

THE

CHESHIRE SMILE

The Quarterly Magazine of the Cheshire Homes
(founded by Group Captain Cheshire, V.C.)



Photo: Maillard

The specially adapted bus which has been made available
for the use of Heatherley residents (see page 28)

Vol. 8, No. 3.



Autumn 1962

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.

A. 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. Ten Homes have been established at Konstancin, Zyrardow, Naleczow, Helenow, Pruszkow, Radzymin, Bydgoszcz, Zielona Gora, Gdynia and Gora Kalwaria.

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.

F. **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

G. 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. Rawley.

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

Patron: The Rt. Hon. The Lord Denning

Chairman: Dr. G. C. Cheshire, F.B.A., D.C.L.

Trustees: Grp. Capt. G. L. Cheshire, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C., Mrs. Sue Ryder Cheshire, O.B.E., Mrs. M. M. Clark, J.P., Sir H. Edmund Davies, B.C.L., R. R. Edgar, Esq., The Earl Ferrers, His Honour Judge Rowe Harding, Dr. Basil Kiernander, M.R.C.P., The Lady St. Levan, 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., The Lord Sinclair, M.V.O.

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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
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
Cotswold Cheshire Home , Overton Road, Cheltenham, Glos.	Cheltenham	52569	—
Danybryn , Radyr, Glamorgan	Glynceiriog	303	—
Dolywern , Pontfadog, Wrexham, Denbighshire			
Greathouse , Kington Langley, Chippenham, Wiltshire	Kington Langley	235	327
Greenhill House , Timsbury, near Bath, Somerset	Timsbury	533	
The Grove , East Carleton, Norfolk, Nor. 94W	Mulbarton	279	—
Hawthorn Lodge , Hawthorn Road, Dorchester, Dorset <i>(for mentally handicapped children)</i>	Dorchester	1403	—
Heatherley , Effingham Lane, Copthorne, Crawley, Sussex	Copthorne	2670	
The Hill , Sandbach, Cheshire	Sandbach	566	508
Holme Lodge , Julian Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham	Nottingham	89002	—
Honresfeld , Blackstone Edge Road, Littleborough, Lancs.	Littleborough	88627	880651
Hovenden House , Fleet, Spalding, Lincolnshire	Holbeach	3037	
Kenmore , Whitcliffe Road, Cleckheaton, Yorkshire	Cleckheaton	2904	2724
Lake District Cheshire Home , Holehird, Windermere, Westmorland... ..	Windermere	2500	387
Le Court , Liss, Hampshire	Blackmoor	364	229
Llanhennock , Nr. Newport, Monmouthshire...	Caerleon	545	
* Marske Hall , near Redcar, Yorkshire	Granton	2037	
Mayfield House , East Trinity Road, Edinburgh			
Miraflores , 154 Worple Road, Wimbledon, S.W.20 <i>(rehabilitation of ex mental patients)</i>	Wimbledon	5058	
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
* Sheffield			
Spofforth Hall , near Harrogate, Yorkshire	Spofforth	284	287
Staunton Harold , Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire	Melbourne	71	387
West Midland Cheshire Home , Stourbridge Road, Wolverhampton, Staffs.	Wombourn	3056	—
White Windows , Sowerby Bridge, Yorkshire	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**, Baroda.

***Cheshire Home**, Calcutta. (*for refugees from East Pakistan*)

Cheshire Home, Poona.

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

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

Vrishanti Illam, Katpadi Township, North Arcot (*for burnt-out leprosy patients*)

(*and the following two Homes for crippled children*)

***Cheshire Home**, Delhi.

Rustomji P. Patel Cheshire Home, Sundernagar, Jamshedpur, Bihar.

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. (Singapore 93210)

Johore Cheshire Home, Jalan Larkin, Johore Bahru.

Telok Paku, 398-A Nicoll Drive, Changi, Singapore, 17.

***Cheshire Home**, Kuala Lumpur.

Nigeria

Chairman of Trustees: Sir Adetokunbo Ademola.

Oluyole, Cheshire Home, College Crescent, Ibadan.

***Cheshire Home**, Enugu.

***Cheshire Home**, Lagos.

***Cheshire Home**, Port Harcourt.

Sierra Leone

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

Sir Milton Cheshire Home, Bo.

Cheshire Home, Freetown.

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'Ecosse, 18,

Tangier. (*for crippled children*)

Ethiopia

Cheshire Home, Addis Ababa.

(*for crippled children*)

Hong Kong

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

Portugal

***Cheshire Home**, Lisbon.

* *In preparation*

† *In process of construction*

THE

C HESHIRE SMILE

The Quarterly Magazine of the Cheshire Homes

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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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FAMILY DAY 1962

Nearly a hundred people from
Cheshire Homes at home and over-
seas gathered at Alne Hall, York, on
Saturday, 16th June

Family Day commenced with a welcome from Colonel Blenkin, Chairman of Alne Hall, who spoke about the encouragement, drive and enthusiasm imparted to us by our Founder. He expressed his regret that the Group Captain was not able to be present and added that his sorrow was even greater for the cause which kept him away. Mrs. Cheshire too had been unable to come, but Dr. Cheshire (the G.C.'s father) had kindly stepped in as a "stop-gap", and Colonel Blenkin asked him to take to Leonard from all those present the sincere wish that he might be restored to health and come back to us soon; also to extend to him and to the members of his family our sympathy for the misfortune—the tragedy—which had overtaken him. He said how much we missed him, and how much we looked forward to his presence among us again.

Mr. Martyn, one of the Trustees of the Indian Foundation, was then introduced, and was warmly welcomed. He said how happy he was to be at Alne for Family Day, and mentioned that he himself was a Yorkshireman. He then outlined the general position of the Cheshire Homes in India. He mentioned Bombay and Calcutta, where there are 35 and 32 patients respectively, and the Home on the sea coast at Covelong, Madras, where they have 16 patients, but are able to take only those who do not need much medical attention. The Home at Katpadi caters for leprosy cases, both male and female, and at Jamshedpur the Home now houses 20 children but will eventually be able to take 100. At Kalkaji, Delhi, there are 22 grown-up patients of various kinds. Last year Homes were started at Bangalore and at Poona, but these are still quite small. There are three new Homes planned: one at Baroda, which should

be opened very soon—one for crippled children in Delhi—and a third in Calcutta, which will take care of refugees from East Pakistan. As there are both adults and children at Govind Bhawan, Dehra Dun (the oldest patient is 75), the grown-up people are able to help in looking after the children, who need a great deal of attention as they are all spastics. The atmosphere there is very friendly and they all seem to be happy. This Home is on the ground floor of the building, the top floor containing the offices of the Raphael Ryder-Cheshire Home, which is known as "the Home across the river". Actually the river is a dried bed of stone most of the year, but in the monsoon the rains cause it to rise as much as 3ft. within ten minutes!

Raphael

Raphael is on a beautiful site, well out of the city, and it is Leonard's and Sue's plan to have this international centre as a model for all other Homes. There is a Home for 45 mentally handicapped children, and a leprosy colony consisting of small cottages each containing a family. The latter colony houses 60 patients at present, and £5,000 has recently been given by OXFAM, so that accommodation can be provided for another 50: the buildings are almost complete. The next step is to open a Home for the children of leprosy parents, and other destitute children; a house is ready for this purpose, but so far there is no one to look after the children. It is hoped that the children of leprosy patients can be put into this Home, and that they will not then become infected by the disease. For the past two years Pamela Breslin, who came from Australia as a voluntary helper, has been teaching the handicapped children at Dehra Dun, and by her own efforts has built up this

little school which is the showpiece of the settlement. But she left in March on completion of her two years' agreement, and was married in Bangkok on the 2nd June.

(Editor's Note: In the week following Family Day three Indian Nuns moved in to the Children's Home, Raphael, with their first four charges from the leprosy colony. This is the special responsibility of Sue Ryder Cheshire (Mrs. Bunny to the family): the house was paid for by the patients of St. Teresa's.)

At first Leonard contacted British people in India, but the Homes there are now supported by 75% Indian Committees. Mr. Martyn, who was the first Chairman of Govind Bhawan, Dehra Dun, resigned and the position had been taken over by Major Saigal, a retired doctor from the Indian Army. This kind of thing does not come easily to Indians, but gradually more and more of them are becoming members of the Committee. For a long time patients would not enter the Home; Indians do not like the idea of coming into an Institution. But eventually a cancer patient came in and now there are any number of applications. It has been found that spastic children are much happier in a Cheshire Home than in their own homes, and the parents are relieved of a very great responsibility.

Mr. Martyn admitted that to begin with he was sceptical, but he had now entirely changed his mind. He said that Barbara Coleman, comparing the patients in these Homes with those in other lands, was of the opinion that they were too ready to give up and say, "I can't do anything". It is a little more difficult to deal with Indian patients; if they feel they are disabled they are inclined just to sit back, and the people in charge have a harder struggle in their efforts to rehabilitate them. Mr. Martyn concluded by saying that these ideas are a little new in India, but they are taking root, and the growth has all resulted from the seeds sown by Cheshire.

That concluded the proceedings for the morning, the next item on the programme being lunch.

The first to speak after lunch was Alderman Pickles, who read a telegram from G.C. and Mrs. Cheshire: "Sorry we are not with you love and

good wishes, Sue and Leonard". Alderman Pickles said that a telegram should be sent in reply, wishing Leonard a speedy return to health and to the family. He then called on Dr. Cheshire to speak.

The Professor commenced by thanking Colonel Blenkin and the committee for their very kind welcome and for the hospitable and adequate manner in which they had catered for the inner man. He said that Family Day was a valuable institution, but it did throw a heavy burden on the Home acting as hosts, and it was a heavy expense for the individual Homes. Some day, the Foundation would be sufficiently rich to make a grant in aid, but although it had resolutely set its face against expense accounts, it had intimated that any Home which wished to do so, would be quite justified in paying the expenses of any delegates to Family Day and the Spring Conference.

The G.C.'s Health

The Professor went on to say that Family Day was meant to be a meeting place where we could get together, exchange ideas and get to know each other. It was not a day for speeches. Taking a quick look at the position of the Foundation today as compared with one year ago, there were both bad and good things to report. There were two bad items.

The first was Leonard's health. He was in a very bad shape. He had been in a hospital south of London for three weeks and would be there until the end of the month, after which he must have two or three months' complete rest. He was suffering from malnutrition, probably the effect of a tropical disease, sprue, contracted in the East some years ago. The final tests had been taken two days ago and the result was to be made known that day. Sue was in a distressing dilemma, being very worried about Leonard, and very worried because she could not come to Family Day. She was afraid we might think she did not care for our side of the work. In fact, she had been standing in very nobly, and had been down to Wales the week before to open the Home at Llanhennock. She had to see the doctors that day to find out what the real trouble was with Leonard, and what

manner of cure was necessary—evidently a rather strict diet. Everybody would surely agree that she was quite right to put Leonard first, even before Family Day. In addition to malnutrition, he was suffering from complete physical exhaustion. He never lets up and tries to do more than any one human being ought to be expected to do. "Speaking as a father", said the Professor, "I would like to put in a very earnest plea that the Homes don't put too many demands upon him. He is terribly anxious to get round to each Home, and to visit them on important occasions, but he should not be expected to come for more trivial occasions. Therefore, I do hope that we shall all be more understanding and try to give him a little leisure to restore his strength."

Referring to the retirement of Lord Denning, the Professor said that he had accepted the position of Master of the Rolls, the heaviest judicial job in England. Not only would he be in the Court of Appeal five days a week, and often have to write a judgment at the

weekend, but he would also have very heavy administrative obligations. He would be head of the Public Record Office, and therefore in charge of the Records of the realm. It would be difficult to estimate what we owed to his wisdom, experience and encouragement over the years. He found us sick—he left us healthy. Ten years ago it was doubtful whether the two existing Homes would even survive so pressing were the problems of finance and staffing. But he never lost heart, and never let us lose heart. We are now established. We have arrived, and are recognised as a not unimportant contributory to the relief of human suffering. This is greatly due to the efforts of our late Chairman. Among his virtues are a determination to see anything that he has put his hand to through to the bitter end and an almost passionate desire to see justice done—two virtues that have gone far to put us where we now are. He had accepted the invitation of the Trustees to become the first Patron of the Foundation.

The Professor said that, unfortu-

A recent picture of Alne Hall

Photo: Oglesby, York



nately, when the blow fell he happened to be Vice-Chairman of the Foundation and, therefore, like Mr. Truman, had had to step into a job which was not his line of country at all. His passionate desire was to end his days in obscurity, and he would like to correct an impression unintentionally given by the latest number of *The Cheshire Smile*, wherein it was stated that he had now accepted the position of Chairman. It was a very unwilling acceptance and he had made it clear to all the Trustees that he was only there on sufferance as a temporary stop-gap, and the sooner they found a new Chairman the better he would be pleased.

Foundation Grows

However, there was a brighter side. We were growing, and growing in the right way. Last year we had opened five Homes in England and three in Wales, eight altogether in the United Kingdom, and had opened extensions at Heatherley, Miraflores and Honresfeld. The overseas position was even more staggering. Margot Mason had been overseas to start Homes—one in Morocco, three in Nigeria, two in Sierra Leone. There was one in, of all places, Ethiopia, and others in Amman, Hong Kong, Kuala Lumpur and Lisbon. Other countries interested in opening Homes were Mauritius, Zanzibar, Nyassaland, Egypt, Tanganyika, Aden, Kenya and Nepal.

New Trustees

Dr. Cheshire announced that three new Trustees had been appointed—Lord Sinclair, Judge Rowe Harding and Mrs. Clark. He said that the work of the Trust had grown to such an extent that it had become necessary to elaborate the machinery of administration by setting up a new body called Regional Trustees. The country had been divided into a number of geographical areas with three people appointed for each area, one a Trustee and the other two, people who had had practical experience of running Homes. These three people would be the friends of the Homes within their area, with wide powers of making decisions, and would deal with all the normal problems which in the past had been dealt with by Market Mews. The Trustees hoped that this would get the

business done far more quickly than in the past.

Corps of Nurses

Finally, the Professor referred to the staffing of the Homes, which he said was our biggest problem—in some Homes it was almost impossible to get a supply of trained nurses. He said that Leonard and Sue had begun to form a nursing corps, which would be composed of trained nurses and domestic staff. They proposed to start at Raphael, Godalming, and perhaps at other Raphaels throughout the world. The idea would be to attract people who did not want to make nursing their financial career but had a feeling that they would like to help the cause of the Foundation. They would be dedicated to the work and therefore would come for a modest wage, provided that their future was safeguarded by the provision of an adequate pension. The plan was to inculcate the spirit of the Foundation in the candidates; to train them to a proper standard at a hospital, and thus to form a corps of nurses prepared to go to Homes in this country and to Homes abroad. It would be a wonderful scheme if it could only be made to work, and it would make all the difference to our Homes. The Professor ended by asking anyone who had got any ideas on this subject to send them to Market Mews.

Overseas Homes

Alderman Pickles then spoke about the growth of the overseas Homes and said that the aims of the Mission for the Relief of Suffering were nearer fulfilment. Each Northern Home was to be asked to delegate one of their members to join a new committee—the Overseas Committee—and in addition one of their patients. It would be a good thing for patients to be in touch with Homes abroad. We in England could make a start in helping overseas so that they could in due course do it themselves. There would be nothing irksome about it; something like one regional meeting a year. Before long they would have gathered some strength, and perhaps some suggestions would be forthcoming for helping the work in India.

He then mentioned the Regional Trustees' Committees and said that,

speaking for the North, the three people would not be there to dictate to the Homes, but to short-circuit the present method of having to go to London for everything.

Representatives of various Homes were then invited to speak about their work.

White Windows

Dr. Laycock, from White Windows, said that their Home was founded six years ago, shortly after Alne. Last year they had been going through a period of consolidation, and had been concentrating on the building of Cleckheaton. They had 34 residents, aged from 20 to 60, most of them between 40 and 60. They were considering adding a sun-lounge to the Home. He mentioned a very good toffee packing scheme, which he recommended to other Homes. Large tins of toffees were brought to the Home and all patients who were able to move a limb, working on a group basis, packed the toffees into little packs. The Home had 18 District Committees, very valuable people, who raised money and did a wonderful job explaining to people what a Cheshire Home is about. They had a continual stream of applications, and most of the cases were M.S.

Holme Lodge

Mr. Wright, Vice-Chairman of Nottingham, reported that their Home had opened only twelve months ago. So far, they had only eleven patients, but urgently needed to grow, and they were aiming at 30 or 32 patients. Nottingham County Council was the most generous in the country, and they received £8 plus from them towards the cost of round about £10 a week per patient. Many of them had had experience in helping Staunton Harold, where they had a Central Committee of Friends, and a large number of branches of Friends of the central group, which was rather divorced from the main organisation. At Nottingham they had tried something different. Every Branch Committee, which approximated to a municipal area (about 20 in all) had one member on the Management Committee of the Home. So far they had seven Branch Committees only, but they were growing. In twelve months they had raised

cash and materials totalling £22,000. This had been done by only a few people. Delegates from the Committee Groups formed other Groups in different localities. They had used the "Pathfinder" film 60 or 70 times already.

The Hill

Mrs. Lea of Sandbach then said that they too had been open for only twelve months. They had six residents, and 38 on the waiting list, but until the lift had been completed they would not be able to take others in. In a month's time they would be able to bring the number of residents up to about 30. After teething troubles they were now having no staff difficulties. They had a Matron, a Sister-in-charge and three male orderlies. They relied on Support Groups, of which they had 14 in all. Two members of each Support Group came to the Home quarterly, and were kept informed by means of a newsletter between the period of the quarterly meetings. They appreciated the help which they received from voluntary organisations such as the Round Table, Rotary Club, etc. They had raised a little over £15,000 and were working on a new kitchen, as at the moment the secretary's office was being used for this purpose. Mrs. Lea expressed deep appreciation of Alderman Pickles' help, saying that he had guided them in the right way, and she hoped they would carry on in the right way for the Foundation.

Spofforth

Mr. Holgate, of Spofforth, said he was the youngest Chairman, having been in office for six weeks, and presided at only one committee meeting. He paid tribute to his predecessor, Mr. Dovener, who had been taken ill and had to resign, together with Mrs. Bennett. He said that they owed much to them. Spofforth was still having teething troubles. There were 21 patients from the late twenties to the sixties, and they had quite a large demand for admission. The approximate cost at Spofforth is 8 gns. per week per patient. The patients had many outside interests. Local people took them shopping, to pantomimes, on trips to the coast and to the theatre. They utilised the services of

voluntary workers. There were services on Sundays. They were trying to improve the staff quarters and eventually hoped to extend the Home in order to take more patients. The Home was adequately staffed—they had a Matron, but no S.R.N.

Kenmore

The Vice-Chairman of Kenmore, Dr. Platt, said that Kenmore was White Windows' baby, and they were still administered from White Windows by their Central Management Committee. White Windows had put down the money to alter and furnish the Home. It now only accommodated 16 residents, which was an uneconomic proposition, and two Mayors had launched an appeal for £10,000 to build an extension to bring the numbers up to 30. The appeal had reached its target early in March, building had commenced, and by Christmas they would be ready to take patients into the extension. One of the biggest difficulties was to keep a reasonable balance in the ages of the patients.

Marske Hall

Mr. Burt reported that Marske Hall was a simple proposition because there were no patients. They had been in possession for one year, were now coming to the end of the alterations, and would be ready to take patients by September or early October. They were only about five or six months behind their original estimate! But they would be able to do something no other Home had done—take all 27 patients at once. They might even be able to get 30 in. They had to re-heat, re-wire, put in a lift and do constructional work. Arrangements had been made to pay for it all. They had a very energetic Appeals Committee which had formed 33 Support Groups. They could and should produce a target within their competence, and Mr. Burt said that he was the one to decide what was their competence!

Hovenden

Sister Drifill from Hovenden then spoke. She mentioned alterations, including a lift which the Rotary Club had installed, and occupational therapy and physiotherapy rooms costing £4,500, £100 of which had come from the patients themselves, entirely on their own initiative. There were 29 patients and they were a very happy

family. They were able to do some work to occupy their time, helping in the house. The patients had their own Committee and raised a lot of money themselves. 50% of the profits went into a Welfare Fund and 50% into their pockets. Each patient contributed 9d. a week to the Welfare Fund. They had been given a bus by Sir Henry Price, which was used to go to church, to garden parties and to the country and sea for picnics. Last year they went on a Pilgrimage to Walsingham and they hoped to make this an annual event. Services were held in both the Anglican and R.C. churches.

Alderman Pickles reported that Honresfeld had a new extension, all of which had been paid for. It was largely a Round Table effort at Honresfeld. He briefly mentioned the Lake District Home and the Sheffield committee, who had raised £5,000, and had five Support Groups with more ready to get going; but they could not find a property. He reported that Dr. Beswick and Mr. Frank Dixon had joined him on the Regional Trustees' Committee for the North, and that Mrs. Bennett, recently retired from Spofforth, would act as secretary to the Northern Trustees.

Alne Hall

Colonel Blenkin then spoke about Alne, which he said had had a seven years' lifetime. He added that they had paid for it. He said that he could not sit down without paying tribute to everybody who had helped in a voluntary capacity right from the beginning. They had 25 residents and he thought that over that number the family and home spirit would be lost. They had encouraged the holiday system and had five holiday patients. It cost something like £8 12s. per head, including everything, which left £1,300 a year to be raised to balance the budget. They had one Management Committee and one General Committee. To the General Committee were appointed all who helped in any way, either in cash or in kind, and they met once a quarter when they were presented with a balance sheet. People came and entertained the residents and they had day holidays on the moors and by the sea. They had a staff of 10 or 11, only two of whom were resident—Matron and Mr.

Smith. The rest were voluntary and lived outside. It was difficult to get qualified nursing staff. They had made a mistake when they became registered as a nursing home and because of the difficulty of getting nursing staff had had to ask to be de-registered. He felt that the time had come to see how much overlapping there was. They were now faced with a difficult problem—the Red Cross were beginning to run Homes at a charge of £1 a week.

Le Court

Sir Charles Woolley of Le Court spoke of this, the original Cheshire Home, which had been founded 14 years ago.

Carnsalloch

The Hon. Mrs. Coghill of Carnsalloch reported that they had opened a year ago, having bought the house in

1960. In June last year they had taken in the first four patients, put them in one wing, and around them the rest of the house was prepared. They now had 15 patients and by the end of the year should have 24 or 25. The Support Groups did not work out too well on account of the large area covered. A visit from the Almoners of Scotland had been very successful and would probably be a great help. The Home worked in conjunction with the Edinburgh Home. The average age of the patients was 47. They had been asked to take in older people but were very strict about that.

Mr. Wright of Nottingham asked about the Red Cross.

Brigadier Sheffield from Marske Hall then proposed a vote of thanks to the helpers and the committee of Alne Hall.

FORGOTTEN ALLIES

Latest News

There was a Fete at Hickleton Hall early in July, which was opened by the Earl of Halifax. It proved to be a very happy day for all concerned, even if the takings were not as much as had been hoped for.

Plans for the Fete at Cavendish on 28th July are well in hand. One of the main attractions will be the selling of fish and chips from the kitchen window. As before, the holiday group of concentration camp survivors will probably entertain everyone with Polish national songs.

At present there is a group of twenty-nine survivors staying at Cavendish. It is the third group to come this year. A sad incident occurred earlier

in the year when the first group was being fetched in our old bus "Bodecia" from Dover. At 1 a.m. poor Bodecia broke down at Chelmsford, and refused to move another inch. Miss Ryder and everyone had to turn out, and fortunately we were able to borrow a landrover to collect the bods who were in surprisingly good shape after such a long journey.

Quite shortly we plan to launch a nation-wide raffle in an attempt to raise desperately needed funds. Three of the prizes are: a return flight to the United State, £50-worth of premium bonds, and a return flight to the Channel Islands.

'HELP THE DISABLED WEEK' 1962

OCTOBER 1st — 7th

'Help the Disabled Week' will be held from October 1st to October 7th and will be the fourth such week sponsored by the Central Council for the Care of Cripples. The national Week is intended as an occasion for making more friends for the disabled and increasing the public's understanding of their problems. The encouragement of personal acts of kindness towards the disabled is the primary aim. It is therefore essentially non-fund-raising.

This year attention will be specially centred on the improvement of the home surroundings of the disabled. A number of simple household improvements could be carried out by volunteers and it is suggested that in co-operation with hospital staff the provision of items such as extra hand-rails on staircases, adaptation of high, unwieldy beds, and the supplying of guards on fires and cookers, which are within the capabilities of the handyman, could be undertaken.

People and Places

by the Roving Reporter

The main guest speaker at Family Day was John Martyn, the headmaster of The Dun School at Dehra Dun. He gave an account of the present position at both the Dehra Dun Home and at Raphael, across the Rispana river (see Family Day report, p. 7). He described particularly the very deep feelings which the mentally handicapped children at Raphael felt for Pamela Breslin, the Australian girl who has done such marvellous work there. She got married recently, as readers of *The Cheshire Smile* will know. John Martyn told a story of how the children put on a little tableau in honour of Pamela Breslin's marriage. They dressed up a doll in bridal clothes and when John Martyn turned up with a young English teacher, who had volunteered to help at this school as part of the Overseas Voluntary Service, the children insisted on making the young gentleman pose as the bridegroom in the ceremony which they then carried out. This delightful story seemed particularly striking, probably by way of contrast, when told as it was on a beautiful summer day in the Yorkshire countryside.

* * *

Lord Sinclair, the new Trustee who represents the Scottish Homes, was asked by Margot Mason at Family Day to fly to Tangier and represent G.C. at the formal Opening of the Tangier Home. He was quite prepared to do this at very short notice, including making a speech in French. However, the Opening Ceremony was put off because the authorities in Morocco thought it best to wait until the G.C. was able to go in person.

* * *

Another guest at Family Day was Lady Worsley, mother of the Duchess of Kent. She has been actively interested in Alne Hall for some consider-

able time.

* * *

Wilfrid Russell is writing a book about the whole Cheshire movement which Victor Gollancz plans to publish some time in the New Year. Wilfrid had a long talk on Family Day with one of the Alne Hall patients, Patrick Robson, who has promised to help him with material from the patients' angle. More material for the book is coming from a patient at the Irish Home, Mrs. Joan Horan, whom Wilfrid met whilst over there. (We have a special feature in this issue on Joan Horan).

* * *

After Family Day, Wilfrid Russell had to catch a plane from Yeadon Airport to Dublin in order to represent the G.C. at the Opening of Ardeen the following day. He had no idea how he would get from Alne to Yeadon some 35 miles away. Just as he was despairing, he found out that Marion Thorlby and her husband were driving to Leeds where they were attending a Silver Wedding Celebration that evening. (Marion is Deputy Secretary at Le Court, and also Secretary of *The Cheshire Smile*.) So Wilfrid was able to get a lift, and they drove sufficiently fast to dump him at the Airport within a few minutes of the plane's departure.

* * *

Opening day at Ardeen was a comparatively dry day for Ireland. This was fortunate as all the arrangements had been made in the open air on the lawn outside the house, and these were able to go through without a hitch. The atmosphere of the Home is extremely happy, and Wilfrid Russell, who had only visited the Home once before last February, was quite amazed at the difference, both in the atmosphere and in the number of patients. Where there had been four there were now fifteen. A lift has been put in, and the work that has been

done throughout the house, mostly by volunteers, is quite extraordinary. It was a really noteworthy day.

The guest of honour was the Health Minister, who is also the Deputy Prime Minister of Ireland, Mr. MacIntee. He arrived just before lunch at Coollatin, the home of Olive, Lady Fitzwilliam, who presented Ardeen to the Foundation. She and her sister, Mrs. Connell, have done a very great deal for the Home. After lunch, the Chairman of the Committee and Lady Fitzwilliam took Mr. and Mrs. MacIntee and the Chief Justice of Ireland round the house for a private view. Then the official party took up their position on a platform built outside the patients' sitting room, which looks out across the lovely countryside of County Wicklow. There was a large crowd of well over a thousand people, and a guard of honour from the army. The Health Minister made a stirring speech, and Wilfrid Russell spoke on behalf of the G.C. Mary O'Leary was much in evidence, and is a popular and efficient Matron. Mia French-Mullen, a former secretary of Le Court, is on the Ardeen Committee, and has done a great deal in Dublin, where she works with an advertising company, to popularise the Cheshire idea. We look forward to the formation of an Irish Trust very shortly of which the Chief Justice will, we hope, be the Chairman.

* * *

Those who have heard the story of Coomb, our first Home in Wales, will know all about Miss Minnie Evans. She was one of the first supporters of the venture, and was elected to the Working Committee at the first meeting held in Carmarthen to inaugurate the Home. At the time, she was County Nursing Supervisor, from which post she was just about to retire and take a well-earned and long planned holiday. Instead, she was persuaded to become the first Matron

of Coomb, with all the work and problems that entailed. It is worth noting that she was intrepid enough to take on the job without having had any previous experience of being a Matron.

Her work at first included supervising builders, plumbers, and a host of voluntary workers who offered their services for everything from sewing to painting. Her organising capacity was extremely successful, as was evident from the cheerful and willing way in which these workers achieved spectacular results. All the basic planning in regard to staff, catering, care and entertainment of the residents, fell on her shoulders—and this planning and hard work has borne fruit in the happy atmosphere now prevailing at Coomb.

A major change has however recently taken place at Coomb. Miss Evans retired on June 11th, and took her long-postponed holiday. She will be sadly missed at the Home, as can be seen from the farewell comments in the Coomb news bulletin elsewhere in this issue.

Mr. Roy King has been appointed in her place—the first male “matron” in a Cheshire Home.

* * *

In May, *The Catholic Herald* published an editorial on aid to underdeveloped countries, with the title “The ‘Haves’ and the ‘Have-nots’.” After dealing with economic aid, the article made a few comments on the battle of ideas between East and West—in which battle we have so far been “hopelessly beaten”. It went on to say that new kinds of spiritual help can perhaps be given to the East. In recent years a small number of laymen and laywomen have gone out to the underdeveloped countries to offer aid in new ways. It is worthy of note that the only such person mentioned by name is Group Captain Cheshire.

“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*.

People ask—

“How do you do it?”

Howard A. Rusk, M.D., gives the answer

The leading world expert on rehabilitation, Dr. Rusk is Professor and Chairman, Department of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation, New York University College of Medicine; and Director, Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation, New York University—Bellevue Medical Centre.

Twelve years and 16,000 patients after the inauguration of the Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation, New York University Medical Centre our friends still ask, “How do you do it? What is the magic about this?”

A lot of hard work and a certain amount of imagination are required. But the heart of the programme is the simplest thing in the world. We test these patients for 137 inherent needs in daily living. Can you brush your teeth? Can you comb your hair? Can you dress yourself? Can you get from the bed to a wheelchair? Can you stand? Can you put on your own braces? Can you walk? If so, can you get up and down a curb?

One of our most memorable patients, for example, was a prisoner in her own home for 28 years because there was a veritable wall around her—the 8 inch curb at the edge of the sidewalk. A polio patient, she was a quadriplegic who could walk a crab-like gait on crutches and had about 75 per cent use of her hands but couldn't get up and down a curb. She had undergone 26 assorted surgical procedures, including four spinal fusions. She had a home teacher and had graduated from high school. She could type well and she had a lovely personality, but she still couldn't get up and down a curb and therefore was homebound. She had had polio when she was 2 and was 30 when she was brought to us.

It took seven months to teach that girl a technique whereby she could

manage a curb. We had to redevelop every rib and muscle she had until finally, one day, with the help of the doctors and the nurses and the patient, mostly she herself, she learned that if she threw the bad foot back and caught the edge of her heel on the curb, then with a little flip that she had mastered, she was up. Once she did it, she repeated it 10 times that morning and 20 times that afternoon and 50 times the next day, which was Friday, and we discharged her.

That girl took a full-time job on the Bellevue Hospital switchboard on Monday morning. She has been filling that job capably for eight years now, has never missed a day, never been late.

She is the Helena of rehabilitation. Every year we are rehabilitating some 400,000 of these people in our Federal and state effort and in the non-governmental programmes such as the one at Bellevue Hospital and the 100 to 150 rehabilitation centres available throughout the United States, such as the Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation.

Challenge of the Future

Heartening as these cases are, the challenge of the future is a bit frightening and disturbing. Each week in the U.S. there are about 160,000 industrial accidents of sufficient severity to require medical attention. About one-third are minor ones in which no time is lost from work and no compensation payments are involved. Of

First of a series of articles specially written for *The Cheshire Smile* by eminent medical authorities, whose work has some relevance to the Cheshire Homes.

the remaining two-thirds, a high percentage cause only temporary, short-term disability. But in all the remaining cases the disability is of such severity or potential severity that comprehensive rehabilitation service is required if the disabled worker is to return to employment.

That's only a fraction of the challenge. One out of every three individuals in the United States who retires beyond the age of 60 has a dependent beyond the age of 80. When you think of the change of income and the change of status among this one-third of all the people who retire, you get some idea about the economic impact. Today, 15 million people in the U.S. are beyond the age of 65. Every medical advance "compounds the felony". We are keeping people older, longer, to get all the disabilities that come with an aging population. If we don't do something about utilizing the chronically ill, the physically disabled and those over 65 in our economy, by 1980 every able-bodied worker in the country will have one of these persons on his back in addition to his dependent family.

Start at Bellevue

We started doing something about it at Bellevue Hospital in 1947—the first comprehensive programme in any general hospital. We set it up as a service programme in the third phase of medical responsibility. The first phase is prevention; the second is definitive care, medical or surgical; and the third phase in rehabilitation is that hiatus between the bed and the job.

Now, 80 per cent of the cases can have rehabilitation services carried out by their own physicians in the general hospital, and they can do it very well, if they will just follow the rules that are already in the literature. But for the other 20 per cent, they have to go to a centre equipped with all the facilities such as we have at Bellevue Hospital to meet a fourfold objective—physical, emotional, social and vocational.

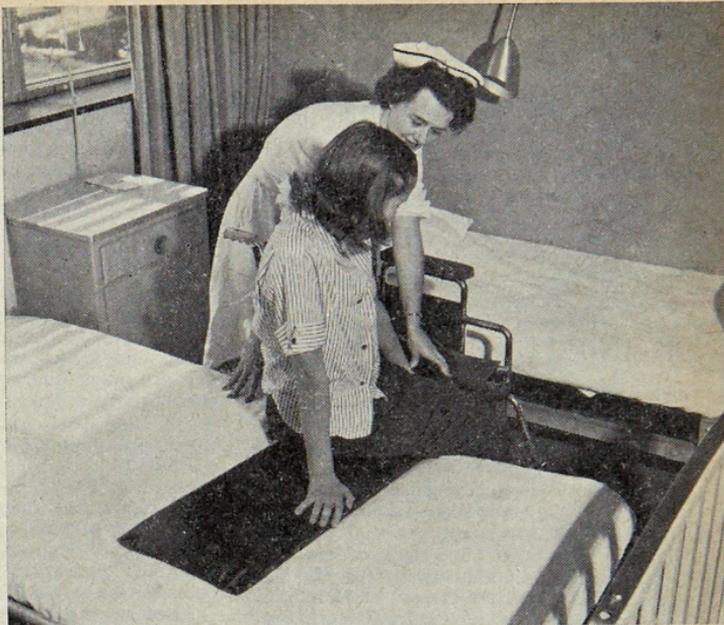
We tell them Everything

In the Bellevue Hospital programme, we even see all of our elective amputees before the leg is amputated. We take along, whenever possible, an amputee.



Arthritic patient can put on stockings without help by using long handles and straps which substitute for her inability to bend and reach.

Polio-patient with involvement of all four extremities learns to transfer from bed to wheel chair by sliding over a board.



We demonstrate a leg and we tell the patient everything—how much the leg costs, that the wearer has to be trained, that the stump has to be shrunk and what the man can and cannot expect from a prosthesis. We tell him the exercises he will take post-operatively. We tell him why he can't keep his stump on a pillow the first few weeks because if he does, it will take us eight weeks of hard and painful work to get out the flexion contractures.

Then when the stump is healed, usually in about 10 days, the patient comes to us for training, first to learn to crutch walk in balance.

Unbreakable Rule

We have one unbreakable rule: *No one can tell a patient what he can't do until he has given him an opportunity to try.* We have also found through experience that it is absolutely fundamental to keep an umbilical thread with the patient the rest of his life so he can see that there is a home base. If he gets into trouble or has problems that can't be answered, or if he gets discouraged or disturbed, he can write or come back and get the information he needs.

So there is no pat answer to the often-asked question, "How long does it take to rehabilitate a disabled person?" We have part of the answer. We have just finished an evaluation of our first 3,000 patients with hemiplegia. Their average age was 63 and the average time from the stroke to the beginning of training was nine months. That is about eight months too long. The average training time with the inpatients was seven weeks. 83 per cent of this group had been successfully taught to meet the needs of daily living, to ambulate by some means and to live non-institutional lives. 38 per cent of them resumed gainful work.

Average Training

In the case of our paraplegics of 40 or younger, the average training time is 120 days. Our quadriplegics average about 150 to 160 days of training. Five years ago we thought they were helpless, hopeless physicals. We don't feel that way now. We are getting 80 per cent of these youngsters back into school or back into jobs where they can be of use. I say "youngsters" because 80 per cent of them are in their late teens or early 20's, the victims of

diving accidents, car accidents and other mishaps responsible for 90 per cent of their disabilities.

This is the medicine of the future, whether medical students or doctors like it or not. Our aging population being what it is, rehabilitation is the only hope until we get specific answers to cancer and heart disease and arteriosclerosis and diabetes and the debilitating diseases. And if it is properly used, it offers real hope.

It is proving so for patients and practitioners from all parts of the world and has earned for Bellevue the appellation of "United Nations for rehabilitation". Patients have come from widely scattered points on the globe. Physicians, nurses and specialists have come from far-off places for advanced training.

Top centres throughout our own country are now being run by physicians we have trained at New York University. We started with one young doctor 12 years ago. We have 71 in training at the present time. And we have 10 jobs for every one that graduates. One of our men is at the National Institute of Health, Bethesda, Maryland. Another has just recently gone to the University of Virginia. One is going back to India to set up the first rehabilitation programme for the rehabilitation of lepers, among whom there are twice as many hand disabilities as there are from all the other medical conditions known to man.

Medicine of the Future

Thus we can say with both confidence and conviction that rehabilitation is the medicine of the future. We have found in stroke patients that there is absolutely no correlation between the severity of the neurological insult and the results in rehabilitation. We have had patients who remained completely paralysed but who were able to go home, make good adjustments and do well. We have had others who had only a little residual paralysis in one hand who did poorly. But three things correlate in every single instance. These people do well if they have a home to go to, if they have a job to take up or if they have someone who loves them.

Our strongest ally is understanding; our greatest tool is education. Beyond that there is research; there are some

fascinating projects crying for help. I can name offhand a half-dozen urgent projects that have to do with aging and spinal cord regeneration and a number of other things that would be wonderful undertakings for the casualty insurance industry to support on an organised basis.

Good Sense—Sound Business

This is not a plea for charity or philanthropy. Rehabilitation is strictly good sense and sound business. We can document that every dollar spent in this programme comes back in taxes in the first three years after an individual is rehabilitated.

Industry also has begun to realise how valuable these people are as workers, not only from the production standpoint but also from the standpoint of industrial relations, and how effectively workmen's compensation costs can be reduced by rehabilitation.

Look at the record in Wisconsin, the first state that passed a workmen's compensation law to be held constitutional by the courts. That was almost 50 years ago. On the day the law became effective one of the very-first workmen's compensation insurance programmes in the country was started by the Employers' Mutual Liability Insurance Company, of Wausau, for one of the paper mills in the state. I have just been shown some of the recent figures on the rehabilitation programme of Employers Mutual. On 43 cases (1950-60) which completed training in rehabilitation centres there was an estimated saving in medical costs alone which may amount to as much as \$3.1 million. Before rehabilitation these men were hospital patients under nursing care. Nearly a quarter of a million dollars were spent on medical expenses for them at various rehabilitation centres, with a total cost of \$3,617,319. Following rehabilitation, they were able to get along with a minimum of medical care, and eight of them returned to gainful employment.

But the greatest asset of these disabled persons is something which can't be measured in dollars. It is their spirit—the unquenchable spirit of people who through opportunity and courage have overcome their disabilities and taken their place in the world again.

THE BUNNY FAMILY

by Baby Bunny

(Ed. Jeremy Cheshire will be three years old next January. "What is he like now?" ask readers, "Why don't you include something in the magazine about the Cheshire family at Cavendish?" I wonder whether the following article will satisfy the enquirers. It was not just by chance that it appeared in my mail one morning. Its authorship is certainly questionable).

Good morning, everybody! My name is Baby Bunny and I have heard my daddy and mummy talk of you all such a lot that I said that I wanted to say something to you all this time. My daddy doesn't think I can, but I know much more than he thinks I do. I am not very big really, but I am growing fast each day and there is such a lot that I am learning.

I live with my mummy and daddy and my little sister—Seagull—in a funny old house with lots of other people who, although I love them very much are rather odd because they don't talk in the same way that mummy and daddy Bunny do, and

sometimes I have quite a shock because mummy starts to talk in that funny way too. Mummy explained to me one day that the reason all these people lived with us was because for a long long time they had no homes or families of their own, so they all came to stay with us—I think that is very nice of them, although I know that Jackie sometimes gets cross because they use her washing line and then she can't hang out my nappies. Anyway she needn't get cross any more because I've decided that I don't really need nappies now that I am getting to be such a big boy.

I love being with mummy and daddy

Mrs. Bunny (otherwise Mrs. Sue Ryder Cheshire) with her two children, Jeromy (Baby Bunny) and Elizabeth (Seagull).



Bunny, although they are always very busy and scurrying around just like the bunnies I've seen in a big field near our house. I like breakfast time very much because we all have such fun, even if sometimes I do get jam and corn-flakes on their letters. I like helping wherever I can and one day when I was alone in the office I thought I would make it all nice and tidy as a surprise for mummy, so I took all the papers I could find and squashed them up tightly in a wastepaper basket. Mummy said "thank you very much Baby Bunny" but in rather a funny way, and then I thought it was rather silly because all the secretaries spent the morning taking the paper out of the basket and putting it back on the

tables again, so in the end it looked just as untidy as before.

My baby sister is very lovely, but oh so tiny, and she makes very funny noises when she wants her food. Mummy and daddy say that's why they call her Seagull. In the afternoon she lies on her bed and kicks and dribbles. I'm big now and don't dribble any more and one day I am going to teach Seagull not to dribble. I gave her one of my little dogs and she loves it very much. I love it too, but I think I shall let her keep it.

Now mummy and daddy Bunny have come in and told me that I must go and have my lunch. I'd much rather stay here, but I suppose I'd better go. Goodbye everyone.

WHAT'S MY LINE?

by Rowland Farrell and Edith Bell

Much has been written about the physical disabilities of chronic invalids but not enough about their approach to life or the way they deal with their problems, and how they accept or do not accept their plight. To a certain extent we humans are creatures of habit. Pavlov put it in a nutshell when he used the term "conditioned reflex" to describe the behaviour of his dogs who, at a pre-determined signal, anticipated a meal by unwittingly secreting saliva. Conditioned reflexes are a very necessary part of our behaviour pattern and on examination will be seen to be essential in our lives.

We know that routine has a less important part to play in the lives of humans than in dogs, because we each have varying inborn characteristics which we lay down as being due to Freewill, Providence, a Creator, God, or call it what you will; but to whatever we may ascribe this, we do not change fundamentally, except to drastic alterations in the environment. We patients in the Cheshire Homes can be divided into five main "lines". Some of us are born happy, some are born sad, some are enterprising and full of ideas, others are frankly lazy and others are young in heart and able to cope with life as it comes; all these

qualities are accentuated in a family like ours. It is as well to recognise the category into which we fit, each one of us, so that we can adjust ourselves to our particular disease which may be a challenge or a defeat.

Physical disabilities rate high in our lives but are not all. We have always been impressed by the treatment of polio victims in which it is said, "If you can only move one eyelid it will be put to good use". This means that capital is made out of any ability, and this is what we members of the Cheshire Family must do by putting to good use any attributes that remain, so living a life as near normal as possible compatible with our condition.

Some may turn to God and find in Him not only solace and comfort but also prove that in trying to do His service the burden is taken from their shoulders. Canon Henry Emmerson Fosdik said that we will have no inner happiness until we "get ourselves off our hands", and this in fact means until we cease to think about ourselves. Although to *carry out* Fosdik's line of thought is the most difficult thing in the world, we can but try. What's *your* line—have you got yourself off your hands?

Alderman Stephens in India

Alderman J. S. Stephens, J.P., C.C., Chairman of St. Teresa's, has written an account of his visit to the Indian Homes during the Spring.

When I was asked by Group Captain Cheshire if I would be prepared to visit the Cheshire Homes in India on his behalf, and particularly to assist with the planning of the Ryder, Cheshire International Home, "Raphael", I accepted it as a great compliment to the Management Committee of St. Teresa's, as well as to myself, as Chairman. Nevertheless, I wondered what I was letting my wife and myself in for, when I looked at the comprehensive itinerary of places to visit and people who would be meeting us at the various airports.

90° in Bombay

Leaving London at the start of one of the coldest spells this country had experienced for many years, we duly arrived at Bombay in a temperature around 90 degrees. It was really wonderful, even more so when we were met at the airport by a Mrs. Cynthia Baddeley, who acts as the liaison officer in India for the Group Captain, and whose job it is to look after all people who are visiting Cheshire Homes in India. A delightful person, who made us feel at home immediately. On our first day, we went to the annual pantomime organised on behalf of the Bombay Home. This is now one of the social highlights of the year, and plays to packed houses for ten days running. It was the opening night, and the Governor of Bombay attended. He made a nice speech, and expressed his thanks for the very fine work of the Group Captain and his helpers. Incidentally, this was the first occasion on which I have ever been presented with a bouquet of flowers as well as my wife (obviously an old Indian custom). The pantomime was excellently produced, and compares well with a professional production in this country. Also, it was a great financial success, and a benefit to the Home at Bombay.

The following morning we flew on to Delhi and were met at the airport by Miss Barbara Coleman, a young Australian, who is the "Margot Mason" of India, and with her John Martyn, a Trustee of the Indian Homes, and also the Headmaster of

the Doone School, one of the best known public schools in India. I often heard it said by many influential people that John Martyn is second only to Mr. Nehru in popularity throughout India. It was a great privilege to meet such a fine Englishman, who was my adviser and friend during the whole of my stay at Dehra Dun, which lasted for three weeks.

I have always felt proud to be associated with the Cheshire Homes in this country. But I must admit that I have looked upon the work of the Group Captain and his wife only from a rather parochial point of view, until I was privileged to see for myself what has been accomplished in India, and particularly at the International Home, "Raphael", Dehra Dun. This Home is delightfully situated close to the foothills of the Himalayas, in very beautiful surroundings, and when completed will be, in my opinion, a great example for those who govern India to follow, in bringing relief to the countless thousands who need shelter, food, clothing and medical attention. I am certain that the Group Captain and his wife will agree that they could not have achieved even what they have, unless we who are connected with the Cheshire Homes in the United Kingdom had given our support, financial and otherwise.

Help for Overseas

How each Home gives such support must be left to each Management Committee. Some, especially the newer Homes, may not be able to help much, because they already have heavy commitments to meet. At St. Teresa's, the patients themselves undertook to raise the money to build a unit-Home at Raphael, costing £1,250. I am delighted to say that this amount has almost been raised in twelve months through their efforts, as a mark of appreciation for what the Group Captain has done for them.

I would finish by saying that those who are in a position to do so should feel very privileged to be able to contribute to Raphael, our International Home.

THE HOMES IN PICTURES

"The Cheshire Homes — a Pictorial Record"

(with nearly 200 pictures)

This attractively produced 48-page souvenir volume is being published during the Autumn. It shows a representative selection of the U.K. Homes, their exteriors and surroundings, the residents and their activities, and the staff; it covers also the overseas Homes. The book (measuring 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in x 12in.) is being printed throughout on art paper, and will have stout covers which will stand up to a good deal of wear and tear. It would make an ideal Christmas gift.

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

We are afraid it will be impossible to send any on a sale or return basis.

Perhaps the Homes would like to send out copies of this Pictorial Record to their supporters. Residents also may want to send them to their relations and friends. Envelopes, with gripper fasteners, for this purpose are available, and can be ordered with the books themselves. The price for these envelopes is 5s. 0d. per dozen (minimum order—1 dozen).

If you would like us to send the Pictorial Record to a relation or friend, please send us the name and address (in block capitals, please) together with a remittance of 4s. 6d.

All orders should be sent to: *The Cheshire Smile*, Le Court, Liss, Hants.

NEWS AND FEATURES

from

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in the
United Kingdom**

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St. Bridget's, West Sussex

This has been a quarter of much coming and going. We have had numerous boys and girls spending a holiday with us, and we enjoyed having them. Numerous too have been the outings, variety being the key word, and all tremendous fun, and so much appreciated by everybody.

At the Arena Show, which was so magnificently run by the Chanterbury Lions, the family had a small stall on which they sold their wares. There is considerable activity in the making line at the moment. I may add that Christmas cards are now ready for sale.

The big day of course was the opening of the extension by Her Grace the Duchess of Norfolk, which has already been reported. But we would like to say how delighted we were that G.C. could join us on the eve of his going into hospital.

H. M. ELLIOTT

The Grove, Norfolk

The Grove has had its first Fete, thanks to the Norwich Round Table and lots of helpers. It was a great success, much enjoyed by all.

Amongst the entertainments were a Helicopter Rescue display, Civil Defence Rescue from the roof, Italian Girl Singers, Beauty Parade, Pony Rides, Balloon Race, and numerous side shows.

We were fortunate that the weather was good, and the beautiful garden—a blaze of colour, was undamaged by the 3½ thousand people who patronised the Fete.

Unfortunately the Founder was unable to come, but the celebrity Don Arrol opened it for us. He was popular with the autograph hunters.

In fact all the members of the family and staff enjoyed this memorable day.

J.J. & R.G.

Mote House, Kent

Tuesday, 1st May was "Open Day" at Mote House. This was the first anniversary of the opening of the Home. Many visitors attended the celebration and one of the highlights of the afternoon was the opening of the new lift by the Deputy Mayor, Alderman Clarke, after which residents and friends made many journeys in the lift to see the various alterations that were being made in the upstairs room in preparation for new residents.

On the day following, the patients held their own birthday party which was a great success. Unfortunately the happiness of all was tinged with a note of sadness, the reason being that they were saying Goodbye to one of their greatest friends, Mr. Tom Crane.

Tom—as everyone at the Home called him, arrived at Mote House at the beginning of June. He was ready

to do anything to help and so the secretary, Mrs. Jane Prentis, made him an orderly. For almost a year he tackled this job most capably—and voluntarily—and soon became one of the residents' most trusted friends. When the residents heard that "their Tom" was leaving they decided that he must have a farewell gift as a token of their appreciation. They chose a watch with the words "From all good friends of Mote House, May 1962" inscribed on the back. Peggy Cronk, of Maidstone, presented Tom with the gift on behalf of the residents. Tom was then invited to cut the first anniversary birthday cake. After the presentation toasts were proposed to the Committee and to Friends of the Home who had provided the delicious refreshments which helped to make the party such a success.



*Photo: Kent Messenger,
the County paper of Kent*

Mote House. Popular orderly, Tom Crane, cuts the Home's first anniversary cake. Jane Prentis, secretary of the Home, makes sure he does it properly.

St. Cecilia's, Kent

On some days the weather has not been quite as good as we would have wished, but when possible we have enjoyed resting in our garden which, thanks to our handyman, Mr. Harvey, is now looking its very best.

Through the kindness and generosity of our "Chislehurst Friends" we have on two occasions been able to get the use of the "Not Forgotten" coach and driver. On May 23rd Sister Ferguson and her helpers took 22 of us to Limpsfield in Surrey; a most enjoyable ride and a most refreshing tea.

On July 4th Sister F. and her helpers again took us out, 16 of us this time to Brighton for the day. We enjoyed every conceivable amusement, with an "al fresco" luncheon and tea on the Pier. Although the water was a bit nippy, Peter, one of our orderlies,

bravely went in and displayed some lively aquatics.

The big day was of course June 30th when we had our annual garden party. The Mayoress of Bromley, Mrs. G. Lovell, opened the gala, and in a splendid opening speech, she stressed the need for more local support. She was presented with a bouquet of flowers by Kathleen Smith, our youngest resident.

We welcomed among our visitors, the small children from Chislehurst Holy Child Nursery, a party of local "May Queens" and members of the Bromley W.R.N.S. Everybody, helpers, staff and residents alike, worked with a will to make the afternoon a success. Our young friend Mr. Price was M.C. and our combined efforts resulted in a profit of £270.

T.R.L.

★

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BROCHURES

★

Heatherley, Sussex

We celebrated our anniversary in May with an iced cake proudly bearing one candle—beautifully made by our wonderful cook; and in the evening an Olde Tyme Dance Club came along and entertained us.

It has been a memorable year—so much has been achieved. I am referring to our new extension, of course. At the beginning of March we moved in, and oh! what a source of delight it was; each room with its bright curtains and paintwork, large windows and french doors. The Haywards Heath Committee are responsible for our gardens, and as you read this you can picture how beautiful they have already made them look.

A week before we moved into the Extension a party was held to celebrate the opening of the Farrell Hall. This beautiful room with its lovely parquet flooring, large windows and gay curtains, has been given by the people of Copthorne village and dedicated to Dr. and Mrs. Farrell. The party was great fun—Edith, Diana and Rowland wrote a cabaret with songs and rhymes, but the number that stopped the show with hilarious laughter was "Les Girls" when Rowland, Jo, George and Paddy dressed in bright clothes, blonde wigs, earrings, make-up, with well-shaped cotton-wool stuffed legs (made by Gwen) mimed to a record of "Don't Bring Lulu".

The next exciting event was the gift of a Southdown Bus, given by our dear "Friends of Heatherley" from Horsham, and to whom we are indebted for the many hours of pleasure we will derive from outings therein. The bus holds 16 wheelchairs and four seats for the more mobile members of

the family. Each wheelchair has a cunningly made safety bolt to ensure perfect stability in the bus. We spent an afternoon visiting Le Court Cheshire Home, after a picnic lunch, in the countryside of Hampshire. (See picture on front cover).

One of the most important occasions in recent months was the blessing of our lovely Home. The Archdeacon of Lewes, the Rev. Woods from Horley and the Rev. Marsden-Jones, Vicar of Copthorne led the service, and it was very moving. DAPHNE—resident

We held our official Opening Ceremony for the new building on 2nd June. There was a very good photo of this in the last issue of *The Cheshire Smile*. We were all very sorry that G.C. could not be there; he was in hospital at the time. His place was most ably filled, however, by Sir Harold Webbe, M.P., who has subsequently been most generous to us by presenting Heatherley with a cinema projector and screen, which has given us great pleasure.

Visits in our coach have been paid to Beachy Head, Lord Colgrain's estate at "Everlands", Sevenoaks; Arundel Castle, Devil's Dyke, Withyham House, Tunbridge Wells; Smugglers' Cottage at Crawley Down and to the Cathedrals of Canterbury and of Guildford.

In addition to all this, ten of us, together with two of the staff and Mr. Bill Looker (a very great friend of the family) spent a most enjoyable week's holiday at Pontin's Riviera, Bowleaze Cove, Weymouth. We were delighted to meet old friends from Le Court, and Ampthill, besides several other respected associates. E.H.

WEST MIDLAND HOME

We regret that the long feature on the West Midland Home in our last issue made no mention of the part played by Mrs. Nicholls and Mrs. Cox in the preparatory stages of the Home. Both these ladies did excellent pioneering work and Mrs. Cox became the first secretary of the organising committee.

His Feet

His hands and his arms are useless but
his feet

They will surely beat the rest
And definitely bring out the best
What cannot be done with one
Can certainly be done with t'other
And done without any bother
He can write and type
Do leatherwork, yes, accomplish all
with his feet

No such word as "can't" but "can".

DOROTHY COOPER (*Alne Hall*)



Photo: Luton News

Ampthill. Inspecting one of the new wards, after the official opening. (l. to r.) Mrs. Whitbread, Major S. Whitbread (Lord Lieutenant of the County), Mrs. and Mr. R. P. Tunstall, Vice Chairman, Lord Denning, Miss Doris Mann, Chairman, and A. Philip Hendry, Warden of Ampthill.

Ampthill Park, Beds.

The official opening of the new south wing extensions by Lord Denning took place on Sunday, 15th April. Some 400 people attended despite very bad weather. There was a good representation from places as far afield as Northampton, Aylesbury, St. Albans, Welwyn Garden City, Rushden, etc., and the company included several Mayors, Chairmen of Councils and two M.Ps. We were privileged to have with us also the Lord Lieutenant of Bedfordshire, Major Simon Whitbread.

The whole interior of the south wing has been completely altered and re-decorated. In fact, the wing has almost been rebuilt, although we have

retained the outer shell. We are now able to accommodate another twelve patients, bringing our numbers to 37 in all. Of these, it is the intention to have 24 male and 13 female patients.

Our annual motor car treasure hunt was again a great success, with over 70 cars competing, and covering a run of about 50 miles. As in the past, we concentrated on making this principally an enjoyable afternoon out for the family. This competition undoubtedly does a great deal to publicise the Home amongst another section of the community, and we are very grateful to the Bedford Motor Club for their assistance.

P. HENDRY

Greathouse, Wilts.

Our Toc H branch is flourishing and the meetings at which members of the parent units in Chippenham and Bristol come to speak were well attended.

The Royal Air Force at Lynham and Yatesbury recently entertained the residents at their Sports Day. Also on one afternoon ladies from the Air Force station at Hullavington brought a special strawberry tea to the Home; entertainment during the proceedings

Cann House, Plymouth

There was plenty of activity at Cann House on the 23rd of June; the occasion was a trip to Exeter to see the Air Display. We left Cann House at 11.15 a.m. The Exeter by-pass was crowded with cars, but we got through alright, arriving at the airport about 2.15. It was a fine show.

On Sunday, 8th July, Cann House was a busy spot once more; this time our journey was to Cornwall and St. Teresa's. We left at 9.30 a.m., stopping at Bodmin for lunch for about

was provided by the Pipes and Drums of the Glasgow Training Squadron.

The Wiltshire County Handicapped Rally was held at Fosbury, the home of our patron, Mr. Garnett. The Committee and residents went in force and joined the other 1,600 disabled. It was a memorable afternoon in lovely surroundings, and we hope our attendance showed in some small way our gratitude to Mr. Garnett for this lovely home.

L. G. ASPINAL

an hour and then off again to St. Teresa's arriving there at about 1.30 p.m. We chatted with our old friends and had tea with them. Time passed much too quickly, and we left again at 5.30, stopping at Bodmin for about 20 minutes for refreshments; then off again for Plymouth, arriving back at Cann House at 8.30 p.m.

A party of us went to see the Queen Mother open the new Tamar Bridge. Her Majesty spoke to everyone in the party.

E.J.W.

Friday the 13th

Some people think that Friday the 13th is destined to be an unlucky day, but for some of us at Cann House it was a day long to be remembered as an extremely happy one. We were invited by the Commanding Officer of H.M.S. Virago to spend a day with them at sea. We made an early start to the day, rising between 5 - 6 a.m.! We all met in the lounge for breakfast, then left by the "Friends of Disabled" coach at 8.55. This was the beginning of a most exciting day. We made a few stops through Plymouth to pick up some Disabled Scouts and finally arrived at Devonport Dockyard, where TV cameras and Press photographers awaited our arrival. We could see our ship, H.M.S. Virago, looking magnificent and very inviting, with all her crew on deck to give us a really first-class Naval welcome and, I might add, ready to lend a very willing hand to get us on board. We all got safely settled and left port at 10 a.m. The sea was very calm and the sun was shining, so off we went for a lovely trip, the ship's crew pointing out vari-

ous spots and buildings of interest. We had coffee and were given sea-sick tablets and I am very pleased to say that these had the desired effect and none of us were sea-sick. Various drills and exercises were carried out which we were able to watch. We anchored about 7 miles out from Looe, where we were all moved into the Wardroom and had a most delicious lunch and anything we fancied to drink. After this we went on deck again to view the landscape on our return journey. It started raining at this point but this did not dampen our spirits in any way. Our hosts fixed us up with a marvellous awning arranged over the guns of the ship and eating sweets, singing and smoking, we arrived in Devonport Dockyard at 3.30, where our coach was ready to bring us home. We arrived safe and sound, perhaps a little tired; but how happy and honoured we all felt at having had the privilege of a most wonderful day in one of Her Majesty's ships.

P.H.

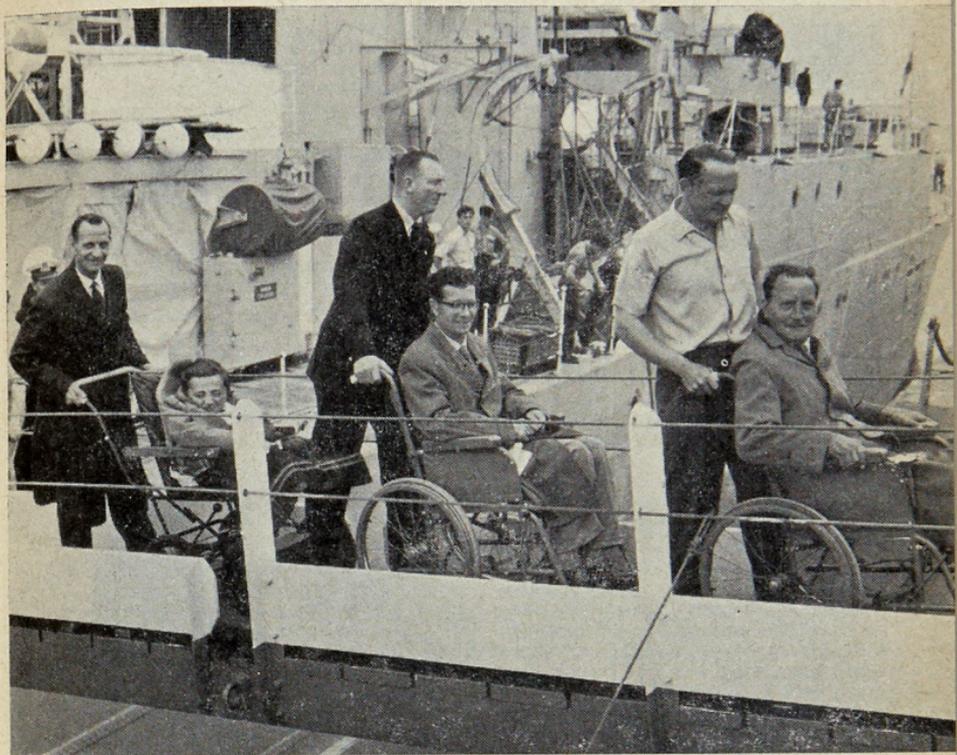


Photo: Western Morning Ne

Ron and Dennis, Cann House, and a disabled scout, leaving HMS Virago after the trip to sea.

SAFETY BELTS

At Cann House we are fortunate in having the use of a bus, run by the "Friends of the Disabled" of Plymouth, and excursions and picnics are frequent.

The use of the bus is not without its problems. This month an occasion arose when the driver had to brake hard to avoid an accident, and in consequence three persons travelling in their wheeled chairs slid to the floor, sustaining damage to ankles and feet.

The lesson learnt was that although the lashing of the chairs to the side of the coach is an elementary precaution, the use of some type of safety belt to

keep the occupant in the chair is also essential. We are now experimenting with a broad canvas belt with rope tails, which can be clipped round the person and the back of the chair by means of spring or halyard clips, and although these cannot be unhooked by the person in the chair, they are easily manipulated by a second person. It is felt that this disadvantage over an expensive type of car safety belt clip is acceptable in the circumstances.

We should be grateful to hear how other Homes have tackled this problem.

May we introduce . . .

OLYMPIC MEDALLIST

Joan Horan was elected 1960 Personality of the Year by Davina's gossip column in "The Irish Press". By kind permission of the Editor we reproduce the article on her from the issue of Nov. 4th, 1960. Joan now lives at Ardeen, the first Irish Cheshire Home.

Joan Horan, winner of two Gold Medals for Archery and Swimming in the Rome Paraplegic Olympics, is the type you'd expect to hear saying: "Was at a wonderful party last night. Didn't get to bed till five."

Warm-hearted, impulsive and irrepressibly gay; meet her and it's an effort to keep remembering she is paralysed. Typical of her magnificent courage, everything about her—from her quick smile to her brightly varnished nails—suggests she is not. Her personality exudes vitality. So successfully does she dispel the fact she's in a wheel chair that it becomes nothing more than a conversational prop.

After the fashion of one who has gone from party to party, rather than from wheel chair to bed, Joan Horan talked about her hospital life. It began with a cyst on her spine in 1947.

Betraying not a hint of self-pity she said, "I was lucky. It could have happened before I knew what it was like to dance, and stay up half the night at a party. And I adored parties. Some are paralysed before getting even that chance."

Apart from a year spent at Stoke Mandeville (the leading English hospital for paraplegics), and two years in the National Hospital in Queen Square, London, Joan Horan has spent the most part of an additional ten years in the Mater Hospital, Dublin.

Life in a ward

"Living in a ward is like living in an airport. You spend your time saying hello and good-bye—and wishing. Sometimes in the past when I really hit rock-bottom depression, I thought about the good old days, the parties



Photo: Irish Press

Joan Horan

and the dances. And oddly enough, these memories invariably cheered me up."

When you know that Joan Horan spent six years of her hospital life lying rigidly on her stomach, you'll appreciate something of her excitement the first day she got into a wheel chair.

"I'll never forget it—the thrill," she said. "The first thing I did was to wheel myself to the wash-hand basin. Oh the joy of being able to wash myself and do my own washing. Not having to say: Pass me this, pass me that. . . . Sounds mad, I know, but it was bliss."

I asked her if her wheel chair has now become as much part of herself as to have personal character. "Definitely," she said, "For instance, when we arrived in Rome someone at the airport, being kind of course, thought it didn't matter which wheel chair was used for the first person out. You should have heard the outcry from the five of us. We nearly rioted on the spot."

Willing helpers

What few probably know is that Joan Horan was out of bed only three weeks when she competed in the Rome Olympics. In fact there was grave doubt who'd make it, but she was determined she would.

"My achievement," she said, "was entirely due to the help given by the Knights of Malta and the Dublin Corporation. Tara Street Baths opened an hour earlier every day to allow my practice. The Knights collected me here at the Mater, took me by ambulance to the baths, and threw me in."

Paralysed from above the waist to her toes, I asked how she manipulated when she was swimming. "There's nothing to it," she explained, "pro-

vided you don't panic. In the water the lower half of me floats. Sometimes I feel I'm two people. Top half of me—all movement. Standing I'm really quite small. Only 5 feet 2 inches."

Loving every minute of Rome, I gathered from the lighthearted way she talked about the medals she had won, that these were only secondary to the enjoyment of being there. "The five of us had wonderful fun. Y'know, I began to pity anyone not in a wheelchair. When 1,000 of us started speeding around, they had to look sharp to be safe."

Her story

Joan Horan, whom I elect as my Personality of the Year, was born in Dublin. Her father was the late Dr. Patrick Dempsey, Ear, Throat and Nose Specialist, Mater Hospital. She went to school to Alexander College, and St. Mary's Convent, Ascot. Her ambition was to be an actress.

After studying for three years at the Central School of Dramatic Art, Albert Hall, London, she graduated to small parts on stage and films. However, her career was short, for

(continued on next page)



Photo: Irish Press

The Irish team, including Joan Horan, for the Rome Paralympic Olympics about to leave Dublin.



Photo: Irish Press

**Paddy Flynn, with Miss Mary O'Leary, Matron,
at Ardeen**

For 43-year-old Paddy Flynn of Kilbeggan, Co. Westmeath, his birthday brought news for which he had dreamed for years. Disabled, he has spent the last eight years in Le Court Cheshire Home, in Hampshire.

"But", said Paddy, "I always dreamed of spending my time in Ireland". He applied to the Cheshire Home in Ardeen, Shillelagh. The most they could do was give him a holiday there.

Even so, he was thrilled: "You cannot put words on the happiness this visit has brought me. It is just the feeling of sitting here, looking out into the mists on the mountains and listening to the happy Irish voices."

Joan Horan

(continued from previous page)

she returned to Dublin and got married. She has two sons, Gerald, 17½, and Niall, aged 16.

When I congratulated her on winning the two Gold Olympic Medals,

Paddy's Dream Comes True

Extracts from
the "Irish Press"

Then it looked as if the holiday was coming to an end.

But Westmeath County Council was told of Paddy's dream to stay in his native land. And on his birthday they told him: "You can stay".

Lady Fitzwilliam, who lives close to the Cheshire Home, and who frequently visits the patients there, said: "The thrill in Paddy's face when told the good news had to be seen to be believed.

"I know this is his dream come true. Paddy deserves it. Despite his handicap, he is as cheerful as the day is long and a great source of comfort to the other patients."

she laughed and said ". . . This sudden fame is really fun, because I won two Gold Medals for swimming last year at the Olympics, held at Stoke Mandeville, but I didn't think then it was big enough news to talk about."

THE IRISH HOME

Official Opening

*Reproduced from "The Nationalist and Leinster Times"
by kind permission of the Editor*

The official opening of the first Cheshire Home in Eire took place on Sunday, 17th June. Mr. Sean McEntee, Ireland's Minister for Health, travelled to the quiet, picturesque village of Shillelagh, Co. Wicklow, to declare the house, Ardeen, officially open.

Hundreds of cars stretched from the village up the hill to Ardeen House—the gift of Lady Fitzwilliam to the Cheshire Foundation. There was an atmosphere of joy tinged with a little sadness.

The joy was in the hearts and on the faces of all who had helped to make this first Irish Cheshire Home a success. The sadness was at the absence of the one man who had been the inspiration of every step along the way, Leonard Cheshire.

G.C.'s Absence

Deputising for the Group Captain, Mr. Wilfrid Russell, brought his message of goodwill and a deep regret at not being able to attend.

The Group Captain, he said, was seriously ill from a tropical disease contracted in India four years ago, when he was there to establish another Home.

He had always made it a point to be present at the opening of one of his Homes and deeply regretted that he could not be in Shillelagh that day.

As the fifteen patients sat in their wheelchairs or lay in their trolleys on the lawn, surrounded by their old and new friends, the Minister paid glowing tributes to Cheshire—"a gallant airman who found his true vocation in the time of peace."

He welcomed the Foundation to Ireland where ". . . there was a great need for an expansion of voluntary effort in the field of social care". He understood there would be more Cheshire Homes, and he was very glad indeed to know this.

"Such contributions", said the Minister, "as I might be able to authorise health authorities to make

towards the maintenance of patients in such institutions falls short in many respects of totals required.

"We are compelled to look to private benefactions from well-wishers of the particular good works concerned to supply the balance—as is being done in this instance", he said.

The Minister paid tribute to Countess Fitzwilliam, who had arranged the lease, practically free of charge, to the Cheshire Foundation.

When the Minister and his wife arrived, Mrs. McEntee was presented with a bouquet of flowers by one of the patients, Miss Margaret Creane.

Speaking with emotion, Lady Fitzwilliam said: "This is a very proud day for me. We all love the patients, for without them this would not be a home. I want to thank the Minister and Mrs. McEntee for coming. I want to thank the supporters of the Home and all who have come along here today. Without their help it would not have been possible to achieve the success attending the opening."

Miss Mary O'Leary, of Bagenalstown, Matron of the Home, appealed for more support for the Home. "Many people have the idea", she said, "that they can only come here at certain times, that we have visiting hours like a hospital, and that only the select few can come at will. This is not true. Everybody is welcome here, any time."

Young People

"I would like to see more young people coming to visit the patients. It can be very boring for them to have to look at the same people all the time. They could do with some new faces."

Among the happiest patients down in Shillelagh on Sunday was Denis McCallion from Donegal. Denis has been at the new Home almost from the beginning and since his arrival has discovered many hidden talents in himself.

He has an innate sense of form and colour for painting, can sing with the best and is a lively harmonist. He

also writes good verse in ballad metre. This one he wrote especially for the opening of the Home.

THE IRISH HOME

Japan, it was the country,
And the sky was all aglow,
As the smoke and flames shot upwards
From Hiroshima far below,
And terror and destruction
Were let loose that fateful day
The Atom Bomb exploded
On that Island far away.

As the roar of the bombers faded,
A young man gazed around
And o'er his thoughtful countenance
There came a puzzled frown,
The thrill and the elation
Seemed suddenly to go,
And his heart was filled with sadness
As he watched the scene below.
Today he is world famous
But how many people know
That he has given life and health
So that a dream might grow.

With trust in God he founded
The first Cheshire Home,
And from that small beginning
Has shown what can be done
With love and understanding
To succour those who bear
The heavy cross of suffering
No matter who they are.

Now we here in Shillelagh
Are very proud to say
That the opening of the first Irish Home
Takes place at Ardeen today.
Our grateful thanks to everyone
Who helped in any way,
And God bless Leonard Cheshire
Who helped to show the way.

Latest News from Ardeen

This Cheshire Home ain't what it used to be. Our sedate peacefulness is gone; there isn't a space left to park a chair. In short, we are a going concern, bursting with life and enjoying it.

The lift whirrs up and down; the fire-escape chute is the delight of visitors; the washing-machine is in action. We have seventeen residents, with four to follow; eight staff; a cat and a dog, Cheshire and Scotty respectively (we hope G.C. doesn't mind).

We still have, and intend to keep, Paddy Flynn, Le Court's gift to us. We welcome the new members of our family: Jimmy Kelly, James Ross,

Michael Gallagher, Betty Maquire and Kathleen Dunne.

June provided us with many an excuse for a sing-song. We celebrated the anniversary of the arrival of our first patients—Bob McCullough and Des Doyle. We must have sung "Happy Birthday to You" at least eight times during the month. The village shop ran out of birthday cards. Then last week we celebrated, rather sadly, the departures of Denis and Michael to the Rehabilitation Centre, Lourdes Hospital, Dun Loaghaire, for five weeks. We miss them sadly.

EIMER CULLEN.

NEWS IN BRIEF

At Family Day in June a representative from most of the Northern Homes, and some others, gave a brief report about their own Homes. These accounts are included in our Report of the event in this issue. Since our space problem is so pressing, it has been decided to cut down the news bulletins from the Homes covered at Family Day, and the following composite feature covers their most important happenings in recent months.

HOVENDEN

The most exciting happening of the year so far has been the opening of the new Occupational and Physio-therapy rooms by Group Captain Cheshire on April 29th. These rooms provide much needed space. At one end, is a cupboard which, when opened, reveals an Altar, furnished with gifts from friends. Each patient has his or her own locker, which is designed so that the door can be used as a desk.

The Hovenden film has been completed, and is being shown all over the County.

The Lincolnshire Home's Fete this year was opened by Ted Moulton of TV fame. The occasion proved more of a success than ever.

CARNSALLOCH

Sunday, June 17th, was "At Home" Day for the Dumfries Home. Over 500 people attended. Two of the girls, Isa and Sadie, manned the residents' stall, which made £33.

HOLME LODGE

This Home is now eleven strong, with the arrival of Arthur Wright who with his clerical knowledge will be a valuable asset.

The new Matron, Mrs. Sanderson, who is well-known at the Home as she has often done voluntary work there, will take up her duties on September 2nd.

The Fete was a great success; nearly £1,100 was raised.

The lift, which has been donated, will soon be finished, while the £1,100 liftshaft has been subscribed for, partly by a house-to-house collection in West Bridgford, and the balance by seven Rotary Clubs in Nottinghamshire.

WEST RIDING HOMES

The 16 District Support Groups were divided into two areas this year for the annual Fete, one concentrating on White Windows, and the other on Kenmore. White Windows Fete was opened by Dr. Reginald Webster and Mrs. Webster of BBC's "Ask Me Another", and Harry Corbett with Sooty did the same at Kenmore. The proceeds at the Sowerby Bridge Home were lower than last year, but this deficit was more than made up by the record receipts at Cleckheaton.

A close fellowship is being established with the Westmorland Home.

SPOFFORTH

Recent social activities of special note were a day spent at Bardsey in May, a concert by a trio from the Hotel Majestic, Harrogate; by the Bar Methodist Youth Social Club of Harrogate; and by Miss Joan Williams, pianist; also exhibitions by the White Rose Morris Men of Leeds, and the East Keswick Folk Dancing Group.

THE HILL

The second Fete on June 23rd was opened by Mrs. Sue Cheshire, deputising for her husband. One of the exhibits was an international radio station organised by Tom Dugdale; during the afternoon conversations were held with "Hams" in many parts of Britain and other countries.

The lift is almost complete, and the intake of female residents will commence during August.

ALNE HALL

A new bed-sitting room has been completed and put in use. It is on the ground floor at the eastern end.

Athol House, Dulwich, London

Several issues have passed without a contribution from the London Cheshire Home; this has been due to a number of factors.

This Home, which received its first residents in January 1961, and was officially opened in April of that year, has experienced the inevitable growing pains of all such enterprises. The puny baby has, however, survived these initial months of perilous growth and is now a healthy, lusty infant. Early in 1962 Miss Catherine Mackie was appointed Housekeeper/Caterer to assist the then Matron in her multifarious duties. Following the resignation of the Matron, Miss Mackie was appointed Warden in Charge. Miss Brook, our ex-Matron, has returned to District Nursing and we wish her well in this arduous and worthwhile job. Sister Joan Greenwood also left us (after more than a year's stay) to return to King's College Hospital as a Ward Sister. We miss her but have been very fortunate in our voluntary sisters, in particular our old friend and helper Mrs. Leonora Chapman, who still comes in every week. We have good news of our ex-Occupational Therapist Jill Lockwood who married last year and who is now awaiting a happy event. Sister Margrit Mycroft has left the district and is now a proud Mama. We were reluctant to lose Sister Jill Graver to the R.A.F., where she is now a nursing sister; their gain is our loss. We have been fortunate in the past few months to have the advice and assistance of Miss Helen Woolcock from "down under" as an Occupational Therapist; she will linger in our memories for many a long day if only for the introduction of phrases like "That's a beaut." We have also benefited by the part-time services of Miss Elvira Hobson, Physiotherapist from King's.

The residents, now numbering twenty, have settled down into a happy family; the Management have agreed that that is the maximum number which can conveniently be

accommodated. Amongst the last arrivals were Paul Driver and John Beckingham from the Mary Marlborough Lodge, Oxford. They have been a lesson to all in showing how determination and the intelligent use of gadgets can overcome crippling physical disabilities. We have also been delighted to welcome Alan Lewcock (of the cheerful smile and dry quip) and Christopher Hansen. Chris has recently had to undergo two major ops but he remains cheerful and looks forward to rejoining the family very soon. The twentieth recruit—Yvonne Whitehead—has won universal plaudits for her skill and industry with needles. Margaret Kitsell celebrated her 21st birthday in style and has since sat (and passed we hope) her City and Guilds examination in Cookery. She and Joan Adcock (an old Stoke Mandeville girl) entered as a Cheshire Home team for the table-tennis tournament in the recent Stoke Mandeville National Games; they were unlucky to be knocked out in the early stages, but Joan went on to gain second place in the Women's 25-metre Back-stroke. This water-baby has to be seen to be believed. Well done, Joan!

John got busy soon after his arrival in arranging film shows and other social functions and he has been admirably backed by Toc H, Rotary, the Townswomen's Guild, numerous friends, and the Variety Club of Great Britain. A varied and interesting programme of events has resulted. We thank all our good friends for their cheerful and willing help.

Holidays are the present order of the day and we await with pleasure the arrival of Diana Staples from Heatherley who is to exchange with Margot for three weeks. We also hope the next few months will see Christopher restored to us in good health, also Ivy Knight who is having a second bout in hospital and whose cheery efficiency in the ironing-room is much missed. M.C.

Mayfield House, Edinburgh

At St. James' Episcopal Church, Leith, on July 6th, Miss B. P. Moody became Mrs. C. C. McInroy. Miss Moody was a most conscientious member of the Management Committee from its beginning. She was also our first secretary. Most of our present complement here know her best for her service on the Welfare Committee in collaboration with Mrs. Donald and Dr. Anderson. We wish the couple a long and happy married life.

Changes have taken place in the Management Committee. Mr. W. A. Douglas, D.F.C., takes over from Mr. J. Roger Orr, C.B.E., W.S., as Chairman, and Mr. Weatherstone has replaced Mr. Newlands as Honorary Treasurer.

We have had a number of holiday residents, including that well-known figure in the Foundation, Dr. Rowland Farrell. He spent two weeks here in July and became a special pal of Johnny's.

During a recent visit to Edinburgh the Big Top of Bertram Mills' Circus was invaded by the Mayfield crowd. We had a grand view of the proceedings from our ringside seats. One of our number claims that an elephant was winking at him. This just proves

that some animals are not too particular! Many people said that the circus folk might want to keep us, but after one look they were aware that their own troupe of monkeys was better looking.

A lift is in process of being installed between the main sitting-room and the occupational therapy room. This will enable wheelchairs to enter the auditorium without having to go outside and round the house.

Nearly everyone has had a holiday of some kind. Marjorie and Ruth managed to travel to Lourdes, and the others went to various parts of England and Scotland. Some returned with pockets full of nothing while others came back like true Scots—loaded. Although we have had a typical British summer we enjoyed our holidays.

In July we had a look at the film "Living Proof" which was made at Le Court. The film is an inspiration (or should be) to residents in other Homes and will enlighten many people outside the Foundation. It is to be hoped that we shall see more of a similar type of film from the excellent film unit at Le Court.

BERNARD

CHESHIRE SERVICES UNLIMITED

Come to "Miraflores" and qualify for a Cheshire Diploma! Instruction given in various branches of household chores, Hoovering, hovering and haversing: all grades from the lowest cellar (coal-heaving) to the highest attic (no room at the (D)innen cupboard); also in the finer arts and crafts, viz. painting, oils or water-colour (by numbers if necessary); sewing, hand or machine (ancient treadle found in garden shed), delicate smocking to sheets 'sides-to-midling'; trouser pressing, shirt laundering (ironing by professionals), bedspread transformation into tablecloths (all done by kindness); interior decorating, chairs, walls, ceilings; electrical repairs, even to shocks (but *not* E.C.T.); loose covers fitted (very loose), knitting blanket squares (all

shapes), typing tuition by Tapping, shorthand sessions and longhand lessons—Tim and Maureen (on sitting room floor, I'm told); signatures forged by experts. Also special arrangements for courses in gardening, compost heaps, seed scattering, bonfires (keep it dark), lawn cutting and trimming (shampoo and edges set); beginners' classes in plumbing, wood chopping and furniture removing (wardrobes "separates" a speciality) by Profs. Patrad and Bernick: Flower arrangements by Shannaneye.

Ours is a nice 'ouse, ours is!

Prospectus on application to Prof. Handy Knowsabbitt, M.D. (Miraflores Diploma), 154 Worple Road, S.W.20.

Llanhennock, Monmouth

Since our last bulletin many interesting changes have taken place. Our seventh resident was admitted to our family on the 19th April; she is Miss Marjorie Ekers, of Newport, Mon. Pat Jarvis, one of our first residents, has now left us and joined the Ponds Adult Training Centre for Spastics.

On 1st May Mr. and Mrs. Scane joined our staff with their little daughter Sally. They came from Coomb where they were greatly loved.

Our opening day on the 8th June was a wonderful success and as brilliant as the sunshine. It was a great inspiration to the capable organisers and such a personal satisfaction to all who worked so hard to make it a success. Particularly should we mention the splendid table decorations arranged by our two much loved residents, Marjorie and Molly. Our Matron, with quiet courtesy, supervising all events, was the Home's hostess to those who came. The presence of Mrs. Cheshire, deputising for her husband, graced our day with charming dignity. With her quiet unassuming personality she mingled with the Friends of our Home as she was introduced to so many, accompanied by Mrs. Prichard, Chairman of the Home.

On the 13th June we residents were all invited to a Garden Party at Lodge Farm, Caerleon, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Till, who are well known throughout the county for their kindness and concern for the handicapped and disabled. More than 500 disabled and their helpers were entertained.

June 14th was another day we will remember with delight, when we accepted an invitation to tea with Mr. and Mrs. G. Dawson, The Mynd, Caerleon. These Friends of our Home entertained us to a lovely tea in their beautiful grounds and were most effusive in their welcome.

Then on the 19th June the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Stampa was enjoyed by all of us. For the first time since our opening on 28th January our Home was shut up, and Matron, staff and residents proceeded to Nantyberry for tea.

Mrs. N. Pugh and Miss Nesta Huxford joined us on June 20th from St. Woolos Hospital. On the 22nd and 23rd June Mrs. Butler came from Ystrad Mynach Hospital and Mary Gwen Evans came from Coomb.

The two gentlemen of Llanhennock have been made honorary members of the Usk Cricket Club, an honour usually conferred upon people of importance.

Yet another Garden Fete was held on the 28th June for our Home, and as usual we were guests, and the prevailing kindness of the Friends made it possible for us to be taken by cars. The Fete was held in Abergavenny, 24 miles away, at the beautiful home of Mrs. Molyneux. It was opened by Lady Plymouth, who was introduced by Mrs. B. Prichard. The whole event was a study of organising ability and enterprise, and the marvellous body of workers must have been of the utmost satisfaction to our hostess, Mrs. Molyneux.

We are deeply indebted to the many people who visit us and give their personal services. In particular we would mention the outside services of the young men from the Usk Agricultural College, and the young women of the College who help domestically every weekend. The Women's Institutes in our area help the staff considerably in providing and serving teas every afternoon. The young men from the Borstal Home in Usk have also been of immense aid to all of us. No work has been too menial for all these people. So to everyone who helps us, in a big or small way, we tender our sincere and warmest thanks, and we trust this happy association will continue for many years to come. To describe all who have contributed in money and service would be quite impossible, as many work quietly behind the scenes. So we give thanks to God for these wonderful people who have found inspiration from that great Home builder, Group Captain Cheshire. We at Llanhennock sincerely pray that the Group Captain may soon be restored to full health.

Le Court, Hants.

As usual this quarter has been so eventful it is difficult to select from among the many items of news. We welcomed a new Matron, Mrs. Latham, and there were a number of other staff changes. Paddy left us for Ardeen, a loss to us but we're glad he's happy there.

Four more electric chairs have been bought (though one is not yet in use), a fifth is on order and a sixth is soon to be ordered. The effect of the increased mobility is far more dramatic even than we had expected. People who had previously been stationary unless pushed or had just managed to creep around are now sailing about with effortless ease. The electric chairs have transformed their lives (and incidentally saved a lot of staff time and energy). Two of the chairs were bought with money raised by Iris Chant of Sparsholt, and we sincerely thank her and all those who contributed.

The Film Unit was filmed by the B.B.C. and appeared on "Town and Around". The Gulbenkian Foundation has generously made a grant of £160 to the Unit for stock and processing for their next film. The new film, "No Limit", which is to be about the gadgets and techniques we use to overcome our lack of muscle power, has just got to be good.

The Fete was as successful as ever. We still haven't hit that elusive £2,000 mark, but Marion Thorlby shouldn't be too disappointed, because what a record it is to make a steady £1,800 or so every year. The network she has built up of willing helpers—both individuals and organisations—is extraordinary. Le Court is infiltrated for days beforehand by an increasing stream of people, and on the day they seethe like ants. The Fete-coming crowds too are always good-humoured and there's a warm, friendly atmosphere. Sheila Sim opened the proceedings this year with a very charming speech. We do thank the many people who helped, whether by giving, or doing, or both.

B.B.

ELEVENSES

Bob Tanner of Bournemouth has spent several holiday periods at Le Court. During his latest visit this spring he related the following incident which drove him to break into verse.

"One morning I felt sure my shirt neckband had shrunk or I had grown fat. So I decided to go on a slimming diet. I deliberately had a smaller breakfast. Later in the morning I began to feel hungry. Then when coffee was brought round, it set up a positive ache for food and the beginnings of the following poem ran through my mind:

Oh gentle fairy, bring me, please
Some massive chunks of bread and
cheese,
Sandwiches too, beef, mutton, ham.
And giant doughnuts stuffed with jam.
Oh, please dear fairy, bring some more,
At least a bagful, bring a score!
Then fairy dear, some rich dark cake,
Pre-war, like mother used to make.
Then, as the final crumbs I crunch,
I think I'll go and have my lunch."

What's new to eat
that makes a treat?

Shippam's

New!

Spreads

1/- A JAR
10 VARIETIES

Seven Rivers, Essex

We have been pleased to welcome Frank, Joe and Dennis to Seven Rivers, and have also had several holiday visitors.

So many kind friends have given us entertainments that it is impossible to mention them all, but we would like to offer our grateful thanks to everyone concerned.

During May and June, visits were paid to the gardens of Sir John Ruggles-Brise, The White House, Langham, and to The Old House, Great Horkesley. A member of the Appeals Committee also arranged a picnic to Bradwell.

The residents themselves would like to make special mention of the kind chiropodist known to all as "Auntie Marion". Not only does she give her services and come immediately we send out a call, but she always arrives laden with sweets, biscuits and books.

The tennis court is forming the basis of a Tennis Club for the village. Young members of the village have been playing on it regularly, which is something for everyone here to watch. Fred is chief ball-boy.

Appeals and Associations

In spite of the bitterly cold day, a record sum of £1,027 was made by the annual Fete and Grand Draw at the Home in May. John McGregor of Anglia Television, who opened the Fete with his wife, had just returned from honeymoon in Spain. The Country Market in a large marquee was such a success that it will be a permanent feature for the future. During the afternoon, Group Captain

Cheshire arrived and was presented with cheques for Seven Rivers by Clacton Association, Felixstowe Association and the Wix Young Farmers. The sideshows organised by Felixstowe Round Table were very popular as was our new venture, the Children's Painting Competition. The dance and barbecue, organised by the Wix Young Farmers and Colchester Round Table, were greatly enjoyed and even better attended than last year. We were glad to welcome our President, Sir John Ruggles-Brise, who found time to come to the Fete after an official engagement.

We are most grateful to the Associations who last year raised £1,213, a substantial part of our annual income, and to those who are making a special effort this year to exceed their last year's total.

Clacton held a Seven Rivers' week finishing with a most attractive amateur concert called "Youth Takes a Bow". The amateur review produced by Felixstowe Association on Easter Saturday and Monday was such a success that they have booked the Pavilion for the Easter weekend 1963. The total of their house-to-house and street collection has also exceeded last year's figure. Flag days have also been held in Chelmsford, Cheshunt, Saffron Walden, Walton and West Mersea, and house-to-house collections in Chigwell, Witham, Aldham, Clacton, Frinton and Tollesbury. These latter are still the most popular form of raising money.

Coomb, Carmarthen

On the evening of the fifth of June, 1962, this old house, once the home of Lord and Lady Kysant, and now the home of the disabled, rang with cheers after the residents had presented the Matron, Miss Minnie Evans, with a farewell gift as a mark of respect on her forthcoming retirement. It was also the intention of the residents to make a similar presentation to the senior member of the nursing staff, Staff Nurse Maria Beckefeld; but owing to her unforeseen absence, this

was done on the following day. A few quiet words of appreciation were voiced by the Secretary of the Residents' Welfare Committee, Mr. Elgar Williams. Miss Pat Richards, a resident of long standing, made the actual presentation accompanied by a short but effective speech. Matron replied and said that "Goodbye" was much too strong a word to use on this occasion, as she would always keep in touch with the Home and its residents.

Following was an evening of evenings. This came after Matron had told us that we should have the chance of meeting her successor at a tea party she and Miss Beckefeld were giving and to which she had invited the person to whom she would be handing over the keys of office. Saturday the 9th of June saw us all having a cup of tea and a biscuit at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and afterwards wending our various ways to the wards to prepare ourselves for the feast which was timed to take place at 6 o'clock. When we were all seated and settled in our various places, the party started with the entrance of Matron accompanied by a youngish looking man. The first words proved to be very apt, and were spoken by the person who is now *Miss Evans*. "The Queen is Dead God Save the King"! We were more or less puzzled by this proclamation, until she introduced the person by her side as the new Matron, Mr. R. T. King.

After "feeding our faces" and with drink flowing freely, Resident Ben Hughes led the singing which soon

had the house ringing with such tunes as "Clementine", "Bless this House", etc. Interspersed with this community singing came several solo efforts from residents, Pat Richards, Big Bill Thomas, Nellie James and Bronwen Davies. The short ditty by Pat Richards was spoken with all the aplomb of an experienced performer, and ran:

When you are married
And your husband gets cross,
Pick up the poker and say
"I'm the boss".

There was also a prodigious feat of memory by Bronwen Davies who recited "The Wreck of the Hesperus" in its entirety almost without a falter. Big Bill Thomas's contribution was sung with great gusto in a powerful baritone voice. He surprised us all as he is usually such a quiet chap—but he assuredly livened up the party. Nellie James gave us a rendering of her favourite party piece "Dog Tray", a pathetic poem about a "man's best friend". To complete the solos, Miss Evans brought forth the lines that follow this bulletin.

DOUG. ROBERTS

A WARNING, ESSENTIALLY TO CARE COMMITTEES, VISITORS AND COUNTY COUNCIL REPRESENTATIVES

Ann Maria Matilda Jones
Had big flat feet and big raw bones.
She did her hair in a careless bunch
And called her dinner what you call lunch.
A government lady came to the door
With half a dozen forms or more
To tell Ann Maria what to do—
How to make beds and how to make stew.
She must never give her children bread,
Before they had a tooth in their head;
She must always make stew from the pods of peas,
For the best nourishment lies in these.
She must cook her potatoes in their peel
And make dinky toys from old cotton reels.
She must bathe her children every day
And take them up to the clinic to weigh.
She must do this and she mustn't do that,
And it wasn't healthy to keep a cat.
Ann Maria was a woman of spirit;
When she saw a thing needed doing, she did it
So she opened the door of her home up wide
And invited the government lady inside;
Then she took up a chopper and hit her hard
And buried the body in the yard.

IN ALL INNOCENCE

"Out of the mouths of babes—!"

An anecdote from Doug Roberts (of Coomb)

The force of this unfinished quotation was brought home to my father in— of all places—a crowded railway carriage.

My father was a Durham-born man, and living next door to him was a boy, who with the passing years became his best friend. This lad eventually joined the Prison Wardens Service, and took up his duties at Durham Prison. As a result of their friendship, Dad was invited to look over the prison, an invitation to which he readily acquiesced. A few years after his visit to the gaol he came to Wales, married and settled down to family life, of which there were three sons and two daughters. At one time or another he must have been talking about his visit to the prison, and in the presence of my brother Harry, who never forgot the conversation.

The local train used to run past Swansea Prison on its journey from Mumbles to Swansea, and one day, when Harry was very young, about six years old, Dad was taking him to Swansea for some reason or another. When the train was passing the prison, he turned to him and said:

"There's the prison, son."

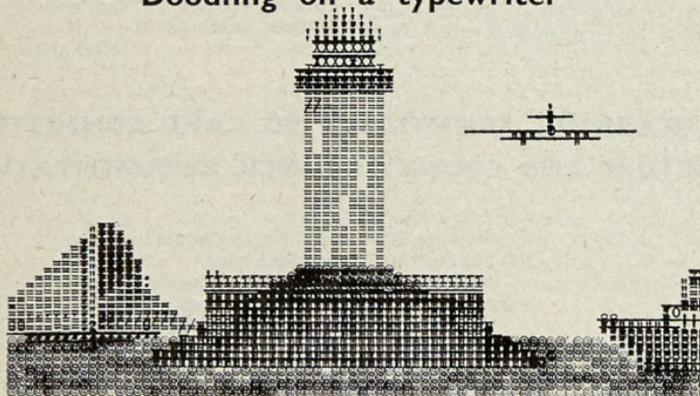
"Not the prison you were in Dad!" he exclaimed excitedly.

Was his face red? He put his foot farther in the soup by trying to cover things up, as everyone was looking at him, by saying, "No, not that one, son!"

Hardly were the words out of his mouth, when he realised the implication that those words carried.

He was glad to see that journey over.

Doodling on a typewriter



" GUIDING LIGHT. "

What do you think of this design? We think it is quite effective. It has been sent in by Doug Roberts, of Coomb Cheshire Home, who has become an expert at typewriter doodling.

Doug writes: "I feel that it could be a basis of a competition between the Homes. What do you think of the idea? I first saw typewriter doodling way back in 1936 when I was in St. Vincent's Orthopaedic Hospital, Middlesex. During my sojourn there, I took a commercial course and I

picked up incidentally how to pass an odd moment by this kind of doodling. It is amazing how many intricate patterns one can produce. I was hard at it the other day when Matron came up and suggested sending you a sample for the magazine."

(Ed.—It is perhaps necessary to point out that the effectiveness of Doug's pattern is partly lost owing to the fact that it has had to be printed in one colour. In the original it is in black and red.)

Staunton Harold, Leics.

The period which this news-letter covers has been so full that I will only have space to mention very briefly the main things which have been happening, otherwise the Editor will give me the sack.

I think three days must take priority, although I wouldn't dare try to put them into order of importance; I will mention them in the order they took place.

First, was the patients' Open Day, on June 2nd. For the first time we tried the experiment of throwing the Home open to the public, so that they could see what goes on, chat with us, see (and buy) the handicrafts we make, and generally find out what Staunton Harold is all about. For a first attempt it was an unqualified success. Several hundred people turned up and, although the weather foiled our intentions of serving them tea on the lawns, everything went off smoothly, and we feel we made a lot of new friends, both personally and for the Home generally.

Second, was the visit of the Minister of Health, Mr. Enoch Powell, on June 19th. He was doing a tour of hospitals in the area and was invited to look around our Home as well, as he had never visited a Cheshire Home before. According to reports, he was very impressed with what he saw during his 45-minute tour.

The third important day I mentioned was Civic Sunday, July 8th. This is the day when the civic heads of all the towns, cities and councils which help in keeping interest in Staunton going, are invited to take part in a service in our church, and then have a look around the Home. This year they heard a very good address by the assistant Bishop of Southwell, before coming across to the Home. After having tea, they heard a short speech of welcome and thanks by Earl Ferrers, who incidentally was presented with cheques totalling over £1,000 by branches of the "Friends of

Staunton", before being shown over the Home and chatting with the patients.

If I had been writing this two days later, I would most likely have added a fourth red-letter day to those I have already mentioned, for, on Saturday, July 14th, two of our patients are to be married. They are Hilda Emery and Albert Brookes, and I know all their friends in the Home and outside it will join me in wishing them both the very best of luck for a long and happy future together. I think I ought to add that they will not be able to live as a married couple here at Staunton; so, after their honeymoon at Birmingham, they will return here and live as before until the beginning of September, when they leave for a home in the West Country which caters for married couples.

The composition of the Patients' Committee has been slightly altered and is now as follows; Chairman, Doris Garton, Vice-chairman, George Barnes, Secretary, Tom Gair, Treasurer, Amy Ball, with Hilda Ramsell and Cyril Camplin. Bill Bull was also elected, but had second thoughts about it and resigned at the first committee meeting; his place has yet to be filled.

I have been asked by Mr. Jackson of the Management Committee to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of £5 for the Home's funds from Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Benton, who did not put their address on their letter. If Mr. and Mrs. Benton see this, I would like to apologise for the delay in the acknowledgement, but I received your letter just one day too late to put it in last quarter's "Smile".

Talking about apologies, I have another to make. Last issue, I welcomed Sister Cook to the fold, and have been in trouble ever since because I did not put an "e" on the end of her surname. So, to Sister Judith Mary Cooke, my sincere apologies—and I only hope your parents didn't baptise you Judithe Marye! T.M.G.

St. Teresa's, Cornwall

The summer, such as it has been, will be over by the time this is in print. However, although the weather has not been all we would have liked, nevertheless we have had a fair amount of sunshine and, luckily, those events which were scheduled to take place were graced by good weather. This especially applies to our Open Day, which was on Saturday, June 30th. Even though there were not quite so many people here as last year, Open Day was a great success. Captain J. Bartosik, D.S.C., R.N., the Commanding Officer at the R.N.A.S. Cudrose, nr. Helston, made a very good start to the proceedings by his opening speech, in which he referred to the close relationship there has been between the R.N.A.S. at Cudrose and St. Teresa's—right from the beginnings, way back in 1951, when the Home was on the Lizard Peninsula, at Predannack.

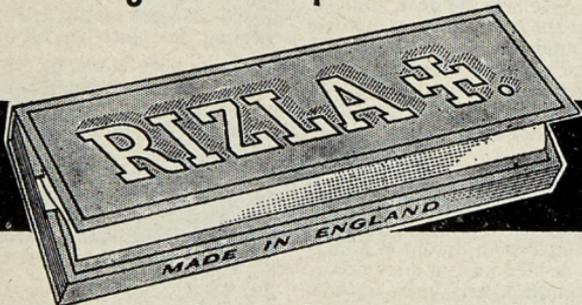
Alderman J. S. Stephens, J.P., C.C.,

the Chairman of the Management Committee, introduced Captain Bartosik to the many people who were assembled at the front, awaiting the proceedings, and Len Harper ("Sparks"), the Chairman of the Patients' Committee, gave a vote of thanks to Captain Bartosik. Open Day was organised and run by the patients, as it was last year. A new, and welcome feature this year was the Band from the R.N.A.S. Cudrose. The Band played selections throughout the afternoon.

The trips to the Scilly Isles were, as usual, enjoyed by all, even those who went on the last trip, when the weather was *not* so good, but this was in fact the only *time* when the weather was not kind to any of the various events we have had since our last "News from St. Teresa's", way back in April.

On Sunday, 8th July we had the great pleasure of welcoming our friends from Cann House, the Ply-

Finest Cigarette Papers made today



Don't just ask for "Cigarette Papers"—always insist on

RIZLA

WORLD'S LARGEST SALE

mouth Home. They came down in a coach. There were, if I remember rightly, ten patients (or residents) with two or three of the Staff and some friends, and the two drivers of the coach. Among those who came were two of our old pals, Edwin Welsh and Cliff Foster, who were, until the Plymouth Home was opened, resident here at St. Teresa's. We hope to pay a return visit to our friends at Cann House before the winter sets in, and there is a possibility that we may have the use of the same coach, with the two same drivers, Mr. Stan Cullis and his

partner "Bob". Our friends at Cann House are indeed fortunate in having the frequent use of this coach.

By the time this is in print we shall, all being well, have had our annual coach trip. This year we are going to a place called Cotehele House, well up the river Tamar. It is about 75 miles from our Home. We hope for nice weather for that outing, which will be on Friday, September 7th. This is something organised by "Sparks" each year, and the cost of the outing comes out of the Patients' General Purposes Fund. L.H.

From the Mailbag

Cheshire Homes and Oxfam

From Mrs. Pendrigh, Lower Bredbury, Cheshire

I was very interested to read in this edition, of Oxfam's help at Dehra Dun, India, because I am a Pledge Gift member and also have a clothing depot at my house. My friend, Mrs. Stella Humphries started the work (for Oxfam) in Bredbury and for this hard work has been chosen to visit W. Africa.

I thought you would like this newspaper cutting as she is a member of the Support Group for the Home in Sandbach. She has only just this evening arrived home from Wales but

as I'd left a note pointing out these interesting things in her copy of *The Cheshire Smile*, she now hopes to visit the Home at Bo while in Freetown.

We are both so pleased to see the Leonard Cheshire Homes and Oxfam working together.

I have sent off my *Cheshire Smile* to our Secretary, Miss J. Chapman, at Oxfam and will certainly mention it when both Mrs. Humphries and I will be at Oxford for the conference on Freedom from Hunger in July.

"A Trouble Shared"

From "Nitram Egroeg"

You may recall my visit in October and December last. We had a brief conversation and the subject was raised of the impersonal nature of the News Letters which consist mainly of accounts of developments of the various Homes, and thanks to helpers, money raisers, entertainers, etc., with very little mention of the residents themselves and their personal "doings". It is thought that a more personal note, perhaps a short account from a resident and/or staff member would bring forth another aspect of the Homes. The "Smile" goes to many interested persons outside the Homes and, who knows, the personal account may bring forth help and suggestions to benefit all.

A trouble shared is a trouble halved and the narration of one person's

experiences (perhaps difficulties) and achievements in overcoming these, could be of benefit to others in similar circumstances.

Again, the only means of communication between the Homes (on unofficial level) would appear to be the News Letters and the "Smile". Should not every Home have a correspondent in each other Home with frank exchange of activities, etc.? Each Home is separately "governed" but each is an integral part of G.C.'s dream and ambition to have one Family throughout the Kingdom. At the moment Yorkshire knows little or nothing of the people in the Devon and Cornwall Homes, and vice versa.

Passed to you now for whatever action you may decide.

I DO LIKE TO BE BESIDE THE SEA

by Dorothy Cooper (of Alne Hall)

No one knows what happens in a Cheshire Home. Certainly no one knows what will happen in this one. Yesterday about 40 people including staff, friends and residents went for a day by the sea. We were a bit apprehensive about the weather. We need not have been. We asked the right person, the Creator, for a fine day. It was fine, and before we came back there was glorious sunshine too.

We had a lovely lunch packed. Salmon and ham sandwiches, and of course the ever-welcome cup of tea. The scenery during the drive was delightful; there are lovely things man-made, but nobody can beat the Creator. "Only God can make a tree". Then there are the mountains, the rocks and the sea.

"I am the sea, I hold the land

As one holds an apple in his hand.

I am the rock presumptuous sea.

I am set here to encounter thee

Angry and loud, or gentle and still,

I am set here to limit thy power and

I will

I am the rock."

Yes, the scenery was beautiful, and we did enjoy it. The drive was lovely too. We arrived in good time and were able to enjoy the sea air; and then set off for Bridlington and Scarborough, running along by the sea. It was a bit cool at times but fine and lovely.

"When you come to the end of a perfect day."

"If you want to know the time ask a policeman."

Policemen may be asked queer things but I guess this one had never before been asked for a good fish and chip shop. In a little north country village, Malton, this one was. I guess the fish and chip people spoke about it afterwards. I do not think anyone ever enjoyed fish and chips more than we did. No wonder the policeman looked with a smile at a bus load of happy though handicapped people.

SMALL ADS

Small advertisements are accepted entirely **free of charge** from *bona-fide* advertisers resident in the Homes. The charge to those outside the Homes is 2s. 6d. per line (or part of line).

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?

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?

WANTED !

C.S. BACK NUMBERS

Several copies of all issues of *The Cheshire Smile* from Vol. 4, No. 1 (Spring 1958) to Vol. 7, No. 3 (Autumn 1961) are urgently required. Would readers who are prepared to part with any of these magazines please send them to the Editorial Office, Le Court, Liss, Hants ?.

FOR SOCIAL OCCASIONS your own personal serviettes. 5 dozen printed with name 8/6d., Sample 5d.

CS Devereux Longman Ltd.,
Box 3, Worthing.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

from the Sue Ryder Home, Caven-dish, Suffolk.

why not send us your orders for:

Christmas Cards with or without your own name and address. Send SAE for illustrated leaflet.

Christmas tables decorations, which are made by the patients.

Developing, printing and enlarging. All work produced is first-class quality, and individual attention is given to every order.

Cobbling. Shoe repairs are carried out by one of the patients at the Old Rectory.

WEST MIDLAND CHESHIRE HOME

by Irene Butcher

Reproduced by kind permission of the Secretary, *Wednesfield News*

It was just over two years ago that I first heard of the Cheshire Homes and that was on a television programme. To be quite honest, I was doing some ironing and not taking a lot of notice of the "goggle box", but before long I became so interested that I abandoned my iron and, sitting down, gave the programme my undivided attention.

By the time it was over, I felt a tremendous admiration for the man who had conceived the idea of these homes and for the people who were helping him to realise his dreams by running them for him. But if anyone had told me that I would ever be in one myself, I would have thought them raving mad. However, a cyst on my spine led to an operation and eventually a wheel-chair and this was the reason why two years later I arrived at the double plate-glass doors of the new West Midland Cheshire Home at Wolverhampton.

Different

In the meantime, I had, of course, learned a good deal more about the Cheshire Homes and from the welter of information and opinions I received, one remark emerged again and again, namely that they were "different". It took me only a short time to discover that this is absolutely true, starting with the fact that in their case the word "home" means exactly what it says. In other words, they are places where people go to *live*, not merely *exist*, and, what is more, live within their limitations, full, useful, happy, normal lives.

In so many cases of chronic illness patients cannot avoid the feeling of being tossed aside and no longer part of the world outside the hospital or nursing home walls. The routine and in some cases, sheer lack of imagination in the running of these places cannot but help to foster this idea, but

not in a Cheshire Home. Obviously a certain amount of nursing is necessary, otherwise no one would be there, but the keynotes are freedom and informality and everything is done with a maximum of efficiency and minimum of rules and regulations. Any resemblance to a hospital or nursing home is, as they say in novels, purely coincidental. They are, in fact, far more like good-class residential hotels and the impression is heightened by the fact that the patients are actually called "residents". Furthermore, a good many real hotels would be put to shame by the attractively furnished rooms and gay, contemporary interior decorating.

Variety and Atmosphere

For example, the first thing that catches the eye when one enters the glass doors I mentioned previously is a charming period table, on which stands a huge bowl of flowers. To the left of this is "The Shop", a recent innovation which is run by the residents and where one can buy anything from cigarettes, chocolates and potato crisps to hair-grips, postage stamps and costume jewellery. Beyond the shop is the lounge, a really delightful room with its cheerful coal fire, book-lined shelves, comfortable armchairs, low, rectangular coffee tables and again a beautiful flower arrangement on a pedestal in the corner. In the opposite corner is a television set and a second set is in the nearby "Quiet Room", so that the devotees of both channels are catered for without argument.

Apart from meal-times, no one is required to be in a particular place at a particular time, and such is the quality of the meals that I have never come across anyone who showed the slightest reluctance to be in the dining room at the appointed hours. In any case,

in my opinion it is one of the nicest rooms in the Home, with its strikingly modern decor, polished oak tables and cork floor, which was specially laid to reduce the number of breakages in the case of accidents with the thin, gaily patterned chinaware. (Thick white cups and plates are definitely "Non-U").

Free and Easy

In between meals, residents are at liberty to do as they please and can go to their rooms, the lounge, the "Quiet Room", or the "O.T. Room" (occupational therapy), where activities abound. Someone is busy making a rug, someone else is preparing the cane for a wicker basket, a third sits at the sewing machine working on an apron, while a fourth (usually me) taps away at an electric typewriter. Those who do not feel like work can listen to the radio, read the papers, relax over a game of cards or dominoes, or even pump out a tune on the pianola.

Finally, to make quite sure that time never drags, a variety of entertainments is arranged such as Bingo sessions, musical evenings with a stereophonic record player, visits to the theatre and gay, informal parties.

The above will give a brief picture of life in the West Midlands' Cheshire Home, but I cannot close without paying tribute to the staff. Often tired and overworked, I have never heard them address an impatient or unkind word to anyone. Together with the wonderful band of voluntary helpers, without whom the Home could not function, they succeed in making you feel not merely welcome, but that you are almost conferring a favour on them by allowing them the pleasure of looking after you. It is a most heart-warming experience and while, let's face it, no one enjoys being handicapped, as long as I am in this condition, I thank my lucky stars that I am fortunate enough to be in one of the Cheshire Homes.

BEING UNABLE

Being unable
to stand, to rise
smoothly and gracefully
and regain the lost prize
of lithe free beauty,
we sit at this table.

The dignity
of fluent movement
we lack, so are more sensitive
in our predicament—
but no less alive
than you, my pretty.

No less able
to love, trust, praise—
no less to fear, suffer
the wrongs, indignities
and lies men offer—
than walking people.

Or return them,
enough angered. But you
know this already and
are not foolish, starry-blue
eyed—therefore understand,
never need learn them.

ROYE MCCOYE (*of Greathouse*)

Marion Thorlby

After the war, in 1946, my husband Charles, and I, lived in the north of England. At this time many men and women were returning to civilian life and Charles, who had served almost six years in the Royal Air Force, like so many others, found it difficult to settle down. More so as his job was an office one. Whenever possible we both got out in the country, especially at weekends, and little did we know then that one of these outings would change our whole lives. Up to that time, before my marriage and during the war, I myself had worked in a city office for many years, as I am one of those people who prefers to "stay put".

One Sunday, in April 1946, we decided to make a short train journey into the country—this was unusual as normally we travelled by bus. We entered a compartment and noticed a newspaper on the seat. It was a Sunday edition we didn't normally read and as we turned the pages our attention was drawn to an article about a new non-profit making community Group Captain Cheshire was trying to start for service men and others who were unsettled in civilian life and who were willing to live in a community working as much for others as themselves. The idea appealed to us immediately.

A meeting had been arranged in London, and anyone interested was invited to attend. We talked the matter over and decided nothing would be lost by going to the meeting. In order to get there we had to leave home in the middle of the night, go

straight to the meeting from King's Cross Station, and return immediately by the first available train. It was a very tiring journey.

First Meeting with G.C

When we arrived, we were very surprised to see a full hall of interested people. After preliminary introductions, Group Captain Cheshire spoke. We recognised him straight away as we had followed the activities and exploits of war heroes and had, of course, seen his photograph in the newspapers from time to time.

He outlined his scheme and explained that each person joining the community would be expected to invest in shares (of £50 each) and work for a small wage, or no wage at all, until the community got firmly on its feet. The community would be known as the V.I.P. Association (V.I.P. in this case, standing for Vade in Pacem—may we walk in peace).

Group Captain Cheshire announced that he had had a country mansion put at his disposal near Market Harborough and he hoped the first group would be able to move in in May. Everyone was enthusiastic, questions were asked and answered and names of people who could join the advance party were taken. Charles left his job and duly arrived at Gumley Hall, complete with bed and bedding. (I followed him there a week later). Gumley Hall proved to be an old rambling house with the village church close by. The house had just been vacated by the army. It was in

need of a thorough clean. The village had one small shop—post office and general stores combined—and the nearest bus route was about two miles away.

The men were soon busy and rooms were cleaned and allocated. The aim was that each family would have its own bed-sitting room and where possible people with children would have extra accommodation if needed. At first the community was for single people or married couples without children until the house was ready to take those with families. Everyone had meals together, cook and kitchen staff were members of the community. For the first few weeks a room used for this purpose was a very small one with a few bare trestle tables. Gradually as the cleaning progressed we were able to move into a larger, more homely, dining room with smaller tables. Group Captain Cheshire did his share of chores with everyone else and those first weeks were hard and irksome.

Things settled down and people took over their various jobs—Charles chose to work in the market garden, helping to sell the produce on the stall we had secured at the weekly Leicester market. I did secretarial work for the community and G.C. The hours were long, but as each person was working for the good of the community somehow no one seemed to mind.

Not far away there was a disused R.A.F. camp and it was thought that perhaps it would be a place where we could expand. Some huts were to be used as housing for families and others as workshops. But it was found impracticable and the idea had to be dropped.

It was not long before it became apparent that things weren't working out as planned. We soon found that it was more difficult to sell produce and articles made by the craftsmen than had been expected, and though there was a sales manager we just weren't able to push our way into the commercial world.

Coming to Le Court

About this time G.C. was offered Le Court, at a very reasonable price. This seemed the solution to his problems as he was already thinking

in terms of several communities in this country and abroad. Even though things weren't going well at Gumley it was hoped that with another community at Le Court things might improve. This was not so and in due course everyone willing to remain in the community was transferred to Le Court and Gumley Hall was abandoned.

It was in December 1946 that we found ourselves at Le Court, a very nice house with beautiful gardens and so different from the old rambling mansion we had just left in Leicestershire. We all had our own rooms and ours was a particularly nice one opening out on to the terrace. Charles worked on the farm until teaming up with another member of the community to do forestry work. They were responsible for felling trees on the estate, bought their own equipment and were soon busy sawing down and cutting up the timber.

In his search for new ideas and to widen the interests of the Association, G.C. flew to Holland in his Mosquito and brought back two Dutchmen who stayed with us for a short time.

I continued to do secretarial work for G.C. until the following summer when our eldest son, Robert, was born, after which I gradually slipped into the background.

During the autumn of 1947 it was realised that the V.I.P. Association would never give the results that had been hoped for and G.C. made what must have been to him at the time a sad decision; the V.I.P. Association was to be disbanded. All who had put money into the venture were repaid in full and everyone started to seek work elsewhere. A few people stayed on in the "big house" but most found accommodation either in the neighbourhood or returned to their original homes. We were fortunate enough to move to a cottage in the village and have been there ever since.

Cheshire Home Starts

G.C. was then left with Le Court and for a time lived there with a handful of people who had been unable to find other accommodation. It was one of these people who finally started G.C. on the road to the Cheshire Homes as they are known today.



Marion at her desk.

Photo: L. Mawer

It was not long before I was back at Le Court, now a nursing home, as secretary to the Warden. My duties are now part-time, but my work doesn't end there. In addition I am Fete Secretary, which takes up most of my time in the spring and summer months, and I type and duplicate the Le Court Association's newsletter each month. Sometimes, too, when any of the nursing staff are either on holiday or sick I help as an auxiliary nurse.

When *The Cheshire Smile*, as a Le Court duplicated magazine started, I was asked to help the first editor. Now that it has become a printed magazine with a large circulation, the organ of the whole Cheshire Foundation, I am advertising manager and secretary to the present editor.

Charles, too, is always ready to help if required. He takes the Sunday evening service in the Anglican Chapel of St. Giles. He steps in when a relief is needed to operate the projector for the regular film show and he is also ground manager for the Fete.

Robert has already spent one school holiday working as a volunteer in the pantry and Stanley, the youngest member of the family, enjoys doing odd jobs about the place.

It has been a wonderful experience to see the growth of the Homes over the years and we are all proud to think we have helped G.C. in some little way.

On looking back it hardly seems possible that our whole lives have been changed by the chance finding of a newspaper.

M.K.T.

BATH-DAY

to John Fraser

Your big hands under my arm-pits
lift, ease me gently in—
you're not in a hurry today, John—
my bent feet and hairy legs
slide under the hot soothing water.
Now it's caressing my timid belly.
Ah - ah - ah -

A week's tensions slacken blessedly
in a hot bath—one can relax,
let go, let it all go
drifting, drifting . . . The soap
swims deep and secret, beyond my
reach.

Okay, okay, I'm not asleep!

ROYE MCCOYE (of Greathouse)

OVERSEAS Cheshire Homes

RIAD



Riad

Miss Anne Thomas, matron of the Cheshire Home in Bethlehem, Jordan, writes:—

The photo shows Riad who is three-and-a-half. His mother promised St. Anthony that if he walked she would give him to St. Anthony for one year. Riad had polio as a baby and you will notice that his right leg is slightly wasted. I got him a tiny pair of crutches and taught him to walk with them. The other day was St. Anthony's Feast Day so the nuns dressed Riad up in this tiny habit, and took him off to Mass (his family are Catholic). Now he has to wear this habit for a year. Is he not a charmer?

THE NIGERIAN HOMES

The Mushin Cheshire Home (named after the locality of Lagos in which it is sited) was opened in May. The official Opening Ceremony was performed by the Prime Minister of Nigeria, Alhaji Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balowa. The Chairman of the Nigerian Homes, Sir Adetokumbo Ademola, dilated on the development of the Homes in that country. The Secretary, Major D. H. L. Parker, M.C., spoke of how G.C. came to found the first Cheshire Home, and brought about the inspiration to develop so many others all over the world. Then the Prime Minister, after turning the key, praised the Homes and spoke of the wonderful work they were doing. He was followed by Bishop Aggey, the Chairman of the Mushin Home, who thanked the Prime Minister and all who had helped to bring about the project. The Home was blessed by Bishop Aggey, representing the Catholic Church, by Chief Imman Shodeinde, Islam, and by the Rev. Richard

Earnshaw-Smith, representing the Anglican Bishop of Lagos.

The first inmates of the Home are three twelve-year-old girls who have been in hospital for some years. Since the Home opened many local parents who cannot adequately look after their crippled, or otherwise incapacitated children, have been seeking admission.

May Cutler has been in charge, but she has now moved to the Eastern Region. She is working hard to step up enthusiasm in Port Harcourt, where a Home was opened in July with six children. Her place at the Mashin Home has been taken by Mrs. Ekporingin, wife of the Western Nigerian government physical training adviser, and formerly an international athlete.

The Enugu Home has also been opened. Mr. Basil Ukegbu, M.P. for Owerri in the Federal Parliament and the Bishop of Owerri are on the local committee.

Ethiopia

A letter from Addis Ababa

Miss Denise Tabernacle, who went out from England to take charge of the new Cheshire Home for Retarded Children at Addis Ababa, sends us the following despatch.

May 1962

Here is a start on the first of my promised letters.

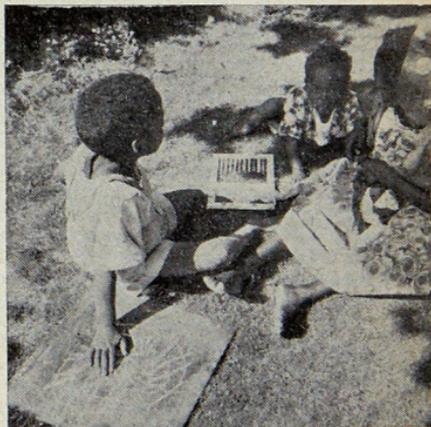
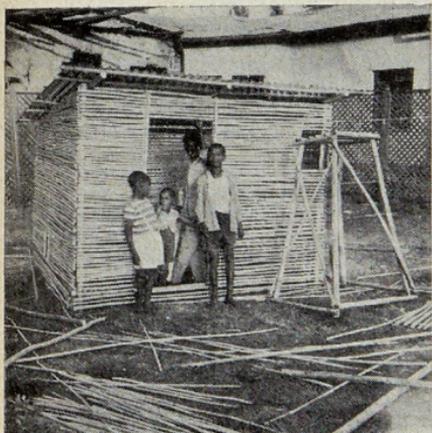
There is blissful peace at the moment as my three little boys (our total so far!) have gone to Sunday School at the local orphanage. They go round there every morning during the week for prayers—which gives me about half an hour a day to myself. Otherwise it is more or less a twenty-four hour day for me, beginning with a dawn chorus at about 6.30, which I unsuccessfully try to ignore till 7.30. From then until bedtime at 7 p.m. I am on the go pretty near non-stop, with housework, lessons, craftwork and a long walk to tire them out before bedtime. They wash up after their meals, strip and make their own beds (doing proper "hospital corners"), clean the bathroom, sweep and wash the floors. They also do their own washing in an old wheelbarrow at the back of the house. That's one of their favourite occupations; so it has to be severely restricted, else they end up in a mountain of foam and the bar of soap gone for good.

We have short lessons in the Amharic alphabet, when I endeavour to keep one line ahead of the children. A

large part of the day is taken up with craft work, such as weaving, making papier-mâché bowls, rather crude sewing, and doll making.

They each have a small plot of garden where a few little seedlings are now bravely struggling to the surface in a somewhat haphazard fashion. Our next project is the erection of a small henhouse. Chickens are provided free under the American Point IV Programme, which is an encouraging factor.

Our temporary residence is part of Princess Sophie Desta's house, which she has kindly lent us until we can move out to our country home and grounds so generously promised by the Princess' mother. We can only house about six children at the moment, but we have a nice garden to play in and very pleasant surrounding countryside with eucalyptus groves and a river. Addis is still very much a rural city and one still sees the native "tukels" (small houses of wattled mud) interspersed among the new impressive buildings. Driving is a hazardous occupation as odd cows, sheep and donkeys are liable to stray across the road, besides the heavy lorries and two-wheeler horse-drawn "garries".



Scenes at the new Home in Addis Ababa.

We are gradually collecting a small circle of interested people, with promises of clothes, toys, food, etc. Recently I showed the film "Pathfinder", and gave a talk to the British community, after which there was a spontaneous collection and I came away with \$230 (£33) which was most encouraging.

The climate here is like a continual long summer's day in England, though I believe the rainy season from July to September is rather depressing. I have really forgotten what it is like to be cold.

My three children are either orphans or have been discarded by their parents, so their background and ages are uncertain. Two are from a hospital and one from an orphanage. The latter came to us as an inveterate bed-wetter and unable to talk. After three nights the bed-wetting ceased and very rarely do we have any accidents by day, and although his

vocabulary is not extensive, he is now certainly far from dumb. The other two, although much brighter mentally, have physical handicaps which I think in time they will gradually master. They certainly apply themselves very conscientiously to their various household chores and handicrafts.

I have been amazed at the growing interest this venture is causing in Addis. People I meet quite casually say "Oh, yes, I have heard all about you!" which is a little disconcerting but nonetheless encouraging. The circle of friends and helpers is ever widening. We now have a system of envelopes whereby people undertake to give a small monthly donation. This is already proving quite fruitful and embracing not only the very wealthy and the foreigners (who are really the mainstay of charity organisations), but also the Ethiopians in offices, banks, schools, etc.

Essays in Simplicity

SCARFACE

by Tom Gair (of Staunton Harold)

The following story wins another 10s. in our competition

Peter Ffoukes felt his heart miss a beat as he glanced quickly around him. On all sides men were steadily closing in on him, determination written all over their faces, and Peter knew that this was it, that this was the moment he had known he had to face for some time now. He looked ahead of him to the tall, lithe, man facing him, a brutish looking man with an ugly scar running down the left cheek, and he knew that this was the man he had to fear most.

Peter's mind flashed quickly through the events which had put him in such a spot, and he recalled how his country had sent several other men before him to attempt to do the thing which he was now called upon to do in order to save England's honour, and he knew that the fact they had failed was almost entirely due to the scarfaced man before him now, and he knew that he himself could expect no mercy.

He gave a little involuntary shudder as he glanced at Scarface's right hand. If he had had any doubts about the

seriousness of his adversary's intentions, the tightness of his grip on the weapon he held in it dispelled them. Scarface had got rid of Peter's comrades, and he obviously intended Peter to go the same way.

Another quick glance over his shoulder confirmed that there was no escape that way, Scarface had laid his trap well, and his accomplices, knowing they had Peter just where they wanted him, were gradually coming nearer.

Another look at Scarface showed Peter that the moment of crisis was very near and he squared his shoulders to meet it, determined that if he was to go down, he would go down fighting.

Suddenly, it happened. Scarface came a few yards nearer, and flung the object he was holding. Peter moved quickly to defend himself. There was a ringing thud as bat met ball, and Peter Ffoukes had safely played his first ball in Test cricket.

INDOOR ELECTRIC CHAIRS

A LITTLE MORE INDEPENDENCE

We print the following appeal without comment.

Has your car let you down recently? Have you had to manage without it? I am addressing primarily those professional men and women, doctors, nurses, physiotherapists, almoners, and others on whom the physically handicapped depend for help in so many ways.

All of you are extremely busy people; you are pre-occupied with matters of urgency and your lives are full, almost too full, of work, essential secondary interests, social activities and family affairs. You simply *cannot* manage without a car—it is out of the question—just think of the waste of *time!*

Now think of a young man of 35 or so; intelligent, although he has never been able to go to college; eager to pack as much into life as you are, but disabled with muscular dystrophy. Oh yes, he is up in a wheelchair, in fact he can propel it himself—but at a painfully slow pace—and at the end of the corridor he is too exhausted by the effort to do anything else for half an hour.

One of the most realistic ways in which you can help this man and others like him is to help them to *move*. No, it is *not* "good for them" to propel their own chairs just because they have a flicker of muscle power left, any more that it is good for you to walk to work and on your rounds instead of using a car just because you are physically fit. You want to conserve

your energies and your time for other purposes, your work, etc.—and so do the disabled.

Electric indoor chairs (or motor units for attachment to ordinary transit chairs) are available to those fortunate few who can pay £100 or more to buy one. Doctors, nurses, almoners, physiotherapists and many others can do much to help the disabled to obtain these chairs. They can bring them to the notice of every suitable case and his relatives. They can ensure that all available funds and financial resources, including those of the family, are tapped to assist the disabled to try a model adapted to his personal needs. They can also help (along with the Invalid Tricycle Association, and others who are actively campaigning) to change the attitude of the Ministry of Health which at present regards these chairs as luxuries, and refuses to issue them to those in need on the same terms as they do ordinary transit chairs and outdoor "trikes".

Only when you have actually seen the transformation in the life of a previously immobile individual brought about by the use of an electric indoor chair will you realise the countless ways in which he has been helped to use all his remaining powers, and to regain a little more independence.

A CAR-DRIVER FRIEND.

ADAPTATIONS

Many potential users of indoor electric chairs are too severely disabled to operate the direct drive

"Sleyride" type made by Sleyride Ltd., of Eastleigh, Hants. Of course, the "Sleyride" (and no doubt the new



Photo: Norman Rogers

Tonette Edwards in her "Sleyride" at Le Court

"Wrigley" electric chairs which have just appeared on the market, made by Wessex Industries [Poole] Ltd.) are adaptable in various ways. The chair shown in the picture above for Tonette Edwards of Le Court was adapted by the manufacturers with, amongst other things, a side-tiller and a leg rest extension. But these chairs do not meet the needs of those disabled people whose arm and hand movements are greatly impaired, but who can operate some kind of lever fairly accurately within a limited range.

The indoor electric chair which Frank Spath, our editor, uses (shown on page 59) is a standard model manufactured by Reselco Invalid Carriages Ltd., of Hammersmith. The chair was supplied by Reselco, as specified, with a back rest at a much sharper angle than normal, and also a leg extension. Since Frank could not operate the controls on the normal model, some other method of driving had to be worked out, and this was designed and constructed by Frank's

brother, who also made a table for the chair—a table which has recently been described as "the smallest editorial desk in the country", even though it is fairly large for a wheelchair. We thought a description of these controls and the table might be of interest to many of our readers, and we asked the designer, Jack L. Spath, to supply the information. He sent us the following:

"The controls on the standard Reselco chair consist of four push-buttons which control two reversible electric motors, one driving the left-hand wheel, and one driving the right-hand wheel of the chair. All the steering is done by controlling these; and for moving straight ahead or in reverse, two of the buttons need to be depressed simultaneously.

"This presented the main difficulty, and the first problem was to design a control system capable of closing two contacts at once in certain positions, using only one finger. Several types of control boxes, with micro switches, etc., were tried, but were not too

successful. Eventually the present system was made, which has a rotary switchbox with a row of contacts connected to the relays for the motors, and with an operating lever moving over them. This lever has eight spring-loaded positions. In the positions for straight ahead and reverse, and for sharp turns to left and right, the lever operates two of the contacts simultaneously. When the lever is moved to the required position, it is then depressed to feed current to the contacts selected. In practice one can steer on the move by keeping the lever held down and moving it to one side or the other very slightly.

As it was important that the control box could be moved out of the way when not in use, it was mounted on a

pivoting arm rising from the nearside armrest, and has a locking stay clamped by a small lever underneath the control box.

The standard chair has no table, and the problem of mounting one was overcome by having two tubular sliding supports, telescoping into the armrests, so as to be out of the way when not required. The table rests on these supports and is locked to them by catches going into slots in the tubes."

NOTE.—We are always willing to publish descriptions, together with pictures and/or diagrams, of specially-designed aids to independence, used by residents in the Homes, that are not included in the various handbooks and catalogues of gadgets, etc., for disabled people.



The Editor in his Reselco chair

Photo: Norman Rogers

Under Handicap

Edith Henrich (Editor): *Experiments in Survival*. 200 pp. New York: Association for the Aid of Crippled Children. \$3

John D. Kershaw: *Handicapped Children*. 228 pp. Heinemann. 21s.

Two recent books emphasise western society's continued interest in handicapped people, particularly children. Indeed, while it is untrue to say that there is always enough money available for the handicapped, the terms of educational care are often far superior for the handicapped child to that for the ordinary child. It seems that people are prepared to give money (much of our provision for handicapped people is still charitable) to help those less fortunate than themselves but are less eager to help the more fortunate creative individual, whatever his field. Be that as it may, the American Association for the Aid of Crippled Children has done a remarkably good job in collecting together in *Experiments in Survival* short autobiographies from thirty-three handicapped people. Although American, these personal stories could be paralleled by the experience of many afflicted people in this country.

What emerges, once again, from this book is what a shattering burden a severe handicap is to bear, irrespective of society's assistance; it is a burden which the reader doubts if he himself could bear. A spastic who wished to teach biology was warned off in these words when he spoke to his supervisor about a job: "My students have to dissect frogs in their work in zoology, but they do not have to accept you as a teacher." The author—happily now a professor—comments: "... one becomes accustomed to this kind of remark and usually makes a pretty fair adjustment to it. However, it is always

a shock when it is spoken by a person whose intelligence or civility one has taken for granted."

What naturally follows from this is the reflection how much personal sympathy and kindness handicapped people need. Direct physical help is often relatively easy to provide, but adjusting the attitudes of handicapped and non-handicapped people to one another is much more difficult. Mr. Harold Yuker, another spastic, writes: "In my opinion people are people, and whether they are black or white; Catholic, Jewish, Mohammedan, or Protestant; disabled or non-disabled, is immaterial." Unfortunately the disablement itself does matter and, as the editors comment in the perceptive postscript, "is frequently the decisive factor in social relationships between handicapped and non-handicapped individuals."

Often the mistaken attitude of the handicapped person is the result of misguided advice by some well-meaning mentor. To quote again: "Being blind is not a handicap. My life is exactly like that of other people". "This statement", add the editors, "stands not, obviously, as a truth but as an excellent example of what a culture responsive to Hollywood confuses with the truth." (Note the Americans' pitiless self-analysis of their society). How should we react when we meet somebody with a severe handicap? Lacking much essential information, is it surprising if we fall back on Hollywood?

The education of the public, and indeed of many workers in the field, is therefore an urgent matter for those concerned with organising services for the handicapped. Dr. Kershaw has great experience with handicapped people and his book is full of authori-

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tative information. However, although it is non-technical and intended to be widely read, it is not for the ordinary reader. It has that hard-to-define air which makes the non-medical reader realise at once that he has picked up a medical book by accident. The preface alone affords examples of clumsy, unnecessary sentences: "It follows that it is highly desirable that every member of the team should have an appreciation of the total task and joint aim" and so on. What a pity it has not been as

defly edited as *Experiments in Survival*.

Dr. Kershaw's book discloses, in fact, another group—the specialist—with whom ordinary mortals are having increasing difficulty in communicating. Specialists abound not only in medicine but in all arts and sciences and the gulf between us and them is widening. We should be thankful that handicapped people—specialists indeed but not of their own choosing—can write so clearly and well about the nature of their predicament.

Male Charge Nurse

A Novel by Louis Battye of White Windows

Cornwall Road by Louis Battye, Secker & Warburg, 18s.

Louis Battye is a Yorkshireman and he writes of the things he knows and loves; the sights and sounds of a northern industrial town, the football crowds, pubs, working class people. The hero of his novel is Charge Nurse of a ward in a chronic hospital and, again, Mr. Battye can describe the scene and characters from his personal experience of hospitals. His descriptions of scenes are full of feeling and closely observed, though sometimes over-written. The characters vary in the degree they come to life, but the two main ones are three dimensional in their complexity.

Philip Iredale, from a working class home, who won a grammar school education and got a commission in the Army, married the sister of one of his officer friends from a very different background. After the war he and his wife went back to his home town and he trained as a nurse. The marriage failed and he lived for a number of years with his mother, working as a nurse, gaining promotion, fairly contented with an unspectacular existence, finding his satisfactions in his job.

The story starts at this point, the earlier part being told in flashback.

Philip has an affair with Doreen, a tough, hard-swearing girl married to his sister's brother-in-law. Mr. Battye shows great insight into the turmoil of this kind of relationship, the fluctuations of intention and alternations of mood. The skill with which he weaves the emotional interplay is coarsened with crude, physical detail; but this is so common nowadays as almost to be a literary form of keeping up with the Joneses. The development of Philip's apparent love and his subsequent disillusion (for he gradually realises he is still in love with his wife), the sadness that the vulnerability under Doreen's hard shell should be pierced and then betrayed is surely matter enough without the trimmings.

These criticisms are not meant in any carping way. It is no small achievement to get a novel written, let alone accepted by a firm such as Secker & Warburg, as anyone who has tried will know. Mr. Battye is the first resident in a Cheshire Home to have an autobiography published, the first to have a novel published, and it is to be hoped that he will write many other successful books.

B.B.

The Disabled Person in the Community

by Miss A. Shepherd

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by kind permission of the Editor.*

"What life have you if you have not life together?
There is no life that is not in community,
And no community not lived in praise of God".

T. S. ELIOT

Is there any real community life today? Have we any sense of being bound in one body, a body made up, not only of the healthy, the prosperous and the respectable, but of the old, the mentally ill, children, criminals, the physically handicapped, the emotionally crippled, the misfits, the awkward squad? Generally speaking, no. The community has a conscience, but wishes to be spared personal suffering and inconvenience. It salves its conscience, but preserves its respectability, by pursuing a policy of apartheid. Mentally retarded and physically handicapped children are sent to special schools. We open clubs, specially for the anti-social elements of our society. Immigrants from Africa and the West Indies are encouraged to keep to certain areas in our cities. Organisations, like the Infantile Paralysis Fellowship grow up, linking together those whose common bond is their disability. Often our churches are made up of several small, closely knit fellowships and these never succeed in becoming one community.

And so there grows up a community without a heart. The "norm" is the man with a house, family, garden, job and car at the gate. All the misfits are divided into their respective organisations. They have been catered for. A great deal of money has been spent on them, and that should be enough. But it isn't. Instead of a community,

bound together by love and tears, rejoicing and suffering and thus matured, we are left with a closed shop, an exclusive club, lacking life because it lacks wholeness.

What of the disabled person? Does he want to become a part of the whole community and not just a section of that community? And if so, on what terms?

Most of the emphasis in our hospitals today seems to be placed on delivering people, who are in some way, mentally or physically crippled, from their early moods of self-pity, despair, rebellion, bitterness or self-centredness. Obviously, this is good, but the danger lies in following this by giving the people concerned an inadequate goal to work for. In most Occupational Therapy training, the emphasis is on independence. This, I think, is insufficient, and it is easy to become quite fanatical about it. It is a necessary part of growing back to wholeness, but only a part. It stresses that the disabled person has something to offer the community in spite of his disability, and often ignores completely what the community has to offer the disabled one.

Surely, the emphasis is wrong. It can never be a question of going back to a normal life, in spite of what has happened, but of going forward into a new life, because of what has hap-

pened. Now, the disabled person offers himself to the community in a different way, because he has new limitations, but also because he has new insights. The community is helped to remain whole, for the strength and tenderness of the healthy members are needed. The disabled one too, is helped. He is lifted from self-centredness into the life of the whole community.

The tragedy is that this is made very difficult when the community is operating on the feudal system, with the field divided into strips! It is much easier for all concerned if the "odd bods" slip into clubs of like-minded people, or people whose situation is similar to their own, instead of taking their places in the community, accepting from others and giving to them. All this does not mean that I fail to recognize the magnificent and truly sacrificial work being done by voluntary workers in various clubs and organizations, but also that there is a real need answered in these clubs. But is this the way to give a community abundant life? Does this division into separate groups enrich the whole?

One of the real difficulties which prevents the disabled one from believing that he can really take his place again in the life of the community is that we have grown up with a great belief in the virtue of endless activity. So often, there is the sneaking fear that if a man cannot rush from job to job and fill every minute of the day with bustle and vigour, he cannot really be a useful member of society. So a wonderful opportunity to spend more time in prayer, meditation, study or craftwork of great beauty goes by the board. The belief that it is better to do something active badly, rather than something more contemplative well, is almost universally accepted.

All this makes it more difficult for the man who has led a very active life and is now in a wheelchair, to know what to do. Work there must be, work for the community, if one is to be a part of that community, but when, for years, work has been thought of in terms of bodily activity, the necessary adjustment is not easy. It must begin with a glad acceptance of a new way of life and morbid hankerings after the old, must be pushed away forcibly.

Once there is this acceptance, then the way opens up, and there is much work of real value which can be done. It must be work of real value, not just something to "help pass the time", or it will lead to a deeper sense of frustration and helplessness. May there not be a place here for the making of objects of real beauty which take time and patience? In this machine age there is a real need for the craftsman.

The disabled person must learn to lead a double life! At the same time as accepting his present limitations and seeking to take a new place in the community he will be working with God for wholeness. But this will be done secretly, in his heart. Trying and fighting can easily make us hard people, making a god of independence, determined to accept help from no one. The paradox is that nevertheless, we must "try" and "fight", but quietly, faithfully, gently and patiently, plodding along in the steps of Christ. All the trying done in the sweet strength of Jesus, for His will is wholeness, for us as individuals and as a community.

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An Old Lady's Gift

Mrs. Irving, of the Holehird Support Group at Carlisle, writes:

This illustrates how wonderful people can be. . . . I work in a cafe, and one day I had quite a surprise when a dear old lady handed £3 10s. 0d. to me to put in our Holehird Cheshire Home collecting box. She hurried out quickly, without giving any reasons for such a generous donation, and in fact hardly giving me time to gather my wits together to thank the donor. However, the next day I received this letter, which I feel deserves a place in *The Cheshire Smile*.

"Dear Madam,

Sometimes I do a job of work and I always give the one tenth of what I earn to some good work (when it looks worth while). I was wondering this time where I could place it as there seemed to be so many good schemes wanting money—well I read an article

in *Woman's Day* about Captain Cheshire and his wife doing such good work for so many and I felt called to give my money there, only I did not know quite where to send it and I felt I would be led in some way to get to know—I put up a bit prayer that I would do so.

I had just been down to the doctor for a check up and not having had any lunch I was all too ready for a cup of tea, and going into your cafe I sat right in front of your money box for the very Homes I wanted! Now don't you think that was a very wonderful answer! I know now that it will go to two very wonderful people.

I was too nervous to get the money in myself in front of so many eyes. I thank you for collecting the same.

Yours very truly,
ANONYMOUS."

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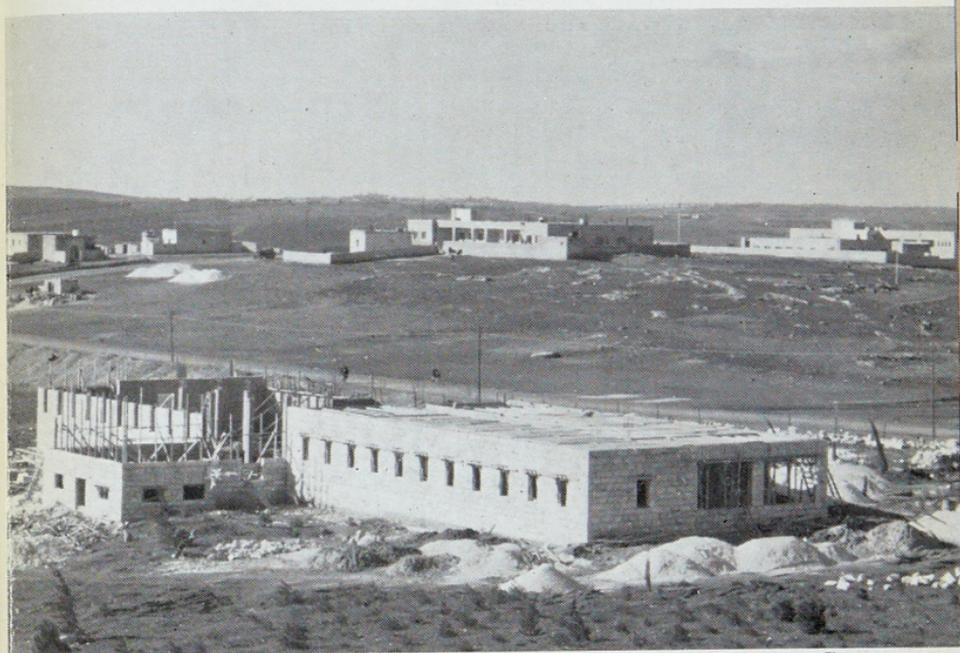


Photo: Albert Flouty

In the foreground can be seen the new Cheshire Home that is being built in Amman, Jordan.

POLAND



*Inside one of the Sue Ryder Homes in Poland, at Zyrardow,
for cancer patients*