

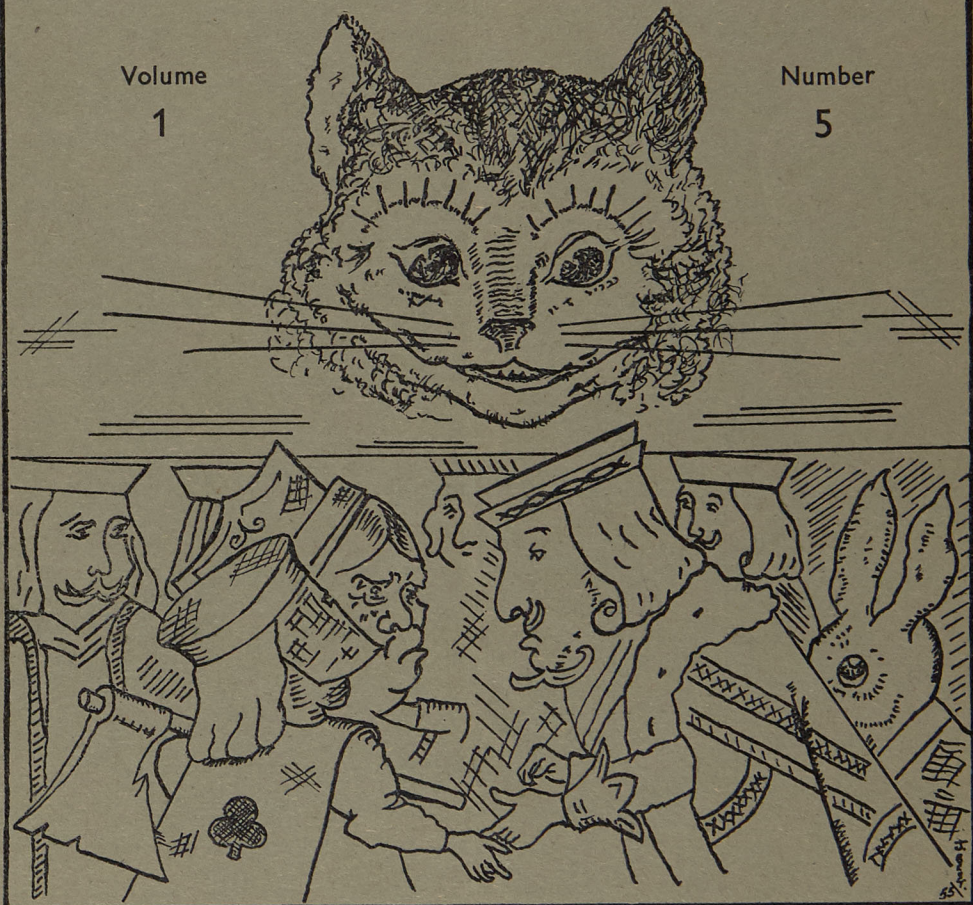
# The "Cheshire Smile"

Volume

1

Number

5



*The Cheshire Foundation*

*Le Court, Liss, Hants.*



# "THE CHESHIRE SMILE"

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Le Court - - Liss - - Hants



# The Cheshire Smile

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# The Cheshire Smile

Dear Friends,

First I must apologise for the erratic publication of The Cheshire Smile. To those of our friends who know us intimately the cause is no secret and so my explanations are directed to those good friends who because of distance have never had the opportunity to visit us and may sometimes wonder, during the intervals, whether we have forgotten to send their copy.

Our last number coincided with the rail strike and the General Election and we are hoping that this new number will not presage another outbreak of hostilities or something large and unfortunate of some kind or other.

The reason for our lateness this time is that I have had to spend six weeks in St. Mary's Hospital, Portsmouth, and who should I have to hold my hand but Ted Sleaman. We have both progressed and are back at Le Court, but of course with our energetic progress chaser and myself out of operation, the magazine has suffered something of a set-back. The rest of the Board kept the flag flying and it is due to their efforts that we are able to publish this number.

It seems that our original estimates were rather over-optimistic and seven or eight publications will be as much as we can physically manage. We do hope that our readers will not be too disappointed in us.

In our second issue we got the place name Fontainebleau wrong and by coincidence the French Government fell. In our third issue we apologised and - is my face red - we spelled it differently, but wrongly again, and the British Government resigned. With international affairs as they now stand we can afford to take no more chances. An upheaval in the Kremlin at this juncture might jeopardise the cold peace.

Please don't forget to let us have your views and news. We are continually wondering whether our subscribers like what we serve up or rather - what it is that they dislike about the magazine. Criticism is, after all, absolutely necessary to



keep the thing alive and without it we should either get into a rut of monotony or jump about feverishly seeking new excitements, a state we could not possibly maintain - Both courses are equally deadly. If you have any ideas or could write something for us - do let us have it please!

Sydney Radford, Editor.

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OUR SPOKESMAN REPORTS

So much has happened since our last knell, that we've almost forgotten where the knocker is. However, loud and prolonged applause on the safe return of the Editor and the Printer from their vacation in Portsmouth!

Slavery is once again in full swing, and we welcome friends, old and new, all well-beloved. Simon Flinn has returned to the army for a rest.

We are sad to record the recent indisposition of Professor and Mrs. Cheshire, and wish them a speedy recovery.

Herr and Fraulein Seton are holidaying on the Cornish Riviera, Alf Pawsey has been truly Continental, Henry Morton sent the Warden a compromising Belgian picture postcard, Harold Cole sent him a respectable ditto from Guernsey, Mr. Frank Phillips has been in the English Channel, someone else has been in the Lily Pond, Kitty Sinnott is on the brink of being antipodean, and I hear nostalgic murmurs about the Isle of Man. .... Le Courtiers certainly get around.

Mr. Stuart Hibberd spent a couple of days with us recently, and held us all enthralled for one hour with his reminiscences. By the time this reaches our readers he will have broadcast his BBC appeal, and (we hope) many pens will have been worn out acknowledging the flood of gifts that should come in.

What a marvellous event the Fete was on July 9th: so many of our good friends present, wonderful weather, "G.C." in our midst, a famous film star, the Windmill Girls, a full page of photos in the Tatler, unstinted help and support from literally everyone, patients, staff, volunteers and Committee. And, not least, net proceeds of over £350 to help buy our bread and butter.



If we may be just a trifle previous, we sincerely congratulate Margaret Froud and Kitty Langley on their imminent nuptials: may they have every happiness in the future: likewise Frank Read who has taken a teaching post in Devon, and John Knox who is now a functionary at Longmoor Camp.

Postman.

---

ANOTHER MIOW FROM MOLLY.  
H A T S !

The wonderful weather we have had recently brings forth the vision of Divine Picture Hats .... but please, I beg of you, study your face and hair style before you buy a hat.

The whole effect must be considered: for instance a short woman should not wear big or flat hats because they will cut her height.

Hats must also be chosen to tone in with the whole outfit, both in style and colour. However well a picture hat may suit your face and figure, under no circumstances ought it to be worn with tailor-mades. Picture hats are essentially feminine, and look ridiculous with anything but feminine clothes. It is also wiser to choose a colour that will tone in with the rest of your outfit, especially if your other accessories are of a contrasting colour. Violent colours ought to be used sparingly, or they will only detract from elegance.

More than any other accessory, hats lend themselves to decoration. This can be a snare and a delusion; do not succumb to the temptation to decorate your hat with everything but the kitchen sink. If it is used moderately however, decoration is an asset. A veil is both feminine and softening if it suits you - but do remember that you are wearing it, and don't try to blow your nose, or to eat something without lifting the veil first. Decoration does not inevitably mean elegance and there is more sophistication in a small charming black hat, than in any amount of feather and flower!

There are so many things to be remembered in choosing a hat that one always tends to look for help and advice. The person best qualified to give this advice is the experienced sales girl. She has the advantage of being able to judge the whole effect of an ensemble, while her training and experience are such that she can judge almost as soon as you enter the shop what type of hat will suit you best.



Finally, one must learn or acquire the art of wearing a hat. Again the sales girl will be able to help by showing you how to put it on; but a hat will only look right if you yourself are confident that it suits both you and the rest of your ensemble.

M. Conibear

---

Stroud, Glos.

Dear Editor,

It seems very hard to believe that only one short week ago I was making my very first visit to Le Court. I have now re-entered the rut of business and yet all seems different. What do you do to your visitors? There is a mesmeric after-effect. My thoughts are constantly travelling those 80 miles and "hey-presto" - I see you all again.

"Hey-presto," is a very carefully selected phrase. It conjures up the conjurer! - It also brings to mind Harold (Nipper) Cole, Esq. It was very obvious to a nice observer that the Conjurer who entertained us was treating Harold with more and more respect as the evening progressed. I was fully prepared to be witness to a standing interchange of roles, but I was in fact a trifle over-apprehensive. Whenever I re-read Harold's art - on art (sorry) I chuckle immoderately on completion of the first paragraph, to the collective annoyance of my family who believe that a joke should be shared.

My thanks to Jimmy Best for taking me under his capable wing. I suspect that he has acquired the hon. role of chief guide; - a duty which he discharged "as to the manner born."

Despite many discreet enquiries, I am totally unable to find out what happened in Parts I & II of the Ghastly serial. I sought here and there but nobody can help. Will nobody lend me numbers 1 and 2 - or is there conspiracy afoot? The honour of the Thompsons requires satisfaction. Please! Everytime I endeavoured to approach "The Author" I was headed off and had to give up in despair. I am terrified of what may happen in Part IV - and till then we must bear up and remain,

With kindest regards to all,

Your Gotswold correspondent,

Leslie Thompson.

---



### THE CHESHIRE BUS

At the occasion of the visit of Her Majesty The Queen Mother to Le Court last April, Le Courtiers and many of the multitude of visitors would have noticed a blue motorcoach parked in the main forecourt. After the departure of Her Majesty many visitors' curiosity led them to pay a visit to the interior of this mobile exhibition.

The vehicle 'down for the day' was the Cheshire London Bus, which is based in Wimbledon under the charge of Mr. Frank Layton - a very active member of the G.C.'s Mission for the Relief of Suffering. The Bus is kept in the forecourt of a public house managed by an ex-R.A.F. gentleman who very kindly allows this parking space to be used free of charge.

Inside the Bus is a "Holy Sepulchre" containing illuminated photographic transparencies which are used to tell the story of The Holy Shroud of Turin - one of the Group Captain's principal interests. The transparencies can be illuminated in turn by individual switches controlled by the lecturer, and the main photograph is a life-size reproduction of the front of the Holy Shroud in negative form. People who have spent years of study of the Shroud, have all said that this life-size photograph mounted on silk and illuminated from beneath, shows the fascinating detail of the Shroud's image better than any existing reproduction.

Most weekdays the Bus is parked in Oxford Street or in front of Earls Court Station. At week-ends the Bus travels further afield, usually by invitation from a church or religious group. In recent weeks this mobile exhibition has visited such places as Harrow, Bedford, and Guildford. Wherever they go, the Bus helpers receive an enthusiastic welcome, and there is always a queue of people waiting to enter in groups of ten or twelve to hear the short talk. No charge is made for admission, but books and booklets are available for those interested. After payment for petrol, oil and engine maintenance, money from these book-sales is sent to the most needy Homes. It happens quite often that a visitor will make a very substantial donation to the Mission (a casual visitor presented a cheque for £50 in Oxford Street). In these instances, the money is made out to the G.C., who is then responsible for the repatriation around the Mission. In general, it is the newer Homes with the greatest financial difficulties who receive this money.

All races and religions have been welcomed in the Cheshire Bus, and there are many most interesting stories to be told about visitor's reactions to the majestic beauty of the Shroud image, and of the questions people ask. These in themselves



would take up far more space than is available in the Cheshire Smile today, but could perhaps form the contents of a later article. An important point which must be mentioned however, is that a very large number of irreligious people are highly impressed by what they see and hear, and a high percentage of these people accept the authenticity of the Shroud.

The 'Crew' of the Bus are all volunteers who give up their spare time for lecturing or driving. Ladies are in the majority as far as lecturers are concerned, and shorthand typing seems to be the predominate full-time occupations of these valuable helpers. Of the two gentlemen who do most of the driving, one is a chartered accountant, and the other a technical author in a famous aircraft factory. A London trolleybus driver also gives a welcome hand from time to time. Of course, there is the odd time when none of these volunteer drivers is free for some particular excursion, and then a paid driver has to be used.

In addition to the talk given inside the Bus, a tape recording of the G.C.'s voice is relayed to passers-by and those awaiting their turn to enter. This recording relates the story of the Crucifixion, and is interspersed with religious music and the G.C.'s compelling invitation to enter the Bus.

Anyone who would like further details of the Cheshire London Bus, or any organisation who would like to have a visit by the Bus, should write to Mr. Frank Layton, 101 Pelham Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19.

Basil Jackson.

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#### CRICKET MATCH AT TICHBORNE PARK

A party of us spent an enjoyable Sunday afternoon a few weeks ago when we went to Tichborne Park to watch a charity cricket match, the proceeds of which went to Group Captain Cheshire's Mission for the Relief of Suffering. Terence Rattigan's XI played Sir Anthony Tichborne's XI. Each team included stars of sport, stage and screen. Denis Compton, E.T. Hones, the former Surrey Captain, and England Test Player, Hohn Mills, John Clements and Kenneth More. Last, but not least, Gilbert Harding, who admitted that he had very little knowledge of the game, gave a commentary on the match, which raised many a laugh from the crowd of about 5,000. His advice to people as what to do when they obstructed his view was also very amusing.



As for the game, one can only say that it was really enjoyable and great fun. Denis Compton obliged with a score of 127 out of a total of 2.. to the delight of the crowd. A typical Compton effort. One amusing incident occurred when eight players fielding at slip, fell flat, as if at a word of command, when the ball came in their direction. Imagine this happening at Lords, or seeing Miss Zsa Zsa Gabor coming on to the field with drinks for the players as she did here.

During the interval Gilbert Harding came over to us. Several of the patients had cameras and he willingly posed for various shots, signed autographs, and had an amiable chat with us. He appeared to be very interested in life at Le Court.

Sir Anthony Tichborne promised to bring the stars of both teams to us at the close of the match, and they duly obliged.

We all appreciated the honour of being introduced to such famous personalities, who for the cause of charity, provided such grand entertainment. Also we tender our thanks to Sir Anthony Tichborne for reserving a space on the ground for us, and to seeing to our comfort and enjoyment.

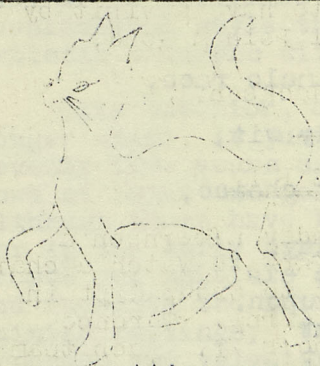
Alan Davies.

---

I. T. C. A.

(It's that cat again)

CONVERSATIONS WITH KAVANAGH.



"My dear Kav - What do you think of these Oxford slaves?"

"Yes" said Kav. newsing a little (as you know cats always take their time to answer questions) "yes, they have their uses."

"You mean around the wards?"

"I suppose you could say that."

"- and the kitchen."

"You are getting warmer."

"Ho! Ho!"

"I don't know what Ho! Ho! means but if it is motivated by a cynical or puritanical attitude towards the pleasure of the table, then you may inform my public that I often receive succulent morsels from the hands of these poor ~~denigrated~~ people and you can put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"My dear Kav. mind your articulation."

"I always chew every mouthful ..... Good-day."

---



AFTER TWILIGHT

(Twice Broadcast A.B.C)

Soft, softly, Night, creep through the greening leaves,  
swing out your Moon, and flood the earth with light,  
ensilver those dark-shadowed wheaten sheaves,  
and paint the stubble fields with sheer delight.

Look now, the cattle, docile in their rest,  
huddle in groups beneath the pine trees' gloom.  
The dew that showers from the Sky's cold breast,  
sprinkles their hides with diamente bloom.

A windmill silhouetted on the hill  
creaks suddenly, and from a hidden pool,  
the last frog's ripples fade, and all is still,  
and come you nearer, Night, in stealth and cool.

No breath of wind to stir the drifting haze  
of wreathy clouds that hem your lustrous gown;  
Yours is the Earth, with all your stars ablaze,  
their stained-glass colours jewelling your crown.

Joan Forsyth, Australia.

---

SILENCE IS GOLDEN

When I did rashly state my case  
'Gainst trousers for the female race,  
I spoke in "ex cathedra" voice,  
With pompous tone and tinely wit,  
Forbade the garment to the chit.  
But now, if I could have my choice,  
I'd from the record wipe away  
My foolish words of yesterday.  
For when we met you had trows on -  
This gave me food to think upon.  
My horror was not quite the point  
My admiration quite disjoint  
Their grandeur finer than my own!

---



LA SCALA, MILAN.  
yesterday and today.

Throughout the world, even to the most unmusical, La Scala, Milan, means first class music and opera. To me the very name spells magic so that when I was recently in Milan, with a couple of hours before my train left, I decided to find out as much as I could about it and how and why it has grown to such fabulous importance.

The story really begins in February 1776 when the Teatro Ducale (Duke's Theatre) was completely destroyed by fire. Maria Teresa, Empress of Austria and Duchess of Milan, acceding to the requests of the season ticket holders of the destroyed Teatro Ducale, gave the use of the site, and the immediate surroundings, of the former Church of Santa Maria alla Scala so that the Milanese could build themselves a new theatre.

The work was entrusted to the architect Giuseppe Piermarini who completed the whole structure in less than two years.

I confess to being a trifle disappointed when I first saw La Scala, probably because I had vaguely expected a typically Italian romantic setting with an impressive theatrical building. Instead, I found myself in the Piazza Scala, a modern busy square with trams, buses and cars rushing by noisily, while the crowds jostled by. The building I looked at might easily have been a bank or an insurance office with its simple and dignified neoclassical style that never for a moment suggested the many artistic triumphs within its portals.

This exterior, apart from some side terraces which no longer exist, is just as Piermarini designed it a hundred and seventy five years ago. The inside structure with its towering rows of boxes and galleries above has never been altered either, although there have been a great many changes in the decoration for in the early days, box owners were permitted to put their crests and initials on the front of the boxes, and to furnish and decorate the interiors as they wished. Many had gorgeous painted ceilings; tapestries were used and so were silks, brocades and velvets. Colour was much in evidence and so was carving, gilding and glass ornamentation. Changing political ideologies, towards the end of the eighteenth century, obliged box owners to remove the multicoloured crests and in 1838 when the whole building was cleaned for the occasion of the coronation of Ferdinand I all the hangings and decorations were changed to the present day heraldic crimson - a colour that is wonderfully rich and effective against the white and gold of the walls and decorations.



La Scala has always kept abreast of the times with its actual stage, back stage rooms and lighting and the successful installation of the vast apparatus which still makes La Scala one of the best equipped theatres in the world is chiefly due to Piernarini's brilliant forethought. He distributed the architectural structures according to a well balanced plan and built them with such skill that they were capable of incorporating, without altering their noble aspect, all improvements and additions demanded by advancing theatrical technique.

Now why did La Scala become the operatic centre of the world? Even in the earliest days the Milanese loved and enjoyed their opera deriving immense spiritual satisfaction from it and supporting it wholeheartedly; not only the wealthy box owners but the general public who crowded into the pit and the galleries for every possible performance.

As early as 1780 the staging of an opera, or ballet, at Milan assumed the importance of a first class news event arousing keen interest, provoking discussions and controversies. Contemporary newspaper accounts of performances at La Scala were profound and scholarly criticisms attracting the attention of important foreign critics. This vigorous life of La Scala was reflected, too, in the presence and prosperity of music publishers, newspapers and magazines by means of which Milan became not only the most important musical centre in the world but actually the recognised capital of opera to which the most celebrated and enterprising impressarios came.

At first, to cover the expenses of the theatre, contributions were levied on the profits of the gambling tables which were in the foyer. Then, from 1806 - 1918 expenses were met by the theatre's co-proprietors - the Town Council and the Box owners, with additional help coming from impressarios and private patrons. In 1921 the Autonomous Corporation of La Scala Opera House was established giving La Scala a measure of legal administrative and artistic independence with capital provided by national and local subsidies and contributions, and then finally in 1928 a decree recognised La Scala as a "National Institute of Operatic Art" after which the boxes definitely became the property of the town of Milan.

During the thirties there were, of course, many difficulties; and then came the war.

In August 1943 Milan came through one of its heaviest air bombardments and high-explosive and incendiary bombs hit La Scala. The great ceiling of the auditorium was torn apart; the roof and centrally supported vaults collapsed and brought down with them all the galleries structure and most of the four tiers of boxes. The rehearsal rooms of the chorus and ballet; the



school rooms, laboratories, costume; shoemaking and equipment rooms and dressing rooms were all totally destroyed. Thanks to a metal drop curtain, which protected it from blast, the stage itself escaped almost undamaged. To complete the picture of desolation, that same night bombs devastated the depositories and warehouses in the Milan suburb of Bovisa where the complete scenery and costumes for more than a hundred operas had been sent for safety and where, in vain, the great chandelier of the auditorium had been taken. All that remained of it was the bare iron frame beside a pathetic little pile of Bohemian cut crystal.

After the end of the war Milan viewed the question of rebuilding La Scala as one of honour and in time a very high priority was given for the work.

The architects respected all constructional and architectural characteristics of the original theatre and the decorations were also redone with faithfulness to style and detail.

Rising Phoenix-like from its own ashes a perfectly reproduced Scala again opened its doors to an impatient public in May 1946 with Toscanini on the rostrum to conduct the inaugural concert.

I shall cherish the dream that one day I will see an actual operatic performance at La Scala; meanwhile I have to be satisfied with an unexpected and rewarding peep inside.

I was looking round the Scala Theatrical Museum - a fascinating and enchanting place tucked away round the back and side of the theatre - a little museum rich in relics and associations with composers, musicians, singers, dancers, actors, and actresses, costume designers and scenic artists. There are rooms filled with memories and belongings of all the famous personalities who built up the grandeur and tradition of La Scala. In a corner is the piano used by Rossini. Somewhere else is the death mask of Verdi. In a glass fronted case lie some gloves and a gay waistcoat worn by Caruso. There are some of Tetrizzini's fans and a faded satin ballet shoe belonging to Taglioni. Musical scores abound. Puccini has some, autographed and with self caricatures. There are glittering jewels; snuff boxes; show buckles and decorations and honours - all lovely personal mementos of lovable people who have enriched the world with their wonderful natural gifts.

As I wandered around happily I suddenly realised that from somewhere was coming the most lovely music. In halting Italian I asked an attendant whether there was, perhaps, a rehearsal in progress? Smilingly he assured me that it was so and then, speaking rather proudly as all Milanese do when mentioning their own lovely theatre he said "And would the Signora care to listen



and watch?" Hardly daring to believe that I had understood him correctly, I nodded. He took me to a door and motioned me through. I was surprised to find myself in the main lobby of the theatre. It was magnificent, draped in crimson against white and gold with many branched crystal candelabra glistening. Girls were busy arranging massed red and white flowers; I learned later that there was to be a gala orchestral concert that evening. Half way across the lobby my attendant opened a small white and gold door and I found myself in the centre box of the third row looking straight on to the stage where a full orchestral rehearsal was in progress. A little tilt chair was pulled forward and I sat down leaning over the edge of the box and listened, entranced, to part of Verdi's mighty Requiem Mass.

I looked up and down La Scala and took in the vast stage; the four tiers of beflowered boxes with the two galleries above; the dramatic loveliness of the crimson draperies against the white and gold and the glittering chandelier; it was all so rich, yet simple and dignified.

Thoughts began to crowd through my mind. It was actually here just a few years ago that Toscanini brought to life again, with all its old prestige, the world's greatest musical and operatic traditions. It was here that before him trod a galaxy of artists whose names have gone round the world. Quietly to myself I repeated some of the glittering string - Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, Verdi, Puccini, Leoncavallo, Mascagni. I sighed and then thought of Patti, Tetrizzini, Caruso, Gigli. Dazzled by their brilliance, and number, I could have pursued my dream endlessly, but, a clock chimed somewhere and I remembered I had a train to catch.

With one last, long look I ran out of the box and down the elegant white marble staircase, past the busts of Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini and Verdi. Outside, in the dazzling sun of the bustling Piazza I vowed to return some day.

Susan Lander

---

### GREETINGS

- To all our friends and colleagues of Le Court who have spared time to write to us since the last issue.

We are glad to receive news of June from Leeds, who has kindly sent a Prie-dieu for the Chapel in commemoration of Stanley Boggia, deceased, our late colleague.

We note with regret the return of Rosaleeh Lavin to her home in Ireland, Rosaleen visited us most Sundays during the



last three years and we always looked forward to having her cheerful presence around Le Court and, indeed, her very practical help will be much missed. Le Court's loss is Ireland's gain, but we hope to share a little more of her company whenever she is visiting again. Make it soon, Ros!

Letters and postcards have been received from:-

Mrs. Nita Collins, Hyde Park, London.  
Mr. & Mrs. Manley, Ealing, London.  
Miss Joan Scott, Swanage, Dorset.  
Miss N. Horobin, Bethesda, N. Wales.  
Mr. & Mrs. Hamilton and family, Regina, Sask. Canada.  
Miss Mary Borg, Liverpool (a recent slave)  
Miss Ann Bayford, Blackfriars, London. ("Our Annie")  
Mr. & Mrs. Ash, Isles of Scilly.  
Miss Dorothy Hayes, Women's Hostel, Love Walk, Camberwell.  
Miss Violet Peters, ditto.  
Mr. John Winterton, Lourdes. (Also a slave)  
Miss Mary Watson, South Norwood, London.  
Mr. Leslie Thompson, Stroud, Glos.  
Mr. Peter Binnion, London Hospital.  
Mrs. Lloyd, Oxford.  
Miss Rosa Allaway, Reading.  
Mr. "Chalky" White, High Wycombe. (a former colleague)  
Miss Veronica W. Donnison, Nurses' Home, Cambridge.  
Miss Carmel Short, Amsterdam.

We also take this opportunity to give thanks to those who helped us to visit and enjoy Lasham Airfield to view the Gliding; Titchborne to see the Cricket Match, and Alton Agricultural Show and Show Jumping. Thanks a million!

#### THE DOCKERS

Few sociologists have taken the trouble to write about the dockers who has also had a bad Press from the National Dailies. As a matter of fact, he is himself largely to blame for this. He likes to show himself in the worst possible light and you would find it hard to believe that the individual who wears the shabbiest of old clothes with a piece of string round his waist, is a perfectly respectable citizen when off duty. He dresses well, speaks well and is a good husband and father, often a good churchgoer. He rarely gets drunk and hardly ever fights.

Being a trained observer before I went into the Dock service, I naturally took an interest in the dockie and, more especially, in the gang to which I was clerk or "clurk" as they pronounce it in Dockland if they accept you. To call anybody



a "Clark", is to insult him. If you work in the Docks, you will find your gang exceedingly loyal but they demand that you, in your turn, serve them full heartedly.

Always be ready to take a dockie's advice. He will not reveal your ignorance to other people; and never give "your gang" advice, unless you can show them how to do work in quicker time than they have done it before. Never interfere with them or give them good advice.

Be careful of the docker's hospitality. My former gang asked me out to a beer-party once. I told my superior and partner who told me to fo, but added these astonishing words. "COME BACK BEFORE 4.30 SOBER, as we have a lot of arrears to clear off." No wonder he said it, for I found no less than ten pints waiting for me. The docker bought up the pub. Everybody had what they wanted, total strangers, the barnaids and barnen and Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

The dockers are fairly well paid now but they can never get rid of the thought of their fathers working for fourpence or sixpence an hour in years past.

D.B.Campbell.

---

(Mr.Tull .....This is the result stemming from your suggestion of ginger in Donald's elevenses. For the auto-biography we are going to try it in his night cap. Ed.)

---

### THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LOOKING GLASS

.....In the steamroller were a barrister and a director of a building firm.

They were driving it from Cullington Cornwall to Amesbury to beat the rail strike (!)

....."They were disgusted.

I told them to mind their own business. They didn't like that.

I think it's just plain jealousy. I can see nothing wrong in riding through the town taking a bubble bath ....."

---

Sir Francis Simon, F.R.S. ("Sunday Times")

"A country's standard of living is largely determined by its rate of power consumption....."

Turn up the gas fire and increase the standard?

---



A reverie or a Boxing QUO VADIS.

"I can't help nixing it dat way - its der way I was brung up. Its dirty mean they should think ne so low."

Our Sports reporter then asked the Champion if he did not think a seven pound hammer for us in the ring, contrary to the Queensberry rules.

"For de oders yuh" he said "For ne no. Its der way I fight. Dees lineys always squealing Who's dis Queensberry guy - another liney I guess."

What a wonderful vista this no-rule boxing conjures up. Some contestants might turn up on motor scooters others in armour and with swords. We may yet get back to the joust with all its medieval splendour and called instead rather strangely Ye Olde Boxing Match!

"A boxing match Pricilla? A survival from the days when men fought with padded fists."

But what is the Champ saying. "Sure its the most expensive hammer I can find ain't no one ever satisfied. Say put ne down I like flowers. Yes Sir! I sure like flowers."

Overheard.

"George Bernard Shaw? Oh! you mean the famous vegetarian."

---

ON "IS WHATS"

An Anodyne is what we use when we avoid reality and say something comforting, instead of the truth which is uncomfortable.

Example: The serjeant major screams "Halt! you crummy lot of so-and-so's," and then follows with "This may sound like an order - Now at this point if instead of stating that "It is!" he proceeds to give a short dissertation upon the need for orderliness and, not to put too fine a point on it, discipline, you may take it that he wishes to mislead and probably he has something he wishes to hide.

In like manner when an orderly accidentally spills a half pint of water down your neck and then says of the bed clothers - "They are not wet - only damp." he can be said to be reacting to the same set of compulsions as the S.M.

Aspirins, Codeines, etc. are also known as Anodynes, but properly come under the heading psychology.

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MORE DO'S and DON'TS WITH THE CAMERA - COMPOSITION.

Composition is a misnomer when applied loosely as it sometimes is, to landscapes. For composition implies moving things about to obtain a result whereas, one moves one's self about and one's photograph is the result of selection not a matter of composition.

Mountains can't be moved, trees object to being shifted about, and so our photograph becomes a matter of selecting the position and angle-bringing in this feature and excluding that, usually a question of compromise.

The picture changes (literally) if the tree instead of being the subject of interest only serves to shade a picnic group and if the mountains away in the distance only perform the service of backcloth to the scene.

We are now concerned with "human interest" - with subjects that can be altered and moved around to satisfy more completely our term Composition. Little Alfie, hiding behind Uncle George, will fail to materialise on the finished photograph - a word of explanation will be needed to inform our "look-er-aters" as to precisely where young Alfie is. I have mentioned these matters in my previous notes but I think that to recapitulate the main theme is as well.

Remember that with a group of humans, especially a picnic group, there will always be found lying about, odd items such as an empty ice cream carton which if not noticed in time will achieve surprising prominence on the finished product. By happy accident this can sometimes be of good advantage. I saw a photograph the other day which was merely that of a chap sitting in a deck chair but underneath the chair was a newspaper with the headlines "Germany invades Russia." Thus the memory of a holiday and a world shaking historic event were accidentally closely related, but it would be hard to find any interest in an empty ice cream carton!

Remember that the human eye is selective and quite often misses those things that the camera with its uncompromising stare will record.

If our photograph is to be of an interior with someone sitting at a table, then those photographs on the mantleshelf in the rear and the ink-stand on the table are just as important as the lock of hair out of place, do we want them as they are or at all? Do they enhance or detract? These are the questions we must ask, but first we must train our eyes to perceive what the camera will record - then, good or bad, we shall get the picture we want, and not an advertisement for someone's ice cream or "me behind an ink-stand."

Eric Fosbrooke.



OUR CRITIC - COR ENGLISH, ESO.

I have been reading an article on "Can we outlaw war" by a General. He starts with usual disclaimer, that has become so familiar to us all, of any liking for the business to which he has devoted his life. I can well believe it to be true for only a madman would glory in the massacre called Modern War. I only mention it because of the strange, I haven't enough information to call it modern, phenomenon of our Leaders telling us how bad is the thing they do as their life's work. Lawyers tell us not to litigate - its pouring money down the drain. Some theologians set themselves up only to knock down every belief formerly held and the sight of some Politicians eschewing politics is one of the lesser Wonders. One could almost suspect the gas man who fixed one's gas stove of the base treachery of cooking by electricity in his own home but although we don't mind being laughed at by a lawyer the same is not true of gas men and so if he does cook with electricity he very wisely keeps quiet about it.

Bertrand Russell in a popular article advances the not altogether new theory that all theories are only partially true and therefore must be accorded only such recognition as is justified by a due regard for their antithesis and related theories. But of course as theories are only partially true, one wonders how much partial truth there is in this one. A variation on - "Our dogma is - We have no dogma."

A new Mayfair sensation, a gentleman who makes rather queer shaped blots and calls them, so I am informed, paintings, has laid an egg, but, and here's a difference, it is a nest egg. To his delight and amazement, I should think, he sells them for huge amounts of money.

"What does it all mean?" he was asked.

"If I could explain what my pictures mean I might as well write as paint."

If you ask a silly question you get a silly answer!

The director of the Gallery where these smudges are exhibited said "Perhaps fond parents do think that their child can do this sort of thing. If that is so then they have an artistic genius in the family." Looking at the smudges this should justify every mother's son under the age of 13 in slapping the old paint around.



The artist was asked what it felt like to be a success. His sad face lit up "Oh, it is wonderful! It takes away worry and it means I can eat." Sufferes with peptic ulcers please note!

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THE TEMPLE OF MISTRAS  
A Ghastly Story.

PART IV

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

What terrible goings on were in store for the detective Prawn? The detective Prawn hurried onwards in the passage behind the bookcase in the library of the unconscious professor - following behind the unconscious professors daughter Sally Thompson who had passed him in the dark in the passage behind the bookcase - his eyes were on the ground and his nose crinkled a little - he came to a bend in the passage and the detective Prawn stopped and listened and the detective Prawn heard footsteps behind him - the detective Prawn drew back into the shadows and the detective Prawn held his nose because he wanted to sneeze - slowly behind him an evil face was walking towards the detective Prawn in the darkness - it was the horrible face of the unconscious professors valet Joseph Anders and he looked really nasty - Joseph Anders muttered under his breath - he is in my power - he said - the detective Prawn stirred uneasy - he was still holding his breath - Whose footsteps were these - he thought and the detective Prawn prepared for action - taking off his coat and he pushed it into a hole in the wall - the light grew dimmer and the detective Prawn heard a noise in front of him and at that moment the unconscious professors valet Joseph Anders crashed a big stone down upon the detective Prawns head and letting go of his breath he dodged the blow and closed with the terrible Joseph Anders saying I arrest you in the name of the law - but these were the last words that the detective Prawn said because the valet Joseph Anders caught him with dreadful hands round the detective Prawns throat and he said Oh as the valet said - die curse you by the great god Mistras - he said and the detective Prawn fell unconscious to the floor Joseph Anders leapt across the body of the unconscious detective and said - so die the enemies of the great god Mistras he said and spat a fearful oath and Joseph Anders plunged onwards to where the unconscious professors daughter Sally Thompson who crying in the darkness because she had laddered her nylons . It was a moment of terror for the Sally Thompson.



The tall handsome man was standing looking out of the train window - the tall handsome man had bought a first class ticket but he was going third in disguise to fool them. The tall handsome man saw in the glass a man creeping up behind him and he swung round swiftly - it was the Simon Pintford who had been drinking a Blue Goddess cocktail in the pub in Wapping and Simon Pintford screamed - your last hour has come if you are not careful - he cried and the tall handsome man flung himself on the Simon Pintford and they had a barney on the floor and the tall handsome man was guarding his face to save his moustache and the Simon Pintford threw himself forward and the tall man dodged him and he fell through the door of the train and was not seen again - they have tried again and failed - gasped the tall handsome man as he fell back on the seat and the train went off into the night.

Johnny Ray.

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Who is the tall handson man? Will he be in time?  
Don't miss the next instalment.

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# 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.*