

THE Cheshire Smile

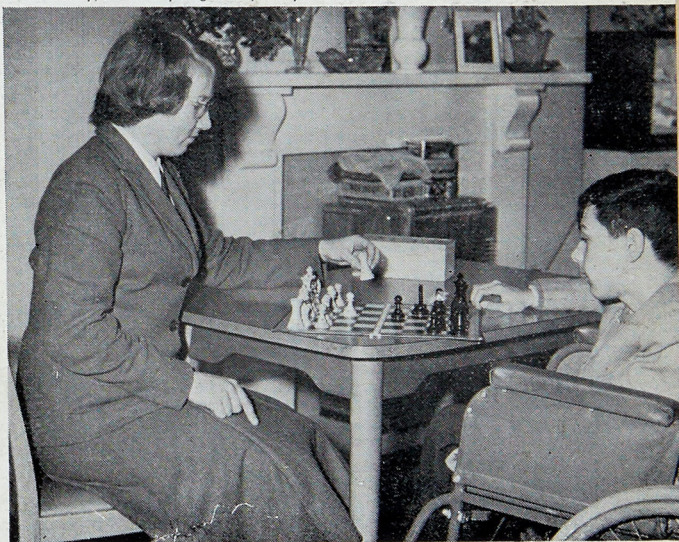
Vol. 8

No. 4

WINTER 1962/63

Photo: Rotary, the monthly magazine of Rotary International in Gt. Britain and Ireland

Cheltenham
College
girl plays
chess with
George
Taylor
at the
Cotswold
Home



ONE SHILLING

The Ryder Cheshire Mission for the Relief of Suffering

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

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

I. FORGOTTEN ALLIES TRUST

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Miss Carol Brooks

Hon. Secretaries:

Miss A. Grubb
Miss Mary Towers

Hon. Solicitor:

W. L. Morris, Esq.

All enquiries about Forgotten Allies Trust should be made to Cavendish (Glensford 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 and 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.

Home for the Sick and Disabled in Greece.

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

One Home has been established near Athens.

II. RAPHAEL

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

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

Dehra Dun, U.P., India.

Lying in the foothills of the Northern Himalayas, Raphael is the Far Eastern Headquarters of the Mission. From small beginnings in tents in April 1959, it today houses 65 leprosy patients and 40 defective and homeless children, and is being planned as a whole "village" of Homes where 600 or more of the incurably sick may lead as full and happy lives as possible.

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

Hon. Secretary: Mrs. A. Dhar.

Hon. Welfare Officer: Mrs. D. Rawlley.

Hydon Heath, Godalming, Surrey.

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

Hon. Medical Officer: Dr. R. Mann.

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

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

Warden: R. Taylor, Esq.

III. THE CHESHIRE FOUNDATION HOMES FOR THE SICK

Registered in accordance with the National Assistance Act 1948

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

United Kingdom

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 (Vice-Chairman), B.C.L., The Earl Ferrers, His Honour Judge Rowe Harding, Dr. Basil Kiernander, M.R.C.P., The Lady St. Levan, J.P., H. E. Marking, Esq., M.C., Miss C. E. Morris, M.B.E., Alderman A. Pickles, O.B.E., J.P., B. Richards, Esq., W. W. Russell, Esq., The Lord Sinclair, M.V.O.

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Miss E. Mayes

Hon. Treasurers:

J. R. Handscomb, Esq.

R. G. Emmett, Esq.

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	6770
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			
Dolywern , Pontfadog, Wrexham, Denbighshire	Glynceiriog	303	—
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 (for mentally handicapped children)	Dorchester	1403	—
Heatherley , Effingham Lane, Copthorne, Crawley, Sussex	Copthorne	2670	2735
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			
Mayfield House , East Trinity Road, Edinburgh	Granton	2037	
Miraflores ,* 154 Worpole Road, Wimbledon, S.W.20 (rehabilitation of ex mental patients)	Wimbledon	5058	
Gaywood ,* 30 The Downs, Wimbledon, S.W.20	Wimbledon	9493	
Mote House , Mote Park, Maidstone, Kent	Maidstone	87911	87317
St. Bridget's , The Street, East Preston, West Sussex	Rustington	3988	
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 Midlands 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

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.

Oluyle, 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 mentally retarded children*)

Hong Kong

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

Portugal

***Cheshire Home**, Lisbon.

* *In preparation*

† *In process of construction*

THE

CHESHIRE SMILE

The Quarterly Magazine of the Cheshire Homes

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The magazine is edited, managed and published by disabled residents at Le Court. It is printed by the Southern Publishing Co. Ltd. of Brighton. Publication dates fall roughly in the middle of March, June and September, but in early December.

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

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People and Places

by the Roving Reporter

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

I ran into May Cutler the other day at Market Mews. May has been in on the pioneering stages of many of our Homes, of late mainly in W. Africa. She recently returned from Nigeria, where she has just started the Home on the outskirts of Lagos at Mushin. She naturally had a lot to say about her experiences in the newest West African Home, but what interested me more was her admission, under some pressure, that she had been presented to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at Bo, Sierra Leone, last autumn, during the Royal Visit to that country.

The Police Commissioner had so arranged things that there was an open space on the route which the procession of cars was to take, just at the point where the Sir Milton Cheshire Home lay. So the little children could all be seen perfectly from the royal car. They waved furiously as the Queen passed, and she waved back. It came as a complete surprise to May when later in the afternoon she was told she had been asked to the reception. It was an even greater surprise when she found herself presented to the Queen and the Duke at the party itself. The Duke spoke to her for half an hour, during which time he made her tell him many things about the Homes, particularly in West Africa.

* * *

Two other Matrons from Cheshire Homes overseas have been home on leave recently—Miss Anne Thomas, from Bethlehem, and Miss Eagleston from Morocco. Other visitors from overseas have been Dr. Roxy Harris (until recently Chairman of the Home at Bo, Sierra Leone), and Major D. H. L. Parker, M.C., Secretary of the Homes in Nigeria.

On one of the few decent afternoons in August in Cornwall, St. Teresa's had a visit from a well-known arthritic specialist from London and his wife, who is a physiotherapist. Dr. and Mrs. Glyn called in at the Home whilst they were spending a holiday on the north coast of Cornwall. They had heard about the Cheshire Homes, but had never actually visited one. They wanted very much to see one in action for themselves. Mr. Newell and Alderman Stephens showed them round.

The visitors were obviously impressed and surprised by what they saw. They spent much of the afternoon with the patients, especially with 'G30GT'—the call sign of Graham Thomas, who showed them his amateur radio operations in action. When he was trying to call up a friend in one of the other Homes, a voice came over the air speaking fluent English, but in a slightly strange idiom. 'That's a pal of mine in Bombay' said Graham, quite casually, 'but I'm afraid we shan't have time to talk to him if we are to get on to the man I want at Staunton.'

At tea, in Matron's room, Jack Stephens told the Glyns about his visit last winter to Jordan, India and Ethiopia.

Dr. Glyn said after the visit that he could scarcely believe that such a happy and constructive atmosphere could be created by people who were suffering from so many of the disabilities with which he had to cope in his professional life, and which he normally associated with sadness and pain, both among his patients and their friends and relatives.

* * *

Another person whom I bumped into at Market Mews was François de-

Vallembreuse, the young Frenchman who went with G.C. to Singapore during the latter's first visit to Malaya in 1957, when between them, and with the help of the G.C.'s cousin, Pam Hickley, they started the first Malayan Home in the abandoned gun-site at Changi. François was over here from Paris to see the G.C., and tell him of the work which is being done in the field of rural development in some of the most underdeveloped countries of the world by a group of young French people, of which he is one.

These young people are trained at a settlement outside Paris, its principal work being the care of lepers, of whom there are some two thousand in France. At this settlement, these young Frenchmen learn how to live at the standard of the very poor and often diseased villagers, among whom they will be working in countries such as the Cameroons, Korea, the Congo, where they have agreed to live and work. He had just come back from Cavendish, where he had heard of the progress of Raphael at Dehra Dun, and of the beginnings of Raphael at Godalming. The spirit and the methods of these young French people seem to be strangely similar to those of Sue and G.C.

On Saturday, 11th August, Paddy O'Leary, Managing Trustee of the Indian Foundation, was married to Miss Jean Hendry in London. They returned to Calcutta at the end of August. Mr. and Mrs. Chopra, who do so much for the Home in Calcutta,

were in London at the time, and were able to attend. Also present among the guests was Dr. Kak, daughter of Lt.-Colonel P. N. Kak, who is on the Committee of the Jamshedpur Home.

* * *

The eldest girl patient from the Bethlehem Home for crippled children, Mary Hefawi, has been brought to England, and is training in office routine at St. Elizabeth's Training College, Leatherhead. This training is being most generously given free of charge by the College. If any Home has a temporary vacancy to offer her during her holidays from Queen Elizabeth's it would be much appreciated. It would help Mary to feel that, although far from her own family, she was just as much a member of the Cheshire family in England as she had been in Jordan.

The Hon. Mrs. Fisher-Hoch, Chairman of Coomb, has been laid up in hospital in London, undergoing an operation on her hip. We are very pleased to say that she is soon likely to be going home once again.

* * *

In our report of Family Day published in the Autumn number, we inadvertently referred to Major General Sahgal, the recently appointed Chairman of Govind Bhawan, the Cheshire Home at Dehra Dun, India, as Major Saigal. We offer him our sincere apologies for this clerical error.

Urgently Wanted—C.S. Back Numbers

Complete sets of the magazine from the first issue in December 1954 to the spring issue 1958 inclusive, are urgently required both by the British Museum and by our London Office. Please send details to the Editorial Office, Le Court, of any copies you hold that you can bring yourself to part with, and we will make you an offer.

AN IDEAL GIFT

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

An attractive greetings card will be sent to any friend(s) you like to name with this (Christmas) number. It will convey your good wishes and explain that a year's subscription comes from you as a gift.

Post us a remittance for 6s. and we will do the rest.

A Fortnight Spent at Le Court

by Bob Tanner

Reproduced from the I.T.A. Bournemouth and District Group Newsletter

I have recently had the very good fortune to spend two weeks at the Cheshire Foundation Home 'Le Court'. Like the American who rushes about 'doing' in a few days, the Edinburgh Festival, Oxford and Cambridge, all the Cathedrals and the Tower of London, and then returns to the States to lecture on the quaint British way of life, I feel I must tell you all about 'Le Court', the very wonderful oasis for the disabled conceived by Group Captain Leonard Cheshire, V.C.

'Le Court' is situated at Greatham, a mile north of Liss on the Petersfield-Farnham road. At Greatham a minor road leaves the A325 to climb to Selborne, and a short way along this road is another which leads to 'Le Court'. This narrow road climbs steeply to a higher point than the house, and the drive-in drops as steeply down into the car park.

There is no entrance step, or ramp, and the chairs run easily from the car park through the front doors into the hall. Around the hall are two small chapels, the office, the staircase, the lift, the telephone box, and the I.T.V. lounge. The telephone box is spacious enough for a house chair, the lift for three. From the hall lead two wide corridors, one to bedrooms, bathrooms and toilets, the other past the B.B.C. lounge and the shop to the dining room and the library. In the corridors one is delighted to find that great aid for the chairborne, the hand-rail. One notices, too, that the doors are three feet wide—what a boon!

After meeting the Warden, the Matron, and the duty staff, one is wheeled to a bedroom to empty the

case and stow the things away. Rooms are large with two or more beds. Each bed has a lamp above it, a locker beside it, and a bureau and a wardrobe nearby. Light and bell switch wires trail very close. The floors everywhere are wood tiles—ideal for house chairs. Also ideal are the low level door handles, light switches, and bell pushes.

At meal times we go into the large dining room at the second bell. The first, three-quarters of an hour earlier, is for the staff and helpers. There are seven tables in the room and each has room for six wheelchairs. Incidentally, the tables have mahogany formica tops, and are just right. The food is excellent and ample, nothing school-dinnerish here. A helper or two assists at each table. We are all odd-bods, and all need some assistance.

Between meals one can go aloft—easy by lift—along the upstairs corridors and across the glass enclosed bridge into the 'pavilion', the workshop and handicraft room. This is a wonderful place, full of tools, drills, lathes, grinders, and even a circular saw. There are a number of cantilever tables and one can draw, paint, do basket and leather work, weaving, woodwork and metal work, in fact do heaps of things, and instruction and assistance are readily available. I spent much time here. It is here, at 8 p.m. each Tuesday, that a club known as 'Independence Unlimited' meets. This is a gathering of local men who do odd jobs for the disabled.

Or one can sun oneself on the terrace which runs along the south side of 'Le Court', looking across the valley at the South Downs, and a

beautiful view it is over delightful parkland. Or one can televise. Both B.B.C. and I.T.V. have separate rooms so there is no fighting here. Or one can use the excellent library. Here occasionally, record recitals are given and enjoyed. Or one can see a film show. Once a fortnight the wall between the B.B.C. lounge and the dining room is swung back so that the two rooms make quite a good cinema. In the morning the B.B.C. lounge is the meeting place for eleveners, unless one is in the pavilion when it is served there.

In all these places, hall, lounge, terrace, pavilion and dining room, one meets and chats with patients, staff and helpers, but in the dining room one meets, at one time, the greatest number of them. Always this room is full of very pleasant gaiety, and at times this becomes a near riot of cheerful voices.

To me the fascination of 'Le Court'

is not just in the excellence of its site. On a south slope looking across a valley of beautiful parkland. Neither is it in the convenience to the disabled—it really is spacious living for the chairborne. Neither is it just in the delight of its terrace, lounges, pavilion, and dining room. It is in all these, of course, but most of all it is in the cheerful friendliness that one gets from everyone connected with 'Le Court'.

As I read this through I realise I have omitted so much. I've said nothing about there being thirty-nine patients, thirty-two of them chairborne. Nothing, too, of the ambulance trip to Cowdray Park to watch polo. and again, of going in the ambulance to Liss Church for Matins. Or again, of there being seven electric trikes at 'Le Court'. Neither have I said, as I should, that I shall go to 'Le Court' again just as soon as I can.

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"Wings of Raphael"

Fund-raising for the Ryder Cheshire International Mission

In December 1960, the Group Captain asked Mr. Richard H. Blackburn of Halifax to become organiser and treasurer of a new world-wide movement for the care of the incurably sick and homeless—the Ryder Cheshire International Mission. The idea was given prominence in one of the Yorkshire daily newspapers under the title of 'Plan for an international Cheshire village', and resulted in the Ladies' Section of the Bridlington group of a world-wide movement interested in humanity as a whole, sending a donation of £10 to Mr. Blackburn. Correspondence, and subsequent meetings and talks led to the formation of what is now known as the 'Bridlington Wings of Raphael Support Group', whose aim is to pioneer the G.C.'s vision of a steady flow of money to the work of the International Mission, through annual subscriptions and fund-raising efforts.

During the past eighteen months the Group has recruited over 100 members, and has sent to the main fund at Halifax well over £200, raised through such events as the Garden Fete (reported below), Coffee Mornings and Evenings, Jumble Sales, Film Shows, subscriptions and donations.

What a help it would be to the

organising and financial committees of the Mission if a steady annual income could be assured by the formation of more of these groups throughout this country, and eventually throughout the whole world!

The minimum annual subscription has been fixed at 5s., a very small amount to be asked to contribute in order to become a member of such a worth-while organisation. How often have we heard folk say, 'What can I do to help relieve the enormous amount of distress and suffering in the world today, and what contribution can I make towards the establishment of world peace?' Here is one practical way in which we can all show our sympathy for those less fortunate than ourselves.

Why not form a group in your district, in recognition and appreciation of the work and efforts made by the G.C. and Mrs. Cheshire towards the building of a better world! What more appropriate way to spread the Christmas message of 'Goodwill to all men'?

Further information can be had from Mr. R. H. Blackburn, Holmwood, Halifax, Yorkshire, or the Sec. of the Bridlington Group, Mrs. C. Wallace, 51 St. James Road, Bridlington, Yorkshire.

The Bridlington Garden Fete

The first big event of the Bridlington 'Wings of Raphael' Support Group to raise funds for the Ryder-Cheshire International Mission was a Garden Fete held in the grounds of the Dominican Convent on June 21st.

We were very happy to welcome Mrs. Sue Ryder-Cheshire, who opened the Fete in the absence of the Group Captain. The Fete was also attended by the Mayor and Mayoress and the

Deputy Mayor and Mayoress of Bridlington.

The weather was fine, adding to the enjoyment of all the kind friends who supported us. A publicity stall was manned by Mr. R. H. Blackburn of Halifax, the organising secretary of the Group, and Mrs. Blackburn. A number of subscribers were enlisted. The R.A.F. also had a display stall.

THE HOMES IN PICTURES

"The Cheshire Homes — a Pictorial Record"

(with nearly 200 pictures)

This attractively produced 48-page souvenir volume is being published as soon as possible. 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 9½in 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.

Although the Pictorial Record was originally scheduled to appear during the autumn, its publication has now been unavoidably postponed till early 1963.

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.

Cup offered for Cheshire Homes' Stamp Competition

by Edwin Hand (of Heatherley)

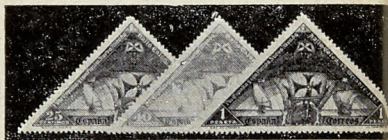


During the past few years I have been struck by the number of people in the Cheshire Homes who are interested in stamp collecting. It has been suggested to me that we might well run an annual stamp display competition between the Homes in Great Britain. If there are a sufficient number of Cheshire Homes residents interested in such a scheme, I would like to give a small cup for this competition, which would be presented each year to the winner of the best six sheets of stamps, taking into account mainly, neatness of display arrangement and the extent of philatelic knowledge shown.

The first exhibition, I suggest, should be at this Home, Heatherley, in March 1963, and I hope to get some well-known person in the London stamp-world to help with the judging. There would be suitable prizes for the runners-up. Please write to me if you think the idea a good one.

As I have suggested before in these pages, I think it would be a good thing if we could get a 'swop' system going between all the Homes for exchanging our duplicate stamps. My suggestion is that I send you a general packet of accumulated foreign stamps, you take out what you want and put in an equal number of your duplicates, then post the packet to the next person, who does the same. What do you think?

The set of six stamps at the top of the page were issued in 1946 by San Marino, a tiny independent republic in the Italian peninsula, to commemorate President Roosevelt. This American statesman was well-known both as a polio victim, and as a keen stamp collector. The three triangular stamps at the bottom of the page were issued by Spain in 1930, and pay tribute to the discovery of the New World by Christopher Columbus. They show the flagship of the explorer, 'Santa Maria', flanked by two of his smaller ships, 'Nina' and 'Pinta'.



New Secretary for the Magazine

Mrs. Marion Thorlby, who has been connected with *The Cheshire Smile* since its beginnings, and has also acted as part-time Secretary and Advertising Manager for the past three years, has resigned the position following her appointment as Secretary of Le Court Home. We owe her a great debt of gratitude for the tremendous amount of work she has done for the magazine, both during her actual tenure of office, and also previously, when her voluntary help was always forthcoming at necessary moments.

In her place we welcome Mrs. Kathleen Windibank to the staff of *The Cheshire Smile*. She has now taken over the jobs of Secretary and Advertising Manager.

Another Endeavour Club for Middlesex

The Twickenham Endeavour Club—a social and welfare club for disabled people in the area, has been in existence for the last eighteen months. As an offshoot of that venture the Ashford Endeavour Club came into being on 20th September, when the inaugural meeting was held at the Reedsfield Road Hall. A steering Committee was elected to draw up a set of rules.

The Group Captain and Mrs. Sue Ryder Cheshire sent the following message to the Club:

'We were delighted at the news that a second Endeavour Club is to be inaugurated in so short a time, and have the very greatest pleasure in welcoming you as part of the Mission for the Relief of Suffering. Judging from the experience of Twickenham we know that, quite apart from the good which the Club will do for those who live in Ashford and round about, both fit and disabled, you will be the

means of bringing fresh hope and encouragement to other sick and disabled people far away in other parts of the world who are worse off than ourselves. It means a lot to feel that what one is doing oneself is part and parcel of something bigger, doesn't it? And you are helping us too by being yet another member of our family, as we like to look on it. We wish you every success and happiness and look forward very much indeed to the opportunity of coming along to the Club and meeting you all. In the meantime we shall follow news of your developments with the greatest interest and shall be with you at your meetings, at least in spirit.'

All enquiries concerning the Endeavour Clubs should be made to: Mr. David Barnard-Smith, 41 Waldegrave Gardens, Strawberry Hill, Twickenham, Middlesex.

Some Thoughts On . . .

**Reflections aroused whilst reading the article
'What's My Line?' by Rowland Farrell and Edith Bell
in the Autumn issue.**

by T. Robert Langham (of St. Cecilia's)

Most of us, whether as master or man, have played our parts in life to the best of our ability, and having played our parts have expected something in return: possibly we have expected too much and then the dreadful hand of incapacitation has stricken us and left us confounded.

In some measure we feel like the gambler who has staked his all, and lost. But for every gambler who is a bad loser, there is another who is just the opposite, a good loser.

He will search every crevice, upturn every stone, explore every channel and he will find some star to which he will attach his wagon. For there *is* a star, and, like the Star of Bethlehem, when found, it must be followed, and may like that 'tide in the affairs of men, lead on to fortune.'

'When one door shuts, another one opens' we are fond of repeating. That saying has come down to us through the ages from the wisdom of Confucius, who wrote 'When God closes a door, He opens a window.'

It is not easy for many of us to 'Get ourselves off our hands' but then, very little in life worth the having is easy to get. We shouldn't value it half as much if it were come by without effort.

The advice given by Edith Bell and Rowland Farrell is absolutely right. There is no question of the incapacitated not accepting their plight, they have no alternative. But follow that elusive Star, follow it closely, never let it go, you will then find a new enthusiasm which will lead you to, and take you through that window which God has opened for *you*.

MORE "MIRAFLORES"?

P.B.G. of Devon, sends a plea:—

I would like to urge the Foundation to extend its work in providing 'halfway' hostels like the one at Wimbledon, and not leave it to those who are supposed to know. Most of those who 'know' are too busy working on certain aspects, or haven't the power, money, etc., to start providing what is so essential in every town in this country—that is, hostels to help the mentally handicapped back into society. Thousands of lives in every town are being wasted because the patients are considered chronic, and are being kept on in these badly run institutions, either because they haven't got the right sort of homes and families to help them back into ordinary life, or because they are afraid to venture out themselves, with very good cause indeed.

Right Methods Not Used

Yet with such hostels, which could be staffed by ex-mental nurses and occupational therapists, with perhaps visiting psychiatrists, thousands of so-called chronics could gradually and finally take their rightful place in the outside community again. It is usually absolute bunkum to talk about incurable insanity. Most of it seems to be incurably chronic because the right methods are not used to deal with it, and the present treatments are so horrifying and drastic that in some ways they do more harm than the illness. If a patient has a course of E.C.T., convalesces, goes home and back to work, relapses and has another course of horrifying E.C.T., of course the natural reaction is fear, fear. It takes superhuman courage to go out into the world again and risk another breakdown and a further course of shock treatment. That is no exaggeration—have you read Russell Braddon's book, 'Gabriel Comes to Ward 24'? It sounds a fantastic horror story but it is cold fact. I know that of course because I have had five such breakdowns with four courses of E.C.T. under varying terrifying circumstances, and how I forced myself to go out and start work in the world again

each time only the Almighty knows.

Yet it is all so unnecessary. So much could easily be done to help nervously and mentally sick folk back to a normal life. It should be done of course from sheer humanity, but today the reason is even more pressing because of the huge numbers of people involved and the heavy drain on the country in supporting them. There are many more sick people afflicted thus than with physical illnesses. All over the world people rally to help the Cheshire Homes for the physically ill; a great team or teams build up everywhere. It would be just the same in the mental field, if only the plunge would be taken, and the need is just as pressing. Please do what you can about this. There was a tremendous 'hoo-ha' in the press some months ago when one hostel was opened by the L.C.C. for seventy ex-mental patients. This was a tiny drop in the bucket compared with the need.

'Concentration Camps'

A recent article in the 'Sunday Telegraph' described our mental hospitals as 'concentration camps for about 3,000' people dotted about the country. Of course, conditions are not physically as bad as concentration camps, but there is an exact parallel there because so many of the symptoms of mental illness make one seem to be living under such conditions, and the minor hardships, such as strict discipline from nurses, poor food and heating, lack of warm water for washing and so on, are intensified. In a sense one might say that it would be more humane for some schizophrenic people to be gassed in a gas chamber than live in a mental hospital, where every time they enter a toilet they think they are going to be gassed, or when they eat, think some terrible torture is happening to them. When I was at my worst for instance, all life became like that to me, with associations of pain and evil. It was at the height of the war, and was intensified by all I had read about horrors happening in Europe, and led me at one point for six weeks into a padded

cell. I was thought to be incurably insane, and then went into a violent ward where I was knocked down and so on by other violent patients, and went down in weight to six and a half stone. After good care in another hospital I was out in London fighting fit, weighing 11 stone, able to do a responsible full-time job in a Ministry, be a part-time air-raid warden in Kensington, study in my spare time, and keep up lots of other activities. Without a home and a mother, though, I could not have done that.

Service by Youth

The following letter appeared recently in the columns of *The Daily Telegraph*.

SIR—The intense difficulty of finding opportunities of voluntary service for young people has been rightly described by Mr. Sidney Bunt. But this does not mean that the situation cannot alter. Five years ago few believed that our eighteen year olds could make any worth while contribution in less developed countries; now the idea of their giving voluntary service overseas is generally accepted.

Since the beginning of May more than 40 young volunteers have been enabled to serve for a while as auxiliary members of staff in approved schools, remand homes, reception centres, general and mental hospitals, community settlements, children's homes, and institutions for the handicapped, carrying adult responsibilities.

On one evening recently I accompanied one working in a rehabilitation project sponsored by the French Government among Africans in the slums of Paris and saw how in cellars and attics he had won the confidence and friendship of these almost abandoned people.

By no means have they all been university candidates. Some are industrial apprentices, and in a few days' time police cadets also will be partici-

I have an artist friend, daughter of a fairly famous artist, who has lived for fourteen or so years in a hospital because there was no bridge to take her back into the world, yet to all intents and purposes she is as normal as anyone, except for certain visions and lack of self-confidence. Her case can be multiplied by thousands. Do think about what I have just said if you are talking such things over with Foundation members or psychiatrists and so on.

More valuable role than as stopgaps

pating as worker volunteers in this endeavour of service in Britain.

What the more perceptive authorities realise is that something more profound is involved than adolescent stopgaps helping out in moments of staff shortage. In the right setting, young volunteers—whether in a pioneer or informal situation, or in a more institutional project—can sometimes make a breakthrough in human relations simply by being what they are.

The administrator of a hospital group in the Midlands has just written of one: 'It is a tribute to his industry that after a very short time in the occupational therapy unit the one question being asked was, "What are we going to do when he leaves?"'

Yet at present it is only a handful of authorities who see things in this light and it is a daunting task to discover others who are ready to take a chance in involving young volunteers in real life experience of social service.

I hope sincerely that Mr. Bunt's Association will not despair, for the energies of all of us are needed to change the public attitude.

Yours sincerely,

ALEC DICKSON

London, S.W.14

"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*.

Radio Activities in the Cheshire Homes

by Tom Dugdale (of The Hill, Sandbach)

No, don't get worried, it is not the unpleasant sort you have read about in the newspapers.

As announced in the summer 'Smile' there was to be much activity amongst the amateur radio enthusiasts in the Homes on and around 23rd June.

I am very pleased to be able to report that things turned out even better than we had hoped. Not only were there Exhibition Stations working at the Garden Fetes at Kenmore, Cleckheaton, and at The Hill, Sandbach, but members of the North Manchester Radio Society took portable equipment to Honresfeld, Littleborough, and put that Home on the air for the day. All these stations, and our regular ones at Staunton Harold

and St. Teresa's, got together on the air during the afternoon, and a recording of the voices of Mrs. Sue Ryder Cheshire and Alderman Pickles made at Kenmore from a transmission at The Hill was of sufficiently good quality to be re-broadcast over the public address system at their Fete.

From The Hill contacts were made with other amateurs in the U.S.A., Moscow, Jan Mayer Island in the Arctic, and most European countries.

More recently, the members of the Rhondda Valley Radio Society, in co-operation with local radio amateurs, put the Radyr, Cardiff, Home on the air to the great enjoyment of resident Cliff Jones who has recently started to take an interest in amateur radio.

The undoubted success of all these activities has led us to plan something more ambitious for next year. We want to get every Cheshire Home on the air for one weekend, and hold a Cheshire Homes Radio Rally.

There are radio amateurs in all parts of the country. They are a fine lot of enthusiasts, and would be prepared to bring their gear to our Homes and operate them for the weekend. The Radio Society of Great Britain has promised its support, and we hope that the management and staff at all homes will give every encouragement and assistance.

I am sure that if people knew just what an interest in amateur radio can mean to a disabled person much more would be done to encourage it in the Cheshire Homes. No date or details have been fixed for next year's activities. These will be announced later. Meanwhile, if you want to know anything about amateur radio please write either to Graham Thomas at St. Teresa's, or to Tom Dugdale at The Hill.

What's new to eat
that makes a treat ?

Shippam's

New!

Spreads

1/- A JAR
10 VARIETIES

Fighting Talk

by Paul Hunt

TWO LIVES by Peter Marshall. Hutchinson 1962. 16s.

Books by or about people with physical disabilities appear in increasing numbers. Fortunately this growth in quantity is being accompanied by some kind of qualitative growth. The 'brave and wonderful' sort of book about disability is giving ground to some much more critical and realistic writing, indicating a slow rise of consciousness, a coming of age, amongst handicapped people. They are becoming gradually more aware of themselves and their situation, of their relations with 'normal' people, of their vocation in the world.

Something of this growth is shown by Peter Marshall in *Two Lives*. Mr. Marshall obviously has considerable literary talent, although the first half of his book tends to produce frequent mental indigestion as rich violent similes follow too fast one on another. He employs this talent with more restraint in the second part to describe and reflect on, his situation as a person with a disability. An attack of polio when he was eighteen left him almost helpless; he is now dependent on others for most of his physical needs, and the rest of his life must be lived from a wheelchair. It is his sensitive response to these facts that concerns us here.

'Welfare Men'

Peter Marshall finds, as one might expect, that people tend to devalue him because of his incapacity. He is now in a very different world from the one he knew as a 'normal' person. It is a world of well-meaning but condescending Welfare Men, who offer a State pension but not a job; a world where he is 'one of the worshippers at this Monday shrine of uselessness' (occupational therapy); where there are monthly film shows and outings to the seaside; a world too in which the cripple has to conform to a pattern, where he is expected to be 'different', to be half alive, to be perpetually grateful for what is done for him.

Mr. Marshall refuses to accept this

new half-life. He wants 'the worry, the pain, the frustration, the weather of the world.' He needs the ordinary world's acceptance even its indifference. He wants to live, and write, and grow, and find himself as a person; he wants to be Peter Marshall, not a wheelchair. He says, 'People need re-educating about people like me. We're not a race apart, but that doesn't stop them making remarks like: "It helps to pass his time" or "It's ninety-nine per cent will power" or "If I were him I'd stick my head in the gas-oven"'. And this sort of person relates everything to my wheelchair. If I'm angry or sad they say to one another: "Well, what can you expect, him being like he is?" But I got angry and sad before ever I got polio. It's about as sensible as saying: "That chap behaves like he does because he's left-handed." People need re-educating, but I wouldn't like the job.'

Process of Education

Yet however he tries Peter Marshall will never really get away from this process of education; whether he likes it or not he will spend the rest of his life teaching people about disability, showing them that a person's value depends on something other than his physical (or mental or spiritual) fitness. Mr. Marshall is rather over-emphatic in his total rejection of the 'world of the disabled', and also somewhat unkind to those who mean well but condescend. Perhaps one of the tasks of those who are dependent is to lead others gradually away from their 'charity from above' attitudes, towards the point where they give of themselves, and receive, on the same level as those they help. Mr. Marshall uses the word charity almost as an epithet of disgust; yet it is just real charity which does not 'do people good' from above.

But despite the reservations one might have about this and certain other aspects of *Two Lives*, Peter Marshall's views on his situation are of considerable importance, because

to a large degree he expresses attitudes and feelings that are becoming more and more common amongst disabled people. They also want to do things, to take a real part in life, to live as normal and full lives as possible.

The emergence of this determination to 'fight' disability is brimful of possibilities for the future; the handicapped person's efforts to participate more fully in ordinary life should not be seen just as a refusal to accept any limitations at all, although at times this is just what they may look like, and in some cases may be. For somewhere along this line of determined resistance to diminishment there lies a true resignation and acceptance of handicap. Such disabled people will have nothing to do with the false resignation of those who are content to sit back and give into their dis-

abilities, to let others worry for them and look after them not only physically, but emotionally, mentally and spiritually as well. There will always be some who need such comprehensive care through no fault of their own; but for all those with some abilities left, one can say that the effort to use and develop their abilities is the prerequisite for a proper acceptance of their dis-abilities.

In *Two Lives* Peter Marshall highlights the handicapped person's need to fight his diminishment first before he can arrive at the required point for true acceptance; in this lies the special value of his book for all who have physical disabilities, and also for those who seek to help them.

(Peter Marshall is now resident at Heatherley Cheshire Home—Ed.)

MY SON

SO BRIEFLY MY SON by Mrs. Joan Neville. Hutchinson 1962. 12s. 6d.

Mrs. Neville writes about her son Iain, who had muscular dystrophy and died at the age of fourteen. In ultra-simple style she tells how she and her husband fought to remain matter-of-fact about the disease which gradually destroyed all their hopes of a normal life for their boy.

You could not fail to be deeply moved by this book, yet there are no heroics in it, just a determination not to despair or give in, and to make the most of each moment Iain had. Mr. and Mrs. Neville gave their son everything they could, but never in a cling-

ing, over-protective manner. It was the constant concern of everyone in the family that Iain should be as independent of them as he could be right until the end when he was physically helpless.

Mrs. Neville's book, which can be read in an hour or so, gives a tremendous insight into a tragic situation. It will help many people to understand what it is like to have a crippled child in the family, and also to see that it need not ultimately be a tragedy when it is faced in this sort of spirit.

P.H.

Essays in Simplicity

KEEP YOUR HAIR ON

by Dorothy Cooper (of Alne Hall)

We are going back a few years. It's in a hospital ward, during the war. In the black-out. The lights were only a glimmer. (We had had a number of phone calls complaining about lights showing, where they should not). In the midst of it all, there was a 'dirty bed'. It was duly cleaned up, a trolley of soiled linen taken to the sluice. There, with a good light on, a man's wig was found, mixed up with the sheets.

Dry cleaning only! Where were the soap flakes? Treated with soap flakes the wig was quickly dried on the radiator. Then hung on the owner's chair. The admiration of the other patients next morning for his newly-shampooed 'crowning glory' was proof that the soap flakes had been very effective.

(The author of this story wins the next 10s. prize in our competition).

NEWS AND FEATURES

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Greenhill House, Somerset

This Home opened on a lovely sunny day on February 1st, 1962. We started off with three residents: Mabel Gaskins from Cheltenham, Charlie Tucker from St. Martin's Hospital, Bath, and Paul Musgrave from Greathouse.

Our official opening was on July 14th, and again we were blest with a perfect day. Unfortunately, Group Captain Cheshire was unable to attend because of illness. The Norton Radstock Round Tablers took charge of the sideshows, helped by some of the local school children and the Red Cross Cadets from Bath. Teas were run by Bath W.V.S. and Timsbury W.I. The British Legion coped with the car park; the Civil Defence were wonderful, as ever, helping to transport crockery, tables, etc., while Major Smart and a party from the Somerset Light Infantry erected and dismantled all our marquees. Numerous kind friends ran the most successful Bottle, Cake and Fancy stalls. This last was greatly augmented by Charlie's wool rugs, Paul's jewellery, and knitting and embroidery by Mabel and Miss Hacker. We thought our profit of £350 very good for our first effort, considering we had so little time in which to prepare.

We are beginning to feel quite established, and join in with the village, and they with us, on all possible occasions. The W.I. came and did a play for us, and asked the ladies to a Dress Show—the men were taken to the local school sports. A local Football Match was given in aid of us, and the local Horse Show was also enjoyed. Last week everyone was invited to a Harvest Supper at High Littleton, and this was a wonderful party, at which everyone had a thoroughly good time and made new friends.

We now number eleven, but when our lift is installed we shall increase to eighteen, and later on, in Phase III, when the building is completed, we hope to make it thirty.

Hawthorne Lodge, Dorset

It is some time since I gave any news of Hawthorn Lodge, having been too late for the last issue of *The Smile*. However, everything goes well and we are completely full, there having been over twenty children in residence all through the summer. And what a summer—one might think it fell this year on the 8/12th October!

The Johnny Morris Appeal resulted in a magnificent sum of over £1,000 being received and this included a tatty brown package containing fifty pound notes. What excitement there was in opening the various letters and to read all the good wishes. Many of these were touching indeed and it gives a great deal of encouragement to everyone here to know so many people responded to the Appeal.

In July a Flag Week was organised and the result was again above expectations—more than £630 being garnered. All this in addition to the donations and gifts from the many organisations and friends in and

around the county. We can certainly count our blessings.

All through the past months Matron and her staff have been extremely busy looking after the many children. It was a sad day for us all here when Sally passed suddenly from us. Another 'character', Charles, has now left. He was one of the original four children and having reached the ripe age of twelve he was becoming a little large for the nursery staff. He returned to his parents during the middle of last month.

We are now in the process of coping with Harvest Festival gifts which again are numerous but most acceptable.

Our friends in Weymouth and Dorchester are working hard and it looks as if with the combined efforts of everyone concerned and interested in Hawthorn Lodge we will soon find we have gone a long way to meeting our mortgage and other liabilities.

H.J.W.

Dolywern, Denbighshire

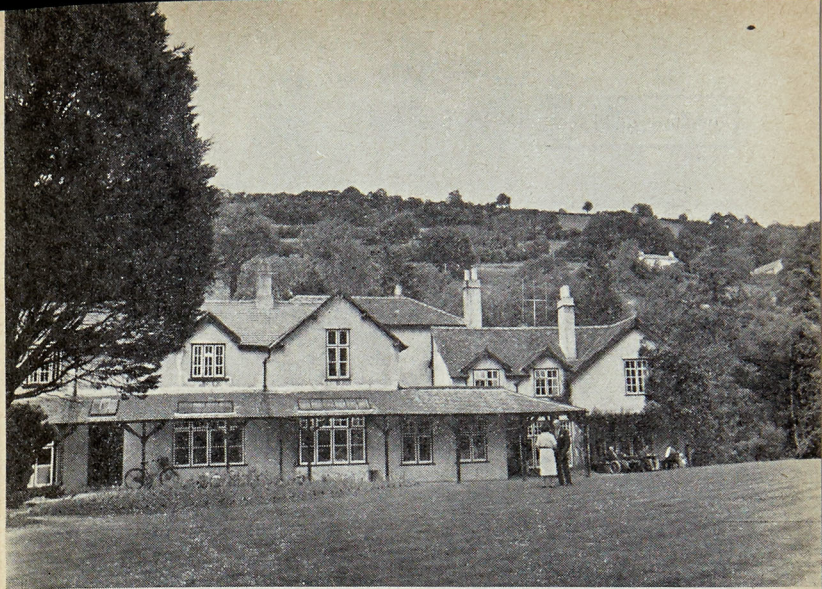
Early in 1961 a local lady wrote Group Captain Cheshire with the information that a small hotel was being offered for sale which might be suitable for use as a Cheshire Home. This proved to be the commencement of the first Cheshire Home in North Wales.

On 18th August of that year a public meeting was held to launch our Home in the heart of one of the most beautiful valleys on the border of England and Wales. At this meeting a Pilot Committee was appointed to make arrangements for the preparation of the Home, and by the 29th November the preparatory work was sufficiently advanced to disband the Pilot Committee and form the first Management Committee of the Home. By the 26th February, 1962, a Matron and small staff had been installed and the first two residents admitted, Ernest Lewis of Wrexham and Margaret Parry of Amlwch Port.

Miss Parry is an authoress of repute and is now busy, with the help of volunteers, preparing another novel for publication.

During the months that followed the Management Committee was heir to all the trials and tribulations of a body inexperienced in the principles of running a Cheshire Home. It is understood that this has been the lot of Committees of earlier Homes, but by devious methods, orthodox and otherwise, these difficulties were gradually overcome and the voluntary help forthcoming was a joy to experience. Our great day came on the 16th June, 1962, when the Official Opening and Dedication took place, followed by a Garden Party attended by over 500 supporters at which a profit of over £700 was realised. The Dedication Ceremony was beautifully performed by the Bishop of St. Asaph, assisted by a local nonconformist Minister.

Up to the time of writing these



Jean Photographs, Steyning

The Home at Dolywern, Pontfadog, nr. Wrexham

notes (October 1962) we have enrolled 16 residents, forming one happy family with a staff with whom it is a real pleasure to be associated.

Critics had forecast that the lack of amenities in such a country district as ours would provide an insoluble staff position, but with Matron and one trained nurse no difficulty has arisen in finding all staff needed locally.

Our Appeals Committee has done exceptionally well in working the large scattered area of North Wales, and has succeeded in raising over £5,000 in as many months.

So convinced is the Management Committee of the success of our

Home that a contract has been entered into for central and domestic heating to the sum of £2,500. Further, plans are in course of preparation for the erection of an extension by means of a single storey building to provide accommodation for 20 residents with toilet block and lounge, estimated to cost in the region of £8,000.

This is not considered to be a 'success story' but the effort of a country district to provide a Home for present and future residents, and it is realised that further hard work and anxious times are ahead, but with a continuance of the support received to date success will be achieved.



Seasonal Greetings



Owing to the perennial shortage of space, we felt we just had to cut out the Christmas Greetings which the individual Homes included in their news bulletins. On their behalf, we would like to convey cordial greetings and best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all other members of the 'Cheshire Family', not forgetting our many Friends.

Spofforth Hall, Yorks.

The Annual Garden Party was held in the grounds of the Home on Saturday, September 15th, and in spite of unsettled weather in the morning, attracted a good attendance. The profit amounted to over £1,200 which is a record amount. The total included £200 from the residents' efforts and I feel very proud of my fellow residents. The Rabbit Show was again a great attraction and drew over a thousand entries from all over the British Isles. A great favourite with the children was a wire-borne aerial glider in which they were carried to the tree tops. There were many sideshows and stalls staffed by organisations from the Wetherby area and other parts of the county, who also organised a large number of competitions. Refreshments included hot dogs and fish and chips; for the thirsty there was a licensed bar. Also included in the programme were selections played by the Wetherby Town Band and a display of Scottish dancing. The Fete was opened by Miss Sheila Hancock, star of *The Rag Trade*. After a short address in which she appealed to all to dig deep in their pockets as a 'tremendous amount of money was needed for the Home', she declared the Fete open with a phrase used by another star of *The Rag Trade*—'Everybody Out'. Miss Hancock afterwards made a tour of the Fete with our new Matron.

The most important item of staff news is the arrival of a new Matron on 25th August, in the person of Miss M. Crossman, S.R.N., who has had many years nursing severely handicapped children and is looking forward to her work among adults here. Mrs. Hatton, who has worked with Miss Crossman a number of years, has also joined the staff. We sincerely hope these two ladies will have a long and happy time with us. Miss Pratt, S.R.N., has returned and now that Matron has settled in, is working on a part-time basis. We extend a cordial welcome to Mrs. Ruddock who joined the staff on October 4th and we are sorry that Mrs. Elekes,

our night relief nurse, has had to resign because of ill health.

Jack Nowell, who was a resident for nearly two years, has been transferred to The Hill, Sandbach. Newcomers are Martin Towey of Rotherham and Leonard Wood of Leeds.

Our evening classes are now in full swing. A rug making and embroidery class in Miss Wiseman's charge, has replaced the painting class and is very popular. The play reading and literature class has been changed to drama and elocution, but Mrs. Hughes continues as teacher. Mr. Corbett will again give the history lectures. The singing class is now held in the afternoon; Mr. Warrington, Jnr., continues as teacher and Mr. Warrington, Snr., as pianist.

On Sunday, 19th August, we were honoured by the visit of the Bishop of Knaresborough (The Right Reverend H. DeCandle) who conducted Evensong in the Chapel. He also gave a short sermon.

We have had two outings this summer. The first was to Whitby on 23rd July. We are very grateful to Mrs. Hargreaves of Wetherby, an old friend of the Home, who made all the arrangements and defrayed the cost of the trip. On 29th September we made a comprehensive tour of the Lake District. This was financed by 'Shop' profits. On each occasion we were very fortunate with the weather.

On 23rd August a little bit of Spofforth Hall history was made when Joan Williams brought Florence Haken from 'White Windows' to sing for us. This was the first time we have been entertained by a member of the Cheshire Family. We have had two recent visits from Joan who brought Hilda James (twice) and Hilda Simcock to sing for us. Joan can be sure of a warm welcome whenever she comes as most of us love a good sing song.

JOSEPH TWIST



Photo: Skyrack Express

**Miss Sheila Hancock (Carol of 'The Rag Trade' on T.V.)
meets some of the residents at Spofforth.**

West Midlands Home, Staffs.

Apart from the weekly Bingo sessions, which are as popular as ever, most of our winter time pre-occupations have been discontinued during the months we laughingly call summer! In spite of the mainly indifferent weather we have, however, thoroughly enjoyed all the picnics, fetes, garden parties and various other outdoor activities. We are very fortunate here really, inasmuch as although we are so near a town our immediate surroundings are delightfully rural and we are within very easy reach of lovely scenery and picturesque little villages. As a southerner, it has indeed been an eye-opener to me, as hitherto I had always thought of the Midlands in terms of industry and the Black Country.

Another thing which has given

those of us who love the theatre a lot of pleasure is a kind invitation from the Wolverhampton New Theatre Company to attend their Wednesday matinees each week. Their programme has been a most varied and entertaining one, and we were particularly glad to have an opportunity of meeting members of the company when, in an attempt to repay their hospitality, we invited them to visit the Home and have tea with us recently. It was hoped that Adam Faith would be able to come as well, like Ken Dodd when he was appearing in Wolverhampton, but unfortunately (for us) he was busy filming and had to dash up to London between shows to put in some work at the studios.

IRENE BUTCHER.

(See "West Midland Pilgrims", p.46)

Honresfeld, Lancs.

On May 6th a large number of members of Support Groups were visibly delighted with the results of the planning of the Management Committee, in the form of the new kitchens, wash-house, dining room and therapy room, and were obviously pleased to see the use to which their hard-earned money was being put.

The Official Opening of the Extension should have been performed by Group Captain Cheshire, but he was unfortunately unable to attend owing to his illness. However, the new building was very efficiently opened by our good friend the Right Honourable J. A. Leavey, M.P., in his usual charming manner, and we are grateful

to him for stepping into the breach at such short notice.

The weather was very kind to us and whilst the Chairman of the Management, Matron and Mr. Leavey and a gratifying number of Chairmen of Councils and their Ladies were seated in the extended lounge, the rest of the visitors were on the terrace until after the speeches and cutting of the ribbon. We were then able to enter the therapy room and to enjoy afternoon tea in the dining room. During the afternoon the Chairman, Dr. Beswick, reported that the new building had been completely finished and paid for—a grand achievement on everyone's part.

Cann House, Devon

On Thursday, 26th July, Her Majesty the Queen came to Plymouth to open the new Civic Centre, and we were lucky enough to be invited to witness that part of the visit in which the Royal Party inspected a guard of honour from the Royal Marines and various youth organisations.

We made an early start and having been loaded into the 'Friends of the Disabled' bus by our good friend Stan Cullis we were on Plymouth Hoe by 9 a.m. on a delightful morning. We were able to see the arrival of the Royal Yacht H.M.S. Britannia and her escort of frigates in the Sound, and a fly past by the Royal Air Force. We then waited till the Queen had landed at the Barbican (where the Pilgrim Fathers left for America) and had driven to the Hoe. We had a wonderful view from under Drake's statue of the ceremony of the Queen receiving the keys of the City, and were lucky enough to be only a few yards from the Royal Party as they proceeded down the line of youth organisations.

We all considered ourselves very fortunate to be able to see our Queen in this way and not just from a hospital bed!

On August 22nd, in the evening some of the residents went to see Plymouth Argyle play Preston North End at Home Park. Argyle won 7-1.

The next day we had the pleasure of being entertained by the 'Gay Time' Concert Party in the afternoon. They presented an excellent programme, and we offer them our grateful thanks.

On August 30th, Mr. Perry came and presented an enjoyable programme of recorded music which we all enjoyed and thank him for.

In September we had the following items of entertainment: The Plymouth Ladies' Circle came for the third time and provided us with a Film Show and refreshments. Some of the residents went to the Citadel on the 6th to see the Tattoo. One afternoon we had the pleasure of the company of another 'Gay Time' concert party, this time from Paignton. On the 17th some of us went in the bus to Torquay to see the lights—Mr. Stan Cullis and his helpers made this possible. And on one Sunday we had the pleasure of hearing the Devonshire Regiment T.A. Band for the second time. For all these entertainments and outings we offer our very grateful thanks to all concerned.

We are very sorry to say that one of our residents, Miss Ellen Hopper, passed away on September 15th after a long illness. We offer our deepest sympathy to all her relatives and friends. We shall miss her.

Carnsalloch, Dumfries

Mr. Leith of Sanquihar provided (without charge) one of his touring buses, and Matron, nurses and residents enjoyed an outing on September 9th. It rained throughout the day, but the helping hands and entertaining jolliness of our Sanquihar friends offset the inclement weather.

On October 11th we are going to see

Andy Stewart at the Lyceum Theatre, Dumfries.

We continue happy, homely and grateful for all the care and attention abounding in Carnsalloch House. There is no indolence and we perform with zeal and enthusiasm a variety of occupations—tapestry work, knitting, etc.

ISA FORBES.



A group of
Carnsalloch
residents
enjoying the
sun in their
newly paved
Courtyard.

Mayfield House, Edinburgh

On two nights during the Edinburgh Festival, the Mayfield crowd attended the Military Tattoo on the castle esplanade. The 'shower' were lucky with the weather, as it was dry during the performance. The rain may not have made a lot of difference anyway, for some folk say that this crew are perpetually in a damp state.

Entertainment-wise, things have been rather quiet, but we hope soon to report a pleasant change. We still have our monthly film show thanks to the Variety Club, and our own cine-projector is sometimes in use.

The red feather makes another appearance in Edinburgh and district towards the end of October. It is to be hoped that the natives can be persuaded to part with lots of lolly after the work George Smith and Archie put in sticking labels on the collecting boxes. This is the fourth red feather appeal in

the city, and if it receives the same warm response as the others we shall be very grateful.

Recently a coffee-morning was held in the Church hall of St. John's Episcopal Church at the west-end. The sum of approximately £180 was realised. Efforts like this are very much appreciated.

Our Matron, Miss Stewart, has left and we are now awaiting her successor. We do appreciate the fact that the new person has no easy task in front of her—looking after us must be trying, to say the least.

The evening classes have restarted and the students are lubricating their thinking machinery. Those not balding are going grey! Amelia, the one female in this group, is wearing well except for a few little wrinkles.

B. McLAUGHLIN

The Cotswold Cheshire Home

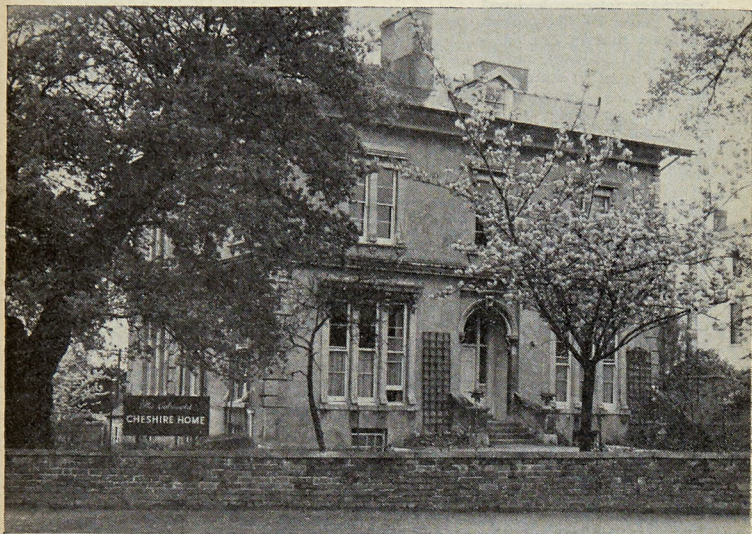


Photo: Rotary, the monthly magazine of Rotary International in Gt. Britain and Ireland.

The Cotswold Cheshire Home was first mentioned when Mrs. P. Barrett spoke of it at a Rotary Club luncheon in April 1959. As a result of that speech, one of the Rotarians, Mr. L. G. Northcroft, O.B.E., made a gift of the house, then called 'Allt Dinas', to the Cheshire Foundation.

From that date until its opening in September 1960, and ever since, the Home has had the generous support of the people of Cheltenham, business and private, together with Gloucestershire people in general. They have given their support in many ways, particularly with monetary contributions and voluntary help in the running of the Home.

The affairs of the Home are under the control of a Management Committee. The Matron, with the assistance of a sister and nursing staff, together with the cook and other domestic staff attend to the needs of the residents, who now number the full complement of twenty-three. The

Home is under the patronage of Lady Dowty, who takes a very active interest in its well-being.

The Cheltenham Rotary Club, the R.A.F. and Mrs. Barrett's Group of Friends, together with other numerous Cheltenham and district organisations, give their continual support to outings, parties and amusements for the residents.

Many of the residents are capable of doing handicrafts of one kind or another, and a few are able, give what help they can in doing odd jobs in the Home.

We are all very happily settled at Overton Road, and feel that we can now truly call it 'Home'. We also feel very fortunate in being so near to the town centre, and yet in a delightfully quiet situation with the shops, cinemas and theatres all within easy reach. We feel indeed, that we are extremely lucky in having our Home in such a lovely place as Cheltenham.

A RESIDENT.

My Story by Evelyn Perkins

The following article first appeared in The National Cripples' Journal

I was born with disabled arms and hands, and one disabled leg—the youngest in the family, the others being three sisters and one brother. Until I was six months old, nothing was done about these disabilities; then my parents took me to Cheltenham hospital where they were told that nothing could be done for me, I was a hopeless case. Later I was taken to the Wingfield Morris Hospital at Oxford where I had several operations, and I was in and out of hospital for the next three years. In the end I was able to walk and use my hands quite a bit. The operations had cost my father £500; it was a lot of money in those days.

At the age of four I started to use my feet to feed myself and pick up things. And at five I went to the local Council school, like any normal child, where I was taught to use my hands for writing, needlework, art and so on. The teacher had to help me to the toilet and put my coat on.

'How much I missed Her'

In 1939 when war broke out I was twelve. It wasn't necessary for me to be evacuated as my home was in the country—a little place called Saintbury in the Cotswolds. Every day I had a teacher to come in and help me. Then in 1942 my mother was killed in a road accident. I can't put into words how much I missed her.

After about twelve months my father married again—to my mother's sister. She taught me to dress myself and to go to the toilet by myself. I must say I was very pleased to do these things on my own.

Then, at fifteen, my father thought it was high time I had a proper job and did some real work. I was sent to the School of Stitchery and Lace, at Great Bookham in Surrey. As soon as I got there I knew I wouldn't like it. My father didn't listen to me though; he said I had to put up with it. I worked at embroidery there for seven months, then I had eczema on my hands. I remember spending Christmas like that; it was horrible. Finally, they sent me home, and my father didn't recognise me. I was so thin because of all I had suffered. I had to be under

the doctor for the next six months. And because I couldn't just sit still doing nothing, I found a job delivering papers, and I also helped on a milk round with a horse and float.

In 1947 my father died of cancer, and for the next five years I lived with my stepmother. She went out to work, and I had to do the housework, feed the chickens, dig the garden, etc. Many a time I felt like running away, but there was nowhere for me to go. A Welfare Officer came to see me in 1952 and asked me whether I was happy at home. I know I was crying when I told her that I couldn't stand any more.

Coming to Le Court

Before she left she had promised to get me away as soon as possible. And so I came to Le Court, even though my stepmother didn't approve. I lived in the old building, and then moved over with the rest to the new building in 1954.

I kept on with the embroidery, but when the eczema broke out again I got so fed up that I tried to see if I could do it with my feet. I succeeded so well that when the Queen Mother came to Le Court in 1955 I was asked to give a demonstration of what I could do with my feet; everyone did something on that day. I still give demonstrations to visitors, and they are always impressed. A little later on, the Warden asked me if I would like to work in the laundry room, washing the 'smalls' for the residents, and I agreed. It doesn't allow me much time for embroidery or anything else nowadays.

I don't feel sorry for myself any more. My aches and pains come and go as they do in any normal person. I have now learnt to do many more things for myself and try to help the others as much as possible. I write all my own letters, as well as those for a spastic girl at Le Court, holding the pen with my toes. I hope I shall be able to do all these things for many years to come.

(Ed.—Evelyn has now moved to the Cotswold Home, Cheltenham, where she is happily settled).

Cotswold Home, Glos.

Norman Vaughan would agree that we have been very 'Dodgy' of late about our non-appearance in *The Cheshire Smile* news, but I promise that news from these quarters will be, to quote Norman again, 'Swinging'!

Sinister things have been happening in Gloucestershire of late, including the British Nazi August Bank Holiday camp which had ample publicity on TV, radio and the Press. Our own blot on the Cotswold landscape, which got no further than the 'grape-vine', is attributed to none other than our 'beloved' Matron. The story unfolds about 6.15 p.m. whilst we were at supper on Whit-Sunday. Up in her room about that time Matron was adjusting plugs, pulling one out and replacing the vital one with a bed-lamp plug! A little later panic reigned below! Three TV sets were without vision, and we were back to pre-war and the pre-TV era of wireless and quiet reading. Fortunately things were put right for the Whit-Monday sports meetings and viewing was excellent. All has been forgiven, but it will be a long time before Black-Sunday 1962 is forgotten!

An outing organised by our energetic Mrs. P. Barrett, with her League of Friends, was a huge success from start to finish. Barry Island was our destination and we combined forces with the new Raydr Home. The sun behaved itself all day, and the winding River Severn played 'hide and seek' with us for a long time. The three cathedrals at Gloucester, Newport (Mon.) and Llandaff standing in its rural setting resplendent after the war had left it roofless for so long, were passed. The Common Market had been in existence for centuries so no passports were required either way! As Matron and the helpers issued the picnic lunch we weren't unmindful of the labours of Miss N. Padfield (Chairman, House Committee) and the kitchen staff. After a period on the sands, some went to a fun fair and others to a puppet show. Combining forces again, we had a wonderful high tea prepared by the ladies of Toc H, and were grateful to the authorities of

the Methodist Church where this splendid repast was partaken. We made a call at Fortes for lashings of free ice-cream, but prior to that we said our good-byes which were as sincere as our thanks for their part so wonderfully and cheerfully undertaken. Thank you all who did anything for our enjoyment. It is still a topic we delight to reminisce about.

Our outing to Andoversford Gymkhana Show has again proved a success in spite of the rain that started soon after our arrival. 'Janie' Williams was a first prize winner in the handicrafts section with her tray. The Mayor and Mayoress of Gloucester spoke to some of us. We were grateful as always to many friends including folk from R.A.F. Insworth, Mrs. Barrett with some of her League of Friends, our Chairman, Mr. Challis, and his wife, and also to Mr. Winnon for footing the tea bill!

September saw many activities here starting with an outing organized jointly with the League of Friends and the R.A.F. at Insworth. Peter Scott's world-famous Wildfowl Trust at Slimridge was the venture. We were blessed with a lovely afternoon. After being shown round by a guide we took our positions to enjoy the grand repast supplied by the R.A.F. and some of the personnel headed by Flt. Lt. Davies, with Mrs. Berrett and Miss Campbell, not forgetting Matron, some of the staff, and Ken Herbert our 'Fairly God-father'.

The Second Birthday of the Home fell on 12th September, and Mr. Challis together with Mrs. Challis had invited 150 Voluntary Workers to an 'At Home' in a marquee on the lawn. Lady Dowty (our Patron) attended, and honoured the residents and staff by her presence at our Party the following evening. The R.A.F. Dance Band from Insworth provided the music, with grand turns by Michael Carter and others. Much hard work was put in by Miss N. E. Padfield, and all were in full accord in thanking her for her yeoman efforts.

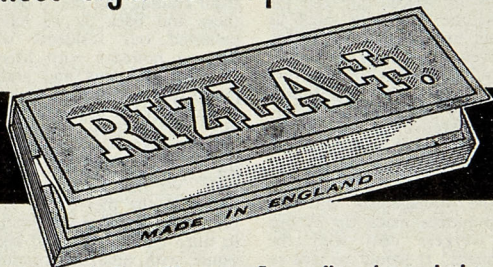
BOB HUGHES.



Photo: Cheltenham Newspapers, Ltd.

A party of residents from the Cotswold Home off to Barry Island.

Finest Cigarette Papers made today



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

RIZLA

WORLD'S LARGEST SALE

The Hill, Cheshire

This Home is gradually taking shape into a comfortable and well run home, backed by an efficient staff and enthusiastic support groups in various parts of the county, although others are welcomed.

The Home had a personal visit from Dr. Donald Soper, and several residents attended a meeting addressed by him at the Town Hall, Sandbach.

The automatic electric lift is now in

operation and blends well with the freehold.

Four additional residents, two ladies and male twins arrived during October and further additional residents will arrive in November.

A film projector and screen has been donated by Messrs. Fodens Ltd., which is greatly appreciated.

JOHN HILDITCH.

West Riding Homes

As I write, our sixteen District Supporting Committees are busy organising and running their Annual House to House and Street Collections on our behalf. The District Committees are to be congratulated on the splendid work done year in and year out organising raffles, coffee mornings, fashion parades, jumble sales, plus other money raising events on behalf of our two Homes. Each year too, these hard working people organise at our two Homes the now looked-forward-to Annual Fetes, in addition to running stalls on the 'day'. The many affairs are spaced out over the year to ease the burden as much as possible, but nevertheless the voluntary time given on behalf of the Homes is positively tremendous and we owe them all a great debt of gratitude. The day to day problems are mostly dealt with by Matron at White Windows and Matron at Kenmore, assisted by our two secretaries and the Administrative Officer, but even in this field the Management and two House Committees made up of our voluntary workers deal with the major problems. It would be true to say that the West Riding Cheshire Homes have now become an integral part of the Welfare Organisation of this industrial district of Yorkshire.

The poor summer has curtailed our outings from both Homes, but the residents have had more than a fair share of excitement as they have watched our new extensions being built. Kenmore, with its present accommodation figure at sixteen, is

looking forward to the opening of a new wing, increasing our family to thirty. As applications continue to pour in this shouldn't take very long. White Windows with thirty-four residents is having an extension added to the Quiet Lounge, so that next summer even if it rains we can look out from our sun lounge in comfort and keep dry at the same time.

The close link being forged between our two Homes and Holehird has been strengthened by our many trips to the lovely Lake District Home, when we have hired the Welfare Bus from Halifax and had a day's run up there and back as we have left or collected our residents who have enjoyed holidays with Miss Burton and her residents and staff. Other jaunts this time have been to Belle Vue Manchester for separate trips for the two Homes—Kenmore struck a bad day, but their spirits were raised on the way back by a little drop of warm stuff. We had hoped to look at the sea from the pier at St. Annes this year, but fate decreed otherwise and so once more Fleetwood became our venue, with, amazingly enough, glorious sunshine all afternoon.

Before closing we must pay tribute to all the many friends of the two Homes for their continued support, and at this Harvest Time for the many beautiful gifts of fruit, flowers, vegetables and other gifts that the generous West Riding people continue to donate.

L. TIREBUCK

Kenmore, Yorks.

During the summer we have enjoyed outings to the Yorkshire Dales, organised by the Cleckheaton and District Rotary Club, to Belle Vue, and to the Cheshire Home at Windermere. The trip to Belle Vue was hailed as a success, despite the bad weather, as it was the first effort from the residents' coffers.

A garden fete was given in the grounds of Mr. C. Fenton, of Priestley Green, and several of the residents were able to enjoy the afternoon, due to the kindness of friends with transport.

Entertainments have included those

given by the Huddersfield and District Light Opera Society, the Idle Glee Society, and the Magic Circle of Huddersfield.

Newcomers to be welcomed to Kenmore are Tony Fox of Dewsbury and Bryan White from Wakefield.

Friday, 5th October, saw the beginning of the film shows sponsored by the Halifax Hospital League of Friends. The range of these programmes, which go on until 29th March, varies from 'A Hill in Korea' to an Abbot and Costello comedy, and are greatly appreciated by the Residents who attend.

Heatherley, Sussex

As you saw on the cover of the last issue of the 'Cheshire Smile' a picture of the 'Heatherley Family's Coach', I'd like to mention some of the outings we've enjoyed in it this year.

Early in April, Mr. W. Looker (who brought us all so much pleasure when he gave us the coach, and is our driver on all our outings) took us for a half-day trip along the coast from Brighton to Worthing. At Brighton we stopped for tea and ices, and opened the windows for a breath of sea air.

We were off again in the middle of April, this time to the pictures, and we had a good laugh at Bob Hope and Bing Crosby in 'The Road to Hong Kong'. Also in April we visited Le Court, and it was great to see our old friends again; we also enjoyed the ride through the lovely countryside, now wearing its spring dress.

On May 6th we were invited to 'Everlands', Sevenoaks, to see the beautiful gardens belonging to Lord and Lady Colgrain, and had tea with them in their charming country house. Also in May, twelve of us went in our coach, with Bill to drive and holiday with us, to Pontin's Camp at Weymouth, where we had a most enjoyable week. As well as joining in various activities in the camp, we were able to go out in the coach and see some of the lovely Dorset country-

side. We visited many beauty spots, Lulworth Cove being one of our favourites. We covered many miles that week, with Bill up front singing and cracking jokes, driving us down the narrow roads and lanes with skill and assurance.

June saw some of the family visiting the country around Arundel Castle, and coming back full of the afternoon's pleasures. Also in June a mystery trip was made, eventually the coach turning up at Black Rock in Brighton, where tea and ices were downed with a right good will.

July 5th was memorable when we visited Canterbury Cathedral for the annual I.T.A. service. Although the day was cold and damp, it didn't in any way mar the beautiful service, or the pleasure in meeting friends again.

Another Sunday was spent at Eastbourne, where we had a picnic lunch by the sea, and tea on Beachy Head.

These are just a few of the many outings we've enjoyed this year, thanks to Bill and his friends. The autumn is with us now, and we are still able to enjoy the orange and yellow hues of this season from the coach, with Bill up front driving the coach merrily along over carpets of crackling leaves. It's little wonder that when an outing is announced the coach is filled in no time at all.

Staunton Harold, Leics.

The big news this quarter is the leaving of our Matron, Mrs. A. M. Rotherford, at the end of September. The patients all feel that we have not only lost a good Matron, who for four-and-a-half years has looked after us with kindness and understanding, but also a very good personal friend to whom we always felt we could turn with our little private troubles and difficulties, and we are all going to miss her very much. All her many friends at Staunton join me in wishing her the very best of luck in her new post at Burton General Hospital. We are pleased to hear that she is staying in the district, so we shall not lose all contact with her.

Whilst we say good-bye to the old, let me say a sincere welcome to the new, for as I write this the new sister-in-charge, Miss Leachman, joins us on the morrow. I feel rather deeply for her, taking over at this particular moment, for it is never an easy task to step into the shoes of a popular person, but I think I can speak for every patient in the building when I say that we pledge our full co-operation to her, and we hope her stay with us will be a long and happy one for us all.

The Fete this year was the usual success and we only failed by a few pounds to reach last year's all-time record of £2,500. Once again our prayers for the weather were answered, for we had what was probably the finest Saturday of the year for the occasion, and some 6,000 people rolled up to have their usual good time. We would like to thank most sincerely the organising committee and all their

hundreds of helpers for their wonderful efforts on our behalf.

I have just realised that it is since the last 'Staunton News' was written that we lost that great character, Bill Bull, who died as he would have wished to die, at his workbench. In the three years he was at the Home, he became one of the best-known patients we had, and did quite a lot of good work by giving talks to various interested groups in the district.

These last few weeks have seen several newcomers to the family. To each and everyone of them, may I extend a hearty welcome, with the wish that they might find at Staunton the friendliness and security of 'home' (with a *small* 'h').

Once more, Christmas is galloping up on us, and we are suffering from our regular seasonal complaint, 'Pantomime Fever'. As usual, we hope to put on a panto, this year's effort being 'The Babes in the Wood'. May I point out here that we have decided to change our dates this year from the fortnight before Christmas to January 21st-26th. There are two reasons for this: first, the script-writer was a little slow in getting his side of the work done (shame on him!) and, secondly, we thought that January was more in keeping with the panto season.

An engagement was announced the other day, between Mary Currey, a patient, and Henry McLay who worked as an orderly here for a few months before joining the Raphael organisation. I hope the future holds happiness in plenty for them both.

T.M.G.

Bill Bull's Boots

Reproduced from the Muscular Dystrophy Journal

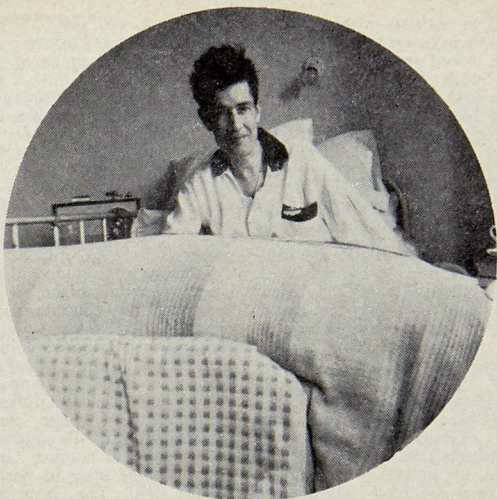
A man who spent all his working life at the Wheatshaf Works, Leicester, making boots for cripples and then became paralysed himself, has died.

He was Mr. William Bull, a member of the Leicester and District Branch of the Muscular Dystrophy Group.

Aged 65, Mr. Bull died at the Staunton Harold Home on July 26th.

He was the 'life and soul' of social activities at the Home. About fifteen years ago a paralytic disease forced him to retire from full-time work.

The Rev. C. R. Bull, Rector of Hathern, said that his brother had been 'a source of inspiration to hundreds of people.'



Johnnie

Johnnie, now aged thirty-six, joined St. Bridget's eighteen months ago, having spent a number of years in hospital due to heart disease, capped by a cerebral thrombosis. He is now confined to bed, and has to put up with a very tasteless salt-free diet. In spite of all this, he is making a 'good best' of a bad job. He seldom bemoans his fate, even though he had previously led a very active life—Royal Navy, mechanic, welder, pleasure-boats, and in his spare time a keen footballer. He passes most of the

time reading, the public library having nearly run out of the books that he likes; at other times he does jigsaw puzzles, makes artificial jewellery and models; his latest ploy is playing chess.

Johnnie is no paragon of virtue, which can be seen from his nickname, 'the pest'. He torments, teases and legpulls ruthlessly, and is quick to find victims for his pranks. However, his sunny nature sees him through, and his fighting spirit certainly has to be admired.

St. Bridget's, West Sussex

In spite of an indifferent summer we have been lucky on the whole with our days of importance. The Chancetonbury Lions' Arena Day was quite terrific and gave much enjoyment. We are thrilled with the cheque we received from the raffle. The Horse Show as always was a huge success and gave many people a happy day. The cricket match played in a perfect setting was indeed an enjoyable afternoon, with the Ferring Cricket

Club playing the T.V. Actors 1st XI. David Davies, known to many viewers, and Mr. Slater, the Secretary of the Ferring Club, visited the Home and presented us with a cheque—much appreciated.

We have had many happy evenings given us by the Littlehampton Rotary Club and Round Tablers. These evening outings have given all of us great fun. We thank most sincerely all our friends who have taken us out

on drives, to tea and in many other ways have done things to help.

We are indeed very sad that Mrs. Clifford Smith is no longer our Chairman as she has done so much to make the Home as it is now, but there will always be a welcome when she comes to visit us. We give a

welcome to our new Chairman, Mr Bagnall, and trust that he will not find 'the family' too much of a handful.

With Christmas only a few weeks ahead our maker of Cards, Charles, is working overtime making, selling and taking orders.

H. M. ELLIOTT

Sheffield Steering Committee

Since the formation of the Sheffield Steering Committee a matter of 2 years, an intensive search has been made for suitable premises that could be converted and capable of accommodating the maximum number of patients recommended by the Foundation.

A considerable number of possibilities have been visited, inspected and ultimately examined from all the required aspects of a Home, but unfortunately, up to press, our efforts have not been rewarded. The search goes on.

There is however great compensation through the remarkable spirit of service shown by the members of the Support Groups in Sheffield, as a result of their continued hard work in organising many functions, large and small, from which the funds of the cause are steadily expanding.

Our total figure is now in the region of £5,000, a very worthy effort, for a comparatively small group of sup-

porters.

Speaking of support in our movement, reference might be placed on record of the generous help received from the Sheffield Press in giving space through their editorial columns both with regard to appeals and reports of activities. Without co-operation of this kind it would be difficult, if not impossible, to create the impact necessary toward the ultimate goal.

The Ecclesall Support Group have raised £2,700 since its formation in August 1960. The Group purchased the film 'Cheshire V.C.' which has helped to raise a large part of the total.

On September 26th, an afternoon and evening Fashion Show was organised by the Dore Support Group. Alderman Pickles, accompanied by Mrs. Pickles, introduced the openers—the Mistress Cutler (Mrs. G. Young) and Mrs. D. H. Senior. It was a very well attended occasion, when over £200 was raised.

Hovenden, Lincs.

During the wet summer we have been cheered up by the large number of visitors that we have had, and also the many holiday patients who have come for varying lengths of time.

Despite the weather, outings have been enjoyed and one of the highlights was to the Shrines at Walsingham. This has become an annual event and Services are arranged in the Anglican and Roman Catholic Shrines.

Two of our men died within a month of each other and we miss them both.

The Red Feather Days held all over the County on the same day

were very successful and Mrs. Stanton, the Chairman of the General Committee, who organised the collection, is to be congratulated on the fine total of over £1,300 which was raised.

The Residents' Fund has purchased a 16mm. film projector and a screen and we are looking forward to having film shows during the winter months.

Three new patients have joined us, Ena Moncrieff from Skegness, Freddie Blackburn from Caistor, and Dora Cottam from Bracebridge.

May we take this opportunity of wishing all our friends a Happy Christmas from all at Hovenden.

St. Cecilia's, Kent

When sending in contributions to the 'Cheshire Smile' it seems often to be the case that great prominence is given to the many functions which are organised for the patients, or the innumerable successes of varying degrees in efforts to raise money. These are indeed admirable events to record, but perhaps from time to time it is as well to relate the success stories of individual patients in the Homes, who so often work very hard for the Home in which they are living, not only with great personal achievement to themselves, but also resulting in considerable help to their Home.

On this occasion we feel that prominence should be given to the efforts at St. Cecilia's of two of our many hard-working residents—Andy and Lily.

Andy has been with us for a number of years now and has run our shop almost from the time he came to us. Although it started in a very small way with cigarettes and sweets, housed in a

portable gramophone cabinet, it has now extended to such an extent that most of the day to day shopping requirements of our readers can be obtained in his shop in the OT room—the shop itself having been constructed to Andy's own design, as his stock long ago outgrew the gramophone cabinet. Last year his turnover exceeded £800; this of course was not all profit, but he sees to it that he gets a good return on his money and such return always goes to swell the funds of the Home.

Lily has been with us since 1958, and very soon after she came she asked if she could start making jewellery. It was an uphill fight to get people interested in buying what she made, although it is always of the highest quality. Now, however, she has established a veritable little factory, and last year alone she sold over £300 worth. As in the case of the shop, this is not all profit, but a substantial portion represents the cost of her own



Lily and Andy

labour, which she has given gladly for nothing, and which results in a good profit on each sale. All this profit has been handed to the Management Committee, again to help the funds at St. Cecilia's.

There are, of course, others at St. Cecilia's who do equally as good a job, although perhaps not so spectacular in turnover, and about whom we shall no doubt write in future issues. We feel, however, that your readers

would like to know of the work the patients do at St. Cecilia's to help those running the Home, as well as to know of the help that the Committee and voluntary workers there give to the patients. Although one is apt to think sometimes that it is the patients who are always on the receiving end, at St. Cecilia's it is indeed a 'two-way traffic' and the patients frequently give as much, if not more, help than they receive.

R.S.W.

St. Teresa's, Cornwall

Since the autumn issue of *The Cheshire Smile* one or two outstanding events have taken place with, perhaps, the annual coach trip being the highlight. This year we went to Cotehele House, which is roughly 75 miles from St. Teresa's. This historic place, dating from the 15th century, is now the property of the National Trust; previously it was the property of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe. It is situated on the banks of the River Tamar, about 14 miles up river from Plymouth.

We left St. Teresa's at 10.15 a.m. and our first official stop was at Indian Queens, where we had lunch; this lunch being arranged by Rene's sister and, as usual it was very well arranged, too. Then on we went, via Bodmin, Liskeard and Callington and then down through the lanes to Cotehele House. There were several men of the estate there to help in lifting wheelchairs out of the two coaches—and very helpful these men were, taking us all round the grounds and into the more accessible parts of the house, where we found much to interest us. A lovely tea was, by the kindness of the staff at Cotehele House, provided free, and it was beautifully served up by the young lady who does all the catering at Cotehele House, Mrs. Meredith. Eventually we were loaded up again and left in the two coaches at a few minutes after six p.m., having had a happy and interesting time.

After a lapse of three years we have again begun to entertain other people, as well as ourselves, with amateur

theatricals. We have already given a show, at Mylor—the first half of the show being a one-act comedy, written and produced by 'Sparks', the second half of the show being a variety programme. On Saturday, October 20th we have a date with our show at Newlyn; we will probably have one or two more dates within the next two months.

On October 4th we had a Quiz Contest; a team from the R.N.A.S. at Culdrose, near Helston, competing against a team from St. Teresa's, all but one of whom were residents, the exception being one of our female orderlies, Miss Grace Maundrell. After a very close contest St. Teresa's won, the score being 43 to 41. Now we are looking forward to a return contest at Culdrose, in the near future.

A few weeks before Christmas 1961 we had Miss MaGrath staying here for a brief spell; then she went as Matron to the Cheshire Home at Llanhennock. Now we have the pleasure of having Miss MaGrath here at St. Teresa's, as Sister.

As a footnote may I give a suggestion to residents in other Homes. It concerns making jewellery. Actually it was Len Dipsell and his partner, Rene Edwards, here at St. Teresa's, who asked me to mention this. They have no difficulty in obtaining the settings, etc., and at quite reasonable cost, from C. Kirby, Belle Vue Grove, Middlesborough, Yorks, and from Hockin & Co., Richmond, Surrey.

L.H.

Athol House, London

Our fete organised by the Rotarians was most successful. The delightful Anna Neagle emphasised this by her presence. Over £650 was raised. The way the staff managed us during the day, as usual, was marvellous.

Thanks to our new friends of the London Bus Transport Executive, headed by Mr. Joal, a special showing of 'South Pacific' was put on at the Odeon Cinema, Streatham, for us on October 9th, in the morning.

Here we should mention how grateful we are to Laurie and his friends for solving our transport difficulties so well. The staff again helped all the way. We all had a happy time!

Here, too, is our opportunity to thank all the voluntary workers for their help in the midst of the staff difficulties we have run into. King's College Hospital staff, Red Cross, St. John's, and local people have become

our great friends by the time they have taken us out, served meals, bathed and put us to bed. One particular friend of long standing, Mr. Rattray, found our laundry on fire, and helped to prevent a dangerous situation developing.

Social activities range now from Margaret's flying to a wedding at Glasgow (she is now enjoying a term at Stanmore for her health) to frequent outings to the Festival Hall. Home entertainments vary from beer parties (Tommy's fault!) to spectacular films provided by Toc H and the Variety Club of Great Britain.

A Baby Grand—among other gifts, including tons of fruit!—will enhance our social life during the winter. In this connection the boys of St. Joseph, from what we hear, will excel themselves this year in their Christmas party for us. Andrew will see to that!

M. H. D. GOLDIE.

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Llanhennock, Monmouth

We at Llanhennock are quite overwhelmed by the services of so many kind and generous friends of our Home. It is quite an impossibility to mention all who contribute to our comfort and happiness, so please accept with all grace our very grateful thanks in this omnibus article.

May Christmas 1962 permeate every Cheshire Home with good-will and concern for others, so creating an atmosphere of spiritual hope as we remember in our hearts 'the Babe of Bethlehem, even Jesus, the God-child'.

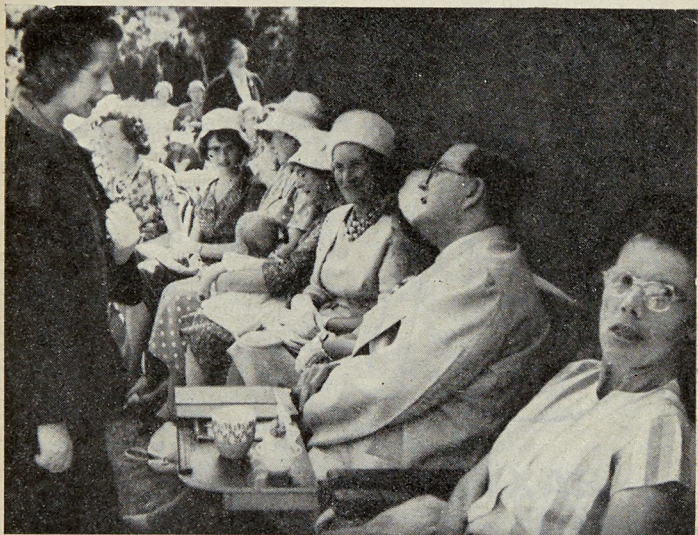
Among our entertainments in recent months have been a film show given by our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Heyes, and their son Graham, one film being of our Opening Day on 8th June. Then a musical evening of sheer delight was given us by the pupils and staff of Hatherleigh School. In July also, Mr. and Mrs. P. Latham, of

Lower Machen, invited us to their beautiful home for tea, along with the area O.A.P.s and the blind. In August we were entertained to tea and a film show by Mrs. Putnam, at her home, Llantarnam Hall.

The dry, if not summer, weather presented a serious difficulty throughout July and August when our well, on which we are dependent for water, dried up. Through the tireless efforts of our House-Committee member, Mrs. Peter Latham, a tanker was acquired, and her husband undertook to keep us supplied while the need lasted.

On the 1st of August a new resident joined our family—Miss Croxon, a former nannie of our very good friend Lady Plymouth and family.

It was with great regret that we received the news of the resignation of our much-loved Matron, Miss McGrath. She left on 30th September. A



Mrs. Sue Ryder Cheshire talks to a group at the opening of the Llanhennock Home.

week before she was presented by Archie with a travelling clock, a gift from all the residents. He spoke of the affection we had for her, and wished her all happiness as she takes up duties at St. Teresa's. Afterwards, Councillor W. J. Alderton and his wife, of Abergavenny, provided an excellent tea for us, as we celebrated the birthdays of Eunice, Marjorie and Archie. Mrs. Alderton is the sister of Eunice.

On 2nd of October our new Matron took charge, and we pray that God will bless her.

On 8th-15th September, three of us were invited to join Caerleon Centre in a week's holiday at Pontin's Camp,

Bream Sands, near Weston-super-Mare. This colossal undertaking—there were 300 of us, disabled and helpers, from Monmouthshire—was organised by the Red Cross. It was under the supervision of our friends, Mrs. Till of Caerleon, and Mr. Devereux Moore, Deputy Welfare Officer for the county.

October 4th saw us making a tour of the beautiful Monmouthshire hills and dales, fulfilling an invitation to tea from Sir William and Lady Thomas of Rockfield Park. The setting of this lovely house in spacious grounds would warm the hearts of all artists and poets.

A Second Chance

by Elsie (of Llanhennock)

Don't send me, please, to prison Sir,
Don't let me plead in vain,
Give me a second chance, Sir,
And I'll not come here again.

It was only a bottle of milk, Sir,
A bottle of milk I stole,
We had scarcely any food, Sir,
And hardly any coal.

A policeman saw me take that milk,
I watched him come with fear,
"Put down that bottle of milk,
You can't do that there 'ere."

Mote House, Kent

Many Homes must have experienced staff difficulties at some time or other; Mote House has recently been through this unsettling stage, but we all agree that one of the best things which has happened to Mote House, is the very agreeable experience of having Mrs. Betty Donovan with us here, holding the fort until our new Sister-in-Charge comes at the end of the month.

Mrs. Donovan was Matron at Le Court until her marriage last May. She came to us on October 1st. This in itself is a delight, but we are also grateful to her for arranging that a party of residents from Le Court came in their bus to visit us here. All Mote

House residents were greatly excited at the prospect of meeting those who could help us 'newer Cheshire Family members.'

Mr. Peter Wade, Chairman of Le Court Welfare Committee, explained all that his Committee does towards the active life there. We have a very new, 'Do It Yourself' Committee at Mote House, and all are now determined to try to put into operation some of the ideas suggested, and to make for the residents at this Home a full life within the Home, running for themselves as many activities as possible.

JEAN QUELCH

I am a Spastic

by Dora Howell

I am commonly known as a Spastic,
Yet my efforts are very elastic,
I'm walking on air, never a care,
Now perhaps you will call me fantastic.

I've been bullied and pitied,
I've been called half witted,
Ha, Ha, that makes me grin,
I'll teach them, I'll learn them,
Yes, and I'll turn them,
To think that a spastic can win.

I'm not much to look at, on that I
agree,
But I've plenty of friends,
That are quite fond of me,
I haven't a temper except when put out,
And then—oh boy, can I shout.

So I'll fight like a tiger,
and win in the end,
With the help of my God,
And the love of my friends.

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?

GIFTS. A pleasing and useful gift—5 dozen serviettes printed with name or greeting 8s. 6d., sample 5d. C. S. Devereux Press Ltd., Box 3, Worthing.

HEARTH RUGS for sale. Length 54in., width 27in. Three colours—red, white and black, £5. Other sizes to order. Sir James Stephen, Bart, 36 Castle Road, Salisbury.

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 table 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.

Breeding Budgies

by Len Hobden (of Seven Rivers)

How often we have it said to us. 'There are many worse off than you'. How true it is! But such little consolation! The truth of that adage came home to me rather forcibly when my motor trike broke down on the way to a scout camp. Unfortunately, it was a big repair job.

However, I was quite near a Home for disabled ex-Servicemen, where I had to stay for three days, until my machine was repaired. The horrible disfigurements I saw there made me realise how lucky I am in comparison with some others.

I have never forgotten that episode. So when I came to Seven Rivers and saw many here who could do nothing but sit on the lawn, it occurred to me that an aviary of highly coloured birds would be of great interest to them. Moreover, to breed them would be a fascination for me. Different friends assisted by supplying the birds, and I was able to get a cage on very reasonable terms. The Toc H have made a fine job of adapting it to suit my disability.

If anybody is interested in starting a venture like this, I suggest they contact their local Cage Bird Society, whom I feel sure will be more than willing to help, just as the Clacton and Colchester Society helped me.

May I close by republishing a letter of mine which was printed in the 'East Essex Gazette':—

'You recently printed on the front page a photograph and article about my birds and myself.

I feel I cannot express adequately my gratitude to Clacton Toc H for the help they have given me, especially Mr. R. Stutter (better known as the Clacton Doughnut King), who



Photo: East Essex Gazette

Len Hobden with his budgies

has been here every day for nearly a week, using all his own tools and materials to renovate, partially renew and alter the structure to suit my disability. He has made a really wonderful job of it.

I spent my honeymoon in Clacton and can quite understand why Clactonians are renowned for their kindness. Clacton Toc H are not only very good to the Home, but do many unknown good deeds. I for one will never forget them.'

Seven Rivers, Essex

Although the golden autumn is with us as this is being written, everyone at Seven Rivers will no doubt be very grateful for the full power of the new

central heating by the time we read this. It has been a year full of activity at the Home. Additional staff quarters, renewed kitchen and laundry

are now in use, and nearly all the rooms have been rewired and re-decorated. So, although the cooler weather will soon be driving most of us indoors, we have a warmer, more colourful and welcoming Home than before.

During the summer some of the residents attended a Fete held at the home of Mrs. Corke, a committee member, and run by two of her grand-daughters, Zoe and Isobel Borgnis together with Arabella Churchill. This effort made £60 and was part of the East Bergholt Association's annual contribution to the Home. The Felixstowe Association in addition to sending a cheque, the proceeds of a Flag Day, are paying for the sanding and polishing of a number of floors and also for the provision of a much needed concrete ramp at the front door.

Visitors and residents alike appreciate the floral decorations which the

Frinton Flower Club do regularly. 'Doing the flowers' is one of the happier things of life that there is frequently too little time for, and we are all grateful to the people who give their time to help in so many ways.

Recently, ten of the residents have been, on two separate weeks, to Gorleston-on-Sea Holiday Camp. This holiday was very much enjoyed, and Seven Rivers folk were particularly pleased to be able to exchange greetings and news with people from other Cheshire Homes, and one realises once again how great is the family spirit, not only in each Home, but in all its Branches.

Henry and Charles have now joined us and we all hope that they will be happy with us.

A Grand Outing is planned to see the Southend lights shortly, to be followed by a fish and chip supper. This should be a really good start to the winter's social events.



Photo: Norman Rogers

. & Mrs. D. Feltell (Derrick and Maggie) 44
outside the Church after their wedding

Le Court, Hants.

Maggie and Derrick's wedding was on September 1st. They'd been residents here for six years and were going steady for most of that time. They were married quietly at Greatham Church. Peter Wade, the Chairman of the Welfare Committee, gave Maggie away. The reception, in the hall at Le Court, was the happiest of occasions and Maggie and Derrick went straight off to Manchester where they've got a flat. We do miss them.

The death of Grace Gaiger at the age of 79 took from us another resident who'd been here a long time—eleven years in fact. Grace, a retired hospital matron, was a character nobody could overlook. A small, grey, bustling woman, tyrannical and full of devotion, a sad loss to Le Court.

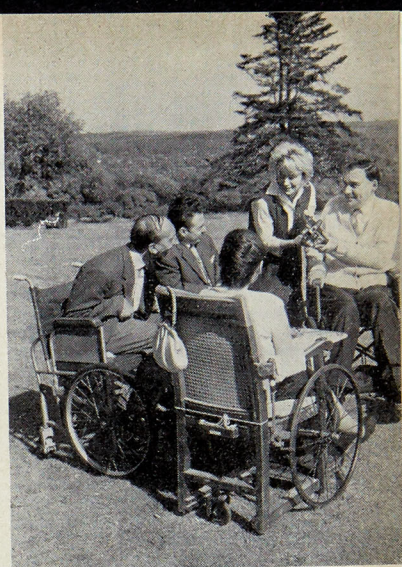
We welcome three new residents; Sheila Percival, Pat Warburton and Arthur McGuinness. We hope they'll find rich and rewarding lives at Le Court.

There were many outings this summer as usual. The most out-of-the-ordinary was a trip to Coventry to see the new cathedral, staying over-

night in an old people's home that was—miraculously—equipped and staffed but not yet occupied.

Two other expeditions which combined enjoyment and special interest were to Mote House, the Maidstone Home, and to the Towards Housing the Disabled Exhibition in London. It's always a pleasure to visit other Cheshire Homes and this visit had that something extra because Betty (Donovan) was acting as emergency Matron for a fortnight and we also met Jane (Prentis) and Stan (Lee) again. The exhibition was sponsored by the Central Council for the Care of Cripples and the Royal Society for Health. We would like to thank all the many people who made these outings both possible and so very enjoyable.

The Le Court Association was responsible for two diverse events: a publicity tent at the Alton Show on August Bank Holiday, that day of tropically abundant rain; and a concert on the front lawn played by the Southsea Silver Prize Band on a day of early autumn brilliance.



The Le Court Film unit being present with a new camera by their president film star Mai Zetterling.

THE CHESHIRE HOME, IRELAND

Ardeen, Shillelagh, Co. Wicklow

After a mild epidemic of flu which decimated the ranks of our men patients—but not our hardy ladies—we are all back in harness ready for the Christmas rush. The workroom re-sounds to the strains of Silent Night and Adeste Fideles already; Denis, Pat and Owen believe in practising early and often. But the time you read this, the Band will be in action; piano, two mouth-organs, accordion, cymbals, triangle, castanets and bells. Conductor: Paddy Flynn, late of Le Court. Are we the first Cheshire Home to have a band of our own?

Our main item of news was the marriage of our Matron, Miss O'Leary to Mr. Michael Gallagher, of Co.

Donegal, which took place on October 8th. We wish them every blessing and happiness.

Our handicrafts carried away no less than five First Prizes, two Seconds, a Cup and several H.C.s at the local Shows; for canework, leatherwork, poker-work and stools. Congratulations week by week have made the winners slightly blasé. They are now looking for bigger worlds to conquer.

We send greetings to Tom Dugdale of The Hill, from Bob. The receiver is here at last and next week will see it ready. Greetings also from Bridie Wrenn to her sister Nora in Ampthill.

EIMER CULLEN

West Midland Pilgrims

By Irene Butcher (of the West Midlands Home)

I want to try and describe the recent pilgrimage which four of us from this Home—Ann Bate, Meg Haynes, Oriel Tolley, and myself—made with the Mission for Relief of Suffering to Lourdes.

We had to catch a plane due to leave Gatwick at 10.15 a.m., and so we decided to rise in the small hours of that morning and drive direct to the airport. To me, a notoriously reluctant early riser, this was nothing short of an ultimate sacrifice.

Our journey began at 5.30, in the Mini-bus which Sister Eagan had hired for the occasion. She and Les and Gladys Folkes (two of our best loved voluntary helpers) very gallantly escorted us to the airport. I could not help thinking how strange it was that because a little girl called Bernadette, in a remote town at the foot of the Pyrenees, had a vision of a 'beautiful lady' some 104 years ago, four alien, and completely dissimilar people were rattling along in the driving rain and howling wind on the first stage of the long journey to that same town, now famous throughout the civilized world.

A Rattling Ride

I use the word rattling deliberately, because our Mini-bus, though reasonably comfortable, had not apparently been designed for either speed or silence. Even on the M1 our long-suffering driver was never able to achieve more than 55 m.p.h., and the din at that speed was deafening. We arrived at the airport three-quarters of an hour late, but it turned out that the coach bringing the rest of the party from Victoria was even later, and in the event, it was nearly 1 p.m. before we finally took off.

The flight itself was pleasant but uneventful, and about eleven hours after our wet and windy start we arrived at Lourdes to find warmth

and sunshine. By this time, however, we were all fairly tired, so that even this novelty did not prevent us being glad to go to bed and get a good night's sleep.

We were awakened shortly after 6 a.m. with a cup of tea, after which we were washed and dressed, and taken to Mass in the Chapel belonging to the hospital. I would like to say, for the benefit of non-Catholics like myself, that there was no compulsion to attend this, or any other ceremony during our stay in Lourdes. At no time was any sort of pressure brought to bear. On the other hand, we non-Catholics had no sense of being excluded in any way. As most of the helpers were Catholics, I would like to especially thank them for this, as well as for the many other things they did for us.

Breakfast followed Mass in the sunny courtyard, after which we prepared to make our first visit to the baths and Grotto. To transport the sick on these occasions, carriages are used which, in addition to having handles at the back, have a kind of pole at the front by which they are pulled along. They also have a hood which can be raised in the case of wet weather, and rather resemble an out-size pram. Once inside, one moved off in procession to the accompaniment of prayers, but the atmosphere, though solemn, was not oppressively so.

In this instance we went first to the baths. I had been warned that the water would be very cold, but personally I did not find it so, though I must admit that I seemed to be alone in this respect. Perhaps my habit when I was well of following my daily bath with a brisk cold shower had something to do with it. As far as being a memorable experience is concerned, I must confess the baths rather disappointed me—not because I did not get up and walk away; I

did not expect that—but possibly because the dressing rooms were crowded with people, while the actual immersion was so quick that it was over almost before one realised it. However, I was quite willing to pay a second visit two days later.

Following the baths we went direct to the Grotto, and here it was a different story. Countless people had told me that the atmosphere was indescribable, and though it may sound hackneyed I can't think of a word which fits it more truly. It is so intense that it seems almost tangible. There is a sense of profound peace, but there is something more than that. Perhaps it is a concentration of the hopes and faith and yearning of the millions who have been there. I just do not know. I only know I shall never forget it.

After lunch we were free to go shopping, or do anything we liked until 4 o'clock, when those who wished were taken to the great square in the front of the Basilica for the Blessing of the Sick. Once again the special carriages were used, and I found the whole ceremony from start to finish unimaginably moving. The colourful procession, the singing, the simple fervour with which the people, sick and well alike, repeated the prayers after a Priest—'St. Bernadette pray for us!' is something which will remain in my memory for ever.

Our remaining days in Lourdes more or less followed the same pattern, with variations such as a very enjoyable trip to the mountains to a place called La Porte d'Espagnol, just seven miles from the Spanish border. Unfortunately when we reached the top it was very cloudy, but we saw some splendid scenery on

the way up, including some lovely waterfalls.

Another outing which I thoroughly enjoyed was the visit which Oriol and I, accompanied by a couple of medical students, paid to the 'Cachot' (disused prison) where Bernadette lived with her family at the time of the apparitions. It was a small dark place with thick stone walls, and it seemed incredible that it should have housed a family of six. Here again there was a very definite atmosphere, though not to be compared with that at the Grotto. I understand that miracles of healing have occurred there from time to time.

At 8.30 on the Friday morning we left the hospital and made our way to the airport at Tarbes. Once again the take-off was somewhat delayed, and an unexpected moment of drama occurred during the homeward flight when the Captain announced that owing to a 'technical hitch' we should have to land at Bordeaux. We learned later that a passing aircraft had seen black smoke pouring from one of our engines, but a check-up revealed nothing wrong and we eventually took off again to arrive back at Gatwick about 3.30 p.m. There we found Sister Eagan, Les and Gladys and our old friend the mini-bus waiting for us, and since this time we were in no hurry I think we all thoroughly enjoyed the journey back to the Midlands.

I do not yet know what Lourdes has done for me. I am still trying to sort it out in my mind. But two things I do know—one is that I would not have missed it for the world, and the other is that to anyone who is contemplating a visit, I would have no hesitation in saying 'Do go, you will never regret it.'

Alne Hall, Yorks.

There have been many past patients as holiday visitors during the year.

A new pantry, nearer to the kitchen, is being constructed.

We hope soon to be visited by Miss

Thomas, the first Matron here, and will be glad to see her now she has returned to England.

P. ROBSON.

May we introduce . . .

Richmond Thomas Rodman

(of Coomb)

Ritchie Rodman was born in Ammanford on the 13th October, 1926, and has been in and out of hospital all his life. He first entered hospital at the age of three, and was diagnosed as spastic. This was at the Pyrford Orthopaedic Hospital, and during the next four years he had four operations. Eventually he was discharged, and returned to his home town. Soon he was recommended to undergo an extended course of physiotherapy at Ammanford Clinic. Every Monday for the next eleven years he attended the clinic. However, all this treatment did not produce any better results.

After moving to Burry Port and living there for a number of years, he lost his 'best friend', his mother. His father, despite failing health, continued to look after Ritchie with the help of neighbours. A month later, as if Ritchie's plate wasn't full enough already, his father also passed away.

Ritchie was cared for by kind neighbours and relatives, and then was admitted into Bryntirion Hospital, Llanelly. Later he was transferred by personal request to Rookwood Paraplegic Hospital, Cardiff. Here he had a stay of two years, during which time an attempt was made to get him on his feet; but at the end all he could manage were two or three steps. He went back to Bryntirion, and from thence he came, twelve months ago, to Coomb Home.

His interests are varied, ranging from the appreciation of good music to a keenness for anything to do with aircraft. Another pleasure in which he indulges is smoking a variety of weird pipes, sending up clouds of smoke from the most obnoxious tobaccos he can get hold of. Fourteen of these weird pipes lie on the top of his



locker. He has always been a countryman at heart; this probably accounts for the fact that he has easily settled down at Coomb, which is in one of the most beautiful parts of South Wales.

Ritchie says that he has had to come to Coomb to find the love of his life—Miss Lorna Kathleen May Evans. The affection is obviously reciprocated. They spend most of the time in each other's company.

Both his courage and his good humour are undeniable. He has a most infectious chuckle, and is one of the most popular residents at Coomb.

Success with Figures is his Aim

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*Physical disability, including deafness, should never prevent one from getting as far as he can in life, thus making some contribution to the community.' That is the philosophy of 36 year old P. Trevor C. Price, a severely handicapped spastic from Prescott, Lancashire, who has the added burden of deafness, and who has now won through extensive difficulties to achieve the Diploma for Accountancy from the Institute of Book-keepers.

Mr. Price says that it was the great faith of his mother, a Froebel teacher that pulled him through when he was a child. She believed that her son's condition could be improved, and

while he was still unable to walk she taught him to read, to do arithmetic and to take an interest in geography.

Says Mr. Price: 'Without being able to read in those early years it would have been impossible for me to have achieved so much. I was able to learn about the world in general in my own way and in my own time. As I could not go to school like other children and my speech was badly affected, I had very few friends and felt left behind because I could not match the standard of intelligence they developed at school. I can still feel the misery of being alone, except for my family.'

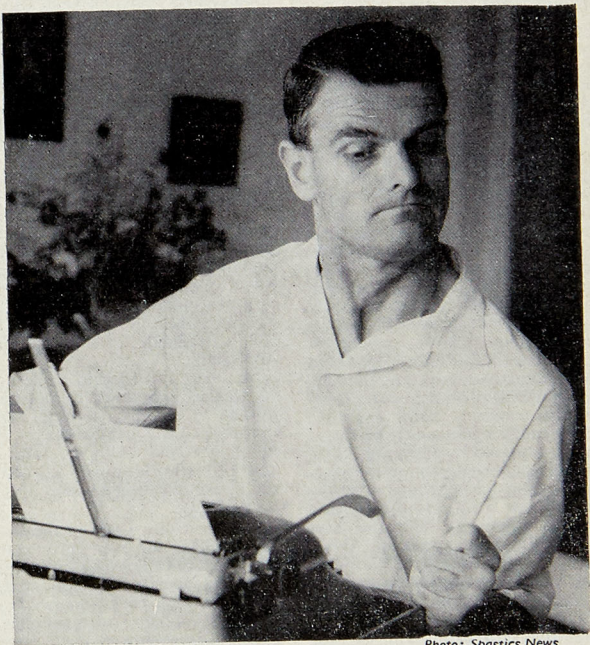


Photo: *Spastics News*

Trevor

He found an interest in sport, first by reading about it in newspapers and then by playing games — soccer, cricket, tennis, hockey and golf. 'Kicking or knocking the balls against the wall outside I pretended to myself was "playing" at these games,' he says. He also rode a pedal car and then on a tricycle and daily his limbs improved with continual exercise.

A Champion

There came a time when he could play with others and, though disabled and he lost, he was determined that one day he would turn the tables and win.

Years later he showed his fibre when he took up the game of bowls. He became an accomplished player, won a competition in his first season, was winner of the president's cup on two occasions and made an appearance for the first team.

It was not until he was ten years of age that Mr. Price was able to journey into town, visit a cinema and go to school on his own. He attended a private school for three years and was on the point of being transferred to a special one when war broke out and the teachers were called to the Services. He continued with his reading and studies, however, and at the end of the war got his first job, temporary sorter at the Post Office during Christmas. His difficulties can be imagined when it is realised that he was unable to do without physical assistance and could not tie his tie or fasten his shoe laces.

'I made up my mind to do these things,' he says, 'and, with patience, I succeeded, though in an unorthodox way. It was a case of learning about each physical handicap and thinking alone how I could manage to overcome each one.'

There came a time when he found he could make no further progress on his own. So he began to receive treatment at the occupational therapy department of the local hospital, and was soon producing delightful basketry, weaving, leatherwork and woodwork articles. He also made a model of the occupational therapy department which has been on show at exhibitions.

The treatment also improved his handwriting to the extent of enabling him to fill up official forms and docu-

ments. He also received speech therapy and physiotherapy treatment.

Holidays Alone

A holiday in Hampshire (at Le Court, incidentally—*Ed.*) showed him the extent to which his capabilities had improved. He had never been more than 20 miles away from his own home before, but on this occasion he travelled south by train on his own, went on a train trip 25 miles away to Portsmouth on his own, since then has spent a holiday alone on the Isle of Man.

On returning home from his Hampshire holiday Mr. Price was given an intelligence test at the hospital with a view to vocational training and his quotient was put at well above average. Accountancy was tentatively suggested and he decided to take a correspondence course.

Mr. Price takes up the story. 'At the beginning of the course I became confident of myself while everybody else expressed doubts as to my ability to achieve much success. It was this view which made me resolve to succeed, and I received surprisingly high marks for my work'—in one subject he gained 595 marks from a possible 600!

'This measure of success made me think that I may be able to learn advanced accountancy and other more complicated subjects. I also thought it might bring better prospects of being employed. So I wrote to an appropriate organisation giving the necessary information regarding my circumstances and desires: as a result I am now a candidate for a Fellowship in Accountancy.'

Mr. Price has tried to make up for his lack of experience by not having worked in an office through visiting showrooms and exhibitions of office equipment and methods. He does most of his work now on a typewriter and a very fine job he makes of it too.

An Example

He can take a pride in the way he has struggled for over thirty years to overcome his disabilities and handicaps and social prejudices and, he says, 'can look back on my life with satisfaction, hoping my experience and gradual development may serve as one small example to the many similarly disabled.'

Spring Fever

by Dudley Kitching (of Kenmore)

'Why', said Pingle in a tone of mild surprise as he prevented his pince-nez from slipping off his nose, 'it is the twenty-first of March!' And turning away from the calendar exclaimed to his worthy spouse, reclining heavily on the settee in one of her periodical attacks of the headache, that it was spring! The fish-like stare Mrs. Pingle rested on her 'better-half', quelled the enthusiasm he may have had in the fact, and the usual obsequious expression returned to Pingle's face.

Poor Archibald Pingle. After twenty-five years of lap-dogs . . . not to mention headaches . . . one spring was much the same as another.

But the look from those slab-like eyes of Clara Pingle flashed a message that Mr. Pingle clearly understood: with a nervous cough he beat a hasty retreat to his garden.

The look told him that an embarrassing incident in his life was not forgotten.

It had been one of those incidents that could have only happened to a man like Pingle. The inoffensive, kindly disposed, bespectacled chief clerk to a firm of solicitors in the City.

It had occurred one spring day years before the war. The morning air had been balmy; a fresh breeze blowing away the slight haze and allowing the sun to shine from an Italian blue sky.

Pingle had felt particularly happy that morning on his way to the office. He had allowed himself the pleasure of humming a gay little air from some opera and patting a curly-headed cherub on his way to school—much to the annoyance of the cherub.

Everything was normal one minute, but the next. . .

Rounding a bend Pingle had suddenly found himself in the midst of a horde of women—and chaos.

Endeavouring to be polite, but firmly pushing his way through, soon made him the centre of a hostile crowd of women. Mr. P. had tried to explain, but it had not been of any use. He had just about thought of giving up the unequal contest when some doors had opened and with one dive the crowd had gone into a large store—Pingle in their midst, an unwilling victim of the spring sales!

Inside he had been pushed, shoved and almost squashed. His pince-nez and brief case had been lost (probably sold!); and a very confused and dishevelled Pingle was tossed about like a piece of paper caught in the wind.

Pingle was much embarrassed, and when two women accidentally collided with him and the bargain, over which they had been struggling, had become entangled around his neck . . . well!

Fortunately, or unfortunately, just then a large force of police—and newspaper cameramen—had arrived; and soon a robust police-sergeant had rescued poor Mr. Pingle.

That evening, upon reaching home, Mr. Pingle had learnt that Mrs. Pingle had not the sense of humour of the police-sergeant. Indeed had the dejected Mr. P. appeared that day before a judge and jury her condemnation could not have been greater: she felt sure suburbia would cry out in shame! But even when the picture of Pingle, adorned with the 'bargain' around his neck, did appear in the press suburbia did not take more than the usual notice—there may have been a few furtive glances from behind the laced curtained windows, but, then, that was usual.

No, even Mrs. Pingle had soon realized that it had all been a genuine mistake; the spring affecting people in odd ways.

The Central Council for the Disabled

At the Annual General Meeting of the Central Council for the Care of Cripples, held in London in May, the following resolution was passed unanimously:—

'That the Executive Committee of

the Central Council for the Care of Cripples be instructed to take the action necessary to change the name of the Council from the "Central Council for the Care of Cripples" to the Central Council for the Disabled'.

Why Fight Alone?

Reproduced from 'Fortitude' the journal of the Civilian Maimed and Limbless Association, New South Wales, Australia.

The disabled people of the world are increasing in number to the extent that their larger proportion of the world population is now becoming more and more obvious. This is very obvious in countries of Western Civilisation, countries with a high living standard and a low infant mortality. This, therefore, is typical of Australia.

According to scientific investigation it will take less than 20 years before every able-bodied adult of working age will have to be maintaining a non-working person, unless we take active steps to avoid such an impossible tax load. The reasons are not far to seek.

Modern medicine keeps people alive who formerly would have died from crippling diseases or from injuries received in accidents. The increasing rate of road accidents in densely populated countries is responsible for a fast growing army of people in wheelchairs and on crutches. The number of imperfect babies saved is great.

Even if we assume that the Government tries to meet the needs of the people with permanent disabilities with whatever means are in their powers, the results are very unsatisfactory. The main reason for this is the sad story of a public and its Government which still thinks in obsolete terms of 'charity' and pensions.

Development of mankind has gradually overcome old, established ignorances and aversions, ignorances and aversions which were rooted for centuries in the hearts of human beings, based on the beliefs that physical ills were the results of witchcraft or were derived from the devil. These later gave way to the ideas that churches and the 'good' rich people should feed the paupers. Among the paupers were the blind and the halt (or disabled), who had been pushed aside because they could not look after themselves.

In recent times Social Services were created for the benefit of the underprivileged, making blind and disabled people a responsibility of the State.

Charity was organised and established in a big way. People generally received medical treatment even if they could not afford it. But once they were through with it and left with a physical disability, the real difficulties began for them.

Now a change is developing and rehabilitation starts even before the hospitalisation ends. People concerned with rehabilitation know that a person with a disability is the same as everyone else and only needs a bit of teaching in 'how to manage'. But the laws of the land still consider him someone only to be set aside and so, still, do some of the public.

A worker with a disability is still at a disadvantage in competition with his able bodied fellow citizens. As an invalid pensioner he is, as a rule, worse off than the aged, the chronically ill and the mentally unfit, who all have greater latitude within their pension laws.

What he requires is however—the same as any other citizen—'a fair chance in life'.

Whenever blind or otherwise disabled invalid pensioners have been given this chance, or whenever they take the initiative in spontaneous acts of self help, the results are most encouraging. They prove at least one thing—the absurd pattern of thinking it is to assume that physically disabled people cannot fit into the economic planning of a civilised country.

We, as Civilian Maimed and Limbless Association, do not resent the fact that we have to battle for our place in the sun. As a result of this struggle, we value our achievements more highly than if we obtained them from a benevolent Government as a gift.

The invalid pensioners who receive £3 10s. per week in Sheltered Workshops without affecting their pensions should be aware that the Civilian Maimed and Limbless Association, as a band of disabled people, joined with other organisations and achieved this for themselves.

The disabled drivers who drive sales tax free cars to work, owe this benefit to the leadership of the Civilian Maimed and Limbless Association in a long and determined fight which was finally successful in August 1960.

Workers' Compensation insurance is obtainable by invalid pensioners in Sheltered employment due to the efforts of the Civilian Maimed and Limbless Association, and the income tax arrangements for pensioners receiving the Rehabilitation Allowance in Sheltered Workshops was another achievement of this Association for disabled people.

Suitable hostels and housing for disabled people is a project on which, for more than two years, the Civilian Maimed and Limbless Association has spent a great deal of time and money. One day it is hoped the Government will recognise this claim. In addition, the Civilian Maimed and Limbless Association is fighting for more hospital rehabilitation centres, more effective industrial rehabilitation, cheaper transport for the disabled and many other things.

Some of these aims are extremely difficult to achieve because of the high political level at which they must be handled. Political issues of a more urgent nature overshadow our claims and requests when they are brought

forward as cases to the Federal Ministers.

After all, we are only a small group, talking, writing and acting on behalf of tens of thousands of disabled people throughout Australia.

Sometimes the obstacles seem to grow to almost insurmountable heights, and the executive of this organisation feel that their efforts and achievements are terribly slow—but they are sure.

It is for this struggle, which is part of the development of humanity, that C.M.L.A. needs the moral support of *all* disabled people, particularly the physically handicapped of New South Wales. No matter how slight or how severe the disability, the owner of it should add his strength by putting his name on our membership role. We should speak with the voices of 30,000—not 3,000—people with disabilities.

For Heaven's sake don't rest on the basis of 'but I'm all right Joe'. If you're all right then that is the time to think of the other fellow who is not. You do not have to come to meetings. You only have to fill in the membership form in this issue or write to The Secretary, Civilian Maimed and Limbless Association, Box 69, P.O. Camperdown, for another membership form. Just filling it in—and finding others to join to—is performing a community service.

Film Festival on Rehabilitation

The International Federation of Disabled Workers and Handicapped Civilians (F.I.M.I.T.I.C.) will organise in Rome on 16th-19th March, 1963, the Second International Film Festival on Rehabilitation. Participation in this Second Festival is open to all countries, and to all Organisations and Institutions who have produced short-length films on the subject of the disabled and their rehabilitation. The first Festival was held in Rome from 16th-19th March, 1962, and met with great success. The countries taking part in the Festival reached a total of

26, and more than 100 films were examined by the Selection Committee.

The list of honours for the Festival included five Grand Prix which went to the films: 'The Return' (United States), 'The Rehabilitation of Spastics' (Italy), 'The Rehabilitation of Amputees of the Legs' (Italy), 'Wreath of Brotherhood' (Japan) and 'Meet McGonegal' (United States).

Further information can be obtained from the International Federation's Press Bureau, at 11A Rue S. Tommaso d'Aquino, Rome.

THE ALPHA FOLDING WALKING AID

Messrs. Carters (J. & A.) Ltd. have sent us the following information about 'the most practical and economical Walking Aid ever made, which gives maximum stability and mobility to the user.'

It consists of two lightweight aluminium tubes which form four legs strengthened by two cross bars. The two tubes are joined together at the middle by hinges, and open out as shown in the illustration. A simple but effective hook latch holds the tubes in the required position. It is strong and absolutely reliable, although it weighs only 4lbs.

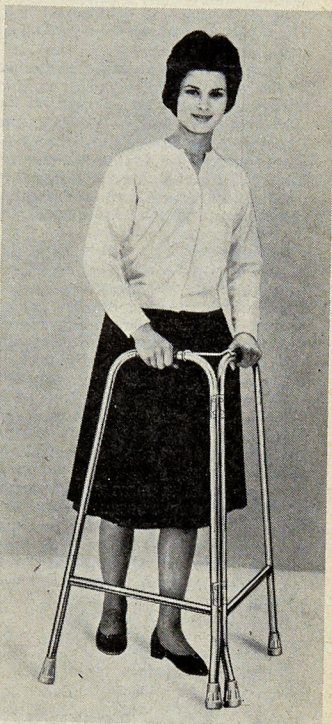
When not required for walking, the latch is unfastened, and the Aid can be folded to occupy a minimum of space.

It is fitted with two non-stain hand grips. The legs have non-slip tips of resilient rubber, which do not mark floors.

Height 33in. Width when open 24in. Folds to 33in. by 19in. by 4in. deep. Price £2 10s. 0d.

This Walking Aid is one of a completely new range of Equipment for Rehabilitation and Physical Medicine, which is being launched by Carters (J. & A.) Ltd., of 65 Wigmore Street, London W.1. A new catalogue illustrating over 150 products is now available.

With more than a century of experience in equipment for the disabled Carters (J. & A.) Ltd., has an unrivalled background in this particular field, and now, in association with Zimmer Orthopaedic Ltd., can call on the most up-to-date



machinery and manufacturing processes available.

Annual for Disabled Persons

At present there is no *Annual* book written and produced for disabled people. In order to rectify matters Mrs. Westmoreland of Leicester has got a publisher interested and is preparing a book of this kind. She writes 'What is wanted are your experiences, serious and funny ones, stories, a few poems, ideas, sketches,

cartoons, pictures of interest, all to make this a jolly good book, one that will belong to you all and be printed *each year*.' If you can't write, perhaps someone will write for you, or some group might make a tape-recording. Send contributions to: Mrs. Vera Westmoreland, 'Wellsprings', 57 Armonson Avenue, Kirby Muxloe, Leicester.

ETHIOPIA

*Extracts from a recent letter received from Miss Denise Tabernacle,
Matron of the Home for Retarded Children in Addis Ababa.*

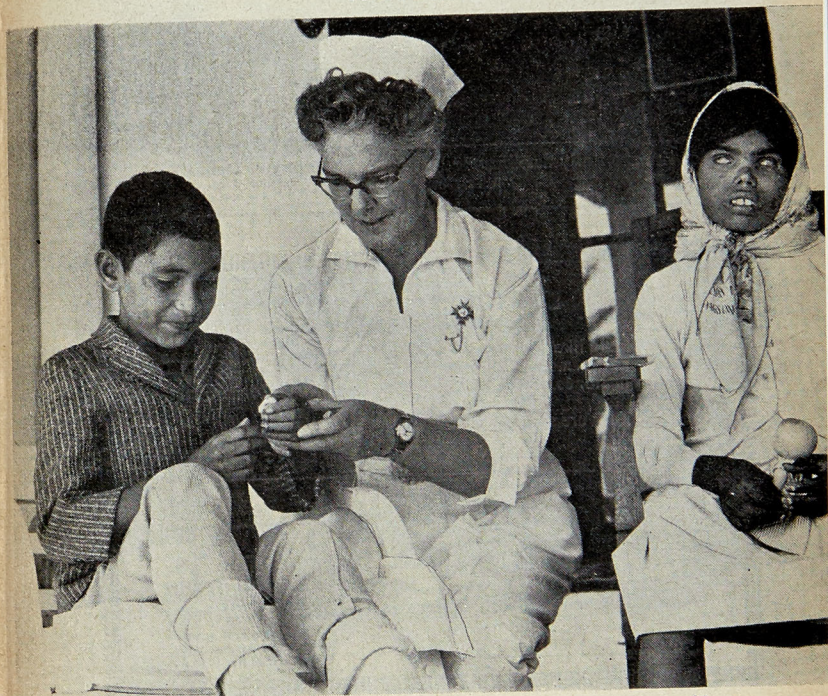
As I write this there is a tremendous thunderstorm in progress and the children have arrived back from school soaked to the skin. The baby is rolling about on the floor, gurgling away; he is getting quite strong and healthy now and tries to sit up on his own.

We have now increased our numbers to seven children, all of whom are in good health and continuing their general activities. The two new additions to our family are Azeb, aged 9 and Asfa, aged 5. Azeb is a little spastic girl. She has had a support

made for her hand and two wooden splints for her legs, and she appears to have settled in well at the Home. Asfa has a spasticity of both legs and is being supplied with calipers to support and straighten them.

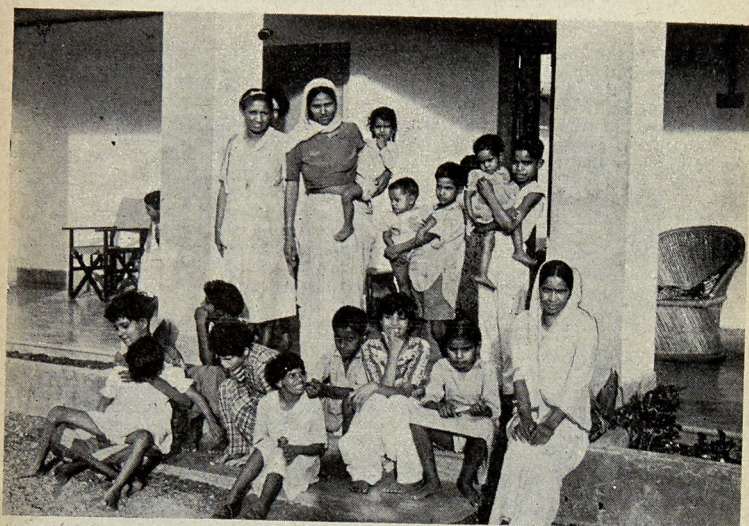
We have been fortunate in procuring the services of Dr. Ivanovitch of the Princess Tsahai Hospital, who is now coming in once a week to treat the children and to give advice regarding exercises and physiotherapy for each child. This kindness from a very busy man is very much appreciated.

TANGIER



Miss Eagleston (Matron) and two of the children at the Tangier Home.

RAPHAEL, DEHRA DUN



Some of the mentally handicapped children at Raphael, Dehra Dun, with two ayahs.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

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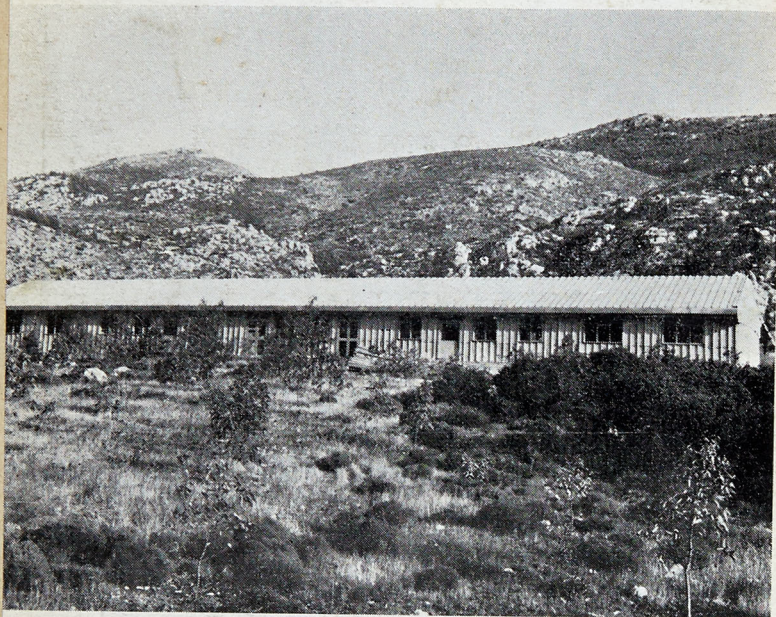


Outside the Home at Freetown.



At the Sir Milton Home, Bo, Sierra Leone. The children doing their exercises with Miss May Cutler.

GREECE



*A view of the Sue Ryder Home,
near Athens.*