

Christmas Greetings



THE CHESHIRE SMILE

VOL. 7. No. 4.

ONE SHILLING

WINTER 1961/62

The Ryder Cheshire Mission for the Relief of Suffering

**Founders: Sue Ryder, O.B.E.
and Group Captain G. L. Cheshire, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C.**

Non-denominational and depending upon voluntary help and contributions, the Mission forms a family, or "Commonwealth", of the following entirely separate and autonomous Foundations, more of which, it is hoped, will follow. A special point is made of keeping administrative costs down to the minimum.

I. FORGOTTEN ALLIES TRUST

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Following the relief work started in 1945 in many camps, hospitals, and prisons for the Stateless victims of Nazism, there is today still much individual case-work throughout Germany, in addition to the following:

Sue Ryder Home for Concentration Camp Survivors. Cavendish, Suffolk. 140 Forgotten Allies are brought each year from the Continent for a complete holiday and to join those already resettled there. All enquiries about Forgotten Allies Trust should be made to Cavendish. (Glemsford 252.)

St. Christopher Settlement. Grossburgwedel, Hanover.

Secretary: Mr. Jerzy Budkiewicz.

Eight homes and several flats, built mostly by international teams of volunteers for those whose health is broken.

St. Christopher Kreis. Berlinerstrasse, Frankfurt a.m.

Chairman: H.H. Princess Margaret of Hesse und bei Rhein.

Since 1945, Sue Ryder has been personally responsible for the visiting, after-care, and rehabilitation of the Stateless boys in German prisons, many of them convicted for reprisals against their former torturers.

Homes for the Sick in Poland.

Chairman of the Committee: Direktor Sniegucki, Ministry of Health, Warsaw.

Prefabricated buildings, each containing forty beds and costing £5,000, are sent from England to relieve the distress of the Forgotten Allies.

Seven Homes have been established at Konstancin, Zyrardow, Naleczow, Helenow, Zagorze, Anielin and Pruszkow.

II. RAPHAEL, The Rispana, Dehra Dun, India

Lying in the foothills of the Northern Himalayas, Raphael is the Far Eastern Headquarters of the Mission. From small beginnings in tents in April 1959, it

today houses 50 leprosy patients and 30 mentally retarded and homeless children, and is being planned as a whole "village" of Homes where 600 or more of the incurably sick may lead as full and happy lives as possible.

Hon. Medical Director: Lt.-Gen. K. S. Master, M.C., I.M.S. (Rtd.)

Hon. Secretary: Mrs. A. Dhar.

Hon. Welfare Officer: Mrs. D. Rawlley.

III. THE CHESHIRE FOUNDATION HOMES FOR THE SICK

Registered in accordance with the National Assistance Act 1948

Caring for the incurable and homeless sick (mostly in the younger age-group), they are autonomously run by local committees within the general aims and principles of the Foundation. In each country there is a central trust which owns all the properties, presides over the Homes, and is the source of the committees' authority. Average number of patients when Home complete: thirty.

United Kingdom

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Allt Dinas, Cotswold Cheshire Home , Overton Road, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire	Cheltenham	Tel. No. 52569
Alne Hall , Alne, York	Tollerton	295
Amphill Park House , near Bedford	Amphill	3173
Athol House, London Cheshire Home at Dulwich , 138 College Road, S.E.19	Gipsy Hill	3740
Cann House , Tamerton Foliot, Plymouth, Devon	Plymouth	71742
Carnsalloch House , Kirkmahoe, Dumfries	Dumfries	1624
Coomb , Llanstephan, Carmarthenshire	Llanstephan	292
* Danybryn , Radyr, Glamorgan		
* Dolywern , nr. Chirk, Denbighshire		
Greathouse , Kington Langley, Chippenham, Wiltshire... ..	Kington Langley	235
* Greenhill House , Timsbury, near Bath, Somerset		
* The Grove , East Carleton, Norfolk		
Hawthorn Lodge , Hawthorn Road, Dorchester, Dorset (for mentally handicapped children)	Dorchester	1403
Heatherley , Effingham Lane, Copthorne, Crawley, Sussex	Copthorne	2670
The Hill , Sandbach, Cheshire		
Holehird House , Windermere, Westmorland	Windermere	2500
Holme Lodge , Julian Rd., West Bridgford, Nottingham	Nottingham	89002
Honresfeld , Blackstone Edge Road, Littleborough, Lancs.	Littleborough	8627
Hovenden House , Fleet, Spalding, Lincolnshire	Holbeach	3037
Kenmore , Whitcliffe Road, Cleckheaton, Yorkshire	Cleckheaton	2904
Le Court , Liss, Hampshire	Blackmoor	364
* Llanhennoch , Nr. Newport, Monmouthshire		

(continued overleaf)

*Marske Hall , near Redcar, Yorkshire		
Mayfield House , East Trinity Road, Edinburgh	Granton	2037
Miraflores , 154 Worple Road, Wimbledon, S.W.20	Wimbledon	5058
<i>(rehabilitation of ex mental patients)</i>		
Mote House , Mote Park, Maidstone, Kent	Maidstone	87911
St. Bridget's , The Street, East Preston, West Sussex	Rustington	1986
St. Cecilia's , Sundridge Avenue, Bromley, Kent	Ravensbourne	8378
St. Teresa's , Long Rock, Penzance, Cornwall	Marazion	337
Seven Rivers , Great Bromley, Colchester, Essex	Ardleigh	345
Spofforth Hall , near Harrogate, Yorkshire	Spofforth 284 &	287
Staunton Harold , Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire	Melbourne	71
† West Midland Home , Penn, Wolverhampton, Staffs.		
White Windows , Sowerby Bridge, Halifax, Yorkshire	Halifax	81981
Holy Cross, Mullion, Cornwall, was handed over in 1953 to Major (Mrs.) Shelagh Howe, who has managed it ever since entirely on her own initiative.		

Eire

Ardeen , Shillelagh, Co. Wicklow	Shillelagh	8
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India

Trustees: Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, T. N. Jagadisan, J. A. K. Martyn, O.B.E., Sir Dhiren Mitra, Col. L. Sawhny, Admiral G. B. Madden, Brig. Virendra Singh (Chairman), P. J. O'Leary (Managing Trustee), Y. S. Tayal (Treasurer), V. J. Taraporevala (Hon. Legal Adviser).

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Bethlehem House, Andheri, Bombay.

Cheshire Home, Bangalore.

Cheshire Home, Poona.

Govind Bhawan, 16 Pritam Road, Dehra Dun, U.P.

Rustomji P. Patel Cheshire Home, Sundernagar, Jamshedpur, Bihar.
(for crippled children)

Shanti Rani House, 13 Upper Strand Road, Serampore, West Bengal.

Vrishanti Illam, Katpadi Township, North Arcot.

(for burnt-out leprosy patients)

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Hon. Secretary: Mrs. F. A. L. Morgan.

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Enquiries to 10B Chulia Street, Singapore.

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Tanah Merah, Nicoll Drive, Changi, Singapore.

Nigeria

Chairman of Trustees: Sir Adetokunbo Ademola.

Oluyole Cheshire Home, College Crescent, Ibadan.

(for crippled children)

Jordan

Chairman of Trustees: The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Nameh Simaan, V.G.

The Cheshire Home, Jerusalem Road, Bethlehem.

(for crippled children)

†Amman

Sierra Leone

Chairman of Trustees: The Chief Justice, Sir Salako Benka-Coker.
Sir Milton Cheshire Home, Bo.

Morocco

Patron: H.E. The Princess Lalla Fatima
Dar-el-Hanaa, Rue d'Ecosse, 18, Tangier.

Hong Kong

***Cheshire Home**

** In preparation*

† In process of construction

OUR COVER PICTURE

We have dressed the magazine in festive mood and wish all our readers a very happy Christmas and every good wish in the New Year.

(Photo: Norman Rogers)

An Ideal Gift

Do you know that you can make a gift of *The Cheshire Smile* to your friends for a year?

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(N.B.—Receipts are sent only on request.)

Mr./Mrs./Miss.....

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(Please use capitals)

I wish to commence with the issue.

Date.....

7/4

The Cheshire Smile

The Quarterly Magazine of the Cheshire Homes

Vol. 7, No. 4

Winter, 1961/62

Editor: Frank Spath
Treasurer: Paul Hunt
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The magazine is edited, managed and published by disabled residents at Le Court. It is printed by the Southern Publishing Co. Ltd. of Brighton.

Publication dates fall roughly in the middle of March, June and September, but in early December.

If you would like to ensure that you receive "The Cheshire Smile" regularly, we should be glad to put your name on our mailing list. You will find the necessary form on page 3.

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As regular readers of this journal will know, an editorial article is a rare event. I still cannot make up my mind whether or not this is as it should be; but the fact is that I have always desired to remain somewhat in the background, and not plug my own opinions in every issue. I write a special editorial only when I consider there is something important to bring to the notice of the Homes.

The important event that has occasioned me to write for this issue is the appearance of "An Introduction to Le Court", which is well worth the attention of all the other Cheshire Homes. I don't think anything quite so comprehensive has been attempted before. It is a joint compilation of several disabled residents at Le Court, and has the blessing of the administration and the management committee.

There was seen to be the need for a short "handbook" to give to newcomers, introducing them to the way of life at the Home; and this pamphlet is a preliminary answer to the need. It is hoped to get it printed in the not too distant future, enlivened with a few light-hearted sketches.

I feel I can do nothing better than quote from the first page of "The Introduction":

"Le Court is a sheltered community where people who face the possibility, or inevitability, of severe permanent disablement, and the able-bodied staff who look after their physical needs, live together, helping each other in every way. You will be granted the greatest possible measure of freedom and independence to enable you to live within the limits of your disabilities but to the hilt of your capabilities. The fulfilment of your personality and potentialities is, we think, more important than the normal hospital-type medical care. The form this self-fulfilment takes is left very much for the individual to work out.

"It is part of our whole view of life to recognise that without some constructive work to do, men and women, whether disabled or not, remain incomplete, unfulfilled, and tend to become unsociable and destructive. (The word work as used here has a very wide meaning. Some members of our community are incapable of work in the usual sense of the word. Their efforts may be limited to the 'work' of trying to be calm and cheerful, of listening well, or welcoming visitors, etc. It should not be thought that their contribution need be any less valuable to the community than that of its more active members). No compulsion will be applied to make you work, but you will be expected to do something both to help yourself and to serve the community. And as a permanent resident you will be encouraged to take some part in the day-to-day running of the house.

(continued on page 10)

**AN
EXAMPLE
TO BE
FOLLOWED**

by the Editor

People and Places

*By the
Roving Reporter*

**A round-up of topical items about
interesting people and places of note**

~~~~~

Recent visitors in London include Madge Ruggles, whose husband, Bob, has just returned from Bombay, having resigned as Chairman of a Home. He has done excellent work during his term of office.

Colleen MacLeod, who also helped Bethlehem House in the early days and is now living in Australia, has been home on leave, collecting slides and information which will enable her to accept some of the many invitations received for talks in Australia about the Cheshire Homes. She has already been successful in collecting funds for Raphael, and we wish her further success when she returns home.

\* \* \*

From India also has come F/Lt. Hari Bhagat, who visited Market Mews to meet the G.C. He raised funds in Mussourie in the early days of the Dehra Dun Home, and is still actively interested. Another visitor from India who spent so little time in London that most of us missed him was Reggie Sawhny from Delhi. As many readers will know, he is Wilfrid Russell's brother-in-law.

\* \* \*

Wilfrid Russell has been out to Sierra Leone, paying a visit to the new Home at Bo; his report appears as a separate item in this issue. Dr. Thomas, one of the prime movers in the establishment of the Home at Bo, has been in London recently. The Committee in Freetown are hoping to start a Home in the capital, where two adjacent houses are now available.

\* \* \*

Annette Street, who has done excellent work in Jordan during her

husband's term of office as Military Adviser to the King, is now back in England and has joined the small band of people who are prepared to give talks about the Homes. Her main interest, of course, is in the Bethlehem Home; on another page of this issue there is a short news bulletin by her about it. Since her husband has been appointed G.O.C. at Tidworth she should have opportunities to promote interest, particularly in the work in Bethlehem. The Mayor of Bethlehem and his wife, and Mr. Fuad Atalla, a member of the Jordan Trust, visited London not very long ago.

\* \* \*

From Morocco have come Commander and Mrs. Weld Forester and Mrs. Stirling, three of the hard-working members of the Committee; also Colonel Courtenay Gosling, who was on holiday in Tangier when Margot Mason first went out, and gave her considerable help with the negotiations. Another enthusiastic helper for the Tangier Home, at present on leave, is Luke Baker, an officer on the Mons Calpe, which carries cars and passengers between Gibraltar and Tangier. He has formed a very close link between the new Home and helpers in Gibraltar and spares no efforts to obtain the interest of his passengers in that Home. Mr. Fenton, a member of the Cleckheaton Committee, recently visited Morocco. He met some of the Committee and saw the Home—

unfortunately just before the patients were admitted.

\* \* \*

The Chairman of the Nigerian Trust, Chief Justice Sir Adetokunbo Ademola, and the Trustee for the eastern region, Sir Louis Mbanefo, were here a few months ago. They and their wives spent a happy afternoon playing croquet with Lord and Lady Denning and Margot Mason at Cuckfield in Sussex, where the Dennings live.

\* \* \*

Some readers will remember Sally Dodson, who was a full-time volunteer last winter at Market Mews, helping with secretarial work. During that

time she became engaged, and on 23rd September, Seedy, Elaine and Margot from H.Q. went to St. Michael's, Chester Square for her wedding, and afterwards to the Mayfair Hotel for the reception.

\* \* \*

On 2nd November, the G.C. left with Sue, for Moscow, and from there proceeded to India, Singapore, Hong Kong and Papua; he hopes to be back in England on Christmas Eve.

\* \* \*

Henry Marking has left for a tour of Australia and the Far East. His help at Market Mews is very sadly missed at the present moment.

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## AN EXAMPLE TO BE FOLLOWED

*(continued from page 7)*

"The role of the nursing staff is in many ways completely different from the part they play in the work of a hospital. You will not be treated as a sick person. Things will, it is expected, be done *by* you as much as *for* you. You will be helped to help yourself and not merely relieved of the need to do so. We realise that to overprotect people tends to unfit them for the job of looking after themselves. The over-protected readily accept being waited on and soon take everything for granted. Often they gradually slip into a state of passive receptivity.

"It is important that this latter point should be taken to heart by our disabled people. For since everyone is encouraged to live as one family, there being no sharp distinction of we and they, the staff and the disabled residents mix together very much more than in, say, a hospital. In these circumstances there is an obvious temptation for the disabled to take advantage of the proximity of the able-bodied helpers and seek their assistance in unreasonable ways and at inconvenient times. If, therefore, your disability necessitates some measure of assistance, you will be expected to take some thought about whom you ask, when you ask, and how you ask.

"Below, you will see a time-table of the main regular 'events' at Le Court, which will give you some idea of the framework within which we make our lives. Although this framework is not always rigidly adhered to, we do regard a certain basic routine as essential in our community. Unless one can rely on being got up, and having one's meals, etc., at a regular time, it is very hard to use the rest of the day constructively. This does mean, of course that we ourselves must try to co-operate by being at hand when necessary and fitting our own routine into that of the community."

There is a great deal of useful information in the rest of the pamphlet about every possible aspect of life at Le Court—meal-times, getting up and bedtime, staff duties, disabled residents' duties, shopping, outings and entertainments, residents' welfare committee and its functions, etc. etc. All this is, of course, strictly relevant to the one Home, but I feel sure it would be of value to all the others, who might feel induced to work out "Introductions" to their own Homes.

If you are interested and would like to see a copy, write to The Chairman, Welfare Committee, Le Court, Liss, Hants.

## New arrangements relating to the Mission in general and Raphael in particular

The Trustees of the Cheshire Foundation Homes in the U.K. have recently passed the following resolutions concerning the Mission and Raphael:

(1) This Foundation agrees that arrangements should be put in hand (in conjunction with the Forgotten Allies and Overseas Foundations) for the formation of an association of autonomous Bodies to be called The Mission for the Relief of Suffering for the purpose of co-ordinating, strengthening, developing, and keeping alive the spirit and principles of the two Founders, Group Captain Cheshire and Miss Ryder.

(2) This Foundation, having considered all the proposals in regard to the Settlement near Godalming, agree

that a separate organization should be formed under the guidance of Group Captain and Mrs. Cheshire, to be the Settlement in the West corresponding to Raphael in India, designed to keep alive the spirit and example of the Mission for the Relief of Suffering.

Many enquiries have been received about the Hyden Heath Settlement, near Godalming. From the above resolution it will be seen that this Settlement is to be the western Raphael, and coming directly under the Mission. It will be run for a variety of patients not coming within the scope of the Cheshire Foundation Homes, beginning with married couples and for the most part the old.

We feel it is desirable to publish the following notes which have been drawn up for the small advisory committee that is considering the internal relations between the various member organisations comprising the Mission.

### Notes on the Mission

1. The Mission is a voluntary association of autonomous organizations, each devoted in its own way and according to its individual nature and aims to the relief of human suffering, but all having the same basic principles and ideals in common.

2. Its function is on the one hand to safeguard the autonomy, continuity and vigour of its members, and on the other to weld them into an effective and harmonious entity, for their own mutual protection and strength, and to the greater good of those who suffer and are in want.

To these ends the Mission shall—

(a) Bring into being an organization to be known as RAPHAEL and consisting of a series of Settlements for the disabled, whose role shall be to supplement the work of the Mission's members, to train staff and helpers, to test out new ideas, but above all to

enshrine and perpetuate the spirit and ideals of the Mission. Unlike the members of the Mission themselves, this organization shall not exist independently, but shall be under the direct control of the Mission. Thus every member of the Mission shall have its due voice in the management of Raphael and be expected to play its own part in holding it to the ideals for which it was established.

(b) Maintain a small office and secretariat for the collection and distribution of information, the co-ordination of activities and the general business of the Mission, at first in England and later in other parts of the world, according to need. In order to help maintain this international nature of the Mission, it may be found desirable that its headquarters should rotate at intervals round the respective member countries.

---

### Wheelchairs in High Society

Recently the *Daily Express* published, in William Hickey's column, a photograph of Marilyn Monroe looking elegant in a wheelchair, leaving the New York Hospital where she had had an operation. William Hickey wrote, "Someone should one day write a

thesis on the rise in the social acceptability of the wheelchair. It is not a glamorous form of transport. Yet nowadays the Queen Mother launches a ship from one. Even sex symbols like Marilyn Monroe travel in them."

# The Place of Persons with Disabilities in Society

by Gudmund Harlem, M.D.

(The Minister, Royal Norwegian Ministry of Health and Social Affairs,  
Oslo, Norway).

*Shortened version of a paper delivered in New York, August 1960 at  
the Eighth World Congress of the International Society for the  
Welfare of Cripples. Reproduced by kind permission of the Editor  
of the Proceedings.*

~~~~~

IN conversations before the Congress . . . I have noticed the great interest and attention to the theme we are going to consider and discuss today. This interest is a compliment to the programme committee which I would like to pass on to them. . . .

A girl I once met told me this little story. She had been crossing the Atlantic on one of the big liners. Her age was around twenty. She shared a room with a sweet and friendly lady of around fifty. The young girl had a one-sided below knee amputation, but was not very much bothered, from a practical point of view, by her prosthesis. The young girl did not return to the cabin until rather late, and her roommate asked her, "Why are you so late? What does a one-legged girl do this time of night?" She answered, "Well, what does a two-legged girl do?" "Oh, you don't do that, do you?" was the reaction of the old lady.

We may smile at a little story like this one, but we should also regard it as a serious little story. The girl had been completely rehabilitated. All our technical knowledge had been put to use. She had achieved the full degree of independence of her disability which as rehabilitation workers knew she could achieve, but what we had not achieved was to change the attitude of her fellow man.

In a way it is an astonishing problem we discuss today. Down through the history of man, and through all the great religions, it runs as a continuous thread: it is the human mind that really matters. It is the human mind that governs the body and gives it meaning. And this human mind depends upon contact with other human minds. Man is a social

animal. Maybe the same holds true for life in general. Even the fir tree, not to speak of the lion or the seagull. But for human beings it is certainly decisive.

The word "love" has been so misused that we hardly dare use it. But love in its real sense and meaning is the nourishment for the human mind, is the root of all human development and love is interfered with the moment an individual is placed outside our common human community.

We may smile at the little story about the one-legged girl. But we ought to scrutinize our own attitude, to ask ourselves if we have been able to live up to our own ideals. We should indeed be sure of ourselves, before we can demand of the public in general the right and mature attitude.

We may be concerned with a joint with restricted movements, or with a muscle group which does not function properly. Do we always really keep in mind that this muscle group or this joint is attached to a human being with hopes and love and grief—to a human being with potentialities which are imprisoned behind the physical disability we are treating? Imprisoned not only, not even first and foremost, by the direct and real restrictions in motion, in perception through the special senses or whatever you may mention, but also imprisoned by the attitude adopted and shown. As rehabilitation workers we are quite often

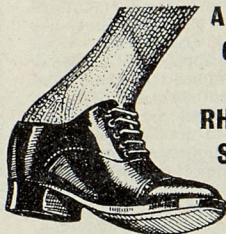
too much concerned, or rather too one-sidedly concerned, with the first of these hindrances and we have not always paid enough attention to the much more important and serious meaning of the attitude of the society toward the disabled. Or to put it in more direct terms: our attitude of the fellow man to his disabled neighbour.

Some of you, especially those working with the mentally disabled, may feel that this does not hold true for your patients. I am not so sure, I think this attitude is appropriate also, for example, in treating the mentally ill. If you take the schizophrenic or the manic or the depressive it seems to me that only one part of his mind is really sick, the rest of it is reacting as it used to. My teacher in psychiatry, the late Dr. Braatoy, taught me to behave just as normally and politely and friendly toward the catatonic schizophrenic as toward anybody else. One day he may come out of his catatonia and you will realize that his mind has been carefully registering behind his catatonic amor the attitude that was shown toward him. Or if you take the feeble-minded. Their emotions are normal in most cases, their ability to love is there and we often have a strong tendency to love them even more unreservedly because they are so uncomplicated and defenceless.

So this is, Mr. Chairman, the situation as I see it. We have a peculiar and unexplainable tendency to pay attention to the least important sides and aspects of human beings and to be so absorbed by these aspects that we have difficulty in developing warm, normal relations between each other. This difficulty holds true not only in our attitudes toward those with disabilities but with those of different religious beliefs, colour or race.

Let us consider for a moment our concepts of normal and abnormal. I have never met a normal individual and I do not know how such an individual would be. We are able to measure quite a number of different human abilities. We believe, for example, that we are able to measure intelligence and that we know it differs considerably in any given population. We could probably agree that normal intelligence would include all those having an I.Q. say between 90 and 110. We could also measure

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the ability to walk or run, that is to move without mechanical aids. We would have to exclude as abnormal, those both below and above what could be regarded as the common normal ability.

I shall not go on. I think this is sufficient to bear out my point: there is no such thing as a normal individual. We are different in all the thousands of different human abilities and activities, we will find large differences among people and really what a dreadful world it would be if we did not.

In my opinion there is a dangerous tendency in our modern world to try to reduce these differences, to try to treat and to correct everything that deviates. Our tolerance toward differences in behaviour is gradually being reduced and I think we should once in a while ask ourselves if this is not dangerous. We should not forget that some of our greatest men in history, men who have given us invaluable gifts, were men who deviated very much indeed. Think of some of the great painters, of van Gogh, of Munch, or Toulouse-Lautrec. Think of a composer like Mozart; think of authors and poets, like Heinrich Heine, like Henrik Ibsen or Oscar Wilde. What would have happened if lack of tolerance had forced them into treatment to get them normalized?

I think this should be our perspective: we need to develop inside ourselves a real understanding of the value and the importance of the differences among men and to develop a tolerance to these differences, and, perhaps most important, to endeavour to free ourselves of the habit of being so absorbed by the differences that we forget the human totality, the human being.

We have a type of slang in many medical institutions and amongst

many rehabilitation workers, a type of slang which I feel is really dangerous. I think of a remark like this: "He is a cardiac".

For one thing, such a remark is incorrect. He is a man and you may describe him at great length, giving priority to the most important parts and aspects of him. And you may go on for a long time before you get to his cardiac disease which certainly is far less important than many other things you may relate about him. But such a remark is not only incorrect. It is dangerous—dangerous because it colours our own thinking and it colours his thinking.

Our first task is to work with ourselves, to develop ourselves to the point where we do not any more think in terms like "the disabled" or "the tubercular" or "the crippled" but instead we think of individuals with diseases and difficulties and problems limiting their activities, but not relegating them to any special group.

And we should work towards developing a greater understanding of the most important aspect of any human being—the ability to give and take love, love in the real, original meaning of the word.

This has to do with the attitude of the family and the friends. It is my feeling that we have not always paid enough attention to the potential which family, school, friends, church hold for rehabilitation and that more direct efforts in these directions would be worth while.

The task is first to work with ourselves, then with everybody in families, schools, and other groups where there are men with disabilities, then with the community in general, with the ultimate goal of building a society which accepts every difference and deviation, really accepts it, as long as it is not destructive to others.

"If they could only see . . ."

We are wondering whether you would care to introduce *The Cheshire Smile* to your friends and neighbours. Will you give them the opportunity of seeing the magazine, and discovering what we are trying to do for disabled people? We are willing to send you a few copies for this purpose—entirely free of charge.

You may find that some of these friends would be glad to have a copy of each issue as it comes out. If this is so, we should be pleased to hear from you, and to send you a regular batch for sale in your area. Before you know where you are, you will have become a **PROMOTER** of *The Cheshire Smile*.

Throw Away Thy Rod

Reviewed by Paul Hunt

"Throw Away Thy Rod" by David Wills (Gollancz)

This book is strikingly relevant to the Cheshire Homes and the question of their future development, although in fact it deals mainly with a special school-home for "maladjusted" children.

David Wills has been concerned with maladjusted children and youths for over thirty years. In *Throw Away Thy Rod* he discusses the ideas and methods he has been evolving during this time, and his particular application of them in his present position as Warden of Bodenham School, near Hereford.

Under conditions that are necessarily artificial, Mr. Wills must try to create a substitute home (not an imitation one) for children who have been removed from their own natural homes. In his attempts to achieve this aim he has come to the conclusion that love is the one essential (an orthodox enough belief, but one that can bear repeated expression); and it is because of his awareness of what love is and his willingness to have it permeate all his thinking and doing that Mr. Wills has much to show us.

Arising from this basic principle of love there are, of course, certain instruments of love—concrete forms which it takes in the community. Chief among these at Bodenham is what Mr. Wills calls "shared responsibility", a device whereby almost

everyone living there shares the responsibility for running many aspects of the life of the home. Mr. Wills has had remarkable success with this method, and much of it seems tailor-made for experimentation within the Cheshire Homes. It is perhaps arguable how far "democratization" can or should go in the Homes; but, on the evidence of this book, real delegation and diffusion of responsibilities has a considerable influence for good in a small community, and we might take a lead from Mr. Wills in this matter.

Although very readable and full of compassionately told stories and incidents, *Throw Away Thy Rod* is not a well written book. The thought is not always clear, there are patches of worn phrasing, and the author's "whimsical" humour may not suit everyone. However, these are small defects in a work that can contribute so much to our understanding of love in its relation to society.

As Warden of Bodenham, David Wills has perhaps more opportunity than most people for applying his insights fruitfully. But whatever our situation we can learn from him that love, of God and our neighbour, not only implies doing "good works" but also using our talents to the full to influence the development and organization of our communities.

Passages from

"Throw Away Thy Rod" by David Wills (Gollancz)

Obviously a firm and comprehensive system of discipline will provide security, and I should be the last to deny it. But it is not the kind of security we are after. It is the security of the prop or stay, and we want to develop the kind of security that can only be likened to deep and well-grounded roots. We want a foundation, not a buttress. Certainly there is a place for this more superficial kind of security so long as it does not prejudice the establishment of the other. (P. 40.)

Our home is most certainly not an imitation home, or a copy of a family. We have found that while we must provide the same essential things as a home provides we must not necessarily provide them in the same way, and sometimes we must use an opposite way from the way they are provided in a real family home. Our ends are the same, but our means must often be different, because the unit with which we are concerned is not a biological unit with the ready-made history and affective ties of the family. (P. 41.)

There is one device which (I hope) is never used in the ordinary home but which is of incalculable value in fostering the sense of ownership in the substitute home. It is the device by which the children take a large share in the administration of the internal affairs of the home. It is sometimes known as self-government but that title is misleading, and I prefer to call it shared responsibility. (P. 35.)

The virtue of shared responsibility is that it can achieve the objects of group therapy in a more natural and less self-conscious way through machinery which exists ostensibly for other and more practical purposes. The group meets to discuss problems in which some at least of the group have a real vital and immediate interest which may affect everybody. In the course of this discussion, group therapy may take place just as effectively as in a group assembled for that express purpose. (P. 71.)

An essential element of shared responsibility it seems to me is that its forms must be devised by the living community, and clearly be seen to have been devised by it. . . . The participants must feel "We did it ourselves!" There is, of course, much value in administering a system of government, but there is very much more in creating it. (P. 85.)

Shared responsibility is a means by which the child can be helped by practical experience to learn that laws exist for our mutual protection, and that the price of freedom is eternal vigilance or, in other words, that if he wants the place to be a good place he will have to make his contribution. (P. 83.)

That shared responsibility is a very valuable instrument I do not doubt, but . . . in practice, it is a terrible bore, its importance as an instrument is not primary, and as a system of discipline it is not efficient. (P. 70.)

We all, I suppose—all, that is, who are doing work that we really want to do—find in our work the fulfilment of psychological needs, or we should not be doing it. But there are many people who enter this work with the motive—an unconscious one of course—of battenning upon the people they should be nourishing, and they can do incalculable harm. (P. 113.)

Experience has taught me that a terrible disease . . . tends indeed to be present in all residential institutions. I should like to find a high-sounding Latin name for it; perhaps *ultra laboritis* will do—the state of being inflamed because one works harder than anyone else. (P. 119.)

Passages from

The Barns Experiment by David Wills.

London. Geo. Allen & Unwin Ltd. 1945

(Quoted by kind permission of the author and the publishers)

The finest type of citizen is he who obeys no law blindly out of an unthinking respect for authority or fear of penalties; it is he whose conduct is based on a rational understanding of why a given type of behaviour is desirable and who will persist in that type of behaviour whatever the consequences to himself. Such a citizen will not always be strictly "law abiding", because he will be prepared if necessary to defy a law which he considers unjust or harmful to the best interest of society. No State or Community can hope to achieve or continue in true greatness when it ceases to breed such citizens. (P. 17.)

My case against this kind of (imposed) discipline . . . First, it inhibits initiative. How can initiative develop in an atmosphere where all the initiating is done by the adults or others in authority and all one is called upon to do is conform? Then it prevents the growth of self-reliance—one learns to rely on the system instead of one's self, and by the same token it shifts responsibility for one's actions on to someone else. One never needs to enquire "Is this right or wrong?" But only "Is this allowed?" If it is not allowed, then it is someone else's duty to see that I don't do it—not *mine*. In short, it thwarts, cramps and starves . . . (P. 26.)

But shared responsibility is merely a corollary to our primary instrument—the instrument of love. First, foremost, and all the time, the children must feel themselves to be loved. Most of us have grown up in families where authority was wielded by someone of whose love we were confident. Many of these children have had a different experience, and they are apt to be unable to reconcile love and authority. So we try to separate them a little. Their fellow inmates wield authority on behalf of the community (not on behalf of the adults, like a Prefect or any other kind of quisling), and it is gradually learnt that love and authority are not necessarily mutually exclusive. At the same time our own contact is not marred from the start by our having an authoritarian attitude and the child thus more easily believes himself loved. But the *primary* thing is the love. (P. 60.)

It is true that there must be order, there must be some measure of discipline, there must be a respected authority even in a small community of forty persons. That I do not attempt to deny. But in order that there may be the minimum of misunderstanding and resentment, let us, as far as possible, make such rules as may be necessary *between us*, so that the need for and the occasion of them may be seen by everybody; and if breaches of these rules should occur, let us also deal with those *between us*, for the same reason. (P. 82.)

Not every boy appreciated freedom from repressive discipline, for there is quite a good deal of superficial security to be found in it, and some boys are quite at a loss when it is removed. (P. 105.)

OVERSEAS

CHESHIRE

HOMES

West Africa

Wilfrid Russell has just come back from a fortnight's visit to West Africa, ten days in Sierra Leone and three in Gambia. In Sierra Leone, he was able to see the exciting way in which the Cheshire idea has caught on there, and to visit the excellent Children's Home at Bo, which was only opened in May.

Lady Dorman, wife of the Governor General, Sir Maurice Dorman, has been very interested in the Home, and so has Sir Salako Benka-Coka, the Chief Justice, who is Chairman of the Sierra Leone Foundation. Wilfrid Russell met them both, and heard how very much they admired May Cutler and the fine work she is doing at Bo, especially during these last rainy months which are the most difficult for work of any kind. She has turned a disused house into a cosy Home for crippled children.

Wilfrid flew up to Bo, which is about 150 miles from Freetown, with Dougall Reid, the very active secretary of the Sierra Leone Trust, and Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. At Bo they were met by Dr. Roxy-Harris, the Sierra Leone doctor in charge of the Bo hospital and Chairman of the Bo Cheshire Home, who is extremely keen. They had a talk with May Cutler at the Home; she seemed full of vigour and enthusiasm despite the heat and the heavy rains.

The Home now has six children, all disabled in one way or another, but all cheerful and full of beans. They sang songs to the visitors, and recited the alphabet. Bissy, a sixteen-year-old girl in a wheelchair, paralysed from the waist down, had learned from May to embroider; she handed over an embroidered pillow case for "Auntie Mason".

Members of the Bo Committee came to the Home during the morning. Arrangements were made for £50 to be cabled out from the international fund in London so that seven more beds could be bought, and seven more children admitted. The aim is to have sixteen children as soon as possible.

In Freetown, Dougall Reid showed Wilfrid two good houses adjacent to one another near the sea, and on the edge of the city. These have been made available to the Foundation on long lease for a peppercorn rent, and can be adapted fairly cheaply for use as Cheshire Homes. It is planned to have older people in one house, and children in the other.

There are many enthusiastic supporters in Freetown, notably Mr. Smythe, the Sierra Leone Attorney General, himself an African. He was a navigator, by the way, in the R.A.F. 5 Group during the war, the same Bomber Group in which G.C. served. After being shot down over Berlin, Mr. Smythe spent three years as a P.O.W.

Sir Salako gave a delightful party in his bungalow for a sizeable number of interested people from all communities to meet Wilfrid on the night before he left for the Gambia. The big question everybody asked was "when will the Group Captain come to West Africa?" May Cutler was also at the party, having come to Freetown for her first holiday since starting at Bo.

In Gambia there was also surprising interest, notably from the Chief Minister, Mr. N'Zie, who used to go to Professor Cheshire's lectures at Lincoln's Inn, when he was, like so many leading African and India statesmen of today, a law student in London. Perhaps we shall soon see a Cheshire Home in the Gambia.

An Indian Lady writes to G.C.

Poona, India

You may remember my brothers and I had spoken to you about my little cousin whom we wanted admitted in the Cheshire Home in Bombay, little Cecil Lobo?

This is to say that at last he was taken there two weeks ago and we want to thank you very much for your help in the matter.

My cousin, Mrs. Effie Lobo, the little boy's mother, did not want to part with her child, but now that he is sixteen years old, he is getting too heavy and unmanageable for her and we were afraid she may have a breakdown. The father is away at work the whole day long and the other children, three of them, are all younger and go to school. Cecil Lobo has been defective from babyhood, cannot walk or talk but makes some sounds and has to be lifted up and put on the floor to play. Everything has to be done for him. He has never grown up mentally and has the mind of an infant, though he lashes out with his fists when he is in a temper.

A year ago when my cousin approached the Sisters at the Cheshire Home and explained her circumstances to them, they were willing to take the child, but the doctors turned down the application, because they thought he would be a burden to the Sisters. It is only now they have come forward and taken him on a month's trial. I am sure the Sisters will keep

him for they just love him and look after him very tenderly, I hear. It is an ideal place for the child who seems to be happy so far.

I hope Baby Jeremy is getting on well and also his dear mother is in good health. Both of you must be busy as ever bringing succour to the afflicted.

Poona has undergone a terrible catastrophe in the shape of the floods, but the part of the town where we stay happens to be on higher ground so we have not been affected, thank God, except that water is scarce, since both the reservoirs that supplied Poona with water have been breached and are empty.

The plight of the homeless is pitiful and the authorities are trying to build temporary huts for them.

Among others, the Professors and Seminarians from De Nobili College rushed to the rescue, also the St. Xavier's Fathers, digging in the slums and trying to restore whatever could be retrieved to their poor owners. The Sisters, too, from the different convents, with their novices and senior girls, cooked and distributed food and clothes to the stricken. Poona will take a long time to get over this disaster.

My brothers send their thanks and kind regards.

Asking God to bless you, Mrs. Cheshire and Baby Jeremy,

(Mrs.) Eufrasia Francis.

The Tangier Home, Morocco

On the G.C.'s birthday, September 7th, the Home opened with the first two patients. Miss Eagleston, the new Matron, had arrived on the 6th from England and Miss Sue Bent and Margot Mason had been living in the house and making preparations. During the week previously much work had been done, the Cheriffa of Quezzane, the President of the Committee having taken a leading part. She and Mrs. Gosling had driven

around with Margot visiting the Governor (who promised to become President d'Honneur), the Princess Lalla Fatima (cousin of the King), who came on February 7th with her husband, the Moroccan Ambassador in London, to see the Home and have tea with helpers on the verandah.

On the evening of September 7th, we had our first enlarged Committee meeting, and the Committee were there to welcome the patients, Said

and Absalam, when they arrived by ambulance from Rabat. These two have now been joined by a little blind girl, and two others are shortly to be admitted. It is hoped to acquire a donkey for the children to ride in the beautiful garden. We are so pleased

to know that the Phoenix Ladies' Club of Pinner (who last year provided equipment for Dulwich) will, this year divide their gifts between the Bethlehem Home, Jordan, and Tangier, in both of which Homes the need for help of all kinds is very great.

Bethlehem Children's Home, Jordan

There are now ten children in the Home which has moved to a new house near Rachel's Tomb. Here there is a nice garden and the children can do their lessons out of doors when it is not too hot. The Matron, Miss Anne Thomas, has received much help and encouragement from the Bethlehem Ladies' Committee as well as visitors from Amman and even further afield. The occupational therapy materials received from Le Court are in constant use and have proved a

godsend, and due to the advice of Harry Tudor of Amptill the children are busy making Christmas calendars for sale in Jordan.

Meanwhile great things are planned for Amman and through the generosity of the Polio Research Fund a doctor from Stoke Mandeville Hospital recently visited Jordan to advise on a Rehabilitation Centre there. It is hoped that building will commence this month and that it will be finished early next year.

A.S.



Photo: G. Wardeh, Bethlehem

Some of the children at the Bethlehem Home with Miss Thomas, the Matron (Centre).

Ardeen, Shillelagh

"Life is sweet, brother . . . !"

says Terry O'Sullivan in *The Dubliner's Diary*, 'The Evening Press', Dublin

The following paragraphs are reproduced from the paper by courtesy of the Editor

We ran through gorgeous Wicklow yesterday, all the way to Shillelagh, to see for ourselves the first Cheshire Home, now caring for three helpless Irish human beings.

There were workmen swarming all over the stone-built house donated by Olive Countess Fitzwilliam, putting in central heating and essential plumbing.

And on the door of the lounge was a list of things that are needed for that one room alone. We pulled out a pencil to note the requirements here (in case you might like to help), but then we realised that each and every room in the place needed furniture and fittings.

When the Matron, Mary O'Leary, opened the first of the Cheshire Homes in Ireland there was literally nothing at all in the house. The Countess

Fitzwilliam had sent down two beds and blankets. It was October, the wind howled and the temperature was dropping.

As one might expect, the Irish Countrywomen's Association in Tullow, Shillelagh and Bagenalstown helped, the Gorey Golf Club helped . . . the Greystones Committee helped . . . and there are others.

I have not read the terms of reference of the Cheshire Homes.

Let me put it in my own way. There are a few unfortunate people whom fate marks with a heavy hand. They are not sick in the sense that they can be cured, yet their sickness is such that they are in danger of being without the help of either domestic or professional care. Not every paralysed adult can be cared for by his relations, for the

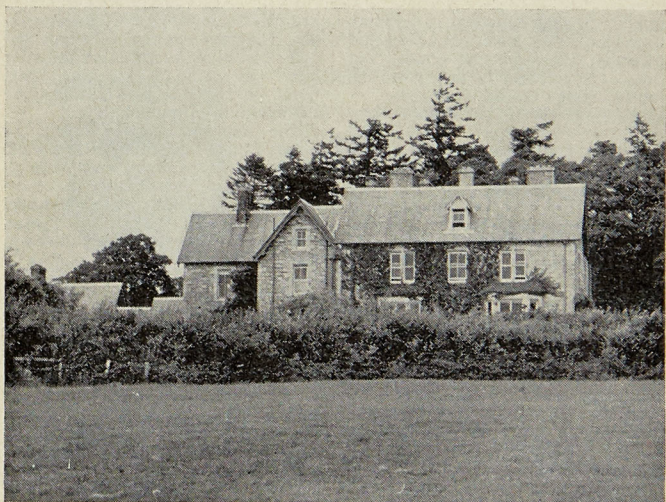


Photo: 'Irish Press'

A view of Ardeen, the Irish Home.

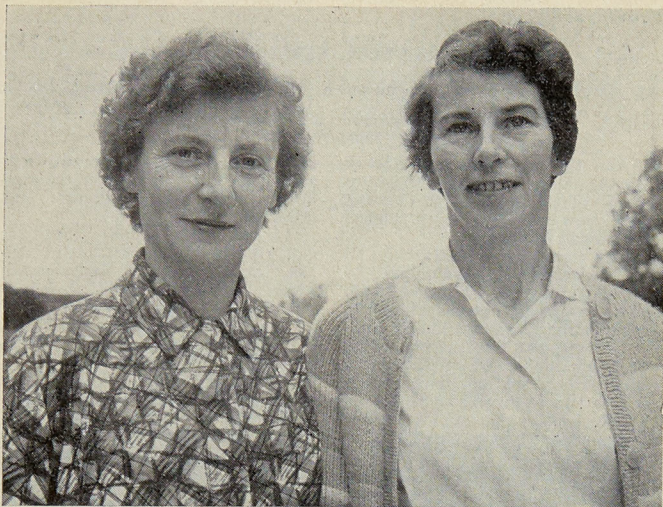


Photo: 'Irish Press'

Miss Mary O'Leary (Matron) with Miss Eimer Cullen of Ardeen.

nursing of such a patient is a whole-time care. Half alive, physically and mentally, these are the almost lost ones. There comes the time when the most loving mother or sister or brother or cousin just cannot carry on. . . .

I gave a cigarette to one of the Cheshire Home inmates at Ardeen, Shillelagh, yesterday.

I didn't just give it to him, I put it between his lips and lit it for him. He was as helpless as that.

Another patient sat out in the air,

in a chair donated by a wing commander. The chair was one of the type that you sit in in an aircraft, and the poor man who sat in it, and who could never move an inch, had flown around the world, in his imagination.

The matron, Mary O'Leary, or Eimer Cullen (and that's all the staff) would be most grateful for articles of furniture or furnishings to make Ardeen, Shillelagh, more colourful and more comfortable for their care.

Life is sweet, brother, even when you are totally incapacitated.

Latest News

Among the many visitors to the Home recently were Mr. and Mrs. McLeod from Bombay, who were spending a holiday in Ireland before leaving for Australia. Mrs. McLeod is a sister of Lola McDonnell, a regular visitor to Le Court. Mrs. McLeod showed some coloured slides of the Homes in India, and took some photographs of the house and residents. Another visitor was Miss Taylor, sister-in-charge of Amphyll Cheshire Home. We hope

she will pay us another visit in the near future.

We are hoping G.C. will be in Eire on October 24th to attend a public meeting at the Mansion House, Dublin, at which the Lord Mayor and many prominent people will speak.

Among the many gifts we have received recently were three electric razors, an easy press iron, a washing machine, some colourful stair carpet and matting.

(continued on page 59)

Patients — Residents — Members

Some letters received in response to the Editorial "A Question of Patience" in our Spring issue concerning the most adequate word which should be used in referring to the disabled people in the Cheshire Homes

from Mrs. R. B. Trinder:

May I suggest that the name for the residents has been there all the time in the original title "*Cheshire Homes*". My dictionary defines "Home" as: house which one regards as one's home, where one is received as a member of the family. It also defines "family" as: group of persons living under the same roof, including both those actually related by blood, and

all the others, dependents, friends, etc., forming the household.

Therefore, I suggest we speak of the "family" at Hovenden and "one of the family".

Then the word "Matron" has definite hospital association, so I would follow this with "Mater". Why not "Pater" for the Warden?

From Anon.:

With regard to the debate in your journal about names, I would like to bring to the notice of your readers a letter published in *The Spectator* recently.

The writer (Peter Dean of Foxton, Cambs), being concerned with liberal education, has this to say about language: "If a liberal education is not 'literary', i.e., concerned with words, inspired by literature, it is nothing. Language principally, opens up the realm of possibilities, just as, moulding and influencing, it is the medium of most human relationships.

Sensitivity towards language makes for and betokens a sensitivity towards life, a growth and development of individual powers. Using language is often the very moment of growth and understanding; you catch, as it were at the quick, the naked individual life reaching out, becoming, *being educated*, in the struggle with meaning."

Don't you think that those people who are most sensitive to the real needs and desires of your disabled people, are extremely sensitive to the words they use when they talk of them. I know I am.

From Francis H. Kent,
Royal Hospital, Chelsea:

To me the answer is simply to call every handicapped resident "Smiler". I use it when writing to one of your chaps.

And *please* whilst on the subject of designations could we not abolish the term "disabled" from our vocabulary. It suggests defeat, conjures up despair all round and narrows the outlook. But "handicapped" in contrast suggests adventure and conjures up hope through challenge.

This is true of "patient"—a word that suggests sickness, and with it, depression. The old adage—"Give a dog a bad name . . ." is true, but so is its opposite. Call a fellow 'Smiler',

and watch him beam.

In my experience the evidence seems to point to many, if not most, of the so-called disabled being very able and capable of achieving success. I ask you—who plays the best game of golf? Why the fellow with the biggest handicap, without doubt. And so, in my opinion, the fellow with the greatest physical handicap puts up the greatest performance in relation to courage and tenacity.

I may be very wrong, but I'll stick my neck out and say—if any of your residents are dissatisfied, I'll change places with them.

The middle pages of the magazine are
devoted to

News and Features

from Cheshire Homes in the U.K.

For easy reference we print the following index of bulletins included in this issue

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Sheffield Steering Committee

Since the formation of the Founders Support Group "Ecclesall", Sheffield, three further groups have been established which has extended the boundaries of the Sheffield movement quite considerably and of course added to the ranks of these enthusiastic workers.

Since we acquired a copy of the film "Cheshire V.C.", a few months ago, also 16mm. sound projection equipment, film shows have been successfully given to some twenty voluntary workers' organisations.

Members from two Sheffield support groups will be making their first visit to "White Windows" on October 18th, to get a first-hand picture of how a Cheshire Home is run and maintained.

On October 31st the Ecclesall Support Group will hold their Annual Hallowe'en Dance and the organisers are anticipating it will be a successful

repetition of last year's event, with an equal, if not greater contribution to the Sheffield Fund.

The Sheffield University Rag Committee have very graciously agreed to allocate 15 per cent of their total collection to the Sheffield Cheshire Foundation Fund.

In my previous report an important item was omitted which illustrates so forcibly the generous support being given to the Cheshire cause in Sheffield. A cheque for £547 was presented to Ald. Pickles, the Northern district chairman, by the President of the Riverdale (Sheffield) Round Table, Mr. Hancock. This cheque represented the proceeds from a Dance organised by its members in the early part of this year.

E. R. MOTTERSHAW (*Press Officer*).

Cotswold Home, Gloucestershire

Those who can are all doing some sort of handicraft work for the big "November Fair" that Lady Dowty is organizing in aid of the Home, to be held in the Town Hall on the 8th. There are many different varieties of stalls, so we have a nice day in front of us.

Lady Dowty came to the Home when we had our anniversary party. A good time was had by all, and there was a nice iced cake with one candle on it.

Sister Jarman, our sister-in-charge, is very helpful and willing. We were sorry to see Matron Bennett leave, but Sister Jarman is just as nice and efficient. There is another new Irish sister under her. We hope she will like it here and stay with us.

There was a Cheese and Wine party held at Tewkesbury a fortnight ago to help our Home. A few of the resi-

dents from here were invited. Another show to aid us was held at Andoversford—an Agricultural and Gymkhana Show.

We have had a lovely outing to Barry Island. We went from here at 9.30 and arrived at about 2 p.m., to be greeted by the Lord Mayor who stayed for tea with us—provided by the Toc H and the Rotary Club of Barry Island. Each of us were given an ice cream by "Fortes" on our way home. We arrived back at midnight; though tired after a long day, everyone had enjoyed it.

Fifteen of the others had another trip to Weston-super-Mare.

We are sorry to announce the death of Barbara Perkins, aged forty-seven. But Evelyn Perkins has come here from Le Court and we are pleased to have her.

JANIE WILLIAMS (*Resident*).

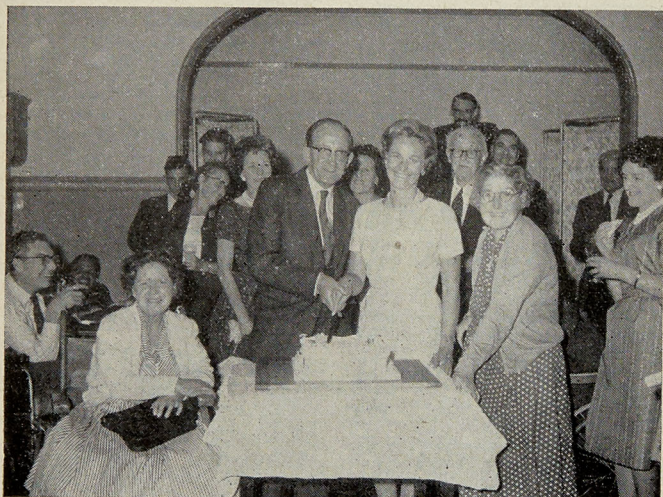


Photo: 'Gloucestershire Echo'

Lady Dowty, patron of the Cotswold Cheshire Home, Cheltenham, cutting the cake at the first birthday party, given by the residents and staff for the management committee at the Home. Standing next to Lady Dowty is Mr. K. Kennedy (the first male nurse).



Photo: D. P. Richardson, Redcar

The Group Captain at Marske Hall.

★

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Marske Hall, Yorkshire

Following the gift of Marske Hall by the Zetland Family to the Cheshire Foundation, a Management Committee was set up under the Chairmanship of Mr. C. H. Burtt, T.D., and the first meeting took place on the 13th March, 1961.

Since that inaugural meeting, the committee has concerned itself primarily with:

(a) Preparing plans for the conversion of Marske Hall to take twenty-five patients.

(b) Raising the £12,000 estimated as being required to carry out conversion and planning for an annual income of about £2,000 thereafter.

To this end Mr. Colin Johnson, architect member of the committee, has prepared plans which are now

approved and ready to go out to tender.

Twenty-six Support Groups have been formed on Tees-side under the aegis of a three-man sub-committee headed by the Deputy Chairman, Brigadier T. Sheffield, O.B.E., T.D.

A Bazaar is to be held in Middlesbrough Town Hall on the 21st November next, which will be opened by the Lord Lt. for the North Riding, Col. Sir William Worsley, Bart.

With this and other individual activities fostered by the committee and members of the public throughout the summer, it is hoped that we shall have obtained enough capital to initiate the work of conversion of the Hall by the end of this year.

Lord Denning Opens Sandbach Home

It was the feeling of working with others for others and the challenge of going forward in spite of fears of the scientific age that had made the Sandbach Cheshire Home such a great success, said Lord Denning, P.C. (Chairman of the Cheshire Foundation Homes) at the official opening at The Hill, Sandbach, on 23rd September.

He spoke from the steps of the Home, with the door closed behind him. In front of him, on the wide pathway leading to the North Lawn, were several hundred people who had come from all parts of Cheshire.

At his side, in the official party, were Mrs. I. Lea (Chairman of the Steering Committee), Sir Wesley Emberton (Chairman, Cheshire County Council) and Lady Emberton, Ald. Arthur Pickles (Chairman, Northern Regional Cheshire Homes) and the Chairmen of three Urban District Councils (Sandbach, Cheadle—with Gatley, and Middlewich).

Opening his address, Lord Denning said he had often been asked if all the Homes were in Cheshire and he had always had to say they had nothing to do with the county. Now, however, the county of Cheshire had its first "Cheshire" Home.

"It is a most suitable Home" he

said, "but only a short time ago it was almost derelict. Now, with the great help of people from all around, it has been put into good condition. There is a great deal more to be done, but I can see that you in Cheshire will not be long about doing it."

Unfortunately, he went on, people had to look at the background of life as it was today, with capsules orbiting round the world, men travelling beyond the speed of sound, and the possibility of someone pressing a button and destroying us all. The time had come in this scientific age for the call: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

It was all in marked contrast to the great work of which the Sandbach home was an example.

After he had finished speaking, Lord Denning turned round to the door and opened it, saying, "I wish you all success". There was a cheer as the Matron (Mrs. M. Coward) walked out and joined the party.

Ald. Arthur Pickles then addressed the crowd, saying that his duty that day was the simple one of thanking Lord Denning. He also thanked all the support groups and other helpers. "You have taken off your coats and



Photo: 'Crewe Chronicle'

At the new Sandbach Home. Ten-year-old Rosemary Hill, daughter of Mr. S. J. Hill, the Secretary, chats with the first residents, John Gee (in wheelchair) and Tom Dugdale (standing between), and their friends.

worked hard." There were now twelve support groups, but he hoped that the number would be doubled.

At the present, stage one—the opening of the ground floor rooms to residents—was under way. But they were hoping to raise £3,000 as soon as possible for the installation of a lift, which would enable them to open up the top floor, and so enable the Home to accommodate its maximum complement of thirty residents.

One of the first residents was forty-five-year-old John Thomas Gee, a former sub-postmaster from Broxton,

near Chester, who is crippled by multiple sclerosis. At his own request he had been transferred from Spofforth Hall, Yorkshire, to be within the bounds of his native county. For the same reason, fifty-year-old Mr. Tom Dugdale, originally an electronics expert from Malpas, and a life-long sufferer from muscular dystrophy, had been transferred from Ampthill Park House, Bedfordshire.

(We are indebted to *The Sandbach Chronicle* and *The Crewe Chronicle* for the above passages.)

Alne Hall, Yorkshire

The patients have made excursions by bus in favourable weather to Reading, Saltburn and Whitby. Extensive travel over the North Yorkshire moors revealed them at their best in heather and scenery.

As before some sick people have spent holiday periods here, and their numbers seem to have increased considerably. They could not but have benefited in health in such pleasant surroundings. P. ROBSON (*Resident*).

"Phantasy"

by T. Robert Langham

(Member of the Writers' Guild and a resident at St. Cecilia's)

A story for the Christmas Season

LARGE flakes of snow were still falling on ground which was already thickly carpeted and Paul Griffen, well and warmly coated, stood in the doorway of the "Beech Tree" eagerly awaiting the arrival of the London coach. There would be several old friends on the coach. Mister Pickwick would not be among them today, nor Mister Winkle but still there would be others. Most travellers looked forward to a stop at the "Beech Tree" and Paul had many friends.

At last the sound of the horn was heard in the distance and soon, with a clang and a crunch the heavily-laden vehicle drew up before the hostelry door. The aroma of newly-prepared hot rum punch wafted through the open door from the parlour to assail the nostrils and weaken the determination of any well-intentioned passer-by.

One by one the passengers jumped or were lifted from the coach, some heavily laden with luggage, some travelling without much encumbrance, but all making willy-nilly for the open portal and the warm welcome which would most assiduously be waiting in the persons of Binny and Kath, not forgetting mine host in the person of Paul himself.

Pastor Johnson and Bob Worthington were among the guests. They had both alighted from the coach and now a good walk lay before them. They were on their way to "The House of God Begot" sanctuary of the distressed and Home for the lonely. The Home, sometimes for want of a better name called "Cecilia's", was some two miles distant from the inn, laying on the far side of the Widmore Marshes, a bleak and treacherous piece of countryside. The long winding Sundridge Lane wended its way across the fen, and this was the walk which lay before them: a bye-way along which no coach ever ventured.

But after a goodly measure of the succulent brew, liberally sprinkled with choice spices and garnished with freshly cut oranges and lemons, what

was a two-mile walk even though the snow lay thick underfoot?

At last the door of the house was reached: it was some time before the clanging of the bell was answered and no wonder, with the noise of the revelry inside, together with the clatter of plates and dishes, all in preparation and readiness for the goodly repast which was presently to be enjoyed by all assembled.

At last Matron Cooper heard the bell and hurriedly went to the door, flinging it widely open in an effort to emphasize the warmth of the welcome to the two guests which she had been expecting. Matron Cooper was well learned in the art of hospitality; she was a goodly soul, who in her generosity of heart and hand might have been a buxom wench, but endless toil and continuous worry over the welfare of her charges, had stayed the accumulation of superfluous girth, and in keeping with her mind, her body had retained its girlish and youthful proportions.

The Home inside was warm, and a friendly welcome glowed on the faces of everybody. This was the time of the year when those who had been most heavily laden by life's perplexities forgot their burden: the lines of care and the wrinkles of sorrow were smoothed away and any thoughts of anger were miraculously melted into compassion: it was as if each haunted brow had been caressed by the Hand of God.

There was to be a wonderful spread. Fine plump turkeys generously packed with rich stuffing were roasting on the

grill; vegetables fresh in their crispness from adjacent lands; plum pudding, oranges, lemons, figs and dates, and nuts from far away places.

There was also to be carol singing, songs, charades, games, dances and heaps of entertainment. Young Dave, the boy from the Foundation school who had been practising magic was going to baffle them all with his conjuring. There was to be a Santa Claus as well. Wally Jones was in fact getting ready to rig himself up in a brilliant red gown and hood, and there was a sack for him to carry: a sack loaded with presents, one for each of everyone there—no one would be left out.

At last the tables were spread and old Woodmansee himself, skilled in the culinary art, was sharpening his knives in readiness for speedy attack upon the unsuspecting bird, and to gratify the expectations of the many palates which needed no aperitif.

Then Pastor Johnson with great difficulty tried to get a little silence whilst some measure of thanksgiving was made to The Great Provider, but though voices were mumbled and throats were choked through anticipation and excitement it was manifest to the Omnipotent Almighty that praise and humble thanks were enshrined in every heart.

What a feast it was; there was no one

there who could claim to be tired of the taste of turkey, just the opposite; to quite a number the experience of indulging in that luscious flavour was one that never before had it been their privilege to enjoy.

Wally Jones as Santa was a riot; it was for the most part unrehearsed. Passing the door of the Governor's sanctum he had noticed that Governor Mills had by Heaven-sent inadvertence left a bottle of sack unguarded on his table.

The temptation was too much for poor Wally. Surely one measure would never be missed, and at this season of forgiveness and forgetfulness maybe two measures would equally pass unnoticed.

So it was not surprising that when Wally tottered in at last with most realistic faltering gait under the strain of his heavy load, his nose had adopted that rosy hue and was in full tone with his florid ensemble. And as the happy day drew steadily towards its close Bob Worthington produced some hot ginger cordial; a fitting night-cap and effective sedative to all that had gone before. It was with mingled joy and sadness that one and all reflected that another Christmas day had come and gone. Poor Matron looked sadly round. "Yes", she mused, "it's ginger cordial tonight but it will most assuredly be castor oil tomorrow."

St. Cecilia's, Kent

Since the last issue there has been a constant round of activities at St. Cecilia's, one of the most enjoyable being Mr. Barry Richards' annual summer party at Hartley Manor. This year our patients were joined by those from Mote House, and everyone had a grand time, and much appreciated the wonderful hospitality they received.

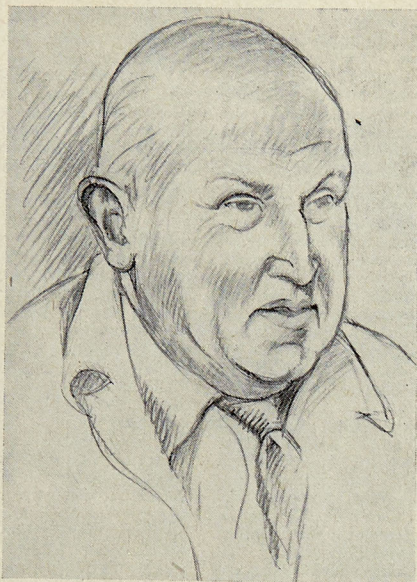
A "Red Feather" Day was held at Dartford on the 9th September and £34 was collected. This sum we know would have been greatly exceeded if only we had been able to get sufficient help in that area.

On the 30th September we had another Cheese and Wine Party at which we were delighted to welcome the Mayor of Bromley, and the Chairman of Orpington, who both took a very keen interest in all that was going on at the various stalls and sideshows.

The Party was a great success, both socially and financially; it was a most pleasant evening, and the patients especially enjoy these functions at which they can play a large part. The sum of £85 was raised during the evening, and we took the opportunity of drawing the winning tickets for the Autumn Draw which had been running for some weeks; this added zest to the occasion, and resulted in a profit of over £250.

The dining room has been given a "new look" thanks to the invaluable help of Mr. Cox's friends from West Wickham. In fact all the Friends groups have excelled themselves this year in their help to the Home by bringing voluntary help, entertainment and running their own money-raising events. Their unstinting support is a terrific encouragement to all at St. Cecilia's.

R.S.W.



Tom Langham

of St. Celia's

I have always been an avid reader. I have read most of the well-known works. Now I am myself writing a book. But more about that elsewhere.

It was in 1951 that I, in my quest for something exciting, chanced upon a book entitled "The Dam Busters"—a wonderfully exciting book. It was a book dealing with the exploits of the Royal Air Force during the war; an epic story of gallantry and prowess; wondrous deeds performed by "The Few" to merit the everlasting gratitude of the many. And in this book I read in fervent detail of the work of Group-Captain Leonard Cheshire.

But not even in my wildest dreams did I envisage then, that the day would come when I myself would be speaking or writing in praise of this man; never for a fleeting moment did I think that

the day was coming when I myself would be a beneficiary of his noble work.

Later, in 1954, another book appeared in the shops; this was "Bomber Pilot" written by Leonard Cheshire himself. The days of war seem long ago now; we do our best not to remember them. There are thousands of young people living with us today who were not even born when we were living through those awful days.

But after the war was over, Leonard Cheshire dreamed like others who had gone before—like William Wilberforce who devoted himself to the abolition

of slavery—like Elizabeth Fry and her work for the rehabilitation of ex-prisoners—like William Booth who spent his life succouring the needy—like Doctor Barnardo who went to the rescue of orphans and cruelly-treated children—our beloved G.C. dreamed of helping the sick and disabled, the aged and the lonely.

Read what he himself wrote in 1954:

"All this, and a great deal else besides, I owe purely to the Providence of God, and, as if this was not enough, it was Providence that finally gave me the greatest of all gifts, the gift of Faith. This was the turning point of my life, for it shewed me that with all the excitement and the honours that the war had brought me, something was lacking.

"Having spent my time taking all I could out of life, I began to feel that I would like to put something back. Having been perpetually bent on destruction—both physically and spiritually—I began to feel that I would like to build something, and give my days

now to the relief of suffering."

We in our faith, though we laud these individual benefactors of humanity, know in our hearts that there was a deeper and more enduring cause; that the Spirit of God was at work in the hearts of these people. Then we come to the day, not so very long ago, when Leonard Cheshire and Sue Ryder were wed. Sue herself had, for years, been working on behalf of the refugees—those poor persecuted souls, turned from their homes by the cruel hand of fate, trying to regain their faith when their very birthright had been torn away from them. Is it any wonder that Cheshire and Ryder met? Is it any wonder that these two egos were destined to meet? Is it any wonder that these two great purposes were destined to merge into one?

"For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him that is alone when he falleth for he hath not another to help him up."

[The drawing of Tom Langham was done by Sister Julia].



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Wiltshire Romance

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Roye McCoye of Greathouse Cheshire Home published another volume of poetry in September. Behind this book lies the story of a young man who refuses to accept the restriction and frustration of a life in an invalid chair.

"In the world of literature Mr. McCoye has found an outlet for his active mind, and over the past fifteen years his ready pen has been both prolific and successful.

"During his career as a writer, his poetry has appeared in many magazines, including the Foundation's own journal *The Cheshire Smile*. For a time he was himself editor of a literary magazine, and has broadcast twice for the B.B.C. The latest book, the third which he has had published, is a combined collection by five writers, to which he has contributed six poems.

"His work has made him many friends in literary circles, including the

celebrated author and poet John Cowper Powys, who has taken a personal interest in Mr. McCoye's poetry.

"The task of typing out his manuscripts has been made easier for him in two ways; by the gift of an electric typewriter, and by the willing help of his fiancée, Miss Joyce Barnfield.

"Miss Barnfield, who was for five years a telephonist at the American hospital in her home town of Swindon, has been a patient in the Home for about two years. It was there that she met, and subsequently became engaged to Mr. McCoye.

"They hope to be married as soon as they can find somewhere suitable to live, and meanwhile Miss Barnfield helps her fiancée with the secretarial side of his work. She is kept busy, for he has recently branched out into another field of literature in addition to poetry, and is now halfway through



Photo: 'Bath & Wilts Chronicle & Herald'

Joyce and Roye

a novel.

"Thus in literature he has found a release from his bonds, and it says much for his independent spirit that he is able to write lines such as these,

from a recent poem on Spring:

'The music has already begun
And whether I like it or not
I must dance'."

Ode to a Glass of Whisky

O golden glory, liquid flame,
How rich thine odour, great thy name
To nose, to eager ear!
Whisky! thou nectar of desire,
What solace in thy secret fire!
Angst withereth, thou near.

Benign yet fiery Spirit, thy
Immanence doth raise the sky,
Restore the drooping soul:
I raise thee reverent to my lip—
Sound out, ye trumpets, as I sip!
Ye mighty drums, roll, roll!

A happy man is he
Who dost with this agree
And drinketh Scotch with me . . .
—If only it were free!

ROYE MCCOYE.

The West Riding Homes

The fetes at our two Homes were kindly opened by stars from the ITV show "Coronation Street". But whereas Mr. Barlow received a drenching at Kenmore, the Cleckheaton Home, Harry Hewitt and Concepta Riley (now Mrs. Hewitt) brought glorious weather to White Windows. The net result of the two fetes amounted to over £1,400, which was a tremendous fillip.

Kenmore is now reaching its capacity figure for residents. The Management Committee have launched, with the civic blessing of the Mayors of Spenborough and Brighouse, an appeal for funds to enable an extension to be built. To date this has reached over £6,000.

Residents at both the Homes are now sailing full steam ahead to help the export market. Each day sees teams of toffee-bag-fillers assembled to do their stuff in the two Homes. Messrs. Riley, a Halifax confectionery firm, have kindly fitted out and adapted tables enabling the residents to fill cellophane bags with toffees, staple on an

attractive header, then box for eventual dispatch to the Canadian market at ten cents a bag.

August 28th saw the usual (for us anyway) beautiful sunny weather for our annual outing to Fleetwood. Two coaches plus a van set off from White Windows about 10 a.m., but we were suffering a casualty before we left Sowerby Bridge. i.e., one coach stuck on a hill. All was put right, and a grand day ended with a call on the way back for the usual Yorkshire dish of Fish and Chips, plus a drop of something to help them down.

Our family at White Windows has undergone a change or two. We have been happy to welcome Jack Mitchell, a local lad from Southowram into our midst. An exchange of residents between White Windows and Alne Hall was successfully effected to the mutual advantage of all concerned. We regret, however, that Cissie Clarkson, who had been with us about a year, died in hospital a short time ago; we are all missing her very much.

L.J.T. (*Administrative Officer*).



Photo: "Huddersfield Examiner"

The first two residents at Kenmore, the Cleckheaton Home were Ernest Whitwam and Gordon Wilkinson. They are seen here at the annual meeting of the Huddersfield branch, M.S. Society, watching Mr. E. Booth who is demonstrating the art of gold lettering on leather.

Kenmore, Yorks.

Under the able and genial Chairmanship of our Gordon (with some anxious looks from energetic and incomparable George—the keeper of the purse!) the Residents' Committee are determined to make this—our first Christmas together—a memorable one. In our next report I hope to have the pleasure of writing up the account.

We have, in common with other homes, had our teething troubles. Despite these almost insurmountable obstacles—shortage of staff, and other difficulties, our courageous Matron (Miss Gray) has withstood the long hours and hard work involved. With the coming on March 16th of Sister Brearley, some of the strain has been taken. At this point we should say a great thank you to the countless

number of voluntary helpers who have come (and still do) to our aid when, through "circumstances beyond control", there is a job to be done.

Now we have a really good team of orderlies and domestic staff, and with the whole thing under the able House Chairmanship of Mr. W. H. Laycock we, the residents, are looking forward with confidence to the coming year.

During the last twelve months the most notable occasions have been the visit of Dr. and Mrs. Cheshire, and our Annual Fete at which we had the pleasure of the Group Captain's presence. Unfortunately it was St. Swithin's day and we had the heaviest of rain, the most vivid of lightning and the loudest of thunder. But despite this the crowds rolled in. At one time one of our residents had to have a

police escort . . . to get to the "little room"!

July 15th was also a red-letter day for me personally, for it was on the day of the Fete that my friends of the *Amateur Radio World* came along and established a radio station at Kenmore for the day. It certainly inspired me to study for my Radio Amateur Examination which, if successful, may enable me to forge yet another link in the chain of amateur stations in Cheshire Homes . . . a Cheshire Homes' Radio Network in fact.

During the year we have seen, also, the inception of a Toffee Packing scheme for a very well known firm who export packets of sweets to Canada. This, and a very enterprising leather-work department, has made a commencement of the Occupational Therapy which, with the arrival of the ladies—Marie, Joan, Norah, Alice and Rene with their skills—will certainly enlarge not only the scope, but also the coffers of the Residents' Welfare Fund.

D.K. (Resident).

Seven Rivers, Essex

Through the generous help of an Essex charity, work is now in progress on an extension of staff quarters. Everyone looks forward to a modernized kitchen, laundry and drying room which are also planned. The oil-fired central heating recently installed will, before long, be in full use for the winter months. All at Seven Rivers are very grateful for the generous help which is making plans a reality.

Sponsored by Lady Nichols, two stables have been adapted and equipped with work benches. We are confident that before long there will be

some tools to make it a further work-room for the residents.

We were delighted to welcome Daphne and Gwen Ebdon, the twins from Heatherley Cheshire Home, in an exchange visit for two weeks holiday. Memorable holidays were spent at the Gorleston-on-Sea holiday camp and at Golden Sands, Kent, by fourteen of the residents accompanied by three of the staff. The help of the Red Cross and Essex and Norfolk Associations for the care of the handicapped, who made this possible, is much appreciated.

J.H.

The home of Mr. Randolph Churchill at East Bergholt, Suffolk, made a lovely setting for a garden fete, held there at the beginning of September in aid of Seven Rivers. The three young organizers were Mr. Churchill's daughter Arabella, and Isabel and Zoe Borgnis, whose grandparents, Colonel and Mrs. Corke, are members of the management and appeals committee.

This is the third year Arabella, Isabel and Zoe have arranged this fete, and it was certainly the most successful one. The first year they raised £17, last year it was £50, this year they raised £87 (a grand total).

In addition to the various stalls and sideshows the Franciscan Friars from East Bergholt Friary brought a number of attractive competitions, and

there were also pony rides in the paddock.

There were two interesting exhibitions in the house, both nationally known. One was of paintings by Sir Winston Churchill, and the other was Mrs. Frank Atthill's collection of historical dolls, which has been shown in many parts of the country. Both of these exhibitions were very popular.

Before the summer ended the Colchester Ladies' Circle organized a mystery tour, which turned out to be a tour of the Stour Valley, being perhaps at its best at that time of the year. The ride was thoroughly enjoyed by all who went, and the excellent tea which was partaken at Dedham.

LEN HOBDEN (Resident).

Heatherley, Sussex

Quite a lot has happened one way and another; first and most important, our extension has grown considerably and many earnest discussions are taking place regarding colour schemes etc. The original plan left room for two chapels—a Roman Catholic and an Anglican; but it has now been agreed to have only one chapel for all denominations, thus giving an extra four-bedded room instead.

Our outings continue—visits to local homes for tea, harvest suppers, garden fetes, barn dance etc., etc. With the winter months ahead we are concentrating on making various articles for two forthcoming bazaars—November 29th and December 9th.

Birthdays are great days in our calendar and on Monday, October 9th, we had a double event—our twins, Gwen and Daphne celebrated theirs. Actually it started off with a

party on Sunday afternoon when their family and friends came, then on Monday morning came the opening of sixty cards and endless presents. After lunch we had the pleasure of an "invasion" from Le Court—thirteen altogether. It was grand to see them all and it really made the Twins' day. We hope that in the not too distant future they will visit us again.

We were all terribly excited when the news came through that Diana (our "baby") had passed the preliminary part of the examination for her B.Sc. degree. Needless to say we feel very proud of her and we hope she will rise to greater efforts for the final.

Daphne thrilled us all, too; she is our artist and has had a picture selected for exhibition in the U.S.A., and also had the joy of selling one of her paintings. EDITH (*Resident*).

At the opening of Heatherley. Group Captain Cheshire making the opening speech. Standing with him is the Chairman of the Home, Mrs. Pamela Farrell.

Photo: 'Crawley Observer'

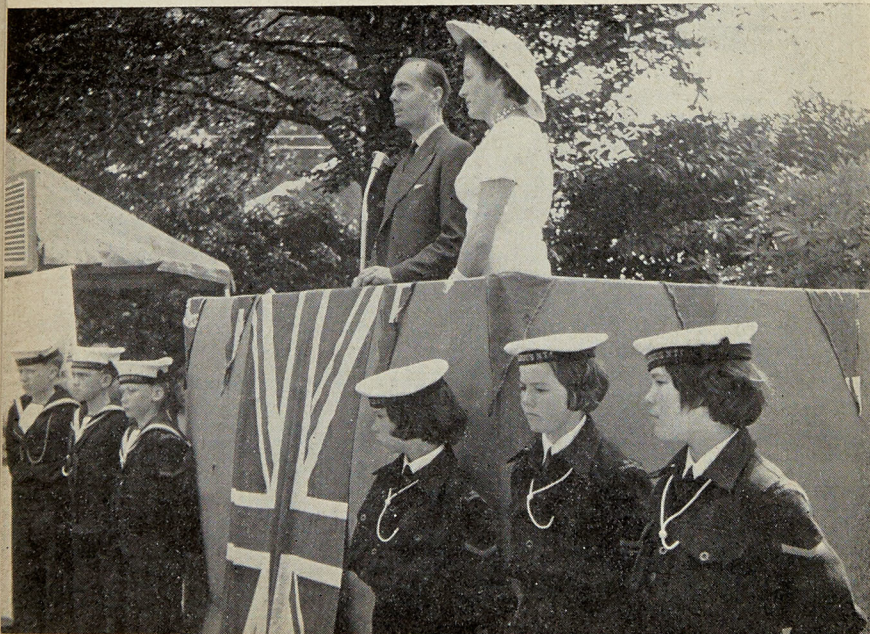




Photo: 'Crawley Observer'

At the opening of Heatherley. Daphne Ebdon enjoying a flip in a helicopter

Hovenden, Lincolnshire

The wonderful autumn weather we have been having has meant that sun-bathing has been indulged in well into October and also has meant that the new building has proceeded at a gratifying pace. All the building operations have caused great interest, and speculation is rife as to when the new rooms will be in use.

The house has all been re-wired and in November we are having a "switching-on" ceremony when we will have the opportunity for thanking the Rotary and Inner Wheel Clubs who have given the money for the work to be done. Thanks to a very successful Tulip Stall, organized by Miss Heather White, every bed has its own bed-head light which adds greatly to the comfort of the residents.

A party, fourteen strong, went to the Gorleston Holiday Camp for a week. They came back with lots of tales of the fun they had, and though it must take a lot of organizing, it gives a very

welcome holiday for those who would not otherwise get a break.

Our great excitement in October has been the 21st birthday of Phyllis. Secret preparations had been going on for a long time and when the great day dawned we all enjoyed Phyllis' happiness and excitement and, later in the day, her birthday tea. She feels really grown up now that she is registered as a Parliamentary Voter.

The bus has been working overtime as everyone has wanted to make the most of the fine weather. One day, a cavalcade of cars, headed by the bus, went to Walsingham where services were celebrated in the Anglican and Roman Catholic Chapels.

Now our thoughts are turning to Christmas and, before that, to the annual Fireworks Party. This year a whole pig is to be roasted which should make a fitting climax to what is always one of the highlights of the winter. **MRS. READ (Secretary).**

Holme Lodge, Nottingham

Owing to all the things which have been going on we missed Press Day for the Autumn issue of the *Smile*, hence no report appeared and we have twice as much to tell this time.

On 11th June we welcomed the women patients—five of them—Edna, Doris, Nora, Pauline and Mavis. The fact that Victor Silvester, the Dance Band leader, came to see us just before, faded into oblivion as a result of this exciting event.

On the Saturday after the girls arrived the first annual Garden Fete was held in the garden of the home and netted the magnificent sum of £800, mainly as a result of the strenuous efforts of the indefatigable Mr. Wilf. Butler, who amongst his many jobs for us was the Chairman of the Fete Committee.

Living as we do in the suburban area near to Nottingham there are shops and many houses around us, and when our patients go out to take the air the shopkeepers, and in fact all the residents of West Bridgford, are very kind to them. It has become the practice on the occasion of birthdays of both patients and staff for everyone in the Home including the Matron to go round to our "local", the "Lady Bay Hotel", where always a very jolly evening is had, not least by the patrons of the "Lady Bay".

Our number of visitors is constantly growing; they come from all over the county of Nottinghamshire and the support from towns and villages in the county is spreading fast. Flag days have been held in Nottingham, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Newark and Retford and all broke records. The collection in the

City of Nottingham amounted to £1,250.

It is simply impossible to recount all the fund-raising efforts that have been organised by members of our various committees, and the support that we are experiencing from firms and their staffs in and around the area.

As a result of an offer from Mrs. Ann Ackersley, who incidentally was the original instigator of the terrific help we get from the St. John Ambulance members in West Bridgford, we now have clerical assistance. Ann, having retired from St. John, spends every weekday morning dealing with the loads of letters to help the Honorary Secretary of the Home and the Hon. Treasurer. She is a very popular member of the voluntary staff.

Our next big project is the extension which will be necessary in order to increase our accommodation to thirty patients and appropriate staff.

The event that every resident of the home is looking forward to is the expected visit of the G.C., who is hoping to spend the night of 26th October in the Home. Our Founder has not as yet seen the house and excitement is running high.

Our patients have now formed their own committee and Cecil Briggs is chairman. As a result of their stall at the Fete and the sale of articles made by themselves, quite a nice little nest-egg has been accumulated. Also, a member of our West Bridgford committee has organised play readings and, who knows, we may soon be watching productions by the patients of their own plays?

R. W. WRIGHT.

Spofforth, Yorkshire

Once again we held our garden fete on September 9th. After stormy and in-different weather we had a wonderful sunny day.

Everybody got busy early. The residents had stalls on one part of the lawn, and we are proud to have made £169 from our efforts, as Matron had planned the target at £100.

Mr. Dovener introduced Alderman Pickles who had brought a party of friends from White Windows. We hope they enjoyed the visit.

The total raised to date is £1,300, which is the same as last year.

We thank Matron, the staff and many helpers for their kindness and for making it such a successful fete.

On October 1st we had a Harvest Festival Service in our beautifully decorated chapel. Mr. Callow took the service. Matron and Mrs. Callow read the lessons and our friends and choir from Bardsey came to sing for us.

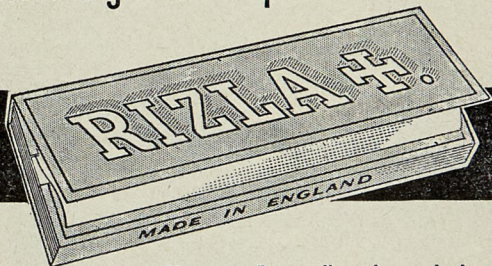
ALICE DEAN (Resident).



Photo: Stuart Clark, Garforth

Spoofforth Garden Fete. Lilian Parkin serving at one of the residents' stalls.

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WORLD'S LARGEST SALE

Carnsalloch, Scotland

On 17th July we welcomed to our already small family of three girls, Hugh Heggie and Ernest Horn. Hugh is blind and is a wonderful example to us all. They are both well established members of the family now.

Carnsalloch was officially opened on 22nd July by the Countess of Galloway. That was our first great achievement; we were really confident that with patience and perseverance this home would grow and materialize the wishes of all the people who had worked so hard. There was a Garden Fete at which there were numerous attractions and entertainments. We raised the amazing sum of £1,388. It was a wonderful day in every way, because even the weather man helped by giving us the best day of the summer.

We were also greatly honoured on

that day by our first visit from Group Captain Cheshire, who arrived before the official opening ceremony to meet us all individually. We were all very pleased to meet him and enjoyed his company, also his sense of humour.

Four of us have been out on two Sunday mornings to the village church services. Transport on these occasions was kindly provided by members of the congregation, to whom we are very grateful. We have also had two cinema outings; members of the Management Committee were the generous benefactors on these occasions. And, therefore we say "many thanks" to them. We have all been out for car outings in the country at various times. We are only a small family but life is never dull at Carnsalloch.

HELEN RENNIE.

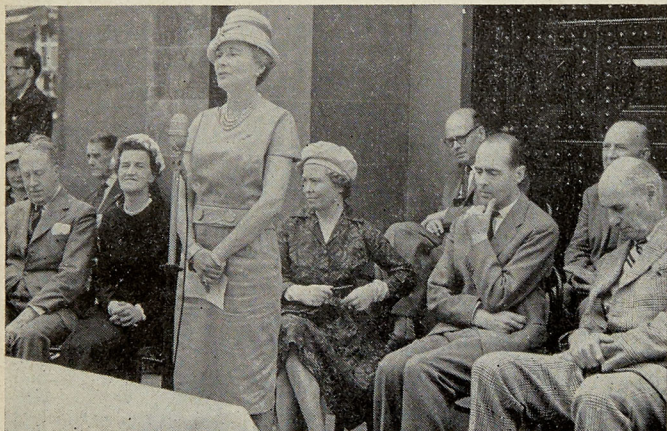


Photo: 'Dumfries Standard'

Lady Galloway speaking at the opening of Carnsalloch. With her are the Earl of Galloway, Matron Miss Dempster, the Hon. Mrs. Coghill, Group Captain Cheshire, V.C., and the late Sir John Crabbe.

Amphill Park, Beds.

Since the last issue we have lost three of our residents. Ted Fox, unfortunately, died suddenly after an operation. Tom Dugdale, our wireless enthusiast, has gone to the Sandbach Home. As he comes from that part of the country he will be much nearer his friends. Ambrose Jaggs went to a Catholic Home in London, but after three weeks there, decided that Amphill isn't such a bad place after all, and wishes to return.

We now have three lady residents and hope to increase this number in the very near future.

Our alterations for the purpose of taking in more patients are nearing completion, and the first phase of our central heating plant should be completed in November.

The Luton Friends took twelve of the lads and one lady to the London Zoo one Sunday. In this venture they

were helped by some schoolmasters, and members of the Luton and Ampt-hill Round Tables. A Fellow of the Zoological Society took us behind the scenes in the Reptile House, and brought out a couple of boa constrictors and an alligator to play with. Luckily they had just been fed, so we all escaped without being crushed to death.

The Wolverton Rotary Club arranged a football match, partly in aid of the Home, against a T.V. personality team. The T.V. team including Bernie Winters, Bernard Breslaw and Dave King, after being ably assisted by the referee, managed to win 4-3. The first-aid man was Mel Charles.

A few weeks ago we were visited by the Group Captain, who spent an afternoon at the Home and met the Management Committee.

R. P. TUNSTALL (*Chairman*).

Mote House, Kent

We now have seven male and eleven female patients which is near the maximum that we can accommodate on the ground floor. However, with the faith and enthusiasm we have come to recognize as a happy essential in all Cheshire Homes, we have had a lift on order for several months, and the work of installation is due to start towards the end of November. By early in the New Year we shall start filling the remaining twenty vacancies on the first floor.

The large spacious library has now been completely redecorated and is in use. This redecoration, as with most of the other work of this nature in the House, has been done by all sorts of volunteers—and quite a lot by girls (who says girls cannot paint?). The kitchen is now practically complete and we welcome Mrs. Cooper as genial boss of that department. Although only a member of the Management Committee I frequently take meals at Mote House and can vouch for the excellence of the cooking.

During the summer there have been innumerable parties of all kinds to raise money for the Home and the results have been really remarkable. As yet no public appeal for funds has

been made, but during our first nine months of existence from the day when the first three staff members camped out in the bare House, many thousands of pounds have come into the coffers. We have a flourishing Birthday Club scheme and so many friends that we are not worried *too* much about the financial future.

Among the things that impresses me most is the fact that at any time of the day or night, or so it seems, there are voluntary workers of all ages and from all sorts of organized and unorganized sources quietly working away in the House.

R.G.

We have enjoyed many activities recently, including a visit to Billy Smart's Circus. The Maidstone Tape Recording Society gave us a good evening recently, which brought us some very welcome publicity in the local Press. Has any other Home recorded in this way?

Mote House had a stand at the Maidstone Trades Fair, which Group Captain Cheshire opened; this gave us the opportunity of becoming known to many more people in the district. A mammoth Raffle, run at very short notice, brought us in over £300.

ALICE FEAVER (*Resident*).

Animal Farm

by Donald Campbell

It is an indisputable fact that Le Court has an overwhelming attraction, both for animals and birds. Several of the former are "on the strength" and the best-known is Cavanagh the Cat who, in the days of his youth, was a mighty hunter. Now, he is a sedate, middle-aged grimalkin who spends most of his time sleeping but he is not above instructing other and younger cats in the way they should go. But, the other day, he found himself ousted from his comfortable cushions by a younger edition of himself; a cat on the verge of full cathood, known as "Twinkle-toes" or as "Cavanagh junior". This animal must be a great grand-nephew of the Grand Old Fellow, who was manifestly puzzled how to receive his young relative. Imagine a middle-aged clubman, settled in his habits, confronted with an impudent youngster of a relative, and having to alter most of his arrangements in order to bring this youngster up in the way he should go. But Twinkle-toes is not the only addition to the fold. There is the "Black Fellow", as he is usually called, a young black cat with a particularly satanic cast of countenance. He has great sham fights with Twinkle-toes in which they both turn double somersaults to dive head first into each other's stomach and generally hit each other with everything except the proverbial kitchen sink. I hear, on good authority, that we may expect a fourth cat soon. Cavanagh the Elder was born in the old Le Court and so you would hardly expect the authorities to cast him forth into a harsh and unsympathetic outer world. There is no house-dog but there is a frequent visitor, a very proud little gentleman of long pedigree. His ancestors were known as "lion-dogs" and he carries on the tradition. He is, in short, a well-bred Pekingese and has become very friendly. There are many other canine visitors, some of them judged to be not very desirable.

A curious fact about this neighbourhood is that most of the dogs are large and very black. There was a day, some years ago, when someone left the

front door open and five friendly dogs, all from adjacent farms and all large and black, charged in and licked Cavanagh's face. He spat and swore (in feline language) but he had the sense not to show fight for he was outnumbered. Among frequent visitors, is a lady Scots terrier who has been known to eat the cats' food. This, out of sheer perversity, for she is well-nourished.

Most curious of all our non-human visitors, was a large and very friendly toad. He crawled out one morning from under one of the beds and obviously thought this was a good place in which to spend the winter. Unfortunately, he was spied by a nurse and consigned to outer darkness. Several fox-hounds have stopped off here, deserters from various hunts. They usually stayed for tea, then hurriedly remembered previous engagements. Concerning birds here, much could be written. There was a family of tits who visited us regularly every morning, in the Old House, and talked about us. One bird (species unknown!) I found on the pillow of my bed. He ate the biscuit crumbs I gave him and allowed me to pick him up and put him through the open window. His heart did not even beat at an alarming rate as is the case with most birds when you handle them.

I nearly forgot to mention "Old Faithful" who is a very ancient hound belonging to a member of the staff, and who can run like a two-year-old. Then there is Ella whom I suspect of being his daughter. She is young, large, black and very friendly.

There are the house budgerigars, kindly given us by a local bird-fanciers' Society, but they never seem to talk.

The house goldfish live in their electric-lit tank and are not molested, even by the cats who hunt young rabbits, field mice and moles, returning usually at 3 p.m., when they have no scruples about awaking that good lady who is know to us as the "curator of cats".

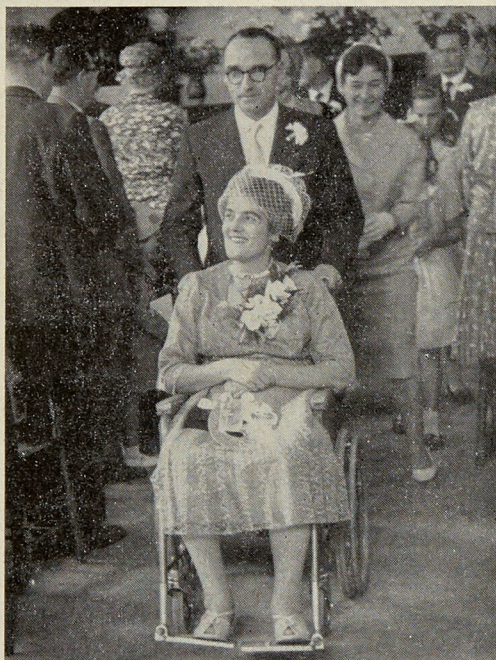
Le Court, Hants

The impressive thing about this quarter has been the number of slaves who came and went. Four of them were French, which added pidgin English to the list of our accomplishments, and they all hope to come back next year. (We hope so, too). We've had a medical student, an engineering graduate, a schoolgirl, a housewife, a Conservative agent, an occupational therapy student and a schoolboy doing kitchen work; a student teacher, a speech therapist, a bookbinder-archivist, a junior executive at B.E.A., and schoolgirls in the pantry; nurses, social science students, teachers, a history student, schoolgirls, a law student, and a biblical student on the nursing side; and a chemistry graduate

in the garden. Their personalities and interests added a lot to the richness of our lives and the only pity was that some of them weren't here long enough for us to get to know them properly. Our gratitude to them all, as to our regular slaves.

Holiday visits included Paul Hunt's fortnight at Dulwich and Margaret Wilson of Heatherley's fortnight here. As usual we had a great variety of disabled holiday visitors from hospital or their own homes.

Mary McDonald announced her engagement in August and was married in Bournemouth in September. We wish her and Joe every happiness. Maggie and Derrick who've been going steady for five years announced



A happy picture of Mary McDonald after her wedding to Joe Higgins at Bournemouth.

their engagement in October and are only waiting to find somewhere to live before they get married; a home-grown romance that gives us much pleasure.

Evelyn, for five years one of our most 3-D, Technicolor residents, transferred in August to the Cotswold Home, which is near her family. Mr. and Mrs. Barnett, who have been gardener and cook for the past five years, left in September. We wish them all good luck and happiness. We welcome Pat Collison as a permanent

resident, Mrs. Hunt as cook, two S.R.N.'s Marjorie and Kay and several other less permanent staff.

A successful essay in publicity was the Le Court Association's tent at the Alton Show which attracted masses of people to a mostly photographic exhibition of Le Court and the other Homes in Britain and abroad. The Association's latest ploy is trying to start support groups to make Hampshire Cheshire Foundation-minded.

B.B. (*Resident*).

Coomb, Carmarthen

This, the first Cheshire Home in Wales, is now in its second year, and has a full complement of residents, an achievement of which all concerned can be justly proud. The public support to make this achievement possible has been tremendous. Colonel George Morgan, Chairman of the Appeals Committee, recently reported that £9,000 had been raised in under six months in various parts of Carmarthen. Since June 8th, 1961, the success of this Committee, not only in the monetary sense, but in other ways also, has been heart-warming.

Mr. Eric Hughes, S.R.N., Q.N., the Deputy Matron, has left the Home to take up another post. He was presented with a briefcase on his departure by the Residents, who expressed their sorrow at losing such a very valuable and popular member of the Staff.

The Carmarthen Ministers' Fraternal have arranged for regular Services to be held each Sunday afternoon, with Ministers of almost all denominations officiating. Their plan came into operation on the first Sunday in September, when the Rev. G. Lovell, Fraternal Secretary, conducted the Service.

The Matron Miss M. Evans, had an extended leave of absence during August and September which enabled her to visit relatives in Canada and the U.S.A. Sister M. Belkfeld deputised for her during her absence.

Preliminaries have begun toward the installation of a lift in the Home.

The Carmarthen branch of the United Commercial Travellers' Asso-

ciation entertained the Residents on the beach at Pendine Sands on the 22nd of July, the members having conveyed them there in cars, and their ladies waiting upon them. It was a happy and contented crowd that left the beach on this auspicious occasion.

Saundersfoot was the venue of our Annual Outing, and Messrs. H. G. Sage & Son of Barry Port provided the coach free of charge. Many thanks are extended to them, and to the loyal Staff who accompanied us.

The sudden death of Miss Rosemary Edmonds on the 2nd of August shocked us all very much. She passed away in Glangwili Hospital, Carmarthen. Rosemary, whose home was in Bridgend, Glamorgan, came to Coomb from St. Teresa's in March last. She was of a quiet and unassuming disposition, and was much loved by all.

On the 4th of August, the villagers of neighbouring Llanybri entertained the greater majority of the Residents to a slap-up tea in the Village School. Impromptu entertainment afterwards was compered by the schoolmaster, Mr. G. Davies.

Now that winter is approaching, offers of entertainment have come from all parts of South Wales, and a schedule is now being drawn up.

In the meantime, indoor games have been organized by Mr. Ken Bailey (Male Nurse) and the Chairman of the Residents' Welfare Committee. Mr. Bailey has, in the past twelve months proved to be invaluable as "Question Master", and in fact an all-round Master of Ceremonies.

A. D. ROBERTS (*Resident*).

St. Teresa's, Cornwall

The summer has not been a really good one but we have managed to get plenty of fresh air and to get out to one or two places occasionally. Undoubtedly the highlight of all the outings was the annual coach trip. This was on Friday, September 15th. Two coaches were engaged and twenty-three of the residents went, with seven of the staff, including Sister Kirk; our very good friend and "strong man" Arthur Gribble—(Councillor A. Gribble); and "Nicky", who does all the sewing and mending for us, completed our party.

This year we went to Torpoint which is just across the river Tamar from Devonport. We were the guests, for tea, of the staff and ship's company of H.M.S. *Raleigh*, a Shore Establishment of the Royal Navy . . . (in other words and to those in the know—H.M.S. *Raleigh* is a "stone frigate"). Anyway, "stone frigate" or not—the welcome we received was far from

"stone". The Royal Navy rose to the occasion in its usual grand manner.

There has been a decline in the numbers attending our weekly Tom-bola sessions in the lounge but we are still adding to our bank account. The "Raphael" fund (with which we are helping G.C. to carry on his good work in India) is building up and we have close on £600 in the bank. This fund, purely a residents' effort, will close when we have raised the balance of £950 needed. We shall, of course, go on with our various schemes to raise money for our General Purposes Fund.

Graham Thomas is away on holiday at his home in Taunton at the time of making this news sheet; he will be back this weekend, having been home for a month. This means that Enid will have her partner with her again in the radio room. Enid has been "holding the fort" all on her own while Graham has been away.
L.H. (Resident).



Sale of work, held in aid of St. Teresa's, at Mousehole Junior School. (From left to right) Doreen Brown, Miss G. Collyer, Mayoress and Mayor of Penzance, Miss K. Gribble and Jean Horner.

PRESENTATION OF THE MULLARD AWARD

On the 9th July, 1961, the Mullard Award presentation took place in the lounge of St. Teresa's, Long Rock, Penzance. This award is given each year to a member(s) of the Radio Society of Great Britain, and Enid Bottomley and Graham Thomas were fortunate in being chosen jointly as winners for 1960.

Many visitors were present at the ceremony and among them were "G.C.", Lord and Lady St. Levan, the Mayors and Mayoresses of Penzance and St. Ives, the Chairman of the West Penwith Rural District Council and the parents of Enid and Graham.

An introductory speech was made by Lord St. Levan, while the purpose of the award was explained by the President of the Radio Society, Major-General E. C. Cole (G2EC). Major C. W. Andrews (G2TP), on

behalf of Mullard Ltd., presented them with the award which was a Mosley Rotary Beam Aerial. Also presented to them was a beam motor and a direction indicator by Lady St. Levan, which had been provided very generously by Cornish radio amateurs and the Management Committee. "G.C." thanked Mullards and the Radio Society and expressed a hope that the day might come when other radio stations would be installed in other Homes in the British Isles and abroad.

Following the presentation, tea was provided by the wives of local radio amateurs in the grounds of the Home, and was enjoyed by everyone present. To conclude this very special day an hour's film show was given and this light entertainment made a very pleasant ending to a happy afternoon.

Hawthorn Lodge, Dorset

With the evening shadows lengthening earlier day by day there is little doubt that autumn is here—and with it the wonderful Harvest Gifts which this year have been showered upon us plentifully. How grateful we are to the various churches and other kind people for their thoughts since it means quite a saving upon the privy purse.

Our family is still a big one—twenty-two altogether—but the pet is little Andrew who is eight months old and, as you may guess, is well on the way to being spoilt. Five children are now attending the Training Centre at Weymouth, including Fay, Stephen, Duncan, Susan and Charles, the latter two being founder children. Susan is five and Charles quite a grown up young man of ten-and-a-half years.

Margaret Longley has left us to start training as a Sick Children's Nurse and our good wishes go with her for every success. Her quiet manner

and willingness will be a great asset. Mrs. Pope, our cook, unfortunately had a slight mishap and her daughter, Mrs. Dorrington, has been looking after the "inner man". Another daughter, Mrs. Mills, our S.R.N., has been with us for quite a while, so we are a family in more ways than one.

The front hall, staircase and landing now look very smart, as well as Matron's quarters, and some of the staff rooms. It is very peaceful now that at long last workmen have vacated the premises.

The Dorchester Old Time Dancing Club have kindly presented us with a Hotpoint "Countess" washing machine and thus the mountains of washing have been reduced to molehills—in fact someone suggested we might take in washing! Also, the Dorchester Friends have given a Kenwood Food Mixer which is a great blessing.

THE SECRETARY.

CANN HOUSE AS SEEN BY A RESIDENT

Everyone at Cann House gathers in the lounge between 10 and 10.30 a.m. for coffee. They discuss the previous evening's T.V. programmes and the morning's papers, and express their opinions on them. Then some go off to their O.T. work, while others are writing or typing their letters. So the day has started.

The Residents, besides making waste-paper baskets, trays and jewellery, run their own canteen which sells cigarettes, tobacco, stationery and toilet requisites. They also do various jobs in the house; for example—polishing and cleaning the silver, laying the table mats, filling salt and pepper pots, emptying the ash trays, collecting the newspapers and polishing the tables until you can see your face in them. A syndicate also undertakes piecework for Clarke's shoe factory. I think you will agree this is an impressive list of our activities.

Cann House has three artists—each having his own style. Jay does land-

scapes, seascapes and still life—his oil paintings of Cann House are in constant demand. Len does portraits which are very good. Pat does abstract drawings with oil crayons which no-one but himself can understand.

PAT (*Resident*).

We note with deep regret that since the above was written Len passed peacefully away. He was a fine man and his loss is greatly felt. He ran the Cann House canteen with great success.

A Trip to Exeter

On July 29th Cann House embarked for a journey to Exeter by bus. With wheelchairs carefully secured, we left at 10.15 a.m. We parked in Exeter and were able to see several friends and relatives. On the way home we had tea at Buckfastleigh, and arrived back after a most enjoyable ride at 6.30 p.m. Sincere thanks to Mr. Cullis, our driver, and to Gwen and Bob who escorted us.

E. W. (*Resident*).



Photo: Chapman, Dawlish



Photo: D. P. Fitzgerald, Plymouth

Cann House residents waving from the frigate 'Ulysses', 2,200 tons, as she left the jetty at Plymouth. They were taken on a trip to see exercises carried out by junior seamen under training.

Our Pat of Cann House

Our Patrick is an Artist
of very Great renown, the
pictures he has drawn are
well known all over Town.
He does them all in Modern
Art which no one understands,
and I am sure that what he
does, it really beats the band.

One day a stranger to Cann House came,
none of us here knew his name;
he drew not a pistol, but simply
wrote Piffle right in the middle
of one of Pat's pictures, poor
Pat! he went to bed at nine
shouting revenge, revenge for
this terrible Crime.

Often upon my bed I lay, thinking
what Pat will do next day. He was told
it might have been a ghost, but
of that idea he took no note.
Poor Pat he never found out, although
at times he has a doubt.

DICKY BIRD.

Staunton Harold, Leicestershire

The Fete at the beginning of September was our greatest yet, certainly financially and, I think, in every other way. I must say at the outset that we had everything in our favour, with a fine week beforehand, and a glorious day. But good weather alone does not make a good Fete and it speaks volumes for the hundreds of people throughout the Midlands, who worked and planned for so long, when I saw that some 6,000 people came and spent over £3,000 to give us a net profit of over £2,500, an all-time record for the Home, and probably the organisation. As an entertainment too, I think it was our best yet, for from the time it was opened shortly after 2 o'clock, by Ted Moulton, the B.B.C. personality who is a very near neighbour of ours, until 9.15 there was something going on in the arena all the time.

G.C.'s visit at the beginning of October was as usual, a great occasion for us all. Although he was able to stay for less than forty-eight hours, we were able to see quite a bit of him. His only official engagement whilst in the house was to receive officially from the hands of Mr. Pearson, of Rolls-Royce, the radio transmitter which has been given to the Home by the Derby Amateur Radio Club, Rolls-Royce and several other firms in the Derby district. In his speech of thanks the Group-Captain stressed that this was another step in the uniting of the Cheshire family.

September saw the last group of holiday-makers off to Anglesey, and once more, a good time was had by all. We were blessed with what was, for the first nine days at least, probably the finest spell of weather this year. Trearddur Bay is a wonderful place for such a holiday, and I cannot speak too highly of the kindness and help we received from everyone we met,

both locals and visitors alike, and I feel that we left behind many people who are going to give a lot of thought to the Cheshire movement and all it is doing.

All my news so far has been on the bright side, but there has been the other side of the picture, too; the saddest being the death of one of the most popular members of our family, Colin Nokes. Colin, still in his middle-twenties, had been blind from the age of eight, as well as disabled, but by his cheerful humour, and his lack of complaint, he set a great example to many people who, on the surface, were much better off than himself. His death came as a great shock to us all, for he was at home on holiday, when he was taken ill and died within three days. We were all stunned when told the news, but the silence was broken by Charlie when he put the whole thing into a Christian nutshell by saying, "Ah, well, he has got rid of all his afflictions now!"

We were also sorry to hear of the death of an ex-patient, Kathleen Baxter. A founder-member of our Patients' Committee, Kathleen left us some time ago to go into hospital near her home in Birmingham.

We were again lucky enough to have our usual crop of help this year from students, etc. Space does not permit me to go into detail, but I would like to mention the three-week visit of some sixteen or so members of the International Voluntary Service. This group of young people from all over western Europe and America, did a grand job in re-decorating some of the rooms, etc., which, in many cases, had not been painted since that first rush of enthusiastic volunteers did them before the Home was opened. They also provided a refreshing new social link for the patients and staff in the evenings.

T.M.G. (*Resident*).

The Lake District Home, Westmorland

Our permanent Matron, Miss W. E. Burton, has been with us for three months and is very actively engaged in promoting the welfare of our five resident patients. All are improving in health, all give a hand with domestic "chores", and activities such as rug-

making and basketry have begun under the able tuition of Mrs. Barker.

At a recent Coffee Morning held at Holehird, samples of baskets and rugs made by the residents were on view and much admired by our visitors. This was our first big day since the

Group Captain's visit in July, and it was a great success. Friends and supporters poured in, bearing gifts of produce and groceries etc., enough to fill a capacious store-cupboard. The residents did their part by selling raffle tickets, talking to visitors, and generally making themselves useful.

Sister Keirl has recently arrived to take her place as Deputy Matron, and has been warmly welcomed. We hope she will be happy with us. Not more than six patients can be taken until the main structural alterations are com-

pleted. These are on a very extensive scale, and include the installation of a lift which cannot take place for some months. Meantime, life goes on cheerfully in the midst of all the dust and confusion; electric fires and oil stoves (kindly lent) help to keep the Home and the residents warm while central heating is being installed. Everyone hopes that the worst will be over before Christmas, and that by then we shall have achieved a certain degree of comfort.

Athol House, Dulwich

Athol House has now been a going concern for nine months. Since the last time of writing, we've had a swimming party at the home of our Chairman, Mr. Woollard; Jimmy going into hospital whence we hope he'll return much improved; and finally, the Fete organized with the help of the ladies of the Inner Wheel and the chaps of the area Rotary Clubs. Held in our beautiful grounds on the one brilliant sunny day in the week ending September 16th, it was a resounding success.

The highlights were Belinda Wright, the ballet star, looking glamorous as she opened the Fete; 125 people signing on for the Birthday Gift Scheme; and Norman winning the main prize in the Raffle of a tape recorder.

Final figures are not yet available, but the £500 mark has been easily

passed. The Staff put up a wonderful show in coping with the multitude milling around—and us as well! Matron, being sociable to one and all, and Sister Joan, keeping the machinery of our day going smoothly, were most impressive.

Having had visitors from Le Court to look us over, and Paul Hunt staying for a holiday with us, encouraged residents and staff to take a trip to the first Cheshire Home. We were made very welcome by the Matron and Residents, and were shown everything, having all our queries answered most patiently. The trip home through the magnificent gardens of Hampshire carried many a lesson learnt by residents and staff alike from what they saw at Le Court. Many thanks, Le Court! Come again, Paul!

Mayfield House, Edinburgh

On the 30th August the Esplanade of Edinburgh Castle was invaded by the Mayfield crowd. They secured positions in front of the royal box, and from there had a commanding view of the Military Tattoo which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

From October 30th until November 4th we shall ask the folk of this fair city to "dig deep" for our Red Feather Week. We hope again for a generous response. During Red Feather Week the Mayfield crowd are planning to descend on the Eldorado Stadium, Leith. They will be armed with the most modern collecting cans

and even the mighty wrestlers will not be safe.

We are preparing to embark on our second winter season. Soon there will be concerts and other entertainments in the auditorium. The O.T. mob are still going strong, trying to make that few extra bob for Christmas presents, cards and other seasonal essentials.

We are losing our Sister, Miss Brown, who has suffered us for a whole year, as she is shortly to be married. We wish Sister Brown and her husband-to-be a long and happy married life.

B. McLAUGHLIN (*Resident*).

Sidney Bradford

(of St. Bridget's)

Sidney Bradford came to St. Bridget's from hospital five years ago and was not in very good shape, apart from the fact that he had no use in either of his legs. However, Matron's care and the sea air have made a new man of him, and once he became possessed of an electric "Harper" there was no holding him back. He resumed his old love of fishing and soon found his way to Worthing Pier and made friends with the members of the Angling Club, who gave him ready assistance.

Our picture shows him in action on the pier recently—but that was not the time when a "shark" carried away his line! What does he catch? Well, I think you should ask Sidney; I am no fisherman and could not hope to tell

you as a real angler would do.

Life is not all play for Sidney—he never goes out until he has done his share of the daily chores. It is a familiar sight to see him in a wheelchair by the kitchen sink washing up or preparing the vegetables for dinner.

Children love him and when any juveniles visit the Home, it is not long before they are perched on the arms of his chair listening to his jokes and chatter.

A great man is Sidney, and always a friend to the younger and newer residents who need cheering up a little in the first few weeks of coming to a strange home.

(Photo by the kindness of Langford Banyard, a recent visitor to Worthing.)



Sidney, fishing off Worthing Pier.

What's in a Name?

by Dudley V. Kitching

Resident, "Kenmore", West Riding Cheshire Home, Cleckheaton)

Many years ago a colleague of mine, at a "College" for disabled people, had us in fits of laughter, not by what he said, but by implication.

It was during a Brains' Trust by the "Brains" of the county. We were asked, when putting our questions, to state our name, and what we were studying.

The assembled company had been regaled by most erudite answers to what were nicely disguised flippant questions (the majority of "Students" being ex-Servicemen!), when our friend came up with his Coup de grace.

During a sudden hush from the 150 people in the recreation hall, lit only by the footlights from the platform, upon which sat, very self-consciously, the half-dozen local notabilities, a bespectacled and rather owlsh-looking young man stood up, and in a sad voice said:

"My name's Mudd, and I work in the garden."

What the remainder of the sentence was we never knew . . . there was a loud explosion of laughter, and the "solemnity" of the occasion was lost.

But what is there in a name . . . "a rose by any other name . . ."? Psychiatrists use words in an effort to rid their patients of inhibitions. The commercial psychologists daily brain-wash us on television and in the Press, by extolling the virtues of one brand of washing powder against another; and that to combat decay the toothpaste must have stripes in it!

Certainly we, who are physically handicapped, realize the impact of a

word, the dictionary definition of which means: "a unit of spoken language; a written sign representing such an utterance; language; a saying; a brief conversation; a rumour; a hint; a signal or sign; a message; a promise; a declaration; a pass-word; a watch-word; a war cry . . ."

Are you guilty of using words without thinking?

Do you talk "through" a person (particularly if that person is disabled) as though they are (a) deaf; (b) such low mental calibre as to be but a child; (c) they are not there?

There are times when I have either experienced such, or seen such take place. It is very often from people with little or no intelligence, but I have seen people, who by virtue of their training and calling should know better, perform in this extremely bad psychological manner: the former group of people one can excuse, and take it "from whence it came"; the latter makes one wonder . . .

Yet another group is the over-enthusiastic type, who effervesces with the most undiluted nonsense, when showing us how to do a most elementary menial task, that a child of five could do:

"By jove, they're much quicker at picking it up than at . . ." (the name of another Home) and all that is involved, possibly, is putting something into something else.

The infuriating part of this is that these people are receiving reasonable salaries for the privilege of insulting the intelligence of the disabled!

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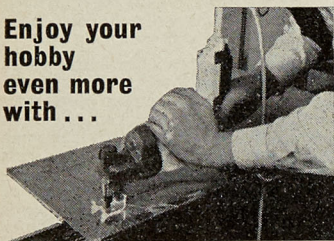
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Some of the words and expressions that are my pet aversions are:

Cripple; Chronic sick; Incurable; Invalid; ... Home for the Sick;

Patient (when used by a non-medical member of the public).

Even when it is realized that the use of such words may bring a monetary response to a "cause", it is considered a retrograde step by many enlightened people who have studied, and worked for, the physically handicapped.

Another "psychological" aspect is "the attitude to responsibility".

In an article (*Cheshire Smile*—Autumn 1959) a colleague, Louis Battye, made a strong plea that in many "Homes" they should stop "Coddling"; and compared this "exaggerated sense of responsibility towards us, with the attitude of the authorities at the School for the Handicapped" he attended as a boy.

Louis explained that conditions there were made as tough as possible ... "If a boy fell down he got up unaided ... or stayed down."

There is, of course, little comparison between the young disabled and the more elderly: with the latter there can be a justifiable fear, by those in whose care we are placed, of having to face an adverse Public Opinion, or at worse, a Coroner, in the event of allowing some physically handicapped to attempt some things they feel they could do in spirit, but are beyond them in fact.

Is not the answer to the problem in "differentiation"?

If the person or persons who have our lives in their hands cannot distinguish between those of us who are "mentally alert", and thus able to make "balanced" decisions, and those of us who, unfortunately, cannot, should such people be debarred from so called "responsibility"?

Indeed what is being "responsible"? Are we not all responsible "one to another"?

So what's in a name, a word or expression?

Are we not all guilty of manipulating these articulations that are supposedly to make Man a superior Animal?

Is not the only difference being, to take out of context a quote: "... 'we' have a gift of hyperbole which inspires ... occasionally to say more than 'we' mean."

Sue Ryder's Holiday Scheme

The summer months at Cavendish have been particularly busy. Sue Ryder has continued the holiday scheme for disabled Nazi victims which has been running for the past 9 years. But this year she received permission from the Ministry of Health and Foreign Office in Warsaw to bring to her Homes at Cavendish and Melford Hall, groups of concentration camp survivors from different parts of Poland. Over 100 survivors, men and women, have benefited from what is for most of them the first holiday they have had since 1939. After fighting in the Resistance all of them spent from 3 to 5 years in Auschwitz, Mauthausen,

Majdanek, Ravensbruck, Buchenwald and other dreadful camps. Many were victims of medical experiments and some the Nazis sterilized. Their zest for life and interest in everything is truly amazing and after all their indescribable suffering they set such a wonderful example of courage. We were full of admiration for the way in which they have overcome so much physical and mental torture and we were so very sad to see the last party leave. Since they returned to Poland we have received many hundreds of delightful letters of thanks and appreciation. The following is an example:

Dear Sue Ryder,

My husband was in the concentration camp Mauthausen Gusen for 5 years over. When he returned 16 years ago, he was very weak and his nerves were in a bad condition. His health once destroyed could not of course be recovered. But his journey to England evidently made him good in the physical meaning. He seems to be now quite another man. Owing to your great action of assistance to the former prisoners of concentration camps as well as of the co-operation of the Rotary Clubs, he at last started to believe in the human goodness and generosity.

He is still very satisfied of his stay in England, sincerely appreciating your charitable work, enchanted by the English hospitality, friendly attitude and very warm reception accorded to those who suffered so much during the war.

It is not only money which gives satisfaction but above all—the heart, which you are showing to those who were so terribly injured by fate.

We were extremely touched by your cordial speech at the Re-union and wished to approach you personally but it was impossible owing to the fact that so many people surrounded you all the time. You were never alone. We are not such persons that are forcing our way through the crowd, one has too much delicacy to do it. We presume too, that though very charming, full of life and expression, at the end of evening you seemed rather tired, and it was not our desire to occasion you with more trouble by expressing our thanks personally.

Be blessed both by the good God for your beautiful souls for sacrificing your young life to a heavy charitable work for others with your true enthusiasm and love make our old world much happier and brighter than heretofore.

Sincerely yours,
M.L.

I remember . . .

A few personal recollections about life in Concentration Camps by Ignacy Nowicki, one of the Polish survivors who stayed at Cavendish this summer.

I was arrested on 20th June, 1940, while working in the office. Since it was not the first time I had been called to the Gestapo headquarters

(being an active Scout and Commander of the Army), I believed I would only be kept a couple of days in prison. But, alas! the so-called half-

an-hour lasted the whole occupation until the day of our liberation, 5th May, 1945.

On the second day, I was brought to a temporary concentration camp at Poznan. We were shown to a cell, being beaten all the time by rifles and jeered at by the Gestapo. The cell was, like any other dungeon, without any light and not even a bed of boards. It was obvious we were expected to sleep on the damp floor lightly strewn with foul straw. There was no hope of any sort of covering.

We did not go to work but stayed in the cell all day, our food consisting of a small cup of black coffee, a little brown bread and a $\frac{1}{2}$ -litre of watery soup. The SS men made their lives gay by drinking, and then taking us all out into the courtyard each evening and beating us, setting their dogs on us and jeering. After each orgy we used to return to the cells in our torn clothes completely exhausted, physically and spiritually. Very often, such games lasted throughout the long night. During that cold winter our "guardians" took us out into the courtyard for physical training ("for your health" as they used to say). We had to crawl on the snow, lie on our stomachs or backs and sit in a bent-up position. Up to this day I still suffer from frostbite.

During one of these physical trainings one of my friends who worked in the camp kitchen gave me a piece of bread. This was noticed by one of the SS men, and as contact was strictly forbidden I was given twenty-five beatings and eight days in the "hundecell". My friend got ten beatings and three days. The "hundecell" was under the staircase, and was given that name because the entrance to it consisted of a small door and one could only get into it by crawling. It was very tiny and terribly smelly because one was rarely allowed to visit the w.c. This was the cell for those who were condemned to death.

In October 1940 they brought us handcuffed to Mauthausen in Austria. Whilst we were walking to the station the SS men pointed us out to the people saying we were Polish bandits, whereupon the Hitler jurgend (youths) spat at us and threw stones. The camp at Mauthausen was a living horror. Together with a group of

friends I was sent to a "punishment company" to work in a quarry. We had to load small trucks all day long hy running backwards and forwards.

The quarry was in a valley and one had to go down 150 steps, which were covered with mud and extremely slippery. During such journeys not a day passed without an accident or even a death. The most gruesome thing was that we had to carry the dead bodies of our colleagues back to the camp. After two months' work there I was completely exhausted. The only rest was sleep, and even this luxury was limited. We had to get up at 4 or 5 a.m. and work non-stop until 10 in the evening.

At the end of 1941 most of the Poles and Spaniards were transferred to a concentration camp at Gusen, 7 kilometres away. We had to walk there in our summer clothes in wooden shoes without socks, constantly being pushed by the SS men. It was an absolute "gehenna", a walk of living skeletons, shadows and ghosts. Yet we were happy to be transferred, because they were mainly Poles, our countrymen, in Gusen. The camp was in the process of being built, and it had no sanitary conditions, no w.c. The worst thing was the insects, fleas and lice, which used to keep us awake at night.

Once again I was sent to work in a quarry, this time as a borer. We were faced with the task of boring holes by means of compressed air in the stone, which later the civil workers filled with dynamite and exploded. Hard work, bad feeding and poor clothing, were responsible for many more deaths. But the SS men were not alarmed—new transports came, filling in the empty gaps. One day coming back from work the Kapo reported the number of dead as only 100 out of 2,000 workers. The Commandant was annoyed, and said that the number did not satisfy him and expressed his wish to see more dead.

In one room of the hut slept 300 to 400 people. We had to sleep on the floor and share a blanket, one between two. Illness and open wounds helped the parasitic insects to multiply. When the first signs of typhoid fever appeared the SS men became alarmed but more for the sake of themselves than for the prisoners.

I was ill, but being afraid that I might be transferred to an isolation hut, and thus predestined for death, I went to work as usual, almost unable to walk. Alas, my temperature rose alarmingly and I had to be transferred to the isolation hut. My youth (I was 27 years old) enabled me to conquer the illness, and after a couple of weeks I was back at work. In the end I weighed only about 50 kgm. Scores of people died each day without any medical assistance. The gas chambers burned throughout the twenty-four hours, the smell of burning bodies being in our nostrils all the time. After a while the typhoid appeared again and anyone with a temperature over 37°C. was ordered to be killed instantly.

The SS men cared for our health, especially the terribly thin ones, in a very special way. We were transferred to the "invalid block", and every night we had to undergo an ice cold

shower. Sometimes even at midnight we were aroused to the cry of "baden". Then we had to undress instantly, run naked outside to the showers, which were always open and running with ice cold water. This was enough to finish the weaker ones.

There were many attempted escapes, but few were successful. Usually the refugees were caught, and on returning to the camp were killed. However, one young boy from Warsaw I remember did succeed. The SS men were furious and we had to pay for it. We were beaten and told to crawl on our hands and knees throughout the night.

On the day of liberation, only 198 were still alive out of the 2,000 men who were transported from Mauthausen to Gusen. I believe that only 100 are still living today owing to the numerous illnesses that they contracted in the camps.

Sue Ryder at Re-union in Warsaw

When Sue Ryder arrived in Warsaw recently there was a most joyful Re-union and presents of books and records were sent back with her for the Forgotten Allies at Cavendish and Hickleton. You can imagine what happiness this has brought to the patients. It is such a treat for them to have books in their own language and such a wonderful collection of the music of Poland. Individual presents were also sent to all the slaves at Cavendish.

Great progress is being made in

the nine Homes which Sue Ryder has established in Poland, and altogether her last trip was a great success, not only in the work she accomplished, but the great strides which were made in cementing International understanding and making even firmer the strong ties of unity and the association with Sue Ryder's past work both in the war and ever since. This action has indeed made us feel even more linked in spirit to the 20 million who died in the Nazi concentration camps.

ARDEEN NEWS

(continued from page 22)

We had Miss Kathleen Dunne here for a holiday. She is a patient in a Dublin hospital. We would like to welcome Miss Catherine McGrath of Co. Cork on the staff. She spent some time at the National Hospital, Queen Square, London, and we hope she will be happy in her rural surroundings.

We had a very pleasant musical evening recently when several of the local people entertained us to some

Irish music and singing. Mr. Roche of the Avolan Hotel provided the refreshments.

A new wheelchair was presented by Mr. F. Beauchamp, representing the firm of Alwin & Co. (Staffs.), to Lady Fitzwilliam. He came over specially from England and we would like to thank him most sincerely for his generous gift.

NATIONAL HEALTH SERVICE SUBSCRIPTION FORM

(Application for permit to be ill)
not to be taken too seriously

Name

Address

When born and Why?

1. I declare that I have a pain in my
(a) Head. (b) Stomach. (c) Arms. (d) Legs.
2. That I am off my
(a) Food. (b) Drink. (c) Head.
3. That I have been taking
(a) Salts. (b) Pills. (c) Liberties.
4. I am in
(a) Bed. (b) Pain. (c) Coffin.
5. I can see
(a) Spots. (b) Nothing. (c) Animals.
(Please state what type and colour)
6. I am
(a) Depressed. (b) Elated. (c) About to shoot myself.
(In the case of (c) a Firearms Licence is required)
7. I am willing to take
(a) Medicine. (b) Treatment. (c) Poison.
8. I request admission to
(a) Hospital. (b) Asylum. (c) Mortuary.
9. I request the services of
(a) Doctor. (b) Midwife. (c) Nurse.
(In the case of (c) please state whether wet or dry, day or night, blonde, brunette or redhead)
10. I believe my complaint to be

.....
(In case your complaint is not on our Official List please state if you would be willing to accept a permit for an alternative illness.)

Signature

(Reprinted by kind permission of the Editor of *News Letter*, City of Leeds Welfare Services Committee)

Wanted—A Christmas Picture

We are anxious to have a picture of a Christmas scene from one of the Homes for the cover of our December 1962 issue. You amateur photographers in the Homes, or even professionals with a friendly interest, see what you can do during the festivities this year! We are prepared to offer 10s. to the sender of the photo we publish, but bear in mind that entries must be suitable for reproduction. Of course, a close-up of one or two people is always much better than a group, or an impersonal subject.

Fete Day at Spofforth Hall

We all awakened on this, OUR GREAT DAY, and fearfully but hopefully looked out of our windows (if we could not, or dare not look for ourselves, we asked the orderlies what the morning was like), and joy of joys, it was fine and the prospects seemed to be very favourable. As it happened, September 9th really was a marvellous day; fine and sunny, and remarkably warm—ideal for the time of the year—and our hopes and prayers were answered. The place was a hive of activity from breakfast onwards, with stalls, side shows, marquees, etc. being erected—rabbits arriving for the Rabbit Show which was to be held in one of the big tents in the paddock, along with the tea tent and refreshment tents, flowers, plants, tombola, etc. There were people hurrying to and fro, like busy bees collecting pollen from the flowers.

So, eventually, with the kind help of our capable friends we were all ready for the crowds that we hoped for—we were not disappointed. We had a really hectic day and enjoyed it all—everything seemed to be in our favour, and we all did our little bit to the best of our ability. The day finished up with a Bingo session, which was held in one of the large marquees in the Paddock. Another of the tents was used for the 'Drinks' which were served in various sizes and colours to suit all tastes. We retired that night happy, with the contented feeling of a successful day, having raised £1,300. The patients had set a target for themselves of £100, but I am very proud to report that our little effort cleared the £160 mark. Good show, what?

W. REEDER (*Resident*).

Cheshire Homes Malaya

Extracts from Third Annual Report

As far as charitable organisations go we are very young, but both in Singapore and Johore Bahru well equipped Homes have been built, and our work of caring for the incurably sick and disabled has become so well known that we now have more applications for admission than we can deal with.

Some of our residents are completely alone in the world. Those who do have relatives almost invariably come from families who are just achieving a meagre subsistence, and the presence of a non-earning additional body has always meant that they were dragged below that already pitiful level. Thus our work has brought relief not only to our patients but also to the families, who otherwise would have found themselves hopelessly burdened.

When our founder, Group Captain Cheshire, visited us this year, he revealed that there was considerable support for the idea of setting up Cheshire Homes in other areas in South East Asia, such as Indonesia, Papua and Hong Kong. A site has in fact already been obtained in Hong Kong, and plans are well under way for the establishment of a Cheshire Home there.

In view of the experience which has been acquired by the Cheshire Homes Malaya, Group Captain Cheshire said that he would like to see the office of our Foundation, which is situated in Singapore, become the centre to which those who were setting up new Homes in South East Asia could come for help and advice.

Singapore Home, Telok Paku

This year 1960/61 has been one of consolidation. With the completion of our major building programme during the previous year the wards were quickly filled, and under our hon. matron, Mrs. G. Ferguson, we settled

down to the creation of a family atmosphere in the Home.

At 31st March, 1961, we had forty-four patients in residence. Of these, there were two boys and two girls under the age of 16; twenty of our

residents were between the ages of 17 and 54; and twenty were over 55 years old. The adult population consisted of twenty-four men and sixteen women.

We have much pleasure in welcom-

ing our new patron, Air Marshal Sir Anthony Selway, K.C.B., D.F.C., and hope that both he and Lady Selway will have many happy contacts with the Home.

Johore Bahru Home, Jalan Larkin

The first two chalets, dining-cum-recreation hall, a kitchen and office, were completed in the middle of 1960 through the efforts of the Services personnel who contributed most of their free time to building the Home voluntarily. On January 1st, 1961, the Home was able to receive its first twelve patients under the charge of a paid matron. In the early part of this year, four more chalets were constructed and have just been completed

through a monetary grant of \$55,000 made by the Social and Welfare Services Lotteries Board, and other donations from various sources. It is hoped that the Home will shortly be able to receive its full quota of forty patients.

The present matron of the Home is Miss Leong May Hor, a trained nurse, and she is responsible for the management of the Home.

Mrs. Jolleff says Farewell to Bangalore

"Truly you have reason to be proud—proud in the right sense, giving glory to God. Now your faith is justified. Truly Providence was behind all your efforts." So wrote Group Captain Leonard Cheshire to Mrs. Anne Jolleff, the Matron of the Bangalore Cheshire Home, the live-wire behind the Bangalore scheme. At 61, she has just retired and is planning to sail home (London) in February next. For her age she is still quite fit and hopes to continue social service in one form or the other. Born in Burma and married to an Englishman, Mrs. Jolleff took up this mission in memory of her mother, and how she landed in the Cheshire organisation makes a moving story.

"I came from England to India to look after my ailing mother. Bangalore was suggested, and so we came here. Seventeen months later she died of cancer. I was cut up. I hated Bangalore, because I lost my Mummy here. I thought I will never be back here," said Mrs. Jolleff. She went back to England in 1956 and later she came in contact with the General Secretary of the Cheshire Homes in England, Miss Margot Mason. She offered her services on condition that there should be no remuneration, because "I came all out to serve this

worthy cause in memory of my mother." She was then sent to Delhi to organise the Cheshire Home and there she did very well. Her next job was to organise a Home in Bangalore and thus she landed in the City in 1959. Starting from scratch, she brought the Home into being and in achieving it, she remembers the untiring efforts of Mr. B. V. Narayan Reddy, Mrs. Evelyn Vaz and others. "We met people and told them of the scheme. All fell in," she says, adding, "my work here is justified. My mission is over. The Home is here." She said that the credit for starting the show should go to Mr. Narayan Reddy and the committee. The day the Home was inaugurated was "a big day" in her life.

Mrs. Jolleff belongs to that noble profession of nursing, and before her marriage she was a Lady Health Visitor in the Rangoon Corporation. She resumed again after her mother's death. Now she is finished with it, as she says: "I came to do this mission for Mummy and it is complete." She recalled she was still an infant when her father died and she struggled hard to bring her up. "My mother had said, 'I will make a woman of this child', and she did."

THE BOMBAY HOME

The income and maintenance of the Bombay Home is very largely dependent upon proceeds from its annual Christmas Pantomime. "Dick Whittington and his Cat", the sixth in the series, is now in course of preparation for presentation in Bombay at the end of the year. Mrs. Joan Hague, the indefatigable author, producer and actress, who last year staged the most successful production of "Aladdin", has again shouldered similar responsibilities and has already completed an original script appropriate to Bombay audiences.

Changes in Management Committee Office Bearers were necessary in July last as a result of the departure from Bombay of the Chairman, Mr. Robert Ruggles, and of the Honorary Secretary, Mr. R. J. Antia. They have been succeeded respectively by Mr. A. H. E. Birks, of the Federation of British Industries, and by Mrs. P. M. Dance, of the Chartered Bank Ltd., Bombay.

The Welfare Committee, under the very active and able Chairmanship of Mrs. Queenie Captain, continues to arrange for the day-to-day running of the Home and for the very necessary money raising activities.

The Home is fortunate in having the continued services of three Spanish sisters. The care and selfless attention they so willingly give to the thirty-five male patients does so much to relieve the patients' suffering and to produce in them a feeling of "being wanted", which many of them from the streets of Bombay have never previously experienced. It is clear that the Home is not nearly large enough to accommodate even a small proportion of the many thousands, who, by their destitution and physical incapacities, would be eligible for admission, and the Committee are once again considering proposals for expanding the Home. Plans have been prepared free of charge by a local Architect for a new permanent building, which, when completed, would double the number of beds for patients besides providing more suitable living accommodation for the Sisters. But considerable finance is required before these plans can be implemented, and the Bombay Home would greatly appreciate any assistance which may be forthcoming from any quarter so that the new premises can be completed as soon as possible.

BETHLEHEM IN BOMBAY

(A tribute to Bethlehem House, the Cheshire Home, Bombay)

One day I went to Bethlehem
In the suburbs of Bombay.
Its founder had no diadem
He nursed the sick all day;
And in the night
With a hurricane light
Beneath a palm tree lay.

He started with a three-roomed hut
And three incurables,
For all of whom the doors were shut
Of the city's hospitals.
And his inner light
Played hard and bright
On asbestos-sheeted stables.

Before he found this quiet spot,
And those in England, too,
He had pressed on through the shell
and shot
On his way to Waterloo;
By the starshelled light
Of the German night—
A skipper and his crew.

In Wellesley's day it was the square
That saved us from defeat.
For us the young men in the air
Had made our foes retreat;
In the burning night
Of searing fright
to the holes below the street.

We sat in the hut beneath a cross
That belonged to another Man,
Who had taught the world that worldly
loss

Enriched the human span
To a spirit bright
Of power and light—
The target of Everyman.

The highest Cross the world can give
The Monarch did bestow,
For braving the Flak that we might
live,
And a triple D.S.O.
In the stormy night
In formation tight
And the Germans down below.

He came to our jungle with empty
hands;
Two men and a girl came, too.
They started their "Op" in the old
grasslands,
The young skipper and his crew,
In a peaceful night,
An Eastern night,
On a course that was straight and true.

And many who had lost their way
Now found the Evening Star.
They came to the palm tree where he
lay
With gift, from near and far.
And it was right
For this hero slight
Nursed incurables from the Bazaar.
W.W.R.

A Terrific Salesman



Photo: B. Hopewell, West Bridgford

Cecil Briggs, who is Chairman of the Patients' Committee at Holme Lodge, Nottingham, sets an example of salesmanship to all the other Homes. He sells "Smiles" to anyone who comes to the Home, and even goes out selling them around the district.

It is interesting to note that the Nottingham Home uses the Pathfinder film an enormous amount, averaging two shows a week in and around the county, and according to the publicity officer they usually sell up to 50 magazines each time. They have ordered 500 of this issue.

The Old Rectory, Cavendish, Suffolk



The Sue Ryder Home for Concentration Camp Survivors (see page 57)