

"Cheshire Smile"



The Cheshire Foundation

Le Court, Liss, Hants.

" THE CHESHIRE SMILE "

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Le Court - - Liss - - Hants

THE CHESHIRE SMILE

Vol.I

No.3.

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The Cheshire Smile



ROYAL OCCASION.

We have just heard the wonderful news that Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, is visiting Le Court as G.C.'s guest on Wednesday afternoon March 23rd.

This is the proudest moment in our history, and we are determined, in every possible way, to help G.C. to make Her Majesty really at home, and thus live up to all our ideals.

EDITORIAL

Dear Friends,

If I say that our ambitions have been too ambitious you may be able to accuse me of repetitiveness, but not unfortunately of untruth. I said in my last letter that we were hoping to print the next issue, but you have no idea how difficult is this printing business. Apparently it is not enough to press a button and speak kindly to the machine to obtain a nicely printed page of the "Smile" - No - technical words that flash about my hear - chases - formes - points - setting rules - composing sticks, etc. are causing my grey hairs to whiten visibly! However we will do our best. We have had Ted Sleaman injected with printers ink and are now awaiting results.

Our renowned, primitive artist, Mr. Harold (Nipper) Cole, is now trying to make "a corner" in another field of the arts. Hearing terrifying sounds coming from the terrace and fearing that someone was not only standing on Kavanagh's tail but loitering, a posse of patients prepared for anything came upon

the truly amazing sight of Nipper practising on the mouth organ. Will Mr. Larry Adler please move along?

There is a suggestion in Letter Box which is really intriguing and had, as a matter of fact, received some consideration before. It is for us to make a film about Le Court. We had thought of widening the subject to embrace generally the problem of the younger incapacitated but this must await time and opportunity; indeed, the cost itself will not be inconsiderable. Nevertheless, it is something to exercise our imagination: any ideas on the subject will be most welcome. May I at the same time plead for help from subscribers in the matter of their likes and dislikes and views generally. We tend to become parochial in our approach, in fact, it is our job partly so to be, but I think that everyone here at Le Court would hate the magazine to become bogged down in purely local affairs. Le Courtiers have an insatiable curiosity about the outside world and we should like the pages of the "Smile" to be a mutual exchange of information.

It is with much regret that I have to announce Jimmy Best's desire to resign from the Editorial Board. His help in getting the "Smile" running has been invaluable, but he considered he had been trying to do too much and it was inevitable that, sooner or later, he would have to relinquish one or other of his many activities. He has agreed however to continue to help the Board in any way possible. We, on our part, gladly accept his kind offer which can only be to everyone's benefit. Thanks Jim!

This is, it seems to me, a propitious moment to review the basis and working arrangements of "The Cheshire Smile", and to provide it with a more official status. Up to the present it has been a matter for improvisation and experiment - an exciting experiment: as a difficulty arose, we adapted and adopted. But now with "the shape of things to come" more clearly discernable, it is possible (and indeed necessary) to have matters constituted more formally. This will give even greater confidence all round, and will enable us to forge ahead with valuable pioneering experience behind us.

I think that another meeting of the interested parties is desirable and probably before we publish this issue will have been held; if so we will print the results of the meeting on a later page.

Until the next (printed) time

Sydney Radford, Editor.

P.S. The French authorities have accepted our apologies for the brutal way we treated the spelling of Fontainebleau, in our last issue. The alternative - the renaming of Fontainebleau was not seriously considered. We wish to discountenance the suggestion that the fall of the French Government was in any way connected with the matter.

OUR SPOKESMAN REPORTS.

The B.B.C. are taking quite an interest in us these days: on Sunday August 14th there will be a Home Service "Week's Good Cause" appeal on our behalf, and sometime in September (just before G.C. visits India and Australia) we shall, all being well, feature in a "live" T.V. broadcast.

As most of us know, this year's fete is booked for Saturday July 9th; the Warden evasively but strenuously denies that he has already booked the Windrill Girls!

We are so pleased to hear that Father Hogan is mending after his recent indisposition. We extend similar courtesies to Herr Rudolph Seton.

We were also happy to welcome two temporary members of the family, Eric Barnes from Chichester and Trevor Price from Prescott, Lancs.

The two Jimmies, with Miss Seton and Frank Read, (and the Warden tagging behind), recently visited St. Bridget's, the new Cheshire Home near Worthing. The party was able to give the authorities there a lot of invaluable advice on adaptations to the building, interior arrangements and on other important matters culled from our own experience at Le Court.

It is in ways like this that we hope to justify our position as the "senior" Cheshire Home, and to act as a kind of power house of ideas for the benefit of others who would otherwise have to learn the hard way.

St. Bridget's hopes to admit it's first patients during the early summer; the latest addition to the wider Cheshire family, Ampthill Park House, Bedford, already has patients in residence.

Le Court sends fraternal and cordial greetings to our new friends, and "The Cheshire Smile" extends a very special twinkle to them.

"The Cheshire Smile" already has 190 purring subscribers: all kind friends outside Le Court, but very much part of the family.

Postman.

ON CINEMATOGRAPHY.

Some of the visitors to Le Court manage to see the short film we have made of the daily happenings in or around our new home. This film is only a foretaste of the documentary feature we hope eventually to make, but it includes some very reasonable shots in colour and black and white, which we shall be able to use in the film we propose.

There is great scope for cinematography at Le Court: we have very picturesque surroundings both inside and out and some of the patients are both talented and versatile, not to say handsome! These factors combined with the extremely good interior lighting, which the spacious windows of this modern building provide, make the possibilities very promising.

Ever ambitious, we have dreams in the field of drama and comedy "Murder in the sluice" or Romeo and Juliet" may yet thrill or chill us - and you.

Our camera is a 9.5 mm Coronet B. with an f3.9 lens - it must be at least 15 years old, but in spite of this we have great fun making moving pictures.

Neville Thomas
Member, I.A.C.

A MIOU FROM MOLLY!

When one sees the overdecorated and beplumed, one could be forgiven if one posed the question - "Are accessories necessary?" The answer does, of course, depend entirely upon the individual but I would say, as a general rule, the accessories and their choice are of vital importance especially when we relate the subject to the incapacitated.

A pair of new ear-rings - in themselves attractive, - can produce a most unhappy result. Some women, for causes

which are hard to analyse, cannot wear ear-rings of any kind and, if they persist, only succeed in making themselves look blatantly conspicuous and even coarse.

Our first rule then, should be - ignore the beauty or attractiveness of accessories except as they can be related to the personality of the wearer.

Secondly, take note of male suggestions! It is sometimes hard for women objectively to judge the suitability or not of another woman's requirements in this field. I know that many women will disagree with me on this point but even if you disagree make doubly sure by consulting both sexes!

I should make the third point - one of colour. You must be a very lucky person if you can wear any colour. Black - that little black number, to speak of clothes for a moment, - beloved by most women for the odd, informal occasion is a dangerous snare, for some women cannot wear black, although there is a popular belief to the contrary.

Mauve, on the other hand, is considered an older person's colour and many of the younger generation fail to benefit from its use because of this stigma, if stigma it is.

There are no old and young colours, only colours which suit YOU!

As a last note I should like to give advice, serious advice, on how to deal with accessories bought by the "boy friend" with no ideas on suitability. Never let him shop without you!!!

Molly Contibear.

RURAL RETREAT

My London friends all say "how lucky to live in the country: the peace and quiet must be bliss."

Explanations are useless, and it seems such a shame to disillusion them. In any case they'd never listen, so what matter? But the peace and quiet, in our particular bit of country, is rather nebulous, to say the least of it.

Intimately connected with us, first of all, is the house - its a very nice house, very modern and VERY labour-saving. But, everything in it either purrs, whizzes or rings - not to say gurgles.

It starts up early every morning when the plumbing system

gives variations that would put Handel's "Water Music" to shame. Pressures and ranges vary from high to low with spurts and gurgles and fearsome steam hisses. The cisterns join in with the pipes and taps and the final chords are played as the plug comes out of the bath and a cataract-like sound echoes from somewhere outside. After that, peace reigns for a short while - until the electric razor of Lord and Master starts to purr.

In the kitchen all is serene; that is, until the boiler is raked out and the refrigerator motor starts up. Nicely balancing these two is the carefree poop-poop of the milkman's motor-cycle combination which is left on while he sorts out the days' orders and plays a gay carillon with the empties. But, back to the house.

The eight o'clock news comes over impersonally and gives way, in time, to Housewives' Choice with its inevitable boogie-woogie battling valiantly to be heard over and above the vacuum cleaner's steady whirr.

From somewhere 'off' a shrill persistent ringing is identified as the telephone. Vacuum and wireless are turned off and silenced and we listen to the voice coming over the wire. A growing crescendo of vibration drowns the telephone and as the fifth jet streaks over you can just hear yourself saying "one moment, please, some planes are going over." By the time this understatement has been uttered it doesn't matter any more as our caller had already hung up under the impression that telephone conversations are dangerous during violent electrical storms. He, or she, decided to take no risks. Wondering who your caller had been you return to the vacuum cleaner and chores.

After lunch you feel a rest would be nice. A little self consciously you slip upstairs and look out of the window. How lovely, and tranquil, is the setting. Trees, and beyond a rolling countryside. Silhouetted far away on the brow of the hill is a toy-like tractor. Approaching it a man. Fascinated you watch him climb in and within seconds the magic of the moment has gone. He animates the toy and with a horrible chugging noise the tractor comes racing in hysterical, spluttering spasms downhill. Flashing orange and cobalt it pursues its crazy descent right down to the bottom of the hill, turning dizzily, and more noisily, and almost exploding as it begins to climb upwards again. All thoughts of rest vanish. Escape from the house is the only possibility and almost

fanactically you rush out with a coat over your arm and a joyfully barking spaniel at your heels. Almost blindly you race across fields, stumble through woods and finally come out on to high ground. You slow down, conscious of stillness in which the birds can be heard. Gazing upwards into the sky you see, gratefully, motion without sound - a glider. Fascinated, you relax at last and lie back on the grass. The spaniel whimpers and comes nearer; the birds stop singing. In the deathly stillness of the next moment you recover sufficiently to recognise the whine of the plane that has just gone through the sound barrier. Quiet country life? Ah well!

Susan Lander.

A NOTABLE BUILDING.

Ampthill House is situated just outside Ampthill and in the middle of some large grounds. It used to belong to Bovril but they gave it to Group Captain Leonard Cheshire.

I went there to help clean up, it is in an awful mess, but it looks okay from outside.

It has got a monument outside the house that could do with a lick of paint.

Group Captain Cheshire is going to use it as a T.B. hospital and it has got about 100 rooms and is wonderful to explore.

David.

David Pedlow aged 8½ presented me with this for "The Cheshire Smile". I hope you can use it - Moira.

HOW TO START A STAMP COLLECTION.

The best way to start a collection is to buy a packet of stamps of all nations, and here I think it appropriate to point out that stamps, which many of you think only of as a means to a limited end - getting a letter or parcel from one place to another, - are also a pleasant avenue for improving one's knowledge of geography, and indeed of many other subjects.

Any of you who have read "Poet's Pub" by Eric Linklater will remember that Holly the bar tender, renowned for his Oxford and Cambridge Cocktails, obtained a liberal education by collecting cigarette cards - by absorbing the "information" that they offered. In the same way stamps can provide an informative and interesting hobby.

Your next requirement is a good album. I would like to make the point that the extra shilling or so paid for the better article is well worth it. For the beginner the album should be of simple book kind with printed headings, but as your collection becomes more complex, a loose leaf album will almost certainly become necessary. In this way, as your collection expands, it will be possible to increase the size of the album by the simple addition of fresh leaves. There are several kinds, but the two main types are the spring back folder or the peg type: the latter has pegs over which the pages fit and which is kept in place by a screwbolt.

The pages of your album may be bordered or plain - a matter of taste - but they should be what is called quadrille ruled, - faintly lined - rather similar to graph paper. This helps in positioning the stamps and provides a pleasing background.

Stamp hinges are your next concern - these are for fixing the stamps in position - Buy only the best - for the cheap variety with its cheap gum are seldom satisfactory and damage to the stamp usually results.

Additional requirements are a perforation guage and a duplicate stamp holder for your spare stamps. Of perforation guages more later. Also additional, but not essential, are a pair of tweezers and a magnifying glass.

These are your minimum needs - later I shall have a word to say on the collections themselves. I hope that I have interested you in this most satisfying hobby and, that it may give you as much pleasure as it gives me!

Leonard Pepperell.

THE TEMPLE OF MISTRAS
A Ghastly Story.
PART III

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

The unconscious professor's valet Joseph Anders stood outside the kitchen door farthest from the corner to which the hand had pointed - his eye was red and watering - he was looking through the keyhole at the tall blonde Tawdrey Rampage drinking tea - he shrank back into the shadows with a leer on his face and Joseph Anders said - by the Great God Mistras - he said through his clenched false teeth and the valet's mouth

was open in a horrid grin and the valet Joseph Anders crept towards the stairs and the valet crept up the stairs towards the professor's bedroom on his toes where the unconscious professor's unconscious daughter Sally Thompson lay on the floor in that bedroom - he crouched forward before the door dribbling at the mouth - springing forward the valet Joseph Anders flung open the door of the bedroom and the valet rushed into the bedroom and the Sally Thompson WAS NOT THERE .. where was she - the valet frantically wondered - IT WAS ONLY THREE HOURS TO MIDNIGHT all depended on finding her he shook his fist at the unconscious professor on the bed.

It was down the dark passage the detective Prawn blundered onwards and suddenly there was a chink of light at eye level and so standing on a box the detective Prawn looked through and the detective Prawn found that he was looking into the kitchen at the farthest corner of the kitchen from the door the one towards which the hand had pointed and saw Tawdrey Rampage drinking tea and the cook of the house was looking wicked - the detective Prawn whistled through his teeth - Yes we have no bananas - it was a popular song which detective Prawn's mother had taught him at her knee in which the detective Prawn's mother had the screws When the detective Prawn was thinking he sometimes whistled Yes we have no bananas although he preferred apples - So that was the answer - he thought - how had the hand known - he thought - and the detective Prawn thought of his last case- the old man had been found with a gash in his head and the old man's beard showed signs of fire - that was it - the detective Prawn thought - the old man had been wearing BLUE PYJAMAS - the detective Prawn thought again - a man had been hung for that - but now he was not sure - supposing the detective Prawn rused - supposing - he got down from his box and continued on his way.

Where was Sally Thompson the unconscious professor's daughter - regaining consciousness the Sally Thompson had gone to the library and Sally Thompson saw the bookcase closing and she saw blood on the floor and screamed - Oh blood what has happened and it is nine o'clock - she screamed- the blood was "A" group and Sally Thompson knew that detective Prawn was "A" group and so Sally Thompson said - it cannot be him - I wonder if he is in - she said. Shuddering with horror she put her hand behind the bookcase and the Sally Thompson withdrew it sharp - there was blood on her hand she had caught it on a nail and the unconscious professor's daughter nearly fainted - she wiped it on the book - the bookcase slowly opened and Sally Thompson found herself in the passage down which detective Prawn had gone - she walked in

and the bookcase slowly closed and Sally Thompson ran forward in the darkness and didn't notice the detective Prawn looking through the chink in the wall farthest away from the door she ran on and the Sally Thompsons footsteps sounded loud.

Johnny Ray.

(Will the detective Prawn be in time? What is at the end of the passage? What does the horrible valet want with the Sally Thompson? Can you wait for the next instalment?)

SHORT, SHORT STORY FROM TREVOR PRICE.

Dick asked a man at the restaurant table if the seat next to him was vacant and, receiving no reply, sat down. For some time he stared curiously at the man, who was leaning forward and seemed miserable as he looked down at his meal.

"What is the matter" Dick asked.

"My false teeth" said the man. "They were broken this morning when I dropped them in the bathroom and now I can't eat my meal without them."

"Try these," said Dick bringing a set of false teeth out of his waistcoat pocket. The man tried them in his mouth and said they were too small, then he tried another set, which he found were too big. In despair Dick brought out another set which satisfied the man so much that he proceeded to eat his meal with them.

"What a happy coincidence that you should be a dentist."

"A dentist?" said Dick, "I'm not a dentist, I'm an undertaker."

A WORD IN YOUR EAR! (ON ART)
BY HAROLD (NIPPER) COLE.

Dear Readers,

I suppose you would like to know why this is called "A word in your ear." Well it's because the Editor likes to have his little joke as I happen to have a loud voice, but if I tell you the Editor takes 17 size collar and is mostly O.S. everywhere else, I shouldn't be telling a lie.

To get to the horses - my first interest these days is in having a snack at painting with water colours. Everybody calls me a primitive - so I'm a primitive - whatever you would like that to mean, but if it means getting fun from one's imagination and a pot of paint then I am all for it.

I first took up art when I came to Le Court 3 years ago under Jean Rowley. She taught me my way around with a paint brush and I have never lost interest since.

My first painting was a race-course scene. It was painted in bright colours with lots of bright people in it. I like bright colours and think that they help a lot to make a picture. I painted it because I was also interested in racing, and I think it is best to paint the things one is interested in.

My best subject is landscapes and crowd scenes. I always know what I want to paint before I start. I don't go on this sitting before a blank sheet of paper and waiting for ideas to come - the blank sheet would give me a blank mind.

Our art therapy class here is quite a strong one, and there are two girls who paint with their feet which I think is marvellous.

I have just seen a headline in my paper: it says "If art is your best subject ..." Apparently you can make a good living at the game. Well I may not make a fortune with painting, but I get a great deal of fun out of it.

Opinion on Sutherland	em!
..... Picasso	um!
..... Modern Art	ugh!

A man would do nothing if he waited until he could do it so well that no one would find fault with what he had done.

Cardinal Newman.

OXFORD NEWSLETTER

St. Hilda's College, Oxford.
16 Feb 55.

Dear Syd,

I was just about to send you a nice long letter in answer to your last when two things happened: first Alan Finch asked me to write an Oxford Newsletter for the next issue of "The Cheshire Smile:" then, one day at breakfast Amelia

appeared with her copy of the second issue of that splendid magazine. I was at first very indignant that I had none - especially since I was gasping for the next instalment of the Ghastly Story, and Amelia would not give me her copy till she had read it from cover to cover. Then I remembered I had not sent you a subscription anyway: to save 2nd I therefore shall put all the news I can accumulate in the same envelope as my subscription.

You would think that, situated as I am in a women's college, I'd hear all the gossip about the "slaves." This has not been so: in fact when I came to count up the number of slaves I have met I thought that I would be quite inadequate as "Oxford Correspondent." Then I realised that I see as many slaves as anyone else does - the explanation being that Le Court slaves avoid each other and indeed anyone else who knows of this episode in their past. For you must admit no one who has been to Le Court is quite the same when they leave it

I have seen Tony Cowie several times this term: only twice have I seen that man look really happy: the first time he had been drinking Merrydown Cider the second time we had been walking for ten minutes in the pouring rain, he looked at my shining nose, my dripping clothes, my hair in rat's tails round my face - and he smiled. (He is too gentlemanly to laugh!)

Amelia went the other day for an interview at Bart's Hospital in London, where she hopes to start nursing next September: I advised her not to mention Le Court as among her previous experiences, so she stands a good chance of being accepted!

Henry Morton came to coffee the other day.. I have not seen him all term - I suspect that under Brian's instructions he has been trying to plough up Christ Church Meadows. He told me he had sent a Valentine, but he would not tell me to whom. By the way I received a Valentine (not from Henry). I wonder who it can be from

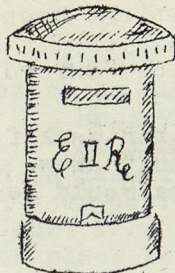
I saw Amber and asked her if she had any news for you she looked knowing: I am not allowed to tell you why, but HE's perfectly suited to her in every way!

I have admired Phillipa's ring - she and David are talking about going to Africa, and so is Tony Cowie so there will be a small colony of us in Nigeria in years to come

I haven't seen any of the other slaves - except for Nadine wearing lovely ear-muffs. Some of the others I think are working hard, poor souls. As for this Simon Flinn bloke, I'm convinced he's a figment of your imagination, Syd, invented as shareholder in the Cheshire Smile - so that you can have a double cut of the takings, I suspect.

We all send our love from Oxford.

Antonia Plummer.



LETTER BOX

I should like to see the story of Le Court told in pictures and perhaps a colour film for public showing I feel sure that you will find time to brighten the "Smile" with some additional humour and jokes.

T.T.F.Burt, West Ealing.

Thanks Mr.Burt; anything to broaden the Grin!

.....Has Alan Finch really been "hung" in the Royal Academy? If so, I suppose that is as good a place as any. All I can suggest now is that he get his own back, and has a go at painting James and hang the consequences!

Ron Carpenter, Portchester

.....It has the same family atmosphere as one gets reading through one's own school magazine - with all the contributors known. - Please keep that very sincere personal touch!

Mrs. Gillet, Rotherham, Yorks.

.....Please give us more information about life at Le Court, it is rather too parochial for us outside readers to appreciate.....

Mrs.Dunne, N.W.1.

.....I will come down and see you and your villainous colleagues. After reading the Journal my impression is that you are a sinister blood-thirsty lot, in fact, adult "St.Trinians"....

Dr.Bach, W.1.

Letter Box (Cont'd)

..... The more lugubrious stories - whatever that means - from Johnny Ray, the better, I think the best thing is to write exactly what you feel and not to copy other people's notions of being funny and that was one weakness in the issue I saw

Simon Flinn, Oxford.

(Ed. [#] For Mr. Flinn's information:-

LUGUBRIOUS

LUG - as in - LUG-HOLE - EAR (Cockney Argot)

'UB - as in - HUB - CENTRE (" ")

RIOUS-ARCHAIC abbreviation of RIOTIOUS,

-Editor's Office - EAR-CENTRE-RIOTIOUS!

(culled from HUNTIN' FISHIN' & SHOOTIN' by Fowler)

Mr. Flinn now expects T.C.S. to carry out his research work for him! If Miss Plummer, our Oxford correspondent, only knew what horror the "dreaming spires" hide - her dreams would be nightmares. Doesn't exist! Indeed!)

ALTON v CARSHALTON v NETHER WALLOP - 5 Feb 55.

Alton Town played Carshalton to a draw. That is the bare bones of the story. The fuller truth is that Le Court and Nether Wallop intervened, as they say in court, in no uncertain manner.

Joy (oh how aptly named!), one of our youngest members, comes from Nether Wallop and, in the midst of yelling for the wrong team and using such technical terms as "Windy" - "Dirty Ref," etc. was heard intoning "Come on Wallop". How much she affected the issues joined it is hard to say, but balance was possibly achieved by a Carshalton supporter - obviously country-bred, who screamed "Garn! Put a tater in it!"

Neville achieved undying fame: losing a shoe in the mud and standing on one foot supported by Bill the orderly, he gave a creditable ballet performance of the Swan. The scene will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Everybody enjoyed themselves thoroughly and our thanks must go to Alton Town for their kindness. We have since heard with sorrow of Alton Town's defeat at Carshalton. Joy is quite sure that if she had been there -- well we shall never know.

The only way to regenerate the world is to do the thing which lies nearest us and not hunt after grand far-fetched ones.

Charles Kingsley.

ALDERSHOT v NORTHAMPTON

The Soccer fever continues and on Saturday 12 February we went to see Aldershot play Northampton. Joy got her geography right but in spite of this Aldershot just failed to equalise. We had great help in getting ourselves into the ground and cups of tea were very kindly provided. Thank you Aldershot!

GREETINGS

I should like thanks to be expressed through the magazine to our Canadian friends,

Mr. & Mrs. S. Hamilton and family of Regina, and
Mr. & Mrs. T. A. Brown of Yorkton,
both in Saskatchewan.

Four years ago a 2 ton delivery of food parcels came to Le Court from our Canadian friends and correspondence has taken place between us since. At Christmas every year a fruit cake from each family has been received for the bed patients at Le Court: also greetings cards, calenders and blessings on our activity. Recently Joe Pincombe received a lovely fruit cake upon his birthday. The latter keeps our Canadian friends up to date with newspapers and periodical-reports about the Group Captain and his homes, and has sent "The Cheshire Smile" to Canada.

A letter was received from Mr. & Mrs. Sawyer of Welwyn Garden City. Kitty used to help in the early days in the kitchen at Le Court and was very popular and loved by all. Harry (who married Kitty) was a carpenter in the early V.I.P. days.

We are pleased to say that both are very happy and look forward to their next visit to Le Court, Kitty last helped at the fete 1952. Greetings to both from us all.

A letter has been received from Mr. Manley, the late Clerk of the Works, who lived with us for many months. Mrs. Manley has recovered from her illness and both send greetings to all at Le Court. We also send greetings to them both and wish them every happiness and health.

From John Renout a card: it came from Versailles near Paris. John has married since joining the R.A.F. He worked for many months in the kitchen, coming over from France to learn the language in 1950.

J.P.

"ON WRITING AN ARTICLE"

Dear Le Court,

Thanks very much for asking me to "write something," but really, I don't think I know how. One can always yarn to a friend, but to compose something that is going to interest ANYONE, well, that is quite a different story. I mean, what can one write about? Travel? That wonderful holiday? A hobby that is interesting? Or what one would LIKE to do? It is not so easy is it?

And so many people have already written about so many things, that it is almost impossible to be original, but come to think of it, one does not aim to make conversation "original" but just an expression of one's own ideas and opinions. And writing an article, could be just like making conversation, only using a pen or pencil instead of one's tongue. There is no need to use 'long' words, or worry TOO much about grammar: anyway we can leave things to our worthy Editor there. I am sure he would use his blue pencil kindly.

I suppose even the best and most experienced cook is always willing to read a new recipe and try it out. What is the recipe for this new idea of contributing something to our own Journal? And if it is to be "the Journal OF Le Court" then we will all have to make SOME effort to write something, won't we? Thank Heavens we are all more or less LEARNERS. We won't be too critical of each other, OR ourselves. To resume then, what is this "Recipe for Writing an Article?"

1. Be brief and to the point.
2. Imagine you are TALKING to a well tried and trusty friend.
3. Be on the lighthearted side; HUMOUR is a grand seasoning.
4. If you wish to be critical of someone or something, make it CONSTRUCTIVE. Write down your criticism, but follow it up with YOUR idea of how to put things right.
5. Never forget you are aiming to INTEREST your reader, therefore, don't rehash the old everyday affairs; look back to past PLEASANT and happy experiences. Look forward into DREAMS that have some possibility. Who knows, your very private, secret dreams may be the beginning of some grand thing? If you keep it selfishly to yourself, it may be lost for ever.
6. Don't worry about your effort having been written before, by someone else. Maybe it has, but it has never been written before BY YOU, for your OWN Journal.
7. Don't give up the ghost if you are "NOT PUBLISHED" as they put it in the writing jargon. Keep on trying. And who knows better than the Residents of Le Court, on HOW to keep on trying?

8. NEVER! NEVER!! be selfconscious about making an effort to produce an article. Get someone like our Editor, or Warden, or even old Ron, who can help you put your ideas together, and type them out for you.

Well, these are some of the points I would try and follow IF I thought I COULD write an Article, but really, I don't think I know how. Or do I?

Ron.H.Carpenter

DIVERSITIES

Two Jesuits were staying with the Parish Priest whilst giving a mission - The Parish Priest was called away just before a dinner of chicken. When he returned the Jesuits' had polished off the bird. Strolling afterwards in the garden a rooster was heard crowing vociferously. One of the Jesuits remarked "He's very pleased with himself." The Parish Priest replied "No wonder he's proud, he's got a son in the Jesuits!"

"The Hill Billy who said he didn't need toothpaste as his teeth weren't loose.

Some additions to the seven deadlies.
"He was found guilty of grave industrial misconduct."
(of a Shop Steward).

NEWSFLASH

Carthar's has been achieved! Molly has kissed Hughie and now knows what it is like to kiss a bearded man. Interviewed afterwards, she said - "It tickles!"

Will the bearded lady of Hagenblacken's Circus please cancel her appointment with the Editor.

A sweet little maiden called Jane
Could ne'er from kind thoughts refrain.

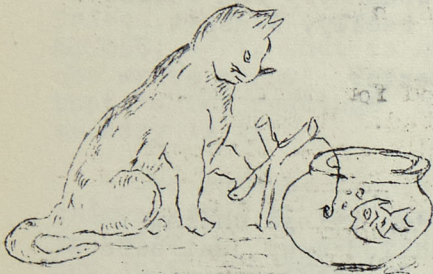
Ev'ry window she saw
Would her sympathy draw
Because of its permanent pain.

From Father Hogan

I. T. C. A.

(Its that cat again)

Conversation with Kavanagh.



"My dear Kav-"

"I do not appreciate the diminutive. But, continue -"

"My dear Kavanagh, is it correct that you have become more religious lately? I ask because it has been said that you were seen in the hall sitting on a hassock from the Chapel and looking intently upwards."

"I don't see that it is any of your business but, if you must know, there may be a modicum of truth in the suggestion,"

"I suppose you would deprecate the idea that your mind was on more material matters - The Gold Fish tank was just above your head"

"What a beastly thing to say"

Biographical Note. Mr. Campbell would like to make it known to those who are unaware of the fact that Kavanagh was named after Ted Kavanagh who opened the fete here on the same day that Kav was born. Unfortunately he shows a fine contempt for Mr. Kavanagh's book on dieting. Maintaining his invulnerable position of inter-departmental importance he breakfasts in the staff kitchen as well as in the main kitchen, this after a repast of wild game hunted and caught before the sun has made its appearance. Donald maintains that Kavanagh is a good cat with bad ideas.

OUR TAME CRITIC - COR ENGLISH ESQ.

RAY. MORT. BEAST.

I saw on my pad a strange note it read - Ray. Mort. Beast. For a moment I thought "One of those Latinists having his little joke." But seeing that the note was in my own handwriting and, being nothing of a Latinist and little of an Englishist, another explanation was required. Then I remembered that Ray. Mort. stood instead of Raymond Mortimer,

the excellent lit. crit. of "The Sunday Times". To justify the beast in my note, I tried to think of him with horns and a tail but, to use a current favourite, my mind just boggled. It was an intriguing pastime; the possibilities were enormous but none seemed to fit the situation. That eminently civilised gentleman refused to fit into any niche of the Animal Kingdom other than "Homo Sapiens."

Bestiary - that was it: "Beast" stood for Bestiary. I was relieved and yet somewhat disappointed. Raymond Mortimer had been quite severe on the Middle Ages. Although he had been amused - (that is, of course, - really significant - amused) by the Bestiary he had been criticising, he was horrified by the stupidity and almost the dishonesty of the monks who wrote and illustrated those strange and amusing books on animals both real and fabulous. That they could believe or expect others to believe such nonsense, was beyond his comprehension.

It also passes my comprehension how informed opinion of this latter day can presume to pass judgments on an earlier age using modern standards as their yardstick: hind sight with irritation seems to be the formula and irritation showed clearly through Mr. Mortimer's article.

The monks of the Middle Ages also wrote some very sound and interesting books just as, Gilbert White, the famous naturalist did but it seems that the monks must be judged on their fables although nobody in their senses would judge Gilbert White on his stated belief that swallows hibernated under the water of ponds during the winter months. Surely our forefathers might be forgiven if they swallowed whole the joke or credulous report of some returning merchant and recorded by some stupid monk, who, even if he had cause to disbelieve the story, had no airplane to go and find the truth. In any case the monks only used the virtues, true or otherwise, of the animals to point the moral. Silly - Silly - Aesop?

Poor Middle Ages - they always seem to be taking a beating. The Prof. Coultons of this World always seem to get a better hearing than the Chestertons and yet Chesterton's books are much more amusing. Probably the reason is, that, only those that lecture us with heavy solemnity can make us remember the subject and their views by the very pain we suffer in the hearing. A great and serious truth - stated in comic context is soon forgotten. Why this should be escapes me. It may be that it is only a joke, or, dread the thought, a sense of humour is not so general as we should like to believe.

I should love to know what the view-point on "Alice" will be in say 500 years time. That those stupid people of the 20th Century could really believe that a cat could grin and talk. - What Mr. Mortimer will do when he discovers that the plumbing in the Middle Ages fell short of the present L.C.C. standards, I really cannot imagine - my mind fairly boggles!

Mr. Cyril Connolly has shaken me to the very centre of my ego. My money - all of it - was on Mr. Connolly: reason seemed to be his bed-fellow and to march with him as his shadow. But since reading a criticism of his some weeks ago, my confidence has been shaken. It will take a long time for me to stop figuratively looking over my shoulder when reading anything of his in the future. I can hardly forgive him, for I love to believe in the infallibility of my favourite critic in matters of common sense. If a critic has common sense, all things else will usually be added unto him.

Mr. Connolly wrote, he was dealing with a book on Roman literature, that those ancients can barely be understood in the fullness of their glory: that there were mysteries of which they were aware but that we can only just perceive, as it were, the merest shadow of their existence. A whole wealth of beauty lay just outside of our comprehension.

All well and good, I thought, this was probably true and, being no judge, was prepared to accept Mr. Connolly's appreciation of the situation. But then I discovered to my amazement, that he proceeded to be very critical of the critics of that period. They were hacks, they were bores; he could hardly find a good word to say for them. They apparently were as unaware as modern men are of these hidden beauties, in fact, it would seem that only the author of the book and Mr. Connolly and such like were cognisant with these possibilities.

Now, I am still convinced that there is something in what Mr. Connolly suggests but how to square his criticism of the critics of that period with the superior attitude of the critics of this - I don't know.

If I did not know Mr. Connolly better - from his writings, of course, I should think it true that he would defend the Bestiaries against Mr. Mortimer's charges, as being the literal truth; and that those fabulous creatures, which we may believe were invented to thrill and amuse our ancestors, had really existed!

Mr. Connolly has since written on the hard lot of critics (lit.) - one little mistake and bingo! the whole nasty public, only waiting for such frailty to show itself, falls with glee upon the tired and careworn critic and takes him to task and he was only trying to be helpful. Oh well! Mr. Connolly I still love you.

(Ed. If either Mr. Mortimer or Mr. Connolly should find themselves out of a job I am sure that T.C.S. will be pleased to provide them with a haven.)

COMMERCE

When the great gnats with threatening cries, descend
On me to feed and bee, with cunning creed,
For its sweet usury, the pollen lend
To floral kind to propagate their seed,
Then I appraise the unfair bargain made;
For are the seeds left as the blossoms fade,
But for my trade with gnat I am aggrieved
Foul itch and bumps are all that I received.

A polite man is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about, when told him by a person who knows nothing about them.

De Morny.

ON "IS WHATS"

Psychology IS WHAT doctors use on patients to convince them that the pain they complain of, does not exist.

After a period of uncertainty the patient either loses the pain or becomes convinced that the doctor is right. The doctor on the other hand, just to prove that his diagnosis was correct gives the patient a pill of chalk and becomes less certain. By this time the patient convinced that there is nothing wrong and wishing to close the matter states that the pill has done him the world of good and that he has now recovered.

The doctor now decides that it is probably a question of calcium deficiency and that the patient really has had the pain complained of.

The doctor discovers that he now has a similar pain and exchanges notes with the patient who is rapidly forgetting what the pain was like.

The doctor takes some of his chalk pills and feels worse; decides on a second opinion and is assured that his pain is psychological. The doctor who gave the second opinion finds that he too has a similar painand so on....

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

"The Cheshire Smile"^M has through its Editorial Board - by the general consensus of opinion and as by right and custom confirmed - conferred on Mr. John Ray - the title of "The Author" hereinafter he shall be known severally or collectively as Johnny Gilbert - Johnny Ray - "The Author"- as and when the occasion demands.

LE COURT

A community for the disabled

founded by

Group Captain G. L. Cheshire, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C.

Eight years ago Le Court, an old house looking out from a hill over a Hampshire Valley, was only a habitation and a name. To-day it is a symbol of a new hope for the permanently disabled, the growing fulfilment of the ideal of its founder, Group Captain Leonard Cheshire.

Le Court is now a home for thirty-four patients of both sexes suffering from a variety of illnesses resulting in serious disability. Although at first there was no age limit it has now been decided to concentrate on the young chronic sick : to offer them an alternative to the sparse existence amongst the aged in the chronic wards of our State hospitals. There are full arrangements for medical and ancillary services. The day to day running is in the hands of the Warden under whom is an Assistant Warden, a Sister-in-charge of the Nursing staff and a Housekeeper. There are facilities for art and handicrafts on an ever widening scale, and patients take a significant part in running the house.

The old Le Court became unsafe and a new home had to be found : it was at this point that the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust decided to make a magnificent gesture illustrating their faith in Group Captain Cheshire and their awareness of the social problem of the younger disabled. They agreed to make a grant of £65,000 for the construction of a new and specially adapted Le Court. This wonderful building in which every effort has been made to avoid the "hospital" atmosphere is now in full use. It was formally opened on 2nd December, 1954.

It is not bricks and mortar, however, that confer our uniqueness, but the Le Court way of life : disciplined, yet humane and flexible ; non-denominational, yet quickened by religion : not hopeless, but deeply imbued with vitality and interest.

We are not "unwanted" ; we have an environment where we can truly live a life (not merely lead an existence), and take a useful and happily creative part in all sorts of normal pursuits.

In a word, we are truly "At home."

"The Cheshire Smile" is edited, printed, managed and circulated entirely by patients at Le Court.