

THE **Cheshire** **Smile**

Vol. 8

No. 1

SPRING 1962

Photo: *Independent, Plymouth*



Birds of a Feather. Candy of Cann House, with Sheila and Terry



ONE SHILLING

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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All enquiries about Forgotten Allies Trust should be made to Cavendish (Glemsford 252).

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

Sue Ryder Homes for Concentration Camp Survivors. Cavendish and Melford, Suffolk. 140 Forgotten Allies are brought each year from the Continent for a complete holiday and to join those already resettled there.

Sue Ryder Home for Sick and Disabled Forgotten Allies, Hickleton Hall, near Doncaster.

St. Christopher Settlement. Grossburgwedel, Hannover.

Secretary: Mr. Jerzy Neumann.

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

(adults and children).

Chairman: Director Rabczynski, Ministry of Health and Social Welfare, Warsaw. Prefabricated buildings, each containing forty beds and costing £5,000 are sent from England to relieve the distress of the Forgotten Allies. Nine Homes have been established at Konstancin, Zyrardow, Naleczow, Helenow, Pruszkow, Radzymin, Bydgoszcz, Zielona Gora and Gdynia.

Homes for the Sick and Disabled in Jugoslavia

(adults and children).

Chairman: Dr. Kraus, Ministry of Health, Belgrade.

Three Homes have been established on the outskirts of Belgrade.

Home for the Sick and Disabled in Greece.

Chairman: Mr. Theologos, Institute for Research and Development of Vocational Rehabilitation of Disabled, Athens.

One Home has been established near Athens.

II. RAPHAEL

Out of the combined work of the Sue Ryder Forgotten Allies Trust and the Cheshire Foundation Homes for the Sick there has evolved the concept of a series of International Settlements and Training Centres, which shall have as their object: (i) supplementing the work of the two Foundations, principally by taking those specialised cases which neither of them are able to admit; (ii) testing out new ideas; (iii) safeguarding and developing the spirit and ideals of the Mission as a whole.

The first of the Settlements, both of which come under the personal control of the two founders and belong directly to the Mission, are:—

Dehra Dun, U.P., 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 65 leprosy patients and 40 defective 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.

Hydon Heath, Godalming, Surrey.

Recently opened for the older age groups, especially those who are married and would otherwise be forced by their disabilities to separate.

Hon. Medical Officer: Dr. R. Mann.

Hon. Financial Adviser: A. O. Gill, Esq.

Hon. Buildings' Supervisor: T. Taylor, Esq.

Warden: R. Taylor, Esq.

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

Chairman: The Lord Denning, P.C.

Trustees: Dr. G. C. Cheshire, F.B.A., D.C.L., Grp. Capt. G. L. Cheshire, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C., Mrs. Sue Ryder Cheshire, O.B.E., Sir H. Edmund Davies, B.C.L., R. R. Edgar, Esq., The Earl Ferrers, Dr. Basil Kiernander, M.R.C.P., The Lady St. Levon, J.P., Miss C. E. Morris, M.B.E., Alderman A. Pickles, O.B.E., J.P., B. Richards, Esq., W. W. Russell, Esq., Major The Lord St. Oswald, M.C.

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Hon. Solicitors:

Fladgate & Co.

Enquiries to: 7 Market Mews, London, W.1. (GROsvenor 2665)

(homes listed overleaf)

	Tel. Nos.		
	Office	Residents	
Allt Dinas, Cotswold Cheshire Home , Over-ton Road, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire ...	Cheltenham	52569	
Alne Hall , Alne, York	Tollerton	295	
Amphill Park House , near Bedford	Amphill	3247	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	72645
Carnsalloch House , Kirkmahoe, Dumfries ...	Dumfries	1624	2742
Coomb , Llanstephan, Carmarthenshire...	Llanstephan	292	310
* Danybryn , Radyr, Glamorgan			
* Dolywern , nr. Chirk, Denbighshire			
Greathouse , Kington Langley, Chippenham, Wiltshire	Kington Langley	235	327
Greenhill House , Timsbury, near Bath, Somers-et			
The Grove , East Carleton, Norfolk	Mulbarton	279	—
Hawthorn Lodge , Hawthorn Road, Dorchester, Dorset	Dorchester	1403	—
	<i>(for mentally handicapped children)</i>		
Heatherley , Effingham Lane, Copthorne, Craw-ley, Sussex	Copthorne	2670	
The Hill , Sandbach, Cheshire	Sandbach	566	508
Holehird House , Windermere, Westmorland	Windermere	2500	
Holme Lodge , Julian Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham	Nottingham	89002	—
Honresfeld , Blackstone Edge Road, Littlebor-ough, Lancs.	Littleborough	88627	880651
Hovenden House , Fleet, Spalding, Lincolnshire	Holbeach	3037	
Kenmore , Whitcliffe Road, Cleckheaton, York-shire	Cleckheaton	2904	2724
Le Court , Liss, Hampshire	Blackmoor	364	229
Llanhennock , Nr. Newport, Monmouthshire...			
* Marske Hall , near Redcar, Yorkshire			
Mayfield House , East Trinity Road, Edinburgh	Granton	2037	
Miraflores , 154 Worpole Road, Wimbledon, S.W.20	Wimbledon	5058	
	<i>(rehabilitation of ex mental patients)</i>		
Mote House , Mote Park, Maidstone, Kent ...	Maidstone	87911	87317
St. Bridget's , The Street, East Preston, West Sussex	Rustington	1988	
St. Cecilia's , Sundridge Avenue, Bromley, Kent	Ravensbourne	8377	7179
St. Teresa's , Long Rock, Penzance, Cornwall ...	Marazion	336	365
Seven Rivers , Great Bromley, Colchester, Essex	Ardleigh	345	463
Spofforth Hall , near Harrogate, Yorkshire ...	Spofforth	284	287
Stanton Harold , Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire	Melbourne	71	387
West Midland Cheshire Home , Stourbridge Road, Wolverhampton, Staffs.	Wombourn	3056	—
White Windows , Sowerby Bridge, York-shire	Halifax	81981	82173
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).

Enquiries to: P.O. Box 518, Calcutta.

Anbu Nilayam, Covelong, Madras.

Banarsidas Chandiwala Swasthya Sadan, Kalkaji, New Delhi.

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)

Malaya

Chairman of Governors: The Hon. Mr. Justice Tan Ah Tah.

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

Hon. Treasurer: H. K. Franklin, Esq., A.C.A.

Enquiries to: 10B Chulia Street, Singapore.

Johore Cheshire Home, Jalan Larkin, Johore Bahru.

Tanah Merah, Nicoll Drive, Changi, Singapore.

Nigeria

Chairman of Trustees: Sir Adetokunbo Ademola.

Oluyole, Cheshire Home, College Crescent, Ibadan.
(for crippled children)

Sierra Leone

Chairman of the Trustees: The Chief Justice, Sir Salako Benka-Coker.

Sir Milton Cheshire Home, Bo.

Jordan

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

The Cheshire Home, Jerusalem Road, Bethlehem.
(for crippled children)

† Amman.

Morocco

Patron: H.E. The Princess Lalla Fatima.

Dar-el-Hanaa, Rue d'Escoze, 18, Tangier.

Hong Kong

Cheshire Home, Chung-Hum-Kok, Hong Kong.

* In preparation

† In process of construction

Our Cover Picture

Animals have a special place in many of the Homes, and the donkey on our front cover is no exception. He is a favourite with the Cann House residents, of whom two of the prettiest are shown—Sheila Harding and Terry Curtis. To be up to date, we must point out that Terry is now at Le Court.

The Cheshire Smile

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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 back page.

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The Earl Ferrers



Photo: Fayer

THOSE who meet Robin Ferrers for the first time get the impression of a man, over forty, who must certainly have made his mark on a world which he may well have shaped and will probably have circumnavigated several times.

It comes then as something of a shock to discover, as I did recently, that he is just over thirty and was a mere ten years old when the war broke out. This sketch of his life, however, has been much more difficult to write than previous ones in this series owing to the reluctance of the man to provide his wretched biographer with personal 'gen'.

His towering presence and friendly confidence make him one of the most useful of the Trustees. He brings the vigour of youth with the commonsense of a very practical man to the many problems facing an organisation which is growing at quite a phenomenal rate.

Robin's connection with the Cheshire movement stems from those last sad days of his father's life. The late Earl Ferrers, a year or two before his death, used to spend occasional periods at Nansidwell, the lovely hotel near Falmouth in Cornwall. At this time the G.C. was starting St. Teresa's at The Lizard, and the two of them met to become great friends.

Margot Mason, who was the late Earl Ferrers' secretary, also came to know the G.C. at this time.

Robin at that time was at Magdalene College, Cambridge, having left Winchester in 1947. At Winchester he had been President of the Boat Club, and played what he described as "an ineffectual trumpet" in the School Orchestra. In between school and university he had served in the Coldstream Guards for two years in Malaya. I suspect that he handled the "commies" of the emergency in the jungles of Malaya with the firmness and vigour with which his trumpet must have sounded out across the Itchen during his schooldays.

Robin knew about Leonard Cheshire during those days at the beginning of the fifties when his father died and he inherited the great house, Staunton Harold Hall, near Ashby de la Zouch in Leicestershire, where the yawning holes in the roof let in the rain and snow. He and his mother met the G.C. when he saved their ancestral home from the housebreakers at the very last minute with the magnificent help of the late Mr. Ravenshear. The Ferrers family had not intended to live there any longer, but they were overjoyed that it would be spared—almost miraculously.

In the sparing of it, the many people of Leicestershire and Derbyshire who had known the Ferrers family for generations and loved their home almost as much as they did themselves, came to its help and put it to rights, many of them with their own hands. The Historic Buildings Council also helped in a big way.

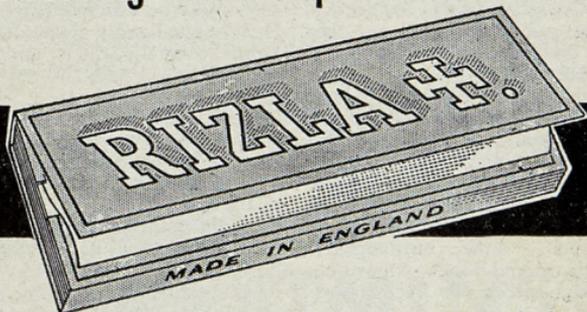
After his marriage in 1951, Robin went to live in Norfolk where he farms at Hedenham, near Norwich. His interest in the Cheshire Homes is deep, and he soon became a Trustee of the Foundation, with particular responsibility for Staunton Harold. Robin's advice and knowledge is so valuable because it springs from an experience considerably more mature than his years, and from a powerful sympathy with people less fortunate than himself. I shall always recall hearing him some years ago at Ipswich speaking on the same platform with G.C. and the late Mr. Stokes, then M.P. for Ipswich. His speech in that strong company was as moving as any, and certainly as forceful.

Each week Robin comes up to London to attend the House of Lords. He is Chairman of the Norfolk Conservative Association. But what probably interests us more than these activities is the fact that he has led a group in Norwich to start a Norfolk Cheshire Home at East Carleton. He is a very strong advocate of the "do-it-yourself" spirit in which the G.C. believes. This is particularly valuable at the present time when there is often a tendency to drive in the last nail before opening for business.

The letter from him on which this all too sketchy biography is based consisted of about ten lines. It arrived without the promised photograph ("I have searched the perishing house up and down; I *know* I have a photograph but simply can't lay my hands on it"), and ended up rather typically away from himself: "Leonard's visit was an enormous success. We are frightfully grateful to him for coming."

As you will see, the photograph did come to light after all.

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People and Places

By the
Roaming Reporter

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

Raphael, the International Centre at Dehra Dun, India, was honoured in November by a visit from Pandit Nehru, the Prime Minister of India. When the Centre was first launched, and the concept of an International Mission was given birth, Mr. Nehru wrote a very warm letter of welcome and encouragement. Consequently, when he said he would be visiting Raphael, the G.C. and his wife (Sue Ryder), being the Founders, felt they must be there to show their appreciation. That was one reason for their visit to India at the end of 1961.

Mr. Nehru's visit was fitted into a busy tour he was making in the north; he had five public meetings on the same day, one of which involved an eighty-minute speech!

He was due to arrive shortly before dusk, and since the lights at Raphael are not very good (I think we explained some time ago that no money was available to lay a power supply across the dry river bed), Mrs. Ava Dhar thought up the idea of placing diwali lights — little earthenware saucers with oil and wicks—along the roads through which Mr. Nehru was to pass.

The Prime Minister arrived ninety minutes late (it was quite dark—what a good job those lights were laid out!), and first of all was escorted through the colony of ex-leprosy patients. He stopped here and there to speak to some of the patients, asking various questions. Afterwards, he saw another seventy-five leprosy victims—those still awaiting admission to Raphael, and meanwhile living in

what is called "The Dip", a series of tiny mud huts situated in a quarry at the end of the city refuse dump. They were squatting on their haunches in a large semi-circle, waiting to greet him. He spent a long time with them, not saying much, but walking slowly along and looking at them, every now and then stopping to hand one of them a flower from the garlands, with which he had been presented when he arrived at Raphael.

Then Mr. Nehru was led to the Children's Home. When he was told that almost all the children were so mentally retarded that they could not even speak he was visibly taken aback. He inspected every single detail of the Home, even the toilets, and of course the school, which is the *pièce de résistance*.

The local Cheshire Home across the river, also welcomed the Prime Minister. He spoke to each patient individually, and met all the members of the Committee.

At the end of his visit, which lasted nearly three times its scheduled length, he asked many questions about the Ryder Cheshire Mission, and was particularly interested in learning how The Forgotten Allies are getting on in Poland. The idea of a world-wide association of different organisations, each devoted in its own way to the relief of suffering, but having common aims and principles, seemed to appeal to him very much. He kept reiterating that he saw in the idea a real opportunity of working effectively for world unity and peace. A few days later he sent a personal gift of £1,200, which

was divided equally between the Leprosy Colony, the Children's Home, and the Cheshire Home at Dehra Dun.

* * *

The G.C. left Raphael later to make a tour of the nine Cheshire Homes in India, spending two or three days at most of them. In some, there was a good deal of work to be done. In others, great strides had been made since his previous visit, particularly at Jamshedpur.

During the week before Christmas, the G.C. visited the new Home at Hong Kong, which had been opened on 8th December with five patients. It has one of the most beautiful sites to be imagined, perched on the cliffs overhanging the sea. This venture was not expected to receive much support in Hong Kong because of the innumerable charities already there. But the opposite has proved to be the case, and the Committee was even talking of a second Home.

He also visited the Homes at Singapore and Johore, two of the brightest and most cheerful Homes one could find anywhere, housing nearly eighty patients between them.

* * *

Miss Denise Tabernacle, a fully qualified nurse, left England in January en route to Addis Ababa, to take charge of the first Cheshire Home in Ethiopia.

* * *

We were all very pleased to hear that King Hussein of Jordan had accepted the invitation to lay the Foundation Stone for the new Home for crippled children which is being built in Amman.

* * *

We in the Cheshire movement have watched with more than a little interest the increasing realisation, shown by the building trade and other bodies, that disabled people have even more special needs than other groups in regard to the design of buildings, fittings and equipment. The Building Exhibition, which was held at Olympia from 15th to 29th November, 1961, had for the first time a separate stand on Design Needs of the Disabled. Also during that fortnight, a symposium on the same subject was arranged in London, sponsored jointly by the Building Exhibition, the Royal Insti-

tute of British Architects and the Polio Research Fund. (The speech made by Lady Hamilton at the symposium is being printed in our Summer issue). I believe a scholarship for making a study in this field is being offered. There is no doubt in my mind that the results of these activities will affect in many ways the future of the Cheshire Homes.

* * *

Barbara Coleman, the new secretary to the Chairman of the Indian Trust, has been sending us long and interesting despatches. One of the stories she tells appealed to me very much. It was, she says, the highlight of her visit to the Jamshedpur Children's Home. She was giving one of the nuns there driving lessons in the Land-Rover belonging to the Home. "Sister Ann Marie and I provoked enormous local interest in the area. Every afternoon we would roar through the gate missing the post by a whisker, and head for a comparatively quiet road nearby. Of course, the term 'comparatively quiet' applies to any road here in India, and refers mainly to an absence of cars but not the herds of cows, flocks of geese, runaway pigs, rickety carts and dreamy pedestrians which are even more hazardous to the novice driver.

"Learning to drive may try anyone's patience but doing so in such a cumbersome vehicle, in great heat and at the mercy of a silent staring crowd would unnerve anyone except Sister Ann Marie. Backing was the main problem, partly because Sister was unable to get her head out of the rather small window owing to her wide butterfly hat, and also because the road was so rocky we invariably became stuck in a ditch through over-acceleration. At least on four occasions we had to call on the silent onlookers to push or pull the Land-Rover in one direction or another. This encouraged them to forget their shyness and thoroughly enjoy the whole thing. As poor Sister would struggle to make a smooth start off, our supporters would cheer and laugh and even run along and swing themselves into the back of the car. Once I turned around to find at least twelve boys bumping along behind and was forced to make Sister immediately apply

'clutch and brake' while I issued brief dismissal orders.

"The climax came on the third day when we were quite a long way down the road and the car stopped and stubbornly refused to start again. I took over the wheel from Sister but all efforts were unrewarded. The usual straggly groups of people had clustered to watch and I felt very hot (it was about mid-day), dusty and impatient. Sister was of course quite unflustered. At last, I managed to persuade two or three men to look at the engine and try and find the trouble. We all stared thoughtfully under the bonnet for some ten minutes and got nowhere. Sister kept smiling and nodding encouragement from the front seat. At last one of the men leant over and slowly removed a wire, examined it and replaced it. My temper was getting a little frayed by now, but I remembered I must adjust my own tempo to that of India and remain calm. After a long silent watch one of the men suggested we start up the engine. No result. He appeared then to disconnect every wire he could see, and plug them in wherever he liked. I felt very nervous. He ordered me to start the engine again. Clouds of thick black smoke billowed from the front as I accelerated. The engine roared and all the heads popped from under the bonnet. I was absolutely amazed at the success and I will always believe everyone else felt likewise. Big smiles and triumphant nods were exchanged all around as we slowly drew away and headed back to the Home. My heart was in my mouth but Sister and I collapsed with laughter anyway, but were certainly glad to see the gates of Cheshire Home hove into view. We both agree we will never regret her driving lessons."

* * *

You know how sometimes one comes upon a very unexpected item when browsing through a magazine. It happened to a friend some time ago whilst reading a copy of *The Word*, the journal of the Divine Word Missionaries. Sean O'Callaigh, a recent visitor to the Holy Land, was writing in the magazine about his experiences "Where Christ was Born". He told

how he had planned to spend part of a night in the "Shepherds' Field" at Bethlehem, but was arrested by the police as a suspicious character. After some time, his statements were confirmed from Jerusalem, and the Inspector asked him where he would like to stay the night. "In Bethlehem," he said. "The Inspector was very gracious and affable and came with me to the Casa Nova, where he was well-known at the guest-house and succeeded in getting me a bed for the night.

"I was outside on the balcony when a pleasant, youngish-looking man tapped me on the shoulder and told me that dinner was ready. I followed him into the dining-room. Dinner was set for two. I recalled having seen my table companion some few mornings earlier. I was kneeling at the Holy Sepulchre when I caught my first glimpse of him, I had immediately noticed something intensely devout and reverent about the manner in which he had walked into the Church. It was obvious that it was his first time in the Church and it was equally obvious that he was very conscious of the fact that he was walking on holy ground.

"As we dined I noticed his quick perception, his charming manner, his beautiful hands, his contagious enthusiasm and a certain humility and zeal which could not be concealed even at dinner. When I mentioned that I had seen the Holy Shroud in Turin he became very interested. This was not surprising, for it transpired that he was no other than Group Captain Leonard Cheshire.

"I told him about my arrest which had interfered with my plan to spend the night in the Shepherds' Field. 'You were lucky to be arrested', he said. 'The friar out there told me that the place is alive with snakes'."

* * *

The Spring Conference this year is to be held once again at the Irish Club on Saturday, 31st March. A report will appear in our June issue. The 1962 Family Day will take place at Alne Hall, near York, on Saturday, 16th June. This is the first time it has been held at a northern Home.

A Surgeon looks at the Cheshire Homes

The guest speaker at the Mayfield House Annual General Meeting on 14th December last was Prof. J. I. P. James, Professor of Orthopaedics at the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh. His speech was so informative that we have been asked to include it in the magazine.

I AM fortunate that it is my profession to do what is surgically possible to relieve disability. Few can have so vivid an appreciation of how important is the role of the Cheshire Homes as those of us who work in this field. Surgically we may fail to completely cure disability, or, and this is still too often true, the problems do not lend themselves to a surgical solution. This is particularly true of the progressive crippling diseases. What is then to happen to the patient?

Whilst the crippled child and in more recent years the elderly disabled have some provision made, the disabled person once past childhood finds no secure place to live and once active treatment has ceased the hospital can no longer be involved. Many of these disabled people have homes but even they must feel at times a desire for security from an uncertain future.

Anyone permanently and seriously disabled requires, even more than most of us, security, the certainty of continued care, a certainty that it will never cease. The Cheshire Home offers this. Companionship of others is an absolute essential, even for those of us who are well; if disabled, how much more is it necessary. So many disabled people live alone, or lead lonely lives in lodgings or even in their own homes. The Cheshire Home offers companionship in great measure, not only by the mutual support of each other that the residents can provide but also by the development of interests that is possible in a centre such as this, but so rarely possible in the home. Moreover, something that

can be outside oneself and for others is a very important factor in happiness and this is also possible here.

Activity is another complete essential to all of us and to no-one more than the disabled. Communal activities and diversions, occupational therapy and, for some, a job, are all made easier by the Cheshire Homes. Is anything more productive of unhappiness than intellectual stagnation?

As I have said earlier, as an orthopaedic surgeon my professional work and training is almost entirely concerned with the relief or prevention of the various types of disability affecting the limbs. I thought it might be of interest to you to hear what medically we are now able to achieve in the prevention of disability. Orthopaedic surgery is, in its modern sense, little more than fifty years old and changing rapidly, and there are many new developments that may quite shortly make a considerable difference to the disability people are left with permanently.

First, let us look at preventive measures which have resulted in the disappearance of some diseases. We see it best in three of the major crippling diseases of children, tuberculosis, infantile paralysis and rickets.

Tuberculosis, once a common and most serious crippling disease, has almost been conquered, largely by prevention. Much of this infection arose from milk; the widespread use of pasteurisation and the increasing number of tuberculin-free dairy herds has closed this source. The second opportunity of infection was usually

from adults with pulmonary tuberculosis; now because of streptomycin this is rare and almost always the sufferer is non-infective. By this form of prevention, therefore, this disease has almost gone and the few who now contract it, thanks to the curative effect of streptomycin and the surgical removal of the disease made possible in recent years, leave hospital in about a third of the time that they used to and are usually free of disability.

Less than ten years ago it was a national scandal that there was a two-year waiting list to enter a sanatorium if you had pulmonary tuberculosis; now nobody knows what to do with these empty buildings. Such is the fortunate and rapid change in medicine. How difficult it is to plan even ten years ahead, and planning the New Royal Infirmary at Edinburgh to be useful fifty years from now is a nightmare.

Infantile paralysis, a cause of heart-breaking disability and, in countries like the U.S.A., Australia and Scandinavia, disabling tens of thousands, seems to have bowed its head to vaccination. From south-east Scotland in 1959 and 1960 we admitted to the Princess Margaret Rose Hospital one patient in each year with paralysis. What a remarkable change from the epidemic years, particularly in 1947. Whatever the final outcome, and one must be most careful of unjustified optimism, it would seem that another cause of disability has been tamed by preventive medicine.

My professional ancestors in orthopaedic surgery in the early years of this century, particularly in Scotland, saw hundreds of children with rickets, a disease caused by a vitamin lack from inadequate food and a lack of sunshine. In my whole professional life I have seen one patient with rickets, a disease that occupied my surgical grandfathers more than any other.

Two major causes of disability in children now remain; accidents, which have become the commonest cause, and deformities with which the child is born. Since the war a number of remarkable discoveries have been made which throw light on these diseases of the new-born.

The first discovery was that certain diseases, the commonest of which was

german measles, if occurring in the early months of pregnancy could cause crippling to be discovered when the child was born.

In the last few years startling discoveries have been made as to the cause of some diseases, diseases which have been known to us for many years but their cause totally unknown. In each cell of our bodies there are 46 chromosomes. A chromosome is a microscopic structure in which our family characteristics are carried to our children. By technical advances it has been possible to count these and it has been found that certain disabling conditions are due to there being 47 or even 48 chromosomes.

Another important and rapidly expanding field is the study of human genetics, that is, the inheritance through our parents of certain characteristics and possibly of certain diseases, many of which are crippling in character. In my own University Department and the Princess Margaret Rose Hospital research has been completed on one such condition and two more are under study. At this stage to know the cause may not take us very far along the path of prevention but it is the initial step in all disease and its control.

Arthritis, the commonest reason for disability in middle age, is perhaps more difficult to defeat and earlier optimism based on the discovery of the drug called Cortisone has had to be abated. However, here surgery is beginning to offer more, and one of my orthopaedic colleagues has joined in a combined investigation to see what can be done surgically for arthritis. The importance of arthritis can hardly be overestimated for it is common and occasionally totally disabling. Some of its victims have found shelter in the Cheshire Homes.

Perhaps still the most baffling cause of disability is in those diseases which affect the nervous system, the system which controls muscles and joints. The wiring of the most complicated computer is simple compared to the complexities of our brain and spinal cord. The disease here, for obvious reasons, is quickly disabling and the mechanisms destroyed are so fine and intricate that repair is difficult or even impossible. Much remains to be discovered but even in this group a few

significant developments have occurred in recent years. In some conditions a shaking paralysis occurs and we now know that if minute points of brain tissue are destroyed it can be stopped. The accuracy of this brain navigation to find the exact spot to destroy is no less fascinating than that of a space satellite.

When disability has irrevocably occurred inventions have been made which lighten the burden tremendously. Some of these are gadgets which make life easier and more independent for those who are handicapped. In other fields it is an actual attempt at substitution for something lost.

For many years thousands of dollars have been spent trying to devise an artificial muscle to replace those paralysed. Recently, and typically, an extremely simple device has been perfected. A piece of rubber tubing rather like a bicycle pump connection is covered with a nylon cloth which is woven in such a way that when it is inflated, it shortens. This is connected to a small cylinder of compressed gas carried in the pocket or in the wheelchair. By opening and shutting the valve it is possible to use this to move limbs so that some sort of function denied previously now becomes possible. Although the cylinder is small it contains enough gas for about ten thousand movements of the artificial muscle.

When we make a muscle act a minute electrical current passes down the nerve to that muscle. If this current is magnified many times it can be made to do things such as operating a gas muscle. Thus it may soon be possible by willing a muscle to act, even when it is almost paralysed, to make it operate artificial muscles to do the job. Ingenious and useful as these are of course, they can only, to a limited extent, replace

our normal activities involving many muscles.

I have reviewed some of the things which are happening in present-day medicine which do or may soon minimise disability.

Before I finish I would like to take you to Copenhagen to hear of an experiment there, in some ways not dissimilar to the Cheshire Homes.

A few years ago Denmark was hit by one of the worst epidemics of infantile paralysis ever known. As a result a large number of people were disabled and many still live in iron lungs. To solve this problem the Danes have built a very large and beautiful block of flats containing some four hundred family dwellings. Here these disabled people may live with their families. The whole building is designed to be suitable for handicapped people. On the top floor there is a series of rooms where those in artificial lungs can be at night, here they are under supervision and yet during the day are living with their families. You can even plug in your respirator in the coffee bar! Mixed up with these families with a disabled member are numerous families whose members are not handicapped in any way. I believe, with the exception of the Cheshire Homes, I have never seen disabled living so imaginatively handled as in Copenhagen—that is, of course, where there is family care available. This is where the Cheshire Home differs and plays an important part for those without families.

Knowing as I do from close contact the immense problems facing the younger disabled person and with what overwhelmingly but natural fear the future is faced I was happy, Sir, when you asked me to speak today. The Cheshire Homes are often the only possible answer to those difficulties which seem at times so insuperable both to us and to the patient.

“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*.

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, Yorkshire. (A Home in Preparation)

A very important item on the Agenda provided considerable discussion, when the Sheffield and District Cheshire Home Steering Committee held their meeting on Monday, 29th January, 1962, which was followed by a Council Meeting the same evening.

An historic 16th century mansion in Sheffield, Greenhill Hall, is threatened with demolition by the City Council because their estimate of cost for restoration would not be justified, though it would enable the building to be retained as one of Sheffield's few remaining architectural links with the past.

There has, quite naturally, been criticism from many quarters, and a strong recommendation has been put forward by Lt.-Col. Gerald Haythornthwaite, T.D., A.R.I.B.A., A.M.T.P.I., Technical Secretary of the Council for

the Preservation of Rural England, that we seriously consider taking over the mansion for conversion to a Cheshire Home.

The building is ideal in many respects for this purpose, and the proposal has the blessing and support of distinguished members of both public and professional bodies in Sheffield. In consequence, it was agreed in Committee that approaches be made to the Sheffield Corporation, forthwith, with a view to negotiating for the property.

If successful it would have a two-fold purpose—preserving a valuable historic mansion and secondly and most important from our point of view, providing a Cheshire Home for Sheffield.

The Committee has inspected many other building projects, some com-

pletely unsuitable, one or two with possibilities which we are still keeping in mind. But this last prospect will be pursued with all vigour.

The Hallowe'en Ball was referred to in our report which appeared in the winter issue, and our Ecclesall Support Group are happy to announce that an amount of £280 will be donated to our fund as a result of this well-supported event.

The Cheshire, V.C. Film, which has been widely shown since we purchased it, has recently been loaned to

Sheffield City Grammar School. As a result a donation of £110 has been handed over to our cause, which the School collected through a Carol Service held in the Sheffield Cathedral.

This film could be used much more than it is at present in the Sheffield area, if the support Groups took full advantage of the facilities made available. Mrs. Joan Smith, our Vice-Chairman, will be only too pleased to arrange for the equipment and operator if you will organise suitable dates.

Greenhill House, Somerset

Greenhill House, the first Cheshire Home to be established in Somerset, received its first patients on 1st February, 1962.

This Home has been set up as a result of the efforts of the Bath Round Table, the members of which raised enough money, not only to buy the house, but also to hand over a substantial sum to get it started. Other Round Tables in Somerset have contributed in various ways, some by raising money, and others by giving their services.

In August 1961 a Management Committee was set up and immediately drew up a plan to get the Home started as soon as possible.

The house dates back to 1731 as a private residence, but latterly has been used as a Children's Home. It has required to be considerably altered to make it suitable for use as a Cheshire Home. These alterations have been planned in three phases: first, to make the ground floor suitable for patients in wheeled chairs, when 11 patients can be accommodated; sec-

ond, to install a lift to the first floor so that 9 more patients can be accepted; and third, by building on a wing to the existing building to bring the capacity of the Home up to at least 30.

The first phase has now been completed, and it only remains to collect the necessary staff and equipment. A Matron, Miss Sheila Ralph, has been appointed, and will take up her post on 8th January. Other members of staff have been interviewed and will be joining the Home shortly.

Owing to the generosity of many people living in the district practically no furniture has had to be bought. It has all been given. Many offers of help have also been received from local residents, and with this encouragement we have high hopes for the future of Greenhill House.

An effort to raise money will be made by selling tickets for the unofficial opening on 20th January, which takes the form of a wine and cheese party. The food for this has already been given.

Lt.-Col. R. N. SYME.

Hawthorn Lodge, Dorset

Christmas has come and gone, but what a Christmas it was for us here. Gifts, toys and donations were showered upon us in greater measure than last year, and in fact, I think, Matron was relieved to get back to normal routine after the holiday.

The children responded well to the visit of Father Christmas in the morning, particularly Charles who is a star turn on such occasions. Once again we were favoured by a visit from the Mayor and Mayoress of

Dorchester who found time amid their many engagements to wish everyone the Seasonal Wishes.

Our baby is now two months old and surely must be the youngest member of any Cheshire Home. All the children are well and in good health.

On the 1st April we have been allotted an appeal on the West Region Home Service under the Week's Good Cause. Why not listen that evening?

H.J.W.

DISABLED RESIDENTS IN THE U.K. HOMES

as in Feb. 1962

	<i>Men</i>	<i>Women</i>	<i>Total</i>
Le Court, Hants.	23	16	39
St. Teresa's, Cornwall	13	15	28
St. Cecilia's, Kent	16	16	32
St. Bridget's, W. Sussex	15	11	26
Amphill Park, Beds.	23	5	28
Staunton Harold, Leics.	25	15	40
Alne Hall, York	19	9	28
White Windows, Yorks.	22	13	35
Hovenden House, Lincs.	14	14	28
Seven Rivers, Essex	10	9	19
Honresfeld, Lancs.	8	6	14
Greathouse, Wilts.	17	12	29
Spofforth Hall, Yorks.	10	11	21
Cann House, Devon	14	12	26
Mayfield House, Edinburgh	16	7	23
Cotswold Home, Glos.	10	13	23
Coomb, Carmarthen	17	20	37
Holme Lodge, Notts.	4	5	9
Kenmore, Yorks.	9	5	14
London Home in Dulwich	7	11	18
Holehird, Westmorland	4	—	4
The Hill, Cheshire	6	—	6
West Midland, Staffs.	—	—	4
Carnsalloch, Dumfries.	4	4	8
Heatherley, Sussex	5	8	13
Greenhill, Somerset	2	2	4
Mote House, Kent	9	11	20
The Grove, Norfolk	6	3	9
Llanhenock, Mon.	—	—	5
Hawthorn Lodge, Dorset	12	10	22
Miraflores, Wimbledon	7	7	14
TOTALS	347	270	626

Carnsalloch, Dumfries

The preparation for Christmas festivities had already started when I joined other members of the growing family at Carnsalloch.

Since the last news bulletin we have had four new members added to our family. Isa Forbes from Ballochmyle, Jock Elliot from Edinburgh, John Robertson from Aberdeen and myself from Irving in Ayreshire—making our number up to eight.

We had a lovely time over Christmas and the New Year and would like to take this opportunity to thank Matron and all members of the staff for the wonderful time we had, and also for the grand Christmas dinner.

Over this period we had many entertainments, including choirs, the Town Band and various concert parties

and also an outing to a candlelight supper given by the kind members of the Men's Fellowship of Maxwelltown West Church. We should like to thank the management committee and all other associations for the many lovely gifts we received, and also Mrs. Heron for decorating the Christmas tree and for the gift she gave each of us.

We have started Occupational Therapy twice weekly. We are all very interested and look forward to it very much. We have made shopping baskets, waste paper baskets, lemonade trays, etc. In the future we hope to do leather work, weaving and various other items to sell for funds.

LIONEL CARSON.

I always think, says Tom Gair, that in the Spring edition of "The Smile" it tends to get a little monotonous to read in the reports from every Home of the continuous round of Christmas festivities in which we all indulge.

Staunton Harold, Leics.

So I hope (continues Tom Gair) no one will be offended if I pass rather briefly over our Christmas at Staunton without going into too much detail. We had the usual happy hectic time with all the concerts and parties which we have now come to expect.

We at Staunton wish to thank everyone for all they did for us, though I think I would be in serious trouble with my fellow patients if I did not give a special word of praise to that great bunch of people, the "Friends of Staunton", for their most wonderful Christmas party, which was definitely the high-light of the season. I know I have written that for at least three years, but this year's effort was generally agreed to be their best ever.

Another feature which has become a regular part of Christmas at Staunton is the production of the pantomime. This year, the old firm of Tom Gair (script-writer) and Sam Bailey (producer) concocted a version of "Dick Whittington". With the help of most of the regular members of the company, together with a few new faces, they gave four performances, including one to about 75 local old-age pensioners, and everyone seemed fairly satisfied with the results, including the cast. We do not charge for admission, but

have a collection, and this year the profits from the show are to be put into the patients' "Raphael Fund".

I am pleased to announce two happy events for members of the staff. Both Mrs. Clarke, wife of our deputy Matron, and Mary Blunt (née Otte-well) who has rendered such valuable service in the office for the past few years, have given birth to first-born sons.

A date to remember. With the full approval of the management committee, Staunton is to be thrown open in an "Open-Day" on June 2nd. This is a completely new venture, and I suppose anything might happen, but the idea is that anyone interested in the Home will be welcomed any time after 2 p.m. to meet the patients. Members of the management committee and the "Friends of Staunton" will be available to show those who wish around the old house and grounds, and tea and biscuits will be on hand. The patients are to make an effort to show the variety of work and handicrafts which are done in the Home. So, make a note in your diaries to come to Staunton on 2nd June for a free-and-easy day in the country; we want to meet you and have a chin-wag!

T.M.G.



Photo: Derby Evening Telegraph

Residents of Staunton collecting in Derby

Toc H in a Cheshire Home

by Bill Bull

(Reproduced from the Toc H Journal by kind permission of the Editor)

On May the 1st, 1959, I took up a new life at Staunton Harold Hall Cheshire Home, after a busy and interesting time spent in putting up a fight against progressive physical deterioration. Now I am enabled to take up life again at this transformed and wonderful home.

After a few days here I learned that several of my fellow patients were going through the teething stages of groping for Toc H. The Ashby and Coalville Branches came along to help us, and I soon realised that here was my chance to rekindle my love for Toc H—which I had given up—in my fight.

What a thrill to join in this "building" of what has proved to be, at least I think so, a unique Toc H Branch. Unique, yes, because we who form the Branch are always in each other's company, and trying—oh so hard—to keep the "Four Points of the Compass". We have seven members, ten probationers, and all are patients except two staff members. Nine are spending the rest of their lives in

wheeled chairs when they are not in bed.

Our disabilities I must pass over. Opportunities for service are plentiful. We write letters for fellow patients, visit the bedridden, provide speakers for Toc H Branches locally, serve on the Church Committee and various committees connected with the Home, organise and assist in efforts for funds for our Home, put on a full dress pantomime (script by one of our patients), write articles for the Press, and so on. All this helps us in our Faith and we have learned to think better and clearer of our Father God.

Visiting Toc H members keep us in touch with the outside world, and Ivanhoe, Coalville, and Leicester Districts provide speakers for us. We have also had the joy and privilege of a visit from "Tubby", our Founder Padre.

Col. Rotherford, who was warden at the time, said at our first Birthday Celebration, when eighty folk were present, "We must thank God for Toc H which has changed the atmosphere of this Home".

A New Kind of Family Day

With the increasing number of Cheshire Homes there has developed a real desire for disabled residents in these widely scattered communities to communicate with each other. A new kind of Family Day has been suggested so that our disabled people could meet and discuss their common problems and ways of life. The following letter from Bill Bull of Staunton Harold gives expression to this feeling.

I should like to say how interested I was in the leaflet on Le Court mentioned in your Editorial last time. It is always very interesting for members of the Cheshire family to know how other Homes are run, especially if one is serving on the Patients' Committee.

I think I had better clear the air about the word "Patients", because I don't wish to enter into the controversy. We, at Staunton, still use it, and I personally have no objection, so

please bear with me.

One can, in reading between the lines of this leaflet, realise that many of the problems we have at Staunton are pretty common to all Homes, and that the spirit of tolerance is one of the secrets of the happiness in our communities.

Another great help to us all is the effort most of us make to sweep away each other's embarrassments, for I am

(continued on next page)

THE GROVE

The Story of Norfolk's New Home

Extracts from an article that appeared in "Norfolk Life", and reproduced here by kind permission of the Editor

It was three years ago when Mr. Walter Allman and Mr. George Bristow went to Lowestoft to hear Leonard Cheshire speak at a meeting to get support for the Essex Home—Seven Rivers. They found the Group Captain's message so inspiring that they invited friends to a similar meeting in Norwich with Earl Ferrers, our local Trustee of the Foundation, and Mr. R. Harding from Seven Rivers as speakers. It was decided to form a committee of support for Seven Rivers and a dozen or so like-minded people under the Chairmanship of Mr. George Fenner got together.

It very soon became apparent, however, that a home of our own in Norfolk was becoming a pressing necessity. We had hardly formed as a committee before applications from prospective patients began coming in. We, therefore, told Seven Rivers that from then on we should be concentrating on our own territory and the hunt was up.

Following several advertisements in the local press we had particulars of many houses, and during the next 18

months we must have visited about 30. Whenever it seemed faintly possible that one would suit, we would have a meeting and thrash it out, but every time there were snags.

Finally we found it—The Grove—six miles from Norwich, in a superb position, high, overlooking a lake, built about 30 years ago but with the spaciousness of a more gracious age and all in apple-pie order. Central heating, modern kitchens and plenty of bathrooms. What is very important, though roomy, it has the intimate scale of a smaller house. So many of the lovely houses we have seen would never have been made really cosy.

The owners of the property, Messrs. Laurence Scott Electromotors, with great generosity offered the property including approximately 60 acres and farm buildings (let), plus a certain amount of the contents, at the very reduced sum of £10,000.

This was last spring. An Appeal Committee was formed to launch an appeal in the autumn to pay for the house, install a lift and tide us over

(continued overleaf)

(continued from opposite page)

sure we have all suffered from this in our own families, however much help we had from those who loved and cared for us.

Next, I think all of us who are this side of the fence realise how much we can help one another in overcoming our difficulties, and often derive quite a lot of benefit from talks together. It is with this idea in mind that I would like to find out from other Homes, especially those in which members serve their brothers and sisters on various Committees, if we could arrange some sort of a get-together with a view to discussing our problems and how each Home has overcome them.

None of us want to judge each other, but there are many ways in which we

can help. The last thing I know we all want is, for want of a better word, regimentation in our Homes. Yet I am sure all of us want to do everything we can to keep up the Cheshire spirit.

As I look back over the last three years and realise what this Home has done for me, in providing not only peace and security but an opportunity to build a new life on crumbling ruins, I want to do all I can to keep up this very happy state of affairs.

I know my proposition seems almost impossible, but who knows? Someone may find a way, at least I hope so. I am personally concerned as I have had the honour of serving on our Patients' Committee for some months now. In my fitter days I attended many delegate meetings connected with sport and social life in industry, and I know what a great help these were.

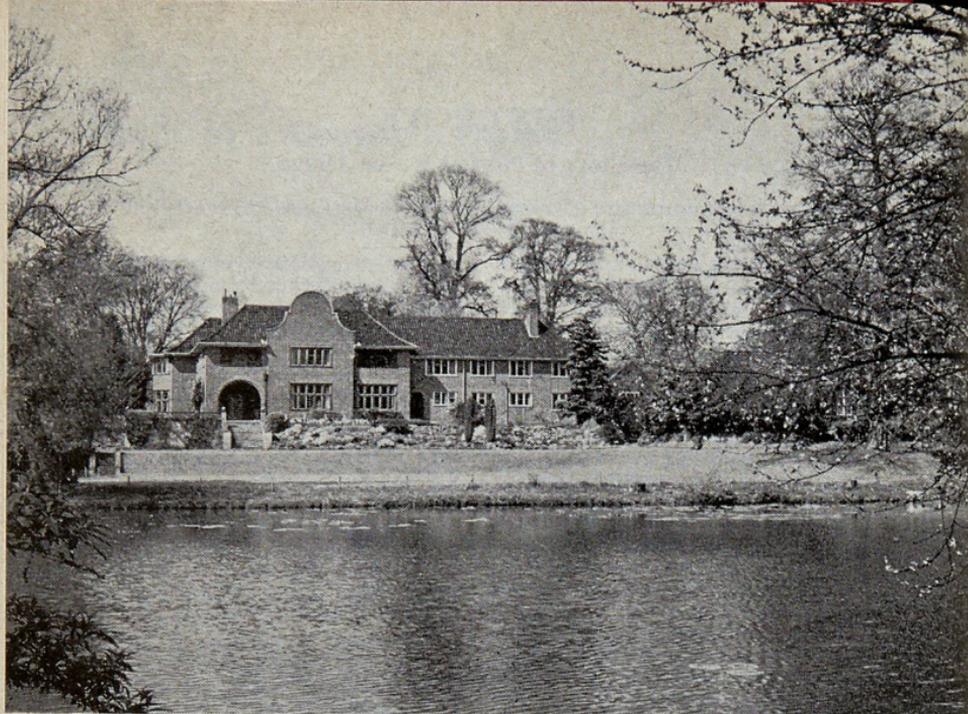


Photo: S. J. Brown

the first year's running costs. We anticipated that the first few patients would be installed by then in two rooms on the ground floor until the lift brings the first floor into use. An Admissions Committee, headed by Dr. H. Maingay and Dr. Irene Green, was formed to sort out the patients' applications and deal with the local authorities concerned for their financial arrangements. Another sub-committee was formed to collect staff—beginning with the all-important Matron.

Every month we met to report progress in the negotiation of the contract for the house, and the work of the Sub-Committees. The contacting and interviewing of prospective matrons turned out to be a lengthier process than we had anticipated. However, at last we found the right person, but alas she broke her arm and had to go to hospital. As a result we did not have the first of the family in residence for the Group Captain's visit in October, as we had hoped.

The Foundation, used to such emergencies, found us two excellent ladies, Miss Phyllis Cooper, already

well known in the Foundation, and Mrs. N. Pope, from New Zealand, whose timely arrival helped us to get under way. They coped with their marathon pioneering task most nobly.

The first two members of our family arrived on Thursday, 2nd November. We felt they might be a little disconcerted by the somewhat makeshift appearance of the Grove at present, but hoped that the warmth of our welcome would to some extent make up for it. We were obviously successful, for one of them, Judith Jones, said to me, "After the geriatric ward this is Heaven." It made us feel very humble and grateful to her.

As it becomes part of our lives, this work is increasingly worthwhile and means more and more to us. With whatever motive one begins, the Cheshire spirit "gets" you and almost imperceptibly your life is enriched by it. We are constantly amazed by the basic goodness of the most unlikely people, and so grateful for the opportunity for unconditional loving that this work provides. Loving is catching and if only this happy infection spreads far enough, there will indeed be hope for the world.

From the Management Committee, The Grove

Through the columns of *The Cheshire Smile* we would like to say "thank you" to Phyllis Cooper for the wonderful help she has been to us since we opened The Grove. We shall miss her at The Grove but hope that she will be very happy in her new

post at Miraflores. We shall also say good-bye shortly to Mrs. Noeline Pope, who has been such a help to us, too, in these early stages—she goes back to New Zealand in March and we wish her a good voyage and happy memories of us all here.

From a Resident

When one is handicapped for a considerable time, one wonders what is going to happen in the future. By the forethought of a very brave man, we are lucky enough to be in this Cheshire Home. It was opened in early November 1961, and is the first in this county.

At present there are eight happy residents looked after by Matron Cooper, two Sisters and a male nurse. They are very kind to us all and attend to our various needs.

No-one could have had a better Christmas than we did, and thanks are due to the Committee and good friends, and to our wonderful Cook.

When funds come in a lift will be installed, and then the family will increase to thirty.

When the spring and summer come the gardens will be a picture thanks to our two gardeners. For those who like fishing there is a lake at the bottom of the garden.



Gentle Savlon Antiseptic Cream soothes sores, cuts, grazes, burns, nasty spots and helps nature heal them quickly.

Savlon

ANTISEPTIC CREAM

From all Chemists



West Midland Home, Wolverhampton, Staffs.

The first ten of us are here at last, after so many unavoidable delays, but it was well worth waiting for—this lovely Home, and we all feel very honoured to be amongst the first to take up residence here. We are not far from the main road and Wolverhampton, but our setting is one of lovely countryside—rural views from every window. The Home itself is ideal, being specially built with all facilities for our benefit, plenty of space to move around in our wheelchairs. Matron, Sister and the staff have spared no efforts to make this a real Home for us. We realise they must have worked very hard indeed in preparation for our arrival.

We soon got over our teething troubles; then arrangements for Christmas were under way and Matron and Sister were once again hectically involved in organising everything for our first Christmas together. We can sum up by stating that everything was superbly arranged—the two large glittering Christmas trees, twinkling with fairy-lights, lovely floral arrangements and colourful plants, and last but not least, the Christmas dinner table set out to perfection with everything we could wish for. Our cook proudly carried in the huge turkey amid loud cheers from all, and we are fortunate that this happy occasion was recorded with a cine-camera—the final reel to a film of our “Home” from the commencement of the foundations. We are all looking forward to seeing ourselves as film stars!

Mr. Robertson proved himself to be an expert at carving the turkey and soon we were all enjoying a lovely Christmas dinner, perfectly cooked and served. After dinner, Mr. Robertson presented all of us with lots of gifts from the tree, these gifts being given by Matron, Sister and the various groups and private people who have made such tremendous efforts over a long period to make this Home a reality. We would like to express our grateful thanks and appreciation to all concerned who have worked so tirelessly in their efforts to provide this “Home” for our benefit. The spirit of Christmas helped us to become a real family. We regret to report that there was

one vacant place at Christmas because Michael was “unavoidably detained” in the Royal Hospital at Wolverhampton. Our thoughts were with him and we hope he will soon be well enough to return to us once again.

The week before Christmas we all embarked on our first trip out together. We were invited to the Y.M.C.A. Hall in Wolverhampton to a Christmas Tea organised for all the disabled people from miles around. Some good samaritans arrived with a fleet of cars to provide transport; the weather was foggy, but we arrived safely at the Hall despite the fact that some of us got lost on the way. We all had a grand time; a very nice turkey tea was followed by a carol service, and afterwards there was a show by some artists from the pantomime in Wolverhampton. We all agreed that our first venture out together was a tremendous success.

A few nights later, Matron took us all to the first night of “Sinbad the Sailor” at the Grand Theatre. This time most of us went in a mini-bus, packed like sardines, but it all added to the fun. We thoroughly enjoyed the show and the costumes and colours were a joy to behold. It was very kind of Matron to give us this treat, especially as it is a long time since some of us have been able to go to a theatre.

New Year's Eve found us practically snowbound; few visitors could reach us. But in the night we had a real party amongst ourselves, with Matron, Sister and Frank being the leading lights as we all sang and laughed together. Midnight arrived and we all joined hands in the appropriate fashion as we sang Auld Lang Syne, and now we look forward to a very Happy 1962.

Miss G. Bourn brought Wombourne Sunday School pupils and put on a Nativity Play for one evening. This was very much enjoyed by all.

We enjoyed a Carol Service given by St. Bartholomew's Church Choir led by the Vicar; the Handbell Ringers also came.

Darlington Street Methodist Church Choir, led by Mr. Dennis Franks, gave a very pleasant evening with carol singing.

St. Bridget's, Sussex

The majority of us stayed up to see 1962 come in. We were well fortified with all that one needs on such an occasion. Everybody's taste was catered for through the gifts of our generous friends.

Christmas Day was great fun and we do thank all who so kindly gave us numerous presents which made the day. All ate too much, but it was so excellent that one could not resist having just that little more or trying just something else. Here too the liquid refreshment was ample and varied—punch, champagne, and all other drinks.

Entertainment during the season was much enjoyed and gave us many happy evenings. Concert parties, film shows, lantern slides of foreign parts, well-acted plays, carol singers and bell ringers—all in their turn were warmly received and much appreciated.

Again through the kindness of a friend, the family all spent a most entertaining and enjoyable afternoon at the Pantomime in Worthing.

The family have organised their own Comfort Fund and many are "plying their trade" and working with great gusto. Already they have sold a considerable number of things and bought for their home a variety of articles which they wanted. Mrs. Laura Smith, who helps in many ways, is the guiding hand in this new venture.

There was a very lovely Flower Display given by the Littlehampton Flower Club and combined with a Coffee Morning, and we were delighted to welcome old and new friends.

Our New Year morning Sherry Party was very pleasant, but we were disappointed that a number of people could not join us due to the icy conditions of the roads. M. ELLIOTT.

Holehird, Lake District

The first Christmas at Holehird was a very happy time, in spite of the fact that the noise, dust, and chaos of structural alterations still continued, and that the one oasis of peace, light, and warmth was the patients' lounge. By much hard work on the part of Matron and Staff this room was transformed into a place of beauty and colour, a huge Christmas tree laden with gifts taking pride of place. As a result of strenuous efforts and extra time given by the electrical engineers, the long-awaited central heating was switched on just before Christmas Day, and a most welcome warm glow spread through the ground floor (just in time).

On Christmas morning gifts from the tree were distributed by Mrs. Leigh Groves, who wished the residents and staff many happy days in their new home. The Christmas fare for the dinner had also been provided by kind friends; the Chairman, disguised as chef, carved the turkey, and the meal was served by Mr. and Mrs. Fisher and Judith to staff and residents at a table beautifully decorated by Judith. The diners were much touched by this

friendly gesture on the part of the Fisher family, and even more so by their staying on to clear away and wash up.

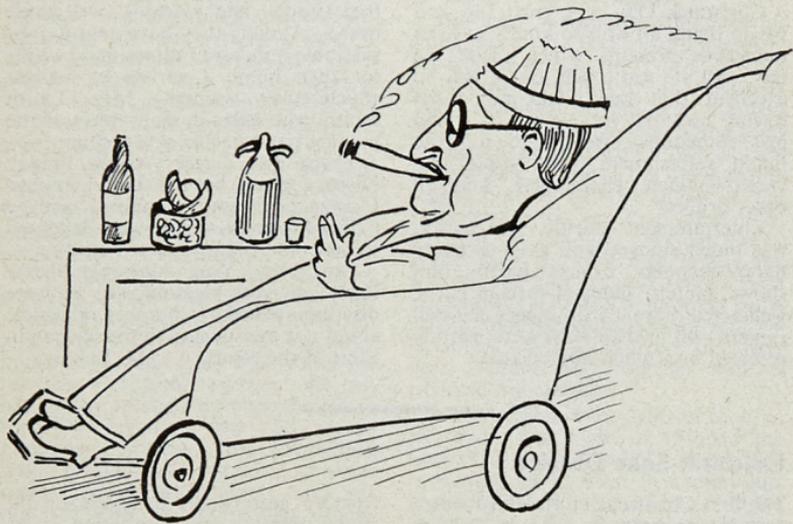
The other memorable part of this Christmas was the singing of carols. Several groups came to sing, including Grammar School boys and the Chairman's family. But perhaps the most special evening (for all concerned) was the party given by the staff and residents to all committee members, with one of the patients as M.C. All joined heartily in the singing of sea-shanties and carols, there was much joking and laughter, and we all felt that great strides had been made during that evening in getting to know one another.

There are great hopes that structural alterations will near completion in a few weeks, and that the lift will be installed in the near future. This will make it possible to accept more patients, and preparations are going ahead so that beds, reconditioned furniture, bedlinen, curtains, etc., will all be ready to fall into position as soon as the rooms are habitable.

P.M.S.

Kenmore, Yorkshire

REFLECTIONS ON CHRISTMAS DAY



D.K. (resident)

"To think in another 358 days we shall be at it again—ah!—bliss!"

HINTS FOR ARTISTS SUBMITTING LINE DRAWINGS

The drawing on this page sent in by Dudley Kitching of Kenmore, one of the West Riding Homes, prompts us to print this advice:

1. Use Bristol Board or similar white, smooth-faced card or paper.
2. Use Indian Ink, and work as boldly as possible.
3. Avoid "fussy" lines and unnecessary details.
4. Make your drawing as large as possible; it will be improved when reduced to the required size by the block-makers.
5. Send all finished drawings between boards to protect them against creases, etc.
6. We should be glad to consider rough cartoons, or line drawings to illustrate articles, which one of our own artists could "touch-up."

Someone once said, "I have seen too many Christmas-tides already", but I would not have missed this one at Kenmore; it was the brightest and happiest experience many of us have had for a long time.

The occasion started a few days before with the friends of Kenmore putting up the decorations. Saturday, the 16th December, saw the party provided by the Spendborough Committees, with all the trimmings and presents (I understand that some of these were kindly presented by the Rotary and Inner Wheel). One of the features of this party that pleased me personally was seeing our Matron, Miss Gray, sitting down at one end of the table and our Sister Brearley at the other end.

After "grace", spoken by Mr. Laycock, Chairman of the House Committee, we did justice to a meal fit for Kings and Queens: it would be indecent to say how much food there was of every kind and variety . . . but has so much ever been consumed by so few? After the meal and during the evening we were ably entertained by the local Young Conservative Concert Party.

During the Christmas we were reminded that we were celebrating the greatest event the world has ever known; our local Vicar, Rev. Corkett, and the Salvation Army visiting us, and Father Kehoe ministering to our R.C. member.

On the 22nd December, Mr. Parsons, a well-known local businessman and friend of ours, kindly provided us with seats and a bus to see Billy Smart's Circus at Leeds . . . a furniture van also being provided to carry our chairs. Incidentally your writer rode

in this "conveyance" and now knows how furniture must feel when being removed.

Christmas Eve saw a party of us being invited to a splendid tea at the Home of Mr. and Mrs. Hey—another great friend to Kenmore.

Then came Christmas day. It began at breakfast with the opening of presents from the Staff and Management Committee. Then quite early the House Committee Chairman, Mr. Laycock, and Dr. and Mrs. Platts arrived and later two further great friends of Kenmore, Mr. and Mrs. Hilton, and their son John, came to help with the dinner. After suitable toasts had been made most of us were ready for the festive meal that lay ahead. With due ceremony the turkey was expertly carved by Mr. Laycock, capped and gowned in "Matronly" attire!

So now we come to the New Year. On the 1st we were happy to welcome their Worships the Mayor and Mayoress of Spendborough, Councillor and Mrs. Oxnard, who chatted so informally and wished us—as we wished them—a happy new year.

Those were some of the highlights of Christmas at this West Riding Cheshire Home . . . our first Christmas together as a family; and, quite rightly, our gratitude should go out to all the many people who have contributed in all kinds of ways to making it a most happy and memorable occasion. It would be invidious to pick out any one person, but it is felt that we must say a very big "thank you" to our Matron Gray and the staff who were on duty that day, and the preceding and succeeding days, for giving us so much pleasure. D.K.

White Windows, Yorkshire

Our most important news covers the suggested extension to the Home—not to increase accommodation, but to allow of greater space, especially during the active hours at the Home. Plans are being drawn up for a further lounge. The Management Committee of the two West Ridings Homes are to be congratulated on the splendid work they are doing for the comfort of the present and would-be residents. Matron Ibberson has also been surrounded by decorators' pat-

tern books recently as she struggles to match-up designs for wallpaper for the two lounges, hall and staircase—no mean feat.

The family has enjoyed some fine festive fare over the Christmas period, but first of all I would like to mention our appreciation of the members of the League of Friends of Halifax Hospitals, who each fortnight, whatever the weather, have paid visits to both of our Homes to put on a first-class film show. This is not the first

time these friends have given up their autumn and winter evenings on our behalf, and we should like them to know how much we value their efforts.

Many organisations, church groups, parties, etc., combined to make the Christmas Festivities something to remember, with perhaps the culmination being the carol service given by the local St. George's Church.

Father Christmas appeared to everyone's delight on Christmas Eve, distributed his many gifts, and then having dis-robed sat down and joined our family, who together with members of the Management Committee, then enjoyed the residents' annual Christmas Concert. All agreed that Louis Battye's script, Joan William's production, plus artistes who delighted the ear and eye, had combined to give us an excellent evening. As usual the demand for a repeat performance was met on 20th January.

The organisation of our two Homes has undergone some changes brought about by the recognition of equal status for the Homes. We now have two autonomous House Committees, meeting separately, and an overall Management Committee presided over by Mr. Frank Dixon, J.P., who has done sterling work for the West Riding Cheshire Homes over the past years.

As we write, White Windows has so many residents and staff temporarily housed at our local Hospital—Jean M'Glashen, Mrs. Hartley and Mrs. Holland—that we are thinking of transferring home there. Jack Mitchell has now rejoined us after a spell at Pinderfields Hospital, while John Foxwell has also returned to the fold and is as busy as ever with the "Toffee Bashers". Unfortunately Rene Watson has left us, having returned home to her parents; we wish her well.

L. TIREBUCK.

St. Teresa's, Cornwall

We had a very nice Christmas, with plenty to eat and drink and with plenty of fun and games. Nearly everyone went to Church on Christmas morning. Before dinner there were several visitors, including the Mayor and Mayoress of St. Ives, also the Chairman of West Penwith Rural District Council with his wife. Our Chairman, Alderman J. S. Stephens, J.P., C.C., was present, as usual, and toasts were drunk, with the first toast being to our Founder. Our usual "Father Christmas" was present and he distributed many gifts from the lovely Christmas tree. ("Father Christmas" being Mr. Scarborough from Mousehole).

On the evening of Boxing Day we had our usual film show. This time the film was "Carve Her Name With Pride". We all enjoyed it and we are very grateful to Mr. Bennets of St. Ives, whose projector was used. We are also very grateful to our old friend Mr. Peters from Helston who obtained the film for us.

Over Christmas we had visits from various carol parties and we enjoyed their singing.

The lounge was decorated very nicely and for this we were indebted to the Penzance-Newlyn Rugby Club ("The Pirates") who, as usual, made an excellent job of them, though—as I expect they would be first to agree—the very dainty touch introduced by our own Sister Kirk, with the blue and gold draped from each wall lamp was very effective.

Since Christmas we have had one or two other entertainments. The Children's Choir, under the able leadership of Mrs. Glanville; from Indian Queens; the Newlyn Male Voice Choir; some very interesting slides given by Mr. and Mrs. Pack.

In addition to these entertainments *in the Home*—quite a few of our residents went to the Pantomime at Redruth on 6th January. It was an excellent production and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

On 15th January we had a quiz contest in the lounge. A team of young men and ladies, seven in number, from Penzance, tried their best to give us a "licking". It was a very close contest with St. Teresa's winning by eight points.

L.H.

The Hill, Sandbach, Cheshire



Photo: Crewe Chronicle

Briefly, our news to date is that we now have six residents in the Home. Alterations are in course of preparing the Matron's and Staff Wing in order to make further accommodation avail-

able for residents. The order for the lift has been placed, and work of installation will commence in the spring.

Pictorial Record of the Cheshire Homes

(with nearly 200 pictures)

An attractively produced 48-page souvenir volume of pictures is in preparation which we hope to publish some time this year. It is being printed throughout on art paper, and the book (9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in by 12in) will have stout covers designed to stand a good deal of wear and tear.

The selling price of the Pictorial Record has been fixed at 3s. 6d. for single copies, but we are arranging to allow the Homes and "Friends" to purchase quantities at reduced rates (although we shall be forced to charge for postage and packing).

Orders of 6 or more will be charged at 3s. 3d. per copy

 " 12 " " " 3s. 0d. "
 " 100 " " " 2s. 9d. "

(Will the Homes please note that although these prices are 6d. more than previously specified, we are fairly certain that there will be no further increase.)

The Story of Betty Clarke



Sketch of a
Cheshire Home
Matron

*(Miss R. B. Clarke
of Le Court)*

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**C**AN a leopard change its spots? Can a hospital-trained Matron ever be transformed into a normal human being? That seems to be a real question in many people's minds, people inside as well as outside Cheshire Homes.

In actual fact, of course, the typical hospital Matron today is far removed from the dragon, the "battle-axe", who used to be a favourite figure in fiction. Moreover, the Cheshire Homes have been fortunate in finding quite a number of Matrons who could relax their former hospital discipline to something more suited to these communities of disabled people trying to live as normal lives as possible. But we at Le Court feel pretty certain that no other Home has witnessed such a transformation as we have seen in Miss Betty Clarke, our Matron.

Never let it be thought that this came about quite effortlessly. Betty is the first to admit that if she has changed since she took on the job, it is only as a result of a long hard struggle. But that is typical of her life as a whole. "It has always been difficult," she says with a wry smile.

In order to understand the story one must go back to the beginning, and follow it through from there. Betty was born in 1920, at Coventry, the daughter of a deputy Registrar of the City. I have been able to find out very

little about her mother and father, except that Betty was fond of them both. They had two boys and two other girls in the family besides Betty.

At the secondary school to which she went in Coventry Betty admits to being more interested in getting up to mischief than in attending to her lessons, which is perhaps why she did not shine as a girl scholar. She was, however, learning other things at home. As though in readiness for future needs, she was learning what it means to look after sick people, for both her parents had recurrent bouts of illness. Thirteen-year-old Betty seems almost to have run the home for the whole family when her mother's attacks of asthma became acute.

After matriculation (yes, she had pulled her socks up by then!), she left school at the age of 16. It had been her desire to go on to University with an idea, never clearly formulated, of going in for some kind of teaching. But family finances would not permit this. Her father obtained her a job in the Post Office as a telephonist. She stayed there for two years, becom-

ing more and more uninterested in the work.

It was during her recuperation from a bout of 'flu that she first seriously considered the suggestion, "What about going in for nursing?" She looked at the idea with only luke-warm favour. "Nursing held no real interest for me at that time." She still finds it difficult to believe that a true vocation for nursing can begin in such a half-hearted manner.

Nevertheless, with a firmness of purpose that can be called characteristic, Betty took the plunge ("because I was so bored in the P.O."), and started on her nursing training. The hospital of her choice was Guy's. It was the eventful year 1940. "As soon as I put on my first uniform I somehow knew this was the job for me. I can't explain why or how I knew. I just did. And I have loved nursing ever since."

Her arrival at the Preliminary Training School—then evacuated to Pembury, near Tunbridge Wells, in Kent—was timed nicely to coincide with the Dunkirk operation, and she was thrown into the thick of wartime nursing without ever having seen the inside of a hospital before. At 8 o'clock one evening the phone rang with an urgent call for every available student nurse to report at local hospitals. Betty was confronted with gruesome sights that have now become all too familiar, but were horrifying enough to an inexperienced girl of 19: the beds in the wards, the floors everywhere, crammed with men picked up from the sea and from the beaches of Dunkirk. "It was the dirt I remember most; war is always associated in my mind with dirt." Later she was to experience the blitz on London, and the V1 and V2 raids. She was in the hospital the night in 1940 that Guy's had a direct hit.

"You can't be a good nurse until you have experienced nursing from the receiving end." Betty holds this belief very strongly. She declares that no part of her own training was more important than the unscheduled part she received when she became ill and had to undergo the treatment herself.

After completing her four-year training she joined her mother, recently widowed, and now living at Poole in Dorset. She began work at Poole General Hospital as a staff

nurse, and a year later, as Sister Tutor, was instrumental in starting a P.T.S. at the hospital, which she ran for two years. At home, and at night school, she was studying hard for her Diploma in Nursing at London University, and was rewarded when in 1947 she passed the exam, and could add "D.N." after her name, the highest academic honour in nursing. There was, however, still one important sphere of the profession in which Betty remained unqualified, and she soon set about remedying that defect. She took her "midwifery" at Southampton General Hospital (for part 1), and Salisbury General Hospital (for part 2).

After her mother's death in 1948, Betty returned to Poole General as a Ward Sister, and then as Night Superintendent. But, still climbing the ladder, she was appointed in 1950 to the position of Administrative Sister at Bristol Royal Infirmary. A year or so later, she had been granted a Red Cross Scholarship and was seconded to the Royal College of Nursing for a course in Hospital Administration. On returning to the Bristol R.I. it was not long before she became First Assistant Matron.

This is a good moment to pause and take a look at a facet of Betty Clarke's life on which we have not yet touched, her religious life. It has always, she says, right from childhood, been of the greatest importance to her, "and not least during the wartime bombing of London." Sanctity she has always recognised as the natural way of living—if one could attain it. And, today, she knows that a well-ordered life, certainly one lived in community, can only be achieved with a stable foundation of "unworldliness", as she sometimes calls it. The ordinary Anglican churchmanship of her childhood slowly changed during her twenties to a "High" churchmanship, which at one period became far too rigorous and overscrupulous ("I got over that phase, though"). Then various circumstances conspired to lead her into the Catholic Church. She was received at Farm Street in 1952. "Of course, it was the most important event in my whole life." She hardly remembers the exact date though. "Time doesn't seem to matter; it feels as if I've always been a Catholic."

It has been said that Betty belongs to that rare type of woman with a real vocation for top-level jobs, just because she can combine the organisational capacity necessary for successful administration with a sympathetic understanding of the needs and desires and problems of the men and women in her charge, which leads and draws them on, and doesn't force. She herself says: "Although there is perhaps something in me that finds administration and organisation agreeable, I have always longed to give that personal care to individuals, which is the root of nursing." Indeed, in her administrative positions, a cardinal point in her policy was always to try and eradicate the impersonal tendencies in hospital routine; there were indeed conflicts with higher authorities on this score. The newly-created National Health Service also awakened a certain apprehension in her as it did in others. She saw the need for voluntary service to complement the Welfare State machine, and to fill the gaps left in its network.

Perhaps it was this feeling mixed up as it was with a great deal of religious self-examination in regard to "What shall I do with my life?" that made her answer an advertisement for the post of Matron at Le Court. She came and saw the need for a good Matron. The call to service was clear. The great decision lay before her. Should she chuck up a career in which she had every chance of climbing to the topmost rung? Her hesitation lasted only a few hours; although she searched her heart she could find no valid reason for refusing such a call. She resigned her job at Bristol that same night.

Needless to say, considering the frequency with which Matrons and Sisters-in-Charge had changed in the previous few years, the Le Court administration were delighted to accept a candidate with Betty Clarke's qualifications, who would even promise to hold the post for longer than a year or two. So in December 1956 she began her work here. And "because I saw the need was so great" she sacrificed the holiday that was due to her in order to start as soon as possible. She has been here ever since.

The question is rightly asked—what has Betty Clarke done for Le Court?

A whole book could be written on this theme, on the transformation that has been effected in the last five years under her guidance. And the word "transformation" is not idly used in this connection. Such a book, if it were written, would be an object-lesson in the art of how to run, with digressions on how not to run, a Cheshire Home.

I shall not attempt even a short sketch of this five-year history: we can't spare the space. It will be much more useful to consider what lessons Matron Betty has learnt during this time, which she could pass on to the administrations of other Cheshire Homes. I put the question to her recently; she was at first very loath to answer; in the end, she tried to express her mind.

Unless you can get to know people and learn to love them you are useless at this job. It may sound trite, she says, but one is learning it more and more profoundly every day. "That is the first and most important lesson I have learnt." Then, "always keep an open mind"—that's a maxim to which she has tried to adhere and would recommend to others. Above all, she says, learn not to be afraid, of people, of giving up authority, of delegating. . . . "I have seen the need—it has been pretty well forced on me at times—to drop more and more of the defence mechanisms, the armoury, the inhibitions, acquired during seventeen years of conventional nursing."

There can be no doubt that she has made mistakes—as she is the first to admit. Sometimes, she has tried to impose her views on the community, and the resulting friction has not been pleasant to live through. More and more she has realised that the giving-up of a cherished principle, an assumed prerogative, is often a carrying out of the Lord's injunction to lose oneself in order to live. "One is repaid a hundredfold", she says now, with a seriousness that shows how deep is the realisation. It is thus as true that Le Court has transformed Betty Clarke, as that Betty Clarke has transformed Le Court. In fact, she confesses, "My real training began on that December day in 1956 when I came here, and I'm still waiting for my final passing-out certificate."

Yet she will insist, and surely she is right to do so, that if a community

like Le Court is to be well-run there must be discipline of one kind or another. If imposed discipline is relaxed, then self-discipline must be strengthened. And that is an educative process, which is a long-term project. Under her guidance a happy state of affairs has been evolved here at Le Court, a nicely adjusted balance between, on the one side, the demands of efficiency and the exercise of authority; and on the other side the need of individuals to express themselves as they think fit, that independence of spirit which it is part of any good rehabilitation programme to foster.

Matron Betty has promised to put her thoughts about the Cheshire Homes on paper for *The Cheshire Smile*. There is no doubt in my mind that with her qualifications, with

her character, and with her experience, she has something to say to which it will be well worth our while to listen. However, that is not all she has to offer. Her mind and her experience are an invaluable asset to the Foundation, and maybe in the future these will be called into service on an even wider scale than at present.

The Cheshire Homes have become part of Betty's life, and, she firmly declares, "I shall always want to be associated very closely with the work"—the work that began fourteen years ago at Le Court, the first of the famous Homes bearing the name of Group Captain Cheshire.

FRANK SPATH.

*(The report of a speech made by the Matron of Le Court to a Conference of Almoners in London appears on page 55.)*



Photo: Norman Rogers

**Matron carving in Le Court kitchen**



**Winter Sports at Le Court. John takes Sylvia for a ride on the snow-covered slopes of the estate**

### **Le Court, Hampshire**

The most notable happenings in October were the five days we had a stall, manned by residents and workshop ladies, at the Alton Art Exhibition; and the second birthday of Independence Unlimited, which makes so many invaluable gadgets to help us to live more fully.

November brought the usual Guy Fawkes' party that the Le Court Association gives for our friends—a more than usually good one. During the month Frank Spath (the Editor) collected his Reselco indoor chair, for which his brother had designed and made special controls. It has fired the rest of the people who either can't wheel themselves about, or have great difficulty in doing so, to try every way of getting electric indoor chairs too. Frank and Brian whirring about the place make it clear how desirable mobility is.

There was an unprecedented number of parties in December, here or elsewhere. The month began with

Christmas shopping in Southsea again, and this time the Police Club very kindly provided lunch on two consecutive Tuesdays (too many people wanted to go for a single expedition). Christmas Day itself had a warmth and vitality and dottiness that made it one of the best we could remember. We'd scarcely recovered from the round of smaller parties and Christmas, before the party-of-the-year was upon us, on New Year's Eve minus one. This was also agreed to be exceptionally enjoyable: in fact, it wouldn't stop. We do thank our many friends for all they've done over the past year. Christmas always makes us specially conscious how blessed we are in our friends.

The last of Christmas was the trip to the pantomime at Southsea that Mr. Wilkins generously gives us every year.

The New Year has appropriately begun with a surge of activity. One  
*(continued at foot of next page)*

# A QUESTION OF PATIENCE

by Brian F. Line

In the past year there has been a great deal of discussion in *The Cheshire Smile* about the word "Patient". In the Spring last year, Barbara Beasley concluded, "Residents may be a dull word, but at least it hasn't the implication patient has. Anyway, somebody may think of a better word." Rightfully, Barbara says "residents" is a dull word. And so it is. It is certainly a word which does not inspire people. Now I am not going to suggest that I have thought of a better word, but I do feel we should take a closer look at the word "patient". In its initial meaning, that is "patience under suffering", it is a word which we should be proud to live up to. Is it, I wonder, because of this very meaning that we sub-consciously try to rid ourselves of the title, because we know how incapable we are of living up to such a name?

Whether we like it or not, we have been labelled with this name "patient". The only alternatives appear to be (1) to change other people's attitude to the word, or (2) try ourselves to live up to the word to the best of our ability. It is this that I should like to lay before you now.

Let us turn to the book which has influenced the minds of men for the past 2,000 years—the Holy Bible. In the book Ecclesiastes we read: "... And the patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit." And in Psalm 40, there is this: "... I waited patiently for the Lord. He inclined unto me and heard my cry. He drew me up from the desolate pit out of the miry

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(continued from opposite page)

manifestation of this is the new outwork from Plessey's at Havant, the first time we've had an assembly line complete with jigs (or rather disassembly, since it's dismantling faulty transistor components). Three sorts of outwork going at once as well as handicrafts, the Le Court film finished, the magazine going to press, the news-letter circulation rising to 500 copies a month. . . . 1962 promises to be an exciting year.

B.B.

bog and set my feet upon a rock." Here patience is spoken of as relationship between man and God.

In the New Testament, the words mercy and patience often go hand in hand. Christ puts great value on being patient. Surely as patients that is one of the things we have to practise more than others. We must be patient with those who look after us in the Homes, a thing which is not easy to do when one is feeling tired and run-down. We have to help others to be patient with us. It is all too easy for us to forget that it is just as hard for the nurse to be patient as it is for us. We tend to think that because they can move around and have the full use of their limbs they have all they want. We forget they have worries just as we do. These worries can irritate and make them impatient. Therefore, it is as much our duty to help them to be patient towards us as it is for us to be patient with them.

We also exercise patience over ourselves. That is, over our physical needs, and our spiritual needs. James speaks of this: "... My brothers do not blame your troubles on one another, or you will fall under judgment, and there stands the judge at the door. If you want a pattern of patience under ill treatment take the prophet who spoke in the name of the Lord. Remember we count those happy who stood firm. You have all heard how Job stood firm and you have seen how the Lord treated him in the end. For the Lord is full of pity and compassion." Yes, indeed, we have to wait. We have to be patient and bear our disabilities until such time as the Lord finds it fit to relieve us of this burden. It is better that we be patient and strive to cultivate our souls if we cannot cultivate our bodies. "Patience under suffering"—that is what the word originally meant. It is a well-known fact that suffering has been a means of bringing many a person to a greater understanding of his own soul and the spirit of Christ. It has been the means of making a life which has been, prior

to suffering, meaningless, into a great and important life.

Surely we are in a unique position insofar as we have not got to bother about all the everyday cares that our able-bodied friends have to do. We do not have to worry where the next meal is coming from or who is going to look after us. In the care and shelter of a Cheshire Home we have all these things laid on for us, thus giving us more time and energy (what we have left) to use towards a higher goal in life. Let me leave you with a few words from a book in which I have found a great deal of wisdom, "The Imitation of Christ"—"Oh Lord, my God, patience is very necessary for me as I plainly see, for many things in this life do happen contrary to this. . .

... He is not truly patient who is willing to suffer only so much as he thinks good and from whom he pleases. But the truly patient man knows not by whom he is exercised, but whether by his superiors, by his equals or by his inferiors. Whether by a good or holy man or by one who is perverse and unworthy, but indifferently from every creature. . . . He takes it all thankfully as from the hands of God, and ascertains it a great gain. . . .

... If thou art unwilling to suffer thou refuseth to be crowned, but if thou desirest to be crowned fight manfully and endure patiently."

Is there a better word than patience in existence?

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#### An Apology from the Irish Home

The Management Committee of Ardeen desire to apologise to Allwin (Richards Son and Allwin Ltd.), Great Bridge, Tipton, Staffs., for not giving their full name when telling of

their wonderful gift of a wheelchair to Ardeen. May we take the opportunity of thanking them again for their great generosity. The chair is a wonderful asset.

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## A JOLLY EVENING AT COOMB

(Coomb Home, Llanstephan, Carmarthen)

The residents, or the members of the "Family" as I prefer to call them, have enjoyed many a lively evening in the months they have been residing here at Coomb, but surely the evening of the 2nd January must stand out for its sheer simplicity and spontaneity and the fact that nearly all the family could take part in the games that were played. 'Neath the festoons of decorations, plus three giant crackers and innumerable balloons, we started at approximately 6.15 p.m. It commenced with a sing-song, and soon after the house was resounding with laughter and cheering. The first game was in progress! It was a game in which the competitors had to knock a potato from one end of the room to the other and back with a walking stick. The potatoes were not round and as you can imagine, rolled any way but the right way. There were two competitors on the "field" at the same time, and the spud would keep rolling onto your adversary's track and of course, would do this at the wrong moment; and when you made after it, it was an odds-on chance that your wheel-chair would collide with your fellow competitor's, who inevitably would be immediately behind you at the crucial moment. But it was all good fun and the adversaries enjoyed it as much as the spectators. The Champion "spud knocker onner" was Ben "The Shop" Hughes.

The second game was just as hilarious or even more so. This entertainment took the shape of "Seven-a-side Football". The players were placed opposite each other, and had to knock the ball, a balloon, up the line and past either Matron on one side or Mrs. Sarah Jones (Resident Voluntary Worker) on the other, each of whom acted as goal-keepers. To anyone who

witnessed this game being played it was an object lesson in courage and good humour. For, despite the severity of people's disabilities, it was played with such vigour that the goal-keepers had all their work cut out to stop the shots fired at them. Then someone dropped a second balloon into the fray. This doubled the hilarity, so much so, that some of the players couldn't reach the ball for laughing. Nobody bothered to keep the score when a third ball was slung into the field of battle.

It had been intended to have a treasure hunt but the time had flown so fast that there was none for any other games. But I am sure one and all retired that evening tired and well-pleased with their evening's entertainment.

The chief organiser of the games was a Voluntary Worker, Mrs. Tonwen Davies, from North Pembroke, who arrived at Coomb to spend her Christmas with us, on the 24th December. She is a school teacher by profession, and has made herself very popular with us all. She is an excellent pianist and has been the instigator of many a rousing sing-song that has almost raised the roof of Coomb.

Her collaborator in this jolly evening was Resident Gordon McNeill, or Mac as he is more familiarly known. He is a bearded bewhiskered Scotsman and is a very jovial person, and a very handy man with his hands. I am sure that I speak on behalf of all the Residents when I say "Thank you Tonwen and Mac, for a memorable evening's entertainment. It was great!"

At the time of writing, Tonwen is making preparations to leave us and we wish her a very Happy New Year and say "Come back soon, we shall all miss you."

DOUGLAS.

### Alne Hall, Yorkshire

The new building on the west side of the house has now been joined to the main building by a covered way. Wheelchair patients can have easier transit.

Many holiday people have been

here, of course, and must have enjoyed the entertainment from those who have been kind enough to visit us.

Every possible enjoyment was to be had at Christmas, and even a pantomime is fixed for the near future.

P. ROBSON.

## Seven Rivers, Essex

Shop early for Christmas; that is certainly the slogan at Seven Rivers, and while many able-bodied people were still making lists and counting their money, Seven Rivers' presents were all wrapped up and labelled. This was due to the shopping expeditions which have become a regular feature of the Home. Each Monday, until the Christmas rush really starts (when it is left to those who can fight back), about four residents are driven in to Colchester to be met by willing pushers from the Lion Walk Congregational Church. The hour goes very quickly but there is usually time for a cup of tea before returning home.

A coffee morning was held at the Home on the 16th November, which was attended by many friends. The residents' work stall did very brisk business, taking £30. There was basket work made by Robert, Frank, Laura and Elizabeth, rugs by Neville, leatherwork by Tom and dish cloths by Alice and Bessie. Annie and Mary were busy almost up to Christmas Eve making crackers, each one decorated with a Red Feather and containing mottoes, gifts and Christmas wishes from Seven Rivers. Jerry is progressing with his painting and we are all looking forward to seeing David's bulbs in full bloom soon. Elsie is kept busy typing the articles submitted to the local papers.

### Christmas at the Home

"A good time was had by all": I think this sums it up very well, and here are my impressions.

The Home was very well decorated and a lot of time was spent by the staff (particularly Jenny and Beverley) who transformed the place. Crowning it all was the lovely Christmas tree, laden with presents and beautifully lit up.

As usual Christmas day was a busy time for the kitchen staff. Owing to building alterations they were working under a handicap, but this they surmounted in their own cheerful fashion, and a big "thank you" to them is but little recompense for all they did.

Christmas dinner was the traditional turkey and plum pudding, preceded

We have been most fortunate in our Sunday services recently. Since Bob Austin left they have been taken (amongst other kind friends) by a Colchester church youth club and the local Methodists who brought their Silver Band and Choir.

An exciting outing for some of the lady residents was to the Moot Hall in Colchester where the Colchester Association organised a colourful and glamorous Fashion Show on our behalf. Vogue Fashions Ltd. and attractive London models, both male and female, gave their services for this show.

The associations which help us have given splendid support this last year, raising over £1,200 in many and varied ways. Coffee mornings, bridge and whist drives and socials are perhaps the most popular means of raising funds. A pet's corner competition organised by an eleven-year-old girl was an original idea; also a cocktail party and wine and cheese party brought in useful sums. Collections taken at the well-known Dedham Passion play and at Felsted Junior school chapel were also given to the Home. The Woodford Townswomen's Guild contributed enough money to buy a patient lifter with slings which is a great help to both residents and staff.

by a variety of drinks. After dinner there was a jolly get-together with visitors, staff and the indefatigable Committee.

Boxing day was gift day, as usual, and we were very grateful for the sum of £1 1s. given to each person by Mrs. Clements. Added to this was a varied assortment of presents handed round by "Father Christmas" (Graham).

In the evening a Magic Circle member mystified and enthralled an audience; judging by the applause, he was indeed "the goods". Later on the rock-and-rollers came into their own, and Christmas here closed as it had begun, on a very cheerful note.

TOM LORD.

### Grateful Thanks

Might I, through your columns, say how grateful I am for the kind help given to me in my painting lessons at Seven Rivers, by Mrs. Twiser? Under her guidance and expert advice I am progressing, and it is a very nice gesture on her part.

Gerry Fisher (a resident).

## St. Cecilia's, Kent

There's never a dull moment at St. Cecilia's. This was particularly true during the two or three weeks of December which embraced the Christmas festivities. To begin with, our decorations were a sheer delight; the place was ablaze with colour, right down the long corridor, hundreds of stars, moons and planets blazed and scintillated. It was David who thought out this decorative scheme.

Sister Ferguson worked like a Trojan. She set about the seemingly superhuman task of filling the breach which was caused by the departure of Matron Cooper, and proved herself to be a most worthy successor. We count ourselves lucky in having Sister Ferguson with us. She is indeed a treasure.

The highlight of the season was, of course, our very own party on the 16th, when the residents and their friends, the management committee and the staff, were all united in feast and merriment. During the evening we enjoyed some special carol singing which was rendered by seven of our lady residents. They had banded themselves into a choir several weeks before, and from the results on that evening, it was obvious that they had put in much practice.

If a list were made of all the other entertainments, carol recitals, parties and gifts, presented to us by our friends from surrounding districts, such a list would be mountainous. We do value our friends and we are exceedingly grateful for their efforts on our behalf.

We are sorry to relate that Mrs. Lewis-King, a very, very dear friend and benefactor of St. Cecilia's is at this moment very ill and is in hospital.

We are sorry too that Nurse Dickie has left us, to take up employment elsewhere. Though we very much regret changes that take place at St. Cecilia's, we do appreciate that in the course of time, among staff and residents alike, changes are inevitable. We do feel exceedingly thankful however, that in spite of these changes and momentary set-backs, no clouds darken our horizon.

T.R.L.

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## Hovenden, Lincolnshire

Since we last wrote we have welcomed three more men patients. Derek Williams came before Christmas and afterwards we were pleased to have Hubert Sindall and Albert Wright. All three are Lincolnshire men and we are glad that a re-arrangement of the bedrooms made it possible to take them in, as it means that they are not too far from their relations.

There have been the usual gaities over the Christmas Season, and we never cease to be grateful for those kind people who make time to come and entertain us with concerts and carols, especially this year when travelling was more than usually difficult.

The building of the new occupational and physiotherapy rooms is going on apace, and we are looking forward to the Official Opening in the Spring when it is hoped the Group-Captain, who laid the Foundation

Stone, will be here to declare them "open".

In November we had a "switching-on" ceremony and party so that we could thank the Rotary and Inner Wheel Clubs for having the Home and outbuilding re-wired, and also Miss Heather White who raised enough money at her Tulip Stall to fix all the beds with bed-head lights. It was very nice to meet our benefactors, many of whom had not been to the Home before.

We were sad to lose Ted Jenkins who died in December after a very gallant fight.

Our firework party was more of a success than ever and 1,500 adults paid for admission.

Eunice Taylor is transferring to the Welsh Home at Llanhennock at the end of January.

## What's in a Name?

Yes, what is in a name? But I thought it was whether we should be called Patients or Residents. Has anyone thought of asking the Group Captain? I see one of your letters goes to the trouble of explaining to us what the word Home means, but I didn't know anyone had asked for that. Also they have gone to the trouble of suggesting what they think we should call the Matrons and Wardens, but I am sorry to say these in any language would never take the place of my mother and father.

Just one more small thing. Why did they call these "Homes for the Sick"? Why do we have Night Staff which we would never have at *Home*? Why do

we have to have qualified staff? If we were in hospitals where a lot of us would be were it not for Cheshire Homes, we would all be patients and no ifs about it.

We are nearly always spoken of as Patients here at Hovenden. I don't think anyone objects.

The only thing I do hate is to hear people talking down to us because we are handicapped. And when people writing in a well-known paper call us cripples—horrible!!

But there, what's in a name? Come to Hovenden, we don't mind.

EMILY MILLS

*(Patient at Hovenden,  
on behalf of all at the Home.)*

## Mote House, Kent

Through the hard work of our Appeals Committee we have now collected the sum of £1,200 towards the installation of our lift to the first floor, which will enable us to accommodate the second 20 of our proposed family of 40. The installation will be completed by the end of February. Spring 1962 will see

the completion of the other necessary works, bathrooms, fire escapes, etc., so that by the Anniversary of our first residents coming to Mote House, we shall see the fulfilment of our earliest hopes.

On 13th November, Miss G. Loomes, late Matron of Fant Lane

Hospital, Maidstone, joined our staff as Matron. We sincerely hope that she will be happy in our Cheshire Home. Miss J. Miller has become sister-in-charge at her own request.

Lawrence Lee, who was a tower of strength from the beginning, has unfortunately left us to do his general S.R.N. training at a local hospital. We miss his personality about the house, but fortunately he visits us at the week-ends.

Our very first Christmas was a never-to-be-forgotten one. It started a month beforehand, with Carol Concerts and Variety Entertainments. The week previous to Christmas our hall was transformed with a huge illuminated Christmas Tree, decorations of all descriptions and hundreds of balloons, all supplied by Kimberley Clark Ltd. Our library was beautifully decorated by the Kent Association of Youth Clubs, some of the teenagers travelling about 30 miles to get here. Mrs. Goate and good friends from Bearsted decorated the dining room. Christmas Eve saw us all transported to Cobtree Manor, the Home of Sir Garrard and Lady Tyrwhitt-Drake, who are very good friends of the Home. We were entertained lavishly with champagne and caviar and numerous other delicacies.

Christmas Day started with a Service by the Rev. John Smythe. This

### Spofforth, Yorkshire

Since the resignation of Mr. and Mrs. Watson on 22nd October, staffing difficulties have been acute. We are grateful to Miss Booth who came out of retirement to make it possible to keep the Home open. She was followed by Miss Shackleton who stayed until the end of the year. At present we are without a Matron, but it is hoped that one will be appointed before these notes are in print. Meanwhile the staff are carrying on bravely under the inspired leadership of Miss Pratt, S.R.N.

We have been helped by the return of Miss E. Johnson, Mrs. E. Carver and Mrs. E. Lakes. We have lost Mrs. Farrer, a full-time cleaner, who died in December, and also Mrs. M. Ross, a full-time orderly, who has moved to be near her husband at Barrow-in-Furness. We will miss Mrs. Ross very much as she was a hard worker and seemed to have a constant smile.

was followed by a Sherry Party in the Library at which we were pleased to see a number of our friends and Committee Members. During this Party, some of our best friends (Kimberley Clark Ltd., who are at all times most generous to us) presented us with a mammoth cake, and every resident and member of the staff with a handsome present. For lunch we had turkey, Christmas pudding and mince pies, with white wine. The lunch was most excellently cooked by Kay Drury, another friend of ours, and carved by Major Alesbury, our Chairman. Father Christmas visited us in the afternoon and distributed more presents. We had supper by candlelight, and I can say that the Spirit of Christmas was truly alive in Mote House.

On New Year's Eve, the staff gave a party for the residents, and although it had snowed heavily all day, a few of our friends made a gallant effort and were able to join in our fun and games. During the evening Mr. Remy Green, our Vice-Chairman, announced that we had obtained a supply of Red Feathers, to be sold as an emblem for the Home. To inaugurate the Scheme, we were all presented with one. As the New Year came in, we joined hands and sang Auld Lang Syne.

PEGGY CRONK.

We are grateful to Leeds Toc H branch, the members of which have twice entertained us with their Cinema-scope film projector.

The patients' annual meeting was held on 15th January, when the following Committee was elected: Chairman, Mr. T. Fryer; Secretary, Mr. J. Twist; Treasurer, Miss L. Padin; Miss E. Price and Mr. T. Taylor. The new Shop Committee is: Miss A. Dean and Miss M. Hopwood.

We now have twenty residents, the latest arrival being Miss Edna Hewitt of Leeds.

Vaccination against smallpox was the order of the day recently, as there had been outbreaks of the disease in the district.

Thirteen of the family had a very enjoyable night at the pantomime "Dick Whittington" at Harrogate Opera House on 13th January.

JOSEPH TWIST.

## Dr. R. H. Farrell

*A well-known figure in the Foundation describes his introduction to the work*

I saw a tall dark chap coming towards me across the grass. He had emerged from a very large crowd, which was surrounded by marquees. I had seen one or two people in that crowd whom I thought were Leonard Cheshire but on making enquiries I had been mistaken.

"He is tall and slim and dark" said Bob Worthington, the Chairman of the Management Committee of St. Cecilia's, in Bromley, Kent, where we were. You see, Family Day was being held there in July 1958 and all the patients—or should I call them residents?—the staff, the Management Committee from the local surroundings and many visitors, were in the lovely grounds which were surrounded on two sides in the arms of an "L" which the old house and the single-storey new building formed. The man who was striding towards my chair on the grass was tall—I don't know whether he is tall because from my wheel-chair everyone seems to tower over me—slim and dark. His forehead was creased by a frown and he looked deadly serious. Then his "poker face" suddenly split into a broad grin as he advanced with arm outstretched to shake my hand, saying the while, "Hallo Ginger! It's very nice to see you here." This must be Leonard Cheshire, although he was not the sort of man I thought a holder of the V.C. should be! I don't know what I thought he ought to look like, but this was he no doubt.

My association with Cheshire Homes had begun in May 1958 when I went to St. Teresa's, near Penzance in Cornwall, for a convalescent stay by the sea after some months in a London Hospital. I had arrived there in glorious weather and this new single-storey building erected 400 yards from the sea and lying between St. Michael's Mount and Penzance, was the home of 30 patients. During the next month I got to know them and their problems, what miserable lives

often they had led by being ignored by everyone and how lonely they had been as a disabled member of a normal family. I'd never before seen so many chronic invalids gathered under one roof who seemed to be abandoned and left to their own devices by the medical profession and their relatives. Although the inner workings of the Management Committee of this Home, which was autonomous and connected with no other, were a mystery to me and many others, it seemed to struggle on in spite of the fact that there were no strict rules to be enforced which, because of my association with hospitals, I had come to regard as necessary in the running of any institution. But it didn't take me long to realise that this was not an institution, and as I went around the country seeing more of the Homes and as I gradually learned their histories, I realised that what was being offered to those invalids was a home and a family life. In these they would not feel out of place at all as the rest of the family were invalids too—many of them several times worse than they.

During the war I'd been in the R.A.F. myself and had spent the last year or so in Bomber Command. I'd never met Cheshire but had of course heard of him and his daring exploits. I belonged to that band who thought that he was asking for trouble and that it was only a question of time before he bought it! I knew he had developed an anxiety neurosis because he was *not* allowed to go back on ops again; how he had developed the Master Bomber technique by flying at ground level in a fast fighter plane seeing where the bombs landed and thus directing by radio the squadrons of bombers flying high overhead, and how he had been the official R.A.F. Observer of the dropping of the second atom bomb at Nagasaki in Japan. Now I found this devout man, very humble, full of compassion for the chronically disabled, to be again

the pathfinder, this time in establishing Homes for the chronic sick, for which race or creed are not important, which now number 45 and which spread over countries of the Commonwealth. All this has happened since 1948 when the scheme for V.I.P., that is Vade In Pace, where ex-servicemen should live and work together as a community, failed and a Home was given to a man dying from cancer at Le Court, an old Victorian house in lovely grounds near Liss in Hampshire. I have seen G.C. in many places fetching and carrying for the patients in his Homes or speaking at large public meetings to gather enthusiasm and money. During war-time I thought he was crazy. Now in

peace-time I have the utmost admiration for him since he offers in his Homes a sheltered family life to those chronically disabled people to whom the Welfare State can offer nothing but a hospital bed.

I have always tried to decide what was the quality which on the one hand would produce a Victoria Cross at the end of four tours of Operations in Bomber Command and on the other hand produce, to date, 50 Homes for the chronic sick throughout the Commonwealth in 14 years, although I can see that faith, courage, foresight, determination, all have their part to play. Surely it is the persistence which G.C. has shown in the face of seemingly overwhelming odds.

### Heatherley, Sussex

This has been a very active, exciting period for Heatherley, the most important item being the extremely rapid growth of the extension, which is now nearing completion, and which we hope to be occupying by the end of February or the beginning of March. We are looking forward to welcoming the twenty-five new members of the family who will be joining us then.

The weeks preceding Christmas were packed with seasonal activities and entertainments. We had visits from carol singers, the local Silver Band, handbell ringers from Dorking, and the Horsham Dramatic Society, whose production of the Nativity play was excellent and very moving.

Christmas Day itself, our first Christmas as the Heatherley family, was quite overwhelming. We were very pleased that Doreen, Dan and Joe were able to be with us. They had stayed with us during the summer for holidays, and it was lovely to welcome them back. Another very welcome returner was Rowland Farrell, back from hospital on the Friday before Christmas.

The day started with a hurried breakfast, and then we were pushed or helped into the new chapel for the first service ever to be held there. Many of the Committee members and Friends were there, and as the Vicar said in his address, it was very fitting that the first service should be on this day, and that the first part of the building to be completed should be the

Chapel. After the service several residents went to their own Churches, and then came lunch. All the staff and residents sat down at a beautifully decorated table, together with Mrs. Farrell, our Chairman, the boys Roger and Nigel, and Dr. Howard who, resplendent in chef's costume, dissected the turkey. It was a memorable meal, and the finishing touch was champagne given by Mrs. Wilcock, a good friend of Heatherley. After lunch a mystery visitor, heavily disguised as Santa Claus, distributed gifts to everyone, and was eventually discovered to be Frank Cheesman of the Management Committee. The day ended with a party given by our wonderful friends from Horsham, who brought everybody a really fabulous present and gave us an evening we shall remember for a long time.

Since Christmas our lives have continued to be both busy and exciting, with none of the "let down" feeling one often experiences at this time. There are choices to be made as to the type of curtains we want in our new rooms, and other equally important matters to be gone into at great length! Then we had a trip to Horley to see the St. Bart's Players' production of "Dick Whittington", which we found very funny, and at which we were treated like royalty, the cast coming to speak to us afterwards. Also some people braved the blizzard on New Year's Eve and had a lovely afternoon and evening at the home of

Mr. and Mrs. Bunkell, again at Horley.

On 6th January the Management Committee gave us a wonderful party which we enjoyed tremendously, and we hope the Committee did too. The evening consisted of games, an enter-

tainment put on by us, and a charade by the Committee. Our friend, Mr. Hewitt, who organises all our entertainment evenings, produced our programme which Edith and Rowland wrote.

DIANA.

### Mayfield House, Edinburgh

The festivities are over and everyone is recovering. We are grateful to the many individuals and groups who contributed to our enjoyment over the Christmas season. Early in December the recently formed Trinity Friendship Group presented each resident with an envelope containing thirty shillings. They were followed by others bringing presents. St. Serf's (C.O. Scotland) Christmas party was made even more colourful by the

presence of sixteen of our crew who thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

We were happy to learn that our Red Feather week realised over £1,400. The thought occurs that perhaps we could raise more if our appeal did not come so close to Poppy Day.

At the moment we are eagerly awaiting delivery of a bus, a generous gift which we appreciate very much.

BERNARD.



Mayfield House. In the auditorium. The photo is reproduced from the latest Annual Report

## Expansion of Mental Rehabilitation Scheme

### New House Bought in Wimbledon

December 19th, 1961, marked another stepping stone in "The Cheshire Story".

On that day purchase was completed of a property in Wimbledon which now is the successful sequel to our tentative footsteps along the tortuous path of mental rehabilitation.

Number 30 The Downs, a solid brick-built house, was taken over in addition to "Miraflores", and will be under the supervision of Miss Phyllis Cooper. Many of us know her for the splendid work she did as Matron of St. Cecilia's. She is a mentally trained nurse having been for some years working in Asforyha, the largest hospital of its kind in the Middle East. When she returned to England

she joined the Foundation and took up her duties at Greathouse, later at Bromley, where she became loved and respected by so many patients and helpers. At the moment she is busy starting up the Norwich Home but later in January she will offer both her skill and experience to those who need a helping hand at Wimbledon. Many of our residents there are returning to normal conditions after long years of mental hospitalization and now have to face up to a life which has so far shown them nothing but intolerance and hostility to this form of illness.

She will offer shelter from the stormy winds which blow across the shifting sands of human relationship,



The New House in Wimbledon

Photo: Jean Photographs

the cause of so many disasters, and she will inspire confidence and self-respect in those who have suffered most. We wish her every success.

Miss Peace has now begun to feel the strain of her very active and more than worthwhile career. She has helped so many for so long that it would be pointless to add leaves to her accumulated laurels. Sufficient it is to say that without her "Miraflores" would have failed.

"Miraflores" was a difficult experiment as many unusual features complicated the successful development of this home. The mentally sick offer no visible sign for which sympathy is spontaneously demanded. In fact by the very nature of the illness it is more likely to incur the antagonism of a would-be helper. As often as not years of inward suffering have obliterated the signs which call for help and companionship; instead a mask of a defensive indifference confronts the visitor.

Perhaps there may be no visible indication of the mental misery which has culminated in a human wreck finding his way to a hospital ward. Years of suffering from which there was no escape, no relief, and perhaps

worst of all, no sympathy, took its toll, and our residents have paid the price.

To the more serious disorders one might add physical pain and a personal life which was a perpetual, diabolic nightmare, in which even if it could be shared with others, led to nothing but hostility and open fear from those who had to shoulder the burden.

No wonder Miss Peace had a unique task in building round her the support and respect which her vocation sought.

There were no lady bountifuls full of good works to come along and display their enthusiasm and their generosity. There were no wealthy philanthropists to call upon for an unpublicised blank cheque, no authority on whom to lean for support no press anxious for a human story—unless it was macabre.

Hers was a lonely, hard, slogging job over which she triumphed with an infinity of patience and tenacity. She leaves us at "Miraflores" with the thought that probably no one could have succeeded so well and certainly no one better. May she have many years of happy retirement so well deserved.

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### Letter from a Resident in one of the Homes

I have a strong feeling that we are starting a new "lap" in the life of . . . and I am convinced of a number of things if we are going to make it succeed as a "Cheshire Home"!

1. That *everyone* stops grumbling.
2. That if another member of the family (residents or helpers) is spoken about, it is *always* in charity, and we blame ourselves first when things go wrong, not the other person.
3. That we decide that "our" Cheshire Home can only be made as good as others by ourselves; it rests with us.
4. If anyone feels they have a legitimate complaint it should be done to the person most likely to "put things right" in private, and never in front of other members of the family, which might make them unhappy. Grumbles become infectious as measles or more so.

I think the following prayer of St. Francis of Assisi would be a good

one for all in the Homes to say each night and morning:

"Lord make me an instrument of thy peace.

Where there is hatred, let me sow love;

Where there is injury, pardon;

Where there is discord, union;

Where there is doubt, faith;

Where despair, hope;

Where there is darkness, light;

Where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not  
so much seek

to be consoled, as to console;

to be understood, as to understand;

to be loved, as to love;

for it is in giving that we receive;

it is in pardoning that we are

pardoned;

and in dying that we are born to

Eternal Life."

I think it would also be well if we remember what is said in the Old Testament: "a house divided cannot stand".

# Cecil Allen

(of Greathouse)

*Question:* Where were you born, Cec?

*Answer:* In bed.

You can plead and wheedle and argue till the cows come home, but you won't get him to admit where the bed was. But he will tell you that he was born in 1921, a spastic.

When he was three his mother died, but his Grandma quickly came to the rescue and took him into her home in Calne. (That's only seven miles from Greathouse). The next twenty-six years were very full and happy ones for Cecil: a list of his interests and occupations at this time is surprisingly long. He kept rabbits and showed them—Belgian Hares and Flemish Giants, they were. He had a dog too, Bob, who used to run out, tail wagging furiously, whenever he heard his beloved master's voice in the street. He used to go shopping for his Grandma and the neighbours, and during the war he became an expert queue-jumper, pushing himself slowly along to the shop entrance, then tipping the wink to the shopkeeper to come out and serve him, quick! Looking after

his grandparent's garden, that was another of his jobs; and his regular outings included: twice a week to the flicks, three times a week to the local Scout-meetings, Sunday School, Church services. . . .

For a long time our hero had a wheelchair made from an old pram. A bit awkward at first, this was, but he soon became a dab hand (if you'll excuse the Irish) at pushing the chair backwards with his foot. (He still uses this method of propulsion—and, boy, does he get around!) But in 1944 the Mayor of Calne presented him with a hand-propelled "trike", and at once life became cheaper—his shoes didn't need repairing so often!

But in 1949 his Grandma passed away, and Cecil had to move to a chronic ward near Chippenham. After three years he went to Leamington Spa's Royal Midland Counties Home, where he stayed until he joined the Cheshire Family at Greathouse in 1958.



Cecil Allen

That was three years ago (or four, depending on the way you count it!), and since then he's gone from strength to strength. Again and again he has puzzled out ways of successfully doing jobs he couldn't do before. From being pretty near helpless as a young boy, he has now reached a triumphant position of almost complete independence. You should see him using every ounce of concentration as he lifts a loaded fork to his mouth at meals. It's quite easy though with spaghetti—just a matter of getting one end between the lips and sucking! He used to be very fond of beer too; but now his "rummy tummy" won't let him imbibe so much or so often. He still gets up to the pub sometimes though, and is usually leading the sing-song long before chucking-out time. Oh, we've had some wonderful evenings up at "The Hit or Miss"!

One of my favourite memories of Cecil is of him one Christmas morning, after several liquers and a huge glass of port, beaming happily through a blissful alcoholic haze.

A short while ago he started the sweetshop at Greathouse; at first carrying a selection of his stock around with him in an attache case at the back of his chair. But now he's the proud owner of a resplendent glass-fronted showcase-cupboard. This stands near the dining-room—good for trade, see? He's got a terrific sales-technique; when he sees someone looking at his

stock of "goodies", he whips out the key and says, "What will you have?"

And whenever anyone wants a screwdriver, a file or a handy bit of string, the cry is: "Where's Cecil?" He's usually got what you need somewhere in his chair or his basket. What you need and what he needs, for his chair is literally festooned with aids and gadgets. There's a watch in a specially-made holder. This holder, which at first glance looks rather like a small ship's compass, has an extra-large winding-handle so Cecil can use it himself. There's a neat detachable table for meals, a small transistor radio handy at the other side of his chair and a driving-mirror on the back. Then there are two other removable gadgets. One is an ingenious mount for holding the telephone receiver, and the other is an electric shaver set at an angle on a short rod (*see photograph*).

"All I want now," he chuckles, "is a wife—I hope!"

R.M.

I am very proud to know Cecil Allen. He is a remarkable man in every way, and no one who meets him could fail to find a source of inspiration in his outlook on life, for he is one of the most unselfish people one could meet. I'm sure that everyone agrees with me who knows Cecil personally.

M.H.J.



A group at Athol House, the London Home in Dulwich

## **Amphill Park, Beds.**

The last few months have been very important ones indeed in the history of Amphill. They have seen the replacing of the very old solid fuel central heating system with the new oil fired plant. It is hoped that phase two, i.e., the continuation of the central heating to cover the whole of the ground floor, will be completed next summer.

The beginning of December saw the admission of the first 5 ladies to Amphill and this is the first time that Amphill has ever had ladies in residence. Although there are only 5 ladies and 25 men, some of our quieter male residents feel that the proportion is just about right, if they are going to be able to hold their own! The admission of ladies was made possible by the completion of another important scheme—the alterations to the South Wing. This has resulted in two new wards, a new isolation room and a new bathroom. Great generosity has been shown by local firms with gifts and very special discounts towards the furnishing of these wards.

The Annual General Meeting of the Management Committee saw the election of four new members to our Committee. These members will, undoubtedly, add great strength to the Committee under its new Chairman, County Alderman Miss D. Mann. Miss Mann was a Founder member of the Management Committee, and was its Chairman in the past. Mr. Tunstall, who was elected Vice-Chairman, resigned the Chairmanship in order

to spend more of his time in organising the formation of new Support Groups.

A. PHILIP HENDRY.

We have had a good year with our entertainment—live shows, film shows on our 16mm. sound projector, and slides in colour. One such slide show was given by G.C., on the Cheshire Homes in India. Live shows range from serious music to comedy—truly variety.

Our outdoor activity included coach parties to places of interest. Apart from scheduled entertainment we have had visits from Toc H in the Bedford and North Bucks area. These visits are most welcome, as of course they are from many other organizations, all with the same object—to give a helping hand if needed.

The Christmas period included a trip to see the London illuminations, and also one to the festival of Nine Lessons and Carols in Luton Parish Church. The readings were by a cross-section of the people from the Home.

In the Home we had a Christmas tree and all the time-honoured trimmings. Our Christmas dinner was excellent, as we knew it would be, and traditionally the cook was summoned and thanked.

Transport to church has been arranged by local church-goers who have drawn up a roster of car owners. The scheme applies to both C. of E. and R.C. In addition we have communion services in the Home.

H. TUDOR.

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**Mr. T. N. Jagadisan, one of the Trustees of the Cheshire Homes, India, sent the following letter recently to *The Star*, a magazine published by patients at the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital, Carville, Louisiana. This hospital caters for Hansen's Disease (Leprosy).**

Your *Star* has indeed been a beacon light of hope to patients and workers alike. It has also radiated light to the larger world. If today the outlook on leprosy has brightened all over the world, you deserve an ample measure of credit for this. But of course we have still to push on, to struggle and strive till the goal is achieved which is twofold: (1) to win the Four Freedoms for all those affected by leprosy in any part of the world, and (2) to see the end of leprosy and all its tragic consequences. Go on, brave souls; remember some 14,000 readers who are looking forward every month to the day on which they receive *The Star*. The day when your *Star* reaches me always brings cheer and hope and above all the undeviated friendship of you and your colleagues.

T. N. JAGADISAN,

Mylapore, Madras, India.

# Oiling the Wheels

by Barbara Beasley

*A correspondent discusses the need for social workers in the Homes*

Community life is nothing new. For hundreds of years there have been religious communities, the small enclosed worlds of the hospital, the prison and the boarding school. It can be one of the most rewarding ways of living, and is certainly one of the most difficult. Sherif and Sherif, in "Groups in Harmony and Tension", say, "Group association holds many pleasures and opportunities which are impossible in isolation", but isolation avoids many of the strains and hazards of group association.

Apart from a few fairly big and institutionalised Homes, the idea of the disabled living together in sheltered conditions is new and experimental. The Cheshire Homes are now numerous enough and varied enough in their evolution to see what characteristics are general and what particular. A characteristic that nearly all the Homes share is to have the services of physiotherapists—usually voluntary—to give physical treatment. Surely a need no less general, but scarcely recognised, is having the services of trained social workers to help people in adjusting to their disabilities and to each other?

People in all situations have problems: there are the lonely; the ones in whom the daily stress of life produces ulcers, skin troubles, or other psychosomatic disorders; the aggressive, who express their unhappiness by stirring up trouble; the immature, who need help in growing up; those who suffer from irrational fears and depressions. These problems may be eased or accentuated by being constantly at close quarters with a crowd, but one can safely say that plenty of them exist in each Home, in addition to the difficulties inherent in disablement.

It is now becoming a commonplace that medical social workers are necessary in the larger society, and in a

recent lecture at St. Thomas's Hospital to a group of Almoners, one of the foremost American case workers, Miss Harriet Bartlett, recommended the appointment of group therapists in all Chronic Sick Units (what a name, by the way!) The Cheshire Homes could do invaluable pioneer work—as they have done in providing nearly-normal life for people too disabled to manage independently—by asking social workers or married ex-social workers to give a few hours of their time each week in the Homes. Often if there is someone trustworthy to confide in, simply talking can give tremendous relief from the bottled-up tension and worries which do such damage. And the experienced worker may be able to suggest ways of smoothing out snags and coping with emotions which would make it easier for people to live with themselves and with others. Some Homes might even be lucky enough to find a psychiatrist in their district who would be prepared to act as counsellor and friend.

Engaging professional help in a voluntary capacity is a practicable thing to do here and now. Perhaps it would be worth considering that in the future a member of the administration in every Home might have some measure of specialised training. It would be inconceivable for a Home to be run without an S.R.N. as Matron or Sister-in-Charge.

But as far as I know, only one Cheshire Home has had the benefit of a social worker at the beginning of its existence to help form a good tradition of human relationships, and that was only for six months. When such great strides are being made in group dynamics and social psychology it seems a pity to neglect the opportunity of oiling the wheels of the machinery of this new venture in community living.

## Almoners Confer on the Chronic Sick

The following report appeared in *The Almoner*, and is reproduced here by kind permission of the Editor.

"Almoners must agitate!" Really, you say? Where? What about? Who said so? When? Those almoners who were present at the North-West Metropolitan Regional Meeting held at Charing Cross Hospital on May 1, 1961 will remember that Dr. A. L. Winner, Principal Medical Officer, Ministry of Health, said this when summing up the evening's speeches and discussion on the care of chronically ill patients. The large attendance at the meeting was an indication of the importance attached by almoners to the subject, especially in relation to the younger chronic sick.

Miss Beatty, Head Almoner of Cowley Road Hospital, Oxford, spoke from the standpoint of her work in a progressive geriatric unit catering for elderly and younger chronic sick. She mentioned the problems which arise when patients have been rehabilitated in hospital but cannot return to their own homes. Some are too old for Cheshire Homes but too young for a permanent geriatric unit. More development is needed of such things as Day Hospitals, boarding-out of patients with suitable people, and "week-end hospitals" or arrangements for temporary admission to allow relatives (or people caring for disabled lodgers) to have an occasional much-needed rest.

With modern welfare services many very disabled people can and do live in the community. But a small proportion of them, especially those suffering from incontinence or diseases likely to cause progressive mental or physical deterioration, may need permanent hospital care. Obviously an acute hospital is not the right place for them, nor should the young or the middle-aged chronic patient have to be in a geriatric ward with really old or senile patients. Although the problem of the younger chronic sick patient is not very large numerically it is of vital importance to the individuals concerned and seems unfortunately to be hard to solve satisfactorily. Such patients need to lead as full a life as

possible, and opinions vary as to how this can best be provided. Voluntary bodies have done a great deal in pioneering experiments and drawing attention to the needs of this group.

Dr. J. Azzopardi, B.Sc., M.D., Geriatric Physician at Barnet General Hospital and Danesbury Special Young Chronic Unit, said that most geriatricians share his view that there are three principles which should be observed in providing hospital care for the younger chronic sick. Firstly, there should be complete separation of such patients from the geriatric unit. Secondly, there should be pleasant surroundings with amenities and a cheerful atmosphere. Thirdly, full medical, nursing and other therapeutic services should be available. He considered a thirty-bedded unit the ideal size, and thought it should be sited at or near a general hospital to assist visiting, ease nursing shortage, make X-ray and laboratory facilities accessible and facilitate transfer if acute illness develops. Small wards are desirable so that personalities can be matched to avoid moody patients disturbing others. An almoner service, occupational therapy, and some physiotherapy to prevent contractures and boost morale should be provided. He disapproved of intensive physiotherapy, however, which only tires such patients and raises their hopes too high in attempting the impossible. Describing Danesbury, Dr. Azzopardi said that it has excellent amenities but is inconvenient for visiting, is too small for the whole Region, and is unable to provide a feeling of complete security because patients whose condition deteriorates have to be moved elsewhere.

Miss R. B. Clarke, Matron of Le Court Cheshire Home, Liss, then spoke, saying that although Cheshire Homes are registered as nursing homes, the nursing side is not stressed. Residents are never referred to as patients. A Home for thirty to forty residents is regarded as the best size, and at Le Court the age for admission

is now from 18-40. There is complete security as anyone who is admitted comes in for life unless he or she wishes to leave or needs acute hospital care. Miss Clarke described the normal day-to-day life of the residents in a Cheshire Home and stressed the fact that there are few regulations apart from consideration for others. Visitors are encouraged to help while at the Home, and may visit at any time. An informal atmosphere prevails, with the use of Christian names by staff and patients alike. All possible amenities are provided and holidays away are encouraged. During the absence of permanent residents, "holidays" are sometimes given in the Homes to patients from chronic hospitals.

Miss Clarke said that the young chronic sick cannot stand the word "sick" which for them spells "hospital." They think of themselves as disabled, not sick. The whole atmosphere in Cheshire Homes seems to be one of infectious optimism. Miss Clarke ended her talk by telling the story of an ex-model suffering from multiple sclerosis who, when dying, was advised to stay in bed and exclaimed: "But darling, I've never been ill in my life!"

Dr. A. L. Winner, O.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.P., from the Ministry of Health, gave the last of the four talks. After mentioning some of the social changes which tend to make home care more difficult nowadays, in spite of increased welfare provisions, she said that the function of the Ministry is to oil the wheels and give the workers on the spot the tools they need for the job. The Ministry does not know all the answers, but it collects information and tells enquirers what is being done. The Regional Hospital Boards are free to give priority for projects to increase the number of special beds for young chronics if they wish. It is a Board's view of priorities which counts—the Ministry does not interfere. As a general policy it is thought desirable to have local units so that patients can keep in touch with relatives and friends, but there is no official direction on this point.

Dr. Winner agreed with previous speakers that the suffering endured by some younger chronics in unsuitable surroundings is out of all propor-

tion to their numbers, and the problem of caring for them appropriately *ought* to be soluble. She deplored rigid age limits, and made a distinction between stable and unstable disabilities. Polio and traumatic disabilities are often easier to help and plan for than those which vary, such as rheumatoid arthritis or multiple sclerosis, etc. On the mental aspect, Dr. Winner said it is important to distinguish between psychological states which may be (a) congenital, or (b) resulting from the physical effects of a disability causing a secondary mental effect, or (c) simply the effect of *having* a disability. The person with "epileptic temperament" may be suffering from what society does to an epileptic! The attitude of a medical social worker in the early stages of an illness may prevent temperament disturbances developing. People need help to overcome their intolerance of helplessness, and their unwillingness to help the helpless to be less dependent. More research is needed both into ways of helping patients to remain in the community and into discovering the best sort of institutional care when this is necessary. Dr. Winner said, in conclusion, that constructive criticism is wanted by the Ministry to help it to guide, but not direct, policy.

A lively discussion followed, with questions put from the floor to all the speakers.

The meeting ended with a summing-up by Dr. Winner in which she pointed out that, whatever its size, this is a multi-faceted problem with no single answer. The objective of the Health Service is to try, together with the voluntary organizations, to ensure that there is sufficient variety of provision for this group of patients. Life in a Cheshire Home is like heaven for some patients but not for others. Some are happier in their own homes if it is at all possible to keep them there, others may be happier away and like their relatives best when they see little of them. A great deal depends on the physical, psychological and emotional vitality of the handicapped person. Everyone concerned with the problem, including individual almoners and the Institute, must, Dr. Winner said, agitate for more research

(continued on next page)

## Orderly Performance Disordered

by Edwin Hand (of Greathouse)

*The first prize-winning story in our competition*

It just wasn't Doug's evening. "If only this damned sail would come down" he thought.

The wind was getting up to twenty knots now, tossing the sailing dinghy about like a bit of seaweed. Suddenly the craft was topping a huge wave. It poised for a moment; then plunged like a live thing into the trough, heeled over, and almost sank.

With water thrashing his body, my good friend Douglas grabbed the boom and clung on for dear life. The wet sail was more than the mast could take. It snapped clean off, carrying Douglas with it as it was swept over the side.

By a miracle he was still hanging on to the boom, but the water was cold and cramp was beginning to tighten its deathly grip on his legs. "Not

much longer now", he thought. The turmoil was frightening, winding him so that he gasped for breath. With each gasp he gulped another mouthful of water; he was suddenly violently sick.

Then terror gripped his heart—a wave had torn him from the mast. He was being sucked down. Panic-stricken, he fought to reach the surface.

His head surfacing, a gigantic wave picked him up straw-like, and hurled him into the air. He was falling now, back into the raging sea. "This is it!" he thought.

He was awakened by wet liquid, as amidst agonising struggles he knocked over his early morning cup of tea. He opened his eyes to find the night nurse grinning.

### Still Time

Edwin Hand wins 10s. for the short story published on this page. He has indicated that this money shall be used to purchase foodstuffs or other goods for the Children's Home at Bethlehem. There are three more prizes of 10s. each to be awarded this year, so don't be backward in sending in your efforts. You know what the competition is about. Residents in the Homes are invited to write a short story or article, of not more than 250 words, about anything they like. Entries must be written in as simple a style as possible.

### ALMONERS CONFER

*(continued from page 55)*

into needs, more experiment with new methods, and improved provisions generally. Everyone must bring pressure to bear on Regional Hospital Boards, Hospital Management Com-

mittees and Local Authorities wherever it seems that the needs of this group are not being adequately met.

Let us hope that this open invitation to make nuisances of ourselves with constructive criticism will not go unheeded.  
J.J.A.

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## OVERSEAS

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## CHESHIRE

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## HOMES

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### Cheshire Home, Hong Kong

Starting a charitable organisation in Hong Kong presents certain difficulties not to be found elsewhere. There is a tendency to regard newcomers as incapable of understanding the Chinese way of life, and of undertaking work which brings them into close contact with the Chinese people. In fact, Hong Kong is full of Europeans who have been here for years, and whose vocabulary of Cantonese is probably, at the most, confined to fifty words. As my only experience of the East was in the Indian Army, I met this attitude very frequently when I first arrived in Hong Kong on the 15th May, but as I also met a number of extremely kind and helpful people, the balance has been in favour of our venture. It was not, however, until over a month after my arrival here that I was able to find the site where we are now going to start the Cheshire Home. It is a former Coast Artillery site, situated on a hillside at the end of a peninsula, and the view from it equals any to be seen on the Riviera, whilst the quietness after the turmoil of Hong Kong is wonderful. The name of the site is Chung Hum Kok, and we are using the existing Army huts, which are built into the hillside. The disadvantage is that the stairs are so precipitous that we may not be able to use anything up or down the hill for more than a few mobile residents, and for the present we will only be using the huts on road level.

One of our Honorary Medical Consultants, Dr. Gerald Forbes, who is now in the Government Medical and Health Service, was the local Government Medical Officer in Edinburgh and helped in the preparations to start our Home there. His advice with

regard to types of residents to be admitted is, consequently, very valuable.

There have been certain difficulties to surmount. First there was no electricity supply as the Army formerly used generators. We were able to buy two 15 k.w. generators from the Navy, but as they were situated at the top of a rather inaccessible hill on a neighbouring island, it was a problem to know how best to move them. We first found out that when dismantled the heaviest part would weigh 1,400 lbs., and as I am lucky enough to be staying with the Royal Air Force I had the advantage of advice on the possibility of their removal by helicopter. We flew over with technicians to examine the possibilities, and decided it was practicable providing a sufficiently high powered helicopter could be found. Thereafter we had a series of disappointments because neither the local ones nor those in the aircraft carriers which came and went during the next few weeks were sufficiently powerful. Eventually Mr. Alan Rawson, a Marine Surveyor in Government Service, without whose efficient and willing help on the site our expenses would have been very heavy, arranged with three Chinese engineers to go over to dismantle the generators. This they did and arranged for the parts to be carried down a stony track of a quarter of a mile, and thereafter a mile to the ferry, the owners of which then took on the transport to Hong Kong, and thence by truck to Chung Hum Kok. After that Mr. Rawson's friends assembled one of the generators, and put it into working condition. When asked the cost, the leader said that this was their

contribution to the Cheshire Home—a most generous gesture as he must have employed at least sixteen men as porters. Similarly, the ferry company made no charge for their work, and when I later went to thank the Manager he presented me with a cheque for \$1,000 (£62 10s.) towards our funds. The Navy then took a hand and have very generously reconditioned the other generator, so that we now have a practically new one.

We also have been very lucky in the help given to us by Mr. C. J. Norman, the Commissioner of Prisons, as the mile of water piping required has all been laid by the prisoners, although the cost of the piping has been our biggest expense in starting the Home.

We have been given an old Hillman by St. Andrew's Church Committee, which Gilman & Co., the firm of a member of our Committee, has very generously reconditioned and re-painted.

From the foregoing it will be observed that our expenses out here have been kept to a minimum, for our office has been lent to us and all the

secretarial help has been given by English girls.

The extensive inside and outside lighting and fan system, which has been entirely carried out by civilian technical officers working with the Army, and the plumbing should be completed this week when we expect to welcome our first residents.

There are about 100 charitable organisations in Hong Kong so that competition is considerable, but so far we have done quite well, our largest contribution being one of \$30,000 from the Jockey Club. The Hong Kong Government does a tremendous amount in the way of hospitals and social welfare. As a nursing home we come under the Medical and Health Service, whom we find helpful and very practical.

Government officials with whom we negotiated for our site, the rent of which is H.K.\$10 a year, have been consistently helpful.

G.C. is expected from Calcutta on 15th December and we look forward very much to his visit and the fillip it will undoubtedly give to support for the Home. NIGEL WATSON.

## THE TANGIER HOME



*Photo: Nursing Mirror*

**First patient, a blind girl, meets  
matron, Miss V. Eagleston, after new  
Tangier Home was opened**

## The Cheshire Home, Nigeria

There was a noticeable absence of news from Nigeria in the Christmas number. This is partly due to the fact that both the Management and Welfare Committee Secretaries had gone on leave and their reliefs were fully occupied organising Christmas Festivities and writing "thank you" letters to the increasing number of donors.

Our eleventh child, Ajitoni, aged five, was admitted to the Home a week before Christmas. Any doubts about his reactions to his new surroundings began to dissolve when, along with several of the others, he was taken out to buy new shoes. This is the main Christmas request of many African children. All remaining doubts vanished when Father Christmas called his name for a second time at the Christmas party on 22nd December. His face lit up along with the others and he's continued to beam ever since. As his parents had rejected him (he's a burnt-out spinal meningitis case) he is happier now than for a long time. The other children quickly rallied round and helped to make him feel "at home". To finish the Christmas party we took them and the staff to the town where Kingsway (the biggest store in town) had erected a large Christmas tree in aid of the Home. The Olubadan of Ibadan switched on the lights and the University Music Circle gave us an enjoyable half-hour of carol singing. The children returned to their Home very tired but very happy.

Clement, our "senior resident", is starting at Grammar School in the New Year and is very pleased with himself. He has really worked very hard. Mulikatu and Felicia have been placed in the first three in class positions, in spite of frequent absences due to ill-health. Mulikatu, who came to us in a very poor state and paralysed, is now fit and walks normally. She is a great help in fetching and carrying for the others.

Some day we hope to have enough money to commence building the new Home. The plot has been marked out in the New Year. When it is complete we hope to accommodate more chil-

dren and that should enable us to persuade the Ministry of Education to provide some teaching facilities for all the children.

Having realised £320 on our last Red Feather Day, and with the proceeds of a dance before Christmas and another to follow in February, we slowly creep towards our goal. Meanwhile local support is increasing and I feel that the real effort was made early in January when three local boy scouts visited the Home and did the ironing for matron. Money isn't everything!

The committee were very touched to receive the enclosed letter from the children resident in the Home:

Dear Mothers and Fathers,

We are very happy to write, to you these few lines. The reason why is that, throughout the year you take care of our schoolings, food, clothes and all other beautiful things that you did for us. The best of all is when the Christmas come, we saw all kinds of food, and we have father Christmas to present us our Christmas presents. Thank you very much indeed May Almighty God protect you when you are doing your works amen. Expecially me Clement I must give my special thanks to every members of Welfare and Management Committee, for taking great keen in my Secondary Education. I know that I have not yet started, but you are trying to let me get in, and please thank Cheif Falomo who about three times take to Ikire for my Interview. Felicia and Mary thank you for their schooling materials and their clothes. And we hope that when we finish our Education we will be able to help the Home as we can. And others thank very much and May God bless you all.

Our names are as follows:

Clement, Felicia, Musibawu, Sofiatu, Mary, John, Samuel David, Nuru, Afolabi and a boy who come last and enjoyed Christmas party with us is— Ajitoni.

We belatedly wish you all A Very Happy New Year and thank you all for your Christmas Cards. M.J.M.

# Anbu Nilayam, Covelong, Madras



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# THE HOMES IN INDIA

## Reports from Barbara Coleman

*Barbara Coleman recently arrived in India from Australia. She had contacted the Group Captain and offered her services in India. Her offer was accepted; she was appointed Secretary to Brigadier Virendra Singh, the Chairman of the Indian Cheshire Homes Foundation. Her job has been taking her all over the sub-continent, acting as a sort of liaison officer between the Indian Homes, meeting people interested in the work, and investigating opportunities of starting new Homes. She has also paid several visits to the Ryder Cheshire International Centre, Raphael, at Dehra Dun.*

### Covelong, Madras

This home is twenty-five miles south of Madras, and a veritable paradise for tired business men. It is a very remote spot on the beach front commanding a beautiful view of ocean, beach and coconut groves. The only sign of civilization is a small fishing village close-by consisting of thatched huts clustering under the palm trees. It is really most picturesque and the sort of thing one longs for when sandwiched into a diesel bus on the way to work on Monday mornings.

The building was given to the Group Captain by the Archbishop of Madras and is very lovely, and provides a very homely atmosphere for the fourteen inmates, most of whom are on the elderly side and enjoy the peace and quietness of the life.

One old man called Mr. Hooie makes me laugh. Whenever a few picnickers come here at weekends he demands one rupee parking fee which goes towards the Home. Considering the area is usually deserted I am very amused that he meets with such success—I think most people must be rather stunned!

Most of the patients are able to move around and help with odd jobs. At present the area is being fenced in, so that we can have a vegetable garden. Being so isolated brings difficulties as regards food though we enjoy more than our share of fish curry, being so handy to the sea. Mostly the patients eat rice twice a day with vegetable curry. In the south the food is usually much hotter than in the northern

parts, but I rather enjoy it—if there is a glass of water handy.

There is accommodation here for about twenty-five but as yet we have not sufficient money to take in more people. However, we are hoping to manage it before too long.

On page 60 there are three photographs from the Home. Photo No. 1 gives a view of the building, the back of which overlooks the ocean.

Photo No. 2 shows several of our patients. In the front row, Yeghu (our ward man), Francis (the cook) and Yeghu's wife and baby. The new bicycle recently purchased for the Home can also be seen in the picture. Francis is now able to ride to a bigger village four miles away to buy food. This gives some little idea of the view of the sea from the Home.

In photo No. 3 there can be seen some of our patients on the front steps. The lady in the middle of the back row is our new Matron, Mrs. Smith, and sitting immediately in front of her is Miss Gomes who has just left us after 2 years in charge of the Home. The man sitting right in front is affectionately termed "Mr. Postmaster," which position he evidently used to hold. Now at eighty years, he is an advocate for daily sun baths as a cure-all for all mental and physical ailments. He tells me he may live to 150 as the result of this practice! However, his efforts to induce the others to adopt this method of treatment have met with no success so far.

## The Children's Home, Jamshedpur

The Rustomji Patel Cheshire Home in Jamshedpur is perhaps the jewel in our Indian crown in some ways. It consists, to begin with, of 35 acres of beautiful farm land and the Home is exclusively for disabled or afflicted children. So far we have only 20 inmates but with further building and development of the property we are confident of increasing this number to nearer 100.

The children are under the care of three nuns belonging to the Order of Daughters of Charity. Sister Ann Marie, who is in charge, is Spanish and Sisters Mary and Terisita are both Indian. It is a very happy and peaceful atmosphere—and when I say peaceful it is only in the deeper sense as there is always plenty of noise.

I spent about ten days staying in the Home and thoroughly enjoyed it. It was a joy to see the children come scampering in to breakfast in the morning, shining little brown faces and all the girls with a gay ribbon bow fluttering on their heads. Sister has abandoned the tin plates and mugs commonly used here in favour of pretty pastel coloured plastic ones. Most of the children sit on low stools around a large yellow painted table to have their meals. Of course, many are unable to help themselves and must be carried in and fed. I offered to help with this task and was rather

nonplussed when a small foot accurately and firmly applied to the bottom of the plate in my hand almost buried me under an avalanche of rice. Of course, the nuns were very sympathetic, and mildly upbraided the culprit who is a sweet child, but unfortunately quite unaware of her actions, or their consequences. I was really amazed at the quantities of rice and chappati (equivalent to our bread) that these little people are able to consume. Usually their meals consist of porridge, chappati and tea for breakfast, curry and rice for lunch and chappati and curry followed by a little milk pudding for supper. After meals the children who are able wash the plates, clean the table and tidy up the room.

There are extensive building plans for Jamshedpur Home. The original bungalow on the property is quite small and is used only for meals, school, and recreational purposes. The Committee is planning to erect six dormitory bungalows close by, two of which are already completed. As usual money is the hold-up. When the building is complete and the farm land sufficiently developed to produce rice, fruit, vegetables, milk and eggs as the Committee intends, it will be a children's paradise—especially to these children, most of whom have found their way from misery and poverty in the streets of Calcutta.



The Children's Home, Jamshedpur



Photo: D. H. Anand Raj

**Bangalore Home. Farewell party to retiring Matron, Mrs. A. Jolleff. Miss Ivy Paul is shown (centre) in wheelchair.**

## A Letter from the Bangalore Home, South India

by Miss Ivy Paul (inmate)

*The following delightful letter reflects the wonderful spirit of the Indian Homes. It is this sort of thing which really brings home to us the importance of the work that is being carried out in India and elsewhere in Asia and Africa.*

We, the inmates of the Bangalore Cheshire Home, send you our greetings and best wishes. I have been asked to tell you all about our Home and ourselves.

We have a nice little bungalow on Dr. and Mrs. G. Z. Kothavala's estate, known as the Rustam Bagh, and the name of our bungalow is "Dil-Bahar". At present we are only four inmates, but our General Secretary has promised us two more shortly, and when they come we hope they will be as happy as we are.

(1) My name is Ivy Paul. Age 25 years. I am suffering from Rheumatoid Arthritis and cannot walk, but I get about in a wheelchair. My hobby is reading, and though I find it difficult to write I do it to exercise my fingers. I have two pen friends in the Delhi Home—Munsaman and Daddy Little.

The Matron there writes for Munsaman but Daddy Little replies himself to my letters. Although we may never meet, it is such fun to know each other and all about the Homes we live in.

(2) Veronica. Age 37 years. While not a mental case, she appears to be slightly undeveloped—quite harmless and very useful. She dusts and tidies the Home, and folds our clothes. When her work is finished, she sits outside and waits for some visitor or other to bring her sweets. (In fact, we all wait for this).

(3) Rose Marie. A hemiplegia case. She is very quiet but does enjoy our bedtime stories, and our fun and games.

(4) Doramani. Ageless. Spends her time thinking out menus. She was admitted one night at about 8 p.m.

As soon as she was made comfortable and given a cup of milk she asked for mutton curry! We thought it very funny, but our Matron said it was a very important point. Dora (as we call her) felt that she had come home and found her security; hence her request.

I, on behalf of the inmates of our Home, would like to thank our Founder, the Chairman, the General Secretary, the Matron, and all the rest of the Committee members and well-wishers, for their self-sacrifice in giving us this Home founded on "love and security".

### SMALL ADS

**HAS ANYONE** in the Homes, or outside, something to sell? Or some need to make known? Something to exchange? Why not advertise in this section? The charge to those outside the Homes is 2s. 6d. per line (or part of line). This service is entirely free to *bona fide* advertisers resident in the Homes.

**ST. IVES, CORNWALL.** Two fully furnished and equipped cedarwood chalets in secluded woodland garden overlooking sea, Cliff path to sands. Ideal for a quiet, informal holiday. Fully booked late July, August and early September but available during other months. Both chalets all electric, with mains water, etc. Full details (SAE please) from Mrs. M. Thomas, Hawk's Point Cottage, Car-

bis Bay. Tel. St. Ives 2341.

**HANDMADE GOODS** of various kinds are available or can be ordered, in most of the Homes. Why not visit your nearest Cheshire Home, and see if there is anything you would like?

**PROMOTERS WANTED** for *The Cheshire Smile*. See note on page 16.

**VOLUNTEERS** wanted in all the Cheshire Homes for organising fund-raising events, for undertaking transport runs, for spare-time working in the Homes. Nurses, domestic workers and others, who feel a sense of dedication to this kind of work, are welcome.

When answering advertisements, please mention *The Cheshire Smile*.

### SUBSCRIPTION FORM

Annual Rate—6s. (post free)

If you would like to receive *The Cheshire Smile* regularly, please fill in your name and address below and post this form, with a remittance for 6s. to The Treasurer, The Cheshire Smile, Le Court, Liss, Hants.

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

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

.....

..... (Please use capitals)

I wish to commence with the ..... issue.

Date.....

8/1

Seeing for himself . . .



Photo: *Evening Argus*

The Editor (centre), being shown round the works  
of The Southern Publishing Co. Ltd., Brighton,  
where the magazine is produced. Our picture shows  
Mr. James Read, who acts as an invaluable liaison  
between the editorial office and the  
printing works, explaining a point

## THE FORGOTTEN ALLIES



*'Elijah', Sue Ryder's bus, arriving at the Ministry of Health, Warsaw, with her load of gifts and equipment for the Polish Homes, after a 1,250-mile drive from England*

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