

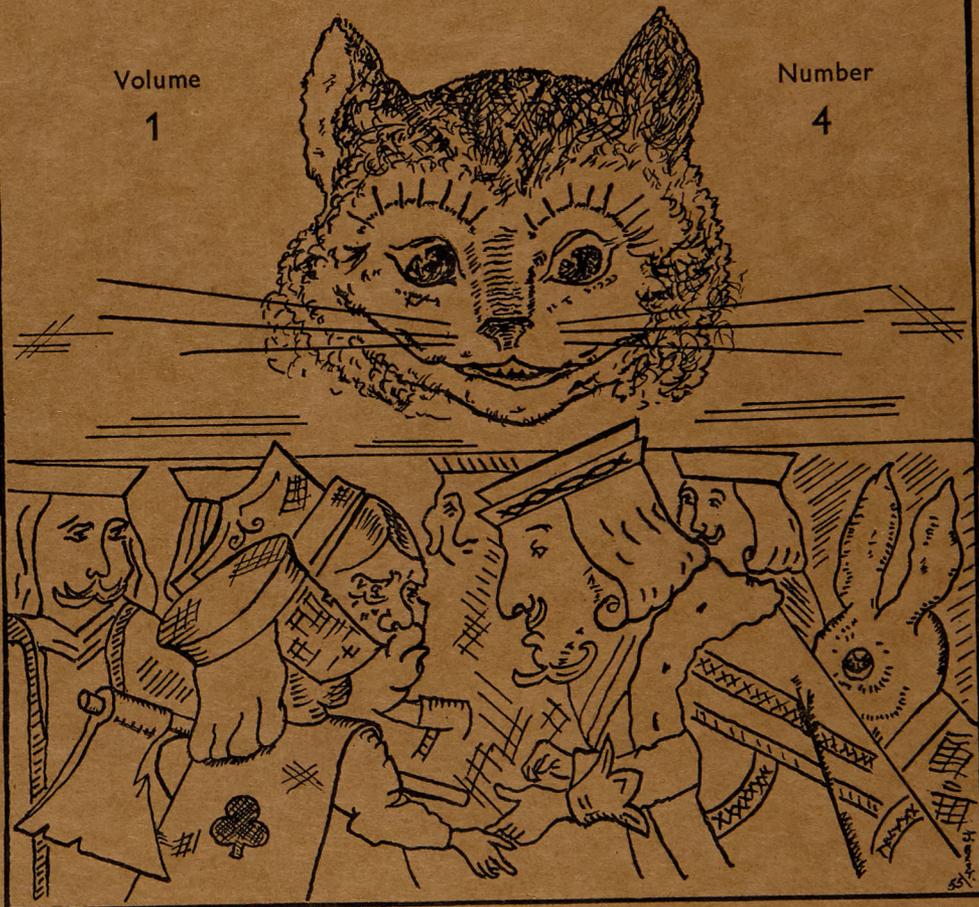
The "Cheshire Smile"

Volume

1

Number

4



The Cheshire Foundation

Le Court, Liss, Hants.

"THE CHESHIRE SMILE"

EDITORIAL BOARD

Sydney Radford	...	<i>Editor</i>
Leonard Pepperell	...	<i>Assistant Editor</i>
Alan Davies	...	<i>Secretary</i>
Joseph Pincombe	...	<i>Treasurer</i>

ADVISORY PANEL

Donald Campbell	...	<i>Elder Statesman</i>
Molly Conibear	...	<i>Fashion and Women's Features</i>
Alan Finch	...	<i>Circulation and Law of Libel</i>
Eric Fosbrooke	...	<i>Photography</i>
Neville Thomas	...	<i>Cinematography</i>
Jim Best	...	<i>Art</i>

Editorial Offices : Le Court, Liss, Hants (Tel. Blackmoor 229).

Subscription Rates : 7/6 per annum (8d. per issue), post free.

Bankers : Barclays, Petersfield, Hants.

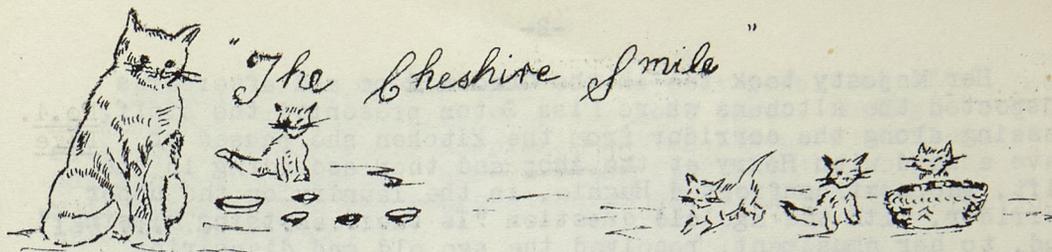
Statement of Policy : To present Le Court to the world. Few characters are completely fictitious ; but the truth of events may well be open to question.

Le Court - - Liss - - Hants

CONTENTS

Editorial and Royal Visit	1
Our Spkesman reports	3
Some poems	4
Muffin Madness - Harcourt Williams	5
On "Is Whats".	6
Discord (or Australiana)	7
Soliloquy - O.Trewick	7
Post Box	8
Litanistics on "Istics"... ..	9
Slave Occupational Characteristics - J.Best	10
Volunteers at Ampthill Park House - J.Fedlow	11
Danger from the Fiend in the Laundry	14
Another Miow from Molly	15
Greetings- J.P.	16
The Temple of Mistras (A Ghastly Story) Part IV - A Serial "Johnny Ray"	17
It's a funny thing.....	19
Our Critic. Cor English, Esq.	20





"PUSSY CAT, PUSSY CAT, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN"

When we learned of the postponement of the originally planned visit, owing to Her Majesty's unfortunate indisposition, we had the honour of sending to Clarence House the special edition of T.C.S. which we had prepared together with our hopes for her speedy recovery: and so the cat went "to London to look at the Queen." Probably it would be more apt to misquote "A cat may look at a King," and say that in this case "Her Majesty graciously condescended to look at the Cat."

THE ROYAL VISIT

Dear Friends,

I have been staring dumbly at a piece of blank paper for some time searching for words so as to try to express adequately our delight at having had a visit from Her Majesty The Queen Mother. The time-honoured words "gracious" "charming", etc., seem almost shabby when used to describe our experience: one could wish to coin fresh, bright words to describe Her Majesty's presence - her sympathy and understanding - the ready word that puts the trembler at his ease and the hint of humour ever in the background, all blending in that wonderful personality about which most of us had heard and read of but, until this occasion, had not experienced.

The Queen Mother was greeted on her arrival by G.C. and then having been introduced to the Trustees and the Committee, she proceeded to the various rooms in which, for convenience sake, the patients engaged in the arts and crafts were grouped. Evelyn gave a demonstration of sewing with her feet and Miss Joly with her loom, Miss Trow showed her embroidery and Miss Galger shared a joke with the Queen Mother and G.C. but guards with M.I.5. secrecy what the joke was about. Jim Best had charge of the handicraft display and Her Majesty commented with interest on all she saw.

Her Majesty took tea in the Garden Room and afterwards inspected the kitchens where Miss Seton presented the staff. Passing along the corridor from the kitchen she paused to have a word with Harry at the shop and then ascending in the lift, she next confronted Hughie, in the laundry on the upper corridor, with the age old question "Is there anything missing?" and, to her amusement, received the age old and despairing answer "Yes, Your Majesty, alas, there is."

In the Pavilion were assembled representatives of all the other Homes of the Cheshire Foundation and Her Majesty showed great interest in all aspects of G.C.'s work. She closely scanned photographs of the various buildings and asked pertinent questions. Her Majesty must have felt, as we all did, that she was amongst a family gathering - a scattered family, but a united one in aims and objectives and now beginning to forge those personal contacts which can only strengthen the whole fabric of the Foundation. It was a felicitous moment.

Dare I mention that the press was also in great prominence. All the mechanical difficulties have now been dealt with and we were able to run off some T.C.S. subscription forms to show.

Ted Sleaman and the press worked to perfection and you can imagine our delight when Her Majesty reading the form "I like T.C.S....." said "Yes, I do like The Cheshire Smile." The House of Dymoke from whence comes the Royal Challenger, had at least two rivals to dispute its ancient claim!

On her way back from the Pavilion, Her Majesty stopped to inspect both the Chapels in which the respective padres were present to greet her.

As Her Majesty left the building she was presented with a basket of flowers by Leonard Pepperell, and then to three rousing cheers her car drove slowly away. It was truly a wonderful day - a wonderful memory we shall all treasure. G.C. looked and indeed must have been the happiest man in the Kingdom.

Mr. Harcourt Williams returns to our pages this time with another amusing article on the Muffin. What has happened to the Muffin? Not even Mr. Harcourt Williams satisfactorily explains the reason for its disappearance. We welcome Miss Joan Forsyth of Melbourne, Australia, who has kindly sent in some lines for this issue. This particular piece has been broadcast twice over the Australian Broadcasting Commission's system.

Harold Cole is under threat of direst penalties if he does not write something for the next issue. Molly although in Petersfield Hospital, having had an operation, has managed her chore. She is doing fine and the hospital will benefit from the reorganisation she will undoubtedly have set in motion.

The old Le Court is looking in a sadly ruinous state. We all had the exciting experience of seeing one of the tall chimneys crash down: it seemed the end of an era but at the same time, of course, the beginning of a new - a new era full of gleaming hopes. "The old order changeth"

OUR SPECKLESMAN REPORTS

Such a wonderful band of "slaves" with us at the moment: fifteen members of I.V.S.P. doing all sorts of essential back-breaking jobs, and for the fun of it too. There's obviously something about Le Court and something about I.V.S.P. as well! Welcome and many thanks to Peter Reenan and his tireme.

Sir Geoffrey Peto was so impressed with our resident film-unit the other day that he is buying us a brand-new 16 mm sound projector.

Congratulations to our peripatetic publicist, who recently braved the W.I. at Alton, 100 strong. He says he's no longer the same Alan Finch, but who are we to judge?

Sheridan Russell and two friends delighted us earlier in the month with instrumental and vocal music; the ensemble rendering of Bach's "My Heart Ever Faithful" was particularly memorable.

Purring annual subscribers now total 280; wider ever grows the grin.

Where do these officials disappear to with their tennis rackets, and does our roving microphone really pick up murmurous love-sets beneath the Eupshott elms? Little does he know, but the Warden's tape-recorder is now in full use again!

We extended a very cordial welcome to the Alton Young Wives who gave us a concert party (carefully watched by their Young Husbands), and to Val Heben, famed member of the Magic Circle who caused a temporary suspension of many natural laws; what is gravitation, we cried?

Postman.

THE PARTING

A cool goodbye, then suddenly,
I turned my head, lest she should see
How much she really meant to me.
But I'll not be at your feet again,
I'll dream no dreams that bring me pain.
I'll live and laugh, and love and leave,
That when it's o'er I may not grieve.
Oh what a paradise 'twill be,
Now love at last has set me free.
Paradise you fool? 'Tis hell!

You'll not forget that dear dear face
Till you forsake this mundane space,
And grinning Death has closed your eyes;
Then far too late you'll realise
Love is a fool's paradise.

Impanon.

DOWN TO THE SEA AGAIN

Today on the sea-front
Overcoats and brollies:
Cold unhappy children,
Clutching plaster dollies.

For this is the Summer
The Summer long awaited,
While through the Winter past
Deep snow fell unabated.

Comes the hour for bedtime,
Tired and full of sorrow
They all repeat the plaint
"Hope it's fine tomorrow."

Autolycus.

MUFFIN MADNESS

What has happened to the muffin man? When I was a boy he would come along the street round about teatime, balancing on his head a tray covered with a white cloth and underneath the cloth would lie neat piles of ruffins. We always knew of his arrival because of the hand bell which he clanged as he swung along.

With a ruffler round the throat one of us would skip down the front steps armed with a few pence and presently return with a bulging bag of the delectable articles as the sound of the bell travelled away on the frosty air. But not only has the muffin man departed, his wares have vanished with him. The muffin is no more!

Once I occupied a combined room over a baker's shop in Rupert Street, just off Piccadilly Circus. My landlord was a real baker. He knew nothing of those bleached and sticky extravagancies - those modern sliced and wrapped loaves of "Wonder" Moreover he baked ruffins.

The man who has never eaten a muffin hot from the oven and generously buttered has missed one of life's rarer experiences. Recently I asked a baker of my acquaintance why the muffin was no longer made. In answer he supposed that they needed too much butter. A truly preposterous explanation, for do not those inferior examples of the pastry-cook's art, which one sees exhibited in the windows of their shops, require unlimited melted butter to fill their pitted sides? Those punctured rounds of damp flannel - those common crumpets! Can all the butter in the world make them acceptable to the least fastidious of tastes? No, there must be some less trivial reason for the banishment of the muffin; some deep rooted motive lying hidden before our eyes. A secret and sinister ring of master bakers - not unknown to the "Yard" - who control the cellophane wrappings of the patent breads, have doubtless combined with those obscene manufacturers of grocer's "slab-cake," and decreed that such an established favourite of the teatable should be quietly liquidated.

I am convinced that the rising tide of unemployment before the first world war was swollen by the influx of indigent muffin men, who could no longer obtain the commodity to fill their trays; though it is whispered that a few were dishonest enough to secret the flabby crumpet under their innocent looking napkins in the hope of deceiving the public but ridicule soon drove them from the streets.

Many of the old brigade, who marched to their graves bearing this slogan engraved on their hearts - "Death of muffins, boys!" are now doubtless ringing heavenly bells along the golden paths of Paradise and laughing cherubs are sent scampering with angel coin clasped in their little hands to bring hot muffins, crisp and well buttered, to the celestial teatables. It is said that some Saints prefer them even to Angel cakes.

While here on earth - poor humanity for ever chases the bubble progress, - the ecstasy of science that kills as well as cures, and the mirage of the welfare state, wherein, as at the Mad Hatter's teaparty, all may have wind, treacle and the best butter - BUT NOT A SINGLE MUFFIN!

Harcourt Williams.

On "Is whats"

A VICIOUS CIRCLE IS WHAT is formed when one is presented with an alternative by a shopkeeper.

The customer taking a long time to make up his mind between A's or B's razor is discreetly hurried by the shopkeeper. In desperation he chooses A's razor; only to have the merits of B's razor pointed out to him. It becomes obvious that he has made a mistake - he recants and order B's. He then discovers that the shop keeper has in reserve a list of quite different virtues relative to A's and, deciding on the superiority of these new claims, reverts to his first choice.

The shopkeeper then points out that really the virtues of both are balanced but that the box for B's razor will fit into the pocket. Alternatively A'S case is of a much stronger construction.

As matters show no sign of exhausting themselves, the customer mazed, querulous and muttering inarticulately, decides to give up shaving and grow a beard.

At this point the shopkeeper intervenes with the coup-de-grace- he has a razor called C which combines the virtues of both A and B at a pound extra. Gratefully the sucker pays up and staggers out.

DISCORD (or "Australiana")

The trees are twisted and their roots are old,
Old grasping fingers in primeval slink,
Thrusting and tearing in sly secrecy,
Their writhings hidden under matted debris
Cast by the tree's cunning;
And the leaves, the cold
Spearheads, rubbing together
An ageless rasping rhyme;
Streams swift running,
Yet sleekly with reptilian silence.
Warned to stealth by the pent-up violence
Of overhanging creviced rock.
But suddenly a gaudy parrot's feather
Floats down to rock
And gibe at all the grey mystery of the bush,
And shatters it with a derisive scream of colour.

Joan Forsyth, Victoria, Australia.

SOLILOQUY.

I've come to love soft rainy days
For they best suit my heart's sad ways:
Poignantly clear 'neath blazing sun
Are dreams that died when scarce begun.

But, through a gentle mist of rain
My now calm heart can dream again
And dreaming, find a healing peace
As from the past it wins release.

Miss O. Trewick.

One should realize how infinitesimal is the importance
of the best one can do, and how infinitely important it is
that one should do it.

Anon.

LETTER BOX



..... We all now share "The Cheshire Smile"
the children having fallen in love with "Pussy".
Good luck.

Mr. & Mrs. Nesbitt-Hawes,
Walton-on-Thames.

Leeds, 31 March 1955

Dear Mr. Editor,

Your subs. and proof-readers have been slipping up. Whenever has Fowler, Nuttall, Chambers and all the other dictionaries authorised "it's" for the possessive case? See Cheshire Smile, page 4 fourth line down.

Joe Pincombe may say 'he's a ruddy puist' - so be it, I abide by what I was taught at school 55 years ago - ask Donald Campbell! And then on page 6, eighth line down there is its which should be it's. The wrong use of the apostrophe in the possessive 'its' is all too common nowadays - I saw it in an advert. for Wimsol on a bus recently, and some years ago I saw it at Leicester emblazoned on a bridge in a temperance society's advertisement condemning the use of alcoholic liquor. Having got this off my chest, you can spell the whole issue next time phonetically - I won't cancel my subscription. As long as you do not go in for Esperanto, which God forbid! Have been looking for the first instalment of Donald Campbell's 'amazing' autobiography. The circulation would go up by leaps and bounds if only he would get his Biro to work. Try a little ginger in his coffee at elevenses! All the best. God bless you all.

Yours sincerely,
William J. Tull.

Timbuctoo.

My dear Syd,

An apology for that? No none what-so-ever. However frightfully flabbergasted timid contributors would be to dare a pounce upon this page and address you with that slap-on-the-back familiarity, I myself have no indignation at all of any immediate or remote discomfort about discourtesy: and I refuse to allow you the slightest blotch of a blush at the sentiments I now intend to deliver: certainly not after just receiving and ravenously reading the third number of your prodigious production - and not discarding its first two hurdles as poor attempts, either.

Syd - (I had nearly said - Syd dear, or 'dearie') the truth of the matter is this - I simply cannot endure this

anomalistical adulation and apoplethical adoration of these Wilfrids, Freddie, Robs and Roys, and the whole conglobulation of those tinsally, twittering flickers of folk monopolising the firmament of fun and fame without broadcasting throughout the Commonwealth and overseas service, at least, that another star of the first magnitude has appeared in that Planary System, and should be immediately inserted into that Planetarium. It must now be universally declared that Sydney R, with his "Have-a-Look" was henceforth to be as lovingly and as everlastingly entwined as Silfrid Frickles with his "Have-a-Go": the latter deafened by the vociferous plandits of his hearers, but, (a far greater achievement) the former bedazzled by the voluminous stakes of his subscribers.

From this overnight leap into editorial éclat you will travel your luminous and humourous orbit with the best of them.

Pardon this delayed declaration on your deserts. It is a frightfully long way from Timbuctoo - sometimes, for some people.

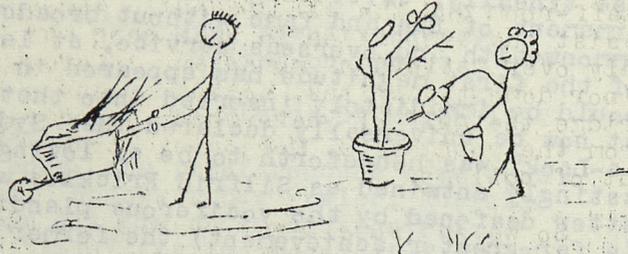
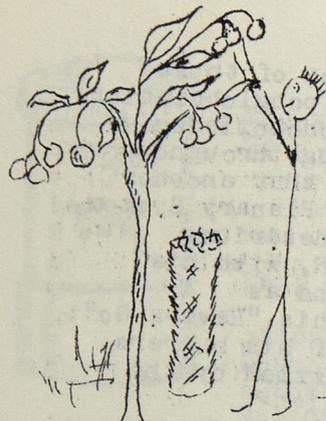
Your darling son

Senex Simplex.

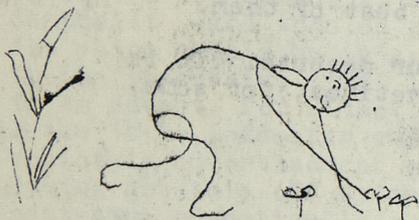
(Senex, My dear son, so thats where you have been hiding. Timbuctoo, eh? After your letter - come home - all is forgiven. Your loving old Dad.)

Litanistics on Istics.

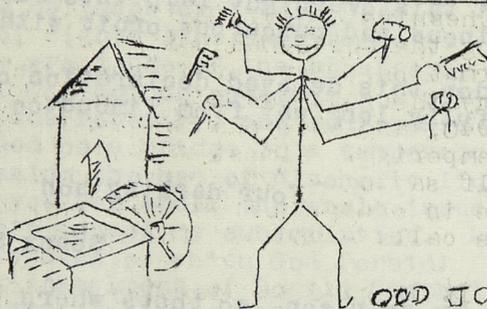
Avoid, like a plague neurotics.
Have no dealings with erotics.
Keep at a distance from eostatics.
Beware, at all costs, exotics.
Dampen each and all romantics.
Confound at once, all pessimists.
Laugh long at all bright optimists.
Resort not with modernists.
Contravert Existentialists.
Shed tears for all athiests.
If acquainted with a mystic,
Then treat carefully his "istics."



JOBS AT ALL STOCK SIZES.



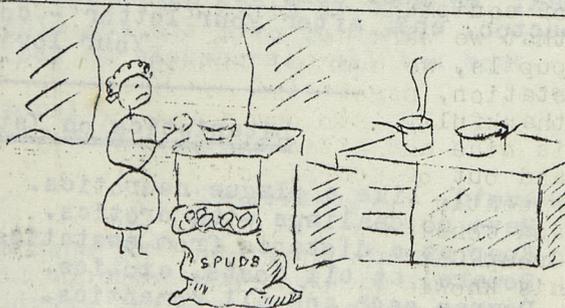
WEEDING



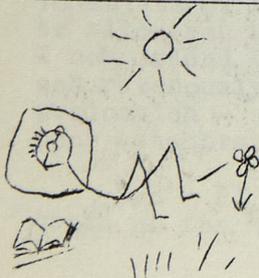
ODD JOBS



NURSING.



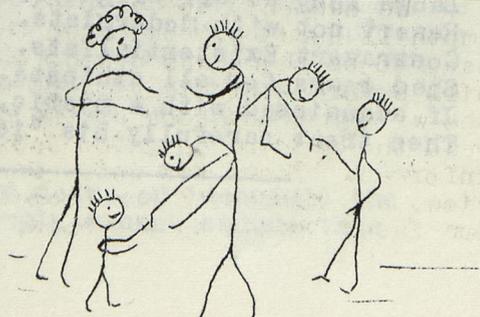
COOKING.



THINKING ?



YUM! YUM!!



INTERESTS AT ALL LEVELS 30.

VOLUNTEERS AT AMPHILL PARK HOUSE

We enjoy our Saturday morning coffee, Away from the staff-room and the all pervading atmosphere of school, we can resist the temptation to talk shop and the conversation ranges idly over matters of momentary interest - new frocks, 'dates', minor domestic crises, holiday plans - and at the same time we bridge the gulf of years which separates the pre-war teachers from the youngsters, Marjorie, Moira, Olga - barely two years out of college.

So we sat some three weeks ago, when the opening of a new Cheshire Home only eight miles away was mentioned. Cheshire Foundation news is always of interest. For six years Jane has encouraged her form to raise money in December for a "good cause" the Cheshire Homes. Moira went as a voluntary helper to Le Court during the Christmas holidays. We listened as she gave the information. Her words "new home" acted as a trigger that set my thoughts racing. I have had new homes since I was married in 1940, and each has meant an orgy of scrubbing, painting, distemper. Almost without further conscious thought I heard myself saying - "They might welcome some help in getting the place in order." From that moment events moved swiftly: letters, phone calls - and the following Saturday we were on our way.

It is hard to disguise a bucket laden with all the items of equipment we thought we should need, and, fervently hoping that we were not being curiously observed by too many of our pupils, we hurried through the crowds of shoppers to the bus station, negotiated our unwieldy baggage up the stairs, and sank thankfully into our seats, five of us plus David. David, my son, is nine and often the only way of reconciling family obligations and out of school activities is to take him along too. He has recently read 'Bomber Pilot', 'The Dam Busters', 'Cheshire VC' and considers himself an authority on the life and career of Group Captain Cheshire. He was desperately anxious to impart his knowledge to anyone kind enough to listen, and the miles sped quickly by.

We had only the vaguest idea of the whereabouts of Amptill House and enlisted the aid of the bus conductor who assured us there was a stop at the gate. At the top of the hill before Amptill village we got off. Only as we approached the wrought iron gates at the start of a well kept drive did we read the name of Houghton House and realised we had been misinformed. There was not a soul in sight, not another house in view, so, clutching our buckets, our hair tossed by the wind, our faces beaten by the rain, we trudged along the deserted road.

Some ten minutes later we reached the outskirts of Ampthill and realisation dawned that we were walking in the wrong direction.

We enquired at a cottage, retraced our steps to the top of the hill, continued to the foot of it, and found the turning we wanted. No well kept drive this time, but a muddy, unmade road full of potholes and churned up anew every day by the tractors going to Bovril Farm. As we regarded it somewhat distastefully along came Sir Paul Latham to meet us. Thankfully we piled into the car, buckets and all, and introductions and the preliminary exchanges were made as we jogged and bumped our way to Ampthill House.

Through two ground floor rooms, we had just time to notice they were clean furnished and warm, up the main staircase, and along a corridor we followed our guide; and so into a room which Alan said we could start on straight away. We looked about us. The paintwork had once been white, the walls bright orange, but now the dust of years lay thickly on ceiling, walls and floor. Here and there were pencil drawings, names, numbers - souvenirs of war-time occupation by troops. We looked again at the number on the door - 98 - could it mean there were 97 other rooms in a state like this? Our hearts ached for the permanent staff if faced with such a problem. We struggled into working kit, indulging in all kinds of manoeuvres to keep our clean clothes out of the dirt; if only we had explored we would have found a bathroom where we could have changed in comfort, but faced with the urgency of that filthy room we felt not a moment should be lost. We hung our things over the bannisters of the main staircase, and, quite transformed from our trim, schoolday selves, seized brooms and set to work.

As the dust swirled and visibility was rapidly reduced, Alan returned to say that if we could spare time to step into the corridor, Group Captain Cheshire would like to meet us. This was a pleasure we had never even hoped for. No time for any reactions - we were shaking hands. David, eyes shining was standing smartly to attention, his sentences punctuated by 'sir' after each phrase. Obviously meeting a V.C. in the flesh called for heights of courtesy not usually in evidence. Was G.C. Cheshire really saying that he would like to come to school to thank the girls? Another unanticipated pleasure.

We returned to our labours, as elated as any journalist with a scoop. Gradually the dust subsided, Moira was introduced to the mysteries of scrubbing; Olga and Marjorie to the technique of distempering. David was kept busy unwrapping boiled sweets and

popping them into our dust parched mouths. Occasionally one misfired and went plop into the duster. A paraffin stove appeared and there was a welcome break for tea. Some four hours later we took stock - all traces of dust removed; ceiling, walls and paintwork all starkly white. We began our second scrubbing of the floor eagerly and anxiously eager to see the final result of our work, anxious lest Alan should return and think that in an excess of zeal we had deliberately dustered the floor. At last it was completed and Francis had arrived to run us home. We changed by candle light, quickly made arrangements for our next visit, left our equipment behind us and piled once more into a car, this time somewhat wearily - deeply grateful for the kind thought that had prompted Francis to arrange to come for us.

Since then we have been several times to Arpithill and some twenty senior girls have helped too. Our work has barely touched the fringe of the problem of making all the big house clean and habitable. We have gained more than we have given. Group Captain Cheshire came and spoke to the assembled school. Each girl must have derived something of value from his unaffected simplicity of manner, and the shining example of a life spent in thought and service for others.

We are proud to have been able to contribute our mite to the work of the Cheshire Foundation.

J. Pedlow.

The Warden denies that he is still endeavouring to trace the felonious person who left a note on his desk early on the morning of April the first asking him to ring Brookwood 2222 as a Mr. & Mrs. Ash wished to speak to him urgently.

We understand that the cemetery superintendent rose to the occasion with admirable and tactful aplomb.

There is no good in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat.

James Russell Lowell.

D A N G E R ! ! !

It has been brought to my notice that the upper corridor is unsafe during the hour 9.0 - 10.0 a.m. on Tuesdays and Fridays. No, don't panic, nothing is bending or slipping, except maybe tempers.

The penny did not drop, until a young lady was observed passing the doorway of a small room on this corridor, she walked on tip-toe and was giggling like nobody's business, It appears that a fiend is let loose in the laundry room at this hour. While sorting soiled linen and looking for floor space, he, in desperation hurls sheets, etc. through the doorway and across the corridor.

Therefore, I suggest the use of small motor horns on approaching the danger zone, also disguise footsteps, as 'tis said an elephant never forgets. What a catastrophe, should Sister get in the line of fire; 160 acres would not hold me, I imagine, under those distressing circumstances, and what - if the Warden were seen at this hour, with a pillow slip on his head and around his shoulders.

Oh fie! Hughie, be your age you wicked old man!

Since writing this I have thought of the chance I've missed! Only this morning our worthy editor passed and repassed this particular doorway, muttering and carrying on no end. Whoosh! - can you see it, but the result - At 'em bomb wouldn't have been in it!

I have also wondered, what would happen should Nipper become entangled with a sheet or something of that nature. I feel sure, he would finish up by telling me in no uncertain manner, what he thought of my aunt's nephews.

It hasn't happened yet but it could do.

Why worry

Happy Days.

signed The Fiend in the Laundry.

ANOTHER MIOW FROM MOLLY.

The strange and the grotesque all can play their part in the field of accessories. Every now and then someone "discovers" that beer bottle tops, old seals, coins, etc. can be pressed into use and, sometimes, in the hands of the artist, they have a pleasing unusualness: note the word pleasing for some are inclined to forget that the objective of the accessory is to enhance.

The unusual does not necessarily enhance: it may demand attention - it may scream for attention but only to dismay or to cause amusement of the wrong kind. If we were to believe all that we read we should look like veritable Christmas trees for at any one time we may learn that at least five contrasting things are fashionable. It is chunky jewellery today, fobs or pearls done this way or that tomorrow and the next day we shall find that we cannot possibly live without the new plastic "thing-a-me" with the new "whats-name".....

The point that I want to make and I mean to keep knocking it home is the discovery that we make about everyone else. Everything does not suit everybody, a discovery that we ourselves, to our cost, often forget.

Do not be lead astray by the descriptions "French" "American" "Plastic" - blessed word that covers a multitude of sins and of course, "New" "Fashionable" etc. I even saw Cameos advertised as the new fashion the other day!

If you are certain that beer bottle tops are a suitable component for your necklace - then by all means use them. If you think pieces of coal make ear clip decorations suited to your personality then all well and good, but don't, don't, use them because they are cheap - because everybody else is wearing them - because its the latest thing from the North Pole.

As you can see all of this advice is negative advice, but only a fool would give positive advice without first knowing the person she is advising.

M. Conibear.

A young man arrested for writing the stirring slogan "More Grants for Education" on a public wall, stated in court that he could not read or write. When asked why he wrote the slogan he said, "What-do-you-know, they told me it spelled, - I love Molly Smith."

GREETINGS

Letters have been received from many friends - patients and volunteers, all of whom have given practical help in the running of Le Court.

What a treat it is to hear from them all.

Mrs. L.G. Keane writes from Brighton and gives us her blessing. We remember well her kindness when she was with us and we hope to see her soon once again.

Mrs. S. Hamilton of Regina, Canada, sends us greetings and has become a subscriber to T.C.S. Mrs. Hamilton encloses a few lines from the heart and a lovely card:-

Friendship.

Give me the love of friends and I
Shall not complain of cloudy sky
Or little dreams that fade and die
Give me the clasp of one firm hand
The lips that say 'I understand'
And I shall walk on holy land
For fame and fortune burdens bring
And winter takes the rose of spring
But friendship is a doglike thing.

"Carry on Canada"

Frances Jeram sends us congratulations and encouragement and promises to try and let us have some reminiscences of past occasions. We look forward to a visit from her in the near future.

Mr. & Mrs. Manley send best wishes and a gift to each patient with a promise to visit us.

Mrs. Nita Collins, who looked after us for a period, very kindly thought of us all with an Easter present for everybody. We thank her and send a blessing to her and her dear ones from us all.

It was fine to have Father Hogan once more amongst us at Easter, restored to health and in his usual good spirits.

Binty renowned as Nature's gift to women, wrote from Winchester, following his visit to Le Court some weeks ago and wished us well.

Binty left Le Court about two years ago and we miss his laughter. Long John Silver up to date, Binty always said "The Treasure was important, the island could look after itself." Also that one should see where they operated.

One day the story must be told!

Harold Quainton has received a letter from Betty Bartlett, another dear ex-patient. Betty helped in the garden and was a grand pippin. Here's every good wish to her.

Jack Brooks called upon us recently. He is always cheerful and good to see. Jack is an ex-patient and now does light work.

Miss Joan Scott from Swanage sent reading matter and best regards for all. A lovely Easter Card and encouragement for the Editor. Take away his crutches!

THE TEMPLE OF MISTRAS
A Ghastly Story.

PART IV

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

With all these terrible events happening and now our story shifts to London - it is in a Wapping Inn in the High Street that there was a tall handsome man standing drinking a pint and this man had a rose in his button hole and there was a red mark on his face and that is where the tall man had kissed the bar maid and the barmaids name was Rose Trelawny - good- the tall handsome man said - it should taste alright - said Rose Trelawney

- its Lax Mactor - she said the man was drinking another pint when the door of the Private bar was opened and another man entered the bar and this man sidled up to the bar and this man ordered a BLUE GODDESS Cocktail and the tall man clenched his teeth on his glass and the tall handsome mans glass was broke into pieces and his face was red - he had cut himself - BLUE GODDESS - he cried - Simon Pintford - he cried Simon Pintford dropped his glass to the floor - he said - you - he said - the rose - the rose - pointing to the rose in the tall handsome mans button hole and the barmaid Rose Trelawney said - I don't know I am sure - and passed out against the beer purps - Simon Pintford rushed for the door followed by the tall handsome man but when the tall handsome man got to the door the Simon Pintford had disappeared and the clock struck 4 o'clock - the pub had an all-day licence - the tall man came back into the bar - he had not finished his drink and cried - get me a tire-table quickly - he said - it may be a matter of life and death - Rose Trelawney rushed and got him a tire-table - WOULD HE BE IN TIME. The train for Hampshire was due in half an hour - could he make it - the tall handsome manworried - and slowly the tall handsome man crept out into the busy street looking both ways Rose Trelawney sighed and touched her face where the marks of his moustache dye still showed on her face - she would never see him again she thought - and then she noticed his rose which had fallen to the ground and Rose thought what could it all mean.

It was in the professors bedroom and the valet Joseph Anders drew himself up to his full height he was 6'3" tall - he stood full of thought and then seeing that it was useless the valet rushed to the library and as he didn't notice the blood on the floor - he trod in it and swearing loudly he fell against the bookcase which slowly opened and he fell in and the valet Joseph Anders caught himself on a nail and he swore again and the bookcase slowly closed.

Tawdry Rampage was in the kitchen drinking tea with the cook who was drinking tea. Tawdry Rampage said - where is everybody - to the cook - we must act at once - and the cook said - Yes but I must put the dinner on first as the unconscious professor Mike Thompson might wake up - Tawdry Rampage the tall blonde said - I will search the house first we will start with the pantry first - the cook blanched like a piece of celery and said - NOT THERE - she said and Tawdry Rampage went out and

looked in the Out-house and then she knew what she must do - the tall blonde took a white horse from the stable and closely followed by the cook she rode barebacked towards the Churchyard and it was 11.30 p.m. and would she be too late she thought.

Johnny Ray.

What has the horrid valet got up his sleeve? Who is the tall handsome stranger? Will Simon Pintford be found? Read next month's griping! instalment!

IT'S A FUNNY THING.

From the Dailies:-

A skin of glass covers the whole of Chaddesden Secondary School, Derby. Purpose of the glass: to protect the brilliantly coloured walls from the weather. At ground level there will be plywood panels. Their purpose: to protect the glass from the children.

.....It will obviously be found necessary sooner or later to protect the plywood panels from vandalism. Small sharp spikes about an inch apart would be very suitable and even give an "olde worlde" effect. The spikes, of course, would need little rubber caps to protect the children from hurting themselves and probably a line of guardsmen with fixed bayonets could protect the spokes from being taken for use as erasers. After all, as I think you will all agree, - why have National Service?

....."and without bowing or awaiting for the applause, he gave a down beat and started Brahms".....

Whereupon Brahms ran round the podium three times and pursued by flute and fiddle and big bass drum, escaped from the auditorium.

....."gave his birth date as 1882 and his London Mother as Irish....." His New York mother was, of course, Scots.

OUR CRITIC - COR ENGLISH ESQ.

Ever since brain washing became fashionable two things have happened amongst others - one is that confessions have become automatically suspect - and, to anyone who does confess, without the use of the black jack or the truth drug, is considered something of a fool.

The old fashioned thing called conscience is now in the discard although, apparently, human beings have yet to get out of the habit of consulting it! as is evidenced by a recent quote by a Judge at the Hampshire Assizes:-

"I do not profess to understand why people make confessions. There is case after case where a man is convicted of murder and executed, and who would never have been convicted unless he had talked."

The full turn of the screw, in fact, it positively breaks the head off, is attained by a member of the T.U.C., speaking at Manchester:-

...."I believe every man has the right to his conscience. But when personal conscience interferes with the good of the party then personal conscience must give way to the party."

This is real "Big Brother" stuff in a big - a mighty big, way. Lets hope that someone notices these things and that a prophet is heard in his own country or else it won't only be the head of the screw!

With the decline of religion has gone the basis of our moral code. We are free-wheeling along on ideas that once had a logical reason - that were a means and not an end but already, as can clearly be seen, perversions are entering in. In the first quote a conscience is not even considered; in the second it is allowed provided it is ineffective and does not interfere with political dogmas.

Given a few hundred years and it will be most difficult to explain why honesty is the best policy!

Good teachers cost more, but poor teachers cost most.

Waurine Walker.

LE COURT

A community for the disabled

founded by

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

Some 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.