

CHESHIRE SMILE

Vol. 9, No. 2 Summer 1963

ONE SHILLING



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.**

Out of the combined work of the Sue Ryder Forgotten Allies and the Cheshire Foundation Homes for the Sick there has evolved the concept of an association—or family—of separate and autonomous organisations, each devoted in its own way to the relief of suffering, but all sharing the same ideals and principles. The function of this Mission is, on the one hand, to strengthen its member-organisations by virtue of making them part of some larger entity, and, on the other hand, to extend their opportunity of doing good by the possibility of joint and concerted action. Application for membership from any charitable organisation is always welcome.

The Raphael Settlements

As one step towards this goal, the Forgotten Allies and the Cheshire Homes have pooled some of their resources and experience in order to establish a series of International Settlements in different parts of the world, the primary aims of these being:

- (i) to supplement the work of the two Foundations by taking those specialised cases which neither of them are able to admit;
- (ii) to safeguard and develop the spirit of the Mission as a whole;
- (iii) to test out new ideas.

Dehra Dun, U.P., India. (Tel. Dehra Dun 901)

Beautifully situated in the foothills of the Northern Himalayas, the first Raphael is the Far Eastern Headquarters of the Mission. Beginning with only tents in April 1959, it today houses 96 leprosy patients, 50 mentally retarded children, and 20 other children who, although fit, come from unsatisfactory home circumstances. Raphael is planned as a whole village of Homes for many different kinds of people in need.

Hon. Sec.: Mrs. Ava Dhar.

Hon. Welfare Officer: Mrs. D. Rawlley.

Hydon Heath, Godalming, Surrey, England. (Tel. Hascombe 383)

More recently opened, the English Raphael provides accommodation for the older age groups, and for married couples (both young and old) who might otherwise be forced by their disabilities to separate. It will shortly have a 12-bedded wing for the heavily disabled.

Warden: Lt.-Col. R. Taylor, M.B.E.

I. FORGOTTEN ALLIES TRUST

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Hon. Medical Adviser:

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

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

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

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

St. Christopher Settlement. Grossburgwedel, Hannover.

Secretary: Mr. Jerzy Neumann.

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

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

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

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

Homes for the Sick in Poland

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, Radzyn, Bydgoszcz, Zielona Gora, Gdynia and Gora Kalwaria.

Homes for the Sick and Disabled in Jugoslavia

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. 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., Mr. Justice Edmund Davies, B.C.L. (Vice-Chairman), The Earl Ferrers, His Honour Judge Rowe Harding, Dr. Basil Kiernander, M.R.C.P., The Lady St. Levan, J.P., Dame Mary Lloyd, D.B.E., 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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Enquiries to: 7 Market Mews, London, W.I. (GROsvnor 2665)

		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
Danybrynn , Radyr, Glamorgan	Radyr	237
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
Heatherley , Effingham Lane, Copthorne, Crawley, Sussex	Copthorne	2670 2735
The Hill , Sandbach, Cheshire	Sandbach	566 508
Holme Lodge , Julian Road, West Bridford, Nottingham	Nottingham	89002
Honesfeld , 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
Llanhennoch Cheshire Home , Caerleon, Mon.	Caerleon	545
Marske Hall , near Redcar, Yorkshire ...	Redcar	2672
Mayfield House , East Trinity Road, Edinburgh	Granton	2037
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
Hawthorn Lodge , Hawthorne Road, Dorchester, Dorset (for mentally handicapped children)	Dorchester	1403
Miraflores , 154 Worple Road, Wimbledon, S.W.20	Wimbledon	5058
Gaywood , 30 The Downs, Wimbledon, S.W.20 (Last two for rehabilitation of ex mental patients)	Wimbledon	9493

Eire

Ardeen , Shillelagh, Co. Wicklow	Shillelagh	8
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India

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

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

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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, 398A Nicoll Drive,
Changi, Singapore 17.

Cheshire Home, Kuala Lumpur.

Nigeria

Chairman of Trustees: Federal Chief Justice Sir Adetokunbo Ademola

Oluoyole Cheshire Home,
P.O.B.1425, Ibadan.

Cheshire Home, Enugu.
177, Agege Motor Rd., Mushin,
Lagos.

Obiomio Cheshire Home,
6 Onwenu Street, Port Harcourt.
(all for crippled children)

Jordan

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

The Cheshire Home,
P.O.B.100, Bethlehem
(for crippled children)

Amman

Sierra Leone

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

Sir Milton Cheshire Home, Bo.
Cheshire Home, Freetown
(both for crippled children)

Morocco

Patron: H.E. The Princess Lalla Fatima.

Chairman: Mme. J. M. Cherifa
d'Ouezzane.

Dar-el-Hanaa, Rue d'Ecosse, 18,
Tangier
(for crippled children)

Hong Kong

Hoi Sin (Star of the Sea) Chung-am-Kok, Hong Kong.

Ethiopia

Cheshire Home, P.O.B.3427,
Addis Ababa.

Portugal

O Lar De Boa Vontade,

Santo Amaro De Oeiras, Lisbon.
(for retarded children)

Ceylon

Cheshire Home, Negombo

* In preparation

THE

CHESHIRE SMILE

The Quarterly Magazine of the Cheshire Homes

Hon. Editor:

FRANK SPATH

Hon. Treasurer:

SYLVIA HUNT

Secretary:

MRS. K. WINDIBANK

Hon. Consult. Medical Editor:

DR. B. KIERNANDER

Advertisement Manager:

MRS. K. WINDIBANK

Editorial and Business Office:

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

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UNTIL quite recently few people in this country had heard of the Cheshire Foundation Homes for the Sick, or knew of the work that was done in them. Now, thanks to the extraordinary inspiration and singlémindedness of Group Captain Cheshire himself, and to the dedicated work of those who have helped him, the Homes have now become famous in many countries and have made it possible for a large number of people, infirm in mind and body, to achieve a happiness, fulfilment and usefulness which would otherwise have been totally outside their grasp.

It all started, almost accidentally, in 1948, when Cheshire's Christian Socialist movement came to an end and he was left with one old man dying of cancer, and whom he volunteered to care for. It was the example of this old man which made him decide to devote his life to the incurably sick, the old, the mentally distressed, for whom the only refuge, in most cases, is the senile wards of hospitals or mental hospitals, where they are left helpless and useless until they die. How many people there are whom this terrible fate overtakes—including many who are still young or in a vigorous middle age—no one knows, for there are no statistics (though it has been calculated that there are in this country 50,000 cases of multiple sclerosis alone). Cheshire conceived of 'disabled men and women as contributors to society, not exiles from it; as men and women not different because they were disabled; as human beings whose minds might become stronger and broader just because they were disabled'. It was no good, he believed, simply to care for their physical needs alone without giving them something to live for. As one of those he helped put it, the need of the disabled is 'to be as independent as possible, to be helped to accept one's dependencies, to have something useful to do, and to feel wanted'.

Faith and improvisation

So, with no money, but with a religious faith which has been the inspiration of all his work for the homes, and has always given him unshakeable trust that whatever is needed to further his plans will turn up, Cheshire started the movement which, fourteen years later, has spread over much of Africa, the Near East, India and South East Asia, and has transformed the lives of thousands of people. First there was the Home at Le Court, which was soon crowded with a miscellaneous collection of the young and the old, the chronic sick, and T.B. cases, all somehow existing, precariously but happily, on the produce from the garden and the small pensions of those who had them. Like all Cheshire's projects,

A
**GREAT
ACT
OF
HUMANITY**

We are pleased to print in full, by permission of the publishers, the description of Wilfrid Russell's story of the Cheshire Homes '**NEW LIVES FOR OLD'** which appears on the jacket of the book.

this one came into being through faith and improvisation.

Then, as the result of some unasked for publicity, the money began to come in, the Carnegie Trust donated a sum for rebuilding Le Court, and suddenly the movement exploded into life like a ripe pod scattering seeds. Homes were started all over the country by volunteers who were inspired by Cheshire's own flaming vision—in Cornwall, Bromley, Ampthill, at Staunton Harold in Leicestershire, and in many other places. A Trust was formed to administer the money, and to advise and help those who were setting up the new homes (which were autonomous within the framework of the Foundation as a whole).

At first Cheshire was at the heart of the day by day activity. But then for a variety of reasons, he increasingly left the administration to others, while he followed the independent path which we felt he must take. For one thing, at this time he himself had to undergo two years' treatment for TB. Moreover, the project had grown too big for one man to manage all the details. Then he did not always see eye to eye with those who were administering the Trust. He felt passionately that the very essence of the work was to succour all those who appealed for help, whereas the Trust excluded the dying, TB cases and mental patients. He believed equally strongly that it was no good giving physical help without spiritual healing too. And it was at the very heart of his belief that the movement must remain poor, that more money than the absolute minimum corrupted and led to abuses.

International

Moreover, he is a visionary, and sees the movement as essentially an international one, transcending the boundaries of country, race and creed. So in 1955 he started the first home in India, which was shortly to be followed by others, primarily for children and burnt-out leprosy cases. Homes were founded in Singapore, Nigeria, Bethlehem and Sierra Leone. And always his method was the same. There was no worrying about

where the funds were to come from: Cheshire has never looked for patients, never called for helpers, never appealed for funds, and always the money, volunteers and patients have poured in.

Always, too, he has found devoted and selfless support—not only from members of the public who have come forward so generously with furniture, money and help, but also among the staff who have worked with total lack of regard for self, often without payment, filled with the inspiration which they have drawn from the shining example which Cheshire himself set them. Not all his visions have been translated into reality—perhaps because they are too idealistic for a world which lacks his own faith in God and the basic goodness of humanity. But what has been achieved in terms of relief from physical and mental suffering, co-operation on a national and international scale, and goodwill between the most desperate people, is incalculable.

Now for the first time this remarkable story is told. The author, who met Cheshire in 1955, has been closely concerned with the Foundation ever since, and is a member of the administrative Trust. He is with its aims, heart and soul, and knows very well not only Cheshire himself, but also the dedicated band who have made his work possible. He is, indeed, at the very centre of the movement—which itself, for all its achievement, is but half of a greater whole.

It was in 1945 that Sue Ryder began her work for the Forgotten Allies—the suffering Poles: and this work—in some ways, perhaps, even more difficult than Cheshire's—has spread, and is still spreading remarkably, behind what is called the Iron Curtain. In the meantime, Sue Ryder and Leonard Cheshire have joined forces in their two spheres and have married: and out of it has come the Mission for the Relief of Suffering, which is well on the way to becoming a World Mission, passing all barriers of country, race, creed and political ideology. Sue Ryder's own story will presently be told.

People and Places

by the Roving Reporter

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

The Spring Conference this year will take place at the Irish Club, 82 Eaton Square, London S.W.1 on Saturday June 15th. On the following day, Sunday June 16th, Seven Rivers, the Essex Home, at Great Bromley, near Colchester, will be the hosts for this year's Family Day.

* * *

Henry Marking, who does so much work for the Homes interviewing many of the wide variety of men and women who want to be associated with our family in some way or other, has just come back from a holiday in Jordan. He visited the flourishing Home for children in Bethlehem, which was started by Margot Mason three years ago and built up so splendidly by Anne Thomas. He also saw the much larger and more imposing building at Amman which is to be a physiotherapy and rehabilitation centre. The latter, of course, is not yet finished, and will be rather a departure from G.C.'s usual ideas in that it will be devoted to rehabilitation, and will have a staff of internationally trained experts. Also it has cost a considerable amount of money.

There is talk that the Bethlehem Home will have to be closed down once the Amman institution is open, but we must all hope that this will never happen, as Henry tells me that the spirit of cheerfulness and hope at Bethlehem is quite wonderful and absolutely typical of everything G.C. has always striven for. Anne Thomas is back there in the middle of it, and doing fine work. The need among the disabled children of Jordan is great for just such Homes as this.

* * *

I was at Ampthill the other evening where there was quite a gathering of friends of the Home to plan their Fete, which has been such a feature

of the Bedfordshire summers for several years past. It was good to see the retired Master of the 'Andes', Captain Fletcher, on the bridge of his new command. Captain Fletcher has now joined the Cheshire family as Warden of Ampthill. On the evening I was there he was just off to address a meeting in the neighbourhood; a change from his profession, but I am sure he will enjoy his new work and make many new friends for Ampthill. It was good to see Nobby Clark again among the patients, and Mrs. Dunhill. I also ran into May Cutler, whom I last saw at Freetown, in Sierra Leone, where she did so much to get the Homes at Bo and Klinetown in Freetown going so successfully. She seemed to be as full of energy and enthusiasm as ever.

Miss Bell who has been Matron of the large orthopaedic hospital at Oswestry, with several hundred beds, for about 17 years, was holding the fort as Matron, pending the arrival of a new permanent Matron. A Cheshire Home was clearly a very different proposition from her great hospital, but she seemed to be enjoying the work, and we must hope that when she comes back from the West Indies, where she has gone for a well deserved holiday, she will continue to help us in one or other of the Homes.

Mr. and Mrs. Newbury from Tangier have settled in at Raphael, Godalming, among the silver birches of Surrey, so different from the Mediterranean surroundings of Tetuan, Morocco. Mr. Newbury settled in Morocco after the war, where he joined the Consular Service. He married Mrs. Newbury, whose family has lived in Gibraltar for many generations. Those of you who saw the Panorama programme not so many months back about Gibraltar will appreciate how intensely

British this community on the Rock feels itself to be. Mr. Newbury developed progressive muscular atrophy some years ago, and the time came when he had to give up his work. Margot Mason met them both when she first visited Tangier to start what has become one of the happiest Homes anywhere. And now they are together at Raphael, in England, a shining example of the rightness of the G.C. and Sue's idea of the need to have a Home where married couples, one of whom is disabled, can live a useful and happy life. They are hoping, with their new typewriter, to be truly useful to Mr. and Mrs. Taylor in their tremendous task of running this bold new experiment.

Incidentally when I was at Godalming the other day, I met Mr. T. A. Taylor, the friend and colleague at Exeter College, Oxford, of Professor Cheshire. Mr. Taylor has done so much for us, being the expert advisor to the Foundation on questions relating to land and houses. He puts in a great deal of work and travel on our behalf, and gives just that much-needed professional advice without which we should make many more bloomers in this field than happily we do.

Enid Bottomley and Graham Thomas, who you will remember won the coveted Mullard Award two years ago for the best amateur radio operators in Great Britain, have thought up an idea which might be the beginning of a Ham radio station in every Home. They have suggested to Alderman Jack Stephens, Chairman of St. Teresa's, that they might try to organise a radio rally one weekend later in the summer with the help and advice of the Radio Society of Great Britain, which sponsors the Mullard Award.

Their idea is that members of the Society all over Britain might be willing to lend their sets and their operating skills to the Home nearest to them, and that an organised get-together of the handful of presently qualified Ham-operators in the Homes should be arranged, during which patients who were interested could be shown the possibilities and the difficulties of this evidently fascinating hobby. And perhaps someone or even two or three in each Home might be fired to set off on the same long and difficult course which Enid and Graham have followed so successfully with such

satisfaction to themselves. It would be a wonderful way of keeping the Homes in touch with one another, and, who knows, some day the Homes in Britain might in this way be able to keep in close contact with the Homes overseas, an ideal which is so close to the heart of G.C. and Sue.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Ramakrishna, generous benefactors of the new Cheshire Home at Nagombi, Ceylon, visited London in April. Their visit coincided with the admission of the first patient in the Home, which has been opened under the guidance of Mrs. Anne Jolleff, who has helped us for so long in Delhi and in Bangalore, with a spell at Raphael, Godalming, more recently. Mr. and Mrs. Ramakrishna visited Dulwich the morning before they left England, and were most impressed by all they saw there.

Another visitor to London for a brief stay with his parents was Mr. Alan Blond, the Hon. Treasurer of Dar el Hanaa, Tangier.

Mrs. Watt, who until recently was Secretary of Mayfield House, called in at Market Mews the other day, before she and husband left for Canada and the United States. Mrs. Watt was feeling very sad about leaving the patients at Mayfield, but is very much hoping that she will be able to help to get a Home started in the States while she is there.

There seem to have been many comings and goings from the Northern Homes recently. Both Mr. Laycock and Mr. Fenton from Kenmore, Cleckheaton, have been on journeys to South Africa.

Dr. Anderson, who has done such good and noble work on the Committee for Mayfield House, has now come to live in London and his place on the Committee has been taken by Malcolm Low, who with his wife Aileen, were great helpers when the Cheshire Home in Nigeria was started in 1958. They have recently returned from Ibadan, and Malcolm is now assisting the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine at Edinburgh University. They will both be sadly missed at Oluyole Cheshire Home.

HOLIDAY SPIRIT — WITH A DIFFERENCE

Once again Holidays For The Disabled have held a very successful week at Caister Holiday Camp.

No mere description of the events can convey the spirit that prevails during these holidays. Only those who have experienced it can understand what it means. One of the helpers who attended this year's camp has tried to describe this spirit and his words are printed below:

When God grows weary of the world's wickedness He gathers together a number of people and leads them to a chosen place. Rich and

poor; high and low; famous and unknown; strong and weak; able and disabled; all are mingled together and made equal.

God gives them each a gift. To those who are strong He gives vigour. To those who are weak He gives strength. To the able He gives inspiration. To the disabled He gives courage. To all He gives humility.

And the strong give their strength to the crippled; the crippled give their courage to inspire the strong. Love and The Joy of Giving are created anew. Then, for one wonderful week, the world stands still and God rests.

LOVE

Sitting together in front of a warm fire,
as close together as our wheel-chairs will allow,
easily, softly we talk—not choke with desire—
of our affairs, of daily trivia, of the snow.

My arm around you presses—are these your ribs?
Not even yours, the metal ribs of your brace.
Your head on my shoulder, I smile as your hair rubs
itself gently and trustfully on my neck and face.

No wild passion or sexual turbulence here.
Nothing—except for our chairs—unusual either.
Just the calm room, the winter night outside,
and us, each glowing with love for the other.
Is this too humdrum, too far away from the sheer
thrill of bestriding the thundering horses of pride?

ROYE MCCOYE
(of Greathouse)

“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*.

Holidays for Disabled People

We understand that many of our people in the Homes are not aware of the accommodation and facilities that are available to enable them to take a holiday each year, and so have a much-needed break from the usual routine.

Quite a number of possibilities are now open to you, and it only needs a little persistence in inquiring to find what you want. In particular, a number of holiday camps at various seaside resorts are currently given over for a week or so, at the beginning or the end of the season, to enable disabled people from their own

homes, from hospitals, or from communities like Cheshire Homes, to partake of the benefits afforded.

A booklet 'Holidays for the Physically Handicapped', giving a comprehensive list of all camps, homes, etc., in the United Kingdom providing such facilities, is published annually (price 2/6d., post 4d.)—a joint publication of the Central Council for the Care of Cripples, 34 Eccleston Square, London S.W.1, and the Red Cross, 14 Grosvenor Crescent, London S.W.1.

We suggest that all the U.K. Homes should have a copy of this booklet accessible to the residents.

The Patients' Association

The chief aim of the Patients' Association, formed in London early this year, is to protect the interests of patients in hospital, or under any other kind of medical care, or in voluntary Homes. A voluntary and non-profit making body, the Association is run by a Committee of eight men and women, whose jobs include nursing, teaching and the law. In March a deputation from the Association went to the Ministry of Health for informal talks on widely-ranging subjects, including representation on appropriate bodies, the appointment of a liaison officer at the Ministry, and drug experiments conducted without the consent of patients. Letters were also sent to all M.P.s seeking their support, and

replies showed a satisfying measure of interest in the organisation's aims.

The Association, it is stressed, is not against doctors, or the National Health Service, or medical research as such. What it is concerned with is the treating of people as human beings. There is already a service dealing with complaints and personal problems, or the giving of free advice. Another important aspect of the Association's work is the setting up of various fact-finding sub-committees that will undertake research. It is hoped to start one such sub-committee to seek out the problems of patients in voluntary Homes.

All enquiries to: Patients' Association, 335 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

"Yorkshire Achievement"

The Winter 1962 issue of 'Yorkshire Achievement', the magazine of the Yorkshire Association of the Disabled, has been received at the Editorial Office. We have gone through it with great interest, and would like to send our congratulations to the Editor, Peter Reynolds, of St. George's House, Otley Road, Harrogate, Yorkshire. It is a lively, well-produced and nicely printed journal.

Naturally, it will be of interest mainly to Yorkshire folk, and we are

wondering how many of our people in the Yorkshire Homes know of its existence. The staff of 'Yorkshire Achievement' are anxious to widen its circulation, and if anyone connected with the Yorkshire homes could help in this respect, it would be much appreciated.

In the Winter issue, there is an autobiographical article by Louis Battye of White Windows Cheshire Home, entitled 'The Evolution of an Anarchist'.

His Honour Judge Rowe Harding

Another important legal figure is the subject of our profile in this issue, which continues our series on the Trustees, Cheshire Foundation Homes (U.K.)

The chief representative of the Welsh Homes in the Cheshire Foundation is one of the outstanding personalities in the principality. For a variety of reasons, his fame and name have spread well to the east of Offa's Dyke. Although he now sits in the aloof fastness of the Judicial Bench, to think that he is detached from human problems would be to fall into grievous error. We hope that, without disrespect to his high office, we may examine the man without his judicial trappings.

Rowe Harding was born in Swansea in 1901, and in due course proceeded to Pembroke College, Cambridge. He thereafter qualified as a solicitor, but soon realised that his natural bent was in the other branch of the legal profession, and he was called to the Bar in 1928.

Keynote of his life

Distinguished as his legal career later became, there are many who would assert that athletic pursuits have been the keynote of his life. And who can say that they are wrong? Certainly, his personal prowess was early manifested. He was a mere seventeen-year-old lad when he first played for the Llanelli Rugby Club. And having proceeded to Cambridge, he demonstrated in no time to the University selectors that he was a brilliant three-quarter. He played for his University consecutively from 1924 to 1927, in due course captained it, and in his first year toured South Africa under the captaincy of Cove Smith.

Joining the Swansea Rugby Football Club in the heyday of the 1920's, Rowe Harding became its Captain, and is now its honoured President. He gained no less than seventeen caps for Wales, and captained it against Scotland in 1926. A member of the Barbarians, he published in 1929 an

engrossing book on 'Rugby Reminiscences and Opinions'.

But his interest in athletic pursuits has by no means been confined to football. He was amateur sprint champion for Wales in 1922 and 1926, and he has been identified with the Welsh Amateur Athletics Association. An inveterate addict to cricket, he is now Chairman of the Glamorgan County Cricket Club, and his interest in sport remains one of the abiding passions of his life.

Judicial qualities

Although less spectacular, Judge Rowe Harding's legal career has been no less sure-footed and distinguished than his game on the sports ground. After being called to the Bar he settled down to local practice in Swansea and remained there until his elevation to the County Court Bench in 1953. During that time he established a reputation for sound learning in many branches of the law and was constantly being called upon to deal with intricate and difficult problems. But it would perhaps be time to say that he had to await his appointment to the Bench for him to have the richly deserved opportunity of displaying his lawyers' qualities in their full dimensions. Recently in 'The Cheshire Smile' he rightly wrote of another lawyer that 'Successful advocates do not necessarily make good judges'.

Widely admired and deeply respected though he was for his work as a barrister, admiration and respect have alike been increased by Judge Rowe Harding's career on the Bench over the last ten years. To adapt George Orwell's phrase 'All Judges are equal, but some Judges are more equal than others', and the subject of this profile belongs to the superior class. If one may be allowed to say so, he is regarded as a model of what a Judge

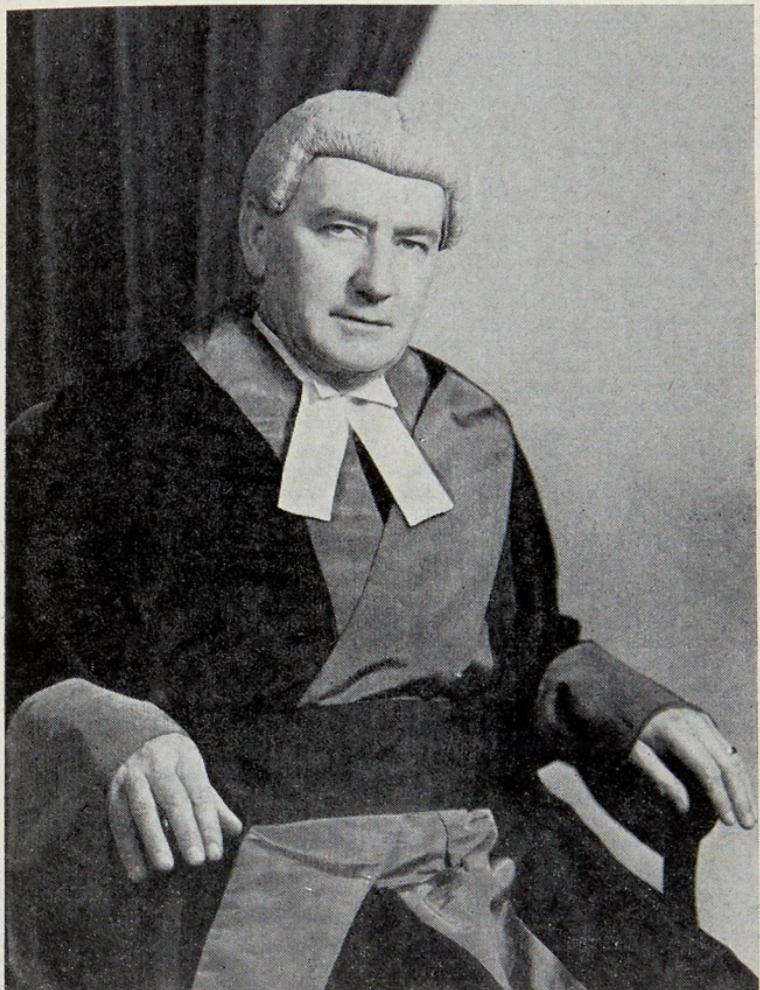


Photo: Hugh Henderson

His Honour Judge Rowe Harding

should be—courteous and considerate to practitioners and to witnesses, never allowing the heavy pressure of his duties to disturb his equanimity, and clear and courageous in his judgements. His dignity is untainted by pomposity. If clear intellect and human understanding be among the supreme judicial virtues (as surely they are), here is one who is indeed qualified for his high office.

For the public weal

Despite the fact that his is one of the busiest County Court Circuits in the United Kingdom, Judge Rowe Harding's record of voluntary, honorary public service is outstanding. He has been Chairman of Radnorshire and of Haverfordwest Quarter Sessions, and is now the Breconshire Chairman and Deputy Chairman of Glamorgan, Carmarthen and Pembroke. And he has widely contributed to the public weal quite outside the legal field. For some years Chancellor of the Diocese of St. David's, he is also a member of the Governing and Representative Bodies of the Church in Wales, and one of the Court of Governors of the University College of Swansea.

Since 1961 Judge Rowe Harding's work as Chairman of the Welsh Regional Committee of the Cheshire Homes has placed us deeply in his debt, for his ripe wisdom and infinite patience has helped to solve many seemingly intractable problems. Quiet

of utterance, he has a clear cut approach which strikes to their heart.

Most human of men

'But what is he *really* like?' will be the inevitable question in the minds of most readers. 'The most human and understanding of men' is the reply of one who has known him for many years. My same informant tells me that, while he can at times assume the most monastic, withdrawn and arctic of countenances, never was there a more classic proof of Shakespeare's assertion that

'There's no art to find
The mind's construction in the
face.'

The truth is that, although basically shy, Judge Rowe Harding is warm-hearted, friendly and extremely sensitive to the feelings of others. He is very much a family man, with a delightful wife whose many talents include the capacity to cook an unforgettable meal, and he has two sons and a daughter. His other qualities have adorned many a social event. Possessed of an excellent light baritone voice, not only does he on suitable occasions join vigorously in a robust post-Rugby International chorus, but he can in quieter moments break the heart with a superb rendering of Edward German's 'The English Rose' and of many a Welsh hymn. In short, as one of his oldest friends has said, 'Here indeed is a man-and-a-half!'

DAY OF PRAYER FOR CHESHIRE HOMES

The Family of the Cross (for Roman Catholics), and the Fellowship of St. Giles (mainly for Anglicans), have been in existence for several years as religious fellowships for the Christians in our Homes and for Friends outside. For some time now it has been felt desirable to hold a special Day of Prayer each year on which all members of both these fellowships, as well as others interested in relieving suffering, could join together in intercession. We feel that a great deal of good would result if all the prayers offered on such a day were directed to an ever-increasing understanding of the true meaning

of suffering. It has also been thought a good idea to hold this annual Day of Prayer during the Week of Unity that begins on January 18th, so bringing all our Christian people together for a further purpose at this, the most appropriate time of the year.

The idea was mooted too late for the 1963 Week of Unity, but we shall be ready for January 1964. The Family of the Cross decided, however, that for this year a special Day of Prayer should be held on May 11th, the date of their annual pilgrimage to Aylesford Priory, Kent.

Truly a Magazine

by the Editor

You know the old saying about a mother not being able to take a dispassionate look at her own baby. I feel very much like that about 'The Cheshire Smile'. It has been my baby for so long. I have watched it grow up. It is now almost impossible for me to see it objectively.

But lately I have been forced once again to try and do so. There has been some criticism about various aspects of the magazine. We have had to step back and ask ourselves whether the 'Smile' is, or isn't, what the Homes need. Are we producing the best possible journal to represent the Homes to the public, and to act as the main link between all our scattered communities?

Answers to these questions are bewildering in their variety. We have been offered a great deal of advice. But no clear pattern has emerged. There is certainly no unanimity in the Foundation about what the magazine should be like.

Newsletters

Circumstances, however, make certain developments inevitable. Especially is it becoming more and more impossible for the magazine to carry topical news bulletins of all the Homes that want to use our pages for that purpose. The increasing number of Homes in the Foundation and the much wider, also ever growing, Mission for the Relief of Suffering, make it incumbent on everyone to re-think what we are to do with the limited space available in the 'C.S.' The staff of the magazine, after discussing the subject at great length, have decided to introduce certain changes on an experimental basis, and we ask our readers to let us know their views.

I have suggested before on this page that the Homes should issue their own News-Letters in order to keep their circle of Friends abreast of the news, and to thank them for their support. Many Homes have now adopted the idea, and are finding it an ideal way of maintaining personal con-

tact with their supporters. These news-sheets regularly arrive here for us to go through. We now ask that the other Homes should issue similar News-Letters, and not rely upon 'The Cheshire Smile' to carry their bulletins of latest events each quarter.

Home-grown writing

The intention behind these changes is to make the magazine more, and not less, interesting. We want to encourage home-grown writing. We really do want to provide an outlet for budding writers and artists in the Homes. There must be quite a fund of hidden talent amongst 750 disabled people in the U.K., as well as all the others overseas. Many of you must have a lot to say on a variety of subjects. Why not have a go? Instead of sending in a bulletin of news, why not write on one aspect of life at the Home, and at greater length than could be done formerly. Why not a series of strip cartoons? Why don't you amateur photographers send us the best of your work? Why not some more short stories, brief as possible, although we can run to 1,500 words?

Open forum

Then we are hoping to start discussions in the magazine on various matters of general policy and interest. It is important that all sections of our communities should take part in these discussions. Group Captain Cheshire has promised to start off one such discussion—on the role of the residents in the Homes—in our next issue. He has expressly asked us to urge everyone to treat his article as the opening of a debate, not as 'The final word—after which nothing more can be said'. So don't be afraid to let your reasonably expressed views be aired.

In each magazine we shall include a 'NEWS IN BRIEF' feature, with short items of general interest from all the Homes. This might be divided up into regions. (Perhaps we can find regional editors to collect and channel the news to us). The selection

will be made from the News-Letters received, and any extra notes about special events and happenings.

In addition, important occasions can always be given prominence. An opening day, or a visit by a royal personage. We can publish in the Spring number a comprehensive summary of the festive activities over Christmas throughout the Foundation, instead of, as at present, a series of repetitive bulletins describing much the same things happening at every Home. Then individual Homes can be featured, giving latest developments and future plans. And we certainly want to continue

including profiles of residents, and those who have made important contributions to particular Homes or to the Foundation as a whole.

Each issue, we shall publish the deadline for copy intended for the following issue. In general this falls about six weeks before the date of publication. The practice of sending reminders to the Homes each time will be discontinued.

We hope the Homes will agree to sending us a regular order for their bulk supplies, only notifying us when they wish to raise or lower their order.

A 'digest' of the above article was sent recently to all the Homes. We have received a number of replies—all of them, we are happy to say, approving, even if with qualifications, our policy changes. The following letter, perhaps the most interesting, came from the Essex Home.

Great Interest at Seven Rivers

The move to change the form of contributions from individual Homes to 'The Cheshire Smile' was received with great interest by the residents. All are agreed that, interesting though it always is to read news of one's own Home, the accounts, when taken *en masse*, do become rather monotonous and repetitive, and it is felt that the space could be used to better advantage, and be of interest to a wider public.

The aim to encourage talent and expression of views from residents is fully applauded, but perhaps is hampered by the natural modesty of those of us who feel that our efforts could not reach the standard one has come to expect from 'Cheshire Smile' contributions. But with a certain amount of sustained encouragement, and a preparedness to accept the editor's decision that one's efforts cannot always be accepted, we feel that a very lively magazine could result, and that the sharing of views between the Homes could be very stimulating.

Interest at Seven Rivers has been shown in the possibility of the formation of a Cheshire Homes' Stamp Club, including the overseas members. Also a disc club was suggested, which could possibly develop into a lending library. Could there be written contributions from different homes on certain aspects of musical interest, ranging from the accepted orchestral classics to the 'with it' pop singers?

It is felt that a correspondence column might have a good appeal and success, more particularly perhaps to people who would be reluctant to write an article or short story. There are artists in many Homes, certainly at Seven Rivers, and we would like to know the size of drawings most acceptable for publication. This also applies to the amateur photographer. Perhaps too, there could be more written about the different and specific crafts and work undertaken by residents.

Seven Rivers has its own news-letter circulated to friends twice yearly, and this will certainly be sent to 'The Cheshire Smile' regularly for sifting out any item of news considered to be of general interest.

No doubt we shall be told that it has all been suggested before and that we just haven't read our 'Cheshire Smile' properly, nor taken advantage of the facilities it offers to us all!

But we do wish the new magazine great success, and we hope that the Editor will be inundated with contributions for the next issue.

[*Ed.* In answer to the request concerning size of drawings, there are no particular size requirements except that drawings sent in must be larger (doesn't matter by how much, but the larger the better) than they will be in the final printed form. Care must be taken over packing drawings for despatch by post].

OUR COVER DISPLAY

"The Cheshire Homes — a Pictorial Record" (with nearly 200 pictures)

'The Cheshire Foundation has now published a splendid Pictorial Record of its achievements, and a very impressive publication it makes. Photographs of most, if not all of the Homes . . . make up an exceedingly attractive brochure.'

—British Hospital & Social Service Journal.

Single copies of the Pictorial Record are 3/6d each. We are arranging, however, 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.*

The display that dresses our front and back cover this time, was designed by David Lockyer. The photo of G.C. on the back cover was obtained by the courtesy of "To-day" magazine.

OVERCOMING BARRIERS

by Lord Longford

New Lives for Old: The Story of the Cheshire Homes by Wilfrid Russell (Gollancz, 25s.)

'This,' says the Duke of Edinburgh, in a fine foreword, 'is the story of one of the greatest acts of humanity in our time.' It is indeed an extraordinary tale. We look round today and see this movement, which, starting in England, has spread over much of Africa, the Near East, India and South-East Asia, and, as is so truly said on the cover, has transformed the lives of thousands of people, such as the incurably sick, the old, the mentally distressed, and the afflicted of all kinds. Taken simply as a feat of social initiative and creative organisation, there has been nothing like it since the war. But it has all been permeated by a spiritual force which will be for ever associated with Leonard Cheshire.

'I know only too well,' he writes, 'that when the veil that stands between us and eternity has fallen, there are many who now appear to be first in work for charity who will then be found to be last; and many last who will then be first.' It would be a poor tribute to him, therefore, to dwell on

his incomparable personality. Yet there are the facts. Cheshire has never looked for patients; never called for helpers; never appealed for funds; and always the money, volunteers, and patients have poured in. Mr. Wilfrid Russell, intimately associated with the movement for the last seven years, and a member of the Cheshire Administrative Trust, tells the story with authority and love. But also, as far as I can judge, with detachment and critical insight. The differences between Cheshire's point of view and that of other selfless persons involved in the work on the administrative side is not concealed from us. I must take it on trust that the balance of argument is that which is suggested here.

The last days of Sir Paul Latham, whom I had known well at one time, are beautifully described. A baronet, we are reminded, who had once been immensely wealthy, had had a domestic tragedy, followed a downhill path, and finally served a sentence in jail. But for him, the Ampthill home would never have been established. I remember visiting him there, under conditions of freezing cold and considerable hardship. He looked and said he was happier than ever before. He was still happier a little later, in spite of cancer of the throat, from which he soon afterwards died.

The Cheshire Homes began as recently as 1948, when Cheshire took to himself Arthur Dykes, an old man dying of cancer. We are told quite starkly that Cheshire had tried many things, and made many experiments. All had failed. It seemed that he was at the end of his tether at 29. There is a great lesson of hope for all of us in that reflection. Of him, more than of anybody that I can think of, it must be said 'Whoso loses his life shall save it'; and while the world has acclaimed him more and more emphatically, he has simply refused to be successful; certainly to feel successful. The divine discontent drives him forward into new fields of spiritual

Wilfrid Russell

Photo: Frederika Davis



Our Reviewer

Lord Longford first became a public figure during the election campaign for Oxford city in 1938, when he stood as the prospective Labour Candidate, but he has for long been a student of politics and taken a keen interest in all aspects of community care. Born in 1905, he was educated at Eton and New College; became personal assistant to Sir William Beveridge 1941-1944; served in Labour administrations, successively as Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State, War Office, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Minister of Civil Aviation, and First Lord of the Admiralty. Publications include 'Born to Believe' (an autobiography), 'Causes of Crime' and 'The Idea of Punishment'.

rescue, and with his wife, Sue Ryder, he is trying to turn the mission for the relief of suffering into a world mission, which overcomes barriers of every kind.

Is there a Cheshire principle, or is it



Photo: Radio Times Hulton Picture Library

Lord Longford

a Divine inspiration, flowing through a human and fallible man? No abstract answer is possible, but anyone who reads this book will wonder why he is not helping the Cheshire movement.

The Cheshire Foundation in Ireland

Just over two years ago 'Ardeen', the first Irish Cheshire Home, came into being and now, in common with other countries where homes are established, the Cheshire Foundation in Ireland has been formed.

The first members are: Olive, Countess Fitzwilliam, who has done so much for Ardeen; Mr. W. K. Browne, also a valuable member of the Ardeen Management Committee; Doctor Nick O'Beirn, who was one of those instrumental in getting Cheshire Homes started in Nigeria—he is now back in Ireland as Superintendent of the Galway Regional Hospital. No doubt there'll be a home in that part of Ireland soon! Mr. Micheal O'Beirn, brother of Doctor O'Beirn and a solicitor with the Government; Mr. C. J. Daly, a solicitor, represents Cork where we hope the home will open very soon; and we have been exceedingly fortunate in having a former Chief Justice of Ireland, Conor Maguire, join the Trust and become its first Chairman. It seems that Ireland is following the

lead of many other places in having the law as the backbone of its work for Cheshire. I am the Hon. Secretary.

At the moment, the main concern of the Foundation is getting the Cork Home going. The local authority there has offered a very suitable building at a reasonable cost and, with the generous help of the Trust in London and Margot Mason, we hope very shortly that the home will open.

Here in Ireland, we seem to be getting really under way now and there is lots of interest and activity. The Dublin Committee for fund-raising is becoming really busy with different projects and there is much enthusiasm for starting a home in Dublin. The Chairman of the Foundation made a Week's Good Cause Appeal for Ardeen on Easter Sunday and the G.C.'s film about the Holy Shroud was shown on Telefis Eireann (our TV Station in case you don't know) on Good Friday. So there are not many people in Ireland who will not have heard about the work.

MIA FFRENCH-MULLEN

The Patient and the Relative

by Sheridan Russell, A.M.I.A., Head Almoner, The National Hospital for Nervous Diseases, London

Based on a paper read by Mr. Sheridan Russell at a conference on 'Stroke' Rehabilitation, held in London, June 1962, and first published in the October 1961 issue of 'The Chest and Heart Bulletin'

We read a great deal about patients, their illnesses, disabilities, hopes and fears, but too little attention is paid, I think, to the relationship between the patient and the relative. By patient I mean anyone who because of disablement is partially or wholly dependent on someone else, and by relative I mean the person who, whatever the relationship between them may be, cares for such a patient.

Before we try to help the patient we must not only try to know *him* well, his character and his way of living and thinking, but we must also know the relative and the real relationship between the two. Most social workers have met the patient who should have been able to be cared for at home without the slightest difficulty. I have in mind a man whose wife was a state registered nurse with two school age children. She would certainly have had both the time and the skill to look after her husband and, on paper, the problem was solved. It fact it was not, because this woman hated her husband and, had he come home, she would have left him. On the other hand I know of a woman whose disablement was such that it seemed obvious that a hospital for chronics or some sort of institution would be necessary. Her husband was at work and would not be able to look after her—at least that is how it appeared at first sight. When I met the husband, however, it became clear that he had no intention of letting his wife go away but would give up his work, ask for National Assistance and look after her himself, and that she would probably get as much skilled help as in a Home and more devotion.

The wings of love

The real question is surely whether or not there is love between the patient and the relative. We are, quite rightly, not afraid of discussing a patient's sexual problems when necessary (though often only when

absolutely necessary and then in such an inhibited way that little help is given) but we fight shy of this much more important question, failing to realise that where there is love the seemingly impossible can often become possible and where there is no love little can be done. Duty will often carry the problem along on wheels but only love will carry it on wings, and only on wings can it be carried successfully.

One must, however, be realistic about it. It is no use, as in the two cases I have quoted, going by the facts as they seem on paper. One must know the people involved. Nor is it any use going by the facts as they ought to be. No one will blame a young son or daughter for not wanting to give up their life to care for a patient. There is no relationship, not even that of husband and wife or mother and child, in which one can count on love in the full sense of the word as St. Paul uses it. A young wife said to me of a patient that this was not the man she married so how could she be expected to go on loving him. Whether she could be expected to or not, she did not love him and a social worker cannot make plans based on the relationship as one might expect it to be. I think, however, this wife could be helped to see what is possible even in spite of the loss of love. Rilke puts it:

'Do not worry about your feelings, but act as if you had those which you would like to have. This is not done by making a mental effort, nor by seeking to feel that which you do not feel; but by simply doing without the feeling you have not got and behaving exactly as if you had it.'

Uncovering the truth

The first and most important thing, therefore, is to try to discover the true feelings between the patient and the relative. If there is love almost everything is possible. If there is not, there

is bound to be trouble. In addition one must remember that even where there is love there will probably be strain in the relationship. Whatever the patient was like before his disablement he will inevitably feel some frustration and this is likely to show itself in irritability. The relative, too, who has probably given up a good deal to look after the patient, will also tend to be irritable. And the two, of course, react on each other.

Then there is jealousy. It is natural for a disabled patient to feel this but it can cause great unhappiness to both parties. One feels sorry for the patient who is jealous but one must also feel sorry for the relative. I remember a young woman who had been as good as gold all through her husband's long illness and who said to me: 'if my husband goes on making me so miserable by his jealousy I shall end up by giving him just cause.' Here it certainly can help if one can make the relative understand *why* the patient is jealous, and sometimes just bringing a misery to the surface is enough to dispel it.

Imagination

I think one should try to make both patient and relative realise that for the

arrangement to work there must be imagination, understanding and good manners on both sides. It is obvious that the relative needs, for example, to be reminded how he himself feels with a very minor disability such as a bad cold and he must try to find the delicate balance between wounding the patient by ignoring his disability and irritating him by over-solicitousness, but it is perhaps less obvious that the patient needs to be reminded that his relative also has difficulties. We have often met the patient who thinks he gives no trouble at all whereas in fact the relative is wearing herself to the bone looking after him. And we have also met the patient who regards the care given to him as the duty the relative owes him and therefore no occasion for gratitude and who makes this quite clear. Of course the patient suffers most from his disability; but the relative too has something to put up with in the way of trouble, hard work and loss of liberty. One does not, or should not, do things for the gratitude one will receive; but most people work better if they are sometimes thanked. If one could get these two facts across to patients it would be enormously to their own advantage and to all those who try to help them.

COMMUNITIES AND SOCIAL CHANGE : IMPLICATIONS FOR SOCIAL WELFARE

This is the theme of the 5th British National Conference on Social Welfare, to be held in January 1964 under the chairmanship of Dr. Eileen Younghusband, C.B.E., LL.D., J.P.

The Conference will cover all aspects of the subject under eight main headings: I, Basic relationships between individuals, the family and the community; II, Community life in towns; III, Community life in the countryside; IV, Changing needs of different age groups; V, Community care for special groups; VI, Work and community life; VII, Contribution of statutory and voluntary services to the community; VIII, Research, knowledge and training.

Study groups have been set up all over the country and their reports are 'expected to provide an important part of the background material for the

Conference'. It is left very much to the discretion of each group how they should work and what aspect they should cover, but they are encouraged to concentrate on the problems within their own experience which are yet likely to be of general interest to the Conference.

The Guide to Study Groups mentions a number of International Conferences concerned with communities and social work and says 'This worldwide interest underlines the importance of the subject and its challenge. Yet in Britain, until very recently, community studies, practical community work and the training of community workers have been relatively neglected. The Conference and the study groups which are the basis for the Conference should do much to redress this position.'

Planning the Hospitals of the Future

by William Mackie, M.B.E., D.P.H.

Group Medical Superintendent, Perth General Hospitals

Digest of an article in 'The Lancet',

published by kind permission of the Editor

Hospital planning is still beset by the idea that a ward is the unit on which hospitals should be built. In the pre-sulphonamide and pre-antibiotic era, this was quite appropriate. Patients were admitted to hospital because they were acutely ill and needed constant nursing care. Nursing procedures were lengthy and frequent and were the principal therapeutic measures available. But nowadays the picture is vastly different.

So many patients are today admitted mainly for investigation and diagnosis. They are not ill in the sense that they need nursing care; even patients admitted for treatment are not dependent on nursing as formerly. As a result of the potent drugs and complex techniques of modern medicine, a great many patients today are ambulant or semi-ambulant, and largely able to take care of themselves in the normal activities of daily living.

The present hospital system needs to be altered to meet this new situation and allow the mobile patients to lead more normal and independent lives. There are two elements in hospital care—a personal and a treatment element. Most patients accept without question advice from doctors, nurses, and other technical staff about the

treatment element of their hospital care; they do not submit so readily to instructions which may restrict their personal activities. We should therefore make it possible for patients to accept responsibility as far as possible for their own personal services. Are ward rounds, for example, really necessary? Why should not patients who are able to do so go to the doctor instead of the doctor coming to the patients?

(The author then describes, textually and diagrammatically, the kind of hospital-cum-hostel he envisages, with a residential section separate from the treatment section).

A hospital designed in this way would allow administration to be more flexible. Patients would not be obliged to conform to a routine laid down mainly for the convenience of the staff. Provided the patients attended for examination or treatment when called upon to do so, which for the most is not very often in the 24 hours, they would within fairly wide limits be free to arrange for their own lives as they do at home, choosing their own time of waking, getting dressed for the day, and going for meals to a self-service dining room.

A Chance to Live

A B.B.C. Television programme

This was a programme instinct with promise. Promise that in the future all disabled people, whether blind or limbless or paralysed, will be helped by the ingenuity and mechanical skill of modern science to lead more and more active lives. The disabled people shown in the programme were already equipped with the means to overcome many of their problems.

As commentator, Michael Flanders was admirably matter of fact and had the advantage of being able to speak from the inside. His successful career

on the stage in a wheelchair has been a significant break-through into a formerly exclusively able-bodied world.

The part that made most impact was about the Thalidomide babies. Such beautiful babies with round, trusting eyes and plump little bodies, sitting in the 'flower pots' which allow them to balance, legless; being fitted with powered artificial arms. How unbearable that they should be born deformed. Yet it is some solace to realise they will have a better chance to live fully than any similar babies in the past.

There were so many marvels to take in that one felt ten programmes could have been made of the material. The sonic torch which enables a blind man to walk freely at a good pace, reflecting obstacles as radar does but by sound instead of on a screen. A device something like a pianola for blind people to read with. The small portable respirator invented during the polio epidemic in Denmark that breathes for those who cannot breathe for themselves. Electronic machines through which the totally paralysed can select operations such as turning on the wireless, opening the front door to a visitor, switching on an electric fire. . . . The virtuosity of these was matched by the devotion and enthusiasm of the teams of research workers who developed them. The Mary Marlborough Lodge Nuffield Research Unit, mentioned in the Spring issue of the Cheshire Smile, was one of the teams.

The time seems not too far away when quite severely handicapped people will be enabled by such contrivances to take a normal role in the world, to look after themselves and

earn their own livings. (In fact Jim Best, who was a resident at Le Court for some years, was shown being rehabilitated in just this way, with a hoist, electric indoor chair and arm rockers, so that he could live in a flat and teach painting.) One great snag they are likely to encounter is lack of social acceptance. And this was something too lightly passed over, as though the producer were appalled by the complexity of the subject or it were too painful to tackle adequately. Which is a pity, since without social acceptance the renovated disabled people will have all the same difficulties as negroes in a colour-conscious white community.

'A Chance to Live' was timely, for the public imagination has been stirred by the Thalidomide babies, so now is the moment to publicise these advances to the best effect. It was fascinating, both because of the mechanisms and the compassion, intelligence and drive which made them possible. Immediacy and humanity, two sure-fire ingredients of a good television programme.

The New Warwickshire Home, Sutton Coldfield

You, who are now at home in, or have established Homes in various parts of Britain and overseas, will no doubt give a very sincere Cheshire Smile to us, who are in the process of starting a new Home at Sutton Coldfield.

In your various ways you will know from your own experiences of the problems, some seemingly insurmountable, which appear from nowhere to block the path to the ultimate goal. To those whose Homes are still young, the high enthusiasm when the idea was born will still be fresh. You too will recall those who in their quite genuine doubts tended to damp the bright spark of determination with such cries as 'Too much money', or 'How can you raise it?' Perhaps you can remember how instead of being disheartened, the time came when some of those who may have had a doubt became staunch and welcome supporters of the cause.

Our deliberations have ranged for hours over many aspects of the project. Sometimes the cat has seemed well and truly among the

pigeons. It is pleasing to note, however, that the pigeons are all unscathed and only the cat—as in your magazine motif—has found his way into the wheelchair.

We have bought our Home. True we have had to borrow with high expenditure to do so. The local paper gave a rather daunting headline to a column on our enterprise with 'A Cheshire Home at Sutton—on a borrowed £13,500'. Never mind, we have just got the key.

In May we are having a Fashion Parade, our first public gesture, which will certainly bring our aims and our needs before the people of Birmingham and its environs. It would be easy to list all our plans, to tell you of our infectious enthusiasms, to recount the inspiration we have had from that most encouraging and most charming lady, Miss Margot Mason, but, of course, you know all that. But we can tell you we hope very shortly to announce that we have our first residents to make the Warwickshire Home *their home*.

MISS BROWN'S DREAM

The Yateley Industries for Disabled Girls

All over the country there is a scatter of sheltered workshops for the disabled, some started between the wars, some since. Few can be such a dream come true as the Yateley Industries, both from the practical angle and the humanitarian.

In 1932 Miss Brown, an orthopaedic nurse, sent for Miss Finch, a 19-year-old ex-patient of hers, and they started in the authentic success-story manner in a garage and cottage lent by a friend of Miss Brown's. Miss Brown had nursed a Maharajah's son in India and seen the beautiful block printing on textiles the Indians do with primitive tools. Here, she had thought, was something disabled girls in England could do. It did not need costly machinery, it could be done without too much effort by quite badly disabled girls and—since hand-processed goods are a specialised luxury trade in this country—it could create its own market. A hostel and small workshop were built by 1937. But then the war came and the business had to close down. As soon as the war was over Miss Brown said they would be restarted within six months. It seemed impossible, yet they were. The workshop became too cramped and they were not allowed by the authorities to build on, so after many difficulties the present site in Mill Lane was acquired and a new workshop built in 1952. The girls still lived in the old hostel at the other end of the village, though, and had to travel to and fro each day. The industries slowly expanded, often facing hard times but somehow overcoming them, gradually getting more buildings (including a hostel) and better equipment. In 1956 Miss Brown's second dream materialised. Bungalows were added to the living quarters where the girls could lead independent, normal lives.

Stages of processing

To be taken on a tour of the different stages in processing is fascinating. In a small laboratory off the main workshop the chemicals are

mixed for the dyes; in another recessed room the lino is cut for new blocks, and hundreds of other linocuts are stacked on the shelves. (Many of the designs are classical Indian but a flourishing current sideline is for dogs, the details of the breeds as precise as Dinky toys). In the main workshop the actual blocking is done. Some of the girls must follow exact specifications, others—such as the one who decorates Turkish towels—can use their own initiative to some extent. Every day Miss Finch, who is forewoman, and Evelyn, another of the girls, who is assistant forewoman, lay out the fabrics and linocuts and dyes for the next day's work, so that each girl can go in first thing in the morning, collect her raw materials, take them to her work-bench and get straight on. Leading out of the workshop is the section where the fabrics are steamed to set the dye, washed, dried and ironed. Through a door off that is the sewing room, built last year and equipped with a bank of electric sewing machines down the middle, with space around for ironing the made-up garments and also cutting out materials.

The hostel

In the hostel, which is looked after by a Warden, the girls have double bedrooms. When there is a vacancy in a bungalow they graduate to a single room. Most of the bungalows have four single bedrooms, kitchen and bathroom leading out of the large livingroom. Apart from having their mid-day meals and a cup of tea on weekdays in the pleasantly uninstitutional dining room in the main buildings, the girls in the bungalow fend for themselves; catering, cooking, washing up, doing the housework, entertaining their friends. (Many of the girls marry able-bodied men and leave to start homes of their own). They work a five-day week and most of them have petrol- or electric-driven outdoor chairs, so their lives are as nearly like those of ordinary industrial workers as it's possible to be. There-

is a Ministry of Labour training scheme which pays for two-year courses of training, after which the Industries pays them a £5 a week wage. They pay insurance, 16/- a week rent, heating and other expenses out of this.

Administration

At Yateley there are three able-bodied members of the Administration: Mrs. Flynn, the Workshop Superintendent, who also acts as representative, travelling around the country selling at Shows and taking orders from shops; Major Payne, the Secretary; and the Warden of the

hostel. There's a handyman who services the transport, fills the scuttles for the fires in each bungalow, tends the garden, and so on. And kitchen staff for the mid-day meals and tea breaks. Otherwise the 42 disabled women are themselves responsible for the smooth running of the Industries. This gives the place a spirit of proper pride and co-operation that many able-bodied concerns could profitably copy. A visit to the Yateley Industries is not only memorable for the colour and beauty of the products, but also for the feeling that *this* is the way disabled ventures should be run, organically, from within.

CHESHIRE HOMES STAMP CLUB

by Edwin Hand of 'Heatherley' Cheshire Home, Crawley, Sussex

During the past few months I am glad to say that this club has made a modest beginning with ten to a dozen of the Cheshire Homes providing members in Great Britain. Largely due to the generosity of visitors to our Home here in Crawley, who have been interested in this idea of a Cheshire Homes Stamp Club for 'swopping' between us, we have accumulated quite a number of foreign stamps. These are being distributed gradually amongst the members, who put in some of their own 'swops', after taking out what they want for their collection, and pass them on to the next member on the list.

I hope eventually to extend this club to the Cheshire Homes abroad, though I fear this may mean a little postal delay; but I am sure our British collectors would understand. So if any of our friends in the overseas Cheshire Homes would like to join our club, they would be more than welcome, and would they kindly write to me saying so. Meanwhile, if there is anything the writer can do to help his fellow Cheshire stamp enthusiasts, such as identifying 'awkward' stamps

(of out-of-the-way countries), he will be very pleased to do so.

The result of our stamp competition was a resounding victory for Mrs. Dot Hooker, a patient at this Home, and the cup now rests proudly on her locker for this year. Mention must be made also of a fine Aden collection by Mr. John Holland (one of 'Heatherley's' friends) and a fine general collection by Mr. Tom King of the Edinburgh Cheshire Home. Perhaps next year we shall have more collectors going in for the competition, as, understandably, most members were primarily interested in joining for the exchanging of the stamps, to begin with.

Speaking for myself, I was extremely glad of philately as a most absorbing and interesting hobby during the bleak spell of weather last winter. I find, however, that one's interest in stamp-collecting naturally tends to wane during the warmer summer and autumn months, when you obviously can enjoy outdoor activities; so I propose that we put off the next swopping packet, after April, until later on in October.

THE HONG KONG HOME

We now have 25 patients installed, with room for 10 more before using any of the upper terrace. They all seem quite happy, and usually improve considerably in health after they have been resident here for a while. Their quarters are cheerful and well kept; in addition we now have two Nissen huts—one of which is used as a recreation room and for meals, the other as a men's ward.

The recreation room is quite pleasant. We have been trying to interest the patients in doing things with their hands. One man makes very good baskets, and other things from plastic rattan. Two patients make small ladies' bags—envelope type; another elderly lady does plastic flowers.

The R.A.F. Civilian Club had their Annual Fair in January, and we sent along what wares we had available to make up a stall. Half the proceeds of the fair are to be given to the Home.

Another patient who had suffered a stroke has recovered sufficiently to take an interest in gardening; two others keep chickens.

We have found a very suitable Chinese lady to run the Home. She is a most capable person—a widow—and lives at the Home with her sister. Apart from her, we have an orderly, a cook, two amahs, and an odd job man. The Home is running fairly smoothly, and we feel it is a 'going concern'.

We are planning to build a new home at Kwun Tong on the Kowloon side where we hope to be able to care for 100 to 120 patients—not en masse, but housed in smaller groups in accordance with the ideals of the Cheshire Foundation. We have applied to the Government, and we are about to start an appeals drive. It is estimated we shall require HK\$500,000.00 to build the new Home, and it is hoped to find a good part of this 'in kind'.

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A Visit to India

by Wilfrid Russell

Trustee, Cheshire Foundation Homes (U.K.)

I was lucky enough to visit India last winter accompanying my Chairman, Lord Godber, and his wife, on a strenuous business trip which embraced not only India but also Pakistan, both east and west, and which involved the inspection of no less than twenty-three major factories. The tour included visits to the Sui Gas wells in the desert of Baluchistan, factories and financial institutions in Bombay, calls on several Ministers of the central cabinet in Delhi, and a pretty thorough tour through the great industrial complex of eastern India and Calcutta. We ended up in Madras. So there was not much time on the way round to have a quick look at Cheshire Homes.

Mrs. D. Rawley

Nevertheless, I was able to get away on Republic Day, 26th January, and was very kindly lent a car by the Burmah-Shell organisation to motor the two hundred odd miles each way from Delhi to Dehra Dun and back where I had lunch with Auntie Dot Rawley, Ava Dhar and John Martyn. Auntie Dot has been the welfare officer at Raphael since it began, and has done an immense amount for the settlement. So much so that her health has broken down and she has had to give up the work for the time being. I had a letter from Ava Dhar the other day saying that she was better and that her condition was certainly improving with the enforced rest. Her house is in the cantonment area not very far from Pritam Road, where the Dehra Dun Home is situated in the large and roomy house which was originally given to G.C. by the Maharani of Nabha, a gift for which we must all be so very grateful. Raphael, of course, is on the far side of the Rispana River, across a wide expanse of stony river bed, which for most of the year is dry but in the rainy season, from July or earlier through until October, is a roaring torrent of melted snow-waters which hurtle down at terrifying speed from

the Himalayas above, and to the north.

It was the constant journeys across the river in all weathers which exhausted Auntie Dot, and which are such a trial for Ava Dhar and the others who look after this growing settlement.

Mrs. Ava Dhar

Ava Dhar is the genius who presides with calmness and strength over this community. She lives in a simple bed-sitting-room, on the first floor of the Cheshire Home at Pritam Road, where she also has her little office and storeroom. It is here that she works out the detailed accounts of the settlement which come to G.C., Sue and myself every quarter. Mrs. Thakur Das, the driving spirit of the Cheshire Home, whom I also met on that unforgettable afternoon, has with her committee allowed Ava to keep the top floor of their Home as the office, home and stores-headquarters of Raphael.

John Martyn, the third member of the little lunch party, is known all over India as the Headmaster of India's finest public school, the Doon School. Ever since Margot Mason arrived there in 1956 with Syney Whiffing and two others to camp out in the empty Nabha Palace, John Martyn has helped the Home in innumerable ways, and later Raphael across the river.

After lunch, we drove across the dried-up river bed, up the steep bank on the far side and stopped among the sal trees at the entrance to the beautiful village of white bungalows and paths which is the leper settlement. We were taken round with Mr. Gupta, the kindly contractor who has built this remarkable model village, and has been so very patient about his bills, which the G.C. and Sue are paying off as rapidly as they can with the wonderful help of organisations like OXFAM, and now with growing support from the Homes in Britain. There are nearly sixty cured lepers in the village, each family with its own

separate house and everything beautifully clean. And now they are being persuaded to send their children to the charming little children's Home a quarter of a mile away in the sal trees to the north, where they are growing up happily, and let us hope free of the danger of infection. This little two-storied house is called 'Sue's Home'.

Finally there is the lovely Home for backward children of whom there are now between twenty and thirty. Since the remarkable Australian girl, Pamela Breslin, went back to her own country to get married after her two years with these children, their care has been in the hands of devoted Indian nuns. Before driving back in the evening to Delhi I was shown round the Cheshire Home at Pritam Road by Mrs. Thakur Das and was cheered and inspired by the way in which the Home was being run on true Cheshire lines in the spirit of happiness and simplicity which has always been the G.C.'s aim. It was a lovely Saturday. Sadly I had no chance to visit the Delhi Home which paradoxically is only eight miles out of New Delhi!

Jamshedpur

During a hectic programme of factories, steel works and receptions I was able to squeeze half an hour with Lady Godber at the children's Home at Jamshedpur. We were taken round by Mr. Murphy of the Tinplate Company, who has done so much for this Home during its five years' existence. Colonel Kak of the Tata Locomotive and Engineering Company was also there. He has done a great deal for the Home also, and loves the children who seem to be happy in their beautiful surroundings, for this is one of the most peaceful and serene of all the Indian Homes in its thirty-five acre estate of fruit trees and ponds.

In one corner of the huge compound there is a modern chicken farm with several hundred birds whose eggs are sold in Jamshedpur, and which provide a useful income for the Home. This fine building and the chickens, too, were donated by Mr. Moolgaonkar, the brilliant engineer and Managing Director of the Tata Engineering and Locomotive Company, who was enthused by the Cheshire idea as a result of talks with Leslie Sawhny,

also a Director of the great Tata industrial group, and who was two years ago the Chairman of the Indian Foundation. Lady Godber was most impressed with the work being done in this Home.

Covelong

The last Home I saw was Covelong, twenty miles south of Madras. The lovely house on the beach which was given to G.C. by the Archbishop, Father Joseph, the parish priest, showed me round, and I was astonished at the spirit of self help among this small community of disabled people, for at the time I called there happened to be no Matron, and no staff that I could see. A new Matron was due to arrive from another part of the vast sub-continent in a few days' time, and in the meanwhile with Father Joseph to watch over them in his spare time, the patients were looking after each other in a way that astonished me and would have been a great delight to the G.C., if he could have been there. How they all wished that he could have been: Charlie Chalke, Mary, Michael and the rest of them.

Charlie Chalke, a strong personality, the all-round handyman at Covelong

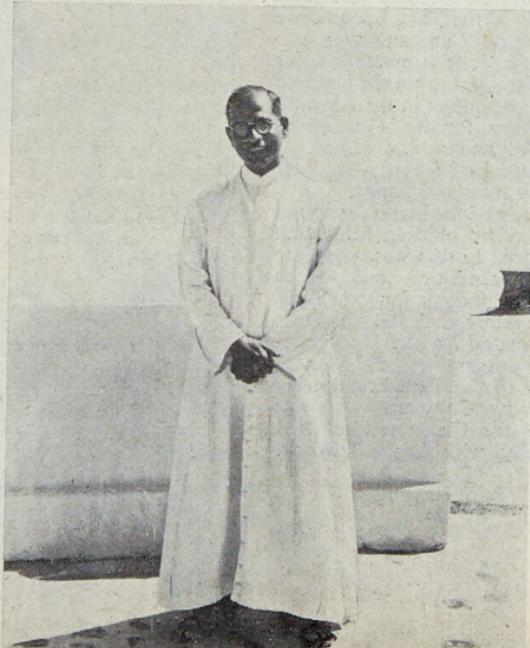


THE COVELONG HOME, NEAR MADRAS



A group of patients

Father Joseph, the R.C. parish priest of Covelong Village



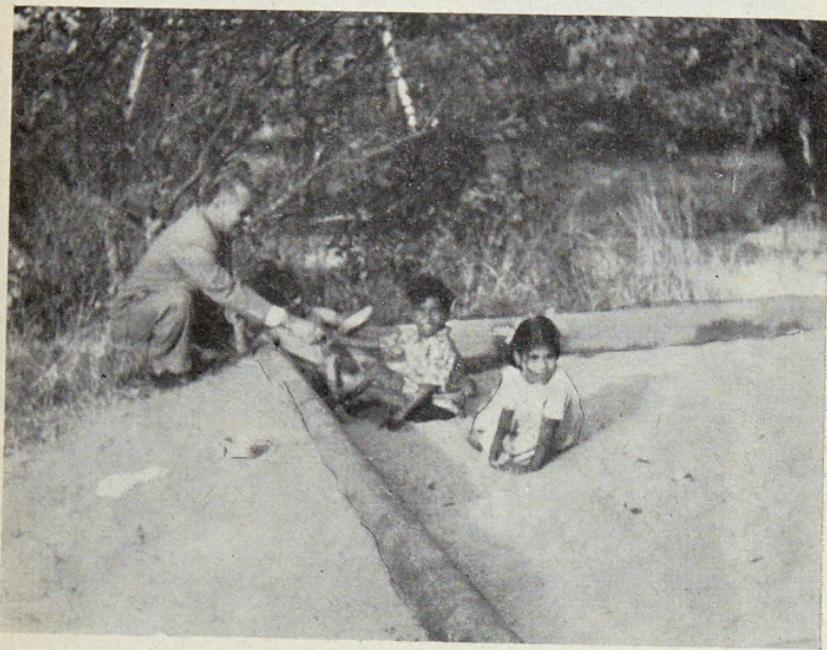


The building

Some of the patients at Covelong. In the centre is Mary, who has no legs; she is a beautiful worker in lace and petit-point. She has just made a lace table-cloth for Miss Margot Mason



THE CHILDREN'S HOME, JAMSHEDPUR



Lady Godber (wife of Lord Godber, Chairman of Commonwealth Development Finance Co. Ltd., who toured India in January/February 1963) talking to Col. Kak, on the Jamshedpur Committee, and one of the nuns





Col. Kak making friends with one of the children



Poem from a Nigerian Boy

Oluyole Cheshire Home,
Ibadan,
Nigeria.

Dear brother,

Please I will like you to publish this poem below which I have formed myself in your next publication. Please I am a boy of 14 who lived at Cheshire Home in Ibadan, Nigeria, and I hope you will reply soon, and in my mind I wish to be your friend.

I will like to see your publication and see my poem in it, and if it cannot be possible, write and let me know, because I am anxious to see it published. I hope you will do the best for me. Please correct my errors.

I will like to see what you think of my poem when you write to me soon. Greet everybody for me over there. May God bless you.

Yours sincerely,
Clement Hjayi.

KINDNESS

How good is it for a man to be kind
And do good for those he never knew before
And pioneer of good virtues
So kind that mouth could never say.
By these kindnesses many were rescued
Many were satisfied, and
Many were put to right life
And my dream upon these kindnesses keeps
Revealing every day. And make me to do
Something better.
A thought came into my mind, saying:
His reward shall not be in this world,
But in heaven with God Almighty. Where
He will sit on Golden Throne. And become
One of God's highest Saints in Heaven. I wish
to be kind in my life so that I will be a
God's Saint. And enjoy everlasting life.

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?

QUALITY RECORDING TAPES in sealed boxes. 220' L.P., 4s. 6d. to Cheshire Home residents, postage 6d. The Elegreba Press, Greathouse, Kington Langley, Chippenham, Wilts.

SHELL FIGURES and **SHELL-COVERED BOXES**. Gay figures and brightly-coloured trinket or cigarette boxes. Enquiries: Miss J. Barnfield, Greathouse, Kington Langley, Chippenham, Wilts.

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from

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Spofforth Commentary

During the last few months we have passed through a difficult phase, possibly the most difficult period in the history of the home. The word 'crisis' has often been used, but we firmly believe that the visit of the Group Captain on the 10th April, when he met the Management Committee and also the residents, will be the start of a much brighter era.

We have now our own motor vehicle, which was used for the first time in connection with our visit to 'Oklahoma' reported elsewhere. It is a second-hand ambulance, but seems a 'solid job' and should fill a long-felt want.

A presentation on behalf of the residents and staff was made to Miss P. Pratt, S.R.N., who had resigned for personal reasons on March 9th. On receiving the presents, Miss Pratt, speaking with some emotion, said she was sorry she had found it necessary to leave, but would always regard us as her friends. She has been very good to us and will be sadly missed.

Our Evening Class term is now finished. The Embroidery and Rug-making class proved to be very popular, and some very nice articles were made. We are sorry to hear that Mr. Corbett cannot continue to give us History lectures, and feel we are losing an old friend.

Our Fete this year will be held on July 6th.

Joseph Twist (Resident)

CONCERT IN AID OF OVERSEAS HOMES

At the time of going to press, preparations are well in hand for the important Concert at Central Hall, Westminster, on Friday May 31st, to raise money for Cheshire Homes overseas. The London Medical Orchestra includes in its programme Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4, with Hephzibah Menuhin as soloist. Sir Adrian Boult is the guest conductor and patron.

Seven Rivers Extensions – and Newcomers

Friends who knew us in the old days will be delighted at the transformation of the Home on their next visit, for the whole house has been redecorated and rewired. The oil-fired central heating has been much appreciated during the bitterly cold spell, although it is very costly to run. Some of the old brick floors have been relaid with thermoplastic tiles and the wooden floors are due to be power-scrubbed and polished. Gone are the drab rooms and dark corners and, like a newly spring-cleaned house, this has had a marked effect on the whole atmosphere of the Home, and outlook of those who live there. As a result, this has been an expensive

year, but we have been greatly helped by a loan from the Perry Watlington Trust towards the extensions. These have provided staff bedrooms and dining room, amongst other amenities, resulting in extra room to accommodate patients who now number 23, shortly to be made up to our full complement of 26.

We have been pleased to welcome four newcomers this year—Charles, aged 18; Basil, who until Christmas Eve was working at Marconi's, Chelmsford; Grace, an S.R.N.; and Henry from Ipswich. We are sure that they all have much to contribute to the family, and hope that they will be happy amongst us.

Honresfeld – Policy on Staff and Patients

From the Chairman's Report, Joint Support Group Meeting, February, 1963

The Staff Establishment is not fully filled yet, and we are still advertising for two more Nursing Sisters. The Management Committee feels that the accommodation we have to offer is not up to standard for senior nursing staff, and we may have to buy or rent a house locally in order to attract staff.

After further investigation and much thought and discussion, it has been decided that we cannot keep beds

vacant in the hope of filling them with less-serious cases, and the beds are now being given to people from the waiting list. As these are heavy nursing cases, more staff will be needed and expenses will rise, and also in consequence we may need to replan the new extension wing which we hope to build in the near future. Dr. Beswick suggested that we may profitably consider installing some mechanical aids for handicapped patients.

West Riding Incident

Former Police Inspector Mr. Leslie Tirebuck, Administrative Officer of the West Riding Cheshire Homes, referees football league matches in his spare time. Recently, whilst he was officiating at a Cup semi-final between Bury and Birmingham City,

stones were thrown by spectators. The Birmingham goalkeeper was hit twice, and Mr. Tirebuck called three policemen to patrol behind this goal, reporting the Bury Club to the Football League after the game. Birmingham won the match 4-3.

White Windows Departures

Miss I. Jackson, the Secretary of White Windows for the past four years, left our services to take up an appointment in Worcestershire, and Mrs. O'Brien has stepped into her shoes.

Another person who will be greatly missed at White Windows, after working at the Home for five years, is Sister McLaren, who has retired to her native Cumberland.

Kenmore. News – Bulletin

It is with pride and pleasure that we announce the extensions to the Home are to be officially opened by Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal, on Wednesday, June 26th, 1963. A full report and photographs of this great occasion will appear in the September issue of the 'Cheshire Smile'.

As Editor of the 'Kenmore Newsletter' I applaud the decision of the 'C.S.' to curtail the feature 'News from the Homes', after this issue. I have felt for a long time that such news can best be conveyed in newsletter form locally. There are, however, two points I would like to make concerning such newsletters: (1) A few, which I have the pleasure of receiving, give me the impression they are written by a DISABLED resident (as distinct from the—presumably—able-bodied Staff resident) when, in fact, I know such is not the case. If for any reason there is not such talent—or, yes, let's face it, interest—then be honest and say it is written by the Chairman, Secretary, Welfare or Administration Officer, or W.H.Y. Nothing is more painful to the trained eye than deception... particularly when there is no need to fool anyone—if sincerity be the keynote, as it assuredly is, in all Homes. (2) To those of us who are disabled and compile these sheets, let's try to learn the art of presentation and put out the best we can... even if it is not meant to be a 'journalistic work of art'. In any case there are a number of professional writers in Cheshire Homes who could help in this respect, so what about it?

By the time you read this the number of disabled residents at Kenmore will be over twenty, and we shall rapidly be reaching 'Full-House'.

The most generous gift of a television set for the sun-lounge, by Sir William and Lady Fenton, has been received with warm appreciation by the residents. Thanks to this most generous and kind-hearted gift it is now possible to enjoy the choice of either channel without diplomacy having to be exercised.

On the 17th January, the second annual party, to mark the opening of 'Kenmore' as a Cheshire Home, was held. These celebrations are sponsored by the Resident's Welfare Committee, and are rapidly becoming an established feature of the Kenmore calendar.

Late in January we mourned the sudden sad loss of our youngest and much loved member of the family—Tony Fox, aged 18 years. His courage and uncomplaining attitude to life, in the face of severe handicap, was a great source of wonder and encouragement to all of us, and to those who had the pleasure of helping him... we shall miss him very much.

By the time you read this it is hoped that another successful annual Garden Fete will have been held. The opening ceremony is to be performed by Mr. Roger Moffat, a well-known TV personality who will no doubt be a great attraction.

Dudley V. Kitching
(disabled resident)

DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE

(to be published early September)

We beg all correspondents and contributors to the Autumn issue to take notice that copy must be received at the Editorial Office by July 22nd at the latest, in order to have a chance of being published. No further reminder of this date will be sent to the Homes, so please make a note of it in your diaries.

At Mayfield House Recently

Some parts of the house are looking brighter, the basement with new lighting, new linoleum and newly painted, and in the bathrooms new lino tiles have been laid.

Some of our gang formed part of the audience at a recording of the B.B.C.'s 'Heather Mixture' broadcast on the Light programme at 6.30 p.m. on the 13th April. The show was another experience enjoyed by the Merry Mayfielders, who somehow managed to coax the producer into mentioning the Home during the broadcast—free publicity! An appeal was made on behalf of the Cheshire Homes in Scotland on the Home service of the B.B.C. on Easter Sunday by Lord Kilbrandon.

Physiotherapy classes are held every other week in the auditorium with Miss Blackwood and her team of

charming young ladies in attendance. The aim is to encourage, and where possible, to develop movement in our old aching limbs. Mostly our classes take the form of games rather than exercises and are enjoyed by the majority.

On alternate weeks we go swimming and we can recommend this as the best way of exercising. Permission was given for us to use the swimming pool at the Thistle Foundation, a settlement for disabled ex-servicemen in Craigmillar. The pool was built and designed for the disabled, and so is ideally suited to our purpose. We enjoy so much our 'splashing time' and are very grateful to the people of the Thistlewood Foundation for their generous help.

B. McLaughlin

Sir Edward Appleton at Mayfield

As a regular feature every other Saturday morning, Mr. Findlay, minister of St. Serfs (the local church of which quite a few of us are members), invites a member of some trade or profession to talk on any subject in which they are experienced. On 9th February, Sir Edward Appleton kindly accepted Mr. Findlay's invitation and gave a very interesting talk on 'Space and the Ionosphere', a subject on which we know Sir Edward to be a

real expert. After he finished his talk he invited us to ask questions, but as Sir Edward gave us such a lucid explanation of the subject, only one or two questions were asked and these were ably answered by our visitor.

As time was so short, we had to say goodbye, but we made it quite clear that he would be most welcome to come again.

James Leishman

The most Professional Drama Group in the Cheshire Homes

Surely the St. Teresa's Concert Party and Drama Group must be the most experienced and accomplished of all those in our Homes. During the last few years they have played to audiences all over their county of Cornwall, raising money both for their welfare fund, and for Group Captain Cheshire's work overseas, especially the International Settlement, Raphael, at Dehra Dun, India.

In January, the Concert Party and Drama Group were the guests and entertainers at the annual dinner of the Penzance Townswomen's Guild, which took place in the Marine

Hotel, Penzance. The Mayor and Mayoress were present, and after dinner the St. Teresa's boys and girls gave their one-act comedy 'A Cure for Husbands' (written and produced by 'Sparks'). This was followed by a few items from the concert party, a song from Len Dipsell, piano solos from Enid, group songs by 'The Boys', and a monologue from 'Sparks'.

'The Boys'—with Enid—were again at the Marine Hotel in February, on the occasion of the eleventh birthday party and dinner of the Mousehole Women's Institute. They provided some of the entertainment after dinner.

Holme Lodge goes on holiday — and the house is redecorated

As I write this, the residents, with Matron and half of the staff, are setting off for a week's holiday at Skegness. They are staying at the lovely camp run by the Derbyshire Miners' Welfare Fund.

While they are away the rest of the male staff, including our chef Mr. Thackeray, are redecorating the kitchen and two of the bedrooms.

Unfortunately our oldest inhabitant, Cecil Briggs, was unable to join them as he is seriously ill in Nottingham General Hospital, but it is hoped that he will soon be well enough to come back to us.

Young Mavis has not yet recovered from her exciting evening at the Second Nottingham Youth Ball, the fantastic Jive Dance organised for and by the Youth of Nottinghamshire, which looks as though it will again raise more than £200 for the Home. The 1,200 young people made a great fuss of Mavis and cheered her when she spoke to them over the microphone.

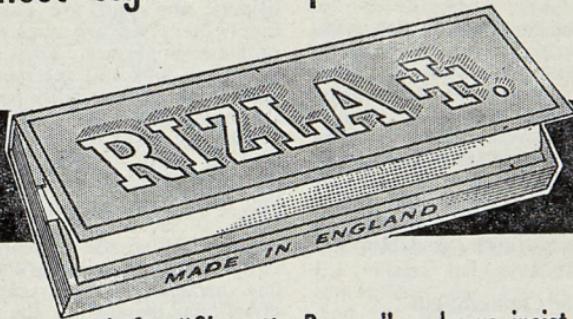
Owing to the weather we have not been able to complete arrangements to admit all the additional eleven residents, but in a week or two this will be achieved. We have however welcomed Gerald Bampton who has come to stay with us for a month or two from Shepshed in Leicestershire.

Already the extension we built is proving insufficient and deep discussion is going on. It would not surprise me if further building was to take place in the very near future.

Much fun has been had recently because a local square dancing club has arranged for the residents to take part in dancing sessions in their wheelchairs. It looks as though the dances will become a regular event.

We are all looking forward to a visit from Dr. Farrell in a week or so and are hoping that he will enjoy his stay with us and will not miss too much his lovely Surrey Home at 'Heatherley'.

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RIZLA
WORLD'S LARGEST SALE

Miracles happen Now

by Mervyn Molesworth

This story of Heatherley appeared in 'Church Illustrated' and is reproduced by kind permission of the Editor

Rowland and Pamela Farrell are the heroes of the story. Group Captain Leonard Cheshire, V.C., is its inspiring genius. It all started with suffering—without suffering, indeed, it would not have happened.

The wartime hero who found that atom bombs exploded his complacency and drove him to found the Cheshire Homes and find a Christian faith is well-known. Less known is the way in which that miracle has triggered off a series of other miracles, each of them bringing new hope and fellowship to sufferers—like 'Heatherley' in Sussex.

Rowland Farrell, as Cheshire himself, had been a wartime pilot. Following the war he qualified as a doctor and he, his wife Pamela and their two small sons were all set up with a promising practice near Crawley. The tragedy came in the form of multiple sclerosis for Rowland and it looked like the end of everything—until he was offered a month in a Cheshire Home.

He enjoyed that month. But to the other patients it meant even more, for here was a man whose sparkling personality could raise their spirits. He was asked to visit other Cheshire Homes. He was made Welfare Officer to all the Homes. He became a regular contributor to the B.B.C.'s 'Silver Lining' programme. Then Pamela decided she had to find an outlet for her gratitude. And 'Heatherley' is the result.

The Carnival Stall

It began in 1960 when she rigged up a stall at the Crawley Carnival Ground and collected her first £40. The ball had started to roll and the support of Lord Denning, Chairman of the Cheshire Foundation and the Crawley Round Table gave it further impetus. So a Committee was formed and within nine months £3,500 had been found, and a suitable house—'Heatherley' near Copthorne. With

the assistance of a mortgage, the property was bought for £10,000 and work began converting a rather old-fashioned house into an approved Home suitable for wheelchair people.

May 1st 1961 was the date fixed for the arrival of the first thirteen people selected from a pathetically long list. Nobody believed this possible but the workmen performed wonders—their employer said he's never seen people work like it before and official recognition as an approved Home arrived in the nick of time. Half the village of Copthorne turned out to scrub floors, hang curtains and move furniture. 'Heatherley' had started complete with the aid of the cheerful noises of the Village Band. The struggle to find funds was far from over but neither inspiration nor effort were wanting.

The Family

The residents know themselves as the 'Heatherley Family'. Presided over by Matron with her nurses and helpers, the staff are part of the family life. They are much more than ordinary employees. They put more into their jobs and get more out of them. The responsibility for running the house lies with a Management Committee under the inspiring leadership of Pam Farrell. Each of its members, drawn from many walks of life, does a real job of work, so the Home is saved much administrative expense. Hundreds of people voluntarily assist in running the Home: one arranges flowers, others give diversional therapy for the residents, some look after the linen, and once every week a voluntary hairdresser comes to give the ladies of the family a 'hair-do'.

Cheshire Philosophy

The methods of financing the Home and its projects can scarcely be called orthodox. The Cheshire philosophy is that if in faith you try hard enough for a thing which is a truly worthy

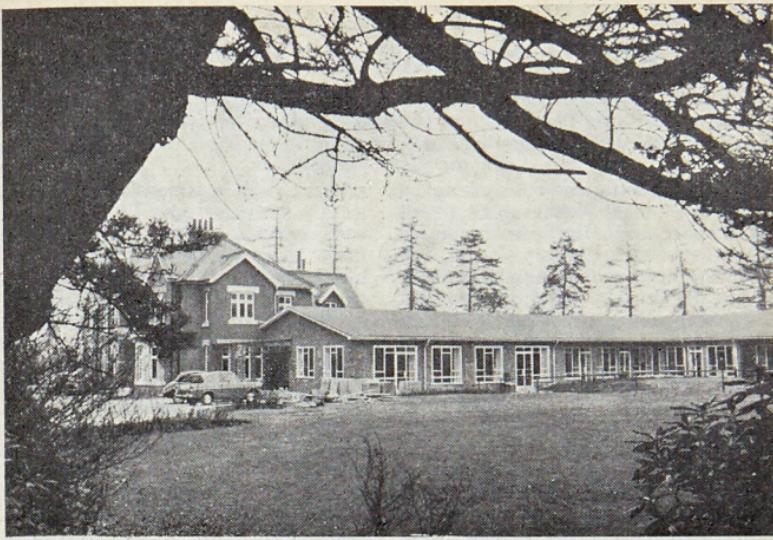


Photo: Maillard

A view of the extensions to the main building

object, you will get it in the end. And that is exactly what does seem to happen.

Until recently, 'Heatherley' could only hold thirteen residents and could never be run economically. So it was planned to take up to thirty-eight. The contract for this new work involved another £24,000. There was enough money collected to pay only the first three instalments. Since then, as each instalment has become due for payment, the money, in some miraculous way, has come in just at the right time. The extensions are now complete. They include a small chapel, which can be used by all denominations—the story here is particularly illuminating.

The cheque book

I happened to be at 'Heatherley' one weekend myself, feeling a bit worried by finance. A visitor, whom we didn't know, was walking round the new buildings with Mrs. Farrell, and when she got to the room which was to be the Chapel, she said 'Do you think you could manage to hold a service here on Christmas Day? If so, I'd like to help.' We said we thought we could (and we did), thereupon she quietly took out her cheque book and

wrote us out a cheque for £1,000. I began to see the point of the Cheshire philosophy.

The way in which 'Heatherley' got its Treasurer was perhaps rather extraordinary too. My wife had persuaded me one evening, rather against my will, to go to a village meeting to hear about a new Cheshire Home someone was thinking of starting there. At the end, when volunteers were asked for to look after the money side, to my great surprise, I found my own little hand up! Little did I imagine then what was in store for me.

One could go on to write about the amazing effect which the opening of the Homes has had upon the life of the village, the wonderfully happy atmosphere, the way in which the staff has worked, and the wonders performed by the contractor's men working on the place, the gifts in cash and kind—for example no furniture of any sort had to be purchased, because so much had been given.

For myself, I am convinced that the birth of 'Heatherley' has been just one of the many miracles which still happen today if we have the eyes to recognise them.

Rosa's Holiday at Copthorne

Miss Rosa Searle, Chairman of the I.T.A. Bournemouth & District Group, joined the family at Heatherley Cheshire Home last year. She wrote the following article for the Group's Newsletter after spending a holiday period at the Home. We reproduce it by kind permission of the Editor.

My visit to Heatherley was undertaken with very mixed feelings. It's true I had spoken to the powers-that-be about entering a Cheshire Home, and knowing little or nothing about them, I was delighted to have the opportunity of spending a fortnight's holiday there, and so glean first-hand knowledge of the workings of a Cheshire Home. Alas, as the day drew nearer I must confess my spirits sank lower and lower, I comforted myself by saying it's only for a fortnight! The trip to Copthorne was very interesting, being all fresh ground to me, and I thoroughly enjoyed it, eventually to come upon Heatherley, a large house nestling in the heart of the country, and I drove through the gates up to the side of the house where a large new wing had just been built and opened. There I received such a warm welcome from sister and several others, that I was simply amazed! I then had a cup of tea, after which matron took me to my bedroom, and chatted to me and put me quite at ease, after which we wandered back to the front door and I took my trike to the car park. Upon entering the door again I met Daphne and Gwen Ebden, two I.T.A. members of Southend Group, whom I had met before in their own home two years ago when visiting Southend. Well, that just made my day for me!

After this we adjourned to a lovely light dining room for our evening meal. By now my mind was in a whirl. Everyone was so friendly and the atmosphere so happy, I just couldn't believe it. I honestly can't say what I had expected, but it was certainly nothing like this, and so it remained the whole fortnight. There was over thirty of us in house chairs, all merry and bright. The new wing looked very light, with each room having one side all glass window looking out onto the grounds. Each room was decorated in a different colour scheme giving a gay effect to the whole place. It was all flat and one could move around at ease.

There was a small chapel where weekly services are held for those who wish to attend them. Then in the house there was a TV room, a small library and a quiet room, toilets, bathrooms, everything on one floor and easily accessible for everyone. Then in the grounds, a short way from the main building, a wooden building was being completed for occupational therapy, which is called 'The Ark'. So much for the layout of Heatherley, set in lovely grounds where one can wander at will, or just sit and read. It is difficult to mention the services, they think and cater for everything, someone shopping for you each week, hairdressing, chiropodist, even a Ministry repairer checking all chairs to ensure they are running easily. My house-chair has taken on a new lease of life since this attention and refuses to stay in the garage without brakes on! While I am writing this my mind is wandering back to think of something they have forgotten, but I'm afraid its nil! The home has even a coach. Someone has used their brains and had all but the back seats removed, and then a metal rail fixed to the floor. They can now load fourteen house-chairs, residents aboard, into the coach, and fix one wheel of each chair to the rail, and so prevent any movement, and hey-presto, we're off! Then there are the friends of Heatherley. People, bless them, who lay on entertainment for the home, take residents for car trips, and do a hundred and one little things which often mean so much to a chair-bound person. One is free to come and go at will, and I learned that the Cheshire Homes work on the principle of making the buildings they acquire into home-from-home for all those who live in them, expecting in return courtesy, co-operation and happiness among the residents, and I enjoyed and liked it so much that I am now looking forward to returning and living with them all! In fact to joining the happy family of Cheshire Home people.

POSTSCRIPT

After writing the above I returned to Heatherley in the August to join the family, and after eight months with them I am still of my first opinion, that they are a grand happy family. Words are very inadequate to express what I feel and think of the wonderful people who come here voluntarily to help in any way. They must often feel frustrated at times, but have hearts and understanding to rise above these petty hurts, and realize just how we the recipients feel.

I myself must admit that settling down has not been easy, after always living in a comfortable home, and being my own mistress for many

years; this kind of life was very different, and these first months were a mixture of gratitude and frustration for me.

Again, I was rather perturbed at sharing a bedroom, having all my life had a room of my own, but after these months I have grown very fond of my companions. We all four like our little corner of the room, and respect one another's privacy when the curtains are pulled across. I would hate to be alone now. I am slowly finding my niche in the life of the family, asking each day for strength and understanding to rise above the little petty hurts, which are really not there.

Heatherley. Theatre Outings in January, 1963

Although January 1963 was of near arctic conditions, it will be a memorable month for most of us at Heatherley as our theatre-outing month. It began on January 11th with a visit to London's Festival Hall to see the Festival Ballet dance 'The Nutcracker'. The music of this ballet is wonderful, and the dancing superb. After the performance we went backstage on our way to the artist's lift, which was to take us to the restaurant to have tea. We were able to meet some of the dancers, looking very unlike the ethereal creatures they were on the stage, in their thick make-up, and false eye-lashes. We had tea in the restaurant overlooking the Thames, with London alive in the background with myriads of winking lights. The manager and his staff could not have been kinder, and to them and every one of the many people who made this venture such a success, goes our very sincere thanks.

A week later on January 17th we set off again, this time to attend a

Gala performance of The Royal Ballet at West Croydon, Fairfield Hall. We went into the Peggy Ashcroft Theatre. Live ballet was presented by Vic Oliver for the first time, and consisted of excerpts from 'The Nutcracker', 'Swan Lake', 'Sleeping Beauty' and modern Ballet. The evening was a great success, and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves in this bright and very modern theatre.

January 24th saw nineteen of us enjoying ourselves at the Adelphi Theatre in The Strand. We saw Lionel Bart's great musical 'Blitz'. The scenery is fabulous, and the cockney humour at the tragic time of the blitz makes one see that there is always something for one to laugh at.

We shall certainly remember January 1963 for a long time to come and our gratitude goes to our coach drivers who took us on these outings, despite the weather.

Daphne Ebden

Marske Hall Open

The Tees-side Cheshire Home at Marske-by-the-Sea, nr. Redcar in North Yorkshire, was opened on February 1st, and at the date of writing (April 8th) has 17 residents.

The official opening ceremony, to be performed by the Marquess of Zetland (whose late father gave the Home to the Foundation), will take place on June 15th.

" . . . ENVIRONMENT IS BUT HIS LOOKING GLASS"

By Rowland Farrell

It has occurred to me since re-reading Tom Langham's article on 'Some Thoughts On . . .' that we have missed out what is probably the essence of our problems. We have described the enterprising, the lazy, the happy and the sad people of this world and have laid down the ways in which they live, and meet their problems; and with every responsibility removed, there is even the choice of whether or not they wish to attend the entertainments provided—in fact 'we've never had it so good'. They can be recognised fairly easily in any of the Cheshire Homes up and down the country, or countries, throughout the world.

In our magnificent library at Heatherley, which contains at least a thousand books all given by our Friends, there is over the mantelpiece a Victorian sampler which, among

'Mind is the master power that moulds and makes;
Man is mind and evermore he takes
The tool of thought, and shaping what he wills,
Brings forth a thousand joys, a thousand ills.
He thinks in secret and it comes to pass;
Environment is but his looking glass'.

Staunton Harold Gossip

This is a time of anticipation and as I write, several of us are looking forward to going on early holidays by the sea. Soon twelve residents will have had a fortnight at our usual haunt in Anglesey, whilst another nine are breaking away from tradition and joining people from several Cheshire Homes, as well as other disabled people, at a holiday camp at Caister, near Great Yarmouth.

Although an annual event, the recent official visit to the Home of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Leicester was especially interesting this year, as the conversation with the Lord Mayor inevitably turned to soccer (as almost every conversation in the district has over the past three months!). He promised that, should Leicester City win the F.A. Cup, he would see what he could do to get some of the team to bring it over so that we can have our own celebration.

other things bears the words, 'A merry heart goes all the way'. In trying always to learn from the past and from what other people have said, we have been reminded that this thought is *so* true! What we might have lacked as 'normal' people, as stated in a recent book review in the *Smile*, has been forcibly brought back to us by those very words. What many, or some, of us lack surely is a sense of humour, is it not? We are not suggesting that we should go around laughing willy-nilly (although we do sometimes), but that we should not take ourselves too seriously. We can see easily that we are mistaken in thinking that all our problems and frustrations are due to the diseases from which we suffer and not to the mere process of advancing years anyway.

Another notable visitor we have had during the past few weeks was B.B.C. organist, Sandy McPherson. Mr. McPherson was in the district giving a recital, and his host brought him to look around our home. Although many of us might not have recognised the tall, soldierly figure, I don't think anyone to whom he spoke could mistake what is after all one of the best-known voices on British radio.

As this, for reasons which I believe are printed in another part of this magazine, will be the last of my reports from Staunton—at least in this form, I would like to thank Frank Spath and all those connected with the 'Smile' for their great co-operation and help over the last three years or so. It has been a wonderful experience working with you, Frank, and I hope our association will continue in some form for many years to come.

T. M. Gair

Lake District Home - The Last Six Months

A number of social activities brightened the dark days and long evenings of our second winter, ranging from musical evenings to games evenings and film and slide shows, including Scottish dancing exhibitions, plays and last, but by no means least, an entirely home-produced pantomime, from the writing of the script to the making of the proscenium arch. Patients and staff took part, and the enterprise was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, whether actors, actresses or audience. We were most grateful to those who shared our enjoyment in these events, especially those who had to make quite difficult journeys through the harsh winter conditions, not to mention the negotiation of our treacherous icebound drive, in order to do so. We were also honoured by two visits from the Mayor and Mayoress of Kendal, the second one being on Christmas Eve, when the Mayor revealed what an excellent memory he had for people by calling the patients by their names.

The numbers in our family steadily grow, and we also have had the pleasure of entertaining during our first year, a number of holiday guests. We hope many more will be able to

enjoy visits to Holehird during the coming summer months. Several have already booked again, some for a third visit, and one young lady has decided to join our family permanently because she enjoyed her holiday so much last year.

It is with deep regret that we have to record the loss of John Reeves, one of our two first patients to enter Holehird in May 1961. During his stay with us he made many friends and will be missed by all who knew him. Unfortunately he suffered great pain during his final weeks, and his end came as a release from that pain.

Our latest venture is a shop run entirely by the residents, in which it is planned to sell most of the usual run of day-to-day requirements. The sympathetic help of local tradesmen has resulted in a successful start, and we hope during the coming months for a vast increase in turnover, particularly if we are favoured with a hot summer, when we hope to expand our sales of ice-cream!

Sister M. Duffy has just joined our staff and we hope she will be happy with us.

Bill Powley

Cotswold Home. Building Repair Fund

Always a highlight in January, is the Group of Friends Party, organized by Mrs. P. Barrett. It was a novel opening with a darkened house, curtains drawn open, and all eyes on the detergent white lawn where Andy and Harry, our Innsworth RAF friends, gave us a fireworks display which will long be remembered.

The target for our Building Repair Fund has been set at £2,000. At the Sherry Party given by the Management Committee, Miss Betty Bowen, on behalf of the residents, handed Mr. A. L. Challis, the Committee's Chairman, a cheque for £100, as their first contribution. Lady Dowty attended; as did our new Vicar and his

wife. The Rev. Wellander is robing for Princess Alexandra's wedding, so many anxious eyes will be trying to spot him on TV. We thank Miss N. E. Padfield (House Chairman) for her work in making the party a success, and our grateful thanks go to her for our Easter eggs.

Mrs. Barrett's Group of Friends held an Easter Market for the above fund. It was opened by Mrs. N. G. Northcroft, whom we were pleased to see again, together with her husband (who gave us the Home). Our stall did well. Now the Group is organizing a Jumble Sale for our Summer Outing. We have voted for a trip around the Cotswolds.

Notes from Llanhennock

The beginning of this year was saddened for us by the loss of three residents, Minnie Williams was with us for only a week before her death. Nannie, Miss Croxon went to hospital in December and died on the 25th February. Archie was in hospital only one week before his death, on the 22nd February. Each one had a place in the family circle and each one is missed. We are very glad that Archie was with us for the 29th January, for that was our very first anniversary and it would not have been right without Archie, for he did do much for the Home. He was one of the 'first of the few' to borrow a famous phrase, one of the six people who battled through all sorts of obstacles with Miss McGrath, the first matron, having many good laughs over the difficulties. Now this Home is emerging after all the hard work, help and goodwill that has been put into this big effort.

One happy event took place in February. Early one morning a lamb was born in our garden, evidently his Mum preferred privacy for her confinement; he is a very healthy lamb

with a black face and black legs. After two days the farmer collected them, but they come back quite often. Perhaps our grass has a better flavour than an ordinary field.

Caerlon College men and girls came to entertain us in February. All kinds of music to suit all tastes, beautiful singing, piano music of Chopin and charming folk-songs with guitar accompaniment and last but not least, rock-and-roll. They are very talented artists.

During March our very good friend Mrs. Latham invited us to tea at her home, The Volland. We saw colour films of holidays on a Grecian Island, in Italy and in Switzerland and we thoroughly enjoyed it all.

Also in March we were invited to tea at Melrose Hall, St. Mellons, the home of Mrs. Pugh. We had a very happy time and the sun shone for us, making everything look more wonderful and spring-like.

A new resident, Gwen, came on the 29th March. She has been in hospital at Bath—we hope she will be very happy with us.

St. Cecilia's — Michael

It was very nice to have May Cutler with us for a few weeks during one of her very rare slack periods, while she was waiting to go over to East Africa to open up yet another Cheshire Home. She brought to us a breath of other lands, and how the Foundation works overseas. This really is spreading the Cheshire 'smile'.

We held another Cheese & Wine Party at the end of March, and if anything the cheese was higher and the wine stronger than ever. We were delighted to welcome the Mayor and Mayoress of Bromley, who again kindly spent part of the evening with us. We now regard them as firm friends of the Home. These parties would not be the success they are, but for the extremely hard work of the family and the wonderful support of the Friends groups. Our Friends groups continue to help us in every conceivable direction, and we are also most grateful for the interest and help

Flanders to open Fete

displayed by the Rotarian movement in Eltham and Bromley.

We have managed two very pleasant drives in the country on Sundays, and on another Sunday we took part in a Car Rally being held during the 'Freedom from Hunger Campaign' week. Despite the fact that St. Cecilia's bus was lumbering along like an elephant after gazelles, we successfully found nine of the clues and then tracked down the rest of the Rally drivers and joined them for tea at the Old Barn at Hildenborough.

We are now in the throes of preparing for our house-to-house collection in May and for our Garden Fete on the 29th June which that well-known star of stage, screen and radio, Michael Flanders, has very kindly consented to open for us. (American friends in Britain please note!)

We are now looking forward to a lovely hot summer and lazy days in the garden.

E.S.



Jean Photographs

At the Dolywern home. A group outside

Dolywern Cheshire Home Bus Appeal

An appeal for sufficient money to provide for the Dolywern Home a bus capable of taking wheelchairs, is being launched in the North Wales counties. The appeal really owes its inspiration to Mrs. G. Ware who is on the reporting staff of the 'Liverpool Post'. She wrote an article saying what a tremendous difference a bus would make to the Home, which is situated in the Glynceriog valley. Already volunteer drivers are available.

As chairman of the Bus Appeal Committee, I can only say we are quietly confident that we shall be able to provide the bus this summer. However, if any reader would like to increase our confidence, the address of our honorary treasurer is R. T. Smith, Esq., J.P., F.C.A., c/o Messrs. Harold Smith, 3 Clwyd Street, Rhyl, Flint.

Captain Mackeson-Sandbach

An apology to The Hill, Sandbach

Readers will remember that in our last issue it was announced that the Christmas Fund of the newspaper *The People* had allocated £750 to convert a bus for a Cheshire Home. Owing to incorrect information being received at the editorial office, we said the bus was

going to the Sandbach Cheshire Home. This was quite wrong, and we do hope our note did not raise too many hopes that were eventually shattered. The allocation of £750 went in fact to the Dolywern Home, and swelled the fund described in the last news item.

The Hill – “Cheshire Bowling Green”

The Hill has become very much part of the local community. Our front lawn is now home-ground for Sandbach Heath Church Fellowship Bowling Club and will be used by them for their matches against surrounding clubs. It is certainly a source of pleasure and entertainment for our residents.

This year, our Fete on Saturday June 22nd will be opened by Jack Walker, the landlord of the ‘Rovers Return’ of ‘Coronation Street’ fame.

A novel feature of the Fete will be an exhibition of paintings by a 22-year-old Spanish girl who recently arrived in England to work at a local hospital.

During March a display of our handicrafts at Sandbach was opened by Miss Diana Wilkinson, well known as a swimming champion. Personalities galore invaded the Crewe Alexandra’s football ground recently when the Show Business eleven played the National Sportswriters’ eleven in a match in aid of the Home.

Report from The Grove, Norwich

Since last autumn, so much has happened to us. In August, work was commenced on the lift and other alterations, and how our staff kept so happy was wonderful. Walls were knocked down, extra doors put in, and by Christmas the whole job was completed and we were all able to move upstairs to sleep.

Three of the ‘Groveites’ have left us. Alex passed away in January, and he is sadly missed. He was one of the ‘walkers’, and very ably looked after our shop. He was always there to keep the fire going, or to push a chair when needed. Chris, too, left us, but as a married man. The wedding was in East Carleton Church, to Helen, a friend of many years. The reception was held at The Grove, and they left

in the evening for Switzerland, where they are living very happily, and Chris enjoying fair health. Fred, our first male orderly, who was here before any of us took up residence, has gone to Iceland and the best wishes of us all went with him.

The visit of the Group Captain was much appreciated. We had looked forward to the day for so long and it passed all too quickly.

Gradually others have joined our family, and we are now 24–22 at the home and Phyllis and Kathy at the Nuffield Centre at Oxford. The severe winter weather has curtailed our entertainments somewhat, but our diary is full, and it looks like ‘Happy Days’ ahead.

Dorothy Gooderham

Cann House – Dedication of Plymouth Bus

On March 4th Nancy, Sheila and Sheila’s fiancé, accompanied by Matron and Mr. and Mrs. Cullis attended a farewell dance held at Tecalemit for the crew of H.M.S. Ark Royal which sailed for the Far East early next morning. Sheila met several old friends and all spent a very amusing evening watching the twisters and jivers. We wish the very best of luck to all on board the Ark Royal and bon voyage.

On the afternoon of the 7th April, a ceremony took place here in which we have not had the pleasure of participating before. It was the dedication of the second of the

‘Friends of the Disabled’ buses. The ceremony was carried out by the C of E Chaplain of H.M.S. Raleigh. A number of the residents assembled outside the Home near the tennis court to take part in the short service.

These buses, run by Mr. Stan Cullis and his Committee, are a great boon to Cann House who, with the blind, handicapped and disabled from all over Plymouth, make use of this facility which broadens our horizon so much and enables our sixteen-stoners to get around the countryside.

After the dedication the party went off in the bus to a celebrity concert at the Guildhall in Plymouth. E.W.

AN OUTSIDER MOVES IN

by Adrian J. Bower

A volunteer's reaction to a spell of work at the West Midland Cheshire Home

Let me preface this article by explaining that I had had no nursing experience whatsoever previous to going to the West Midland Home. In fact, my only knowledge of nursing came from distant memories of being a patient in hospital, and from 'Emergency Ward 10'—that twice-weekly apology for a medical series.

However, to begin. One morning I received the letter I had been anxiously awaiting, which would give me details of my task. On opening it, I discovered I was to go to a Cheshire Home for a short while. 'What on earth is a Cheshire Home?' was my first thought, having a vague idea that they were for permanently disabled ex-service men. I decided the only way to find out was to ask someone, but, believe it or not, I could find no one to enlighten me. So I still had no idea of what I was going to when I arrived at Wolverhampton. My forebodings of what might happen had made me confused and frightened. I was so nervy when I met Major Knox, the Warden, who had driven out to meet me, that I dropped everything, pen, wallet, ticket and a letter I was carrying. Goodness knows what he must have thought! After arriving at the Home, I have a dim recollection of being shown round, praying for help, and then going to bed.

First lesson

When I went on duty the following morning at 8 o'clock, I learned my first lesson, i.e. that the residents of a Cheshire Home are *people*, and not freaks or weirdies. This conclusion was arrived at as follows. I was introduced by Mick, the male nurse, to Jim and Eddie. 'You wash Jim, while I do Eddie,' said Mick, 'he is quite easy to wash and dress.' Saying a few more prayers, since I had never washed anybody but myself before, I advanced, clutching a bowl of water. But surprise of surprises, it spoke! 'Are you courting?' said Jim. 'Am I what?' was my strangled reply. 'Are you courting?' repeated Jim. 'Good Lord! They must be human' said me

to myself. That was really lesson number 2. It is no good being shy and reserved in a Cheshire Home. Prior to working in one, I had been the type who liked a formal introduction, and two or three weeks to get to know a person, before speaking to him as a friend. All that went by the board. I learnt on that first day that one has got to be on 'old friends terms' from the start.

They helped me!

After replying to this rather impertinent question, I learnt yet another lesson. As I said, I had never washed anybody before, and was terrified in case I did it wrongly. But it could not have been easier. The chap was so helpful. He went a long way to make me feel at home; it was a matter of him helping me, not me helping him. I continued to find this all the time I stayed at the home. It is much more that the residents help the volunteer than that the volunteer helps the

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residents. If it was not for this helpfulness on the part of the residents, I could not have been half so helpful as I hope I was.

When I received the letter telling me to go to Wolverhampton, it said that my duties would be that of a nursing orderly. I thought, 'duties of a nursing orderly! Doesn't that include giving bedpans and such like? Surely not! They can't expect a poor innocent sheltered little grammar school boy like me to give bedpans'. But they did. The job, however, was not half so bad as I thought it would be, because the resident's attitude to such things is so completely different to that of the outsider. The administration of bedpans, and being lifted on and off the toilet, is such a part of their daily routine, that, when doing the job for them, it seems so much more perfectly natural than I could have ever thought it would be.

Bedpan horrors

I must confess the first time I ever gave a bedpan to anyone, I was scared stiff, in case I was sick all over the place. Fortunately, I was not, and

that was due, not so much to my self-control, but to the particular resident's attitude. I think this is my deepest impression from my stay at the Home. I feel that if the average person knew how simple and easy the carrying out of these seemingly sordid tasks is, then each Home would be swamped with offers of help. It's the thought of doing such things that puts so many people off. If my own experience is anything to go by, then such fears are completely groundless. In fact, working in this Home has been the most wonderful and happiest experience I have ever had.

Thank-you!

I was at the Home for six weeks, and now would like to take this opportunity, afforded me by the Editor, of thanking the Warden, the Sister-in-Charge, and staff, both voluntary and permanent, and above all the residents, of the West Midland Cheshire Home, for making those weeks a unique and very pleasant experience, one that I would not have missed for worlds.

FOLLOW THE STARS

'The Cheshire Smile' has sometimes been accused of being a magazine for squares. If this were ever true, it was only because we couldn't get the non-squares in the Homes to write for us. Now one has appeared. Seven Rivers' resident David Watts has offered to do a series on today's pop singing stars. This is the first.

I. Cliff Richard

A baby boy was born 22 years ago in the small Indian town of Lucknow. He was called Harry Webb, but we know him as Cliff Richard, the most popular singing star in Britain today. He was just 17 when he recorded his first single disc, 'Move It', which soared to No. 2 in the charts, and earned him a silver disc (500,000 copies sold). Ever since, all his records, E.P.'s and L.P.'s included, have entered the Top Twenty. As well as singing, Cliff has also made four films, the last two being highly popular musicals, 'The Young Ones'

with South African Carole Gray, and 'Summer Holiday' with American Laurie Peters. Two songs from the former film, and three from the latter, have got into the charts.

He has also visited several countries for extensive tours. These include U.S.A., South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

Now, in the five short years of his career, he has achieved more than most people would in a lifetime.

David Watts (of Seven Rivers)

News of St. Bridget's

Mr. John Denyer ran a most successful sweep for the Grand National. Within the home hopes ran high, but although none were lucky it was grand fun, especially as the draw was held during our Coffee Morning and Bring & Buy Sale. We are grateful to all those who helped on that busy morning.

The Littlehampton Round Table held a Cheese and Wine Party in Littlehampton on Easter Saturday which was a pleasant and enjoyable evening. Mr. David Davies of TV fame and his charming wife judged the Easter Bonnet Competition. A difficult task so ably performed.

We thank all those who gave us eggs at Easter. The chocolate ones

were happily munched, slimming diets going by the board. John and Sid with an eye to business kept a watchful eye that none of the colourful silver paper was thrown away. The budgerigars given to the family by Mrs. Lawrence are holding their own with chatter and give a cheerful welcome to those coming in to breakfast.

Recently we had the pleasure of showing Dame Mary Lloyd (who was accompanied by Miss Margot Mason) round our home. We hope they enjoyed their visit as much as we enjoyed seeing them.

H. N. Elliott

Aln Hall

We are sad to record the recent death of Mr. Simpson, who was an orderly here for many years, and whose services were much appreciated by everybody. Evidences of his work lie all around us. He contributed much to the improved appearance of the building

A tape-recorder has been given us by a local firm, and in the care of Mr. Arthur Stead several successful recordings have been made. We would like to thank all concerned for this splendid gift.

Pat Robson

Le Court Briefs

There has been a great coming and going of staff and slaves in the past three months. Mrs. Latham left and Mrs. Pat Galbraith has now become Matron. The two Spanish girls left, and a Spanish man, Higinio, came. Bill and Doreen Swindell joined the permanent staff and Brenda Chamberlayne and Mary Chapman left it. Among the innumerable slaves we welcomed two of Mr. Dickson's young men—Bill from Wigan and Sandy from Clackmannanshire.

The two new Support Groups of the Le Court Association are growing and flourishing. The Petersfield Group held a second function (a concert with the film 'Living Proof' during the interval) in March, and many of the members are helping in practical ways at Le Court. The Horndean Group had an enthusiastic inaugural meeting, and are holding their first function at the end of April, when the two films

'Living Waters' and 'Living Proof' are being shown, and Richard Davies of Southern Television is speaking about Le Court and the Cheshire Foundation.

The Welfare Committee elections were held as usual at the end of March. Paul Hunt was elected Chairman; Sylvia Hunt, Vice-Chairman (which she'll double with being Treasurer); and Pat Warburton, Secretary (which she'll double with being Outings Officer). The job of Outings Officer is new because, although for a long time the need for one had been realised, there was nobody with the time to do it. Peter Wade, the retiring Chairman, who had been on the Committee for five years, is still Chairman of the Le Court Association.

The Garden Fete this year, held on July 13th, is to be opened by that great lady of the theatre, Dame Sybil Thorndike.

TWO WOMEN RAISE £400 FOR LE COURT

Reproduced from 'The Southern Evening Echo'

This afternoon, two women from the small village of Sparsholt, nr. Winchester, were arriving at Le Court, nr. Liss, to present to one of the residents there a tape recorder.

There may seem to be nothing surprising in this, but these two women between them, have raised nearly £400 in less than a year for this Cheshire Home. Even more surprising is that one of them, Miss Iris Chant, of The Plough, Sparsholt, has been confined to a wheelchair for the past 25 years.

Despite this disability, she and her close friend, Mrs. Mary Sankey, have held raffles, film shows, and opened an appeal fund, the result being that two electrically-operated indoor wheelchairs, and now the tape-recorder have been presented to Le Court.

Miss Chant was 15 when she broke her neck while diving at Stokes Bay. From that day she has been paralysed from the waist down. She is able to

move her arms, but the only movement she has in her hands is in the thumbs and first fingers. With these she types and paints by holding either a pencil or paintbrush between her fingers. Seated in her power-operated wheelchair, Miss Chant told me how she came to raise the money for the wheelchairs and the tape-recorder.

'Every year' she said, 'I go to Le Court for a holiday, and it was while there that I realised how fortunate I was to have a power-operated chair while most other people had to hand-operate theirs. I wanted so much to do something to enable them to share the same advantages. So I decided to try to raise the money.' 'As for the tape-recorder, a resident at Le Court, called Frank Spath, who runs the magazine 'The Cheshire Smile', wanted a special type of tape-recorder

(continued on following page)



Photo: Edwin Plomer

Mrs. Mary Sankey (left) and Miss Iris Chant presenting the tape-recorder to the Editor

Dr. Dooley's Last Days

By Group Captain Leonard Cheshire, V.C.

Before I Sleep by James Monahan (World's Work, 18s.)

Reproduced from "The Catholic Herald" by kind permission of the Editor.

This book will appeal to a large public, to readers of public library books as well as to nuns in secluded convents, and especially to those who will want to breathe again the spirit of adventure and dedication of 'The Night they Burned the Mountain' written by Tom Dooley himself. As the foreword says, it is the story of Tom Dooley's last days as told by the people who met him.

It portrays in a characteristically American way the endless meetings, talks and visits which were packed into those last months and the effect Tom Dooley had on all the different people whom he contacted.

The impression one gets is that Tom Dooley was above all a doctor. If you see him through their eyes attending with infinite tenderness to the sick in hospitals at Laos, if you understand how sacred was the promise he gave to help them, then you can understand more of the subsequent achievement of Medico, a non-profit making organisation which he launched to raise money to send doctors and medical help to under developed countries.

Amateur

In 'The Night they Burned the Mountain' he is an amateur, but during the last months he was a professional, he handed himself over to his publicity agents, he answered practically every possible call made upon him.

Where the ordinary individual is content to sit back and say 'Am I my brother's keeper?' he drove himself to incredible lengths in the cause of those who suffered. The sheer physical

(continued from preceding page)
to enable him to record letters and articles, so that a secretary could type them out later.'

To obtain money for wheelchairs, Miss Chant typed out 40 letters, which she sent round to the villagers asking for donations. The response, in her own words, 'was wonderful'. One local farmer contributed £120, and in two-and-a-half months with the

strain must have been terrific, as is well brought out in the book, and it was only possible because he was completely dedicated to the cause which he had so selflessly embraced.

His friends, through whose eyes the closing months are seen, are not shown as starry-eyed admirers; they present what they considered to be his failings as well as his obvious and great virtues. Incidents are related showing abruptness, at times even downright rudeness. This however was the reverse side of a forceful nature without which he could never have achieved what he did.

Ideals

To outward appearances he was not a deeply religious man, indeed he took pains to make it clear that his mission was purely a medical one and nothing else, but his ideals were manifestly religious.

The description of his last Christmas and final departure for Bangkok are very moving, and his epitaph as spoken by Cardinal Spellman who visited him in his last day—"I tried to assure him that in his 34 years he had done what very few had done in the allotted Scriptural lifetime"—seems eminently fitting.

The book does not set out to show great literary merit but it does make one thankful for what he did and makes one want to pray for him and work for the things that he worked for. That he should have died at such an early age when he seems only at the beginning of his life's work, sets a clear seal on his vocation and to me the story of his life is a true inspiration.

help of one raffle, £304 had been collected, enough for two of these chairs.

Miss Chant asked me to stress that the majority of the work of raising money for the tape-recorder had been done by Mrs. Sankey, as she herself had been ill for some months.

With £13 left over, after buying the tape-recorder, they aim to hold a barbecue for a party from Le Court at Sparsholt in the summer.

SICKNESS IN CHRISTIAN TERMS

by Paul Hunt (of Le Court)

In Time of Sickness by Hubert McEvoy S. J. (Burns Oates 15/-)

I have a strong resistance to 'little volumes of prayers and meditations'; and I have an even stronger resistance to books 'especially for the sick'. Since *In Time of Sickness* is a collection of prayers and readings for people who are sick, it ought to qualify for my bias on both counts. So maybe it is some measure of this book's quality that it overcomes my resistances to a large degree—even to the point where I can recommend it as excellent for anyone who wants to think and pray about their situation as a sick or disabled person. And because serious illness or incapacity comes to most people at some time or other, if only in old age, there are many who will find this an extremely helpful book to read.

Fr. McEvoy is a Roman Catholic priest, and his collection is primarily for members of his Church. The first part of the book consists of prayers and readings for each day of the week. There are other sections and chapters on The Stations of the Cross, The Rite of Anointing, The Oil of Healing, and so on. Many of the prayers throughout are drawn from unusual and diverse sources, and some date back as far as the third century.

Everything in this book reflects Fr. McEvoy's sound approach to 'the problem of suffering', but naturally enough his attitude shows most clearly in the meditations he has written himself. Two quotations seem to give the essence of his belief in this matter. He says, 'Sickness is but one of many human experiences. It should be approached, therefore, as intelligently as any other human experience'. Then a little further on, 'This present way of life of mine has all the meaning and value for God that anyone else's has,

and that any other part of my own life had or will have'. The rest of his book shows that these are not just platitudes for Fr. McEvoy.

If I have a reservation about *In Time of Sickness*, it is that perhaps it is more suited to those who are ill only temporarily, or have just been 'struck down' and are fighting depression and an acute feeling of uselessness—rather than to the increasing number of those who regard themselves not so much as 'sick' but as handicapped or disabled. Somehow there is a distinction to be drawn here between sickness in the pneumonia, cancer, appendicitis sense, and sickness in the sense that applies to most of the people in Cheshire Homes—a permanent physical handicap resulting from polio or a 'chronic disease' like rheumatoid arthritis.

Perhaps because the author's own experience is of the sick-room type of illness, he seems to emphasize the passive side of acceptance, to stress the diminution sickness brings. This is somewhat out of sympathy with the more positive accent on rehabilitation, on living as normal a life as possible, that is so much a part of disabled people's lives today. Maybe the physically handicapped person of our time needs a spirituality, or even a theology, that takes explicit account of developments in the fields of medicine, social work, etc.

But none of this is meant to decry Fr. McEvoy's fine book. *In Time of Sickness* will remain of value to those who try to see their sickness, whether temporary or permanent, in Christian terms.

KINDNESS IN PICTURES

Reproduced from "The Catholic Herald"

The Cheshire Homes, A Pictorial Record (The Cheshire Smile, Le Court, Liss, Hants., 4s. 6d., post free).

Packed with almost 200 pictures (action shots and studies), this beautifully produced record of the Cheshire Homes for disabled should find a place in every school and social welfare centre as a reminder of what can be achieved with generosity and self-sacrifice.

The people helping, and being helped, in the 54 Cheshire Homes are shown in page after page of a cameraman's tour throughout the U.K. and overseas.

A question-and-answer section gives concise information about the Cheshire Homes movement. Two random quotes: 'The motive sought in prospective staff is the inner reward that comes from serving the sick and disabled, rather than any material advantage' . . . 'We don't want any home to reach the stage where it is thought that there is no more to be done. If we stop looking out towards others throughout the world, the basic principles and ideals on which we started will die'.

One could almost say, for the love of God get this book.

T. McQ.

Peter Marshall wins Literary Prize

A few months ago, Peter Marshall, of Heatherley Cheshire Home, was brought to London in a Sussex Red Cross ambulance to receive the John Llewelyn Rhys Memorial Prize for

1963 from Marguerite Steen at the National Book League. With him was his fiancée, Diana Staples.

Peter's winning book was 'Two Lives', already reviewed in these pages.

The New Home in Ceylon

Extract of a letter received from Mr. Francis Collins, Committee Member, Cheshire Home, Wester Seaton Farm, Negombo, Ceylon.

We started paying the rental of the Megombo bungalow from 1st April, collected a small staff, and took in our first patient, a deformed and semi-paralysed Muslim of about 40, called Nizar, on Good Friday from the Colombo General Hospital. He was followed by a Rickshaw-puller's wife from Negombo (a Buddhist) who is

semi-paralysed also. This week we took in a not very landed peasant's son of about 18, who had recently suffered an accident, causing brain damage and virtual paralysis. He is called Benedict; his father by the way, is being kept on as a gardener. I expect one or two more to roll in during the next week or so.

MEMORIES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS

By Irene Butcher (of the West Midland Home)

For as long as I can remember I have always loved the Theatre. It began when, at a very early age, I was taken to see the 'Babes in the Wood', my very first pantomime. After so long all I can recall is that one Babe had long fair curls and the other Babe long dark ones and that when we arrived home I announced firmly my intention of buying a blonde wig and a black wig when I grew up and wearing them alternately. As it turned out, there was an element of the shape of things to come about this, because many years later I was to wear wigs of various colours in Repertory.

My first love was poetry. My mother, who loved singing, did not share my enthusiasm, but encouraged by my grandmother I would stand up and recite 'at the drop of a hat'. At school I was also called upon to render epics which were suitably sentimental for Christmas and patriotic for Empire Days. I remember in response to a teacher who asked if any pupil knew a poem other than those which had been taught in class, shooting up my hand and declaring proudly—'Yes, I know one hundred and five'. How I arrived at that astronomical figure I don't know and, if it were true, I can only suppose that I included every couplet and four-lined doggerel that I had ever set eyes on. However, I did have a very good memory which stood me in good stead at a later date.

Following the solo recitations I began to take parts in the school plays and, on leaving school, appeared in several amateur productions before I finally joined a professional Repertory Company.

This particular company was quite a small one and, apart from acting, I had to help in the box office. In view of the fact that I had had some commercial experience, I was also required to do some simple book-keeping. Everyone for that matter was expected to be pretty versatile and, particularly towards the end of the season, after the Assistant Stage Manager had eloped with the lady who painted the scenery, had to turn their hand to an infinite number of jobs back stage.

The company was run by a husband and wife team who also took the leading roles. Unfortunately however, they were only a team in so far as their professional relationship was concerned. The husband, who had a certain easy charm, and some talent, was well on the way to becoming a confirmed alcoholic. He was also very unreliable where money was concerned and had a trying habit of taking cash out of the till or dipping into any handbags which he happened to find lying around. He was, mind you, very generous and was always ready to buy anyone a drink, even though, as sometimes happens, it was paid for with their own money.

His wife, on the other hand, was scrupulously honest, devoted to the theatre and a very fine actress. At one time she had, I imagine, been very much in love with him and even then had a certain amount of affection for him, but she was redhaired and had a formidable temper and they used to indulge in monumental, physical and verbal battles. Neither of them was reticent about airing their differences and would unhesitatingly involve as many others as possible, so that more often than not there was far more drama going on back stage than on stage.

In spite of the somewhat unsettled atmosphere however, or may be because of it, I loved every moment of it. There has been too many autobiographies written and 'confessions' published in the popular magazines for many people to cherish the idea these days that the stage is a glamorous career and certainly there is nothing glamorous about a weekly repertory company, but if you have given your heart to the theatre, this doesn't make the slightest difference. Nevertheless, make no mistake, it is hard work. My week for example was roughly made up as follows: Every morning I arrived at the theatre in time to open the box office at 10 o'clock. If my part was a long one in the show for the following week, I was relieved at 10.30 to rehearse, except for Monday morning when the dress rehearsal for the current show was held in the after-

noon. I then spent the whole morning in the box office, attending to the bookings, answering the mail, doing the books and completing any necessary records. When my part was a small one, or if I was only wanted for prompting, sound effects and other back stage duties, I would also spend more time in the box office. Otherwise, of course, the correspondence and the bookkeeping etc., had to be fitted in when and as I could manage it.

As I have said, Monday afternoon was always devoted to the dress rehearsal. If things went badly, this went on and on, leaving us with very little time for a meal before the evening performance. Most of us would pop round the corner to a nearby cafe where we would hastily consume egg and chips and, with our scripts propped up against a cruet or sauce bottle, try frantically to memorise the lines on which we had 'dried' during the afternoon. Back at the theatre, those who were on in the first act went straight to their dressing rooms to don clothes and make-up, but the remainder were expected to make themselves useful in other ways if necessary.

By this time a second box office would be operating for the sale of tickets at the door and this had to be manned. There was, of course, a separate front-of-the-house staff to show people to their seats and sell programmes etc., but emergencies often arose which involved members of the company being called upon to help out.

At last, however, everything that everyone can reasonably have been expected to do is done. Behind the scene the Producer has been round the dressing rooms wishing the cast good luck. All the members of the cast have wished each other good luck. The Stage Manager and A.S.M. (Assistant Stage Manager) have made sure that all the props are in place and everything is in order. The players who open the show have taken up their positions on stage or in the wings. The prompt settles herself in her corner. The electricians, having made a final check of the lighting effects for the first scene, signal to the pianist who brings his selection of 'gems from the musical stage' to a finale with a fine

flourish. He rises, bows in response to the somewhat scattered applause and strikes up the National Anthem. Re-seated, the audience settles themselves, the lights are dimmed and the curtain rises. We are off!

Some two and a half hours later it is all over. Unless something absolutely catastrophic has happened, the Producer thanks everybody and they drift off to their dressing rooms, where they discuss the play and the way it has been received by the audience while removing their make-up. After that, there is just time for a quick drink before going home, or to one's 'digs' as the case might be, for supper and bed.

But not to sleep. Oh dear no! You already have the script for the next show and must read it through and get the general hang of it in readiness for the next day before settling down for the night.

On Tuesday morning the show for the following week got under way. After having outlined the scene and arranged the existing set roughly in accordance with its requirements, the Producer would take the cast through the whole play, setting the moves and indicating briefly the type of characterisation he had in mind. Tuesday afternoons were always 'free'. Free that is in so far as you had time to study your new role and think about the clothes you intended to wear. These settled, having paid due regard to the kind of character to be portrayed, the colour scheme of the set and the clothes likely to be worn by the other female members of the cast, you set about acquiring them as best you might. The only exception to this was in the case of a period play when, of course, the costumes were hired. There were also many other things to be done during this so called free period. For instance, the A.S.M. who usually had a small part in most of the productions, would scout around trying to beg, borrow or steal the necessary props. Then there was the handling of publicity and the printing of posters and programmes. As for myself, I would get back to the theatre an hour before the others for box office duty until it was time to get ready for the evening show.

Meanwhile, the local evening paper had come out with its review of the previous night's show, which was scanned eagerly, apprehensively, indifferently, or indignantly according to the temperament and age of the person concerned. Adverse write-ups generally brought forth acid comments and there was one local critic who was permanently and colourfully referred to as 'The Bearded Sod'!

After the show, I would again retire to bed with my script as on Wednesday morning we always rehearsed the first act without the book. It is true that in some cases any resemblance to the actual lines was purely coincidental, but somehow or other we managed to get through it. Following this, there was a matinee at 2.30 for which we charged reduced prices, which included a cup of tea and a couple of biscuits for full measure. Then came the evening show, a drink, supper and so to bed—and the task of memorising Act 2.

Thursdays and Fridays more or less followed the pattern of Tuesday, except that Acts 2 and 3 respectively were rehearsed without books. Friday also saw the arrival of the script for the next show but one and the cast list was put up on the notice board. Normally, however, unless you had only a small part in the next show, you would ignore these until after the dress rehearsal.

Saturday was always a heavy day, what with a full-length rehearsal of Monday's show in the morning and two shows in the evening starting at 5 p.m. and 8.15 p.m. Since there was only half an hour between them there was no time to remove make-up or go out for a meal, so we made do with sandwiches and beer. After the last show had finished, the set was struck, hired costumes and wigs were returned to their skips (wicker baskets), records of the weekly takings were completed and another production was over.

On a Sunday I never went near the theatre, but at least a portion of the day was usually spent polishing my part in readiness for the morrow and finishing, brushing and pressing the clothes I had decided to wear. Then we were back to Monday and the whole thing started all over again!

Unfortunately the space at my disposal will not allow me to include a description of the many incidents, both off stage and on stage, which took place that season. Some were serious, some were funny, others were very nearly tragic. They would fill a book and indeed one of these days, I may have a go at writing one around them. It is, however, undoubtedly the amusing ones which remain most vividly in my memory. For instance, there was the occasion when we put on 'Rookery Nook' and the very corpulent actor who was playing the irascible Admiral was supposed to fling his way out through a door up stage centre. Unfortunately, it stuck and left him firmly wedged and unable to move one way or the other. I don't think I have ever, before or since, heard an audience laugh quite so much, laughter in which the cast finally broke down and joined before the poor man succeeded in extricating himself.

Then there was the time when we were doing Noel Coward's 'Hay Fever'. There was a scene where the main character, a larger than life ex-actress, was supposed to play dreamy waltzes on the piano while conducting a coy flirtation with her daughter's boy friend. As our leading lady could not play, she would sit at the piano and mime while the actual music was provided by the pianist who was installed at another piano back stage. All went well until one night, her husband, who had drunk just enough to put him in a mood for merry pranks, persuaded him to substitute for 'Moonlight Madonna' 'I've got a lovely bunch of Coconuts' in rag time tempo. Her face when she realized what was happening, had to be seen to be believed, while her language when she stormed off stage at the end of the scene and discovered who was responsible was quite unprintable.

And there you have it, a picture of life in a typical seaside summer repertory company. I have often asked myself what it is about the theatre which appeals to me so much, but I have never been able to find a satisfactory answer. I only know that whenever I enter a theatre, whether as a performer or even as a member of the audience, I immediately have a sense

of being where I belong, a sense of having come home. I love it when it is full of people, I love it when it is empty and silent.

I love the expectant hush which precedes the raising of the curtain. I know of no feeling in the world which is worse than the one when you really 'dry' and the words of the Prompt mean nothing to you even though you can hear them—along with practically everyone else in the theatre! Unless, of course, it is the one that comes when you are standing in the wings with clammy hands, a parched throat and a pounding heart waiting for your cue before making your first entrance. You can't imagine why you are doing it and you vow to yourself that you will never do it again. On the other hand, when you're playing comedy, and

deliver a line which is greeted with gales of laughter by the audience you feel wonderful. Equally rewarding are the moments which sometimes occur in a drama, when you feel a bond of sympathy between yourself and the audience which is almost tangible. As for the sense of relief which comes at the end of a successful show, a feeling which consists of an exhilaration, relaxation, stimulation and achievement at one and the same time, it is impossible to describe it to anyone who has not experienced it. I have tried many things apart from show business, including various types of work in a luxury hotel, on a telephone exchange, as a dental nurse and even delivering parcels for the G.P.O., but to coin a rather ghastly phrase, in my opinion none of them can hold a candle to the footlights.

JUST A THOUGHT

by Dudley V. Kitching (of Kenmore)

Who has not, at sometime or other, had a 'fit of the blues'? When all the Yesterdays seem so much brighter and happier than Todays, or the prospects for the Tomorrows. Then, like a key turning in the lock of a door, you open it, and new hope and encouragement comes in... life seems worth living again.

Does life consist of a number of 'doors', with locks that require two keys to open them? One you have—the quality of 'putting into life' more than you take out—the other key being in possession of the person who 'gives' without thought of return.

When one is stricken down with a physical handicap—particularly the kind that attacks suddenly, as in polio—there is a great temptation (and an understandable condition, too) of allowing several things to happen to yourself: bitterness, resentfulness, self-pity; an introverted outlook . . . you get a full sized chip on your shoulder, and the world owes you a living! Then comes frustration, for the world does not 'OWE' you anything . . . you become selfish and forever looking back on the person you were yesterday . . . on the life you have led, but which you will never lead again.

Then you take stock.

Someone puts a key into that lock, and you are able to open the door . . . at first but ajar, then wide . . . a new

world opens out: new experiences and unexpected pleasures make you feel a part of, rather than a part from, life.

Is not one such key to be found when you are basking in the hot summer sunshine, for instance?

The sparing of a thought for those whose eyes cannot see:

'Give me but eyes to know the joy

That lies in common things:

A pale Moth's velvet wings,

A fern-fringed pool,

Green mossess dripping cool,

The voice of rain,

The Clouds in silver train,

Friendship of trees,

A Meadow loud with Bees:

To glimpse each glad surprise,

Give me but eyes.'

One such 'Key' I have found helpful is that which locks away the bitter thoughts of all yesterdays . . . they are dead anyway . . . and helps to unlock the doors that are labelled 'Today', 'Tomorrow', 'Endeavour', 'Hope' . . . Others will put their keys in such locks, and those passages of life, yet untrodden upon are there for you to enter: bringing a new meaning to life not only to yourself, but, maybe to others . . . for these locks require two keys to open them, remember, and your key is needed for the other person too.

It is but 'just a thought'.

Eight Pioneers

Von Hammarskjöld zu Guisan, by Fritz Wartenweiler. Rotapfel-Verlag, Zürich. Leinen Fr. 13.50.

The eight people whose lives are described in this book have, in spite of their different spheres of activity, one and the same purpose. They are determined not to give up their faith despite all difficulties and setbacks. Each one in his own way is a pioneer for mutual understanding, for true human relations and co-operation, and for peace.

The author himself fervently shares this conviction, which makes the life story of each of the personalities a living witness.

His eight heroes are:

Dag Hammarskjöld. This quiet, greatly gifted Swedish economist had had a very distinguished career when he was elected Secretary General to the United Nations in 1953. He was a confirmed Christian who never lost faith in the possibilities which personal contact and intervention give. He summed up the whole meaning of the United Nations when he said: 'we do not pray for victory, but for peace'.

Philip Noel-Baker. Quaker, fervent pacifist, Nobel prizewinner for Peace, and sportsman, he was always looking for ways and means to bring people of different nationalities, races and ideologies together. During the first world war he worked with the medical corps at various fronts, and in 1919 was a member of the British delegation at the Peace Treaty. Later he worked hard for the foundation of the League of Nations, and was passionately interested in the care of prisoners of war and refugees, working in collaboration with Dr. Nansen. He took part in various disarmament conferences in the twenties and thirties.

During the second world war he was at the War Office, and then in 1945 became Ernest Bevin's right-hand-man at the Foreign Office. From here he helped to found the United Nations. The U.N., and its subsidiary organisations, are a very real way of alleviating human suffering caused by past wars, and also a means of preventing future wars.

Frank Buchman. An American clergyman who realized one day what the Cross of Christ meant to him personally, and began to re-arrange his life according to four standards—honesty, purity, unselfishness and charity.

He was invited to Oxford in 1921 where he found many students aimless and hopeless. To them he explained that to change the world one has to start with oneself. He showed them the way to a purposeful life, and this was the beginning of what became known as the 'Oxford Group', and later Moral Re-Armament. Thousands of men and women today, members of this organisation, witness to the fact that wherever there are people who are willing to commit their lives to God, He can work wonders through them.

Father Pire. This Belgian Dominican priest was so moved by the plight of thousands of displaced persons after the last war that he started an 'adoption' scheme, whereby people in the free countries adopted a person or a family in a D.P. camp, to make them feel that they had not been altogether forgotten. He also made many petitions to the authorities in attempting to re-settle these people.

In 1950, Father Pire started his first old people's home and later his 'European Villages', in which families, with at least one member able to work, have been re-settled. Thus they are given a chance to bring up their children to become useful members of society.

Lord Boyd Orr. Early in his career this Scottish doctor was shocked by the poverty and widespread under-nourishment of large numbers of the world's population. He made extensive researches into the food situation, and the lack of essential calories in the standard diet of many countries. Food rationing in the war gave him more opportunity for research.

The first chairman of the U.N. Food and Agricultural Organisation, he did

what he could to improve the world food situation, for which he was awarded a Nobel Prize for Peace.

Pierre Ceresole. A Swiss engineer, teacher of mathematics, and a passionate pacifist. Soon after World War I he started a voluntary international organisation to help those in need, no matter whether the need was caused by war or natural catastrophe. People of all walks of life worked side by side, doing whatever kind of work had to be done.

The spirit of this organisation is to give the best that is in you, without expecting any reward; in fact, to serve others, in the deepest sense of the word. In time, this organisation grew into the International Voluntary Service, which now has members all over the world.

General Guisan. Commander-in-Chief of the Swiss Forces during World War II, this devout Christian defended Swiss neutrality, not only against the Nazis and the Allies, but at times even against his own government, servicemen and civilians. Whenever the situation grew serious, people panicked, and would have been prepared to sacrifice their neutrality in order to be left alone.

All through the war, he kept his country alert to deal with any aggressor, and was himself the perfect example of what he called the highest

quality of an officer—loyalty in everything.

Finally the author paints a picture of *Group Captain Leonard Cheshire*. Readers of *The Cheshire Smile* will know the story of his youth, his student days at Oxford, his service in the R.A.F., and the time when he was sent as an official British observer to watch the atom bomb dropped on Nagasaki in 1945. It changed his life completely. We all know the story of his various enterprises, and the foundation of the Cheshire Homes.

What he has in common with the other seven personalities in this book is the conviction that the evil of this world can only be overcome when men and women are prepared to follow the Prince of Peace. Together with them, he has experienced failures and disappointments, and also the joy of finding others glad to join hands with him in serving those less fortunate than themselves. The G.C. has brought home the needs of countless people to those who are able to help.

All the biographies in this book are necessarily concise, and in many respects superficial, but they turn our attention to eight different aspects of the same purpose—serving our fellow humans in times of need. This is a book that both young and old will find extremely interesting, but of course only those who can read German!

OLGA CROMMELIN

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