

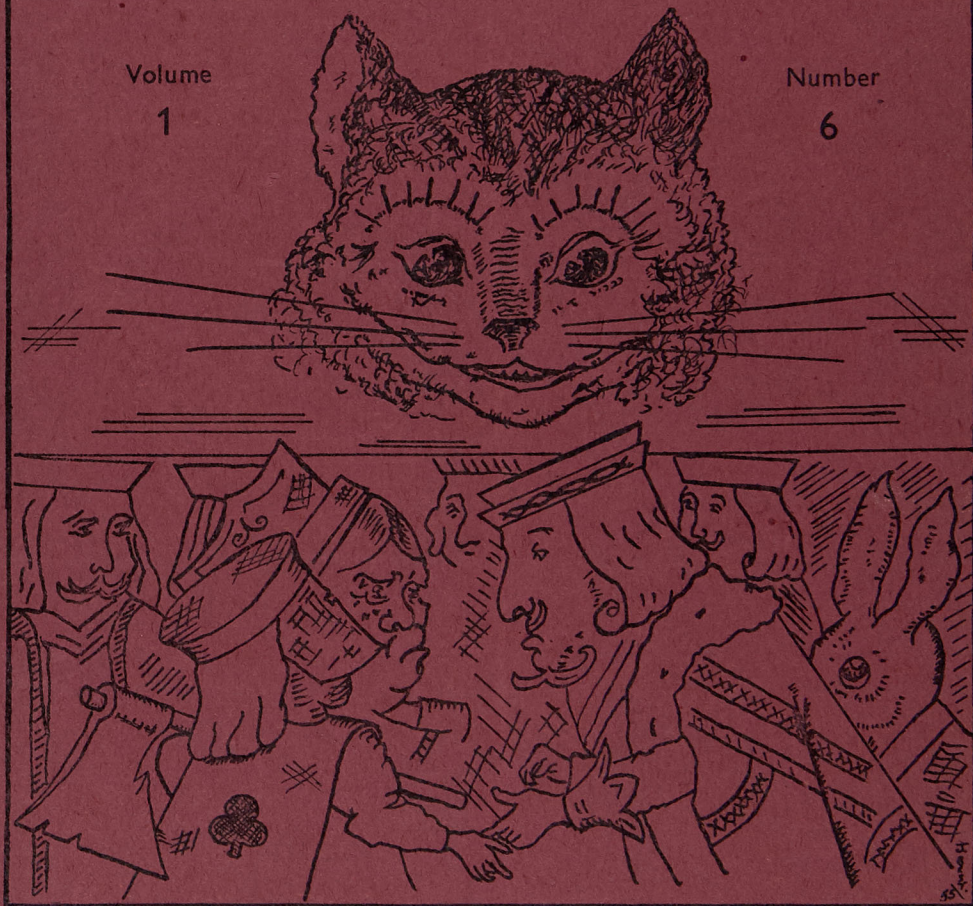
The "Cheshire Smile"

Volume

1

Number

6



The Cheshire Foundation

Le Court, Liss, Hants.

"THE CHESHIRE SMILE"

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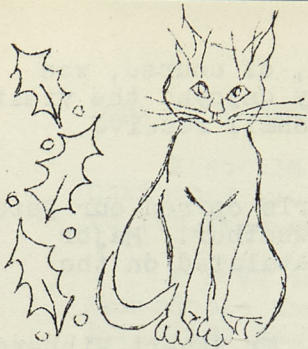
Statement of Policy : To present Le Court to the world. Few characters are completely fictitious ; but the truth of events may well be open to question.

Le Court - - Liss - - Hants

THE CHESHIRE SMILE

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The Cheshire Smile

Dear Friends,

It seems hardly creditable that twelve months have elapsed since we first started to put together the first "Cheshire Smile" and yet the Calendar, unlike the camera, tells no lies - well, for those who demand exactness, only little ones.

Some of our plans have not come up to expectations and others have been realised in the sphere of sheer comedy. The one startling fact which cannot be denied is that we are still in being! (Subscribers now number about 350). It may be as well if I summarise the situation under the various heads.

Type. We still have not enough type to print the magazine.

Printing. Unfortunately, we have suffered a grievous loss by the sad death of Ted Sleeman. He was fast beginning to get the hang of things and now at one blow we have lost our printer and a dear friend. Others have come forward and Mr. Davis, of Alton, a master printer, is going to see what can be done with the new material.

Publication. As I pointed out in the last issue, publication at two monthly intervals was about as much as we could physically manage.

Writing for the Mag. There has been some internal criticism, not much, to the effect that the magazine contains too much of the editor. This may, or may not, be so according to what yard-stick you use: the term is a relative one. I can't resist asking whether the person involved would help by writing something for the magazine.

What a year it has been! The high light, of course, was the visit of H.M. The Queen Mother. We greatly enjoyed the visit of Her Majesty and we sincerely hope that we shall receive another visit from her when time permits.

John Gregson and some of the Windmill Girls opened our Fete. It was a great success and held in wonderful weather. Major Haynes and the Fete Committee are to be congratulated on the arrangements.

The B.B.C. have certainly "done us proud" Mr. Stuart Hibberd's appeal in the "Week's Good Cause" brought an excellent response and our appearance on T.V., we learn from official sources, had the largest audience after the Coronation - the all-time high. An all-round increase in hat sizes has been found necessary and Molly, (oh! the vain creature) when not posing as Queen of the Ball, finds time, when no-one is looking to scold the editor for "Divine Picture Hats in October!"

We have a new Welfare Committee, and the new Chairman, Frank Spath, has written something for this issue. I am sure we all wish them well in their newly appointed tasks, and offer them any help or support that they may need.

G.C. is now in India and a Christmas message from all of the Homes has been recorded and will be sent out to him. Although in India, he is never far from our thoughts. Hughie Evans for the Patients, and Ivy for the staff, put our thoughts into suitable words.

There is news of a Cheshire Home for Children at Stroud, and Wardour Castle, supervised by that bold baron Colonel Irvine Andrews, V.O., has received its first patients.

Altogether - an eventful and satisfactory year, not without its klanishes, of course. In the fourth issue I wrote, apropos the old building, "the old order changeth", little realising that the words, so soon, would have a wider application. Since those words were written, I am sad to say, the Warden Mr. Finch, the Assistant Warden, Miss Thompson, and Miss Seton have all left to take up other positions. We shall miss them very much and hope that they will remember us.

We now have a new Warden and Secretary, and we all wish them success in a not altogether easy task, and assure them of our co-operation.

Now to wish all Cheshire Smilers a Happy Christmas from the Board, with the hope of seeing some of them here at Le Court in the coming year.

Kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,
The Editor.

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A WORD FROM OUR NEW WARDEN

Dear Le Courters,

I should like to take the opportunity of this, the Christmas number of the *Cheshire Smile*, to introduce myself to its wide circle of friends.

I have taken a position in an organisation which in a remarkable short space of time has become almost legendary, and I realise that I am the heir of much sound work put in by former Wardens, and especially by my predecessor, Alan Finch, M.A. It will be my endeavour to maintain the ideals of the Group Captain, using the foundations already existing.

As you may imagine, the Warden's position vis-a-vis *The Cheshire Smile* is one of benign silence, but I am sure that the Editor will allow me to break into print should I, in the future, find something to say.

I wish you all a very Happy Christmas.

(Signed) O.S. Stevinson (Cdr. RN Retd)

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES

or

COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS

The beautiful new Le Court building must often be compared to the old one, and those who have inhabited both will say how it was never thought in the old days that we should ever achieve anything so warm, so comfortable, so convenient and so well-furnished, and perhaps they will go on to recount tales of the rigours of winter without central heating and precious little coal; or of the dark evenings with only candles and a few paraffin lamps to lighten them.

Has anyone thought how the transport arrangements have improved over the years? Now a dozen people, chairs and all, can be taken up to London and driven about the Metropolis for a few days in the very well designed ambulance - but how did it all begin?

At first we had the use of a small, rather ancient green van belonging to the owner of the kennels. She used it for transporting her dogs and goats. It was a common occurrence for the driver to look in the mirror and see the head of a goat coming through the hole (window) behind, and it was a little un-nerving to say the least of it. The doors at the back of

the van never shut properly and had to be kept together by string. One usually saw patients sitting on the straw with their legs dangling down over the number plate at the back. That's how we used to go into Petersfield to the pictures. The van ran extremely well and never really let us down - though I remember well the day when we were driving back from Winchester, and coming down a hill quite fast, suddenly seeing one of the back wheels bowling past us and away down the hill - surprisingly there were no casualties. The only drawback to this excellent vehicle was that chest cases found it beyond them to travel more than a little way. Whether it was the exhaust or the goats, I don't remember. We got a little behind in the payment of our share of the petrol and then we couldn't use it any more. Then we bought what seemed to us a very grand affair - a large grey van - with windows that opened! We got it cheap as it was a special order that had been cancelled and the firm who built it were hard put to find another purchaser. For some reason or other it was never a success - something to do with being bought on the "Never, Never, system" no doubt, and the garage bills mounted for repairs; it became obvious it was scarcely an economic proposition.

At this point two young Naval Officers came out from Portsmouth and offered to sell us their London taxi for £50 - we accepted with alacrity, after it had been vetted by mechanically minded Toc H members. This was the best vehicle we had had so far - or so it seemed. Easy to get in and out of, and lots of room inside for sticks and crutches and things - useful too for carrying water down to the Lodge every day. It was a great asset for the driver being shut off from the other occupants and gave him or her the welcome opportunity of a short time of quiet thought and meditation. The horn was rather fun too, and made a lovely honking noise. Our Deputy Chairman at that time was a keen racing man and christened the taxi Flighty Frances (she eventually won at Ascot about two years later and by that time we had all stopped putting our money on her). Sad to say Flighty Frances proved less of a "good buy" than was at first thought, and shortly had her name changed by the Warden to "B...y Mary" - ignition trouble and a tendency to run out of petrol in the most lonely places were the chief reasons for this. Also she had no homing instincts and when Tom was driving she more than once missed the drive altogether and went running merrily onwards. So you see your ambulance is quite an improvement - don't you agree? If you don't believe me ask "Little Bill"

Frances Jehan.

(Frances would like old friends to know that her new address is 5 Waverley House, Goring-on-Thames).

ANOTHER MIOW FROM MOLLY

Divine Picture Hats in October, if you please! I expect that you are all laughing that one off. Yes, Yes! We had an appeal, a T.V. Show and the Editor had to laze about at Portsmouth - they all delayed the last issue: but I ask you "Divine Picture Hats" in October!

If anyone thinks I am going to tediously describe how to knit a warm and comfy balaclava for the cold months, they are mistaken. It would be tempting Providence and you would all be sweltering in your balaclavas in an August heat-wave. Still, as this is the season of good will, I shall refrain from suggesting that the Editor should be painlessly put down - No - only boiled in oil!

I thought that in this issue I would tell you an anecdote.

Some years ago, a customer bought from me one of those hats composed of a natty confection of flowers which were very fashionable at that time - very expensive, of course, - and you can imagine my amazement when she returned some days later and bought another one of precisely the same features.

Even the customer thought that some explanation was called for and this is the story that emerged.

At short notice she had found it necessary to attend a funeral at a Crematorium. Her mother pointed out that the hat she was wearing was hardly suitable and advised her to use a scarf - this she did, and the flowered hat was put on the floor at the end of the row where she sat. What she did not know was that floral tributes from the congregation were collected during the service. She became anxious when she found her hat missing, but horrified when she looked up and found it adorning the bier.

At ten guineas I should think it the most expensive floral tribute of the year. One doesn't like to think of one's little masterpieces wasted in this way, but I suppose two hats for the price of two is good business.

A very Happy Christmas to you all.

Molly Conibear.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Byfleet, Surrey.

Dear Editor,

Replying to your Cotswold Correspondent's cri-de-coeur, in the last issue, as to the happenings in Parts 1 and 2 of the Ghastly serial - Having a natural, on-the-spot and accommodating attitude, I looked out my own first copies of "The Cheshire Smile" with the intention of sending them to C.C. When suddenly there flashed through my mind some remarks by Jane Austen in a letter to her sister Cassandra. I quote them below (from memory at that!)

" I am quite pleased with Martha and Mrs. Lefroy for wanting the pattern of our caps, but I am not so well pleased with your giving it to them. Some wish, some prevailing wish, is necessary to the animation of everyone's mind, and in gratifying this, you leave them to form some other which will not probably be half so innocent."

Whilst having every sympathy with Cotswold Correspondent who writes:- "The honour of the Thompsons requires satisfaction. Please!" Nevertheless, I am now wondering whether I might, after all, be rendering him a grave disservice should I (or anyone else) decide to comply with his request.

Also, could a similar observation to J.A.'s have already occurred to "The Author" of the Ghastly serial himself. Doubtless it would account for his elusive tactics when approached by C.C.

Truly a provocative problem altogether. I should be both delighted and grateful to have your considered opinion as to my course of action in this matter.

With all kind thoughts.

Yours sincerely,
Gladys Greenaway.

That man is a success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who leaves the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who looked for the best in others and gave the best he had.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

P E A C E

No sound, save the hushed burning of the fire,
No scent, save the faint perfume of sweet-briar
In silver bowl, the tender petals scattered
Upon a polished surface, subtly flattered.

Old brasses richly gleam; their quaint shapes sway
About the room, as bright the warm flames play
Over their ancient mouldings; in the hall
The clock ticks out the hours from the wall.

And the silver mist of peace envelopes me
In deep content and sleepy reverie;
As the flames quiver stealthily and die,
Quiet in overwhelming happiness I lie.

Jean Forsyth, Elwood, Victoria,
Australia.

I. T. C. A.

(It's that cat again)

CONVERSATION WITH KAVANAGH.



"My dear Kav:-

-- When hunting don't you find your
black and white colouring a handicap
from the camouflage point of view?"

"My dear chap, if we must be so
endearing, the same God that made black and
white cats also made trippers, and trippers
leave paper behind and so a rabbit says
"Another paper bag" not "Goodness! I
wonder if that is a black and white cat."

"I see"

"I wonder if you do. Trees don't move if I looked like a
tree but paper blows about the place"

Kavanagh looked pensively round.

"By the way, have you seen any rabbits lately?"

"There are none, myxamotosis has had them."

"I knew there was another cat around! Micky Matosis -
Irish-Italian, eh? Good day!"

PHANTOMS IN REVERSE

The ghosts in Starstock Church yard had been happy for many a long year. Some of them had lived and played there for centuries; and no doubt they would have gone on being happy for centuries to come, had it not been for the new schoolmaster.

This man was called Thomas Yeobright. He was a man about twentyfive, and before he had been master of the village school three months, he was courting Alice Rowledge, the daughter of old Redvers Rowledge, the most prosperous farmer in Starstock. You might have expected him to go that way, for Yeobright looked far more like a farmer than a schoolmaster. He was a tall brawny young man, broad-shouldered, red-faced, strong, who never had a haporth of difficulty in keeping the big boys in order, and could just as well have controlled them if they had been so many bulls instead of boys.

Now it was well known in the village that the churchyard was, as the villagers quaintly said, "haunted", and no-one would go near the place after dark. It was just for this reason that Thomas Yeobright began to take Alice through the churchyard on their evening walks. He knew what gossips the villagers were, so he went with his girl-friend where they were least likely to see him. As for ghosts, he was the sort of chap who simply did not believe in them. Very often, when the nights were warm and dark, he and Alice would sit down on a tomb-stone or on the seat under the old yew tree in the churchyard and whisper to one another over a cigarette.

Alice was like her Thomas, a fine big girl with sturdy limbs and a red face who did not care whether there were ghosts in the yard or not. If there were, let them get out of the way. If not, who worried?

Now this habit greatly disturbed the ghosts, who had kept the place to themselves for so long. One night, the ghost of a former inn-keeper was passing along the path when he caught sight of Thomas and Alice. With a whoop of fear he rushed off to his friends who were playing near the church porch and cried:

"The Churchyard's haunted! I've just seen two mortals!"

The ghosts drew together for safety and shuddered with fear. The news quickly spread through the yard, and all the spectres came together in a great crowd, mopping and moving with fright.

"What shall we do?" demanded the ghost of a farmer, dead since 1782.

After conference, they decided to try and frighten the mortals away. They bore down on the happy couple sitting beneath the yew tree, and at a safe distance began to whoop and moan.

"There's quite a wind tonight," said Thomas. "Listen to it in the tree-tops."

"Yes", said Alice placidly. "Stormy weather coming."

Thomas offered her a cigarette, and soon they were contentedly smoking.

The child-ghosts hid behind the white robes of their elders, and all the ghosts stared in fear at the intruders. A few drops of rain falling sent the lovers away, and the ghosts heaved a sigh of relief. But the next night found Thomas and Alice there again.

"They're here!" whispered the ghosts to one another. "How awful they look with those terrible red cheeks and fat limbs. It's terrifying."

At length, after another conference, it was decided to keep the children indoors in the vaults, while the ghost of the Reverend Septimus Plade, a former rector, undertook to exercise the mortals. Alone, though trembling with fear, he walked up to them under the yew tree.

They could not see him because only those who believe in ghosts can see them. He spoke to them.

"In the name of all ghosts," he said solemnly, "I bid you leave here and depart hence, wicked phantoms."

Of course, as they could not hear him, they went on chatting and smoking. Suddenly Thomas gave a roar of laughter at some joke of Alice's and at this dreadful sound, the Reverend Septimus Plade fled incontinently.

"It is hopeless," he said woefully to his friends, "If they continue to haunt this place, we shall have to leave it and find a new home."

This the ghosts decided to do, and a great preparation began. They arranged with the ghosts in the neighbouring village churchyard of Graddon to join them, for of course there was no accommodation difficulty, for ghosts take up no room. But the night before their removal for ever from Starstock Churchyard, the thin ghost of old Mrs. Vinegar, who died in 1812, the year of

Charles Dickens' birth, was prowling near the young couple and listening in, when she heard something that sent her scurrying pell-mell to the ghost of the Reverend Septimus Plade.

"Parson! Parson!" she shrieked. "They're going to get married. I just heard the young man ask her and she said she would!"

The dead Rector sighed with relief, and waved his ghostly arm to summon all the ghosts to his side.

"It's all over," he said. "The horrible mortals are going to get married. They'll never come here again till they come to join us. They'll get married and they'll haunt the churchyard no more."

On this, all the ghosts began to sing a song of thanksgiving. Thomas Yeobright raised his head and listened.

"Hear that, darling?" he said.

"What?" asked Alice.

"It's ten o'clock. They're just turning out of the Red Cow. We'll have to be going."

Fielden Hughes.

(Copyright reserved to Mr. Fielden Hughes who kindly wrote this story for us.)

We make stew of the Irish, and broth of the Scots. Of the Viennese we make steak (What an awful combination of glory and sordidness - The glory which was Vienna and sordidity which is mincemeat!) And Goulesh of the Hungarians. It is a mystery and has intrigued me, in off moments - I have pondered the fact that no dish, as far as I can find out, has received the name English. We have, I suppose, English roast beef, but that is merely a lump of the animal, and not a concocted dish - Are we too superior to lend our name to a mere culinary dish?

Keep what you have till you get what you want.
Irish Proverb.

GREETINGS

I certainly have a large post bag and there is not room for all the kind letters I have received, and so if I miss mentioning a particular letter I hope the sender will forgive me. I have had to pick at random.

René, he was an orderly here for six weeks, writes from Paris "I keep a wonderful remembrance of my stay at Le Court and do not forget one patient. Remember me kindly to them all - especially Miss Phyllis Trow to whom I share my success to my English examination."

Best wishes René and here's hoping to see you again soon.

Many sent letters of sympathy upon hearing of the death of Mary Simpson and Ted Sleaman. Both much loved and missed by all. R.I.P.

John Winterton writes from St.Bede's School Staff and Rosalin Lavin from Dublin. Ros is studying for a music diploma. We all wish her luck.

A friend of Le Court for many years has sent greetings and says that her newly born is going on well and will help with the Fete in years to come. It is Mrs.Banbury of Petersfield, where many friends abound.

Mrs. Nita Collins has left her flat in London and is having a rest ordered by her doctor. She sends love and greetings and hopes to visit us soon.

Miss Joan Scott, from Swanage, sends books and her blessing.

Miss N.Horabin, of Bethesda, N.Wales, sends books and enquiry after our welfare. Miss Horabin has helped us in many ways in the past.

Mrs. Greenaway wrote and increased her order to 35 copies of "The Smile"! It looks rather as if we shall have to have a special edition for her alone. I understand that there are 350 subscribers.

To all these ladies we find it hard to express our gratitude adequately. Ultimately we are left with the fact that words are our only instrument and so - from our hearts - Thank you.

Mr. Manley, the former Clerk of Works and our good friend, has suffered the loss of his dear wife, whom we knew when she visited us during the building of the new Home.

Mr. Manley had previously written to tell us that June Massey was hoping to be married at Easter (1956).

Frances Jeran would like old friends to know that her address is now 5, Waverley House, Goring-on-Thames, Berks.

Donald Campbell sent copies of the "Smile" to a friend at Radcliffe College, Leicester, and his friend has arranged for an advert. for the Smile to appear in the January edition of "Ratcliffian". He also said that the T.V. programme had been well put over.

Major and Mrs. Haynes write to wish us all the very best and to say that they will be over to see us as soon as possible. No doubt they are polishing their wits for next year's Fete.

A Happy Christmas to you all and every good wish for the New Year.

J.P.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LOOKING GLASS

Daily Newspaper quotes:-

....."It should have happened 18 years ago - That is certainly when I ought to have married him. But I was married to someone else"

....."Investigators studying his background discovered his longing for extra money!!"

Would anyone like to study the editor's background?

A nineteen year old, booked to be fired from a cannon on stage at Newcastle, said:-

"People think I am mad. But, when I gave up my boy friend, I had to do something to break the monotony and it is not every day you get the chance to be fired from a cannon."

Are boy friends as exciting as all that?

....."It is, in fact, by a gradual reduction of national military establishments and not by international agreement that limitation of armaments may be attained."

Not trusting to international agreements, armaments can be cut back without any agreement at all! Very well reasoned if I may say so.

ARE YOU A TWO-WAY STREET?

You might go happily through life without knowing, but our resident psychiatrist will see to that.

HELP US HELP YOU - HELP YOU NOW!

If you ever feel like saying it yourself - you can't really while you take the tone-tonic which has come on to the market: I mean the Cheshire Smile, of course, you have surely heard some person vociferously declare - "I am just completely fed up and entirely run-down." You have listened to their mournful wails of 'done-ins,' 'done-ups' and heartbreaking 'absolutely-done-downs.' You have been forced to restrain your super-emotional EGO when a near and dear to you, reclining full-length in an armchair will insist he or she "cannot keep still a minute," and, another, jickagoggng all over the place swears he or she is "just a log of wood." But, undoubtedly, the most exacting encounters we specialists dislike to see in our Harley Street Consulting Rooms are those afflicted with the worst degree of 'Conditio Duplex,' or, when we are entirely entre nous, and chez nous, call - 'A two-way street-case.' Nearly all patients express their distraction in these or similar words - "always wanting to bolt somewhere else," and, at the time, "never wanting to go anywhere else." Most, most difficult - 'Conditiones Duplices' or 'Tw-way streets. I hope, dear readers, none of your nears and dears suffer this modern malady. But, do not despair if such - by the way, the latest appellation for this inverse reverse mentality is the long-established but affamating - Contradictio in terminis magnificently hitting the patient on the head, so to speak. As brevity is the soul of wit, that reference now appears in the latest edition of the "Ever Ready Psychos and Psytrixes"

manuel" as just 'C in T' (formerly C.D.). It is essential for me to inform you that all my patients arrive either late or not at all. That loss of high fees is, of course, due to the inability of the patients to decide which entrance to Harley Street they should take. But wait - not what you probably conclude - not a roar of laughter to cheer them up - your laughter. No, "look at me" - "OK, Al, top hole, as fit as a fiddle, full of beans, on the crest of the wave. Couldn't feel better." Unless, unless, unless you waggle your finger before their miserable faces, the colour of pieces of old blotting paper and declare - "I never miss a month without the tonic tone of the "Cheshire Smile" ah! there's my phone ringing Sorry to keep you waiting, but what's happened to the Editor? He says that he has a rather acute pain in the neck Ah! here's your chance to remove it and here's the explanation for its arrival. The subscriptions are not coming in fast enough for his liking, you know what editors are like: so if you could get a friend to become a subscriber that affliction would be immediately transfigured into a super Cheshire Smile; may I now warn you - if there is any hesitation about your decision, fear and tremble that you have revealed the first indication of being cased as a "two-way-street." And allow me to say - as a S.C.I.R. - a "Simplex-Complex-Inverse-Reverse" specialist, I do know a thing or two. Yes! I warn you. DO IT NOW!

Simplex Complex
(Specialist)

You may perhaps think it moronic
To add Norman arches to Gothic
And to stick Tudor beams
On to Classical dreams
May seem to you less than politic.

If you were among the "fortunate few" at Le Court during the last week of October, you don't need to be told that the government of the Patients' Welfare Committee has changed hands. The election atmosphere here that week was, some say, even more intense than a National General Election. Others throw up their hands and exclaim, "My dear, it got quite out of proportion!" Well, maybe it did. But I suppose that's the penalty of living in what is a relatively self-contained community.

There was a feeling that a change was desirable, and Joe Pincombe, Nancy Steele and myself were asked to stand and were duly elected. Now we have to prove ourselves.

Of course, everyone was wondering what changes we proposed to make, etc. And so at the first general house meeting on November 23rd we put forward several reforms and new schemes for the house to approve and sanction.

First of all, the monthly general meeting. There seems to be a need for it, and we intend to hold it, with the staff, including the Warden, very welcome. We want to make it more of an attraction than it has been, something that everyone will want to come to because things are done there, important decisions are made, complaints and grievances are really aired, and suggestions of all kinds are brought forward and discussed. This is the place and time when you'll be kept informed of everything worthy of notice that concerns us all.

Next, as regards the appointment of individuals to carry out the various jobs for which we are responsible. In general, our policy will be to spread the jobs over as many as possible, so that as many as possible can partake of that "real sense of having a substantial share in our own home, Le Court," which are the last words of our written Constitution. But, in practice, of course, there was no need to change every appointment that existed under the previous regime. Where a job was being well done we have kept the doer of it in office. The shop, for instance; will continue under Jinny Jaquest.

We are not expecting any wonderful transformation in the occupational therapy position. But we do feel that the whole thing should be a little more organised. As Miss Fraser says (Miss Fraser being our O.T. expert, who comes over from Alton twice a week), "There ought to be more paper work, proper accounts kept, and so on." The house gave its approval to our proposal that a sum of money be transferred from the Canteen Account for buying whatever new materials and tools may be needed.

The Management Committee have decided that they do not feel in a position to provide Christmas gifts for the staff and patients as in former years. The meeting gave the Patients' Welfare Committee permission to take a further sum out of the funds for this purpose. Sister Ross and Miss Bourdillon have kindly offered to do the marketing.

We shall be organising regular outings and other entertainments. And we feel that those who are prevented from going out or taking part in inside entertainments should be given some kind of consolation gift. This applies mainly to the few older members of our community. After all, they are part of the family and we have a duty to look after their welfare, even though newcomers here will all be in the 18-40 age group. We also intend to bring the number of radio sets in the house up to the required complement and keep them, and the television and gramophones, in working order.

Those are some of our plans. How they will fare remains to be seen. I think the most important thing for anyone in my job to have is faith in the goodness of human nature, as well as insight into its imperfections. The one is called by some being optimistic or idealistic; the other is often called pessimism. I find it very necessary to remember both sides when I'm dealing with the many problems that arise every day in our own family circle.

The Welfare Committee sends Christmas Greetings to all at home in Le Court and to all our many friends outside.

PAGES FROM THE DIARY

There has been much coming and going since last we went to press: permanent patients leaving for a holiday and others coming to Le Court.

- Sept. 12th. A significant mention in the diary - Commander Stevinson, the new Warden, and a grand piano arrived on the same date.
- Sept. 19th. W.R.A.C. School of Instruction came with their Harvest Festival gifts.
- Sept. 26th. Alton Art Show. We put on a display of patients' handicrafts, supervised by the two Jimmies and Mrs. Roberts. Great success.
- Sept. 27th. T.V. appearance - enough said.

- Oct. 2nd. Sad news that Mary Simpson had died after having only just returned from hospital.
- Oct. 4th. Followed by the second grievous blow - that Ted Sleanan had died in St. Mary's Hospital, Portsmouth.
We miss them very much.
- Nov. 2nd. Royal Aircraft Establishment Dramatic Society, Farnborough, presented "Distinguished Gathering". Very well put over and enjoyed by everyone.
- Nov. 9th. A large party visited Joy's home at Mrs. Earney's invitation.
- Nov. 5th. Fireworks! Ron Carpenter and Billy, having survived former years, came again this year and helped with the squibs - only a small part of the tasks they do for us at weekends during the year.
- Nov. 23rd. Petersfield Amateur Operatic and Dramatic Society presented the "Pirates of Penzance" at the Town Hall, Petersfield, and invited us; quite a large party was able to go and it was thoroughly enjoyed by all. - "Quite up to West End standards" seemed to be the verdict.
- Nov. 26th. We also had a visit from the Liphook Amateur Dramatic Society who presented "With Vacant Possession" Voted a great success.

To all these kind people and to the managers of the Palace Cinema, Alton; the Savoy, Petersfield; and the Empire Cinema, Bordon, who do so much to make our visits a pleasure; and to all of our good friends who help to make life interesting for us, we say a very heartfelt Thank You.

THE TEMPLE OF MISTRAS
A Ghastly Story.

PART V

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

The Manor house of Truocle stood half way up a hill and it was 11.30 in the night and Sir Dronbreath the Lord of the Manor was sitting in a tree and Sir Gander had a spy glass

and Sir Gander was watching the Manor House which was deserted and bare and Sir Ganders wife who loved a Frenchman whose name was De Bonair was not there she was somewhere else and Sir Gander blew his nose softly he had a cold and he had seen a light in the window. Sir Gander Drornbreath crept up the slope into the Manor House when a nasty smell hit him in the face - he dropped to the floor and was in time to see a GHOSTLY FIGURE enter from a trap door in the ceiling - pulling the electric light wire in the centre of the room the trap door swung to - the figure drew himself up to his full height it was Joseph Anders the unconscious Professors valet and in his arms was the unconscious Professors unconscious daughter - slowly the valet walked through the door into the hall of great granite pillars and when he saw the figure of Sir Gander Drornbreath he said - Gander it is me Snorklewitch I have brought her and the Sir Gander dribbled at the mouth and said - I wonder where my wife is - he said looking at Sally Thompson he said she is mine - and the horrible valet said - beware Sir Gander she is not yours - she belongs to the Great God Mistras - and he laughed terrible and pulled a lever and the ugly fireplace swung open and in that place was an idol of the Great God Mistras and the valet Snorklewitch whose name had been Joseph Anders placed the unconscious professors daughter Sally Thompson on the Altar in front of the Great God Mistras and bowed low and hit his head on the Altar and fell unconscious - what fearful thing would happen now?

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The tall handsome man ran quickly from the station in Hampshire and rushed quickly to the unconscious professors cottage and the tall handsome man ran into the library and there found a pool of blood on the floor and blood on the nail and blood on the book and the tall handsome man taking his pocket set from his pocket - he tested the blood and found that it was A.B. and O. group Resis positive and negative and he said this is a record - he said - this man should be in hospital - he said - and he rushed from the house and he got on his bicycle and followed by the squad car he raced towards the Manor House without putting his trouser clips on and whilst this was happening what of Tawdry Rampage who was on a white horse followed closely by the cook - she got to the Churchyard and dashed into the bell tower and Tawdry Rampage - in the darkness she set the big bell tolling whilst the cook kept watch at the gate and the vicar stirred in his sleep uneasy.

Johnny Ray.

Will Tawdry Rampage be in time? Don't miss the next instalment.

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.