the British Council and the Assistance Board:

'I wanted to bring it all together, and to see what it was possible to suggest might be done to make the whole thing more coherent, less bitty than it was, to trace out what were the main trends running through it all, and what changes were necessary.'

Eileen had had discussions on these lines with Kay Elliot during her time with the National Association of Girls' and Mixed Clubs, and it may have been Lady Elliot who took the idea to the Carnegie trustees, of whom she was one. Similar ideas may have reached the trustees from several sources. Their chairman, who wrote the foreword to Eileen's 1947 report, noted that the plan was one of many which reached the trustees during the last months of 1944, when they were considering how to reorganise their work for the period of post-war reconstruction. The trustees obtained 'the views of a number of interested organisations and individuals' and 'decided to appoint a competent investigator to survey the field for them'.

There were other candidates, one strongly supported by the powerful National Council of Social Service; but Eileen, if not the sole originator of the idea, had two strong claims. She had already submitted her report on the Training of Youth Leaders to the Carnegie trustees, and she was a member of the youth leadership sub-committee of the McNair Committee on Teachers and Youth Leaders. The McNair Committee is largely remembered for its far-reaching recommendations on the training of teachers, and had much less to say about the training of youth leaders; but it provided Eileen's first major

experience of government committee work at the policy-making level.

So Eileen was invited to undertake the Carnegie survey. Mollie Batten remembered that she was very diffident about taking it on, and that they had several long telephone calls before she finally agreed to do it. A decision which looks inevitable in retrospect was more uncertain at the time. One factor - though not the main one - was the honorary nature of the appointment. Eileen was not a rich woman at this stage of her life. Her life-style was distinctly frugal, and her salary was important to her in financial terms as well as in terms of her personal worth and independence. The following conversation (from the tape-recordings) is revealing:

EY: I got a year's absence from LSE to do it, and had very good part-time secretarial assistance and out-of-pocket expenses like travelling, postage and stationery...

KJ: You had unpaid leave from LSE?

EY: Yes, and when the trustees wrote to thank me for it, they sent me an honorarium of £100.

KJ: So you were well out of pocket over the whole enterprise?

EY: I was out of pocket, yes, except that the enterprise had been undertaken.

Women academics of Eileen's generation did not expect the kind of career support and financial backing which was offered to their male colleagues. It was a privilege to be allowed to work at all; but the job needed to be done, and whatever her reservations about her own abilities, she was keen to do it.

What she saw was confusion, distortion and apparent contradiction. She had to find a way through; and perhaps, at this stage more than at any other in her life, she resembled her explorer father.

Her remit was to report on 'the need for the systematic provision of facilities for the training of social workers'. But what was a social worker? How were social workers trained? And what could be done to improve training?

The Report on the Employment and Training of Social Workers (1947) covered a number of apparently disparate fields. The detailed analysis of relevant occupations in Appendix I covered 'Almoning, Child Care, Church Work, Colonial Social Welfare, Community Centre and Settlement Work, Community Organisation, Family Case Work, Information Services, Moral Welfare, Personnel Management, the Physically and Mentally Handicapped, Probation and other services connected with the Penal System, Psychiatric Social Work and Youth Leadership'. In some of these fields, notably almoning and

psychiatric social work, there was a recognised professional training, though unqualified personnel were 'to a decreasing extent' employed. In others, there was a form of training, but it was not social science-based. Many (probably most) social workers had 'learned on the job by doing it' or had some form of in-service training. There were no clear definitions, and no reliable figures. To determine the frontiers of social work was 'a hopeless and unprofitable task'.

Nevertheless, Eileen set out to identify a core and a periphery - terminology which was to recur in her later writings. The occupations set out above were those in which workers practised the three main skills of social work: casework, group-work and community organisation. Their work had to be distinguished clearly from that of the 'doctor, psychiatrist, nurse, health visitor, occupational therapist, teacher, clergyman' whose special fields lay 'around the margins of social work in its strict sense'.

But the central territory was only lightly held:

'...as yet only occupied by scattered encampments of trained social workers...the untrained, semi-trained and otherwise trained probably form the bulk of the population. Trained social workers are undoubtedly gaining recognition, but their general acceptance (other than in the strongholds of almoning and psychiatric social work) depends on various factors, including putting their own house in order, as well as increasing their numbers.'

Social workers - 'like cats' noted Eileen somewhat obscurely - were traditionally feminine. She hoped to see both sexes taking a full part in social work in the future, and receiving the same training:

'There is a deplorable tendency to think that, though a woman social worker needs training, a man has acquired all he needs to know through some all-sufficing experience of life which is a substitute for and not an enhancement of training.'

The bulk of the report is taken up with a detailed analysis of the situation in different branches of social work or quasi-social work. This was to become outdated so quickly that Eileen's second Carnegie report, published in 1951, involved re-working most of the factual material; but her conclusions, even in 1947, were clear-cut and to the point: social work had proved its value in the war years; new careers were opening up; there was an acute shortage of adequately trained personnel. University Social Science courses (of the kind on which she herself taught at LSE) provided a good academic basis, but there were serious deficiencies in fieldwork arrangements and practical training. There was 'an almost complete dearth of literature' and very little research.

Emergency courses, 'undesirable in themselves' were going some way towards meeting the needs in sheer numbers. The important issue was to secure an improvement in quality. Accordingly, she proposed an experiment in quality: the setting up of a Carnegie School of Social Work, to be based in a university, which would 'run courses in the theory and practice of social work for suitable graduate and other students' and award a postgraduate diploma. Research was to be 'the life-blood of the School'. There would be research fellowships, facilities for study for social workers from other countries, and 'general and refresher courses for social workers, teachers, civil servants and others whose profession requires a knowledge of social conditions'.

It is difficult now to see these proposals in context - to realise how original they were, and yet how well they fitted into the ethos of that post-war period when the Welfare State was coming into existence. They did not, at this stage, involve a generic social work training. The outline of the curriculum makes it clear that much of the course-work would be designed for the needs of separate groups such as almoner, probation or personnel management students. Significantly, in view of later events, no provision was made for psychiatric social work students, who were expected to continue to attend special courses; but all the groups covered by the course would take certain core subjects together: the basic social science subjects, Principles and Practice of Social Work, Administration of Social Agencies and Research Methods in Social Work. 'The basic equipment of the social worker' Eileen wrote:

'resolves itself into (i) an understanding of man in society, including some study of ethics, (ii) a thorough knowledge of the social services and local and central government, and of social economics. To this must be added a good grasp of social work principles, and some competence to practise in a given field. A worker so equipped can only be a product of a closely inter-related course of theory and practice of sufficient length and quality to produce the desired result.'

But good social work practice was not only a question of acquiring knowledge and skill. The social worker needed personal qualities of a high order:

'The social worker in the professional sense must be a mature and well-balanced person, tolerant of the ideas and needs of others, able to get on with all sorts and kinds of people, yet also able to change a situation and to use services in such a way as to achieve desirable ends, and maintain the independence of those for whom she works. Finally, she must add respect for human personality and imagination to what would otherwise be a cold, professional competence. Some of these virtues of delight are essentially inborn,

but they need cultivation and direction.'

By 1950, the first Carnegie report had evoked a good deal of public interest, and had been reprinted. The trustees commissioned Eileen to undertake a second study - at first intended simply as a supplement, but proving longer and more detailed than the first because there was more to report. Eileen offered her thanks to the many people who provided her with information 'in guilt and humility' for taking up their time; and provided a 254-page report which analysed a rapidly-changing scene. The 1951 report contains much material from professional organisations, university courses and training agencies which had carried out their own analyses of the post-war situation. Eileen did not return to the major issues of principle which had been a feature of her first Carnegie report: the second is designed as a factual supplement to it. But her own developing views come through at points. She welcomed the mature students who had come out of the Services to train for social work:

'...older people, refreshingly mature and responsible; they found it difficult to settle down to academic studies, but they had energetic minds, plenty of vision, and the capacity for pungent and illuminating criticism in practical affairs; they were tolerant of others; they wanted to do a good job, and they had some idea of how they intended to set about it, given the help of professional training. They flocked in their hundreds into social science departments and into emergency courses, and there were large numbers of men as well as women amongst them.'

She was not certain whether the men would continue to come forward. They had 'made little progress in the social work strongholds of medical and psychiatric social work', probably because salaries were so low; but Eileen made it clear that she hoped that these branches of social work would follow the example of others, 'open on equal terms to men and women', and that salaries would be commensurate with responsibilities.

She was moving towards a view of social work as a single profession, noting 'all the specialised divisions of social work begin to look so artificial when any detailed analysis is made of the needs which people bring to social workers'. The current remedy for this problem was the case conference, at which social workers with different responsibilities met together with doctors, health visitors and other professionals to work out the needs of a particular client or family. Mrs Kay McDougall, who was in charge of the Mental Health course (for psychiatric social work students) at LSE, was one of the foremost advocates of the case conference movement, and in 1953 she became the founder-editor of the journal Case Conference, which had a major impact on the development of social work practice in the 1950s and 1960s. Eileen was dubious about the movement:

'The growing use of case conferences...enables different workers to pool their knowledge and ideas, to see the individual or family in less fragmented form, and to base their plans for treatment on this more comprehensive diagnosis. Necessary and valuable as these case conferences may be, they do not of themselves do anything to cure the disease of over-specialisation, which, besides being wasteful of scarce workers and irksome to the families concerned, may often lead to unnecessarily poor and superficial casework. The more radical cure of training and employing general case workers is, as has been said, now pressed from various quarters and for a variety of reasons.'

In the final chapter, Eileen returns to her recommendation for a School of Social Work. University Social Science departments have reorganised their courses to make a valuable contribution to training, but there is a need for an institution 'with wider resources and greater freedom to experiment'. It is essentially to offer generic teaching rather than specialised courses:

'It would be dangerous to overstress divisions within the course. It may be that they are a concession to our ignorance rather than to our knowledge, and that when the study of society and of dynamic psychology has developed further it will become apparent that there is a unified body of knowledge and practice to be mastered in all these different forms of therapy and guidance.'

Later, she refers to 'the alarming increase in specialist trainings', and counters some of the criticisms which had been made against her original proposal. The chief of these was that it resembled the American pattern of training, and Eileen was concerned to demonstrate that, although the kind of generic social work training which had developed in the United States had some features in common with her plan, she was not slavishly following the American pattern:

'the scheme which was put forward was not regarded as being specifically American; it seemed to follow logically from the analysis of existing trainings in relation to the demands of social work...A strong plea was made in the original report that we should develop our own methods and our own literature instead of relying upon American textbooks which often fitted our needs as ill as a ready-made suit.'

Good social work education must be 'a process of growth, of capacity to learn from life and to give back to life':

'In other words, the social worker must be at least on the way to becoming the kind of person who, because of

her own capacity for living, is able to stimulate in others growth, healing and the power to bring gain from ill-fortune.'

She rejected five other sets of attitudes to training - the technological answer, which seeks to teach students a set of techniques - 'exactly what is the right thing to do in a series of stereotyped situations, and not how to think but what to think'. This was frequently put forward by professional agencies, by employers, and by students themselves; the liberal answer adhered to by the universities, which in reaction placed all the emphasis on learning how to think, and 'isolates the cultivation of the intellect from the growth of a total mature personality'; the psychoanalytic answer, which might involve the student in 'an extremely thorough exploration of herself, her early history, her less acceptable motivations, and (possibly)...a full analysis'. The danger of this approach was 'that of producing superior persons who have an occult knowledge denied to ordinary men, and yet are themselves not educated or rounded personalities'; the communist answer, which 'has the same authoritarian flavour as the psychoanalytic answer...and aims to produce completely closed minds'; and the religious answer, which may 'involve delving deep into the students' motives and character in order to take them to bits and remake them in a particular pattern. As persons, moreover, whose services to others will take as little account of their social setting as do those trained in the purest psychoanalytic tradition'.

The antithesis to all these answers is:

'...helping students to relate means to ends and to bring to their work an attitude of intellectual and moral integrity, and that profound respect and compassion for humanity without which no one has the right to be a social worker.'

By now it will be apparent that, if Eileen was making friends and influencing people, she was also making enemies, particularly in the highly-specialised and closely-guarded enclaves of the 'superior and occult' almoners and psychiatric social workers. She seems to have been largely unconscious of this: she had a vision of how social work could develop. She was setting it down as clearly and economically as she could in the hope of influencing the public bodies who could bring it to reality. She had no more sense of hubris than her father had when he taught the Tibetans to play football. It was a matter of doing things the right way; but to the professional social workers, with their own valued traditions and expertise, she represented a threat, for the Carnegie School of Social Work was not merely a vision. Energetic steps were being taken to turn it into reality.

In the Foreword to the first Carnegie report, the trustees noted that, though the provision of such a school was beyond their

immediate resources, they had set up a committee to consider the practical possibilities. The committee consisted of four trustees - Kay Elliot, Professor T.H. Simey of the University of Liverpool (later Lord Simey of Toxteth), Gertrude Williams of Bedford College, University of London (later Lady Williams) and Mollie Batten, plus two additional members - Ben Astbury, secretary of the Family Welfare Association, and Eileen. Specialists in almoning, psychiatric social work, and the developing trainings in child care and probation work were all unrepresented. They might well have viewed with some alarm a development which proposed a new, general type of social work training with a strong social science base and a sharply practical bent, by-passing their experience and their specialist skills - particularly when the rationale was spelled out in forthright terms which they could only regard as denigratory of their own work.

The first Carnegie report had been written when Professor T.H. Marshall was head of a combined department at LSE, covering the teaching of Sociology, Social Administration and Social Work. By the time Eileen wrote the second, the department had split. Richard Titmuss had become the first Professor of Social Administration in Britain, and head of a separate department of Social Science and Administration which covered Social Administration and Social Work. Titmuss was an unusual and charismatic character. His background was unorthodox - he did not possess a first degree, though he was to acquire a string of honorary degrees as his outstanding contribution to his newly-developing field of study became recognised. His scholarship was unquestioned, and his books have become standard works. He was to inspire a whole generation of younger scholars in social policy. His enthusiasm for social work teaching, for which he also became responsible, was less marked, though he was interested in the policy issues involved in the development of social work as a profession.

With Titmuss's approval, Eileen set about the business of establishing the new School of Social Work at LSE. The first application was for £75,000, then a very large sum, and the trustees rejected it. Kay Elliot urged them to reconsider. There was another application. Richard Titmuss and Eileen went to Dunfermline, the Trust's headquarters, and argued the case. Eventually they were offered a grant of £20,000 spread over four years - not enough to found the School Eileen had planned, but enough to set up a course with tutors and supporting services. It was not an institute, but it was a beginning.

Richard Titmuss told Eileen that she must run the new course. Her own recollection was that she asked him to think carefully about this, because, despite her years of teaching and practical experience and policy-making, she was not technically a qualified social worker. As she had shown in her two Carnegie reports, very few people were, and the distinction between social science courses and social work courses was still very blurred in the eyes of employers. Richard Titmuss was still comparatively new to academic life, and to the

politics of social work. He probably under-estimated the strength of feeling in the small professional associations, and could not have foreseen the very rapid sharpening of emphasis on professional qualifications which was to take place within the next few years.

Eileen accepted responsibility for the Carnegie course, and had a busy year preparing for it. She went to the United States on a Smith-Mundt Fellowship, touring the Social Work Schools, and learning the best of American practice, which she thought well ahead of practice in Britain. She was particularly impressed by the fact that, while British social work education was almost exclusively focussed on casework, the best of the schools in the United States taught three branches of social work - casework, group-work and community organisation - and had a more sophisticated approach to administration. The Chicago School of Social Work seemed to embody best the principles she wanted for her new course, and she persuaded Professor Charlotte Towle, a distinguished social work educator, to spend a sabbatical year at LSE helping to set up the course.

Because Eileen was not herself a casework teacher, she realised that she must have a good, qualified British social worker to work with. She found one in Kate Lewis, qualified as both an almoner and a psychiatric social worker, whom she had first met at the Tata Institute in India. She wanted someone who could make the teaching alive and exciting, and she thought Kate had that quality:

'She was a very understanding person, with lightning perception. As somebody once said about her, "There goes Kate with all her antennae out".'

Kate Lewis was to complement Eileen in other ways as well. While Eileen was highly competent in administrative and policy terms, she was always reserved. She needed help in enabling the warmth in her own nature to break through the reserve. Kate, warm, bubbling, 'always game for a new adventure', supplied that need, and brought a gaiety into the Carnegie course which it might otherwise have lacked.

As Eileen's plans took shape, offers of help came in. The Ministry of Health was encouraging. Statutory and voluntary agencies in London offered to take the new Carnegie students on placement. King's College Hospital and the Children's Hospital at Great Ormond Street made additional appointments to their social work staff to allow for student supervision. Eileen recruited a group of potential supervisors, and held regular meetings at LSE to train them for their new responsibilities. The stage was set; but the play was to turn out to be different from her expectations.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BREAK WITH LSE

Charlotte Towle's entry in the Who's Who of American Women includes the laconic statement 'London Sch. Economics, London, England, 1955'. Charlotte had planned to arrive at LSE in the autumn of 1954, for the commencement of the new course; but the McCarthy investigations were in progress in the United States, and like many other prominent Americans of liberal and progressive tendencies, she found herself under suspicion of 'unAmerican activities'. It was not until December of 1954 that she was free to resume plans for her sabbatical trip. Eileen wrote to her earlier that month:

'...excitement is mounting on this side of the Atlantic. The New Year good wishes are of course very special ones, since they will find you on the ocean with each day bringing you nearer to us...if only you knew how often Kate and I say "when Charlotte comes"...'

Eileen saw Charlotte Towle as her great asset on the Carnegie course - 'world-famous Professor Charlotte Towle'. Like Kate Lewis, Charlotte had a casework qualification, which Eileen herself lacked. She had an outstanding reputation in the American social work field, and a kind of slightly folksy wisdom which is reflected in her book Common Human Needs. Eileen much admired the book, and was later (1973) to 'translate' it into an English administrative idiom for the National Institute of Social Work. Basically, Charlotte believed that social work was about the needs and aspirations of ordinary people, and that these were much the same in any culture. People needed a home, a job, security, a sense of worthwhileness and purpose, love, friends; and the means of achieving these things for those in need involved not only personal insight, but good agency management, administrative skill and policy understanding. In the terms of current debate at LSE, this brought her much closer to the Social Administration viewpoint than to the preoccupations of the casework teachers, which were primarily psychoanalytic. Eileen was bringing in the New World to redress the balance of the Old. She does not seem to have realised that this would be in any way resented by the casework teachers.

Charlotte, a small, vivacious woman of great personal warmth, threw all her energies into supporting the Carnegie course and its teachers, while trying to keep good relationships with the two professional courses. There was an atmosphere of gaiety and adventure - small dinner parties, visits to restaurants, cocktails to

be mixed. (Eileen developed a taste for the peculiarly American mixture called an Old Fashioned, and her letters to Charlotte have frequent reference to her yearnings for 'O.F.s' as a symbol of her attachment to the American way of life.)

1955 looked like being a good year. There was Charlotte, and there were the 'Carnegies' - a group of good students excited with the enterprise of being the first on a new course of an experimental kind. Eileen herself was awarded two honours that year: a CBE for her services to social work in Britain, and an honorary LL.D from the University of British Columbia.

But already, 'the storm clouds were gathering' according to Eileen. Her memory was that the Carnegie course and Charlotte Towle's visit ran into immediate and marked hostility from the two existing social work courses at LSE, the Mental Health course for psychiatric social workers, directed by Kay McDougall, and the Child Care course, directed by Clare Britton. Members of the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers refused to speak to Kate Lewis, who was herself a PSW, because she was involved in what they regarded as a 'non-professional' course. Students from the two specialised courses did not attend Charlotte's lectures, and the casework teachers ignored her presence.

It is necessary to say that this is not the recollection of the other people who were involved. Kay McDougall says that she knew and liked Charlotte Towle, who stayed with her during the visit - 'and we talked about everything except the Carnegie course'. A Lecturer on Kay McDougall's Mental Health course says that he attended Charlotte's lectures, but the students could not, because they were out on placement at the time. Some people who did attend the lectures described them as 'very dated'. Whatever the truth of the situation, it seems clear that Charlotte's support for the Carnegie course was not wholly welcomed, and that the staff of the other two courses were not actively co-operating in the venture.

In June 1955, when Charlotte was in Cambridge, Eileen wrote to her, enclosing a draft of a letter which she hoped that Charlotte would sign. It was addressed to Eileen's own head of department, Professor Richard Titmuss, and urged him to put the Carnegie course on a permanent footing, with Eileen as its director:

'My suggested letter would certainly face RT with reality...he's got somehow to be helped to find a way out of the mucky situation he's got into.'

The 'mucky situation' was the problem of how to merge the generic Carnegie course with the two existing specialised casework courses. If LSE was to take over the Carnegie course at the end of the three-year funding period, some sort of merger had to take place. It would not make sense in organisational or financial terms to have three small courses continuing to run in parallel, one generic and

two specialised. There would have to be one course, and one director.

The ramifications of what became known as 'the LSE affair' in social work and in other universities were to spread far beyond the confines of Houghton Street. It soon became a straight choice for the post of director between Eileen and Kay McDougall, who headed the Mental Health course. Clare Britton, who ran the Child Care course, contracted cerebral spinal meningitis early in 1956, and though she made a full recovery in time, was effectively out of the running. Kay McDougall, a respected and senior psychiatric social work teacher who had the confidence of the professional associations, was a qualified and experienced social worker. Eileen was not. It will be recalled that she had thought of taking the Mental Health course at LSE when it was set up in 1929, and had rejected the idea; she was deeply ambivalent about the psychoanalytical approach to social work. To the caseworkers, Eileen was simply not qualified to run a social work course. She was a Lecturer in Social Administration. Kay McDougall was central to the aims and aspirations of the professional groups, editor of Case Conference, which did much in the 1950s and early 1960s to bring psychiatric social workers, almoners and child care officers together, and chairman of SCOSW, the Standing Conference of Social Work Organisations. Her professional standing can be gauged from the fact that when the British Association of Social Workers was formed in 1970, she was given membership card no.1.

To Eileen, Kay was not qualified for this particular post. She herself was some ten years older than Kay. She had a much wider experience. The Carnegie scheme was the culmination of her own years of effort for generic social work, and she felt that simple justice and common sense dictated that she should be the senior. She had a successful experiment to demonstrate, and no lack of public recognition for her work. She was a respected Chairman of the Bench (by now at Stamford House, where she moved during the war years). There was the CBE (an honour usually reserved in the university world for heads of department) and the honorary doctorate from Canada. She had recently been appointed chairman of the Ministry of Health Working Party on Social Workers in the Health and Social Services, which despite a limited remit, was planning the complete reorganisation of the social work profession in Britain. She had undertaken a range of international work for the United Nations, and arrangements were going ahead for her to undertake a major international survey of social work. She had become vice-president of the International Association of Schools of Social Work in 1954. These responsibilities, which will be described in some detail in later chapters, must have made her feel that her position was unchallengeable. To say, as the professional social workers did, that she 'wasn't qualified' was rather like complaining that Florence Nightingale was not a State Registered Nurse. She was creating the profession they belonged to; and the task of directing the new course did not necessarily involve social work skills.

Other people, like Kate Lewis, could undertake that responsibility: her job was academic teaching, gate-keeping, policy formation, administrative direction.

The situation seems to have been one of complete cognitive dissonance. Each side had its own view of what the directorship entailed, and neither could recognise the claims of the other. To Eileen and Kay McDougall, it was not a question of a personal power-struggle: they did not know each other well enough for that. Still less was it a question of promotion. In fact, the directorship was only at Lecturer level, and they were both Lecturers already. The issue was quite simply whether the future of social work education lay in specialised courses or generic ones. Each side distrusted the academic standing of the other. The casework teachers looked on the Carnegie course as a kind of dilution, suitable only for new entrants to social work, who might then take their more intensive courses at a later stage in their careers. Eileen thought this restrictive and pretentious, and doubted their educational methods, which bore no relation to the kind of curriculum planning she had learned in the States.

But if there was cognitive dissonance between the Carnegie teachers and the casework teachers, there was also cognitive dissonance between both and the authorities of LSE. The School had founded its intellectual reputation on the more established social sciences - Economics, Politics, Sociology, Anthropology. Social Administration was a comparative newcomer, and Social Work merely a peripheral activity, mainly for women. In the Senior Common Room, Richard Titmuss, as head of department, had to stand jibes about his 'midwives', or the convenience of having his young ladies as potential girl-friends for the male students. An argument over which of two women Lecturers should take precedence was seen as slightly comic. The intellectual heavyweights yawned, and thought of more serious things.

This left Richard Titmuss in a difficult and somewhat exposed position. More aware than his professorial colleagues of the policy issues at stake, more vulnerable to the pressure of government departments and the professional associations, he was still fairly new in post. He had no previous experience of university administration. The right decision had to be made, but how? As a socialist and a democrat, he placed his faith in open discussion and committees. The result was a long drawn out agony of debate in which the whole department took sides.

Eileen may well have been wrong in thinking that Richard was aligned with the caseworkers from the beginning; but she and Richard had little personal sympathy for each other. By the time Charlotte returned to Chicago, Eileen assumed that the battle-lines had been drawn:

'We certainly have together laid the foundations well

and true of the generic casework programme. Which will triumph, the Three Musketeers or the Quagmire Quartette, remains to be seen...'

The 'Three Musketeers' were Charlotte, Eileen and Kate Lewis. Kate remained loyal despite the pressures of the psychiatric social workers. The 'Quagmire Quartette', later referred to in the same correspondence as the 'Q.Q.', can be deduced from internal references to have consisted of Richard Titmuss, Kay McDougall, Clare Britton and Janet Kydd, who was deputy head of department. (This is confirmed by a letter from Charlotte written on her way home at the end of 1955.) Clare Britton was seriously ill for most of 1956, and Janet Kydd spent much of that year in the United States, so that the major opposition, as Eileen saw it, was reduced effectively to two: Richard and Kay McDougall.

Eileen realised early that her experiment was in danger. In January 1956, she wrote to Charlotte to describe a party held for the first batch of Carnegie students (they had finished their course in the previous September, so by that time they had been in post for some three months):

'They seemed to Kate and me to have gained much more assurance, and to have taken on the mantle of functioning social workers...They are finding difficulty in discovering their professional identity and using what they call Carnegie principles with huge caseloads - have you any helpful material on management of the caseload which we might have?...Their identification with and pride in "Carnegie" is terrific...At the end of the evaluation session, I asked if there was anyone who wished they hadn't taken the course, and there was a roar of laughter. They said proudly that 10 years hence their Annual Reunion would fill the Albert Hall. Poor dears, little do they know how few there may be of them.'

Relations with the two professional courses were deteriorating. Eileen was invited by the Home Office to become a member of the Central Training Council in Child Care. Richard Titmuss advised her not to accept, because it would create an invidious situation. Eileen's response to this (again in a letter to Charlotte) was 'NUTS!!!'. She accepted the invitation, and played a notable part on the Central Training Council until it ceased to exist in 1971.

Meanwhile, there was a new personality on the scene. David Donnison arrived early in 1956 as Reader in Social Administration (the next most senior position to Richard Titmuss's Chair) and Titmuss thankfully handed over the problems of the Social Work courses to him. Donnison, then in his early thirties, had been working at the University of Toronto for the previous two years, and thus came new

to the controversy. Eileen, more than twenty years older, thought him 'a stripling, too young to take the responsibility', and reported to Charlotte:

'Donnison is now a colleague...how much he has to learn. But he is a nice chap!...I don't think the Q.Q. can have realised that if they put an outsider in touch with us, a certain identification would be likely to result.'

David Donnison, anxious to understand the rights of the situation, showed a great interest in the Carnegie course, and attended classes run by Eileen and Kate; doubtless he did the same for the two professional courses.

By this time, the Institute of Almoners was on the attack. Eileen, who had never had much time for the 'sacred white coat' of the almoners, complained of their 'constricted preciseness' and 'holier than thou attitude' which was hard to bear. Their chief objection to Eileen's generic approach was that it would mean that students other than almoner students would be admitted to lectures on Health and Disease. According to Eileen, one of their senior members wrote Kate Lewis a letter which Kate regarded as 'the most poisonous thing she's ever read'. One has to remember that they were protecting a training tradition of fifty years' standing, and they felt that Eileen was riding roughshod over everything that they had worked for.

Kay McDougall made an attempt to heal the growing breach. She and Kate Lewis had a 'hatchet-burying session', and Kate reported (perhaps with some surprise) that Kay was genuinely hurt. Some time later, Kay McDougall went to see an eminent senior woman member of staff in the hope of comfort or advice, and was somewhat disconcerted when that lady recommended 'a hairdo and a facial' as a remedy for her problems.

The situation had got beyond such well-trying feminine remedies. Eileen wrote to Charlotte of Kay and herself:

'We are both very angry and deeply hurt; and there was no previous relationship to build on, so I just don't know...Kay McD I frankly don't understand.'

The lack of understanding was mutual. The two women were caught in a web of professional rivalries and issues about the future of social work which pulled them inevitably into opposing camps.

At one point, they met briefly. Eileen said 'I asked Kay to come and see me'. Kay said 'She sent for me'. Neither could recall much of the conversation in later years, though they both thought it had been unsatisfactory. Eileen said in that conversation 'It's the woman thing, isn't it?' - meaning that male-dominated LSE was not very concerned about the promotion or responsibilities of female

staff, and left them to tear each other to shreds. Kay did not respond. She said in retrospect 'I thought it was a trick; but then, perhaps she thought my refusal was a trick'.

LSE had a new Director, Sir Sydney Caine. Eileen had been on excellent terms with his predecessor, Sir Alexander Carr-Saunders, who took her advice on many matters of policy; but she did not know Sir Sydney, who had come from Singapore where he had been Vice-Chancellor in the University of Malaya. To this brilliant economist, the question of who ran the relatively small and peripheral social work activities of the School was simply not interesting. 'Why can't all these women get together?' he queried at one point; and he was later to express his doubt as to whether social work ought to be taught in universities at all.

A consultative committee, chaired by David Donnison, held long and tedious meetings. David was patient and diplomatic. The staff of the three courses submitted separate memoranda to Richard Titmuss - and were apparently not shown each other's. Relations were such that they did not send each other copies. Eventually, in April 1956, Titmuss decided that definite moves must be taken to amalgamate the three courses by the autumn of 1958, and set up a co-ordinating committee with David Donnison again as chairman, and three working groups: one on Social Work, with Kay McDougall in the chair; one on Human Growth and Behaviour, with Clare Britton in the chair (since Clare was still convalescing after her serious illness, this was effectively taken by another member of staff on the Child Care course, Lesley Bell) and one on Social Administration, with Eileen in the chair.

With hindsight, one may think that Eileen had lost the battle at this point. Chairmanship of the professionally-oriented committees had gone to the professional social workers. She had been given the basic area of study in Social Administration - necessary to social workers, but increasingly being seen as part of their 'pre-professional' training. Eileen certainly had her misgivings. She wrote to Charlotte Towle:

'This isn't the way to do it. It should be one group...This may well mean "They returned from the ride with the lady inside and the smile on the face of the tiger"...Kate and I are being killed with overwork...in a democratic institution like a university Kate and I have no chance of raising our voices: no-one else comes to look at us, and it will be entirely on Richard's say-so that we go or cease. This inability to make up his mind, or having done so to stick to it, really is desperate.'

But there were some causes for optimism. When the new intake came to the Carnegie course in October 1956, Eileen and Kate Lewis were in new accommodation - 'grey pile carpet, large mahogany desks and many

bookshelves. In short, we feel "loved", and the effect on our whole outlook is almost miraculous'. There was 'a terrific housewarming party' to which most of Eileen's supporters (drawn from the larger Social Administration side of the department) came. The 'new Carnegies' were doing well:

'At present they are trusting children, eagerly mopping up whatever teacher tells them. Neither they nor we expect this to last.'

Further, more American reinforcements were on the way. After much cross-Atlantic correspondence on Eileen's part, Karl and Beth de Schweinitz, two outstanding social work teachers from California, were to spend a period of some months at LSE. Richard Titmuss regarded them as visitors to the whole department rather than to the Carnegie course, and the de Schweinitzes, who seem to have tried to heal the breach, developed a great affection for him. Eileen regarded them as her own property.

Charlotte, ever generous, sent money from the States for a dinner party at Beoty's to welcome the visitors, and Eileen wrote in delight and enthusiasm to say that it would be in memory of her own dinners with Charlotte:

'With the flags on the table and scampi...and crepe suzette (sic) and Liebfraumilch Blue Nun and Turkish Delight at the end...'

Charlotte sent the invitations from the States, and the party (with the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack on the table, and smoked salmon instead of scampi) was held in her honour on January 11th 1957.

There seemed to be cause for celebration. At the end of the previous term, Richard Titmuss had been helpful, discussing with Eileen the possibility of a third appointment to the Carnegie course, but saying that he had no money to finance it:

'Apparently just taking it for granted that we go on ...I reeled punch-drunk from the room. Are we really over the Mustagh Pass?'

The Mustagh Pass is a pass through the Himalayas, crossed by the expedition led by Major Francis Younghusband in 1887. The story must have been familiar to Eileen from childhood.

But within a few days of the party, the blow fell. Charlotte received a letter 'from a very unhappy Eileen':

'Well, Charlotte, the die is cast. Richard has made up his mind at last...The generic principle is completely accepted...there will be one certificate

in social work (with endorsements) taken by means of a common course. There is to be a Lecturer in charge of Social Work Education who will carry all this through - and that is to be Kay McDougall...I am down as having agreed to be responsible for the teaching of Administration! I got him to change that to "Will be asked to..."

Eileen, according to her own account, was 'sweetly reasonable'. Richard Titmuss thanked her for being so helpful to him. 'I did not return the compliment':

'I said I could not work under Kay, to which he replied that that must be my decision. I also said I thought she would feel unable to do it, take up the arrangement, as she did not believe in the generic principle. He expressed great surprise at this, and said if she didn't, she would not be able to take it on - to which I replied "Oh, Richard, human nature isn't as simple as that".'

Eileen had talked the situation over with Karl and Beth de Schweinitz, and with Kate Lewis:

'We were all completely clear about my resignation... Well, there's that sad little story of social work in this country being set back twenty years.'

Richard Titmuss was clearly one of Eileen's imperfect sympathies, and she blamed him entirely for a situation which he seems to have done his best to avert - by handing the issue over to David Donnison, by setting up the 'interminable' committees, and by delaying a decision as long as he could. He had tried to reach consensus. The final decision was not his, but that of the committee which David Donnison chaired. However, it was Richard's duty, as head of department, to communicate that decision to Eileen. We can gauge his distaste for the situation from the fact that he read it to her from a prepared statement.

Even then, Kay McDougall was doing her best to heal the breach and to find some basis for working together. She went to see Eileen, and Eileen reported back to Charlotte that she was 'nice, sane and sensible'. They compared notes on the memoranda which they had written for the consultative committee, and decided that they had much in common:

'It is clear that Kay and I can go a long way in working together, because she does mind what happens to social work, and her sense of policy is sound.'

Eileen's view at that time was that, if Richard Titmuss had made the decision to have one course and then left the social workers to work out the details instead of making the directorship an issue for

public debate, they could have worked something out. Perhaps this was wishful thinking: within a week, she was writing to Charlotte again to say 'We would have told him that Kay was unacceptable'. The desperately thin facade of maturity and understanding had not survived a second meeting. Kay appealed for Eileen's support:

'I was ruthlessly frank, and I am afraid rather beastly to her. She took it all remarkably well, and thank goodness neither of us lost our tempers.'

They had differed over the basic issue of social work education once again. Eileen thought Kay was unacceptable, because she did not believe in generic training. Kay said that she had been working for the unification of social work for years - through Case Conference and through the Standing Conference of Social Work Organisations. Eileen retorted that she had read Case Conference, and could find no evidence of a generic view.

It is easy to see, years afterwards, that they were both right and both wrong. They were both working for the coming together of the separate branches of social work, but by very different methods - Eileen by the administrative unification of courses, Kay McDougall through the associations of practitioners. Both kinds of merger were necessary, and both were to be achieved in a little more than ten years; but Kay and Eileen were not to know that in 1957.

Kate Lewis was torn by the whole affair, but resolved to submit her resignation with Eileen's. Eileen wrote to Charlotte of

'Kate's familiar ring at the bell. There she was below, shaking and almost in tears with anger, dismay and misery. I took her up, and set the whisky bottle between us, and read R.T.'s latest...'

They composed their letters of resignation, addressing them to the Director of LSE, and asking to see him. This amounted to taking the issue over Richard Titmuss's head, and it seems that Eileen had some hopes of getting the decision reversed, though she wrote:

'R.T. is already on Christian name terms with him, and no doubt has given him what sounds a sweetly reasonable version of his handling of difficult women and a difficult situation...We shall have to walk a razor edge...not to make this sound like a personal issue, with us suffering from disjointed noses...'

The interview took place on February 8th. Sir Sydney was 'nice and...very pleasant and urbane, but distant in some ways'. He asked Eileen and Kate if their decision was irrevocable. Eileen asked whether he thought that they would be able to stay in the circumstances, and he agreed that he did not. 'So that was that':

'Beth said to Kate this morning that obviously he couldn't go over R.T.'s head and change anything.'

David Donnison, no longer 'the stripling' but 'a life-line', went to see Eileen and Kate, bearing an offering of three very sticky buns. Though he must have recognised that the decision was inevitable, he was still concerned for the women who had lost.

Even then, Eileen was not prepared to accept defeat. She had earlier written to Charlotte to comment that influential people outside LSE would be prepared to campaign on her behalf, but that academic authorities resented outside pressure; it was simply not done. Charlotte urged her to do the unthinkable:

'You say that you will NOT say anything to the outside world, but let your resignations speak for themselves...NO. I think you owe it to the profession to make your position known...'

There followed a plan for an orchestrated campaign - a report to the Director, a statement to Carnegie, and many other suggestions. Charlotte, eager to give advice, did not really understand the position of the Director of LSE, and urged 'a review of the situation by the top administrator':

'I do not know the organisation of LSE, and how much authority is spelled out for the Director, and how much departmental heads are a law unto themselves. But ordinarily the reason for a director is to have someone overhead to question, to challenge, to call for reconsideration and even to decide...'

Eileen was soon reporting to Charlotte that '...the balloon has gone up with a vengeance'. The Carnegie United Kingdom Trust threatened to withdraw the grant for the Carnegie course, which still had a year to run. A Children's Officer wrote threatening to withdraw student placements. It must have been at this time that Eileen and Kate went to talk to a group of Probation Officers, who were shocked by their appearance. Eileen's face was 'like a mask'. 'They tried to tell us what it was all about, but we were mystified.' Soon, Eileen was telling Charlotte that the Social Administration staff of the department were 'absolutely dumbfounded', and one had said 'This is Suez':

'One or two in the department see it might mean R.T. being forced to resign...R.T. is almost at breaking point, and being battered in every direction. He's got to be saved from a breakdown. Everyone is rushing round madly interviewing everyone else.'

The concern for Richard Titmuss was short-lived. In the same

letter, Eileen asked Charlotte to write a letter of protest on her behalf to the Director: 'His name is Sir Sydney Caine, but it would be fishy if you knew that'. Charlotte did so, and wrote back 'It is a forceful letter, explicit and compassionate'.

Eileen was battling on all fronts at once. The Family Welfare Association was 'fighting mad'. The Home Office was 'gravely disquieted'. The Director told Kate Lewis that the department was 'rocked to its foundations'. Eileen wrote to Charlotte, grim and resolute: 'Butter wouldn't melt in our mouths. BUT...?'

Sir Sydney Caine, at last aware that this was not the kind of situation that could be shrugged off lightly, did his best. He put forward a new and complex proposal designed to save everyone's face. The new Applied Social Studies course would have an Advisory Committee for policy and planning. Kay McDougall would be its secretary ('in the English sense', noted Eileen. She knew the difference between a committee secretary and an executive Secretary-General.) Kate Lewis would be full-time Lecturer in Charge, and Eileen would be part-time consultant. For a few days, it looked as though it might work:

'We've won an enormous victory...there are glaciers ahead, but we're over the Mustagh Pass. Hurrah! Hurrah!'

Barely a week later, Charlotte was told that the plan was in ruins. The Director had 'tried to plaster up the cracks in the wall, but without success'. It had been 'an awful week'. 'This is one of the blackest moments yet.'

In July 1957, Richard Titmuss gave a sherry party for Karl and Beth de Schweinitz, and for Eileen. It was to be her swan-song. Kate Lewis, under pressure, had withdrawn her resignation, but Eileen's had been accepted, though she would do some part-time lecturing for the next two terms to ease the blow. Kate was to find her own position untenable, and to resign again within a year. Eileen was doubtful whether she should attend the sherry party, but finally agreed - 'as dear Beth says consolingly, there'll be a lot of people there'. Richard Titmuss, still anxious to reconcile the irreconcilable, wanted to make a speech, but was persuaded by other members of staff that it would not help.

Throughout that black summer, Eileen threw herself into work. There was a consultancy in Athens. There was a Board meeting in Vienna. There was the Ministry of Health Working Party. There was the Third International Survey on Social Work Education, which she had undertaken at the invitation of the United Nations Bureau of Social Affairs. It would have been understandable if she had left the work on the Carnegie course to Kate, but, though she managed a short holiday in the Tyrol in between international engagements, it was not until the end of September that she wrote to Charlotte:

'This coming week is my last one at LSE. I find that almost impossible to grasp. It is all so familiar, and so much part of one's whole way of life.'

Five days later:

'Tomorrow is my last day at LSE. The sorrows of it all you know...just personally speaking, there is some relief in not going back to the grindstone of the overfull day and all the continual strain of the QOs. The days will be full enough with all the writing that has to be done...'

In 1980, shortly before her death, Eileen talked about this story, with great difficulty and no little pain; and on another occasion, Kay McDougall also talked about it, with equal difficulty and equal pain. There was one point in the sequence of events when Kay had offered her own resignation, feeling that the situation was hopeless for all of them. The truth seems to be that two able and intelligent women, both of whom made major contributions to the development of social work, were simply unable to control the pressures which forced them into opposition; and, as Eileen had commented at the time, they had no personal relationship to build on.

Eileen made mistakes. She was scathing about some leading figures among the almoners and psychiatric social workers, when she should have worked for their support. She assumed that her position was unassailable, when it was not. She brought in American social work teachers to buttress her position, and that was resented - British social work had its own traditions. She pulled strings - and even when she did not, strings were pulled for her because of who she was. She came from the Establishment, and had friends in high places. Kate Lewis came from the same sort of background, a wealthy and well-known Northamptonshire family. Both were thought by some of their opponents to have money, and not to be dependent on their university salaries. Both were assumed by some of their supporters to be the right people to run the Applied Social Studies course because of their social connections rather than because of their achievements. One eminent civil servant is reputed to have surveyed the opposition and said 'But who are they?'

The social work professionals of the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers and the Institute of Almoners were fighting for their own traditions and their professional lives. It was perhaps inevitable that they should see a class dimension in the struggle, though this would have horrified Eileen if she had recognised it. As far as she was concerned, the Applied Social Studies course was to be a continuation of her Carnegie course. No-one else had a right to run it. No-one else had the experience, the international connections, the understanding of policy issues or the field contacts necessary to run it. She felt that she had earned the right to do so; but when her back was to the wall, she took Charlotte's advice

and used her allies outside the LSE, because they were the only weapons she had left.

David Donnison wrote the story up in his Social Administration Revisited, published in 1965, when many of the participants were still in public life. He presented it as a case-study in organisational conflict, giving enough facts to lay some of the wilder rumours which circulated at the time. It was written very diplomatically, and the chief protagonists were anonymous, being referred to as 'the Lecturer' and 'the Lecturer in Charge'. This proved so confusing that when Kay McDougall read it, she got half-way through before she realised which designation was hers, and which was Eileen's.

The story of the LSE affair is a study in organisational conflict. It is about management decisions, and how to handle them (or how not to handle them). One involved observer got to the heart of the matter when he commented that other organisations make decisions about mergers every day, and with much less upheaval; but scrupulous decisions take longer, and the very need to make a scrupulous decision - democratically discussed, sound in terms of future policy, with a full exploration of personal needs and emotional reactions - simply prolonged the agony. When Eileen finally talked about it twenty-three years later, in her last year of life, she looked up tired and red-eyed, and said 'The ashes are still hot'.

CHAPTER IX

THE YOUNGHUSBAND REPORT

In June 1955, when the LSE struggle was just beginning, Eileen had been appointed chairman of a Ministry of Health Working Party on Social Workers in the Local Authority Health and Welfare Services. Eileen wrote to Charlotte that Richard Titmuss 'tried everything he knew to stop me from being chairman'. It must at least have been an embarrassment to the LSE authorities that during the years of that painful sequence of events, Eileen had a national position as chairman of the government committee which was determining the future of social work as a profession.

But perhaps this paradox sheds further light on the decision not to allow Eileen to become director of the Applied Social Studies course. Colleagues and friends who remember that searing decision tend to fall into two groups. Those who came from the Social Policy and Administration side of the LSE department or from government had a reaction of 'Of course Eileen should have been the director - she was a social worker'. Those who were qualified social workers reacted differently: 'Of course Eileen could not be the director - she was not a social worker'. She did not have a social work qualification, which disqualified her in the eyes of the latter group; but she was much too closely identified with the social work profession to be regarded as an academic social policy analyst. If she was not part of the social work profession, she was not part of the Titmuss-Abel-Smith - Townsend tradition either. She was herself, uniquely a specialist in the social policy of social work. That was why she became chairman of the Ministry of Health Working Party - and perhaps why she lacked the necessary support inside LSE in spite of this national distinction.

Her appointment as chairman of the Working Party seems to have been decided at high level. Geraldine Aves (now Dame Geraldine), then Chief Welfare Officer at the Ministry of Health, was asked by a senior official if Eileen would be suitable for the task. She replied that she would, and the appointment was announced during Charlotte Towle's year in England.

Geraldine Aves was a friend and a good ally, who had shared many of the early battles of establishing social work training with Eileen. A Newnham graduate, she had been at the Ministry of Health since before the Second World War, and Chief Welfare Officer since 1951. In the early days, that seems to have been a fairly limited

responsibility, at least in the eyes of her superiors. A senior civil servant asked her to set up a team of social workers 'to help with the war' and added 'It won't cost us very much'.

Geraldine gathered an outstanding team of almoners, psychiatric social workers and other experienced people, and the status and scope of the work grew rapidly. It may have been this experience which led Eileen to write in her first Carnegie report of the war-time discovery that social workers could bring order out of chaos and light out of darkness. The two met through the National Association of Girls' and Mixed Clubs. Geraldine Aves thought Eileen was 'a professional' - a description which, in Civil Service parlance, meant that she was capable of disciplined hard work of a very high standard. In the immediate post-war period, Geraldine was seconded to UNRRA as Child Care Consultant for Europe - a post mainly concerned with organising services for the many parentless children in Displaced Persons' camps. Eileen, among her many other responsibilities, 'looked after the UNRRA papers', keeping track of and summarising the many reports which came in from the devastated areas of Europe. They sat on many committees together.

In 1947-9, they were working together on setting up Child Care training courses: Eileen was a member of the Home Office Advisory Committee responsible for supervising the implementation of the recommendations of the Curtis Committee, and Geraldine was seconded for 75 per cent of her time to the Home Office as the civil servant in charge of the operation.

By 1955, when the Working Party was set up, Eileen and Geraldine had a long working relationship, one from a university base and the other from a government base; and they shared the viewpoint on social work which Eileen had expressed in the two Carnegie reports. Geraldine could not officially be a member of the Working Party - she attended it as a Ministry of Health observer - but she was to exert a powerful influence on its deliberations.

The members of the Working Party included Robina Addis, a senior psychiatric social worker on the staff of the National Association for Mental Health (now MIND); Robin Huws Jones, Director of Social Science Courses at University College, Swansea; Thomas Tinto, Principal Welfare Services Officer for Glasgow, a Chief Education Officer, a Medical Officer of Health, a general practitioner, an almoner, and the Clerk to a County Council, who was a lawyer. Their participation seems to have varied a good deal. The general practitioner did not come at all. The Medical Officer of Health (Professor Andrew Semple of Liverpool) rarely attended. The almoner was young, and 'worrying about getting engaged'. The Chief Education Officer and the Clerk to the County Council were primarily administrators, coming into contact with social work for the first time. Looking at the list in retrospect, it is fairly evident that the members were appointed to represent different constituencies thought to be involved in the development of social work, rather than

as a group with common interests and a common point of view.

The Working Party had forty meetings over the four years of its existence. Only one was a residential meeting; the other thirty-nine took place in a Ministry of Health Committee room in Savile Row, and seem to have been fairly formal affairs - the members met in the morning, had a 'nasty lunch at Robinson and Cleaver', and broke up in time for those with long distances to travel to catch the train home; but efforts were made to involve the less committed members in discovering what social work was about: they were sent out in pairs to visit local authority services. The report notes:

'Small groups of members visited ten local authorities in England, Wales and Scotland to study the working of their services at first hand. These visits, which were most profitable, gave us the opportunity of discussing the general policy, organisation and development of services with council members and chief officers. They also enabled us to meet supervisory and field officers, and to accompany the latter on their normal visiting duties' (para 8).

Eileen wrote to Charlotte Towle in October 1957:

'Tomorrow I become Ministry of Health Working Party, move to a glossy hotel, put on my Public Woman coat and skirt, and spend three hectic days seeing - and hearing - what they are doing in the City's Health and Welfare Services.'

A questionnaire was sent to all local authorities in England, Wales and Scotland asking for a very detailed response on each authority's administrative structure for welfare services ('Is there a mental health sub-committee? Are voluntary organisations employed as agents? Which Officer is responsible to Council for the Welfare Services? Please state qualifications). The questionnaire went on to enquire into such matters as the regularity of case conferences, the provision of telephones for social work staff, the arrangements made for married women staff to meet their domestic responsibilities, the arrangements made for staff training, and the provision of information to the public on the services available. This formidable document arrived on the desks of the Clerks to County and County Borough Councils some time in June 1956, with a polite but firm request that it should be completed and returned by October 1st. The names of the 90 per cent who complied (and it is easy to spot the defaulters) were published in the Report. Many a local authority clerk must have spent the holiday months chasing up information for which his authority had never previously been asked.

In addition, there were five field investigations, carried out by 'able investigators'; and 79 organisations and individuals provided evidence, more than half of them giving oral evidence in support of

written memoranda. Kay McDougall sent in written evidence but did not appear.

The staff work for the Working Party was thus very thorough. The report, which runs to 375 pages, is supported by much detailed analysis establishing both the current situation and the problems.

The recommendations of the report, which were to become a blue-print for development in the next ten years, went far beyond the fairly narrow remit of the local authority health and welfare services. People with social needs were divided into three categories:

'People with straightforward or obvious needs who require material help, some simple service, or a periodic visit.

People with more complex problems who require systematic help from trained social workers.

People with problems of special difficulty requiring skilled help by professionally trained and experienced social workers' (para. 24).

To meet these needs, it was recommended that there should be three grades of worker: 'straightforward or obvious needs' might be dealt with by welfare assistants, a new category of staff with a 'short but systematic in-service training'. For the bulk of the work, there would be 'general purpose social workers', with a two-year training to be undertaken on a national scale outside the universities. University-trained social workers, with social science and professional qualifications 'on the lines of those which already exist for psychiatric social workers, almoners and generic caseworkers' would cope with the 'problems of special difficulty', and act as advisers, consultants and supervisors to those less highly qualified.

In 1957, the number of students completing professional courses of a standard which would qualify them for the third category was 257, so the proposal to introduce 5,550-5,700 general purpose social workers trained outside the universities on two-year courses over the ensuing ten years virtually amounted to swamping a small and specialised field with a new brand of worker. Further, while the university courses were small and autonomous, the new training would be highly organised. There was to be a National Certificate in Social Work; a National Council for Social Work Training; and a National Staff College 'to ensure the provision of training, to work out initial plans, plan syllabuses and lay down conditions for the qualifying award, and to institute active recruitment'.

These far-reaching proposals were to be largely carried into effect. The Health Visiting and Social Work (Training) Act of 1962 set up the Council for Training in Social Work, which was responsible for the

institution and central control of Certificate in Social Work courses in Further Education colleges. The two-year trained general purpose social workers, though technically confined to the health and welfare services of local authorities in their early days, soon became the main body of social workers in the entire field. The National Institute of Social Work Training (now the National Institute of Social Work) was set up in Tavistock Square with the aid of charitable trusts, and developed its own training programmes for senior administrators, older social workers in senior posts, and social work teachers on the new CSW courses.

These were the solutions. How were they arrived at? Eileen herself said that the reason why the Working Party was so emphatic about the difference between university and professionally-trained social workers and the new two-year workers was that 'we were afraid of the antagonism of the professional associations':

'After all, this was, when we were actually discussing, only the mid-1950s, and the professional associations had been hard put to it to establish that the people whom they trained were really very different in their capacity to perform from those without training...So this was the situation in which we had to walk a knife-edge, and we always distinguished between those professionally trained and those who had taken the two-year courses. I'm not sure whether we ourselves believed in this hard and fast distinction. I doubt it. I think...that we thought of it as we sometimes called it, a slippery slope rather than a great divide.'

The 'hard and fast distinction' of the three kinds of need and the three kinds of workers was actually drafted by Christian Berridge, the Clerk to Essex County Council.

Eileen was, by all accounts, a very good chairman. She listened carefully to what other people had to say, made suggestions, but was open to discussion; but her clear and lucid mind precluded speculative, cursory discussion. She was inclined to ask precise questions, and to expect precise answers. One member of the Working Party characterised her technique as:

'Is it A or B?
What is its relation to C and D?
Define it.'

The committee was constantly pulled back to the subject in hand by this kind of verbal technique.

With hindsight, we tend to see the clear-cut and forceful recommendations of the Working Party as pre-ordained. They were not. Eileen commented:

'We were in a pretty unexplored field in the health and welfare services so far as social work was concerned. They had been greatly neglected, in fact they were just a rag bag, largely what was left over from the Poor Law after 1948, and seven years had gone by since then before our Working Party was set up.'

Some academic teachers of social work took the view that the Working Party's decision to extend training outside the universities was a kind of reprisal for Eileen's rejection by LSE. Recollecting the events of the time, she was insistent that the recommendations did not involve any personal reactions on her part. There had never been any likelihood that university courses could expand to meet the training needs, and the setting up of a national framework for courses at a lower level was inevitable if the needs were to be met quickly. In her two-volume account of Social Work in Britain, 1950-75, she indicates her own wish not to alienate the professional associations, and her dissatisfaction with the barrier created between the two types of training by Christian Berridge's neat administrative formulation:

'There was a risk that the Youngusband Working Party's proposal for a two-year course might be rejected by social work professional associations. For this reason, the working party made an unfortunate distinction between professional and general social work courses. But, in the event, the APSW welcomed the report on the day of publication, other professional associations and the Institute of Social Welfare also quickly supported it...It was obvious that even a considerable expansion of university places could not meet the demand, and there had to be an alternative entry...acceptance of the proposal for a two-year course of related theory and practice set the pattern for social work education outside the universities...'

Apparently all the members of the Working Party were anxious to extend social work training, but the great argument was not over whether it should extend outside the universities: all the members were agreed that university training courses were too small and too advanced to provide the main cadre of workers which was so urgently needed. The great argument was over the issue of how long the new general purpose training should last - some members contending that it should be a great deal less than two years, and some thinking that it could be done by correspondence courses - 'We had to fight hard against that' commented one of the social work members. There was no intention of setting up two rigidly-divided categories of training - it was hoped that additional training could be added on in modules, and that some of the best of the two-year trained workers could take university courses, with allowance for previous study. (This never happened: the universities contended with some justice that, for

their purposes, the 'Younghusband' students had been trained 'the wrong way up' - they had acquired the kinds of skills and techniques which the university courses taught in the final stages, but lacked the academic skills and the broad social science base from which university training started: this could not be slotted in afterwards.)

For the first two years of the Working Party's meetings, Eileen must have been suffering acutely from the events which were concurrently happening at LSE. Members of the Working Party are agreed that 'she gave no sign of it', and one, when told of the very revealing letters to Charlotte Towle, said 'So that's where it all went'. Eileen seldom mentioned the Working Party to Charlotte, though she was writing to her frequently through the period of its meetings. Indeed, she gives the impression that her main preoccupation, apart from the troubles at LSE, was with the report on social work training which she was preparing for the United Nations, which is described in Chapter XI. On March 16th 1958, she wrote:

'I am practically writing with both hands, to get more chapters of the UN Survey drafted and off to be typed before I go to Greece. I'm also trying to draft a chapter on training for the Ministry of Health Working Party's report...'

Early in May, she returned from Greece, and wrote:

'I came back to an appalling pile here, besides having to draft the UN seminar report and prepare for a Friday to Sunday residential meeting of the Ministry of Health Working Party this weekend - and reading 26 students' essays and preparing a gloss on them. However, it's all in the day's work...'

She had been 'laid low in a Greek hotel with an eye infection' but dismissed this in a sentence. A fortnight later, she was still struggling with the UN report, and added almost casually:

'I'm also full tilt, though not so full as I should be, on drafting two chapters of the Ministry of Health Working Party report. Every now and then I get the two reports mixed, with rather strange consequences!'

The emphasis on international work in the correspondence with Charlotte may be due to the fact that Charlotte would find this more interesting than a purely domestic issue; or perhaps Eileen was reluctant to expose the Working Party's recommendations to Charlotte's possible disapproval. Charlotte Towle was very strict about academic standards. It was not likely that she would approve of two-year non-university courses, however great the need.

The one residential meeting of the Working Party had been a great

success. Other members of the Working Party have remembered it more clearly than Eileen - a three-day meeting in a Hertfordshire country house with extensive grounds and a fountain. It was a traumatic weekend for Robina Addis, who was the one representative of psychiatric social work, and who found that Eileen constantly ignored her professional qualification, treating her as a representative of the voluntary organisations on the grounds that she worked for the National Association of Mental Health. Perhaps this, and the failure to call Kay McDougall to give oral evidence, were the only real signs of the strain of the LSE affair. Robina had been stoutly defending the need to keep psychiatric social work as a separate stream of training on the grounds that PSWs had to use their own personality as a tool - but then she realised that all social workers had to use their personalities in this way, and her opposition to completely generic training collapsed. The effect on her personal and professional identity was something she remembered twenty years later, when she spoke with great affection of Eileen, but said 'Her will prevailed'.

Other things happened on that 'Friday to Sunday'. Thomas Tinto, who had enlivened the one-day meetings at the Ministry of Health with comments 'in a rich Glaswegian accent' was induced to dance a Scottish jig; and it was during one of the Working Party's walks in the country house garden that he said suddenly 'We need a kind of Staff College - like the one for Civil Defence'. Eileen said 'What a wonderful idea' and before the next meeting, she had drafted two paragraphs on what was eventually to become the National Institute of Social Work which appeared almost unchanged in the final report. Geraldine Aves, who was present, thinks that the idea had probably been discussed previously at some length; but the timing was right, and everybody remembered the Scottish jig, and the wonderful idea which surfaced in the garden.

This seems to have been a comparatively rare excursion into group dynamics. Residential meetings were not common on commissions and working parties at that time. Members of such bodies were expected less to interact and hammer out problems than to state points of view which could be reconciled by the secretariat. On this Working Party, as on many, there was an unofficial inner caucus which met to think out what was happening, and to plan the next step. It consisted of Eileen, Geraldine Aves and Robin Huws Jones. After the meetings, they would go off to Cadbury's Chocolate Shop in Regent Street for 'a strong cup of cocoa' (Eileen's choice) and work out what was happening.

Robin Huws Jones, Director of Social Science Courses at University College, Swansea, had first met Eileen in the early 1950s, when he read the Carnegie reports and asked her to become External Examiner. For three years, she made an annual trip to the Gower Coast, staying with Robin and his wife (Enid Huws Jones, the biographer of Mrs Humphrey Ward, the 'Mary Ward' of Mary Ward House). Friendship and working contacts, as so often in Eileen's life, went hand in hand.

On the Working Party, Robin was her closest ally and deputy chairman - though apparently he never had the opportunity to take the chair, because she never missed a meeting.

Robin Huws Jones thinks that Eileen was 'enormously enthusiastic' about the Working Party when it was first set up; but that it sagged somewhat in the middle years (as all long-term commissions and committees tend to do) and that in 1957, the year of her resignation from LSE, she was probably not giving it her full attention. Then in May 1958 the residential meeting took place, and 'she awoke'. Much of the material on training was written by Eileen personally, and 'great energy' went into it.

In February 1959, Eileen wrote to Charlotte to report:

'A large load is off my chest in that the Ministry of Health Working Party report was signed last week. It is unanimous, which is pretty remarkable considering our recommendations. We had a delightful farewell dinner with rosy speeches and great good fellowship all round. It's a fine tribute...that we feel so warmly about each other after 3½ years and 40 meetings. Do you remember how RT did his best to prevent me from taking it on? I am glad he didn't succeed. Now the secretaries and I are hard at work doing the final tidying up and checking before it goes to the Minister of Health.'

From 1957, when Eileen left LSE, to 1961, she had many working responsibilities, and no earned income. Her superannuation rights at LSE entitled her to a lump sum of £3,000, and nobody enquired what she was going to live on. There was no pension, and she was not old enough for a State pension. She was not wealthy - she had the family jewels and a few beautiful pieces of furniture, but during this period, when her national reputation increased and she was in great demand as a speaker, consultant, and adviser to dozens of organisations, she lived very simply. She had to. The woman who had mapped out a national organisation for a whole profession could find no place for herself in it.

Further, she was living alone. When Helen Roberts finally left the flat in Lansdowne Road in 1944 to do relief work in Europe, Kit Stewart, who had worked with Eileen on the 'Allied Women' courses, moved in. Kit and Eileen worked together at LSE, talking over student problems, arranging field work placements, training supervisors; and though Kit was not directly concerned in the Carnegie course, she was always an intensely loyal supporter and ally. Many people have described Kit as one of the most beautiful women they have ever met. To the tall, statuesque good looks was added a gentleness of manner, and a warmth which Eileen needed; but when the battle at LSE was in its most intense and painful stages, Kit decided to marry Sheridan Russell, who had been one of her mature students. Sheridan certainly felt that he had taken Kit away when

Eileen needed her, though he and Eileen were to become good friends in later years. Both were too honest, and too perceptive, to deny the difficulties of their relationship in the early stages.

Characteristically, Eileen suppressed her own feelings, and rejoiced for Kit. She wrote to Charlotte in March 1957, in the midst of 'all this sordidness' with 'those fiends of PSWs':

'One happy thing I must tell you, which is that Kit is engaged to Sheridan Russell. Did you - yes, you did! She's so sweetly and radiantly happy, and that is so wonderful and joyful, for she needs it so much.'

Kit and Sheridan were married in June, and Eileen was present in St Bartholomew's for 'a deeply moving collective rejoicing in two people's happiness'. Less than two weeks later, she put in her final resignation from LSE.

During the ensuing four years, which were the years of major work on the Working Party report, Eileen was living alone for the first time in her life, without a job, without a secretary, without an office. Paradoxically, her public life was successful and busy. In some ways, her experience was very like her father's - the mixture of official disgrace (as she felt it to be) and public recognition. The Working Party report gave her a national eminence which seems to have been unexpected. She wrote to Charlotte:

'We all thought when we signed the Report that we might be useful at annual general meetings in the coming year, but that after that, that would be the end of the matter. As things turned out, we were wrong.'

As things turned out, they were very wrong: social work was news, and the proposals of the Working Party met a wave of public approval and support. The Times devoted two full columns of Home News to the report on May 5th 1959, and a leader on the same day noted that its publication 'fittingly inaugurates the second decade of the Welfare State'. The only criticism related to the somewhat narrow terms of reference which the Working Party had been set: the proposals hardly made sense if they were to apply only to the Health and Welfare Departments of local authorities. 'National interdepartmental rivalries have sealed the Working Party's lips'.

In the correspondence columns of the Times, contributors were quick to pick up the need for a broader and more radical approach, involving the whole of social work. One correspondent after another stressed that 'the need is urgent' - 'the recommendations must be extended' - 'staffing needs must be met'. A Conservative MP linked the Youngusband Report to the Beveridge Report as a major social document; Sir Keith Joseph wrote to advocate a Ministry of Social Services. Professor Richard Titmuss, asked to write a feature article in the Times, extricated himself from a difficult situation

by writing about community care, family care and several other Government enquiries, while barely mentioning the Younghusband Report.

The professional social work journals, whose reactions Eileen had feared, were either enthusiastic or respectful or both. The Almoner called the report 'a truly wonderful document...a thrilling experience...well worth waiting for'. Probation was dubious about the horizontal stratification of the three grades of social worker, but concluded 'in spite of its length, it is all substance and full of information and stimulating ideas'. The British Journal of Psychiatric Social Work was concerned about the need for more PSWs in local authorities to act as consultants and advisers, and worried about the proposal to develop a main stream of training outside the universities, but endorsed the Report's continuous emphasis on common human needs.

There was a debate on the report in the House of Lords, when Lord Feversham, who introduced it as Government spokesman, commended it as 'a great and absorbing human document' and speaker after speaker argued for expanded training, better pay and conditions of service, and recognition of the status of the social work profession.

Naturally there were dissentient voices. One or two peers thought that all social workers needed was good sense and experience, and there was talk of 'training in the school of Life'. Lady Wootton of Abinger, a noted opponent of social work, tried to put the Report down as 'a little pretentious, a little grandiose, and not, I think entirely realistic'; but in summing up, Lord Feversham made it clear that the feeling of the House was in favour, and that there was strong Government support for the report. The debate would

'assist and even accelerate, the actions of Government upon these complex and far-reaching proposals...if the Government approves these plans, quite clearly money will have to be found for them.'

Eileen had no difficulty in filling her days - the days were not long enough. Requests for lectures, consultations, advice, manuscripts to read, invitations to join committees, poured in from all sides. The strain of not having an office was considerable.

All Eileen's correspondence and writing had to be undertaken from her flat in Lansdowne Road. 'Work letters' were the main problem. She wrote to Charlotte:

'Writing on the knee goes on endlessly...I have to write them all myself by hand, and it is quite endless. It's got now to 8-10 letters a day on an average, and sometimes I feel I just can't cope with it in addition to getting UN material done, all the outside commitments, and the Ministry of Health

Working Party until recently. I hardly ever have time to read a book except in bed at night...I'm getting quite paranoid about all these endless work demands which treat me as though I were an organisation with an office set up, and don't even send stamped addressed envelopes for a reply.'

In the summer of 1960, the Government accepted the Working Party's recommendations, and the Health Visiting and Social Work (Training) Act followed in 1962. This Act yoked two very different professions - 'like Siamese twins' said Eileen - in the hope that they would grow together; but health visitors are health educators, and their basic training is in nursing, not social work. There were 'great struggles' with Enoch Powell, who was Minister of Health. One inflexible will met another. Eileen went to the House of Commons with two interested Members of Parliament, Irene Ward and Joan Vickers, to try to persuade Mr Powell to set up separate councils:

'We put our case to him, it was really an incontrovertible one. He listened, but was not very on-coming about it. As we left, Irene Ward stayed behind for a moment to thank him for seeing us, and I heard him say to her "You've got exactly what I told you you would get, and that is nothing".'

The two councils were set up with a single set of offices (in the Euston Road), a single secretariat, and a common chairman. As predicted, they did not grow together, and if there was little friction, this was the result of considerable forbearance on both sides. After a few years, the Health Visitors Training Council moved out, and separate chairmen were appointed.

But these were incidental difficulties. Though Eileen must have been despairingly aware that Government still did not have a very precise idea of what social work was, or what social workers did, the way was clear for a massive development on the lines she had planned for so long; but there was another check to her own activity, which arose paradoxically from the eminence she had achieved. The chairman of a Government commission or working party has to step aside once the report is completed, to let other people decide on, and if approved, implement the recommendations. Eileen could only advise from the side-lines. She needed a new base for her operations.

CHAPTER X

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE

There is a portrait of Eileen Younghusband in the National Institute of Social Work provided by subscriptions from her friends and admirers in 1962, to commemorate her work on the Ministry of Health Working Party and her Presidency of the International Association of Schools of Social Work. Most people do not think that it looks much like her: the image is that of a happy, bronzed, relaxed peasant woman. There is no hint of the angular strength, the formidable will, the reserve, or the pain. Eileen merely commented that the Welsh artist, Kyffin Williams, was 'good at painting mountains' and that her eyes were blue, not brown; but it marks a high point in a very happy period in her life, the years from 1961 to 1967 when she held a post in the National Institute as consultant. The post, which was salaried, was on the Senior Lecturer scale, and for four-fifths of her time, at her own request, to leave time for other activities.

The National Institute was that Staff College which Tom Tinto had proposed during the Working Party's residential meeting. The suggestion, evidently new to most of the Working Party at that time, had a fairly long history. There was a proposal for a School of Social Work in the first Carnegie report, repeated in the second, and this thinking had been preliminary to the setting up of the much more limited Applied Social Studies course which the Carnegie UK trustees financed at LSE. The Working Party on Social Workers, in recommending a plan for social work training to be based largely outside the universities, made possible the prospect of an independent Institute.

In January 1958, within six months of leaving LSE, Eileen was writing to Charlotte Towle of 'the top secret plan for a School of Social Work in London':

'There is many a slip, of course, (as I know too well) but some real hope that the plan might come off, and have the necessary financial resources. I don't really dare to hope yet. I would only be personally involved to a limited extent anyway.'

It was nearly two years later, just after Christmas 1959, that she wrote again more explicitly, about this 'awfully secret venture':

'There is a very active development in social work

education here. If it comes to the boil, and in the right way, it may largely by-pass (the professional associations). But more of this anon when there is more. It is the thing which makes it difficult for me to come to the USA - but if all goes well, I'm coming, coming, coming.'

Eileen had her holiday in the United States - and was able to spend 'a brief but very satisfying 25 hours' with Charlotte in which the plan was no doubt discussed at length. She wrote again more explicitly in July 1961 to say that plans were maturing at last:

'The good news in our little garden patch is that the Institute for Social Work Training is to become a reality at last. The Nuffield Foundation have bought a very good settlement building just off Tavistock Square for it, and it is to open its doors, at any rate for preliminary planning, in October. Robin Huws Jones is to be the Principal, and although it's very hush-hush at present, Kate (Lewis) and I will both be advisers...Several other old friends will we hope be involved in it one way or another, so it'll be quite a re-gathering of the clans to do a new and different job in a vastly changed social work scene.'

The 'great new job' started in October 1961; and that summer, Eileen had become the President of the International Association of Schools of Social Work - a responsibility which was to last for eight years. The London School of Economics quickly recognised that the reverberations of Eileen's resignation were not over: she was now established in a new and prestigious institute of national standing only a mile from Houghton Street, with an unquestionable international authority. They did the graceful thing: early in 1962 Eileen was made an Honorary Fellow of LSE. She accepted this honour, and wrote to Charlotte:

'I think I have said to you already that it left me with no feeling at all, except intellectually knowing that it was nice of those who did it to have done it ...There's a dinner at LSE on May 25th to welcome new Fellows...I don't know about my having integrity, as you say. I certainly blasted off plenty at the time...'

The Institute had been set up largely as a result of a collaboration between the trustees of the Joseph Rowntree Memorial Trust and the Nuffield Foundation. The secretaries of these two influential charitable bodies had independently telephoned Robin Huws Jones to discuss the possibility. Robin wrote a draft memorandum, drawing on Eileen's two paragraphs on the 'Staff College' in the Working Party report; Eileen and Geraldine Aves worked with him on the draft; and when Robin made trips from Swansea to London to discuss plans with the two Trusts, Eileen would meet him off the Swansea train at

Paddington and 'have a good, long discussion with him about what he should say'.

Robin became the Principal. He was younger, academically senior to Eileen, the head of a university department, and he had skills which Eileen lacked - the ability to compromise, a capacity for seeing the other person's point of view, the hospitable quality necessary for making new staff and overseas visitors feel at home. Eileen often depended on people with more outgoing personalities - Charlotte, Kate Lewis, Robin - to temper her remorseless drive. In the testing years, she had acquired the reputation of being difficult to get on with. People said 'She would have her own way', 'Her will always prevailed'. Robin worked through consensus, not conflict. Setting up the new Institute was a group exercise which required a more co-operative approach.

But if Robin was the Principal, Eileen was the éminence grise. She poured her energies into every aspect of the Institute's work. She and Kate Lewis (who had an excellent taste in such matters) took a leading hand in the decoration of the Institute's nineteenth century building which had been purchased from the trustees of the Mary Ward Settlement:

'Robin and I moved in late in 1961, where we crouched over little electric fires in a filthy, dirty and very cold building, with the builders working around us. But the building was basically pleasant and airy, and miraculous changes were wrought.'

On one occasion Kate and Eileen had decided views on the right wallpaper for a particular room: Robin insisted on a William Morris paper against their judgement, and felt vaguely guilty: it was a distinct relief to him when Professor Nicholas Pevsner commended his choice.

Eileen helped to select staff. In addition to Kate Lewis, she was able to bring into the Institute George Newton, one of her former students, who had been a Probation Officer and a supervisor on the Carnegie course. George Newton had moved to the Home Office as a Probation Inspector, but left this post to join Eileen and Kate. Eileen recollected:

'...So he and Kate and I were together again, three colleague friends, very familiar with each other, very happy working together, and with the same ideas about professional education for social work and about social work itself. George was responsible for running the one-year course, which was to qualify experienced un-trained social workers in one year, and he did it brilliantly.'

In addition to the one-year course, there were short 'consultations'

for senior administrators in the social services and senior social workers, and a variety of initiatives to be followed up in relation to the new Certificate of Social Work course. During the discussions with the Rowntree and Nuffield trustees, Eileen had been invited to one meeting in Nuffield Lodge, in the course of which she said that she thought one of the functions of the National Institute should be to provide courses for future social work teachers, 'because teaching and social work practice were not the same thing'. The idea took root, and became what was known in the National Institute as the Fellowship Programme. Some of the awards were provided by the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, and others by the Home Office:

'We worked out a plan with the Home Office, and with the Council for Training in Social Work and the colleges about to start courses, a plan whereby the course was agreed about nine months to a year before it was actually to start. The tutor in charge was then appointed, and given time to come to the National Institute for six months to work with us, and to work on the planning of the course...'

Eileen was in overall charge of the Fellowship Programme. There were six to eight Fellows at a time, and two courses a year, which overlapped. Eileen taught them curriculum building and educational principles herself:

'I found the hardest thing in the world with these practising social workers, hot off the job, was to get them to think in terms of the purposes of social work, what it was aiming for, how it set out to achieve the aims, what were the limitations and strengths of particular settings, what the range of clients and their needs, and so on. For quite a long time, they could only think in terms of individual people they had known, and it was a hard struggle to get them to think in conceptual terms.'

She drummed into them 'Knowledge, Aptitude, Skills' as the basic areas in their own teaching. In the end, they repeated this invocation on every conceivable occasion, until Eileen commented drily 'Like Gertrude Stein'. One of the first four Gulbenkian Fellows drew a complex illustration of the principles of social work education, with 'KNOWLEDGE, APTITUDE, SKILLS' in elaborate lettering.

Though the Gulbenkian Fellows were all mature and experienced social workers, they felt the strain of this intensive teaching. One said that they used to rush out to the nearest café after their sessions with Eileen, and find emotional compensation in chocolate and cream cakes. They began to put on weight. But the teaching, though demanding, was good. Afterwards, they remembered little of the content, but appreciated the method, which was essentially Socratic:

'What is your opinion? Do you think that...? Well, in that case, does it follow that...? Do you think we are asking the right questions?'

Kate Lewis - blonde, volatile, emotional, generous, was the affective strength of the team, complementing Eileen's instrumental abilities. Kate gave good parties, and did her best to conceal her county background: at one students' party, she thought she was likely to run out of food, and automatically 'sent out to Fortnum's' - but hoped the students would not find out. George Newton - dark, charming, and aware of his own charm - was known as 'Peter Pan'; but the boyish manner concealed a certain ruthlessness of judgement which Eileen appreciated. The team of three worked well, and the students had an interesting, if demanding year.

Eileen took a leading part in setting up the National Institute Library, and in starting the National Institute for Social Work Training publications series, with Allen and Unwin as the publisher. By 1968, this series ran to fifteen volumes, including her own Social Work and Social Change and four volumes of 'Readings in Social Work' - Social Work with Families, New Developments in Casework, Social Work and Social Values and Education for Social Work - in which she used her own papers, with those of other writers, to develop particular themes. The volume on Education for Social Work, which contained papers by Charlotte Towle, Helen Harris Perlman and other leading social work writers, was particularly influential. In Eileen's own paper (given as the inaugural Eileen Younghusband Lecture at the National Institute in 1967) she summed up her basic ideas on educational methods in social work training, developing the concept of 'theory for practice'. Like many of her less administrative writings, it is remarkably difficult to summarise or to quote from. Basically, she is arguing that education for social work is a difficult task because it is a matter of having a broad knowledge of the social sciences, focussing it on real and urgent personal problems, and then blending it with the skill necessary to deal with those problems. This education must be relevant to the outcome - the end determines the beginning - and in the past, social work education has been 'vague' because it has started from 'an alarming sweep of the social sciences taught without too much application to real-life social problems, coupled - or not coupled - with all too specific practice'. The search for relevance, for the link between theory and practice, is difficult and continuous. Students are highly motivated to learn what they perceive as relevant, but they are not necessarily the best judges of this - often they miss the relevance of important teaching. Teachers must know 'how to free students to learn', and there is the problem of blending 'carefully planned steps in skill learning' with students' spontaneous desire for particular knowledge, which may represent 'a wayward wisdom of the heart'.

All these difficult tasks had to be undertaken in relation to the CSW courses, which were to present quite new problems in British

social work education. The students were often relatively mature and experienced, but for the most part not of university standard in strictly intellectual terms. The courses were to last for only two years, which would be the sum of the students' further education, in contrast to the university students' four or five years. The teachers were mostly social workers with a good deal of practice experience, but little skill in teaching method; and the setting, in Further Education Colleges, was in many ways alien. Administrators of these colleges were used to students who could be taught in large numbers through formal lectures, to teachers who could be housed three or four to an office. Demands for a form of teaching which required small seminar groups and personal supervision contradicted their norms of time-tabling and room allocation. Eileen said in retrospect:

'There were enormous difficulties about it, because the Colleges of Further Education hadn't been used to this kind of thing at all. They were entirely concerned with students who spend all their time inside the college, and very many of them, of course, were seventeen to nineteen year olds, therefore, courses for which nearly half the qualifying work was outside the college in field work placements were very strange to them.'

The needs of the social work teachers also had to be explained to uncomprehending administrators:

'It was...most strange, that tutors should need accommodation for individual tutorials, telephones so that they could have constant contacts with the field work placements and other outside agencies, and, most astonishing of all, that they should properly in working hours be out of the college visiting field work placements...it took quite a lot of negotiating to get this kind of thing recognised as what they called 'contact hours', which were supposed to be the hours actually spent lecturing to students.'

Eileen visited a number of CSW courses in the early days, negotiating with college administrators, meeting the students, and sometimes teaching a class.

She liked the students - Eileen always liked students. The CSW students for the most part had some years of employment experience, often in some kind of clerical work, which meant that they were acceptable to field work supervisors because they knew how to work in a big organisation. They were 'very eager to learn' and of 'good average intelligence': what they often lacked was the capacity university students have for independent thinking. They were much more docile, accepting what they were told without question, and trying to do what was expected of them. They wanted to be filled

with information, not stimulated by the Socratic method. This had to be changed - and the way to change it was through their teachers. Eileen redoubled her efforts with the National Institute Fellows.

These were happy and busy years, when the honours came: there was the Fellowship at LSE, the presidency of the International Association, and an honorary degree at the University of Nottingham. At the Graduands' Dinner at Nottingham, Eileen sat next to the Duke of Portland:

'He said nothing for a while, then he turned to me and said "Infernal chap, that Oliver Cromwell. He got into my house and did a great deal of damage". This is, I think, one of the best opening gambits for a conversation between two strangers that I know.'

Then, in 1964, Eileen was awarded a DBE. Now she became a Dame, a matter which caused her a mixture of pride and embarrassment. In June 1964, Robin Huws Jones wrote to Dr Katherine Kendall of the International Association of Schools of Social Work in New York to explain what it meant:

'Today is the Queen's official birthday - (she has two, which is why royalty ages so quickly!). And the highest honour bestowed on any woman in the Honours list is the Dame Commander of the British Empire, given to our Eileen! Henceforth she will be Dame Eileen, which is pantomime language even to the English! But it's still a very high honour for her, and for social work.'

Katherine wrote to Eileen to ask for 'a picture taken in your regalia'; and when Eileen visited Washington two years later, the headline in the Washington Post was - TOP SOCIAL WORKER EARNS TOP HONOURS. Eileen wrote to Katherine 'That blessed 'Dame' really does present complications. It double trumps being a phoney Doctor.'

The National Institute Fellows - and many social work students - called her 'the Dame' behind her back, and friends say that she was very gratified by the honour. All the same, the bell to her flat in Lansdowne Road continued to bear the bleak legend 'Younghusband', and when she read a draft introduction to this biography which referred to her as 'Dame Eileen', she took a pen, and crossed out 'Dame' wherever it occurred.

On the night before Eileen went to the Palace to receive her DBE, the Countess of Essex (her old friend Nona Smythe from Currant Hill days) gave a party for her in the Essex town flat. In a sense, Eileen was still crossing two worlds: Nona Essex, elegant, and well-connected, had been like a sister to her since the days at Currant Hill, despairing of her clothes, and being delightfully vague about Eileen's involvement in social work education. At the party another very elegant woman, Lady Norman, who was Vice-President of the

National Association for Mental Health and the widow of Lord Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, looked across at Eileen, and advised Lady Essex 'Get her properly dressed for the Palace'. Eileen had made no preparations. A frantic trying-on session ensued. In the end, she went to the Palace wearing a stylish beret which belonged to Lady Essex, with her own blue suit. She was accompanied by Lady Essex, exquisitely dressed for the occasion, and Helen Roberts, who wore a tweed suit and flat-heeled shoes. The two worlds were still clashing.

Despite the trials of preparation, Eileen had a great respect for the Royal Family, and a sense of occasion. The ceremony of going to Buckingham Palace and receiving the Order from the Queen meant a great deal to her. It was a link with the world of her father, a recognition that, in her very different way, she was of the same stamp.

At the end of 1966, Eileen had nearly reached the age of 65; and Robin Huws Jones, her loyal friend and long-time colleague, had the difficult task of telling her that the Trustees thought she should retire. It was not that she was frail, or in any way failing in her powers. That strong personality was if anything too powerful: a senior colleague said that for some of the young staff, 'it was like growing in the shade of an oak tree'. Social work was changing. The Seeborn Committee, appointed in 1965 (Robin was a member, and a very active one) was likely to recommend major changes in the organisation of social work in local authorities, and a new phase would begin, in which the solutions of 1959 would no longer be relevant. As tactfully as possible (and he was a tactful and kindly man), Robin told Eileen that he thought she ought to retire, and leave room for growth. She was very hurt, but said only 'I think you are absolutely right'. The only sign of her true reaction was that she insisted on leaving in March, soon after her 65th birthday, rather than continuing until the end of the teaching year.

The staff of the Institute saw her go with very mixed feelings. They did need room to grow; but the removal of the 'oak tree' left a gap in their lives, as the loss of the work at the Institute was to leave a gap in hers.

They did her honour: there was a party and a pension; and, perhaps most important to Eileen, she was given an unusual but highly appropriate parting present: half a secretary. Shirley Knight, who had been her secretary at the Institute for the past six years, was attached to her half-time. If she returned to working at the flat in Lansdowne Road, it was with the knowledge that her work could go on effectively.

CHAPTER XI

INTERNATIONAL SOCIAL WORK

In the period after the Second World War, Eileen began to get involved in the world of international social work. She attended the first post-war Congress of the International Conference on Social Work at Scheveningen in the Netherlands in 1947, and was asked to join the Executive Board. In 1948, she took a term's leave of absence from LSE, and went to Geneva at the request of the United Nations Bureau of Social Affairs to act as consultant on the Social Welfare Fellowship Programme. A fellow consultant was Geraldine Aves. Eileen completed 'a series of studies on the social services of different countries', and was asked at the end of that year to go to a UN conference at Lake Success to talk on 'The European Scene in Social Welfare'. In 1950, she attended the first post-war Congress of the International Association of Schools of Social Work in Paris, made a visit to Canada, where she addressed the Protestant Children's Homes on Toronto on 'Developments Around the World in Child Care', and attended the ICSW meeting in Madras. She was becoming a world expert.

It was a time for world experts. Colonialism was being phased out, and the newly independent nations still looked to the West for help and support. The rejection of the West still lay some way in the future, and the new leaders of the developing nations were happy to be told how to reorganise their services, particularly if there was a prospect of United Nations or American aid to follow. Eileen, with her Indian background and her deep sense of social justice, found a new outlet for her idealism and her energies. From around 1950 for more than two decades, the years of struggle at LSE, of completing the Working Party Report, of fulfilment at the National Institute were punctuated by international commitments. She commonly made four or five trips a year to different parts of the world, attending international meetings, visiting Schools of Social Work, impressing on officials the importance of social work education, attending official functions, writing seemingly endless reports, and making friends. The official functions were part of the job, and often greeted with less than enthusiasm. For the rest, her enthusiasm was genuine and spontaneous, and her energy unlimited.

One of the first major commitments, following the ICSW Conference in Madras, was a study visit to India and Pakistan, undertaken in the Christmas Vacation of 1952-3, and lasting five weeks. During that time, she visited Madras, Hyderabad, Delhi, Karachi and Bombay, went to look at life in three Indian villages, and talked to 46 different

individuals or groups in organisations ranging from the Tata Institute of the Social Sciences to a leper colony, a beggars' Home and a refugee camp. She noted in her report:

'My tour was primarily planned for the purpose of visiting schools of social work, juvenile courts and institutions for homeless children...The aim was to discover whether there were ways in which this country (Britain) could render useful and acceptable help in these fields.'

Eileen once explained that she wrote 'because the writing needs to be done if we are to improve the quality of social work'. She had no great opinion of her own literary style, and writing was drudgery rather than pleasure; but she was stirred by what she saw in India, and the writing reflects the vehemence of her emotions:

'In this essentially inequalitarian society, every town has its streets of big houses in their pleasant gardens, and shining American cars hoot their way through the halt, the lame and the blind, wandering cows, wandering children, men straining their hearts out to drag heavy clients on rickshaws, and women carrying every kind of burden on their heads...it is not surprising if Indians lose heart and nerve...in the face of this all-engulfing mass of poverty.'

More aware than most of the strains imposed by the imperial past, she expected to meet hostility: she knew how deeply personal slights had offended 'this proud and sensitive people'; but she met with friendliness, and grieved for the lack of confidence, of will to act, in those she met:

'With the West (which really means this country and the USA) is identified all the evils of industrialism and all that has broken the old idealised life of India. They have produced nothing vital enough to stand up to the West - except Gandhi. It soon becomes apparent that some aspects of Gandhi-ism, the rather wild talk about not wanting electricity or mechanisation, the emphasis on the spinning-wheel and hand loom weaving, are a revulsion against the mental domination of the West, and a desire for something of their own which is equal to and different from its powerful, insidious culture.'

Eileen's father had never thought highly of Gandhi, whom he first met when the latter was a prosperous merchant in South Africa.

In the Schools of Social Work, she was thorough and helpful. At the Tata Institute, she joined forces with a UN consultant from Texas, and in a period of seven days, they attended lectures, read students'

theses and case-records, investigated the selection of students, studied the syllabus, enquired about the work-load and competence of each member of staff, evaluated the method of assessment, visited field work agencies, talked to the field work supervisors, the staff, the students and the Managing Trustees, and wrote a report. 'All our recommendations were accepted.' At another School, the students had grievances, and were 'printing and distributing leaflets far and wide', the staff were 'in great distress', Prime Minister Nehru had been asked to intervene - and the Governing Body had not met. Eileen was to show considerable impatience with governors and administrators who took their responsibilities lightly. She commented tartly of one group that:

'...opinion in India was divided as to whether the launching of this School with such limited resources represented a courageous venture of faith or an irresponsible expedition up the garden path.'

But she was gentle with the hard-pressed teachers, sparing in criticism, and well aware of the constraints under which they worked. There were too many Schools, the standards were too low, the students too sheltered or too resentful of criticism, the teaching methods too American, 'arbitrarily plastered on to the Indian culture'. There was a lack of indigenous teaching material, of text-books, case-histories and research findings. The tendency to look to the West while resenting the West, the all-pervading poverty and the inertia which went with it, were hampering the development of a distinctively Indian social work tradition. In such circumstances, specialism was dangerous. There was a need for 'a well-equipped general worker'. Perhaps this was Eileen's first exercise in genericism, and the root of her insistence on generic training in England later.

Indians, she wrote, took very well to theory and analysis. Their difficulty was in translating either into action - 'but the need of India is for people whose thinking will come from their action rather than being a substitute for it'. Fatalism was simply alien to her; and she neither understood nor condoned it.

In the following year, when the Carnegie course was being planned, she had a six-month Smith-Mundt Fellowship in the United States in order to prepare for the new programme. It was during this period that she met Charlotte Towle in Chicago, and Karl and Beth de Schweinitz in Los Angeles, and learned the skills of curriculum planning and course organisation which she was to put into practice with the Carnegie students. The Institute of Almoners and the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers, proud of their distinctively British tradition, were to complain that Eileen 'used American methods', and to some extent that was true. She found much to admire in American social work, and tried to bring the best of it back with her; but her comments in the report on her Indian consultancy suggest that she was already very well aware that there

were many kinds and levels of social work education in the United States, and some of them did not travel well. Her basic attachment was to the Chicago School, with its strong emphasis on 'common human needs', administrative skills and theory-into-practice rather than to the more esoteric kinds of psychodynamic theory.

America was always Eileen's first and best love. She liked the speed of American life, the confidence, the classlessness, the lack of ceremony, the general 'get up and go' atmosphere of a plural society where horizons seemed limitless and anything seemed possible. She wrote later to Charlotte:

'You will know how I delight in being back here, and how ecstatically I perch once more on drug(store) stools and drink the milk shakes of Paradise.'

America was 'the land of all good things', and she deprecated 'the size of that great waste of waters that separates our two countries'.

One of the people Eileen got to know well on the Smith-Mundt trip was Dr Katherine Kendall, whom she had first met on her UN assignment at Lake Success in 1948. Katherine Kendall, then working for the United Nations, had been responsible for preparing the first International Survey on Training for Social Work. She was to become Executive Secretary of the American Association of Schools of Social Work, Associate Director and later, Executive Director, of the Council for Social Work Education, and Secretary of the International Association of Schools of Social Work. Tall, cool and immensely competent, with that American quality of 'zip' which Eileen so much admired, she enjoyed organisation; but in 1950, when they were both in Paris for the IASSW Congress, Katherine had to make a keynote speech, and confessed to nerves. Eileen took her off to a pavement café, and American cool and British reserve were breached over a glass of wine. It was the beginning of another notable partnership.

They both rated the Second International Survey on Training for Social Work as 'not very good' - a descriptive compendium of many people's notes. The Third International Survey, which Eileen wrote between 1956 and 1959, was 'Eileen's book' to Katherine, and 'my main international production' to Eileen.

Whatever the views of the British caseworkers and the administrators of LSE, there is no doubt that the powerful group of American social workers who staffed the United Nations agencies in New York and the IASSW regarded Eileen as one of the leading experts in their field. When she was still at LSE, Julia Henderson, Director of the UN Bureau of Social Affairs, wrote to her as 'Miss Eileen Younghusband, Principal, London School of Economics' - a designation which would have astonished Sir Sydney Caine. The foreword to the Third International Survey states that it was prepared by:

'...a special consultant, Miss Eileen Younghusband, who

was formerly on the staff of the Social Sciences Department of the London School of Economics and is internationally recognised as one of the foremost leaders in social work education.'

What Eileen set out to do was:

'...to assess in depth the basic elements in the social work curriculum and the essentials of good educational method...I wanted to produce something that would be of practical use to schools of social work, especially to those in rather isolated situations and without much access to good standard literature.'

The aim was to define 'a basic body of knowledge and skills' which could be incorporated in all programmes in all countries.

The magnitude of this task, the difficulty of writing at a level which would transcend cultural barriers and be universally applicable, would have daunted many social work educators. If Eileen took it on, it was not in a spirit of hubris, but of pragmatism. The need was there, the job had to be done, and she would do it as best she could. She wrote it at a time when 'One World' still seemed a possibility, when the Declaration of Human Rights still called forth an idealistic response from many nations, and when social work was seen as one of the means by which wrongs would be righted and social justice be advanced. It is a pity if that makes it a period piece. Eileen recognised that it would need to be updated, and wrote later to Katherine Kendall 'Here is a nice task for a social work academic'; but, though the world has moved on to less idealistic perspectives, it remains one of the most thoughtful, exhaustive and thorough attempts to analyse the nature of social work education, the teaching methods, the content and the objectives.

A UN consultation in Munich in 1956 had helped Eileen to define some of the groundwork. It had been agreed that the fundamental studies were:

1. Man: his nature, motivation and behaviour.
2. Society in its philosophical, cultural, psychological, economic, governmental, legal and administrative aspects.
3. The theory and practice of social work: that is to say the ways in which knowledge about the nature of man and society is used in social work with individuals and groups, and the particular skills which characterise social work practice.'

Students must begin with 'background material' from the social and behavioural sciences, and a knowledge of the structure and functioning of welfare services. They would then proceed to methodology - a study of the ways in which this knowledge could be applied through social work. Eileen was emphatic that social work was a Gestalt - a synthesis of knowledge from other fields brought together and applied for a specific set of purposes:

'This knowledge may be comparatively elementary in any one of the social or behavioural sciences, but the total synthesis results in an understanding of man and his social functioning, refined by constant practice, which is certainly not elementary.'

There were three branches of social work: casework, group-work and community organisation. Here Eileen was certainly borrowing from American experience, for while all three were taught in some American schools, the British tradition at that time was almost wholly confined to casework. But she must have seen the relevance of these concepts to India and other developing countries, where a concentration on casework in the face of mass poverty and squalor led to some wildly irrelevant forms of training. The important elements were 'Knowledge, Aptitude, Skills' - those principles which were later to be grounded so deeply into the minds of the Fellows at the National Institute.

The Report contains much that is prescriptive - on methods of teaching, the content of courses, the pattern of learning, the tempo of learning, the role of the teacher, relations within the student group, the training of supervisors and much more. It was in a sense a check-list of good educational practice - meant to be put in the hands of isolated teachers in countries where there was no indigenous social work tradition, and no local teaching material; but it was very good practice, designed by a social work educator who poured into it not only her knowledge of situations in the Third World, but her own British and American experience both of social work courses and the policy problems which surround them.

The evidence of Eileen's own correspondence is that it took her three and a half years of gruelling hard work. The final result runs to some 350 pages of text. When it was finished, Eileen wrote to Katherine Kendall to say that it was 'prosy, diffuse, repetitive, superficial, disorderly and unreadable' and (on another occasion) that it was 'in need of rewriting from top to bottom'. The presentation could perhaps have been improved - though there is a point where any manuscript becomes stale to its author, and is best left alone to speak as best it can; but she had achieved what she set out to do, and there was a high note of excitement: the demand for social workers was expanding on a world-wide scale, and 'There are tasks awaiting social workers over the horizon of today's possibilities'.

Eileen did some of the writing for the Third International Survey in Greece, where she was invited to direct a UN Southern European Regional Seminar on training for social work in 1958:

'I saw the beauties of Greece for the first time. It's the only time I have ever been there in the spring, when the ground in the olive groves was covered with red poppies and clumps of grape hyacinths...I used to sit all day working on the report...in one of the lovely ruins of Delphi...watching the eagles flying overhead.'

She thought that the United Nations people were fairly tactless in arranging this seminar: the Cyprus problem was at its height, the British were unpopular in Greece, and it was not too easy for an Englishwoman to direct the seminar. Further, Eileen had specifically asked that the dates be arranged to avoid the Greek Easter, but found that she arrived 'bang in the middle of their Holy Week'. The Greek participants were often faint from fasting, but showed 'wonderful courtesy and hospitality' to their guests, including the English Director.

This was to be the first of a series of annual visits to Greece as consultant to the Schools of Social Work. One occasion, she 'flew to Salonika to a place called Drama' and saw something of the problems of homesick and bewildered students who were expected to do community work placements in villages on the Bulgarian border. Queen Frederika of Greece had her own fund (the origin of the contributions was not known, and no accounts were published) for promoting social work, and one of the conditions of a grant to a particular School was that the students should undertake field work in the border villages. Once there, they found themselves caught in confrontations between the local communists and the right-wing 'Queen's Fund ladies'.

Eileen remembered snapshots from her Greek experiences: the National Assistance Office in Athens (there was only one) where the crowds gathered at the door long before it opened, and the police had to control the wild rush to beg for assistance; a mental hospital where naked patients snatched food from a trolley, and crouched in the corners of the ward, devouring it with their fingers; but she began a long-term collaboration with Mrs Ketty Stassinopolou, Director of the Athens School of Social Work. 'Five feet high and broad in proportion', with an 'alert, amused face', Ketty Stassinopolou had little theoretical knowledge of social work, but an immense practicality, and she eagerly accepted the proffered help. Eileen wrote to Katherine Kendall that Ketty was 'as at home in Plato, Euripides and the whole panoply of Greek mythology as you and I are with the Third Avenue 'bus', and together they set about reorganising the School.

In 1960, Eileen was invited to Hong Kong: the invitation came from

the Social Welfare Department, and the purpose was to redesign social work education. The assignment lasted one month: it could have been longer, but Eileen had just come back from a four-month visit to the United States, as a consultant to the Council for Social Work Education, and she wanted to get home for the Morrison Committee on the Probation Service, which was about to start taking evidence in Scotland. Looking back, she was inclined to think that she had too many irons in the fire, and that she should have devoted more time to Hong Kong. From England, it looked very small; when she arrived, it fascinated her.

She stayed at the Gloucester Hotel, long since pulled down. It was August, it was stiflingly hot, and there was no air conditioning:

'The sticky heat was terrific, not that it prevented all the energetic visiting, discussing, thinking, writing which was necessary to complete the job in one month.'

She had seen India, but Hong Kong was different: there were the street sleepers, the beggars, the crowded tenement houses with their intense and teeming life, the roof-dwellers and the river-dwellers; but there was 'a complete order and tidiness' and a sense of purpose which she found attractive. Assistance was 'dry rations' - firewood and rice - and she remembered the old and handicapped queuing patiently for this very basic allowance. The Hong Kong Government, fearful of being flooded with refugees from mainland China, was resistant to any ideas of improving services. One official said to Eileen 'You mustn't think this is a welfare state', and she retorted 'That's quite obvious'.

The children's Homes appalled her by their rigidity. At one, a Bishop told her that children brought up in the Home would be the right people to staff it, because they understood institutional life. At another, a member of the Social Welfare Department had tried to run in-service training for staff; but when it came to a discussion on maternal deprivation, the Chinese house-mothers cried, and said that was their own story. On a ward of babies, Eileen noticed a great deal of head-banging, and saw a nurse indifferently feeding the children from a bottle, standing upright and merely pushing it into their mouths. Eileen was concerned that they were never hugged or sung to, and they had no means of play except 'awful plastic toys'.

In the official world of Hong Kong, there were cocktail parties and dinner parties, 'very sumptuous':

'At Government House at the dinner-parties, when you came into the entrance hall, there were rows of long white kid gloves laid out in the hall in case you'd been so brash as to come without a pair. When, a good deal later, I went to a dinner party at Windsor Castle, and stayed the night, remembering Hong Kong

I came along with my white kid gloves, and a lady-in-waiting rushed at me and told me I didn't need them. So I told her about Hong Kong, and she said "Oh, we're much less formal here".'

She saw enough to realise that there are more than two worlds in Hong Kong: that she knew little of what the Chinese were thinking and experiencing; of the pull to Red China, the frenetic life of the business community, the sense of having 'nowhere to go to get away'.

The report - written while Eileen was still in Hong Kong, and completed so that she could get back to the Morrison Committee - followed a now-familiar pattern: the up-grading of courses, better pay and conditions for social workers, generic training, and a second stream of training - in this case to be achieved outside the University of Hong Kong, in the Polytechnic. Reconsidering it towards the end of her life, Eileen thought that it was 'far too rigid, and far too little related to the local scene'. But the prescriptions fitted, and action was taken. Eleven years later, she went back to the University of Hong Kong, which gave her an honorary doctorate in Social Science, and was able to help in setting up the two-year Polytechnic course.

1960 must have been a crowded year. As well as the Hong Kong consultancy, the four months in the United States and the Morrison Committee, there was an assignment in Jamaica, organised by the Ministry of Overseas Development. She responded to the beauty of the West Indies, writing to Charlotte Towle:

'The garden is full of mango trees, flame of the forest, trumpet flowers, bougainvillea, hibiscus ... a little lizard is looking at me solemnly as I write this, and a humming bird with a long forked tail darts in and out of the trumpet flowers.'

But the social work course at the University of the West Indies needed revision. Eileen 'revised it for them' lock, stock and barrel' and the staff accepted all her suggestions, but she felt that there was little likelihood that they would be implemented. She thought that the visit was uncoussed, and probably not useful. The Minister of Social Welfare cancelled proposed meetings, and did not suggest alternative dates. The Permanent Secretary was polite, but uninterested; and though she 'did a public lecture on all the usual things' and attended more functions in white kid gloves, it had become a routine rather than a lively and stimulating experience. It is not entirely clear whether Eileen was growing stale at this point, or whether she was experiencing for the first time the common experience of banging one's head against a brick wall.

In 1961, the year in which she went to the National Institute of Social Work, Eileen became President of the International Association of Schools of Social Work in succession to Dr Jan de Jongh of the

Netherlands, and the scope of travel changed, while the pace grew faster. The new Schools of Social Work were springing up in different countries and had to be visited. There was a World Congress every two years - in Brazil, in Athens, in Washington, in Helsinki, Executive Committee meetings in the intervening years, and special conferences to be fitted in. Katherine Kendall, now Secretary of IASSW, was based in New York. They met in a dozen capitals, and corresponded constantly, jointly fired by the task of discovering social work talent. Their exchanges were terse and remarkably frank. In August 1963, 'EY' wrote to 'KK':

'I am sorry to say we have run into exactly the difficulty which I had anticipated, to wit(sic) that Dr B has been suggested. She is a remarkably uncreative person, and would I think give a very literal and uninspiring talk. Would Dr P have more zip?'

The reply was that Dr P had even less zip than Dr B.

They spent much time trying to find speakers and consultants who would represent countries other than Britain and the United States, and Eileen lamented 'It seems to me in this wicked world, the poor old Anglo-Americans are usually left carrying the baby'. There was an attempt to find 'an African African' for a panel discussion, but they could only find 'one fledgling in Lusaka'. They found a genuine Ethiopian, but to their disappointment, though genuine Ethiopian, she had a white skin. There was high excitement when Katherine discovered Ann Wee (later Professor of Social Work) in Singapore, and thought she was Chinese. Eileen reported:

'Mrs Wee is not Chinese, she is UK, Oxford, and not at all oriental. Blast!'

They pursued 'an elusive Brazilian up the Amazon' but apparently could not find him, because Eileen wrote obscurely 'Do any good Belgians come to mind as a substitute for this elusive Brazilian?'

On another occasion, Eileen wrote:

'I don't think it is much good adding New Zealand to the list - X is really the only person there, and he could not ever get away unless we paid his fare. The only other person in Singapore is Y, he would not however be suitable since he is a European.'

In 1968, Eileen sent Katherine a laconic and devastating critique:

'Mr A seems a bright young man who would be useful as a recorder. I don't know Mr B. C would be no good as chairman, but probably fine as

a recorder.
D is a rather tiresome chap with a plummy voice.
E is a person of considerable vitality, quite incapable of sticking to the point about anything...
F writes a book with each hand, is highly intelligent and highly destructive.
Forget the nasty biases that I am showing!'

All this was shorthand between two highly intelligent and able women who trusted one another's judgement, and were talent spotting on a world scale. They worked, and they worried. There were the problems of the Catholic International Union for Social Service, which had to be written to in French, opposed birth control, and tried to infiltrate its own religious views into a sternly non-sectarian organisation. 'What on earth do they mean by 'Collective Development and Community Advent'?' wondered Katherine. There were cliff-hanging decisions to be made over the Helsinki Congress, when Gunnar Myrdal was to give the keynote address. They heard that he was chairing a Swedish Committee to help the Viet Kong, and panicked - 'We cannot just give him the brush-off' but found to their relief that they were misinformed. They worried over whether to admit the very right-wing Falange School from Madrid, and worried equally over a South American School which was 'a hot-bed of communism'. They sent one another half-joking instructions: 'By-pass the Netherlands!' and half-joking laments - 'I wish I had never awakened Latin America'. Eileen's letters (sent from 24 Lansdowne Road and typed by Shirley Knight) were sent 'from the Office of the President'. It was all enormous fun.

It was also very serious. While the Social Work Schools in Britain and North America were lukewarm about the activities of the IASSW, and Katherine lamented 'It is fantastic how little our constituency knows about the IASSW and social work education in other parts of the world', the Schools in Africa, Asia, the West Indies and South America applied for membership, and hoped they could reach the standards set by their mentors. President and Secretary would not relax their standards, but they were encouraging and helpful: they both preferred a rather inadequate speech or conference paper from a social work teacher in a developing country who could be helped to an adequate one from a Western speaker. They were internationalists to the core.

In 1962, the IASSW Congress was held at Belo Horizonte, in Brazil. Eileen was delighted with the beauties of Rio:

'That lovely stretch of sands and all the beautiful people of every different colour and race under the sun, all mixed up together, and up to Sugar Loaf Mountain, and watching football on the beach in the early morning just like a Greek frieze.'

But as in Jamaica, natural beauty did not compensate for

organisational slackness. The sessions were 'a fair nightmare'. The Brazilians had no sense of time. When a session had been arranged, the Europeans would turn up on time, and then wander off for coffee because there was no prospect of a prompt start. The 'rest of the world' would arrive, find nothing, and go away:

'Finally, about half an hour late, the Latin Americans would turn up, but meanwhile the rest were lost, so then one had to chase around, ringing bells and one thing and another and trying to get them back.'

By this time, the number of people attending IASSW conferences ran to several hundreds. At Belo Horizonte, several scores of them, including Eileen, were in a new hotel in a state of chaos:

'Conference members and staff, impartially, indifferently, used to go looking for cutlery and anything else we might want.'

The mattresses were stuffed with straw, and there were no plugs for the washbasins. Eileen discovered that conference papers could be turned into papier mâché which made excellent plugs.

The Latin Americans were all convinced of the importance of community development, and made speeches on this subject on every conceivable occasion; but Eileen agreed with Dr Herman Stein that they 'had no idea what it was, except that it was exceedingly important'.

Herman Stein, Director of the New York School of Social Work, was a good ally. Eileen remarked to him one day in Belo Horizonte that it was all rather like Alice in Wonderland: people playing croquet with flamingo hoops, and then the flamingoes walking away. Thereafter, 'flamingoes' became shorthand between them for inefficient organisers who turn international conferences into rather surreal occasions. They would comment 'Not many flamingoes about here', or 'More flamingoes than usual'.

Eileen ceased to be President of the IASSW in 1968, handing over to Herman Stein, and was appointed Honorary President for life. Her trips abroad became ever more frequent. The faithful Lady Essex came and packed for her, objecting to most of her clothes, throwing them out, and crying 'Buy new when you get there'. Some of the trips provided disconcerting experiences, even for a seasoned traveller. In November 1969, she went to India to work again with the Tata Institute in Bombay (stopping off on the way to see Kitty Stassinopolou in Athens). She finished her assignment before Christmas, and was due in Hong Kong in the New Year. Her hosts asked her where she would like to spend Christmas, and childhood memories of the 'snow mountains' prompted her to answer 'Simla'. They booked for her the Chief Secretary's bungalow at Viceregal Lodge; but Viceregal Lodge had changed since the days of the Empire, and when she got there, she found it deserted. There were two

bearers at the bungalow, who came in daily. They greeted her with many assurances:

'They were sure I wouldn't mind being alone in the bungalow...if I heard sounds on the roof, it would be the monkeys, so not to be alarmed, and there I was.'

Eileen, 67 years old, spent a lonely Christmas. It was bitterly cold at night, but the days were bright and clear, and she had the 'snow mountains' for company. In the grounds of the old Viceregal Lodge, she found a brass display map, showing all the peaks in sight, and their height. She spent hours each day identifying the peaks. There were thirty-seven higher than the highest mountain in Europe.

Two years later, she stopped off again to see Ketty in Athens on the way to a consultancy in Colombo and the reception of her honorary degree in Hong Kong. Between Athens and Colombo:

'There was a terrific thunderstorm, and about four o'clock in the morning, the pilot came along to say that we had been struck by lightning, and one of the engines was out of commission, and he would have to come down in Karachi. He said he was actually over I think it was Bahrein, but couldn't come down because there were no spare tyres there. So we came down in Karachi. The Pakistan-India war was on at that time, and Karachi International Airport was practically dead.'

They 'hung about' for two days and nights - 'in the meantime, my programme in Colombo was of course beginning'. On the third day, a KLM flight from Amsterdam to Australia took them to Bangkok. They were unable to land in India, because they were coming from Pakistan. In Bangkok, they were told that there was a two days' wait for a flight to Colombo, and they were advised to go to Singapore. In Singapore, 'they said there was a flight next mid-day, so they were putting me up for the night. In the meantime, they lost one of my two suitcases'. Eileen arrived in Colombo to find that the 'enormous party' given for her by the British High Commissioner was in full swing - 'and I had nothing to change into, so I had to go as I was'.

Last of all, Eileen discovered Africa.

She had been to Addis Ababa more than once, and to an IASSW Conference in Nairobi in 1974; but these were relatively superficial contacts. In 1966, she visited Makerere College (later Makerere University) in Uganda as a consultant, and in the following year she became External Examiner to the Social Work course. Makerere in the days before General Amin's reign of terror was known as 'the Oxford of Africa'. Eileen found her three annual visits 'a delightful assignment'. Contrary to the usual procedure, the examination

scripts were not sent to her in England. She was expected to go out about ten days before the Examiners' Meeting, to stay at the guest house, to read the scripts, and to have discussions with the staff. It was a three-year degree, and Eileen soon started her familiar search for 'relevance' and 'knowledge for practice'. She complained that the students spent 'endless time studying the Hawthorne experiment' (which is about motivating industrial workers in a Bank Wiring Room in Chicago) and that they had no idea how, if at all, this applied to anything in their own experience.

In 1976, at the age of 74, Eileen went to the IASSW Congress in Puerto Rico, where she received the René Sand award, the highest award given in the field of international social work. She had to give a paper, and chose as her subject 'Equality of Opportunity'. She complained to Katherine Kendall about the "sweat and sweat" of preparation; but at the end, she got a standing ovation, and people crowded up to speak to her:

'The thing that I appreciated most was that I began to notice that all the first people who came were of shades of colour other than pink, so it really became an occasion for sharing our concern to lessen all the gross inequalities of opportunity, whether economic, social, between races or between men and women.'

It was a fitting climax.

CHAPTER XII

FULL CIRCLE

Eileen retired from the National Institute in 1967. The same year saw the end of another and longer-term commitment - her retirement as Chairman of the Bench at Stamford House juvenile court. She wrote to Katherine Kendall in January that year about:

'...the most lovely party last night given by London Juvenile Court Panel at the House of Commons to mark my retirement (enforced by Anno Domini). There were 110 people there, including the Lord Chancellor...I enjoyed it all enormously...Nonetheless, retirement from the juvenile court is the hardest retirement of all, excepting of course our dear IASSW.'

Eileen had always placed her juvenile court work high on her list of priorities, taking infinite care over the decisions she reached in the interests of the child, talking to child and parents separately, to both together, and remanding where she thought necessary in order to obtain further information. Lady Norman, who was a fellow magistrate thought her 'infinitively permissive':

'She would ask the other members of the Bench what they felt, draw them out by asking questions: "Have you thought of...?" "Would it be sensible to...?".'

But it has to be said that this painstaking judicial approach did not always commend itself to the Probation Officers attending the Stamford House court. Probation Officers seldom see eye to eye with magistrates, and frequently suspect them of intruding into the social work of the Courts. Geoffrey Parkinson ('Tailgunner' Parkinson of New Society), in a rather tasteless piece written just after Eileen's death, described her as 'tall and gaunt...a cross between Virginia Woolf and Captain Hook':

'So prolix was her style, so determined was she not to short-cut any avenue of justice, that quite a few defendants finally departed the court feeling they'd endured an extended period of institutional training even when she'd found them "not guilty".'

Parkinson recounts one incident which perhaps shows the gap between Eileen's perceptions and his:

'On one classic occasion, a problem mother fainted after her child had been committed to an Approved School. Rather than leave recovery in the efficient hands of the matron, Dame Eileen adjourned proceedings, and then omnipotently led the process of resuscitation. When the problem mum slowly regained consciousness and saw in whose arms she lay, she gave an agonised groan.'

Eileen's friends see in that incident an instinctive and genuine concern for a woman in trouble. If Eileen had remained sitting 'omnipotently' on the Bench, Parkinson would have had more grounds for complaint; but her detractors, (and like all strong personalities, she had some) attributed to her a kind of power, and an enjoyment of power, for which she would have had an instinctive repugnance, and which she would not have recognised in herself. She did her best to reconcile the requirements of justice and mercy, to make personal contacts with the children and their parents, to make decisions which would be helpful and constructive in the 'casualty clearing station' of the juvenile court. But perhaps there was a modicum of truth in Parkinson's suggestion that this was sometimes rather hard on the children and their parents. Certainly the Probation Officers preferred magistrates who acted with more formality and more dispatch.

With this major part of her life-work behind her, there were still exciting things ahead. Eileen had another year as President of the IASSW before handing over to Herman Stein; and 1968 was a year of achievement - honorary degrees at the Universities of York and Bradford, a visit to Windsor Castle at the invitation of the Queen, and the publication of the Gulbenkian Report on Community Work and Social Change.

The social work courses at York and Bradford were of particular concern to Eileen - she had been involved in setting them up, and was External Examiner to both. At York, she had taken part in the search for a qualified social worker with ability to head a university department at professorial level. This must have brought back memories of the LSE affair, the difficulties of reconciling professional social work skills with the administrative and policy requirements of the post. She worked with the Vice-Chancellor, Lord James of Rusholme, and the appointing committee for some months before they made their final decision: to appoint an academic with a background in social policy to the Chair, and an experienced and distinguished psychiatric social worker and social work teacher, Mrs Elizabeth Irvine of the Tavistock Clinic, as Reader. At Bradford, Mrs Jean Nursten, a PSW and social work teacher, was appointed to head the course, but with the status of Senior Lecturer in a sub-department. Despite the rapid development of social work, it was still proving difficult to find people who combined what the universities regarded as 'chairability' - an elusive measure of professional status requiring academic publications, administrative

competence and a feeling for the social policy issues involved in setting up a social work department - with the practical skills, insights and experience of a qualified social worker. Only a few universities have been successful in appointing Professors of Social Work who combine these characteristics. Many Professors of Social Work, even today, are not social work practitioners.

As an External Examiner, Eileen showed some of the characteristics which must have concerned the Probation Officers in the juvenile court: the infinite capacity to worry over individual cases, the concern not to make premature decisions. She would sit up all night re-reading scripts, and deciding on individual marks. She did not regard this as the exercise of power, only the exercise of responsibility; but at least one worried head of department can remember saying 'You've been working on this non-stop ever since you arrived in York. The Examining Board meets in five minutes, and we really must have the marks now!'

The honorary degrees were awarded at summer ceremonies, within a few days of one another. Eileen enjoyed it all - the Graduands' Dinners, the speeches, the excited students in their unfamiliar caps and gowns, the mothers in their near-uniform of summer hats and white gloves, the cheerful congratulatory fathers; but best of all was the chance to talk to the students afterwards - to find out what they were going to do next, what they thought of their social work education, how they saw the future of social work. 'These people will still be practising in the year 2000' she said, 'I wonder what social work will look like then?'

The visit to Windsor Castle might have been another form of honour for social work - a recognition by Royalty of a growing profession. Eileen had been disappointed when she received her DBE by the fact that the Queen had not spoken to her, she had merely smiled - a fact which also disappointed her colleagues in social work, though her aristocratic friends said 'Of course Her Majesty can't remember everybody'. Now she was to receive recognition. She wrote to Katherine Kendall:

'The Queen has invited me to dinner at Windsor Castle and to spend the night on April 9th. It is a dinner party with the Prime Minister and other big-wigs present, and I think I shall lie down and die of fright as Mini and I drive up to the portals of the Castle.'

In the event, she enjoyed the occasion. There were thirty people at dinner, including the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary. Eileen sat next to the Austrian Ambassador, who had the Queen on his other side, and gave Her Majesty his full attention; but Eileen's other dinner partner was Prince Charles, to whom she took an instant liking. She found him

'quite delightful and very mature, sensitively

responsive and highly intelligent. He says the Highlands are his spiritual home.'

After dinner, the Windsor Castle Librarian took the guests on a tour of the Castle, and care had been taken to find something of special interest for each one of them. For the Prime Minister and his wife (Harold and Mary Wilson) there was a book on the Scilly Isles. The choice for Eileen was the flag which had draped the table at Lhasa when her father signed the treaty with Tibet. It seems likely that the considerable resources of Windsor Castle did not extend to mementoes of social work (and we might wonder what a memento of social work would look like, anyway); but Eileen took this choice as a sign that she had been invited as Francis Younghusband's daughter, not because of her own achievements. All the same, she was grateful - her pride in her father's achievements always came first.

The Gulbenkian Report of 1968 was a major undertaking: Eileen was Chairman of the study group on training for community work set up by the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation. Three years of work by a group of academic standing produced a substantial report which is still the standard work on the subject. Eileen had always been emphatic that there were basically three kinds of social work - casework, group-work and community work. This was an attempt to set the third on its feet - to distinguish carefully between 'community development', as practised in developing countries, and community organisation, which had its roots in settlement work and the growth of community agencies in the industrialised countries, particularly the United States.

The Gulbenkian Report - a characteristically thorough piece of work which surveyed developments in this growing field, tried to define the nature of community work, analysed the existing courses, the training needs, the necessary content of courses and the employment prospects of students - was timely. The development of the Poverty Programs in the United States, and the proposal to set up Community Development Projects in Britain, created a climate of opinion in which the growth of this new branch of social work, with its different demands and opportunities from the traditional field of casework, was widely welcomed. Eileen threw her energies into the attempt to help it to grow to comparable status, and to set up a National Community Work Council.

One memory from this period illustrates both the confusion of the community work field and the extraordinary strength of will which Eileen was still able to demonstrate in committee. The present writer received a summons to sit on 'a new committee about community work' some time in the late 1960s. The meeting took place in the premises of the then Council for Training in Social Work (the body which had been set up in response to the recommendations of the Younghusband Report of 1959). The other members turned out to be heterogeneous in their interests - a specialist in youth work, an educationalist or two, a couple of academics and a Youth Employment

officer. It was not immediately clear why this particular group had been called together or what (in the aftermath of the Gulbenkian Report) we were to do. An official of CTSW welcomed us, showed us into the committee room - and took the chair, evidently assuming that if the meeting was to be held under the auspices of his organisation, he should be in charge.

Eileen lost no time in pointing out that this was not the case. She proposed that the group should appoint its own chairman, a step which it had not yet taken, and made it clear to the discomfited official that attendance was by invitation. 'Do you mean that I should withdraw?' he asked, and the reply was 'Yes, that would be best'.

When he had left the room, Eileen surveyed the group placidly, and proposed that it should have a travelling chairmanship; members should take the role in alphabetical order of their surnames. This proposal drew general agreement - until one member realised that Eileen's surname began with a Y, and everybody else's surname fell in the second half of the alphabet, with one exception. 'I am sure Professor Jones will take the chair' continued Eileen; and Professor Jones did - with no idea of what the group was expected to do. There was only one possible course of action: 'Dame Eileen, do you have an agenda for us...?'

That particular group did not achieve very much; nor, sadly, did the community work initiative. Though Eileen had great hopes for it, it was to be defeated by a number of factors beyond her control: the Association of Community Workers, which got off to a strong start, ruined its chances of public support by deciding not to work for professional status. While one may respect the desire to avoid the more restrictive features of professionalism exhibited by the caseworkers, this effectively ruined their chances of public recognition. The twelve Community Development Projects were established with high hopes, spent something like five million pounds of public money, and told Government what it did not want to hear: that the causes of poverty and urban squalor could not be tackled on a local basis, with small-scale extra resources. They lay deep in the economic structure and the employment structure of the whole nation. Some of the teams turned to neo-Marxism for explanations of what they saw; and Government decided to terminate the projects. The great Community Work bubble lasted nearly ten years in all before it burst; but it never looked remotely like the endeavour Eileen had planned - 'small groups of casework and community work teachers and articulate practitioners getting together and really struggling to discover what is similar and what is different in their roles, their aims and their working methods'.

In 1970, she made another policy initiative: the Seebohm Committee had reported (Eileen was not on the Committee, though Robin Huws Jones was a member) and plans were being made to implement its recommendations - the setting up of local authority Social Services Departments, the full recognition of generic social work. In a

sense, it was the fulfilment of the scheme for which she had laid the foundations ten years earlier; Lord Seebohm (then Sir Frederic Seebohm) told her that the development of local authority social services would have been impossible without the earlier 'Younghusband' developments.

But the plans were endangered by the imminent dissolution of the Wilson Government. It was likely that if the Labour Government went out of power the entire scheme would be lost - for the medical profession was strongly opposed to the proposals to transfer power from Health Departments, directed by Medical Officers of Health, to Social Services Departments under the management of Directors of Social Services with non-medical (ie for the most part social work) qualifications. A Conservative Government was likely to be strongly influenced by medical opinion, and what was basically a power-struggle between a long-established profession and a new one would be decided on party political lines. Eileen was in her element, contacting influential people, urging the case of social work, pressing for action. The Local Authority Social Services Bill was introduced in the House of Lords by a Labour peer, Lady Serota, formerly Leader of the London County Council; but it was hastily drafted. Eileen convened a small group of people who called themselves 'The Friends of Social Work' who met on several occasions to consider the text of the Bill, and to make recommendations at the committee stage. One of the small but significant changes which this group inspired was in the title of the body which was to monitor the future of social work. The small group of parliamentary drafters, with the lawyers' attachment to precedent, had proposed simply to extend the powers of the existing Council for Training in Social Work, set up in 1962. The Friends of Social Work took the view that this would be inappropriate: since the monitoring body was to cover the whole of social work education, including that in universities, 'training' was the wrong term. They proposed that the new Council should be the Council for Education in Social Work.

Were social workers 'trained' or 'educated'? The question was not merely one of semantics. Some of the employing authorities wanted them to be 'trained' - to carry out specific tasks designated by their agencies. Eileen was emphatic that they should be 'educated' - to be able to take a fully professional role in a changing service. Time was short, and the final result was a compromise - the Central Council for Education and Training in Social Work (CCETSW); but the point had been made. The Local Authority Social Services Act received the Royal Assent a few days before the Wilson Government went into dissolution.

The 1970s were to see many new developments in social work - the setting up of the new local authority departments, the courses for the new Directors of Social Services, the reorganisation of local government and the National Health Service, a rapidly increasing proportion of men in social work, which had previously been a largely female profession, and a new spirit of radical criticism. Eileen

took little part in these developments. Social work had moved beyond her, and she knew it. While she remained intensely interested in developments, she had given up any attempt to control or influence them. Instead, she turned to her last major work, which was finally published in 1978 as Social Work in Britain, 1950-75.

This was a long and sustained effort - the attempt to make sense of and to record all the varied developments of a formative period. Eileen called it 'the Albatross', because it was a burden which had to be carried. No-one else had the knowledge, the involvement, the records or the breadth of grasp, to put it all together. Shirley Knight worked with her on the book for over three years, and found it 'often gruelling work'. She wrote in a brief memoir:

'My word, that was challenging for us both - for her because she often said it would be the cause of her jumping in the Thames, when I knew it was my turn to assure her we were progressing - for me because the manuscript grew quicker than I could type or find certain information she wanted, when it was her turn to say we were within our timing plan, and a certain piece could wait until next week.'

They were 'EY' and 'SK' to each other.

They shared 'the glory hole' - Eileen's study or third bedroom - piled with books and papers. The surfaces on which they piled them varied from Sir Francis Younghusband's beautiful leather-topped desk to a divan, a couple of fruit-boxes (originally containing grapefruit sent by friends in Jamaica) and a table for pasting wallpaper; and as Eileen worked through the mound of documents, she was sorting the papers, ready for their eventual transfer to archives. Shirley Knight noted:

'Nothing thrown away - she'd even made provision for the final task...For there were the boxes and wrapping paper ready to receive the different categories of precious papers to be carried away to archives. And in the boxes, carefully wound bits of string with which to tie the boxes, and deep in the recesses of Sir Francis's desk, ancient sticky labels with which to mark some of the boxes...'

'The Albatross' was finally published in 1978, in two volumes. Who else would have started a heavy and serious two-volume work with 'This a lopsided history'? Eileen wrote thoughtfully:

'This is a story full of tensions, of unrecorded achievement in the lives of individual people, of blind spots and irrelevant intervention, of the little that was sometimes enough...'

Very little is said about her own involvement in the story. Much of what is recorded is curiously impersonal - a compendium of committee reports and memoranda. There is no attempt at self-aggrandisement or self-justification; and the sections on psychiatric social work are written by another hand - that of Elizabeth Irvine, with whom she had worked at the Tavistock Clinic and at York. Even after so many years, Eileen could not trust herself to be objective about the PSWs. There are stray comments about psychoanalytically-oriented social workers who trace the causes of unemployment to individual pathology, rather than looking at the kind of society they live in; about the tendency to offer casework to people who really need home helps or some quite definable service; about the 'earthy common sense' of American social workers who 'anchored psychoanalytic theory to current reality'. Eileen had not changed her mind on that subject, and the influence of Charlotte Towle was still clearly apparent.

The two volumes have a curious and rather cumbersome structure, perhaps dictated by the weight of material. Volume 1 is for the most part a service-by-service account of developments from 1950 to 1975. Volume 2 covers the major national developments, including the Younghusband Committee and the Seebohm Committee with sections (which obviously failed to fit into the main story) on Scotland and the Voluntary Services. There was too much of it, and possibly she was too tired to compress it into a single, flowing account. Perhaps she was right not to. When faced by difficulties of presenting material, Eileen's motto was always 'Tell it like it was'. She did not believe in bowdlerising or distorting material to make it easy to read.

'The Albatross' is not easy to read; but the whole story is there - all the developments, all the references, for future scholars to work on. The extent of her mastery of material is remarkable: the bibliography meticulously lists over 500 publications.

But, while Eileen wrote and sorted papers, life was slowing down. There were still trips abroad - some of them rather daunting for an elderly woman travelling alone. In 1974, she was in Nairobi for the IASSW Congress - and found herself President again, because Herman Stein had an accident, and was unable to attend. In the same year, she also had engagements in the United States, and in Italy. 1976 found her in Puerto Rico to receive the René Sand award, and in Jamaica, 1978 at the IASSW Congress in Israel, 1980 in Hong Kong again - that was the occasion on which she was able to fulfill a long-term wish, and visit China. In between, there were holidays with old friends in Switzerland and the United States, and the trip to Kashmir in 1978 with two Swiss friends, when she revisited the Residency at Srinagar after more than 70 years, and remembered her way from room to room.

She needed the travel and the contacts. 'Who said old age is a golden age?' she asked on one occasion. Her great friends were dying one by one: Charlotte Towle had died in 1966, Kate Lewis about

the same time. Helen Roberts, with whom Eileen had planned a retirement home, lost her memory in her last years, a fact which caused Eileen great distress. When Helen finally died in 1979, she left the bulk of her considerable estate to Eileen; but the money remained in stocks and shares, to be meticulously allocated among her remaining friends in her will. She had lived frugally all her life, and no longer had a use for it.

After Helen's death, Kit Russell said:

'Eileen was very depressed - she took hold of herself, you could almost see her doing it, with all her intelligence and determination, and rebuilt a life.'

Eileen's great support during this period was her housekeeper, Amelia Harper. Amelia had been with her since 1948, and was 'family' - shopping, cooking and cleaning, welcoming guests who got to know her over the years. Amelia cooked for dinner parties - Eileen tried to pay her extra for these occasions, but had difficulty in getting her to accept the money, because Amelia enjoyed them so much. Amelia knew that she must leave Eileen alone when she was working, and never try to tidy up the piles of books and papers which cluttered the flat. She has her own memories of 24 Lansdowne Road - of Charlotte Towle awarding her 'the blue ribbon' for a particularly good meal (a blue and silver stole); of Eileen insisting on her taking holidays, and paying for them; of the presents from abroad, and glasses of sherry together, the sense of belonging. In 1971, Eileen's flat was burgled, and some ivory and jade pieces and a silver cream jug stolen. It was Amelia who saw the cream jug, a seventeenth century collector's piece, on television, and suggested that Eileen should inform the police, who caught the receiver. Amelia's kindness and warmth, her instinctive knowledge of when to be a friend and when to leave Eileen to her own pursuits, her unaffected enjoyment of Eileen's life and her goings and comings and her visitors, helped through the difficulties of the last years.

And there were difficulties. In 1980, Eileen, who had always ignored disability, dislocated her hip. She was indifferently treated at the Casualty Department of the hospital, but her concern was for a child ahead of her in the queue, not for herself. She was still living in her second-floor flat, and she was unable to manage the stairs. Amelia came in only three times a week, and lived some distance away in East Sheen - 'it takes two buses, sometimes three'. Eileen's visitors at times when Amelia was not available were told to telephone from Holland Park station, then to walk down Lansdowne Road, ring the doorbell, and stand well back: Eileen would call to them from her second-floor window, and throw down the front-door key. One dark and windy night, the key went wide, and could not be found (it was discovered the next morning under a bush two gardens away). Eileen came down to open the door. It took her twenty painful minutes, but she would not comment, except to say 'Drat that key'.

She spoke increasingly of other elderly people living alone - 'I think she's lonely, she shouldn't live in the country' or (of one elderly lady who had a fall) 'Perhaps she did it for the excitement'. Of her own condition, she said little or nothing. She had lived in the same house for more than forty years, and though she toyed with the idea of moving to a community of elderly people (such as the Sun City in the United States where an American friend and former colleague had settled), her memories, her papers, her possessions were rooted in Lansdowne Road.

Imperceptibly, she changed. Sheridan Russell said 'She became interested in who people were, and became more who she is'. Kit Russell recalled the LSE years - 'Work, work, work - she never drew breath' and said 'When she stopped full-time work, she had time to become the full Eileen'. It was the difference between doing and being. The implacable will was turned in on herself, becoming a will to cope with living, a will not to be a nuisance, a will to survive. To other people, she became much gentler, infinitely considerate, more loving.

Collecting material for this biography gave her an interest, and a means of re-working and interpreting her long and eventful life. She had anticipated this experience in 1976, when she gave a paper on 'What is old age?' to a summer school on gerontology in Switzerland:

'...the self you've known and taken for granted for years begins to change, to become in some respects a different kind of person. Remember this if you are responsible for any kind of service for old people. But draw the right lesson from it. It's not the things that people can do that matter in the last resort. These will grow less, but it's the quality of the experience that matters...'

'Another important element in living...is to have one's whole life available to one, the feelings, the thoughts and the experience of each stage: to be you, to possess your life, the integrity of your being. This is sometimes referred to as the stored-up memories of old age, but that's a misnomer: it's not only memories, but having access to one's total self...'

Early in 1981, we talked about death. Eileen had never shared the orthodox Christian hope in the resurrection, though she had begun to go to church again after the hip injury healed - St John's, Ladbrooke Grove, where there was Anglo-Catholic life and colour, and a mix of races in choir and congregation. But, evading the theological questions, she began to talk about Dr Oliver Sacks' book, Awakenings, published in 1965.

This is an account of the treatment of long-term patients suffering

from encephalitis lethargica (many of them afflicted in the great European epidemic of the 1920s) who had been treated with the drug laevo-dihydroxyphenylalanine, popularly known as L-Dopa. In Eileen's version of the story, many of these patients who had been sunk in lethargy for decades, reduced almost to a vegetable state, regained their personalities in full: what had apparently been lost for all time was really intact, and could be restored.

Her mind was clearly on the deterioration of the mind and body - perhaps with thoughts of Helen Roberts' last years. We talked about psychogeriatric patients in generalised terms - is the personality still there? Do they know what is happening to them? She had tentative hopes of the survival of human personality through deterioration and beyond death. The past was not lost, she thought, but accumulated. When a tree is cut down, the rings of growth, from the smallest sapling, can still be seen across the cut. Was it conceivable that all human experience was stored up in some way (as we store experience in reports and on tape and video cassettes)? Would we get a chance to edit it?

'No', she said. 'Edit it? No, not edit it. But perhaps to understand it.'

She insisted on lending me Awakenings. Curiously, the book did not support the construction she had put upon it; for Dr Sacks' patients went through physical shocks of great force and complexity on L-Dopa. While some had an 'awakening' for a time, their 'unsought crucifixions' ended with a return to a state of mental and physical deterioration. Eileen had read into the book a hope it did not offer.

We might have talked about this subject again: but then came the last trip to the United States, the dash to the airport at Raleigh, the car accident, and the silence.

On October 2nd, 1981, Eileen Younghusband's many friends and colleagues met to remember her life and work at a memorial service at the church of St Martin-in-the-Fields, London. This personal tribute was given by Professor Roger Wilson.

One of the most heart-warming characteristics of Eileen Younghusband was her gift for keeping friendships in repair. A few weeks ago a member of her Girls' Bible class in Stepney nearly 60 years back wrote of this service here in St Martin's: 'Eileen will be there too and we shall all be "gathered in"...'.

So here we all are gathered in and Eileen herself had no doubt that she would be here with us on an occasion of this sort. For in a recent reflective paper, given in Switzerland, she concluded with a quotation: 'My dearest wish is that I should be alive when I die'. And on at least two occasions to very old friends desolated by the death of their dearest companions she wrote or spoke with convincing gentleness of the fellowship of abiding love that flows through death as well as life. 'Go on talking', she said to one of her bereft friends, 'go on talking to her'. And to another on the first anniversary of Charlotte Towle's death she wrote: 'Bless you both and much love to you both from Eileen'.

So in thinking why we are here, let me echo the words of Eileen herself when speaking on a similar occasion of Kate Lewis: 'The purpose of a service like this is to draw together and honour a life, to rejoice that there are people like her, to feel the glow of what she gave us and to make this a tribute that would warm her heart'. And in what I am about to say, and inevitably at greater length than is customary on these occasions, I am the privileged mouthpiece of a great many of you who have written to one or another of her friends or have talked with me about Eileen. Love, affection, admiration, respect, wit, wisdom, compassion, sense of justice - these are the terms that occur again and again, sometimes in superlatives, sometimes alone, sometimes in rather guarded combination.

It would be easy to lose the complex living Eileen in a catalogue of what she did in the world of the social services from the time of her escape in her early twenties from conventional London society, first to Stepney and Bermondsey, where she was entranced by the imagery of Cockney language, then to the London School of Economics as student and university teacher, until over 50 years later she completed what she called 'the Albatross', the huge two-volume history of the social services since the war. A former colleague gives the flavour of her life's work in saying that 'it would not be honest to say that everyone always saw eye to eye with her, but how could it be otherwise?'. The world in which she lived and worked included administrators, professional social workers, the staffs of voluntary bodies, local authority officers and many others and it was inevitable that there would be differences of opinion, even disputes

(and there was indeed a streak of obstinacy) yet this did not detract from the great contribution she made to the social institutions of this and other countries and to the quality of the trained people who made them work.

At one level this contribution was made, like Beatrice Webb's, through her writing. Eileen's reports are classics, at once lucidly thorough and pretty dull. But some of the asides sparkle.

In reviewing some of the changes in the social services between 1950 and 1975, she deplores the growth of jargon; "Areas" she writes, 'spread far beyond their geographical limits; "fields" took on human capacities to think and feel; "interface", "models", "low profiles"; and "intervention strategies" multiplied...Over the years many social workers mixed sociological and psychiatric jargon with their own, larded these with American clichés and lost interest in trying to express themselves clearly in simple English'. The British Association of Social Workers, she added, was an honourable exception.

Glancing through this solemn volume, I was delighted by contrast to stumble on a reference to an abandoned proposal for the abolition of juvenile courts as 'too much of a hot potato'.

And while the reports are for the most part pretty heavy going, her own modest collection of original essays in Social Work and Social Change are splendid reading. All her papers and writings are part of history -and she knew it.

At another level, her public contribution was through the things she did. She changed the concepts and the institutions of social work training in this country and overseas; she changed the perception of how social workers could be employed; she turned a juvenile court into an amalgam of justice and human liberation while yet analysing brilliantly the inherent contradictions in the system; she saw her commitment to research and forward thinking embodied in the National Institute for Social Work; she was a superb chairman of committees, who allowed the contributions of others to flourish. Her generalship was outstanding, even if her tactics were occasionally closed to argument.

And though much of her public work was about institutions she never forgot that their purpose was to care for persons. A children's officer recalls the occasion on which Eileen as a magistrate dealt with a child just before going off abroad on one of her long consultative visits. Yet immediately on her return she rang up to find out how the child was doing. On another occasion the police had prosecuted a small boy for stealing a valuable wedding dress. She had a gift for seeing the right question and asked the urchin why he had stolen the box. Because pussy needed a box to do her business in, came the reply.

In this public life she certainly enjoyed a sense of success and her honour and title; yet, with an unembarrassing humility, she did not mind who got the credit. There's a fine reflection of Dag Hammarskjöld: 'To rejoice at success is not the same as taking credit for it. To deny oneself success is to become a hypocrite and a denier of life'.

A denier of life Eileen most certainly was not, and right to the end she was still reaching forward to see how retirement communities might contribute to the enjoyment of growing old. And equally she never ceased to encourage the young, enabling them to discover resources in themselves that they did not know they had got. As a teacher she was forthrightly critical of slipshod work and jargon but never disparaging, always liberating and always ready to welcome students as friends if that was what they wanted.

Her gift for friendship was, indeed, without limit - deep, warm, at times passionate, imaginative, intuitive; supportive in anguish or perplexity without any need to be told; a delightful and witty letter writer, however illegible on an endless stock of writing paper from international hotels which she thought were excessively expensive; splendid company as hostess or guest in Lansdowne Road, the homes of others, or in English gardens; shouting for joy among Alpine flowers or American woodlands, enjoying every minute of it, including the pleasure of food and drink, strong tea and thin bread and butter until, if possible, she would slip away early in the evening for some quiet reading or writing before going to sleep like a log. She was not particularly at home in music or the visual arts, but somebody suggested that friendship was her own particular aesthetic gift - if that's a right term for something so spontaneous. She was very good with children and boys and girls in their teens. When conversation with a friend was more important than the telephone she would let it ring, but she enjoyed the telephone without inhibition for girlish and entirely unprofessional chatter with some of her oldest friends.

I want to read some extracts from letters of three of her friends. The first is from a former student who writes: '...she bore my sins and mistakes and went on loving me despite them...when I ignored her advice she was there at the end of the chaos I created to help me pick up the pieces...'. And she goes on to speak of the good times: 'Many kind and well-meaning people try to share one's sorrows but it takes greater generosity to share their joys'.

The second is from an American friend, and perhaps this is the point at which to say how much Eileen revelled in her American friends and in her visits to their country. Here in this country there was an inevitable patrician patina, utterly free from any kind of class barrier, yet always bearing, however lightly, the inward style of inherited and public responsibility. Among Americans any element of restraint fell away in uninhibited frolic. This American friend writes: 'My most vivid memories of Eileen are the pleasures we had

together; splashing about in the warm waters of the ocean at Hawaii, where we were attending a meeting; talking and laughing like schoolgirls on holiday after a sherry party...; her dry, understated humour and her wonderful ability to take full pleasure in the small joys of living. I just liked her and being in her company tremendously'.

Perhaps it was Eileen's being totally international and yet unrestrainedly British that gave everybody so much pleasure in her company in America - especially the curtsy she dropped on a royal occasion in the embassy in Washington. Or her pleasure in buying clothes in New York, as she did on this last visit when she left London with only an overnight bag as her luggage.

The third extract is from a Jamaican friend: 'She had that rare and splendid gift of making each of her friends - and acquaintances - feel that he or she was special; she shared intimately in the problems and triumphs of our lives'.

Yes, indeed, she shared the problems and triumphs of our lives, entirely without patronage. And yet what did we know of her, beyond her gift for an inexhaustible flow of sensitive affection? For she was a very private person. In talking with one and another of you and in seeing some of her private papers, I detect a hidden element of passionate hurt on occasions of professional or personal disappointment, and perhaps an element of reluctant recognition that two-way intimacy was a limited part of her own experience. There's a fitting verse in Revelation: 'He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal'. To us she was a life-giving spring, yet herself she was as elusive as a clear beck that illumines all the pebbles in caresses.

I have asked some of her friends whether they can say whence she drew the grace that was so inexhaustibly available to the great company of her friends. It must have had some spiritual and mystical source that permeated the whole of her being. She enjoyed the celebratory worship of the Anglican Church; in her early days Dick Sheppard and Pat McCormick meant a lot to her here; as did a Presbyterian minister in Stepney; Maude Royden at Kingsweigh House; and occasional attendance at the Salvation Army, Friends' meetings, or the Ba'hai Centre. She gladly and actively inherited her father's commitment to the World Congress of Faiths. Perhaps it is summed up in the words of a student friend of 50 years: '...a lack of interest in unnecessary trappings...irrelevant to talk about sectarian beliefs...responded to that of God in everyone...her foundations were dug deep, deep down, well out of sight...Just knew they were there'. Bunyan wrote about such people: 'They shone; they walked like people who had the broad seal of heaven about them'.

Before closing, there are three or four aspects of Eileen's life that can be helpfully offered on this occasion. Her early home life wasn't easy, as anybody may see who reads Seaver's life of her

father. Her parents were both distinguished in quite different ways. Eileen was devoted to her father but had to work hard to escape from the inherited society assumptions of her scholarly mother. She..lacked the formal qualifications for entrance to degree studies at universities, though she distinguished herself at diploma level. With her very first earnings she bought a portable typewriter that served her for 50 years and was always known as the 'Little Feller', but for which she never learnt how to change the ribbon.

Eileen had polio just as she was starting at the LSE. The doctors said she would never walk normally; she said: 'That's nonsense'. Most people think it was polio that explained the voice which the BBC rejected with a curtness that made her laugh. One of her friends from girlhood explains that it was inherited from her mother. Eileen also was a very beautiful young woman with lovely eyes, but was sensitive about her height and later in life sturdily insisted that her secretary should add a couple of inches in filling up passport forms.

Though Eileen inherited Younghusband indifference to the cold, she was always generous in her hospitality. But for most of her life she was entirely dependent on modest personal earnings. Very large inheritance from relatives and friends came late in life, and the establishment of a trust for the support of social work interests was thwarted by lack of final details before she left on her last visit to America. After her retirement, Eileen settled down to great enjoyment of TV and detective stories and lately acquired delight in the records of Kathleen Ferrier.

And Eileen would insist that we should know that all she was able to do and the friendships she was able to sustain were the shared accomplishments of her secretary, Shirley Knight, and of her housekeeper, Amelia Harper. Her last book, that 'Albatross', was dedicated with gratitude to Kay Elliot, who inspired the first Carnegie report, and to Shirley Knight who saw the last book through to its laborious conclusion. For 30 years Amelia saw Eileen through her domestic limitations, including an intense dislike of making her bed and a passion for fried fish. On her side Eileen lent Amelia dresses for her participation in Buckingham Palace staff parties, and in New York on this last visit, she bought Amelia a delightful dress for the prospective 80th birthday party. Her last words to Amelia before she left for America whence she would get back early in the morning were: 'Come in quietly and have fried fish for lunch'.

One last quotation from Eileen herself when presented with her portrait at the National Institute: 'The best things in the world to me have always been people and nature and the sun. Friends first of all...friends in all their differences from each other, in all the uniqueness of themselves. Made better still by the fact that they were so different and so much themselves...'

'So, dear friends, it would be good to be able to acclaim each one of you and speak of the part you have played in my life...you each know all that we have done...and all we have talked about and worked for and laughed about together.

'The years that have passed have been good...I thank you all with all my heart for it...and best of all for being each one of you, yourself'.