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MEMORIAŁ

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W. BRYTANIA

FANNY

KOLCZYŃSKA

Krystyna

zd. Hoon

zd. Hoon

Jego drugie imię
to Carlotta, ale
wymieniono tylko
naz. Nie wchodził
czy też podał.
Dziwiła pod
nazwiskiem Hoop.
od 1949 Kolczyńska.
Ale tak jest zapisana
tenka więc tak
opiszę.

645 / WSK

SPIS ZAWARTOŚCI TECZKI —

KOŁCZYŃSKA Krystyna

z d. Hoon

645 / WSK

I. Materiały dokumentacyjne

I/1 – relacja właściwa

✓ (j. ang)

I/2 – dokumenty (sensu stricto) dot. osoby relatora

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I/3 – inne materiały dokumentacyjne dot. osoby relatora

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II. Materiały uzupełniające relację

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III. Inne materiały (zebrane przez „relatora”):

III/1 – dot. rodziny relatora

✓ (j. ang + tłum.)

III/2 – dot. ogólnie okresu sprzed 1939 r.

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III/3 – dot. ogólnie okresu okupacji (1939 – 1945)

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III/4 – dot. ogólnie okresu po 1945 r.

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III/5 – inne...

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IV. Korespondencja

✓

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V. Wypisy ze źródeł [tzw.: „nazwiskowe karty informacyjne”]

✓

VI. Fotografie

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I II Relacja słabująca

- Fragment pamiętnika K. Kolczyńskiej w j. ang., wydruk, k. 7 s. 1-4
- Fragment pamiętnika K. Kolczyńskiej w j. ang., kopia, k. 14 s. 8-30
- Fragment pamiętnika K. Kolczyńskiej w j. ang., kopia, k. 3 s. 31-35
- Audycja "A" Program 03.06.1946 r. w j. ang., kopia, k. 2 s. 36-38
- Fragment wspomnień K. Kolczyńskiej w j. ang., kopia, k. 4 s. 39-42



Wydrukowano: 10.07.2009

Źródło: <http://www.bbc.co.uk/ww2peopleswar/user/37/u1434137.shtml>

My mother, Christine Hoon (later Kolczynska) kept a diary of her posting to North Africa and Italy as part of a FANY unit. Here are some extracts:

10.11.43

Departed by train from London soon after midnight, after 2 hours waiting in a fine November drizzle. A fairly comfortable journey passed the night and half the next day with an interval for buns and tea at Sheffield.

11.11.43

Went on board the Monarch of Bermuda at 2 pm, after a dismal delay in the shed. She is a pleasant looking ship, formerly a conveyor of luxury cruisers to the West Indies, now packed to capacity with nearly 4,000 troops. By dinner time our appetites were sharpened, and great appreciation expressed by all at the food, which consisted of things we had not seen for three years in England. Ran across childhood friend in person of Ian Gray from Johannesburg.

21.11.43 - 26.11.43

The voyage. On the whole an interesting and enjoyable fortnight, marred by one day of mal de mer and a bout of bronchial flu which attacked everyone. About the third day we awoke to find ourselves in fjord-like surroundings, a beautiful coastline of snow-tipped mountains with heather-covered slopes and attractive villages clustered along the water's edge. Soon, however, we were in the north Atlantic but had good weather almost the entire time. Our day usually commenced with "Life on the Ocean Wave" at 6.30 a.m., musical efforts on the part of the Commandos in cabin 27, then the tremendous effort of getting showered and dressed to the accompaniment of heated arguments between Alys and Molly, the airlessness becoming more oppressive every minute.

8.15 a.m.: a short walk round the deck then breakfast. 9 a.m.- 10.30 a.m. spent on the sun deck watching P.T. 10.30 a.m.: a clanging of bells summoned us to boat drill after which the queue for sweets at the canteen formed up. 11.30 a.m. a long awaited hour, the bar opened and orange juice was imbibed until lunchtime. 2 p.m.: an airing on deck watching perhaps tug-of-war between the Commandos and lesser beings. 2.30 p.m.-5 p.m.: post-prandial slumbers interspersed by visits to the sun deck for air. 5.30 p.m.-6.30 p.m.: another big effort getting washed and changed but in better spirits at this time of day. 6.30-7 p.m.: perhaps a sundowner in cabin 31, then a very excellent dinner, most of the F.A.N.Y in good form. 8 p.m.: the great struggle to acquire chairs in the smoke room. Long drafts of orange juice & much chatter then bed at 10.30 p.m. after a short airing on the poop deck.

About 10 p.m. on the evening of the 13th day we passed Gibraltar, a dim outline and Tangier, a blaze of twinkling lights - a sight enjoyed by all on board as it was a perfect night. The sea has been a deep blue and the air more mellow. The last day was spent in attempts to squeeze one's expanded belongings into their appointed places with cabin-mates trying to do the same.

26.11.43

At breakfast time we sighted the coast near Algiers, pine-covered slopes dotted with dazzling white villas, and as we steamed into the harbour the town looked most attractive. We did not land until 4 p.m. after a tea party in cabin 31. Milly and I had a somewhat exhausting evening coping with 40 FANYs' luggage. -had a meal on board then, with the help of Neil and Odendal who produced 25 mean, managed to get it onto the docks. The harbour, crowded with ships unloading and partly floodlit, was an impressive sight. More dead than alive we crawled into bed after a tot from Milly's flask.

27.11.43

We are living in a rather strange tiled but bathless hotel and mess in the Restaurant Phenix where one meets most of our travelling companions. We pottered round the town this morning, it is full of strange sights, sounds and smells, crowded with every race and colour imaginable, has attractive buildings and sub-tropical trees and plants but also has a very sordid and shabby side. At lunchtime who should walk in but John W. who took us to have a drink at the Oasis, then we all dined at the Phenix. It was a pleasant evening with everyone in a good mood increased by the good Algerian wine.

28.11.43.

We breakfasted with John, then at 10 a.m. packed and were collected to go out to the camp where we had a delicious lunch in Curry's mess. At 12.30 we drove to the airfield and at 2 p.m. embarked for our flight. Our craft was a 4-engined Liberator and one had not the slightest qualms or fear of air sickness as it was a glorious day. Everything below in miniature looked most attractive as we flew out to sea over Algiers. The flight took about two and a half hours, the last hour we were over land again, very mountainous near Bizerta. Then near Tunis the airfield where we landed is in open plain, bordered by the sea. We had an early supper in the squadron officers' mess at their camp in an olive grove, then proceeded to the Majestic in Tunis.

(After some days in Tunis, the FANY unit were transferred to Southern Italy.)

22.12.43

Took off from Sidi Amor at 10.30 in a Liberator, not the one we came in from Algiers. A perfect day to start with, the outline of the coast very distinct as we left with Carthage and La Marsa on our right. About half an hour over the sea, then we saw the small rocky islands south of Sicily in a very blue sea with waves breaking on them. We skirted Sicily on our right - saw a harbour very distinctly with a convoy steaming towards it. Passed over some lovely country on the Italian mainland, very mountainous with small white villages perched on the hills. Came over Brindisi

at 1.30 pm, very flat and not very attractive.

Were taken to have lunch in a villa in the town, waited about until 6 pm, then went out to Latiano

where we supped at the HQ. Went to our own villa at 9.30 pm - it is bright pink and stands in quite nice grounds with an impressive entrance. Inside it is quite spacious with tile floors but somewhat chilly, oil lamps and no running water and earth closet in the orange grove! Slept extremely well on the home-made bed in spite of everything. Received our first letters for 6 weeks.

23.12.43.

Left for breakfast at 7.45 am at HQ, an impressive villa with large grounds full of orange trees, loquats, persimmons, colonnades and goldfish ponds. Left at 10.30 with Colonels Roper-Caldbeck, Perkins, & Jean for Monopoli where we had lunch in the FANY mess, which is a most wonderful residence in a squalid street of a rather deadly little town. Most spacious and comfortably furnished with 3 lovely bathrooms. Returned to Latiano at about 5.30 pm in pouring rain along a dull straight road for about 50 miles - I have been frozen all day and wished myself back in Tunis many times. When I got back to our villa everyone was in the depths of misery too! We left again at 7 pm for Monopoli and the party at the FANYs' there. I slept most of the way in the back of the PU(personal utility truck). Their villa looked most attractive with decorations and a Christmas tree of olive - the most lovely food, macaroons, burnt almonds etc. Spent the night here and was never so glad to get into bed!

24.12.43

After a marvellous hot bath met Perks (Perkins) and R-C (Roper-Caldbeck) who took me to Bari to pick up a 15-cwt. Most pleasant to drive a big vehicle again - a lovely day which cheered me up a good deal and I thoroughly enjoyed the drive back to Monopoli, with the sea on my left all the way.

Went through two attractive towns much nicer than anything I have seen, yet built on cliffs above the sea. The fields are cultivated right down to the water's edge, and in the fields are tiny orange marigolds, the prickly pears seem to be in bloom, and also the loquats. Had lunch and much-needed snooze at the FANY mess.

Tea at Monopoli officers' mess which is an impressive and palatial house in the town. Drove the 15-cwt with Perks back to Latiano in pouring rain and darkness, stopping at Ostuni. Here we had drinks with the Colonel, then down to Xmas dinner with the soldiers (Polish trainee parachutists & resistance agents - Ed.) preceded by speeches on the part of the Col. & Perks. A delightful atmosphere in spite of the primitive building - lovely singing.

On to Latiano where everyone was extremely bibulous!

25.12.43.

Did not rise until 9 a.m, a rather chaotic breakfast in the Officers' Mess, and a slightly more orderly lunch. More rain and grey skies, our spirits are zero.

Quite an enjoyable Christmas supper in the Mess, after which we talked by the fire, then later paid a visit to the O. villa, where everyone was in high spirits. Their mess is in a room with a white Gothic ceiling - the brightly decorated Xmas tree and lovely flowers made the scene extremely attractive.

26.12.43.

A strange day, overcast, spent mostly in hitch-hiking between our villa and the Mess, getting meals organized there, and coping with the Italian women. This evening after dinner we went to O.villa where a party was in progress, our Sidi Amor friends having come out with their band of three, accordion, guitar and banjo. Waldi arrived about 8 pm with profuse apologies

7/1/4

for not turning up in the afternoon but would not stay. The party a great success, we danced tangos, waltzes etc and there was of course lovely singing.

27.12.43.

The usual day, up and down to Villa d'Ippolito - a very cold wind and a few flakes of snow. To bed early- my Monday night routine - with a hot-water bottle!

28.12.43.

Nothing much happened today either, we spent quite a pleasant time at the FANY villa writing letters, tidying etc. A dull cold day, we walked quite a way along the road at lunchtime before getting a hitch hike in a lorry full of gunners. The Italian women at the Mess are getting quite good and we have quite long chats now - meals are much more dignified and calm and it is really quite fun now.

Supper this evening was very early and afterwards we sat round the fire and talked - Fred Whittaker had organized the hot-water bottles again. Milly returned, rather disgruntled, for the night.

29.12.43.

A good deal warmer this morning thank goodness. A very good turkey dinner with the Sappers in our villa, extremely chilly and rather hard work as our hosts were extremely shy.

30.12.43.

The truck came for us before we were up, a hectic attempt at dressing. A lovely sunny morning, which makes all the difference - the orange grove looked so attractive. Returned to our villa and later Aleksander Char³ozinski came to give me my first Italian lesson - we had a pleasant hour sitting in the sun on our terrace. After lunch a snooze then dressed for the party before dark, and for once the truck came late. Left at 7.30 pm for Taranto arriving about 9 pm. The RAF have a magnificent apartment in rather hideous Italian Renaissance style on the sea front. The dance with a band and excellent supper was quite pleasant, talked to quite a pleasant Irishman, then danced a good deal with a nice Naval Commander and unusually nice American Colonel. Fetched by Perks. and Oran. in a 15-cwt - a rather pleasant drive back, all four of us huddled on the floor, along a cypress-lined road, rather attractive under a starlit sky.

31.12.43

Another fine day "Gott sei Dank". My second Italian lesson, rather slow progress - a pleasant talk and walk to HQ before lunch. Felt not at all well and was extremely ill this evening - staggered to New Year's Eve party at S. house. The air force came with an accordeon, it was quite gay, danced a good deal in spite of feeling rather deathly. Retired to bed directly after midnight.

1.1.44.

Remained in bed today until 5 p.m. Very snug, slept nearly all day, then girded myself and went to HQ.

2.1.44.

The P.U.s (personal utility vehicles -Ed.) have arrived with Captain Davis. I drive the one allocated to the FANYs, which also collects and delivers the food with cook in attendance.

3.1.44.

Went into Brindisi with Freddy Whittaker who introduced me to REME (Royal Electrical & Mechanical Engineers) where I had quite a successful morning. A lovely morning made the countryside look quite attractive. This afternoon took Morgan to Brindisi, had tea at the Green house.

4.1.44. Spent the morning in Brindisi doing maintenance. This afternoon took Sue(Ryder) in and hosed car while I waited for her, using hose of rather uncooperative but later more amiable Italian. A fine sunny day with a most wonderful sunset on the way back. An early night.

5.1.44.

Tried to grease car in between showers - most trying. This afternoon washed my hair at Jess's billet, with enthusiastic assistance of her hostess and maid, who made sounds of admiration even when I was looking my most hideous. To dry it I had to sit in the kitchen chimney corner over a glowing wood fire and was fed with magnificent naartjies (tangerines). A dark cold winter's afternoon with an icy wind.

6.1.44.

After an awful night of storms and gales we had the sad news that Witek and other friends have been lost. It has overshadowed everything, and Jess, Pam, and I went unwillingly to dinner with D.I.D. (?Capt. Davis). An excellent meal but rather deadly evening.

7.1.44.

At 9.30 after delivering breakfast I took Jess & Peter Boughey to the hills above Fasano. It was overcast to start with but fine though cold later.

We called first at Monopoli, then up an attractive mountain road above Fasano to Michaelis's villa, which is most civilised with a nice bathroom. We

had a delicious lunch well served on the brown pottery plates, with rush mats on the table, in a room bathed in sunshine. It is so lovely up here with views over the Adriatic on one side and rolling hills on the other. The little white houses with pointed roofs (trulli) are scattered in the slopes in clumps and look like fairy-tale villages. We stopped at Ostuni, then on to Brindisi where we had a drink at the Officers' Club with Capt. Heinie.

8.1.44.

Arose as usual about 6.30 a.m. and after breakfast went into Brindisi and scrounged oil with Freddy.

Prepared our villa for the imminent arrival of the remainder of the unit - it now looks rather pleasant. A fine afternoon and lovely moonlit frosty night. Stayed quite late at the Mess, talking over the fire and dancing a little to the radio with Adam (Kwiatkowski). A nice atmosphere and people in good form.

9.1.44. Off to Brindisi with Jess, collecting kitchen ware etc - a visit to the new house, rather squalid eastern style. Had arranged to go to Officers' Club, but had to go with Freddie and bring back 44-gallon drum of oil. Fried eggs for supper and evening in front of the Mess fire.

10.1.44.

A hectic day rushing madly about with Kucharz Express (the truck transporting the Polish cook and food - Ed.) and furniture etc for the imminent arrival of the rest of the unit. This afternoon- the funeral of the crew of the plane we flew in from Tunis. I took a Sergeant with a strained leg to the Military Hospital in Brindisi and gave a lift to a Royal West Kent from Teddy's HQ. Milly and Roper-C. spent the night at Latiano.

11.1.44.

Rose at the civilised hour of 7.45 and left with Col. R.-C. for Monopoli via Brindisi where we picked up Milly. Lunched with FANYs at Monopoli and had a really hot bath afterwards, followed by tea. On our way to M. stopped at Ostuni and saw Waldi for a few minutes. Left Monopoli at 5 p.m., stopped and saw Col. (?Okulicki) still in bed with his bad leg. Return to Latiano for a late supper of eggs.

12.1.44

Left early with Jess & Col.R-C for Taranto to meet the ship. The sunniest and warmest day we have had yet - Taranto quite interesting as one drives over a bridge to an island to reach the docks. We arrived just as the ship was coming in, greeted the others, who are somewhat impetigo-ridden, packed them into a truck, then set off for the hills. The road was a gradual rise for some time, then wound attractively to the heights of Laureto. We lunched with Peter B. at Selva, then went to look at the new houses, which are rather nice. On to tea at Monopoli, then back to supper in Denittos' house, the move having taken place during our absence.

13.1.44 & 14.1.44

Much chaos and endless buzzing to and fro in the Latiano district these days. The mileage averages 80 miles per day as the new house is a reason for many journeys - up at 7 a.m. and not to bed before 11.30 p.m.

15.1.44.

A busy morning as usual, quite pleasant as th weather is really lovely. A party of us went to the Officers' Club after some difficulty, as we could not find the 15-cwt; the band is good and

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it was great fun but ended too early. Our party consisted of Peter B., Fred, Adam, Pam, Molly F. and we met the Air Force going on to their mess afterwards.

16.1.44.

Buzzed again, went with Jess and her hostess to Latiano, then discussed wine with Mac. and Arturo for 3/4 hour, with much gesticulating and excitement. This evening a party at the new house, which had been attractively decorated, the white gothic ceilings forming a dramatic background. We danced to energetic singing by our hosts, on a tiled floor.

17.1.44.

Free from 11 a.m., slept & rearranged clothes etc, washed & put on clean clothes. Felt most festive & enjoyed the evening, talking in the mess & spending part of the time and spending part of the time at the O. house. Met Michael Webb from Jubilee Road, Parktown (Johannesburg) & Stock Exchange.

18.1.44.

Life a good deal more peaceful, an amusing hour spent with Peter & Fred buying vegetables with the help of our fig friend (a local fig dealer) and his wife who is from Bozen (South Tyrol).

19.1.44.

A good party at Station 2, with very attractively decorated rooms - the morning was spent in Latiano obtaining wine and fruit for the evening.

20-24.1.44.

Days full of the usual trips & small jobs - hardly a pause in the delivery of meals, shopping, etc. On Friday evening Station 1 had a wonderful party; unfortunately I was rather late as I had to take Jess up to the hills in the afternoon and we did not return until 8 p.m.. I then washed in cold water and dressed by lamplight in the eeriness of the villa, alone. The house looked delightful with charcoal drawings on the white walls of the hall, and decorated with leaves and branches. Most of the airforce were there and brought a band, in addition to which Stefan played the accordion. I danced madly all the time and was swept into hectic national dances at intervals.

On Saturday I had some time off and managed to wash my hair and dry it in the sun on my balcony, then had a short sleep. This evening trailed to Taranto to a rather deadly RAF party.

Sunday, a peaceful unruffled day, the usual routine but intervals of sitting in the sun and conversation.

I/1/8

JANUARY 1944

The remaining ten or so of our FANY contingent had remained in the Algiers region, presumably because we were not yet organised sufficiently in Puglia to accommodate them. They had lived in Sidi Farouche, to the east of Algiers, in such poor conditions that they nearly all developed impetigo, subsequently arriving at Taranto by sea with their faces daubed with gentian violet.

In Italy there was a chronic shortage of beds. Of course it must have been a tremendous task to arrange for all the items for the campaign to be shipped to Italy. A shipment of camp beds did arrive, but they were of a size that indicated that they had been designed for Wolf Cubs. A signal was sent back to London: "FANYS IN TORMENT. BEDS TOO NARROW."

The subject of beds in Italy reminds me of the night of our arrival from Tunis two days before Christmas 1943. It was already dark when we reached the Rose Pink Villa from the airfield. The single storey villa consisted of two interleading rooms on each side of a hall, with kitchen quarters down a passage to the rear. There was no electricity or running water.

The rooms were bare of furniture except for a small table, four wooden chairs, and home-made beds which the Polish carpenter attached to the unit had made for us out of the only materials at his disposal. These were timber from packing-cases and grey army blankets nailed onto the frame. After a few nights' use the blankets sagged towards the tiled floors with the weight of one's body, so the nights were far from restful, and the whole scene was rather eerie in the light of small oil lamps.

Some distance behind the villa, in the orange groves, was the earth-closet. On the morning after our arrival, when making our way from the kitchen quarters to the orange grove, we were surprised to encounter half a dozen smiling British soldiers outside the kitchen, where it appeared they were camping too while they installed a makeshift shower for our use.

1/1/9

OSTUNI

Ostuni, the "Citta Bianca", lies on the most southern of the Murge hills, the range which runs down the centre of Puglia, parallel to the Adriatic coast. The town stands a mile from the sea on curving ramparts bearing the white terraces of small medieval houses. At the peak of this mound are the dome and spires of the cathedral. It is certain that the design of this ancient town was defensive - against attack by pirates and marauders from across the Adriatic or further east. One must admire the foresight of the inhabitants, who have preserved this gem in its entirety as a centre, where, among other things, it is possible to dine in old inns serving regional dishes.

It was only when I returned to Puglia in 1992 that my feeling about that province's history proved to be true. Puglia remains one of the most fascinating regions in Italy, its remoteness in the "heel" helping to preserve its secrets.

In the winter of 1943/44 there were few places of recreation for the members of our Polish unit. Particularly harsh were the conditions for the Polish parachutists in the unfinished hospital in Ostuni. Possibly the authorities who arranged our accommodation became conscious of this, for towards the end of February 1944 a spacious house just above the ramparts of Ostuni was opened as a club for them, at a party attended by all members of our unit.

As I wrote in my diary: "The Club is a magnificent house with a long wide staircase leading from wide doors onto the street on the ramparts. From the landing there was a series of interleading salons furnished in an extremely ornate style, with gilt furniture, huge mirrors, and artificial flowers. The ceilings were amazing, smothered in somewhat repulsive fat pallid cupids and sirens". Shortly after this a British and Allied Officers' Club opened in Brindisi at the Internazionale Hotel, providing accommodation, a good restaurant, and a dance band, which we greatly appreciated.

However, we were not dependent on official evening parties, as visitors from other Polish "stations" were encouraged to visit us in the evenings, often with musical instruments. Even that first Christmas of 1943, members of the Polish Squadron at Brindisi, several of whom were talented musicians, had contributed to the pleasure of the evenings. The Brindisi NAAFI supplied us with a gramophone and records for dancing. And as wherever Poles congregate for recreation there is always singing the evening hours passed pleasantly against the pleasant rural setting of Puglia.

There were more formal occasions, as in early April 1944 when the Polish Commander-in-Chief came to lunch. This was held out of doors, on the balcony outside the dining room in sunny weather. I spent the morning gathering wild flowers to decorate the tables while the men entwined the iron railings of the balcony with palms and shrubs. After the speeches and modest feasting the General awarded military decorations to four of the youngest men who were with us at that time.

Our next al fresco meal on the balcony took place on Easter Day. A group of the men had bought and slaughtered a whole pig, so we

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consumed an enormous Polish breakfast, prepared entirely by them, at 10 a.m. The menu was soup, pork pancakes, and a sweet bun loaf washed down with cherry brandy and cognac. No-one required lunch that day. I suspect that this meal was produced by the men in protest against a diet of dehydrated vegetables, spam, and dried eggs, provided by the Army rations in Italy.

APULIAN SPRING

The long harsh winter had been a trial for all the unit but particularly for the parachutists waiting to set out on their dangerous mission to Poland.

Finally, on April 8th 1944, operations to Poland commenced, carrying parachutists and supplies. These operations continued regularly throughout May to the beginning of June, and a record number of parachutists were dropped in Poland as well as a huge backlog of arms and supplies. Morale was very high as after the long and arduous training the men felt that their role as Western Allies was of unquestioned value. Also the triumphant and heroic storming of the heights of Monte Cassino by the Polish Second Corps was a source of pride.

SUMMER LEAVE

During the month of June, because of the short nights, flights to Poland had to be suspended. There was the opportunity for a fortnight's leave, and the men went off in a truck to visit Rome and Naples. It was at this time that I spent a peaceful fortnight at the Swallow's Nest (La Rondinaia) in Ravello.

Our stay at La Capineri was at an end, as malarial mosquitoes were found to be breeding in water tubs in the sheep-pens under the farmhouse. On return from leave we went to live in a villa belonging to a Marchesa, just outside a small town called San Vito, not far from Latiano. As far as comfort was concerned it was a great improvement on La Capineri, having electricity and running water. I should imagine that the house was built in the 19th century, with spacious rooms and verandahs.

BITTER AUTUMN

On the eve of the long-awaited outbreak of the Warsaw Rising six of our parachutists left our villa at San Vito and went into action in the beleaguered city the following day, August 1st 1944. At first there was suppressed excitement among our unit when news came of this long-awaited event.

Detailed reports of the street battles in the doomed city came direct from there to our radio station in Latiano and were forwarded to the Allied Command. The link with Warsaw seemed particularly close as the parachutists had left our house so recently. Of the six men on that operation, five survived the bitter fighting. One of them I met again in 1991, and he writes to us frequently from Poland.

F/1/11

No further drops of parachutists took place from Brindisi between August 1st and October 2nd 1944. However, a supreme effort was made to drop arms and medical supplies to Warsaw by the Western Allies in Italy between August 4th and September 21st 1944. The losses of pilots and air crew were: British and South African 126, Polish 78.

The Soviet Forces had advanced westward with unexpected speed and came to a halt on the east bank of the River Vistula, which runs through the centre of Warsaw. Some of their forces were already in the suburb of Praga. As the Soviet Union was then allied to the Western Powers, it might have been expected that some minimal help would be offered to the beleaguered Poles in Warsaw.

The situation was quite the reverse as their High Command threatened the Warsaw Underground army with arrest should any of them cross the Vistula to the bank where the Soviet forces were encamped. This warning also referred to any planes from the Western Allies that might be forced to land across the Vistula. Only a fraction of the supplies dropped by the planes from the West reached the people of Warsaw. The rest were picked up by the Germans or the Soviet Army across the Vistula.

Some years after that tragic period one of the youngest of the parachutists with us at San Vito wrote: "We had a nagging and unreasonable sense of guilt about our non-participation. We sympathised whole-heartedly with the agony of Fighting Warsaw, whose misfortunes we could follow daily from the communiqués received daily by the Latiano radio station."

The facilities of the villa at San Vito - the spacious reception rooms where the men could play bridge and the large garden with a tennis court, where they played endless games of volleyball - helped to pass the 63 days of the Rising. We FANYs shared their sorrow at the tragic outcome of events in Poland, but discussion about them was restrained as Poles cannot bear to be pitied.

Another distraction at San Vito was the private beach belonging to the Marchesa's estate, on the seaside a few miles away. We had the use of the beach and picnic teas were arranged there most days.

Finally, at the beginning of October, the valiant fighters in Warsaw were overcome by the German Forces, who blew up the remaining ruined buildings in the city centre and marched the inhabitants off to prison camps. Our future was uncertain. The San Vito villa was to be closed and the remaining parachutists were to be transferred to the Laureto station. Four of those from the Polish navy were ordered to return to Britain. Ten days' leave in Rome was arranged for two other FANYs and myself and we flew off from Brindisi in an American plane.

Living in the comfortable YWCA Victoria Hotel a short walk from the delightful Pincio Gardens and being able to visit the Vatican and many artistic treasures of the city was certainly a privilege. Fortunately I had a friend, in the Town Major's office, who was musical and took me to opera performances or else to dine in

I/1/12

a traditional old restaurant overlooking the River Tiber most evenings. Afterwards I returned to Laureto, where the remainder of our unit were now stationed and I was sharing one of the charming little Trulli houses with another FANY.

... in Italy between August 1941 and September 1942. The ... of ... and ...

The Soviet forces had advanced westward with unexpected speed and came to a halt on the east bank of the River Visura, which runs through the center of Warsaw. Some of their forces were already in the suburb of Ursyn. As the Soviet Union was then allied to the western powers, it might have been expected that some minimal help would be directed to the beleaguered Jews in Warsaw.

The situation was quite the reverse as their High Command feared and the Warsaw Ghetto was left with almost no help at all. The Soviet forces in the Warsaw Ghetto were not to be seen. This was a warning to the Jews in the Warsaw Ghetto. Only a few Jews were allowed to leave the Ghetto. The rest were kept in the Ghetto. The Ghetto was a place of suffering and death.



... the ... of the ... and ...

Another distraction at Vito was the beach belonging to the Japanese. A small, few miles away, we had the use of the beach and ...

Finally, at the beginning of October, the yellow lights in Warsaw were overdone by the German forces, who blew up the remaining Polish buildings in the city center and searched the inhabitants off to prison camps. Our future was uncertain. The German villa was to be closed and the remaining Polish citizens were to be transferred to the Łódź Ghetto. Four of these four Polish Jews were ordered to return to Berlin. Ten days later in Rome was arranged for the other FANY and myself and we flew off from Berlin in an American plane.

Living in the comfortable YWCA/Victoria Hotel a short walk from the delightful Pincio Gardens and being able to visit the Vatican and many other resources of the city was certainly a privilege. Fortunately I had a friend in the American office who was musical and took me to opera performances at the La Scala.

I/11/13

RETURN TO ENGLAND 1944

At the beginning of 1945 I was sent to the SOE Norwegian Section near St Neots, where the last few parachutists were waiting to be dropped in Norway. After a few weeks of very little work I applied to FANY HQ for a transfer to the Polish canteens in Scotland. Training schemes for relief work in the refugee camps had not materialised, so perhaps the canteen work would give useful experience.

So in the spring I went to Auchtertool, near Kirkcaldy in Fife (please see account). I was posted to Kinross, Crieff, and finally Fairmilehead, near Edinburgh, at the end of the year. By this time the War in Europe was at an end, with a bleak future for the Polish Forces, whose country was under Communist control.

The FANY canteens played a role as a place where the men could come and talk with us over a bun and coffee. At this time a very happy occasion occurred, when a group of the parachutists who had been in Apulia came to visit me. It seemed a miracle that three of them who had been dropped on the eve of the Warsaw Rising, fought right through it, and then been imprisoned by the Germans, should have survived. Since the reunions with Cichociemni in 1990 I have had meetings and correspondence with these particular men.

In the autumn of 1945 Sue Ryder joined me at the Fairmilehead canteen. Like me, she was still hoping to join a relief work team. UNRRA had now told FANY applicants: "Don't you FANYs realise that because of your link with the Poles you are politically unacceptable on the Continent to the Russians?" However, we heard that a mobile hospital for children was to be sent to Poland from Edinburgh. The funds had been collected by Professor Jurasz, Head of the Polish Military Hospital in Edinburgh. Drivers were required, and Sue and I applied. We were interviewed by Mary Fletcher, the Professor's secretary, who had been instrumental in collecting much of the money in America. We were accepted. But the hospital never went to Poland. It seems that it too was politically unacceptable!

Mary Fletcher then suggested that the funds might be used to found a sanatorium for the many young Polish soldiers in Scotland who were suffering from tuberculosis. South Africa, with its warm dry climate on the Highveld, would, she thought, be ideal, and the costs would be met by the funds already collected for the children's hospital. She knew that my Mother and I were considering returning to South Africa and could approach the Government there about such a scheme. Sadly nothing came of it and shortly after our return General Smuts' government was defeated at the election by the more parochial National Party.

Under Smuts, during the War, a large Polish orphanage had been set up in the Northern Cape Province. Polish children who had been deported to Siberia by the Russians and lost or become separated from their parents came via the Middle East to South Africa. The group consisted of several hundred children with Polish teachers, nuns, and administrators. The cost of the community was met by the London Polish Government until 1946. The South African

I/1/14

Government then allowed those young people whose parents had not been traced to remain in South Africa permanently, and arranged for them to complete their education. This was undertaken with the help of Roman Catholic schools and associations in different parts of the country. All we could do was to offer them friendship and some hospitality. After a few years most of them had established themselves in society - the boys in engineering projects and the girls as talented dressmakers and embroiderers.

Sue Ryder left the canteen in Edinburgh, also at the end of 1945. She joined the French Red Cross in London and was sent to work in ruined Caen for a year or two, after which she fulfilled her desire to work in the DP camps in Germany.



4/1/15

F.A.N.Y IN THE SNOW

In the early spring of 1938 my Mother and I were spending a skiing holiday on the Gerlos Pass above the Zillertal in the Austrian Tirol. There, in a small inn, a fellow guest proved to be Joan Dawson, also from England and in my ski class. One evening, as we were sitting in the Gästestube sipping Glühwein, Joan told me that she belonged to an organisation called the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry and about its voluntary service in times of war or disaster, as well as its history during the First World War. Having grown up in South Africa, I had not heard of such a service in Britain.

On the last night before Joan left Gerlos we were once again sitting in the Gästestube listening to the radio. Suddenly it was announced that an important item of news was to be broadcast. It was the final address to the Austrian people by their Chancellor Dr. von Schuschnigg, from Vienna. In tones of great sadness he told them that negotiations with Hitler about a union with the German Reich had broken down under impossible demands from the German side. He warned his people that the German forces might invade within the next day or so and that resistance by the Austrians could have no hope of success. When the Germans did in fact invade, Dr. von Schuschnigg was imprisoned in an attic in Vienna where Hitler's speeches were broadcast to him at full blast day and night.

Joan left for England the following day and our next meeting was early in September 1940, at Ketteringham Park, Norfolk - the home of Lady Ethel Boileau, FANY of World War I and novelist, who had lent her house as a training camp for FANYs at that time. Joan Dawson and Jean Lorimer were the two sergeants forming part of the FANY training unit, together with senior staff instructors.

The house itself, with a circular tower at each of four corners, may have been adapted in Regency times from an earlier, perhaps Jacobean building, as the elegant curved staircase in the entrance hall and the metal-framed ornamental windows would indicate. An incongruous feature was the enormous stuffed Asian bear, standing on its hind legs, at the bottom of the staircase in the hall.

Most of our activities took place in the servants' wing, where we slept on camp beds, ate, and had lectures. However, some four or five FANYs were accommodated in a bedroom upstairs, where there were a large four-poster and more camp beds. On one side of this room there was a lift for the use of Sir Raymond Boileau, who was disabled and came up, en route to his own bedroom, at about 8.30 each evening. As leather belts and shoes had to be polished by the FANYs last thing at night, this activity would sometimes be in progress in the big bedroom when the rumble of the lift would be heard. This was the signal for the FANYs to dive for bed before Sir Raymond, propelled by his butler, passed through the room. The rule was that by the time Sir Raymond appeared all FANYs there should be under the blankets and feigning sleep. However, on his way through Sir Raymond would always bid them good-night.

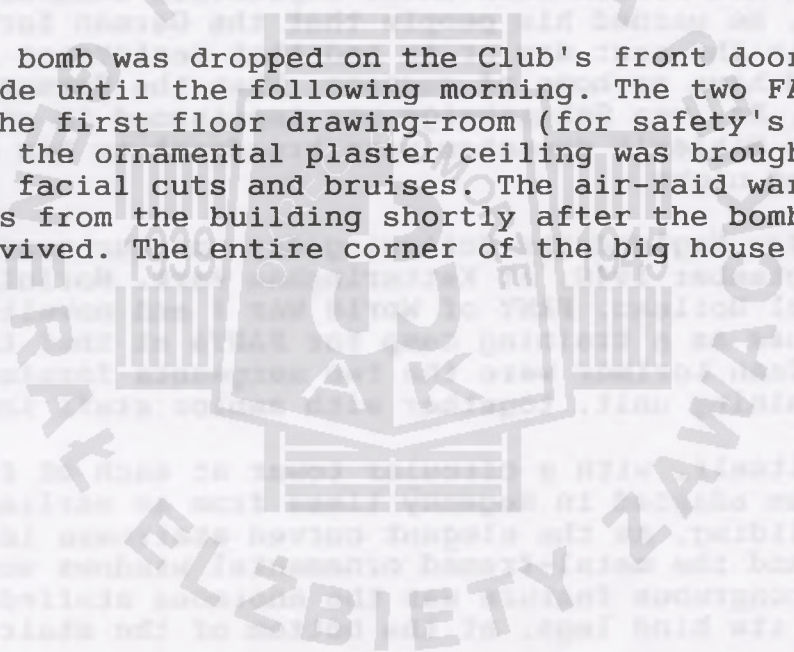
F/1/16

Lady Boileau, whose best-known book was a humorous novel called "Turnip Tops", had also been in hospital. However, she took a great interest in the younger generation of FANYs and wore our uniform.

In that interesting house and charming garden, looking across to a small lake with its background of wood and meadows, it was difficult to accept that the Battle of Britain was at its height over London. The nation had been informed that, in the event of enemy troops landing in Britain, church bells would be rung as a warning. During our stay at Ketteringham the bells did in fact ring out from a nearby church. This was hushed up, but later it was announced that small groups of German soldiers had been arrested in that part of Norfolk.

At the end of the course we all returned to London. The two sergeants and I stayed temporarily at the Club for Servicewomen of the Empire, situated just behind Selfridges. On the third day I moved to join my Mother. The Club, in an imposing town house, had only recently been opened, so after I left Joan and Jean were the only guests.

That night a bomb was dropped on the Club's front doorstep, but did not explode until the following morning. The two FANYs were sleeping in the first floor drawing-room (for safety's sake). As the bomb fell the ornamental plaster ceiling was brought down on them, causing facial cuts and bruises. The air-raid warden cleared the inmates from the building shortly after the bomb fell, so the FANYs survived. The entire corner of the big house came down the next day.



TH/14

AUSTRIA 1938 - ANSCHLUSS

On the day Hitler's troops invaded Austria a friend, Siegfried, came up from the Zillertal valley to Gerlos Pass for a day's skiing. He was very depressed at the turn of events and the mood in his home village of Zell where swastika flags had appeared overnight. It is perhaps useful to recall that the Tirol had suffered severe economic loss from the ban Hitler had imposed on German citizens, preventing them, during the previous few years, from crossing the border into Austria. The Tirol and other mountain areas had been particular favourites of German holidaymakers. Their absence meant a severe loss of income for the innkeepers and farmers there. With visitors from Germany returning to Austria, they could prosper once more. They could not foresee that their young men would perish in large numbers on the disastrous Russian front where most Austrians were sent, particularly the mountain regiments.

My Mother and I left Gerlos for Zell, where we caught the little Zillertalbahn train to connect with the main Inn Valley Express. As the porter-cum-driver removed our luggage he said: "Don't worry too much, meine Damen - we Tirolers will always remain Tirolers!" In Innsbruck we went to consult the British Consul, who suggested we cross the border into the Südtirol, Italy. We stayed overnight in Innsbruck to see Josef, a friend from Vienna, who was completing his military service with the Tiroler Jäger regiment at the Innsbruck barracks. At sunset a detachment would march to a central square to lower and salute the Austrian flag. It was sad to see the Swastika in its place and bitter for the men themselves. Otherwise Innsbruck seemed fairly quiet except that one or two of the shops had JUDE scrawled across the windows. We made a point of going into them to purchase some small article. The next day Josef, bearing a bouquet of small spring flowers, came to see us off on the train over the Brenner Pass to Bolzano. Josef was sent to serve on the Russian front but survived to return to Vienna in ruins.

From Bolzano we went up to Sopra-Bolzano, a charming small village on a high plateau above the main valley. We stayed in a small pensione for Easter and enjoyed lovely walks on the larch tree-covered slopes, from where there were splendid views of the main peaks of the magnificent Dolomites.

I/M/18

After the Munich Crisis of 1938 it was generally felt that the danger of immediate war in Europe had receded, yet precautions were still wise. I returned to London from South Africa. The London Auxiliary Ambulance Service was seeking recruits for training in heavy vehicle driving, first-aid nursing, and poison gas protection. The two latter subjects were taught at the impressive County Hall, and vehicle driving, on Green Line buses, took place in open spaces such as that around the Albert Hall.

My Mother and I, inspired by Anne Bridges' descriptions of the Dalmatian coast in "Illyrian Spring" had for some time looked forward to visiting Yugoslavia, so in June 1939 we crossed the Channel to Paris. From there we travelled third-class by overnight train to Venice, where we spent three enchanting days. In those days gondolas were affordable and the ships plying the Dalmatian coast sailed from close by St. Mark's Square. One embarked at midnight and the voyage to Dubrovnik lasted two days, calling at numerous small islands and mainland ports en route. At that time there was no ^{main} road connecting the numerous towns and villages along the Dalmatian coast. The great wall of the Karst mountains formed a barrier between them and the interior. This meant that farmers used the ships to transport their animals and produce to the coastal towns. Their colourful national costumes contributed to the interest of that voyage. The porters who dealt with our luggage on arrival at the modern port of Gruž, just north of Dubrovnik, also wore the baggy white knee breeches, embroidered waistcoats, and pill-box caps of Dalmatia. We stayed overnight at the hotel near the quayside.

The next day we went into Dubrovnik and found a charming small *pension* at Lapad, a little resort with a beach shaded by casuarina trees and only a small cafe and a few changing-rooms. Lapad was on a peninsula and a small single-decker tram connected it with Dubrovnik town. We walked along a narrow path beside the sea and came to the only building - a small *pension* called Villa Elite. It was built right on the edge of the rocky coast, with waves breaking over its private swimming pool and stone terrace. Meals were taken on a pergola-shaded terrace. From the bedroom window with a wide ledge one looked out to sea almost as if on board ship. It suited us perfectly.

The *pension* was owned by a White Russian family who had settled there after the Russian Revolution. As well as the parents there were a young son and daughter, who did the catering. After dinner the son would play his guitar on the terrace. At first the only other guests were an English widow, by name Mrs Hardy, with her small son and an English nanny. She was gentle and charming, and obviously grieving for her husband.

Soon after our arrival another Russian family arrived from Berlin. They consisted of a couple and two sons in their early twenties. They were also good company. One of the sons, who was tall and fair, had bought himself a scarlet fez with a tassel and looked somewhat incongruous. One evening the father from Berlin hired a motor boat to take his sons, himself, Mrs Hardy, myself,

7/1/19

2 (DUBROVNIK)

and the daughter and son of Villa Elite to go for dinner at a country inn called "Teta Jela" (Aunt Helena's). The motor boat set off into the open sea from the Villa's landing-stage. As the sun set we entered the wide mouth of an estuary and sailed inland between wooded fertile banks for about a mile. Finally we reached Ombla and Teta Jela's. The little garden restaurant beside the water served Dalmatian specialities. The village was quite small but there were several villas standing in charming gardens. After supper the son from Villa Elite played his guitar before we set out on our return in the moonlight.

The only drawback about staying out at Lapad was that the tram did not run there from Dubrovnik after 6 p.m. So after three weeks we decided to move into Dubrovnik itself. There we found two rooms in a small house just outside the Pile Gate with the statue of St Blasius, the patron saint. The small house was built up against the massive ramparts of the city wall. Immediately below was a small beach and the sea for one's morning dip. The cost, including breakfast, was the equivalent of 2/6 each.

By this time the July days were very hot, so we rose early to go into the town centre and explore the wonderful treasures of this beautiful little city. On the way back for a siesta we would buy fruit for our picnic. It was in the evenings that the city was at its most lively, starting with the traditional passeggiata (Korzo) when the citizens of Dubrovnik would come out of their houses in the early evening to stroll up and down Stradun, the very wide street, free of traffic, in the centre of the old city. I remember, when approaching the main great gateway into the city centre for the first time, hearing a continuous sound like large insects and small birds. This of course was caused by the citizens exchanging views during their evening stroll. There were several restaurants with music - mostly playing tangos, waltzes, and ethnic music of Dalmatia, where we used to go for dinner in the open air.

ELŻBIETY ZI

I/1/20

3 (DUBROVNIK)

The most attractive setting was the Gradska Kafana, situated in part of the town wall, with great open-air arches looking out onto the harbour for smaller-sized sailing boats. On the other side of the town, just outside the Pile Gate on an open courtyard, was a restaurant with an orchestra as well. A third but more expensive restaurant was in the shady garden of the Grand Hotel, which was rather 18th-century in style, with music to match. There was a circular dance floor in the garden and one heard the clink of the Yugoslav officers' spurs on it when they danced the traditional "Kolo" or circle dance. There must have been a barracks nearby from which they came. There were also two Russian restaurants which we visited - a small one in one of the turrets of the city walls and a second in a large attractive walled garden, where all the waiters wore Cossack uniforms. We attended a display by a visiting group of Cossack horsemen, which was spectacular. After the war I was sad to hear that Tito had expelled all the Russian community, many of whom had lived in Yugoslavia for 25 years.

I remember too the delightful concert given by a Slovene children's choir, in beautiful traditional costume, which took place one evening in front of the elegant Rector's Palace. A pleasant amenity was the small English Club with a reading room, organised by an English lecturer provided by the British Council. One's mail could be addressed care of the Club.

The lecturer was cheerful and friendly - he had a number of English language pupils, so arranged for them to meet English visitors to Dubrovnik. He arranged tennis parties and picnics. On one of the latter occasions he took a coach trip up into the mountains to a remote valley to attend a festival. There was feasting and merriment with music until some young men started fighting each other. Tables were overturned, old ladies tried to separate their sons. Other expeditions passed off more peaceably.

Mustafa Hasanović was a tall handsome young man who owned a small antique and handicraft shop in Stradun, with many tempting items hanging outside the door. His father owned a well-known antique shop in Sarajevo. Mustafa spoke excellent English and was well-educated. Mrs. Hardy (who was still living at the Villa Elite, but we often met her in Dubrovnik) knew Mustafa quite well and told us that he would like us to hear some authentic Dalmatian music and songs. So one evening he arranged a visit to a cafe at Gruž. Together with three young Englishmen we drove in a huge open car up the coast to the harbour area of Gruž. Here, in a quayside cafe with its sailor customers, we spent the evening listening to the wild and passionate songs of the Balkans, a unique experience. The three young Englishmen were staying at Cavtat, a short distance along the coast south of Dubrovnik and came to the latter quite often. The famous sculptor Mestrovic was born in Cavtat and there are some examples of his work there. The trio were interesting characters. Richard Greenough worked in Paris for the Daily Mail and Roland Winn had fought in the Spanish Civil War. The third member of the group was still too young to have had many adventures.

I/1/21

SLOVENIA

In the middle of August 1939 the days were extremely hot and although Dubrovnik had provided so many delights since our arrival there in mid-June, we decided to leave for Lake Bled and the mountains in Slovenia.

We left on board the coastal ship for Rijeka where we caught a train for Ljubljana. The route inland was quite different from further south, passing deciduous-wooded hills. At Ljubljana we had to change onto the local train for Bled. While waiting some half an hour for it to arrive we got into conversation with the only other passengers, who turned out to be a British husband and wife. The husband was the Minister in charge of the English Church in Belgrade. They too were on their way to Bled, where they owned a holiday villa, close to that of the Yugoslav Royal Family on the shores of the lake. The Minister's wife told us that they had known the young princes for many years and that the boys were frequent visitors to their home. We were warmly invited to visit the Minister and his wife, but it was necessary to telephone first on account of royal protocol and to avoid clashing with the princes' visits.

VILLA CYKLAME

My Mother and I soon settled down comfortably in the Villa Cyklame, which an English lady, Miss Rowlands, had not long before opened as a Bed and Breakfast house. It was a spacious timbered 19th century building, standing not far from the lakeside on rising ground. There was a grove of trees behind and beside the villa, where at that time of year there were carpets of cyclamen. It was here that breakfast was served by Resi, a smiling, cherubic local maid.

Each evening we had dinner at the Hotel Toplice, on the terrace overlooking the lake. It was the leading hotel in Bled, with delicious food and interesting clientèle. Miss Rowlands had been a frequent guest at the Toplice in her palmier days. Frau Molnar, the owner, had recently helped with advice on setting up the guest house as a business venture.

Miss Rowlands' story was tragic but bizarre, yet she was a gracious, smiling lady of the Edwardian period. She had grown up in the south of France with her widowed, wealthy mother who died when Miss Rowlands was middle-aged. She had never been allowed to handle money by her mother and fell victim to a scheming Dutchman who proposed marriage. They left the south of France and bought a small castle in the South Tirol, Italy. There they had pedigree sheep and eight Chow dogs. Before the marriage took place the Dutchman absconded from the castle with Miss Rowlands' jewellery, silver, and financial assets.

The poor lady still had the Chows and spent her time between the Toplice in Bled and visits to a friend in London. Miss Rowlands employed a young Slovenian peasant boy, Pepi, to look after and exercise the Chows both at Bled and on visits to London, when they all travelled in a first-class train compartment.

1/1/22

2.

In 1939 the Chows were no longer on the scene, but Pepi, then 15, came to visit Miss Rowlands and they seemed to be on good terms. Near Villa Cyklame, in another small villa, lived the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, with a lady-in-waiting and the gentleman of her household, a White Russian prince, and two domestic staff. The Grand Duchess was more or less a refugee from Hitler. It was not clear if she had been expelled by him from her northern Duchy or had chosen to leave. She and her court were close friends of Miss Rowlands and often exchanged visits. After close inspection by the Duchess my Mother and I were invited to luncheon as well. The dining room was modest but the table appointments were the reverse, with plates, cutlery, and glassware encrusted with the Ducal coat of arms.

It was an interesting interlude as the Duchess and the Prince spoke fluent English and were good company. As we walked home after lunch Miss Rowlands gently advised us that it was expected that we should call at the Ducal residence to leave a card of thanks on the following day. But if the Duchess were visible in the garden we should pretend not to see her. We obeyed instructions, although the Duchess was reclining in a deckchair a few yards away from the front path.

Newspapers from England took days to reach Bled, and we enjoyed the late summer days in that idyllic northern corner of Slovenia beside a small lake, in the centre of which was a little chapel on an island, unaware that storm clouds of war were gathering. Fellow guests at the Villa were a German couple, and on the day that Hitler's invasion of Poland was announced my Mother and I were walking round the lake. Suddenly we saw our fellow guests coming towards us. Abruptly they wheeled round and set off in the opposite direction at a brisk pace. They remained in Bled a few more days, and as there was only one small radio in Miss Rowlands' house we and the German couple had to listen to war news together. The Germans looked triumphant as their naval forces sank our ships, and we tried to look serene as Britain's lesser damage to the Nazi fleet was reported.

Overnight, visitors disappeared from Bled, and when we went down to dinner on the lakeside terrace of the Hotel Toplice only a handful were left. Of these, some were interesting, such as a judge of international law and his wife who were stationed in Cairo and were returning there in easy stages. Early in September there was a political conference in Bled, and I remember the Yugoslav Prime Minister Svetković standing in the doorway of the Toplice to be photographed.

I/1/23

3. (SLOVENIA)

With the outbreak of war our financial situation became rather worrying as I was due to report for duty with the auxiliary London Ambulance service at the commencement of hostilities. We had been receiving transfers of money from Barclays Bank in London, but now we were informed that they could only transfer further funds to us with special permission from the Bank of England, which might take some weeks. This correspondence had already taken some weeks, yet we felt it was unwise to commence the long train journey without sufficient money for unforeseen delays.

I approached the small bank in the village and asked the teller whether he could change a cheque to be drawn on a London bank for me. With courtesy he immediately agreed and I shall always be grateful for the trust shown to us in Bled. One of the first calls I made on reaching London was to the bank to make sure that the money had reached the one in Bled.

Before setting out on our journey westward we had to get Italian and French visas from the respective consulates in Zagreb. In order not to break into our precious cash reserves I went alone, catching the train at midnight and reaching Zagreb at 8 a.m. in pouring rain. The British Consulate did not open until 10 a.m., so I sat on the steps outside, waiting. The Consul was most helpful and put me in touch with his French and Italian counterparts.

The Italian Consul provided the visa at once, but the French one was adamant in his refusal. Our passports were South African and had brown covers. He insisted they should have blue covers if they had anything to do with Britain. I returned despondently to the British Consul, who was indignant and said: "If you lost these passports I would issue you with British ones." He then phoned the French Consul, who agreed to provide me with a statement to the immigration official on the Italian-French frontier, saying that the British Consul vouched for us.

The British Consul could not have been kinder - he instructed one of his young secretaries to take me to his flat, where I could rest before catching the midnight train back to Bled. I slept soundly until 6.30 p.m. when the secretary came to take me out to dinner with several young members of the Consulate staff at a traditional restaurant. They finally saw me off on the midnight train, which was full. There had been one seat free in a compartment containing five young men, but they said that their friend had got out onto the platform to buy food. Outside in the corridor was a group of farmers returning from selling produce at a Zagreb market. They were very friendly and insisted on my making myself as comfortable as possible on their empty baskets.

Later on I was found a seat in the compartment with the five young men. They, it transpired, had escaped from Poland where they had been fighting in the defence of Warsaw. They had come from Romania and were hoping to reach France to join Polish forces regrouping there. Gradually, as the train rumbled through the night, they told me their story half in German, half in French, showing me a piece of shrapnel which had fallen in a Warsaw street. This was my first contact with the War and I began to

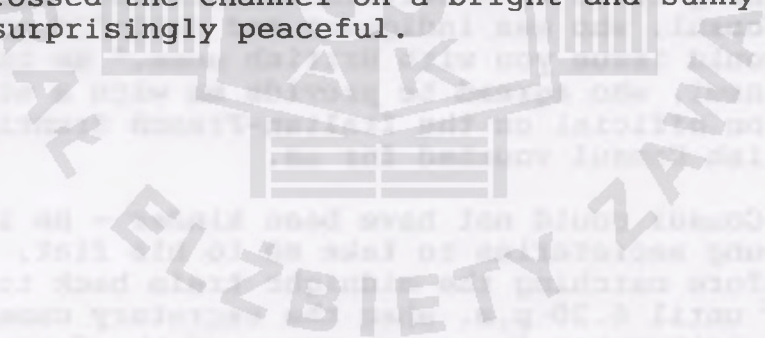
I/1/24

4.

realise its horrors. The four-hour journey soon passed as I was able to tell them about my visit to Poland with a student group from South Africa a few years previously, and how greatly I had enjoyed it, and about the Polish friends I had made there. Exchanging good wishes, I left the train at Ljubljana and they continued towards the Italian frontier, feeling rather anxious as Italy was expected to enter the War and they might face arrest. Two days later we left Yugoslavia ourselves and as we crossed into Italy I thought of the Poles and hoped they had been able to continue their journey to France.

RETURN TO LONDON

The day before we left Bled, Miss Rowlands suddenly announced that she would accompany us to London. Her large amount of luggage, containing such items as household china, caused delays at every crossing point in our journey. But she assisted us considerably on the Italian-French frontier, dealing with a fierce French passport control officer over the tricky situation of our lack of a French visa. In her fluent and persuasive French she explained: "These ladies have South African passports which have brown covers. But the French Consul in Zagreb had not seen such travel documents before and was not sure whether their holders had the same rights as British citizens. However, he felt sure that you, Monsieur, with your wide experience, would know how to handle this situation." The inspector of passports was won over and issued French visas for three days in France. After two days in Paris we crossed the Channel on a bright and sunny day and found London surprisingly peaceful.



7/1/25

LONDON 1940

I reported to the Ambulance Service and joined the unit in the mews behind Gloucester Road Tube station. The vehicles were housed in the garages and personnel in the flats above. The team was varied - a number of middle-aged ex-taxi and delivery van drivers and youngish women who ranged from Anthony Eden's niece and Bridget O'Dowd from British Guiana to two older ladies who had served in the First World War. They kept us entertained with tales of their experiences while driving ambulances for the Serbians (versus the Turks) over the Balkan mountains.

We had to be on duty for 8-hour shifts, varying from week to week, which meant walking to and fro in the blacked-out streets for a lot of the time. However, I was never molested or followed and the distance from the station was not far. We had managed to find a small flat in Elvaston Place, towards Kensington Gardens.

Bridget O'Dowd left to join the FANYs and returned to visit us at the station after a few weeks, describing her activities in the Service as interesting and enjoyable. After six months in the London Ambulance Service, with so little activity, I decided to follow Bridget's example. I was accepted by the FANYs, who were expecting to send an ambulance unit to France. However, the fighting there ceased and my training was delayed. But I got my uniform together and waited in London to go on the course.

One afternoon we were entertaining friends to tea in the flat when the air-raid siren sounded. After the warning ended we heard the clip-clop of a horse's hooves. Looking out of the window I saw Scotts the Hatters' small horse-drawn van. The driver was unhitching the horse from the van and leading it down the steps into the area until the "All Clear" sounded. My FANY cap was being delivered to me by the sole stockists of our caps.

While waiting to go on the training course I helped in the office of FANY HQ. At that time it was situated on the top floor of a building near Victoria Station. In August it was decided that a safer situation would be the Vicarage of St. Paul's Church, Wilton Place, Knightsbridge, which had been offered to the FANYs. We carried most of the items from the office and canteen, except of course heavy furniture, ourselves in a small van. The loads included trumpets and First World War memorabilia cheek by jowl with buns and butter. It was a good way of getting to know the brave, legendary figures of the First World War FANYs as well as those who had trained at camps between the Wars, so that returning to HQ during the War or when passing through was always a family occasion. As far as I remember discipline in the Corps was not a problem as the example of those veterans bound us together.

The Gamwell sisters had emigrated to East Africa to farm, growing coffee there. In 1939 they were called back by friends and colleagues to lead the FANY in the UK. They pulled up the coffee plants and came. Lady Dorothy Hope-Morley, Elizabeth Hunt, Freda Davis and Peggy Jacobson are among those I remember with such pleasure from the summer of 1940 and the succeeding war years. They all worked tirelessly to keep the FANY corps alive and progressive, so that it provided a useful service in theatres of

I/1/26

war across the world, and is still ready to play a role in a national crisis.

I reported to the... and joined... in the garage and personnel in the... varied - a number of... and youngish women was... got O'Lord from British... in the First World War. They... their... and the... over the...

We had to be on duty for 2-hour shifts, varying from week to week, which meant waiting to and in the blacked-out... for a lot of the time. However, I was never... and the distance from the station was not far. We had managed to find a well-lit in... towards...

Ediger O'Lord left... at the station... the service as... London... following... expecting to... and... together...

The afternoon... when the... the... saw... hitting the... to the... delivered to...

While waiting... tion of WAXY... a building near... a... Wilson... carried most of the... by... included... with... brave... those who had... ing to... my... not a...

The... in 1917 they were called... to lead the... and... and... from the... They all... progressive, so that it provided a...



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I/1/24

On returning from Ketteringham some of us were required to drive Red Cross officials down to London's East End each day to inspect damage done during the previous night's bombing. Fairly soon, however, I was sent with a FANY, Joan McCall, who had been with me on the course, to Scotland. We were to drive an ambulance which had been presented to the Polish Army in Scotland and remain there as drivers. After quite a slow drive, owing to the fact that road signs had been removed, we reported to the First Polish Brigade, whose doctor welcomed us warmly as he had no ambulance at his disposal.

The Poles showed us great kindness and we had our main meals in the General's Mess. They were to take over the defence of Scotland's east coast. Later the FANY unit numbered several hundred.

At the beginning of 1941 I was posted to the Isle of Wight, where I was to remain for a year and a half. The Isle was a defence area where permits were required when crossing from the mainland. This meant that there was little civilian traffic throughout the Isle's lovely and varied countryside, and hotels were taken over by military personnel. Osborne House's apartments were cleared and stood ready to receive casualties from air raids and other contingencies.

We FANYs were attached to a Field Ambulance Unit which was stationed at Barton Manor adjoining Osborne House's park. We were housed in a small hostel in the grounds of Osborne and had the use of two tennis courts - grass and hard, as well as of the grounds sloping down to the shore of the Solent. On the nights when the Southampton Docks were bombed the huge fires seemed close.

For the latter part of my service on the Isle I was at Totland Bay, where the Hotel was a military hospital. On off-duty days we cycled along the rolling uninhabited southern coastal downs with views of the Needles.

During the next year and a half I was stationed in Somerset at Taunton and Watchet, near Minehead, and also at Moretonhampstead on Dartmoor. When driving across Dartmoor the great expanse of open country with the ever-changing clouds reminded me of South Africa. I felt most privileged to be able to explore the southwest of England so thoroughly. Autumn 1943 was to bring a complete change of scene.

I/1/28

F.A.N.Y.s REMEMBERED - WARSAW 1990

When my son and I went by car to visit family and friends in Poland last summer, our friend Zofia greeted us with the news that three members of "CICHOCIEMNi" who remembered me from Italy (1943-44) were coming to supper on the following Sunday. "Cichociemni" (meaning those who came silently and in darkness) is the Polish name for the parachutists of the Special Operations Executive, who had been trained in Britain and were dropped in occupied Poland to join the Armia Krajowa (the underground Home Army).

On the Sunday morning, while Zofia and her husband Zygmunt prepared a festive supper for the evening, we went to Warsaw's Old Town (Stare Miasto), which has been so authentically rebuilt that one can hardly believe that the buildings are only some 40 years old. Here we met a church parade of the Armia Krajowa with banners proudly flying. Then we visited the Dominican church nearby, where a memorial was erected in 1980 with the names of the members of Cichociemni who lost their lives in action. Also near the Stare Miasto there is the recently constructed and impressive memorial depicting the struggle of participants in the Warsaw Rising of 1944. The market square in the Stare Miasto was full of life, with outdoor cafes, a Gypsy band playing, as well as artists and woodcarvers displaying their work for sale.

✓ Although I was sceptical about being remembered after so long, that evening, when the guests arrived, it soon became evident that it was true. They entered the room briskly bearing sprays of white and red flowers, gifts, and books recounting the history of Cichociemni and other Polish units. "Yes", they assured me in chorus, "we remember you and all the FANYs". They spoke with warmth and immense appreciation of the role that the few of us had played in such very close association with Cichociemni.

The evening passed quickly as we exchanged memories, both happy and tragic, of friends who had perished. Many of the 324 men and women who were dropped in Poland during the war lost their lives.

In 1943, when aircraft losses became heavier, especially on the route across Denmark and across the Baltic Sea to Poland and Czechoslovakia, it was decided to transfer one of the Special Duties Squadrons to North Africa and later to Italy. From the former area there were a number of flights, and from Italy itself there were many. The extremely severe winter weather, considered the worst for over 40 years by the Italians, prevented many flights.

✓ An advance party of five FANYs (including Sue Ryder and myself) flew from North Africa to Brindisi and were then involved in preparing the holding and despatch stations for the parachutists' arrival. There were numerous flights during the spring and early summer of 1944 and many men and supplies were dropped in Poland. At that stage there was a mood of elation among the unit, with the feeling that at last they were returning to help in their country's resistance struggle.

On July 30th the last group of Cichociemni to leave before the

Iu/29

outbreak of the epic 63-day Warsaw Rising were dropped in the Warsaw region. The Polish flight at Brindisi formed the vital link with Poland, transporting the parachutists on the long hazardous night journey lasting over 12 hours. The pilots and their crews showed the utmost courage and endurance, particularly during the Warsaw Rising, when a supreme effort was made to drop supplies and arms to the insurgents. During that period of two months, British and South African planes joined the Polish flight on those operations. The number of pilots and air crew who lost their lives over Warsaw were 126 British and South African, as well as 78 Poles.

✓) The three friends we met at the re-union in Warsaw in 1990 all parachuted into Poland during 1944 - "Kubuś" and "Sikora" (their operational code names) in May, and "Zwijak" at the end of that year. Their post-war experiences of victimisation and imprisonment were shared by many members of the heroic Armia Krajowa, which for a number of years after the War was denied full official recognition in Poland.

Christine Kolczyńska



I 11/30

GAMWELL'S VISIT (continued)

I could not help wondering whether Commander Gamwell recalled the interview I had with her the previous October on the occasion of the unforgettable day when S.O.E. accepted me as a member of the FANY team being sent to serve with the Polish section in the Mediterranean theatre of the War.

Gamwell received me kindly, then put to me several searching questions such as "I believe you like comfort, Hoon?" I could not think of any unusual signs of Sybaritic longings which I might have shown during my three previous years of service as a FANY. I timidly replied that I had my own eiderdown, which added to my good health and efficiency on the job.

She then looked at my hair, which was long and worn in a plait round my head or else a bun. Because of these styles the FANYs had always excused me from wearing an ugly net to keep it up from the collar. In fact my long hair was an asset in Italy as I was seldom in touch with a hairdresser.

Gamwell's next warning was that there would be an extreme shortage of water, which might prevent my washing my hair often. The final warning was of the intensely hot climate we would have to endure and of the razor-sharp nerves of our associates. I assured her that I was not deterred by her warnings and went off to enjoy my ten days of embarkation leave, after the obligatory interview with the C.O. of the unit I was about to join, against the background of Baker Street mystery. Of course Gamwell was quite right to warn us of the stringency of conditions of service abroad.

I/1/31

1.

RETURN TO APULIA - WHERE FANYS "COPEd" IN 1944

When the opportunity occurred of renting a small house for Easter 1992 in the unspoilt mediaeval part of Ostuni (a hilltop town overlooking the Adriatic coast of Apulia), it seemed too interesting to miss, so my son and I flew to Venice and caught the overnight train south.

This southern part of Apulia was where I spent the year of 1944 serving with the SOE Polish section of the Special Force. Ostuni was where some of the Polish volunteer parachutists, from the Polish Armed Forces in the Middle East, were completing their training at the end of 1943 prior to being dropped into Poland to join the Underground Army there. The training centre was a mile outside Ostuni in hilly terrain, based in a half-finished Italian hospital.

In December 1943 our advance group of 5 FANYs had been flown in from Tunis, North Africa, in a plane of the Polish 301 Squadron to Brindisi, about 20 miles down the coast from Ostuni. Our unit, including the squadron, administrators, and FANYs, had been in Tunis for a month preparing for the move. The Brindisi airfield was the operational base for flights carrying the parachutists, arms, and other supplies to the Underground in Poland.

The unit's HQ (apart from the squadron) was near Latiano, a village 10 miles north of Brindisi and the same distance south of Ostuni. We were housed in villas situated on the old Roman road (Via Appia Antica) linking Brindisi with Rome. We arrived in Italy two days before Christmas 1943, during the coldest, wettest winter within living memory. The organisation of the HQ was in its infancy, with an acute lack of vehicles, meals cooked on a field kitchen by a Polish soldier and our villas almost bare of furniture. On Christmas Eve I drove the British C.O. to Bari to collect a truck.

On the return journey in the late afternoon with the C.O. in a 15-cwt truck, we broke our journey at Ostuni to attend the Wigilia, or traditional Polish Christmas Eve supper, with the parachutists. Inside that stark grey unfinished building was a scene I shall never forget. Sackcloth covered the glassless window apertures and lighting was provided by oil lamps and candles on a giant Christmas tree.

The priest, standing by the tree, conducted the service and distributed the consecrated Christmas wafer to each soldier, of whom there were about 50 assembled there. Then they sang, most movingly, the traditional Polish carols before the Christmas supper of army rations. Many of them had been deported to Siberia and other distant parts of the Soviet Union in 1939-40 before being amnestied and regrouped in the Middle East in 1941, subsequently serving in the North African desert and at the siege of Tobruk.

LATIANO

In 1992 I was surprised to find how little that part of Apulia had changed. Along the Via Appia outside Latiano was the

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rose-pink villa, surrounded by orchards, where we FANYs had spent January 1944. Close by is the charming white villa which had housed the Polish radio operators who maintained the vital links between between the Underground Army in Poland and SOE in Italy. Now both these villas seemed uninhabited, shutters down and gates padlocked, indicating that their owners only come there for the summer. Along the same road is the "Admiral's villa", which was our HQ. This time, on account of fierce guard dogs, we did not dare to enter up the long drive bordered by ornamental box hedges. But I well remembered the beautiful gardens surrounding the villa, which opened out onto a terrace with goldfish ponds surrounded by orange groves and wisteria-covered pergolas.

LA CAPINERI

The most interesting and surprising discovery was the old farmhouse, hidden deep in the extensive olive groves about two miles south of Latiano, where four other FANYs and I had lived during the spring and summer of 1944. I had been puzzled by this building while living there because it had features which did not conform to a simple working farm. There was the charming walled garden leading out of the main courtyard, with citrus trees on either side of a long white-pillared pergola on which wisteria and roses grew. Here we spent off-duty hours on sweltering summer days. Among the orchards behind the main building there was a small summer-house in classical style.

La Capineri, as the farm is called, is a large square pink two-storied building with a flat roof, enclosing a spacious courtyard with tall palm trees, entered (on one side only) through a wide double door. Accommodation for humans was on the first floor with animals occupying the ground floor. By the side of this fortress-like building is the small pink chapel of the Danito family, who still own the estate, although they live in Naples most of the year.

On my 1992 visit to Apulia I discovered that the prefix "Maseria" to the property name of "La Capineri" indicates that it was indeed a fortified farmhouse. There are a number of these historic buildings in Apulia, dating from the time when pirates from across the Adriatic Sea, Crusaders en route to the Holy Land, and other brigands roamed and plundered the area. It was not difficult to find La Capineri in 1992 as the exterior had hardly changed and it stands at the end of a long lane through dense olive groves.

The farm manager and his wife were interested to hear of my connection with the house and invited us to walk round the inside. I was surprised to find the interior completely refurbished as the exterior of the house had changed so little. The handsome moulded ceilings and walls were freshly painted. Although the layout of the rooms was exactly as I remembered them, they were now attractively and comfortably furnished in a country style. In our day the absence of electricity, heating, and piped water had been a trial. Now all these amenities had been installed.

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The Italian family were delighted by our interest in La Capineri, particularly the Signora when I enquired about the old kitchen. Except for a sink with running water, nothing had been changed and the kitchen was exactly as I remembered it in our time. Floor, walls and ceiling are covered in decorative yellow tiles, as are the large charcoal-burning stove and oven. In one corner is the tiled well-head, the source of water for our entire household of 30 people in 1944.

In 1944 that old kitchen was the centre of activity and problems, principally for the 2 FANYs in charge of the catering. With the help of 3 local Italian women staff, they had to turn the basic British army rations of dehydrated vegetables and meat and dried eggs into appetising dishes for the men and ourselves. We were not allowed to buy food, except fruit and later vegetables, from the local Italian population as they were in great need and hungry after their long, lost war. There was no electricity and we were dependent on oil and petrol lamps. Fuel for cooking was a constant problem. The old tiled stove was designed for charcoal, but in a land where the olive tree was sacrosanct charcoal was not easily obtainable. We had to drive many miles to buy charcoal supplies, eating and cooking utensils, and household equipment in that first month at Capineri. But the fuel problem was resolved in the spring when the British Royal Engineers installed a diesel oil & water camp stove on the wide balcony outside the kitchen. However, the porch-like roof gave little protection for the cooks from the wind and rain, not to mention the burning heat of the Mezzogiorno and the large diesel oil smuts.

Our three local Italian domestic assistants were "Screech-Owl" (nicknamed because of her shrill voice and style of singing at work), her plain but cheerful daughter Rosaria and her beautiful, gentle niece Francesca, of whom Screech-Owl was rather jealous. Francesca soon learnt to produce reasonable meals from the Army rations, under FANY instruction.

An unforgettable feature of La Capineri was the "loo" on the roof above the kitchen. This was approached from a balcony by a flight of stone steps exposed to wind and rain. There was an incomplete flushing system, so that one had to carry water up there in a stone pitcher. When we were first at Capineri no toilet paper was available. Instead the loo contained a pile of propaganda leaflets meant for German-occupied France, exhorting people to rise against the oppressors. The words heading the leaflets were "Courage et Espoir".

Early in February 1944 we 5 FANYs moved from Latiano into La Capineri to prepare it for the imminent arrival from Britain of the Polish parachutists. These were volunteers from the Polish Forces in Britain who had been trained there for their hazardous role in Poland as part of the Underground Army. They were men of outstanding ability and character, of all ranks and ages. Those who survived the bitter fighting in the Underground are still loyal friends of the FANYs they knew during the war years. In the spring and early summer of 1944 there were constant operations

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from Brindisi to Poland.

GAMWELL'S VISIT

We had not long moved from Latiano to La Capineri in February 1944 when we received an unannounced visit from Corps Commander Marion Gamwell, who was en route to inspect FANY contingents in Cairo. She arrived in a storm of torrential rain when La Capineri was at its coldest. While a late lunch was being prepared for her, two of us lit a charcoal brazier.

These were large, shallow, circular metal dishes, which had to be swung to and fro until the ignited charcoal glowed. To make the bleak little room with its tiled floor cosier, we placed the glowing brazier behind Gamwell's chair. In addition to the pouring rain outside, there was loud thunder and lightning. Gamwell had hardly begun her address to us when there was a even louder explosion from the brazier, which was flung several feet into the air, charcoal and fragments of tiles being scattered across the floor. The heat of the brazier had cracked the floor tiles. We felt that Gamwell was quite impressed by the austerity of our living conditions on that day, although of course they could not match the danger and hardship that she and her unit had had to "cope" with in the 1914-18 Calais convoy campaign.

LAURETO

Commander Gamwell came to us at La Capineri after visiting the other FANY unit station of the Polish Section of SOE, some 10 miles north of Ostuni. This was up on a range of hills where many houses are of a unique and traditional style. The small farmhouses consist of groups of circular stone buildings with conical stone-tiled roofs, similar to Southern African *rondavels*. These buildings are called *trulli*. Their ancient origin is unknown but is said to be Byzantine. In the spring, with fruit blossom and wild flowers in the fields and gardens surrounding these little buildings, enclosed by drystone walls, the landscape is enchanting.

In 1992 hardly anything had changed here either, and we located with ease the two main villas of the central Mess and the FANY house, which, like those at Latiano, were shuttered with gates padlocked. Close by were several *trulli* where the parachutists had been accommodated. During my last month in Apulia (November 1944) one of the FANYs and I had occupied one of these little houses.

There were contrasting facets of our life in Italy during that year of 1944. The challenge of a somewhat primitive lifestyle was compensated by the interesting historical background of Apulia and of course enjoyable periods of leave. How fortunate we were to be able to attend splendid opera performances at the San Carlo in Naples and in Rome three or four times in a week! The YWCA hos-

I 4/35

tels in both these cities were welcoming and comfortable. Can one ever forget dining at the Orange Grove Restaurant in Naples, perched on a hill overlooking the sweep of that great bay? But perhaps the peak of perfection was the week's leave I spent at the "Swallow's Nest" (La Rondinaia) in Ravello, above Amalfi on the Divine Coast, in June 1944.

LA RONDINAIA

This exquisite small villa belonged to an Anglo-Austrian family whose son, Count Czernin, was a member of SOE and stationed in Apulia in 1944. Through him the villa was available for periods of leave for FANYs. Czernin's mother had built the villa in 1925 on part of the garden of the large villa Cimbrone which belonged to her English family.

In June I joined Ruth Hermon-Smith at 3.30 a.m. one morning at Bari where she was stationed, and we travelled in a large truck to Ravello via Salerno. We two FANYs were the only passengers and we bounced about in the back of the truck, covered in dust, for nine hours. The compensation for this long drive was the splendid scenery en route over the mountainous country of the southern foothills of the Apennines and then from Salerno to Amalfi, the spectacular coast road hugging mountainsides.

From the centre of the small, charming hill town of Ravello, the only approach to our villa was on foot through the splendid gardens of the Villa Cimbrone, where massed beds of roses were in full bloom. The "Swallow's Nest" was built into the side of a cliff, with part of the rock face forming the kitchen wall. Ruth and I were the only guests and were treated with tender care by the Czernin family's Italian cook and housemaid. As soon as we entered the cool peacock-blue tiled hall our spirits rose, and after a brief rest we were summoned to supper on the wrought-iron balcony hanging in space above the steep mountainside.

Below us, right along the coastline, were spectacular views of the sea, on which, as darkness fell, the twinkling lights of fishing boats appeared, and above the mountain ridge was a crescent moon. All the rooms in the villa commanded the view of the great sweep of the coastline and small white villages hundreds of feet below. In keeping with the villa the rooms were attractively furnished, and in the study were interesting books and pictures. One of the chief delights of the "Swallow's Nest" was the bathroom, after seven months without such a luxury! Outside we had the pleasure of the beautiful gardens of the two neighbouring historic villas of Cimbrone and Rufolo.

BROADCAST
BY E. P. M. DURBAN
SOUTH AFRICA

"A" PROGRAMME
3/6/1946 at
9.00 p.m.

IP/36

The unit to which I now went was for the reception and registration of Poles entering Great Britain to join the Polish Armed Forces.

The camp was situated in a very small village in Fife called Auchtertool, and consisted of a former whiskey distillery, with a few nissen huts in the courtyard. It was a bleak, dark building inside, with three floors, on each of which was an enormous hall. The canteen where I was working was at one end of the ground floor hall.

When I arrived I found an exhausted F.A.N.Y. running the canteen with only the help of Jozef, our Polish soldier-orderly, aged nearly 60. It was certainly a very busy canteen as we had 400 new men arriving every week - they remained at Auchtertool about 10 days so that there/were sometimes 800 troops in the camp at a time.

They came from prison camps, concentration camps and slave labour camps - as the Allies advanced across Europe. Some had been forcibly conscripted into the German army and deserted so the Allies. Those from Dachau, Buchenwald and Belsen were mostly people arrested by the Gestapo, on account of their Underground Army and Resistance movement. Of the ex-prisoners-of-war, many had been taken prisoner in the Polish campaign of 1939, or in France in 1940, and been in prison camps ever since, while others had been taken prisoner as members of the Underground Army, which took part in the Warsaw Rising in 1944.

These men used to come straight to our camp upon arrival in Scotland, and looked very tired, ill and miserable when we first saw them. We tried to make the canteen as attractive as possible with masses of flowers, to brighten the grimness of the distillery.

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The men always noticed the flowers and often wanted to buy them. The canteen was really their first contact with normal life, after years of misery and suffering, and we were the first British women they had ever seen. They were able to buy the small things they wanted - they seemed to have a particular craving for sweet things such as chocolate, cakes and puddings, which they had not seen for a long time.

The days convoys came in were always hectic. After the first parade, a wild rush to the canteen - a sea of excited faces, the wooden counter threatening to collapse inwards, from the pressure of the crowd none of whom understood the strange British money. Jozef was a treasure, he never got excited and was a great favourite among the soldiers, having himself come to Aughtertool as an ex-prisoner-of-war. Of course, not one in a hundred of these men spoke English, in fact, no one except the C.O., among the staff of the camp spoke English either. By this time however, I had learnt a little Polish, and how glad I was that I had made an attempt at that complicated language. It made such a difference to be able to talk with these men, who had been through so much and were so anxious to know all about the world from which they had been cut off for so long.

After they had been at Aughtertool a few days, they became changed men from the pathetic crushed creatures we had seen when they first arrived. They had been issued with battle-dresses and berets and most important of all to them, their Polish army badges and the silver eagle for their caps. They began to smile and even to laugh, came to the canteen to talk and bring out the tattered precious photographs of their families to show us.

On the shoulder of my uniform I wore the flash - South Africa, and this was a source of never-ending wonder and interest. It was inspiring to work for these men who had borne the burden of such misery for so many years, and worst of all, even then had received no news of their families and homes. The years in / --

I/1/38

The years in horror camps, had not lowered their standards of behaviour - we were treated with the greatest consideration and never once was there a case of theft from the canteen. The men came from all social classes ranging from professional men to peasants, and were aged between 17 and 65. One party of youths mostly aged 18, had taken part in the Warsaw Rising, in fact they had been fighting the German invader in one way or another since the age of twelve. In spite of this their morale was very high and spirits unquenchable. These men are only a few of the hundreds of thousands of displaced persons still in Germany. Among them are thousands of women and children - many orphans, who are in a pitiful state - without adequate clothing.

Sometimes in the early morning, the soldiers used to pass the gamekeeper's cottage where I was billeted, going for a route march, gaily singing their martial and Polish traditional songs. On Sundays, religious service was held in the ground-floor hall of the distillery where the soldiers had constructed their own altar. The singing of the troops was unbelievable, beautiful almost heart-rending, as if having lost everything in the world, ^{ONLY} their faith in God was left to them.

Today in the Polish Displaced Persons' camps in the British Occupation Zone in Germany are still hundreds of thousands of Polish people, similar to those I knew at Auchtertool. Those deported for slave labour were forcibly torn away from their homes with only ~~the~~ the clothes they were wearing at the time. The ex-prisoners-of-war are many still in their 1939 uniforms. These people are now destitute through no fault of their own but because they are victims of the war. There is a desperate lack of babies and children's clothes but, clothing of any kind, no matter how old is needed desperately.

Voyage

ing left Britain on November 12th 1943. ~~During~~ the last week of October. I had just started a mechanics course in a British Army workshop in Somerset when I was summoned to FANY HQ in London, then to Baker Street (SOE) and pitched into the strange and then unknown world of Cloak and Dagger. After 10 days, together with 12 other FANYs, we left the Knightsbridge HQ at midnight, travelled for 12 hours by train to Liverpool, and ascended the gangplank of the "Monarch of Bermuda" at dusk.

Having travelled often by sea to and fro from South Africa to Europe in pre-war days, I found the sensation of being once more on board a ship exhilarating. Our first supper on board this Caribbean cruise ship was memorable. It took place in what was called the "Lotus Lounge", as the walls were hung with trellis over which artificial lotus plants were climbing. The supper tables caused us to gasp with amazement at the large bowls filled with sugar and great slabs of butter displayed on them. To complete this extraordinary scene was the presence of the young Peter

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Ustinov at the next table. He had then just become known in the entertainment world and was en route to Algiers to act in the film "The Way Ahead". He was of course most amusing and gave several witty performances to distract us and the troops as we sailed into the mid-Atlantic to join the convoy to the Mediterranean.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Algiers was a splendid sight from the sea, gleaming white with buildings rising in terraces. Outside Algiers was the large SOE Communications centre which covered the south of France, Africa, and south-west Italy. It was staffed by a great number of FANY coders and signallers. Following a few days in Algiers we had lunch at this camp, after which five of us FANYs were driven to the nearby airfield at Blida where Major Król, a well-known pilot, was waiting in his Liberator to fly us to Tunis. The Polish flight, of squadron 301, had a temporary base and airfield at Sidi Amor, about 12 miles outside the town of Tunis, because the aerodrome at Brindisi was not yet ready to receive the large bombers. The Poles' airfield was on flat countryside near the coast, surrounded by palm trees, olive groves, and cacti. The crews were housed in tents, and it was in the mess tent that they entertained us to supper when we landed.

During our month in Tunis my duties (and those of the other FANY driver) were the transport of the British and Polish administrative staff between the Sidi Amor airfield and Tunis. The connecting road was in shocking condition, with rocks, ruts, and thick dust which, when it rained, turned to glutinous mud. Italian prisoners were set to work on the road but their repairs proceeded at only a snail's pace. Sometimes our officers had to contact people some distance out of Tunis, in the country to the south. I found this area most interesting and many features reminded me of South Africa.

Although it was already December, the days were warm and sunny with such a clear bright light falling on the distant rugged mountains and the rolling hills towards the sea. The sunsets were spectacular and the subtropical plants were still in bloom. It seemed unbelievable that a few months prior to this battles had raged here. Rommel's HQ had been in Tunis and the final departure of his army had been via Cap Bon, just north of Tunis town, where the troops had embarked for Italy.

In December 1943 the atmosphere among Allied military personnel in Tunis was light-hearted and relaxed after the battles of the North African campaign. The British Town Major was particularly kind and hospitable to us FANYs. Tunis itself was an attractive town with wide boulevards crowded with an extraordinary variety of traffic - captured German vehicles as well as horse-drawn vehicles of the Tunisians themselves. These ranged from carriages and wagons to little racing traps, some drawn by beautiful Arab horses. One day as I sat waiting in my van outside the British Consulate, which was at the entrance to the Kasbah, I found the passing throng intriguing as it was so colourful and varied. There were Tunisians of all classes, some in elegant robes, veiled women, and magnificent Zouave officers in scarlet capes, tall scarlet fezes, and boots with silver spurs.

On December 22nd, the day before our move to Italy, I was invited to tea at the British Air Force Mess, in a beautiful villa with superb tiled floors. The villa stood alone in front of a grove of eucalyptus trees, looking down onto a great sweep of yellow beach beside the sea. In preparation for the imminent Christmas festivities, the tea-table was decorated with lovely roses and jonquils. After tea I was taken by one of the RAF officers to visit nearby ancient Carthage. The ruins stand on green hills and outcroppings of red sandstone, with splendid views of the bay below and the mountains of the Cap Bon peninsula behind it. Nearby is the site of the first colony in the western Mediterranean, founded by the Phoenicians around 1000 B.C. and before Carthage. As we stood in the great deserted Carthage amphitheatre, one of my RAF hosts recounted the tragic story of Queen Dido. To complete this haunting scene a strange pink light shone on the sea, followed by a brilliant orange and

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red sunset just before darkness fell.

The next morning we left Sidi Amor for Campo Casali, the Brindisi airport, in a Liberator, but not the one in which we had flown from Algiers. It was a perfect day and the flight over the bright blue sea was most interesting. First small islands with waves breaking onto their shores, then a convoy of ships sailing towards Sicily. Finally we passed over mainland Italy - beautiful mountainous country, with small white villages clinging to the hillsides. The more serious and testing time was ahead of us. However, the worst winter weather conditions in living memory precluded flights to Poland for the next three months. Two planes carrying supplies to Poland did operate early in January 1944. But to our grief this mission ended in tragedy and the crews died when they crashed at dawn on their return after a night of severe storms, one at Brindisi and the other into the harbour at Taranto. One of them was the plane which had transported the 5 FANYs from Tunis to Brindisi.

On the evening after Christmas Day, the crews of these two planes had joined us for a party at the signals villa at Latiano, bringing with them an accordion, guitar and banjo to accompany the dancing and singing. This dreadful accident proved how dangerous Brindisi airport was, with only one runway, exposed to cross-winds and in the early days no flare path. The first flights to Poland carrying parachutists commenced at the beginning of April 1944 and during the next 3 months operations carrying parachutists and supplies were constant.

By the beginning of February we 4 FANYs had moved from the rose-pink villa near Latiano to La Capineri. The rest of our FANY unit, who had been waiting for almost 2 months in the Algiers region, were now in residence at Laureto. On February 8th the first group of parachutists arrived at Capineri from Britain. The members of Cichociemni were an exceptionally close-knit band in spite of the variety of ages and ranks, united in their heroic mission. We FANYs were indeed privileged to be associated with them and we will never forget their kindness, consideration, and friendship towards us.

I particularly remember small incidents in connection with several senior officers which showed their lack of pomposity and the sharing of the unusual conditions of life in Apulia in 1944. There was Colonel Roper-Caldbeck, of a Highland regiment, who spent the early months of 1944 supervising and participating in the establishment of the base at Latiano - a charming, courteous man, beloved by the Poles whom he understood so well and cared so much for. He needed to report to SOE in Bari frequently, but because of our shortage of vehicles transport was a problem. Nothing daunted, he would put his razor and toothbrush into his briefcase and set out on foot to hitch-hike the 60 miles to Bari. There was not a great deal of traffic on that coastal road as the Italians had no petrol and Allied military establishments were mostly north of Bari. But eventually the Colonel would be picked up by an army vehicle, and one can imagine the troops' amazement when this distinguished, colourful kilted figure appeared on their horizon.

At Capineri one spring afternoon I looked out from an upstairs balcony and saw Colonel Biaty strolling up and down in front of the entrance to the courtyard. In his arms he was cradling a little baby, the child of our young Italian cook Francesca. He had already had a distinguished career as a bomber chief in prewar Poland and in Britain, and was parachuting into Poland to play a leading role in the AK at the age of 47 (see page 297 of J. Tucholski's "Cichociemni"). Colonel Biaty and his group of 3 younger Air Force officers were good friends of mine as they had arrived at Capineri soon after we moved there from Latiano, and did not leave until the 27th of April. As far as I remember they were the only Air Force group to be with us that spring and summer.

In January 1944, while still living at Latiano (before our move to Capineri) I was

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often asked to drive Colonel Peter Boughey, a British liaison officer of SOE, who with 2 young British officers was waiting in Latiano to be dropped in Yugoslavia. Peter felt that the diet at the Mess in the Admiral's villa in Latiano was lacking in health-giving fruit and vegetables, so he and I toured the countryside to find such produce with the help of a local fig merchant. However, one evening I was asked to take Peter out on a different mission.

We left the main road and followed a narrow track through olive groves and finally vineyards. Here we came to a small isolated villa where Peter was to confer with an officer who was living there temporarily. We were admitted by the officer's batman, a young Polish soldier. I waited in a small ante-room while Peter and his host conducted their negotiations next door. After three-quarters of an hour they emerged and I was introduced to a middle-aged Polish officer, whose name was not mentioned. With great courtesy our host invited me to join the two men for supper. This was served to us by the young batman who then played softly to us on his guitar in the ante-room while we were enjoying our meal. It was a most haunting and memorable evening. It was only years later, when I saw a picture of General Leopold Okulicki, that I realised who my charming, welcoming host had been. Of course now I know his epic story in the AK and that he was dropped in Poland on 26th May 1944.

Recently my good friend Julek Piotrowski, who now lives in Wroclaw, told me that Gen. Okulicki supervised the training of the CC contingent who were based in Ostuni after their arrival in Apulia from the Middle East at the end of 1943. Their parachute training took place at the Campo Casali airfield at Brindisi. It was fitting that these gallant members of CC should set out on their hazardous journey from Brindisi, through which so many brave and distinguished men had passed. There the end of the Via Appia from Rome is marked by a single tall column at the top of a beautiful wide flight of steps leading directly to the quayside. It was here that the poet Virgil was taken ill on his return from Greece, dying nearby a few days later. Brindisi was the chief link between Rome and Greece, Byzantium, and later, of course, the Holy Land. In the town is the round church of St. John founded by the Templars. Nearby is a handsome fountain where Crusaders are said to have watered their horses before embarking for the voyage. About 35 miles up the coast from Brindisi and almost on a level with Fasano, is Egnatia, the ruined harbour from which Crusaders also crossed to Durrazzo (Durrës) in Albania to join the Via Egnatia leading via Lake Ohrid to Macedonia and Byzantium.

III 11 Inne materiały dot. rodziny relatora

- Biogram własny K. Kolczyńskiej przetłumaczony przez Ł. Nikołajczyka, wydruk, k. 2, s. 1-2
- Biogram własny K. Kolczyńskiej w j. ang., wydruk, k. 2 s. 3-4



III 4/1

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Źródło: <http://www.bbc.co.uk/ww2peopleswar/stories/04/a4157804.shtml>

Contributed by

Bocian

People in story:

Adam Kolczyński and Christine Carlotta Hoon (Kolczynska)

Location of story:

Europe

Background to story:

Royal Air Force

Article ID:

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Contributed on:

06 June 2005

Mój ojciec, Adam Kolczyński urodził się 05.06.1915 w Słomkowie, wsi położonej niedaleko Płocka w centralnej Polsce. W wieku około 19 lat dołączył do Sił Powietrznych Rzeczypospolitej Polskiej [Polish Air Force]. W czasie wybuchu II Wojny Światowej zarówno on, jak i wielu innych żołnierzy, opuścił Polskę by kontynuować walkę za granicą, najpierw we Francji w 1940, gdzie działał z Francuskimi Siłami Powietrznymi [French Air Force] w Lyonie [Lyon]. Podczas upadku Francji był ewakuowany do Anglii i tam przekwalifikowany na pilota Brytyjskiego samolotu pod dowództwem RAF. W 1942 był przydzielony do 317 Polskiej Dywizji [317 Polish Squadron] jako Officer Lotnictwa [Flying Officer]. Do jego obowiązków należało konwojowanie patrolu i przelatywanie przez Francję (wyrażenie „sweeps over France” może tutaj oznaczać tyle samo co przelatywanie nisko nad Francją – przyp. tłumacz). W kwietniu 1942 natknął się kilkakrotnie na nieprzyjaciela, prawdopodobnie zniszczył (autor tekstu użył wyrażenia „destroying and probably destroying”, gdzie widoczne powtórzenie było prawdopodobnie błędem, a autor mógł mieć na myśli “zaatakował i prawdopodobnie zniszczył” - przyp. tłumacz) 2 Focke-Wulf 190 (właśc. Focke-Wulf Fw-190 – przyp. tłumacz). Był również zaatakowany przez FW-190, a jego samolot został uszkodzony. W sierpniu tegoż roku on i inni Polacy z dywizji podjęli się osłaniania aliantów z powietrza podczas napaści na Dieppe (prawdopodobnie chodzi tutaj o Raid na Dieppe, ang. Dieppe Raid - desant przeprowadzony przez aliantów 19 sierpnia 1942 r. na francuskim wybrzeżu w rejonie portowego miasta Dieppe w okolicach Górnej Normandii – przyp. tłumacz), a następnie odwrotom. Uczestniczył w zestrzeleniu Dornier 217 (niemiecki średni samolot bombowy i nocny myśliwiec – przyp. tłumacz).

W 1943 i wczesnym okresie roku 1944 jego dywizjon przeprowadził „Ramrod” (operację Ramrod – przyp. tłumacz) dotyczącą nalotu nad Francją i Holandią. Podczas dnia D (D-day) jego dywizjon, jako część 131 Polskiego Skrzydła [131 Polish Fighter Wing], osłaniał z powietrza lądowania w Normandii. Późnym tym latem i jesienią uczestniczyli w późniejszej operacji Ramrod, eskortując bombowce i uzbrojone/zbrojne rozpoznawcze, niszcząc liczne militarne wehikuły/pojazdy wroga. Po październiku został skierowany do Wielkiej Brytanii i trenował latanie Hurricane (Hawker Hurricane – brytyjski samolot myśliwski, jednomiejscowy, jednosilnikowy dolnopłat – przyp. tłumacz), mając już doświadczenie w Splitfireach (w tekście podano Split-fire, gdy właściwie ten brytyjski jednomiejscowy myśliwiec nazywa się Supermarine Spitfire – przyp. tłumacz).

Ponownie dołączył do dywizjonu 317 w sierpniu 1945, tym razem jako część aliantów okupujących Niemcy. Dywizjon ostatecznie rozwiązał swe samoloty (w domyśle działalność – przyp. tłumacz) w 1946 i mój ojciec dołączył do Lotniczego Korpusu Przysposobienia i Rozmieszczenia [Polish Air Resettlement Corps]. Poznał moją matkę, Christien Hoon z Południowej Afryki w 1945. Z powodów politycznych w Polsce po wojnie, zdecydował nie wracać. On i Christine zaręczyli się i ostatecznie przenieśli do Południowej Afryki, gdzie ja się urodziłem. Mój ojciec kontynuował swe przerwane studia na kierunku prawa i w końcu został adiunktem [senior lecturer] na Uniwersytecie KwaZulu-Natal [Natal University]. Zmarł będąc tam wciąż zatrudnionym w 24.10.1971. Wśród jego odznaczeń związanych z okresem wojennym był Krzyż Walecznych [Polish Cross of Valour] z dwoma paskami. Jego ostatecznym stopniem był Kapitan Lotnictwa [Flight Lieutenant]

Moja matka, Christine Hoon, urodziła się w Londynie 01.06.1912, ale wychowała w Południowej Afryce. Podczas wybuchu II wojny światowej była w Europie i dołączyła przede wszystkim do London Ambulance Service. Następnie przeniosła się do the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry (FANY) (prawdopodobnie pol. Korpus Pierwszej Pomocy Pielęgniarskiej – przyp. tłumacz) i służyła jako kierowca z Southern Command na Isle of Wright i na West Country (nieformalna nazywa jednej z części Anglii – przyp. tłumacz) jak również z Polish Forces (Trudno mi stwierdzić o jakie Polskie oddziały może chodzić, prawdopodobnie chodzi o Polish Armed Forces, czyli Wojsko Polskie lub Polish Land Forces, czyli Polskie Oddziały Lądowe – przyp. tłumacz) w Szkocji. W 1943 powołano ją na terenach pozamorskich w Północnej Afryce i Włoszech jako jedna z FANY jednostek wspierających spadochroniarzy Armii Krajowej, agentów ruchu oporu, którzy przylatywali z pobliskiego Brindisi aby być zrzuconym na ich okupowaną Ojczyznę. Zaręczyła się z jednym z nich, kapitanem Janem Serafinem, który zginął w wypadku spadochroniarskim. Część tych agentów <znanych w Polsce jako Cichociemni> [the dark and silent] uczestniczyli w Powstaniu Warszawskim w 1944 roku. Pod koniec roku 1944, moja matka powróciła do Wielkiej Brytanii i pracowała w obozie Wojska Polskiego [Polish Army] w Szkocji pomagając prowadzić kantynę z młodą Sue Ryder. Poznała mego ojca w 1945 i pobrali się w 1949 w Południowej Afryce. Wiele lat później Christine spotkała ponownie paru ludzi, których знаła we Włoszech w 1944 roku. Poza tym pracowała jako wolontariuszka dla Fundacji Sue Ryder [Sue Ryder Foundation], jak również napisała szczegółowe wspomnienia swego wczesnego żywota i wojskową służbę. Zmarła 28.06.2002 w wieku 90 lat w Gloucestershire, Anglia.

Uwaga. Tłumacząc tekst na język polski pozwoliłem sobie w niektórych przypadkach zawrzeć w kwadratowym nawiasie - tj. [] - wyrażenia jakie pojawiły się w oryginale. W innych zaś nawiasach - () - dodałem również komentarze, które mogłyby rozwiązać wątpliwości związane z tekstem.

Tłumaczył: Łukasz Mikołajczyk

Wydrukowano: 10.07.2009

Źródło: <http://www.bbc.co.uk/ww2peopleswar/stories/04/a4157804.shtml>

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Location of story:

Europe

Background to story:

Royal Air Force

Article ID:

A4157804

Contributed on:

06 June 2005

My father, Adam Kolczynski, was born on 5.6.1915 in Slomkowo, a hamlet in the Plock region of central Poland. At the age of around 19 he joined the Polish Air Force. At the outbreak of World War II he, along with many other servicemen, left Poland to continue the struggle abroad, first in France in 1940, where he was based with the French Air Force in Lyon. On the fall of France he was evacuated to England and there retrained in piloting British aircraft under RAF command. In 1942 he was posted to 317 Polish Squadron as a Flying Officer.

His duties included convoy patrols and sweeps over France. In April 1942 he had several encounters with the enemy, destroying and probably destroying 2 Focke-Wulf 190s. He was also attacked by a FW-190 and had his aircraft damaged. In August of that year his and other Polish squadrons gave air cover to the Allies' raid on Dieppe and the subsequent retreat. He was involved in the downing of a Dornier 217.

In 1943 and early 1944 his squadron carried out "Ramrod" probing raids over France and the Netherlands. On D-Day his squadron, as part of 131 Polish Fighter Wing, gave air cover to the Normandy landings. During the rest of that summer and into the autumn they were involved in further Ramrod operations, escorting bombers, and armed reconnaissance, destroying numerous enemy military vehicles. After October he was posted back to the UK and trained in flying Hurricanes, having previously flown Spit-fires. He rejoined 317 in August 1945, this time as part of the Allied occupation forces

in Germany. The squadron finally gave up its planes in 1946 and my father joined the Polish Air Resettlement Corps. He had met my

mother, Christine Hoon from South Africa in 1945. Because of the political situation in Poland after the War he decided not to return. He and Christine became engaged and eventually moved to South Africa where I was born. My father resumed his interrupted law studies and eventually became a senior lecturer at Natal University. He died while still employed there on 24.10.1971. Among his wartime decorations was the Polish Cross of Valour (Krzyz Walecznych) with 2 bars. His final rank was Flight Lieutenant. My mother, Christine Hoon, was born in London on 1.6.1912 but brought up in South Africa. At the outbreak of World War II she was in Europe, and joined, first of all, the London Ambulance Service. She then transferred to the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry (FANY) and served as a driver with the Southern Command on the Isle of Wight and in the West Country and also with Polish Forces in Scotland. In 1943 she was posted overseas to North Africa and Italy, as one of a FANY unit providing back-up services to Polish Home Army parachutists, resistance agents, who were flown from near Brindisi to be dropped in their occupied homeland. She became engaged to one of them, Captain Jan Serafin, who lost his life in a parachuting accident. A number of these agents (known in Polish as "cichociemni" - the dark and silent) were involved in the 1944 Warsaw Uprising. At the end of 1944 my mother was posted back to the UK and worked at a Polish Army camp in Scotland, helping to run a canteen with the young Sue Ryder. She met my father in 1945 and they married in 1949 in South Africa. Many years later Christine met again some of the men she had known in Italy in 1944. Among other things she worked as a volunteer for the Sue Ryder Foundation and also wrote a detailed memoir of her early life and war service. She died on 28.6.2002 aged 90, in Gloucestershire, England.

IV Korespondencja





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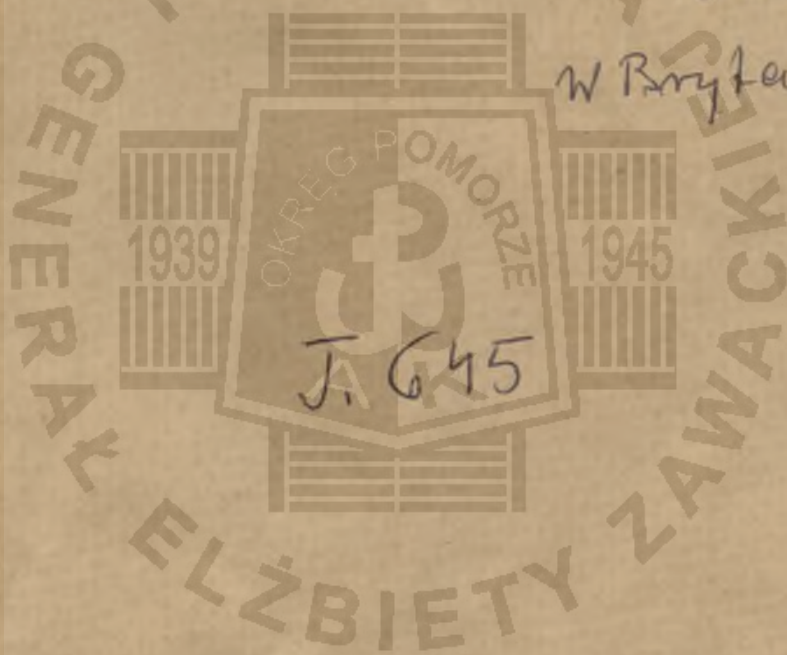
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Nd: C. KOLCZYŃSKA

STROUD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE GL6 6TN. W. BRYTANIA

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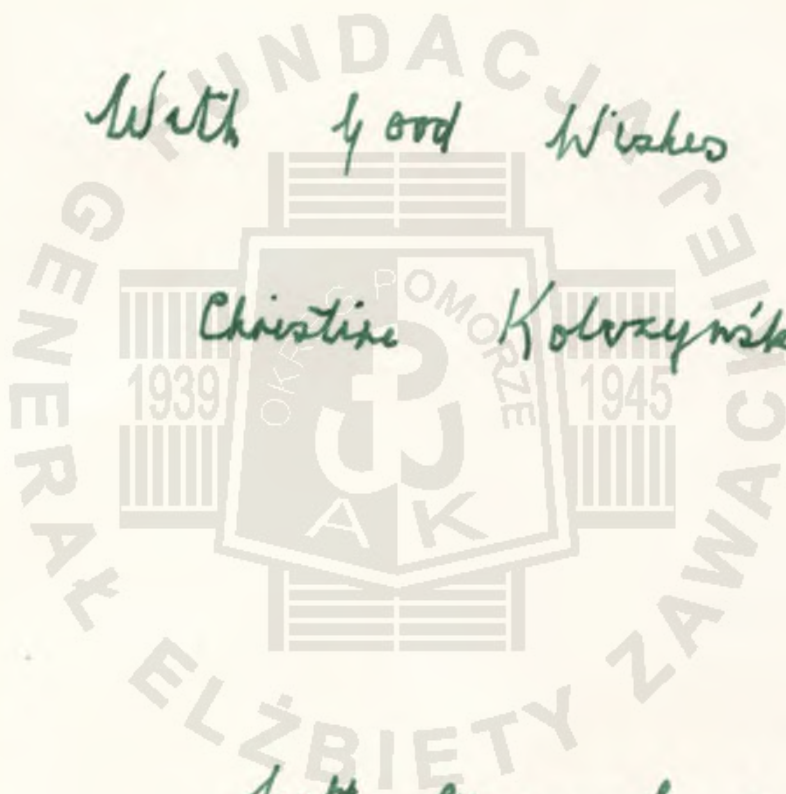




With Good Wishes

Christine Koloszyńska.

South African Landscape.



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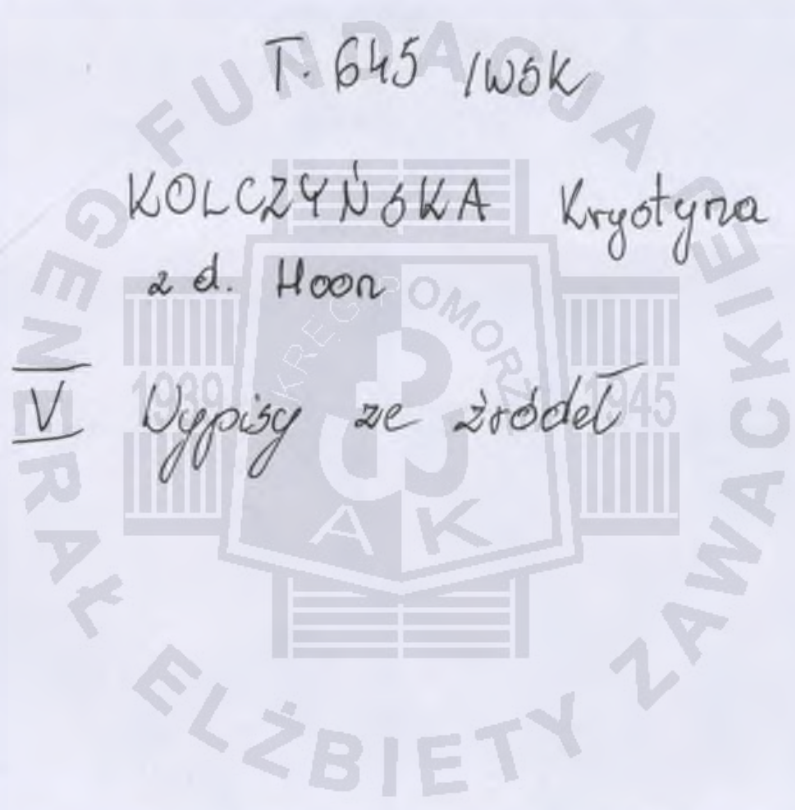
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T. 645 1W5K

KOLCZYŃSKA Kryotyna
z d. Hoon

V

Wypisy ze źródeł



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T. G451WSK

45, FANY

KOLCZYŃSKA Christine
z d. HOON

Ur. 01.06.1912 w Londynie, dorastała w ^{Północnej} ~~Północno-zachodniej~~ Afryce. W trakcie wybuchu wojny dołączyła do London Ambulance Service, potem przeszła do FANY jako kierowca.

Następnie trafiła do Północnej Afryki i Włoch jako wsparcie AK wchodzącym, niemu oporu w okupowanych obozach.

Na końcu 1944 wróciła do Wielkiej Brytanii i pracowała w obozie Polskiej Armii w Siliwoji, pomagając prowadzić kantyner z miodem Sue Ryder.
Zm. w wieku 80 lat w Gloucestershire, Anglia

~~2014~~ DO PANI ANI R. !!!

Kobieto, która trzeba opisać z d. ma Hoon.

Jej prawdziwe imię to Christine ponieważ nie była Polką. Polkuie narzuciła prejsca po mężu. Należała do FANY czyli po pol. jako OCHOTNICZY KORPUS PIERWSZEJ POMOCY PIELĘGNIARSKIEJ. Ich rola była m.in opiece nad uchodźcami. Stąd wszystko co opisano wiąże się z opisami Polki odhciałsw. ~~z opisu~~ który odhciałsw dowiadujemy się już o niej samej. Ten właśnie opis (jej i jej męża) tłumaczył. Nie zdanytem przetłumaczył coś wice znacie to w domu i przesłał pani Ani z sekretariatu na e-mail i ona poda. W tłumaczeniu podaje nazwy własne oryginalne i polskie odpowiedniki aby mieć pewność że zostały wiod uwe przetłumaczone. Podaje tam też własne komentarze wyjaśniające. Potrzebuję jakoś opracować alfabetu i karty info. TUKAZR K.

KOLCZYŃSKA	645	specyfikacja
Christine	nr teczki	LAS, FANY
nazwisko, imię /hasło/		organizacja
HOON		Londyn, Isle of Wight, Szkocja,
nazwisko panieńskie		teren działania Półn. Afganistan, Włocławek
KOLCZYŃSKA, 1949		
nazwisko po mężu /z datą zmiany/		data i miejsce rozpoczęcia służby
		stopień wojskowy
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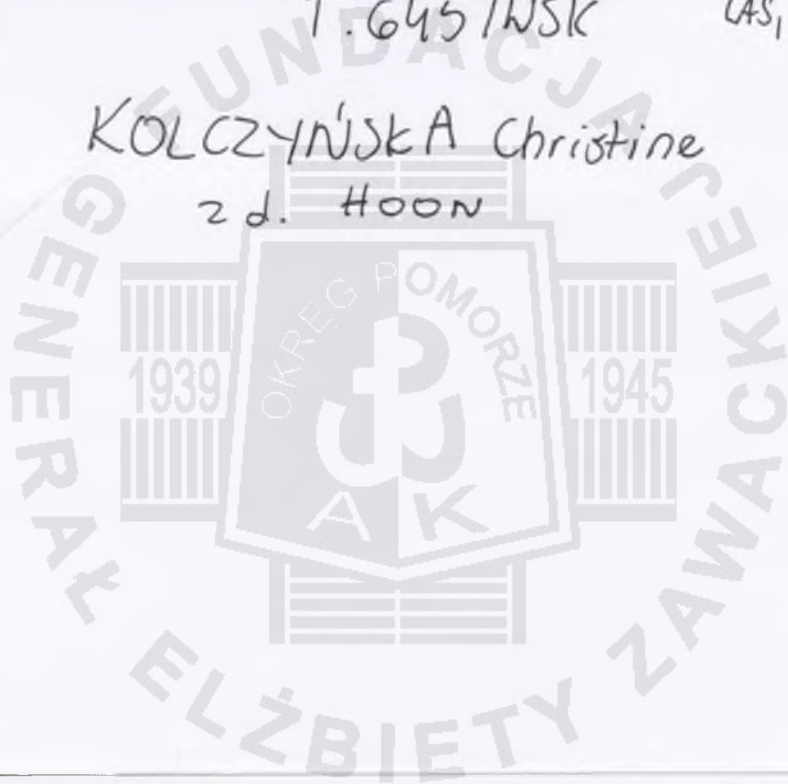
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LAS, FANY

KOLCZYŃSKA Christine
z d. HOON



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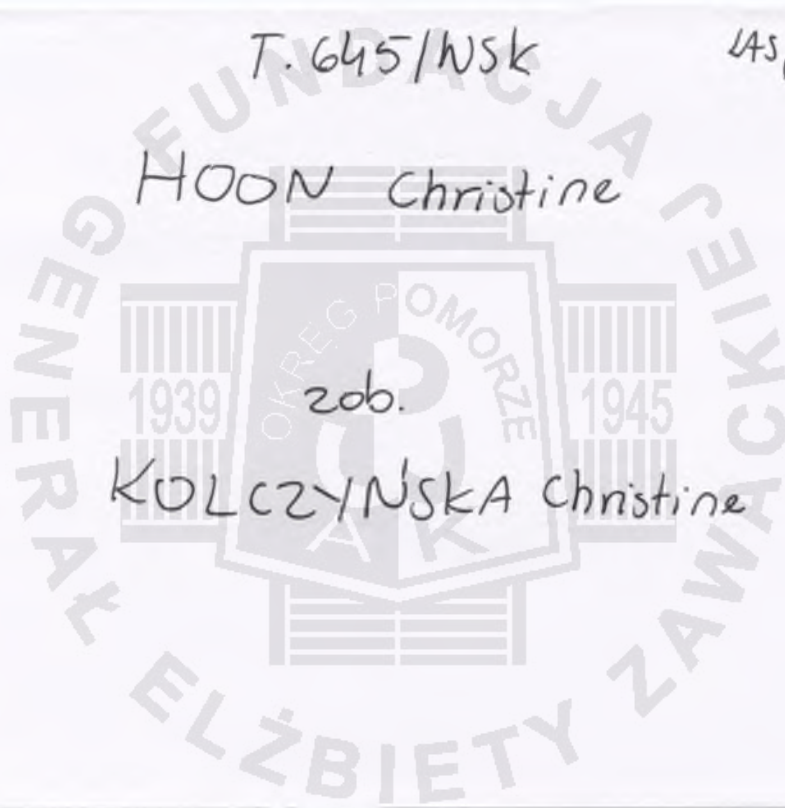
HOON Christine

1939

zob.

1945

KOLCZYŃSKA Christine



KOLCZYŃSKA KRYSZYŃKA



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