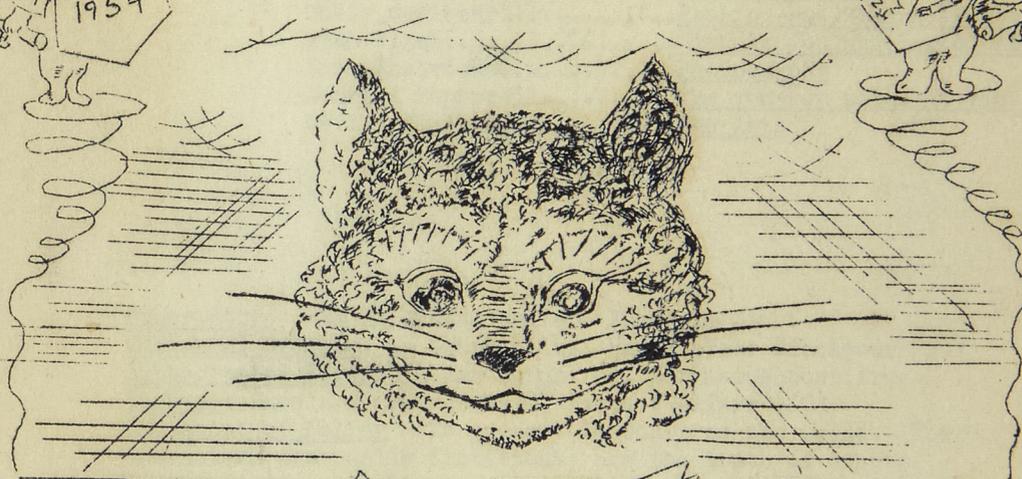


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THE CHESHIRE SMILE.



CHESHIRE FOUNDATION - LE COURT - LISB.

J.M.B.E.S.

"THE CHESHIRE SMILE"

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Statement of Policy To present Le Court to the world. Few
characters are really fictitious; and the truth of events
described may well be open to question.

Le Court _____ Liss _____ Hants.

THE CHESHIRE SMILE.

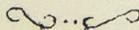
Vol. I.

DECEMBER, 1954.

No. I.

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THE CHESHIRE SMILEG.C.'s. MESSAGE

Midhurst.

Dear Le Court,

This, I am afraid, is a very short message, because the doctors are sitting on my tail; but I want to send a word of welcome to the magazine, and also to send my love and best wishes.

I had such a happy visit the other day, and came away deeply impressed by what I saw. For me it was a great day and was like coming home after a long and distant journey. The new building is even better than my wildest hopes, and I can hardly get over it. I shall never know how to thank the Carnegie Trust properly. How you managed the move so smoothly and quickly still remains a mystery to me, and it speaks volumes for the Committee, the Warden and all those who were responsible - not to mention those of you who suffered in silence! Above everything you have brought the old family spirit with you - in fact it seems to me to be even stronger than ever; and I am sure that there will now be no looking back.

In a very few weeks now I shall be out of here and staying at Laundry Cottage, so the rest of the message I will bring in person.

G.C.

FATHER JOSEPH HOGAN'S MESSAGE.

Congratulations on your praiseworthy ambition to produce a periodical which aspires to raise a smile!

As there are different displays of that facial formation, the personal prefix you have chosen in your title decides your smile to be unique, presuming it will indicate and interpret in some measure, at least, the living original who is certainly unique. Whoever suggested the title knew there is more in a smile than meets the eye and, in a Cheshire Smile, a lot which is not wholly meant for only a funny paper.

You have undertaken a privileged task and have a golden opportunity as well as a real and rare responsibility. It is no light matter to broadcast the name of Cheshire and to include its smile, because a smile is the expression of a spirit, far deeper than a laugh, which is not profound.



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To plant and portray the Cheshire spirit and make it infectious confers a benefit on mankind.

The Mona Lisa smile remains an enigma for artists: probably the Cheshire Smile intrigues Christians. It seems to be surprising some humanitarians.

Forward the, "The Cheshire Smile", and may it spread far and wide and the Cheshire spirit with it !

J.H.



THE REV. REX TYLER'S MESSAGE

The Old and the New.

"The manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten the old corn of the land". (Joshua v.12).

The giving of the manna to the Israelites was one of the notable providences. They were facing starvation in the desert, and in the hour of their extremity God gave them this food from heaven. Having now reached the end of their wanderings, the manna ceased. The people awoke that morning and the ground was no longer white - it was golden with the ripened corn of the Promised Land.

It seems to me that something like that has happened recently to the "Family" of Le Court.

Under the good providence of God, members of the "family" had, for varying lengths of time, found a real home in the old Le Court in which flourished a live family spirit of love, joy and fellowship. Like the manna to the Israelites, it was God's provision until, in His own good time, they should enjoy the "ripened corn of the land" - the new comforts and amenities of the new Le Court.

It was perhaps natural that some should sigh for the "manna" of the old house. After all, was it not a miracle of God in a time of need.

It was a great thing for Israel to enter the Promised Land, but when they did so they lost the bread of angels. For forty years they had battled towards the land, and when it was theirs the miracle of every morning was no more. It took a long time, no doubt, for them to realise that something is lost with everything gained. As we grow up we lose the simplicity and trust of childhood, but we gain the added knowledge and wider outlook of maturity. We lose our health, but we

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find the grace of God. A palace may not immediately become a home until we remember that a home is not made of material things but of the people within it.

Love, joy, peace, longsuffering, faith, hope - characteristics of the old Le Court - were not of our making. They are fruits of the Spirit; and will still be manifested in the new Le Court inasmuch as "we have fellowship one with another...and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son, Jesus Christ". (I St. John, I).

Rex Tyler.

INTRODUCTION TO THE FIRST ISSUE.

BY

THE EDITOR: S.J. RADFORD.

A Happy Christmas to you all from all of us, and with Tiny Tim we say "God bless us every one".

As you all know, a meeting was held on the third of November and the decision to produce a magazine was taken by a unanimous vote. There had been some talk of the desirability of the patients and staff getting together and, drawing upon the fund of talent among our ranks, to do something about a magazine, but it was not until the Warden in his last newsletter crystalized the "talk about" to a demand to "do" that the project took final shape !

The meeting of those interested was the result and thus, this, the "Hullo" number of "The Cheshire Smile" was born. It is for you that this offering is intended and it is only you who can make the undertaking a success. You will not want to read anything out of touch with your tastes and needs. Magazines are intended to be read and Not used for lighting the fire; (Yes, we have central heating !) or packing up the leg of the piano.

At present it is intended to use only the facilities available, but ambition will play no small part.

THE CHESHIRE SMILE

It is hoped that, in the course of time, we shall be able to afford a small printing press. Everyone will agree that a printed page is much more interesting to read and certainly much more attractive than a duplicated one.

So again, the magazine needs your support; it needs contributions from you and about you. Let us have no nonsense about "Don't shoot the pianist. He's doing his best". If the magazine doesn't please you - sack the chap who's running it and get someone else to do the job. If there is no-one willing to do the job ... Shut it down!

Cold boiled fish (not tropical) is no sort of diet! A lukewarm magazine is neither fish nor fowl nor good red herring. A fishy business you may say ... first you talk of success and now, almost in the same breath, an allusion to failure. Let's face it, these things have been tried before but success or failure has, in most cases, depended upon the need and the intelligent co-operation of those for whom it was intended.

If there is criticism, let's have it. It may or may not be helpful, but in any case it will clear the air. Only in this way can your views be put to use.

This magazine is not a closed shop to circularise the whims or wishes of any particular person or group.

It is hoped you will like what you have read and that, in the next issue, after taking the magazine's temperature and the pulse of our readers, we shall be able to say with the circus down "Here we are again."

OPENING DAY - 2nd DECEMBER, 1954

Official speeches can be soul destroying - full of trite remarks clinches, etc., but no-one could have wished for more witty, workmanlike and to the point speeches than those given by the speakers at the official opening of the new Le Court.

Professor Cheshire took the chair and apologised for so doing in the absence of the Rt.Hon.Lord Justice Denning who was unavoidably detained by affairs in London. He proceeded in his inimitable way to open the meeting and to introduce the speakers. He gave a short summary of events leading up to and the reasons for, the building of the new and evacuation of the old Le Court. When describing the precarious state of the old place he paused, it is to be imagined, to allow the old building to take its cue and disintegrate but unfortunately such management can only be found in fiction or upon the stage.

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G.C. followed with a review of the early beginning - the failures and successes - and the gradual transformation of those early aims into the project which we all know now and which is symbolised in the name Le Court.

In declaring the building open Mr. David Marshall of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust, with a true Scotsmans love of jest at the Scots supposed nearness, mentioned in passing, that G.C. had come South with more spoils than anyone else since the time of Edward I. and what is more, with their approval ! He remarked upon the good work of his colleague Sir George Dyson and his daughter Miss Dyson in acting as liason officers between the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust and the Committee of the Cheshire Foundation. This enabled the Trust to take a more intimate interest in the scheme, than was usual or possible in other cases; indeed the whole project depended very largely on Sir George's personal care and convictions. Mr. Marshall gave praise to the craftsmen and workmen engaged on the new building without whose skill and hard work nothing could be accomplished.

He made known his dislike of the word "stop-gap" as if it was only a matter of time for the fairy god mother of the Welfare State to right all inequalities and anomalies surviving from other days. He thought that it would be impossible for the state to cater for every problem of society and if by "stop-gap" we meant such a permanent and eminently desirable and practical ideal as Le Court - then, the more gaps that were found to be filled the better.

Hughie Evans then spoke on behalf of the patients and staff. He spoke with feeling backed by personal experience of G.C.'s great work, of the magnanimity of the Carnegie Trust and with appreciation of the confort and appointment of the new building.

Professor Cheshire closed the memorable occasion with thanks to all the dear friends of Le Court who had assisted in a hundred different ways with colour schemes, pelments and curtains etc. He showed commendable discretion and illustrated that discretion was the better part of valour in that he refused to select names for individual mention. For to credit everyone with their particular good work would have imposed an endurance test of some magnitude upon his audience and to pick out names for special mention would prove to have hazards of another order.

OUR THANKS

I know that everyone here would like me to record our thanks to Miss Bridget Saxon for the pianoforte recital she gave us at Le Court earlier in

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the year and also for the invitation to her recital at the Wigmore Hall on the 17th November, of which several of us were able to take advantage.

I am sure that Miss Saxon with her robust playing, struck another blow at that still surviving patronage of the male sex towards women pianists; this in spite of a Dame Myra Hess and a Harriet Cohen, to mention only two other women masters of the key board.

//////

Our gratitude also to the Women's Circle, the Round Table and Sergeant Lornel and P.C. Thorn for entertaining us on a recent Saturday.

Good works such as theirs receive thanks which may sometimes sound perfunctory - indeed words seem somewhat inadequate to express our feelings in the matter. Yet words are all we have to make known our appreciation - words and the obviously happy faces of their audience which must have, in some measure, helped to make them feel the worthwhileness of their efforts.

PRESS BUTTON X.

One day during the first World War a small boy ran along one of those seaside piers to where the penny-in-the-slot machines are ranged for the entertainment of the flippant and the young.

The opposing football teams made no appeal, nor did the Gypsy Fortune-Teller with finger laid on sibyline lips. He passed too the schooner perched on a turbulent sea of dusty silk, its heaving billows frozen into immobility; a painted ship upon a painted ocean, that lacked no breezes but half an ounce of minted copper to raise an ariel tempest.

The boy's skipping run ceased abruptly before a case bearing the label, "Hanging the Kaiser". His expression became absorbed, his hand clasped a solitary penny, as he gazed into the glass case before him. A grey stone prison stood within, depicted with no greater skill than he himself might have essayed. His eager eyes roamed from the double doors below to the flagless mast above the castellated tower.

The warn penny slipped into the slot and fell with a tinkle to its appointed place, when an anticipatory whirr of wheels entranced his ears. Slowly the great doors opened, creaking on their hinges. From the dark interior sounded a tolling bell and a priest in grubby surplice with stole about his aged neck jerked forward, every step imperilling the open book upon his hands. At this moment the ominous castle obligingly withdrew a portion of its stone wall, discovering to the boy's enchanted gaze the hot-headed offspring of Queen Victoria with a rope about his Imperial neck. The trapdoor opens beneath him, he disappears from view, and high above a black flag flutters to the masthead. The priest retires whence he came - backwards - too shaken, mechanically, to contemplate the culprit's end. The doors close, the miraculous wall replaces itself, the

THE CHESHIRE SMILE

flag is struck and the accompaniment of whirring wheels draws to a full close. The show is over.

It may well be, if the pier survived the devastation of a second war, that some Dictator now awaits a chance penny to send him to his doon.

As the boy reluctantly turned away, he became conscious of a new and unfamiliar machine. Its clean glass case was larger than the others; it had, however, no slot for pennies, merely a button marked with a cross which any child might press.

The boy peered at the show within. It seemed to be a disappointing reflection of the world we know today: distraught with suspicion, fear and hunger, torn asunder by antagonism of caste, creed and colour, crippled by armaments and wasted resources. In the midst was a naked man, symbol of humanity, afloat in a cockle-shell of a boat built to sail the sea of life but three score years or so. Proud man, so to astonish the universe and yet remain a mote upon a sunbeam's track.

The boy, still hoping for a picture of revenge and sudden death, pressed the button. At once the scene became transfigured. Spiritual understanding and creative science went hand in hand. The people of all nations became one fellowship in peace. Again God walked the earth.

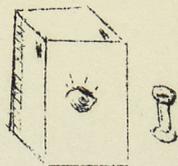
The boy, not apprehending the power beneath his finger, nor what magic lay within his heart to transform the world about him, closed his bewildered eyes. When he opened them he saw nothing but the summer sea stretching to the horizon and the blue sky above.

Harcourt Williams.

THE BOX CAMERA - SOME "DO'S" AND "DON'TS".

How many times, when being shown photographs by one's friends have you heard the excuse - for some fault or other - "I only have a box camera". But a simple box camera will take very good pictures if a little care is used.

The first thing to remember is that the camera must be, at least six feet away from the person or object being photographed. I have seen many photos, taken with this simple type camera with the main subject - the point of interest - blurred, indistinct and the background, distant things of only subsidiary account, sharply outlined. This was because the main subject was less than six feet away from the camera; but do not get too far away or the subject will appear insignificant.

THE CHESHIRE SMILETHE CAMERA MUST BE HELD PERFECTLY STILL.

This is a primary rule and it would seem a little over obvious to emphasize it, but it is surprising the number of photographs spoilt by the anxiety of the newcomer to get the shutter clicking. The results of ignoring this piece of advice is an ill-defined image and smudged background.

NEVER FIRE THE SHUTTER WITH A JERK, but press it slowly and gently. Some box cameras have two lens openings, marked "Bright" and "Dull". The opening with "Bright" on it is for use at the Seaside only, for other photos set it at "Dull".

There is an idea abroad that a box camera cannot be used indoors; this is quite wrong. If it is standing on a firm support such as a table and set at B and the trigger held down it stays open long enough for photos to be taken in a room with a large window, but do not try holding it in the hand.

This sounds a lot of trouble, but it will be worth it when you see the photos.

Eric Fosbrooke.

A POEM

Two Le Court nurses reclining in deck chairs - Summer 1953.

The shadows lengthen,
The sun declines;
The summer evening whispers peace -
As, gazing from my window high,
A dazzling vision meets the eye;
Two figures, too sublime for earth,
Such as I had not seen since birth;
The one in white, and one in pink;
(Too quiet for women one may think)
But such an "eye-full" resting there,
That I could only stand and stare,
Goggle, and gape and wonder.

H.Q.

LOFTY.

As a valedictory wave to Lofty, it would be appropriate at this moment to recall a Cameo of Le Court life, in which he was involved. It illustrates his, sometimes unconscious humour - his basic consideration for the pro-

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prieties and general kindness.

The Priest had brought Communion one Sunday morning to a patient in the big ward and the radio had been left working. Fortunately the music was organ music by Bach and the Priest didn't even notice that the radio was playing.

After the Priest had left, Lofty's stage whisper from the other side of the screen was heard enquiring,

"Was it all right about the wireless?"

"Er - Yes", replied the other patient, "It was very appropriate".

"Oh! That's all right then" said Lofty in a relieved tone of voice "I was dead scared they would break into The Happy Wanderer!"

A SHORT STORY.

Not long ago - certainly well within living memory - a youngster of some thirteen summers, and quite a problem to those responsible for his well being; on a certain summer day at high noon, slipped slyly away from his boarding school, easily eluding the long-suffering old porter at the entrance lodge. This absconding escapade, resourcefully entered upon, is not to be thought of as consequent upon his receiving any lack of care or kindness, but rather ascribed to a certain unreasoning restlessness and vague craving for adventure. He certainly was not driven to it in desperation as an Oliver Twist might have been.

Having gained and bravely set out upon the King's Highway and having tramped and trudged throughout a long hot afternoon and evening without refreshment along almost deserted country lanes; now at dusk finds himself approaching a small town with little idea as to how and where he will spend the night. Unafraid, and still buoyed up with youthful dreams of some soon-to-be-discovered El Dorado, or "land-of-spice-and-everything-nice"; he calmly squats at the roadside to rest his weary limbs and contemplate his dilapidated condition. Perhaps he allows himself a brief and wistful retrospect and realises he would normally have had a satisfying supper and been comfortably in bed by this time. If so he smotheres the thought. A renewal of determination asserts itself and he again sets off.

It is now late and dark and he is soon well within the confines of this town of dimly lit streets and surrounded by a well hidden and slumbering community. A lone child in a strange and unwelcoming world. A swinging sign attracts his attention and he reads thereon with some

THE CHESHIRE SMILE

difficulty, "The George and Dragon". For the first time he falters: his little feet are very sore, and he is very hungry and tired indeed, as with diminishing confidence, he thinks of knocking at the inn door, all unilluminated and uninviting.

The few remaining lights in the street flicker and go out, and a blustering wind sends a shiver down his slender little spine. And now a real sense of danger and desperation overcome his hesitation and he thumps on the door. There is no answer and he knocks still louder. Although he cannot hear it, there are ominous rumblings and mountainous movements within. Then upstairs, a candle is lighted to the accompaniment of coarse cursings and synchronising with yet a third effort on Willi's part (for that is his name) a huge and threatening female form with a truly terrifying face appears at a first floor window which is roughly flung open. A towelled head is thrust forward and Willie gasps and quails before this hitherto undreamed of horror.

Standing his ground however, for at least she is not near enough to pounce upon him, his little brain works fast; and when the awful savage challenge comes "What do you want" he is ready. To himself he whispers, "This must be the dragon", but aloud his thin boyish voice pierced the night "Please could I see George?"

We hasten to assure the tender hearted reader that there was a happy ending, but demand upon our valuable space precludes the details. And should anyone slightly blasé have read or heard before, a similar story and consider it somewhat corny - well, please keep it dark; at least this is an original version !

H.Q.

THIS WEEK'S SHAGGY DOGGERELODE TO A TIN OF IRISH STEW.

O! Thou sacred tin of golden hue !
 Enshrining within an Irish Stew,
 Renit to us in fullest measure,
 The vitamins that give us pleasure.
 Before we die admit a question,
 Was the bull, involved, retired on pension ?
 Or was the holocaust a Papal Bull ?
 For we understand from those with pull
 That Papal Bulls are bound with leather
 And what we want to know is whether,
 The wrong bull got into the tin ?
 For, from the taste its flanks were thin.
 However, to the drowning man a straw,
 We wouldn't argue if the meat was raw.

S.J.R.

THE CHESHIRE SMILELETTER BOX.

Let us have any letters, post-cards etc., which would be of general interest. This is where almost everyone can "Have a go!". We want letters about you personally and about the wide world (which we all know is flat!) outside Le Court. They do say that there are horseless carriages these days! Now, there's an interesting fact! You would never have known about it if you hadn't read Letter-box. So let's have your letters, but please keep them short and sign them.

Note: (Re illustrations) With apologies to our Scottish friends for E H R please read E R. Also we would point out that our letter box has been reinforced !

DOWN IN THE ROCK, SOMETHING STIRRED

Her head, gold tressed and like to the ripening corn, lay lightly pillowed on his broad shoulder, in sweet and delicious repose; her young eager face, illumined as from within by a fairy radiance that comes but once to a maid with her lover. He was so near, so breathlessly near his clear-cut features taut with the concentration of solicitude, that a lock of her fair hair caressingly swept his flushed cheek. He caught his breath; this was the moment; would she dread it for ever after? Must he really hurt this defenceless girl?

She spoke not a word...what word was there to speak? But her trusting eyes gazed appealingly and near-tearfully into those dark and level orbs of his, now filled with a sort of piteous care...his breath came sharply and he began to smile a smile of calm triumph...her heart beat, urgent and loud within her, a maidenly warning...would he?

Suddenly, before she could move, he spoke; and at his words the girl shuddered: "There are two cavities to be filled", the dentist said, picking up his drill.

Uncle Guber

THE TEMPLE OF MISTRAS.A Ghostly Story

All characters and situations in this story are, without exception, the figments of imagination.

The story begins in the County of Hampshire. It was in a cottage near the railway and in this cottage lived a professor of fission and his name was Michael Thompson and the professor had a lovely daughter whose name was Sally Thompson and the professor's daughter Sally Thompson was learning to be a nurse



THE CHESHIRE SMILE

in a hospital in London and the Hospital's name was St. Josephine's.

It was when Sally Thompson was home from London and the professor Mike Thompson was in his room when the daughter Sally Thompson went to her father's room and when Sally Thompson opened the door of her father's room she found the professor unconscious on the bed and now the daughter was crying because she found her father professor sprawled over his chair and when Sally Thompson told the professor's valet Joseph Anders what the matter was with the professor and after looking at the professor, the professor's valet Joseph Anders phoned the doctor and when the doctor looked at the professor the doctor said he didn't know what was wrong with him and after thinking about it the doctor whose name was Alan Reese phoned the police.

The detective found a thirty-eight revolver with about five chambers full and one chamber was empty and the detective thought - WHO HAS EMPTIED THIS CHAMBER ? - and when the gun was found the valet Joseph Anders left the room suspicious.

At the time of the valet leaving the room there was a loud shot and then there was a scream. The detective Prawn rushed to the kitchen and the detective Prawn saw a shadow pass the window and he flung the door open but there was no-one there, but the detective Prawn found a blonde hair with a blue stain on it. The detective Prawn smiled to himself as he re-entered the house and found the cook lying on the floor looking pale and frightened. It was the cook who had screamed and on the floor was a mincing machine and as Prawn touched the mincing machine it fell apart and the mincing machine disclosed a HAND! As the hand lay on the floor the index finger pointed to the farthest corner of the room from the door and the detective Prawn mused - I wonder!!

There was a knock on the door and as the detective Prawn helped the cook to her feet detective Prawn said - Silence - he said, and the detective Prawn opened the door and a tall slim blonde was outside the detective Prawn said - Ha - and who are you ? and the blonde told the detective Prawn What did he want to know for ? Anyway it was Tawdry Rampage. Why have you a blue stain on your hair said the detective Prawn. I spilt a bottle of ink down it said Tawdry Rampage and the detective Prawn laughed cynically and said to himself - A likely story - and the detective Prawn told the blonde Tawdry Rampage to come in and the blonde said she was feeling cold and was glad to come in. The detective Prawn asked the cook - Is this the woman ? - and the cook said - Yes - and the cook asked the detective - can I throw the hand away ? The detective said - No, it is a clue ! And when they looked in the direction of the hand the hand had disappeared. There was a scratching noise at the pantry door and everyone stood still and listened but they heard nothing.

(Whose hand was it? What was it that was scratching at the pantry door ? What had the God Mistras to do with it ? Read our next instalment and remember what you have read for we shall not attempt a synopsis).

THE CHESHIRE SMILEFROM IVY.THINK:

In this new home all spit and polish,
 And of the food you all demolish,
 Telephones ringing - Aussies singing,
 Of all the money little Harold's winning.
 The lovely rooms with colour schemes
 Something out of Midsummer's dreams
 Wash-basins and bathrooms there's no need to shirk
 And - thank goodness ! lavatories that really work.
 In this new home there's plenty to be done
 But we've got time to have a bit of fun.
 Terry dear, be off with you
 Making eyes at you know who !
 Now look out Betty - don't get in a stew
 Basil's about to fall in front of you.
 Lets keep this bit of fun and laughter
 And we'll work 'till the hereafter.

SO:

Don't be hard on the domestic staff
 Give honour where its due
 Don't forget in days gone by
 The old we cleaned up bright like new.

THINGS THE EDITOR HEARS.

Ted Sleaman: I think that the mag. will be a flipping good idea !

Mr. Campbell: I don't think I know the Editor but if he has had a
 run on "The Times" all well and good !

The Proprietor of the local fish-shop: I could do with a couple of
 quire !

Miss Seton: Not too much salt please !

Mr. Best: What are your Advertisement Charges ?
 Lampshades, lovely Lampshades !

The views of Kavanaugh, the cat, were sought but he remained non-
 committal. He did enumerate the three essentials he considered im-
 portant in life - food, warmth and the pursuit of other cats
 (preferably those of the opposite sex).

THE CHESHIRE SMILE

The necessity for a magazine ? Well, yes! But he thought the question already answered by the fish-shop proprietor.

Molly is willing to become the Fashion Adviser to the "Cheshire Smile".

Miss Walker has laid down a challenge to race Jimmy Best (in a wheelchair) up the corridor. We await the result and the crashing of broken glass with interest. This has been unavoidably delayed owing to Miss Walker leaving for sunnier climes.

We have to state that it is purely coincidental that the lift always fails halfway up when Nurse Ford is in it.

Molly has regretfully declined to accept the position of Fashion Adviser to the "Cheshire Smile".

It is absurdly true that one, who shall be nameless, has covered a bedcradle by mistake, instead of a lampshade frame. The patient whose cradle was involved now uses a lamp-shade frame. Has anybody any use for a rather original lampshade ?

Molly is undecided about becoming the Fashion Adviser to the "Cheshire Smile".

We view with quiet (!) relief the return last month of that well known primitive, Mr. Harold Cole, after his visit of goodwill to Oxford. Missionaries, after all, have not always been so well-used.

If there should be a suggestion, however apparently well intentioned, that we should have our tails cut off...remember, two things

1. The Warden holidayed in the Isle of Man !
2. The tale of the lions in Aesop's Fables !

We wish Molly would make up her mind !

LIMERICK

There was a young lady of Ryde,
Who ate some green apples and died:

THE CHESHIRE SMILE

The apples fermented,
 Inside the lamented;
 And made cy-der, in-side-her, in-side.

HELP US TO HELP YOU

J. Best, Chairman of Welfare Committee.

Welfare Fund!! - What's that ?

There seems at times some confusion in the minds of some of us, as to the purpose and limitations of the Welfare Fund. I have thought this would be a good opportunity to try to straighten out some of the misconceptions and explain as clearly as possible the facts.

The Welfare Fund started in a very small way and up to August 1953, the monies from it were used almost exclusively for the buying and repairs of radio sets, in fact it should really have been called "The Radio Fund".

It was decided that to try to live a step closer to G.C.'s original ideal - a chance for disabled people to live as full a life as possible, to be an asset to the community instead of a burden - the Patients here at Le Court should be made responsible for their own Welfare Fund.

Under the Constitution agreed upon on August 1st. 1953, the funds which were formerly dealt with by the Warden were freely handed over into the keeping of the newly elected Patients Welfare Committee. The Patients Committee also took over seven other separate funds: The Canteen - Radio - Petrol - Amenities - Newspapers - Art Therapy and Occupational Therapy Funds, all these funds now being under the one name and one Committee - The Patients Welfare Fund.

The monies for these various funds are derived from the following sources. Patients, Staff and friends' donations - Dances - Jumble Sales - Salvage - Canteen profit and handicraft work for Fete and other stalls.

As the majority of patients receive only 6/6 a week pocket money, there is no fixed subscription as it was agreed it would be unfair; it is left to each patient to support their fund if they can. Remember if it's unfair to make a fixed subscription it's also unfair to let others do all the giving. The usual amounts for "6/6's" is 3d. or 6d. This money is collected every Wednesday morning by our Treasurer along with the newspaper money. This money is paid into the radio fund.

(To be continued).

Fashion Flash: Molly says hats will be worn on the head next season.