

'Flight of Faith', described on page 21. The photo alongside shows a scene at London Airport before the pilgrimage. Miss Carmel Short, with one of the babies in her arms, talks to Group Captain Cheshire. (Photo: B.E.A.). In the photo below at Lourdes, Mavis van der Geyn, Matron of the Liverpool Cheshire Home, sits behind Meg Haynes (from St. Anthony's) and Vic Griffiths (from Heatherley)



Cheshire Smile

The Quarterly Magazine of the Cheshire Homes

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The Cheshire Homes care for the incurably sick or permanently disabled – those for whom hospitals can do nothing further. They are run as homes, and offer the affection and freedom of ordinary family life, the residents being encouraged to take whatever part they can in the day-to-day running of the house. Disabled people are admitted according to need, irrespective of race, creed or social status. The average number of residents when the homes are completely established is 30.

The Management of each Home is vested in a Committee chosen to be as representative as possible of the local community. The Cheshire Foundation Homes for the Sick (a registered charity) is the Central Trust, and has ultimate responsibility for all the Homes. It owns all the property, and acts as guarantor to the public that the individual Homes are properly managed in conformity with the general aims of the Foundation. Similar charitable Trusts have been established to control the Homes overseas.

Cheshire Smile is edited and managed by disabled residents at Le Court. Contributions to the magazine are invited from all readers. Opinions put forward in individual articles do not necessarily represent the official view of the Cheshire Foundation. It is our aim, however, to encourage free expression of ideas. Publication dates fall roughly in the middle of March, June and September, but in early December.

If you would like to ensure that you receive *Cheshire Smile* regularly, we should be glad to put your name on our mailing list. A subscription form is on the back page.

Deadlines for Next Issue

All contributions, including photos, drawings, etc. for the June 1968 issue must be received here at Le Court by 18th April at the latest. However, contributions that are sent through the Regional Editors must reach them by 4th April.

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Cheshire Homes

What are they?



asks the Editor

Yes, I know there's the official description on Page One. But it's in such broad terms that it often seems to raise more questions than it answers. Group Captain Cheshire and the Trustees of the Cheshire Foundation are anxious that some more definite formulation should be found of what the Cheshire Homes are, and should be.

The G.C. wants meetings to take place, at all levels, in the Foundation to discuss this subject. He wants them to lead up to the World Conference of Cheshire Foundations which is being planned for the summer of 1969 – the year of the 21st birthday of the Homes. But not only meetings.

Writing letters

It is also the wish of the G.C. that, along with the meetings, the magazine be used as a place where those with something to say on the subject can say their say. So I invite you to write to me. I hope that as many letters as possible will come in from all sorts of people – disabled residents, staff, administrations, Committee members, Friends, and interested people outside the Foundation. At the G.C.'s express wish, I can add that letters may be anonymous if desired, and the more challenging the better, so long as they are serious and based upon an understanding of the issues involved. I shall carefully record and study all letters received, and pass them on to the G.C. and the Trustees. A wide selection will, of course, be published, but if anyone doesn't want his contribution published he need only say so, and his wishes will naturally be respected. (By the way, if someone desires to send me a confidential letter, but hesitates to do so for fear of the consequences to himself, I can assure him that his trust will not be broken).

Rehabilitation

You know it has been suggested recently that some kind of rehabilitation should play a part in the Foundation. A long discussion on this took place at the Annual Conference last June. For the purposes of the Conference, rehabilitation was not defined in its technical sense of the physical and mental re-conditioning required to make an incapacitated person fit to return to the world outside. It was thought of rather as the rehabilitation of a person – the whole person – in order to allow him to develop his capacity for self-expression to its fullest possible extent within the limits of his particular disability. The views of disabled residents and staff were not heard at the Conference, but it was always intended by the G.C. that these views should be heard – and now the opportunity is available.

As defined up to the present time, a Cheshire Home cannot provide a rehabilitation service in the sense of training disabled people for independent living in the outside world. That's a professional job, and there are proper centres staffed by professional people where it can be done. The Cheshire Homes have, instead, specialised in trying to provide the best possible environment for those severely disabled people who are assessed as being no longer able to benefit from medical care and rehabilitation courses, and have nowhere else suitable to go.

The question whether the Homes have actually succeeded in doing what they set out to do is certainly worth asking. We can also ask whether a special form of rehabilitation is not perhaps needed – something which would enable our disabled residents to develop, more than at present, their powers of self-expression to the fullest extent possible, something that would help them to become more fitted to live together in community, and to run it, as far as they can, for themselves. (This point was much discussed in the debate carried on in the magazine a year or two ago on 'The Role of the Residents').

Home Sweet Home

The 'best possible environment' mentioned above has generally been defined in terms of a family 'home'. But what do we mean by 'home' in this connection? It's an analogy, isn't it? With these very mixed communities that we call Cheshire Homes, how far can we extend the analogy? Opinions, I know, differ widely. It's just another point that we have never really thrashed out. I have thought about it for years, and still can't come up with a satisfactory answer. Can you?

A further point is – how should the staff and administrations run the Homes? More and more 'care' institutions are coming to realize that to allow people the freedom to live as they want to and giving them a lead is far better than driving them and imposing solutions when problems arise. That's in line with professional rehabilitation theory, the key idea of which is perhaps 'training for independence'. This formula would seem to be based on the two assumptions, first, that man has a natural right to strive for and find his own destiny, and second, that society has a natural duty to assist him. If this is true, what implications – if any – has it for the Cheshire Homes?

Now, going off on another tack altogether. What about the relationship between all the many Cheshire Foundations scattered over the world? How can these bodies be brought closer together? In what ways can they help each other more? Are the Homes in the more prosperous countries doing all they can and should to help those in the poorer countries?

Well, there you are. I've tried to offer some ideas to set you talking, and writing. It's up to you now.

F.E.S.

4 A round up of topical items about interesting people, and places of note, by the Roving Reporter.

Group Captain Cheshire, I am happy to say, is now feeling very much better than he has for a long time, despite several setbacks during 1967. It was no doubt due to the doctors' insistence that he must curtail travelling and engagements over the past six months – a decision he agreed to with a certain amount of reluctance. In spite of everything, he has still managed to visit quite a number of Homes, including a tour of Wales, York and Liverpool, St. Teresa's, Penzance, and a tour of the Irish Homes.

Recently, the G.C. has been helped very considerably by the generous assistance of a young BBC cameraman and his wife, Louis and Ingrid Wolfers; his BBC volunteer kindly filmed a number of sequences for the film on leprosy now being made by the Group Captain. This filming was done in Calcutta in November, when the city was in the throes of riots. The film is therefore all the more precious as we are indeed lucky to have it safely back in the U.K. Two boys from the Katpadi Home travelled to Calcutta to take part in the film.

At the end of February, the G.C. plans to leave for a short tour of the Homes in India. During the year he hopes to catch up on the many engagements and visits that had to be cancelled in 1967 due to his illness. These cancelled engagements remain a great source of disappointment to him.

Lord Sinclair, Managing Trustee of the Cheshire Foundation Homes, was married on 6th January to Anne, younger daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Lettice Cotterell. The wedding was at St. John the Baptist Church, Byford, Herefordshire, and the couple, to whom we all offer our congratulations and good wishes, spent their honeymoon in Tunisia. Lord Sinclair has been a Trustee of the Foundation since July 1962. A charming wedding photograph appears on the opposite page.

Elaine Mayes, Secretary of the Cheshire Foundation, has just announced her engagement to Douglas Cuthbertson, of Burmah Oil, our recently appointed Honorary Personnel Officer, who is also Vice-Chairman of the Le Court Home. The news has only just come through, and so we cannot, at this stage, say more than just to wish the couple our



most sincere congratulations. Further news must wait until next issue.

Sir Alec Black's Charity in Grimsby has been a very generous benefactor of the Cheshire Foundation for many years. I can report that a very happy meeting took place last November at Market Mews between the Trustees of that Charity (Messrs. J. D. Harrison, K. O. Harrison and H. W. Crampin) and some of our Foundation Trustees. We understand that the Sir Alec Black Charity dates back to pre National Health Service days when Sir Alec had the misfortune to meet with an accident and went into hospital. Apparently, he found the rough bedclothes extremely uncomfortable, and vowed to make some provision for hospitals to be supplied with good linen so that others wouldn't have to suffer similar discomfort.

Thanks to him, and the Trustees who administer his legacy, many Cheshire Home residents today enjoy the comfort of fine linen sheets and pillowcases and down pillows.

Carols at Victoria Station, London. Last Christmas, Sarah Overton and her friends – some 60 or 70 in all – sang carols once again in aid of the Cheshire Homes. The gay and colourful group made quite a splash. They must have done, for their takings this time exceeded the previous year's total by over £30.

Mr. Henry Marking, a Trustee of the Foundation, was very glad to have the opportunity at the end of November to pay another visit to the Home in Tangier, and see the children, the Cherifa d'Ouezzane, and the Moroccan Matron who is now in charge.

In England, Mr. Marking has attended several public meetings and other functions in Hertfordshire. The Committee there has worked hard to get the interest and support of the County for the proposed new Home.

Then, in the East Midlands, Mrs. Marjorie Clark, another Trustee, has been similarly engaged in attending meetings for the Mid-Derbyshire Steering Committee. From that area too, the most encouraging reports are being received of growing interest and support. The Mayor of Chesterfield has selected the proposed Home in Derbyshire as his special Cause for the year to June 1968.

'Future Indefinite' is the title of the new film produced for the Multiple Sclerosis

Lord and Lady Sinclair after their wedding in January. See note on opposite page.

Photo Portman Press Bureau

Society; its premiere, in December, was attended by Group Captain Cheshire.

In its way, an unusual film, for it is not a straightforward documentary. It is the story — a very touching one — of a young mother, with two children, who learns that her husband has multiple sclerosis. As is often the case, the husband, on medical grounds, is not told the nature of his illness. The mother is left to carry the burden of the knowledge alone. The film provides an authentic picture of what M.S. means to its victims and their families, and shows how the M.S. Society can and does help them.

The film is 16 mm, black and white, sound; running time, 35 mins. Available (no charge) from: Sound Services Ltd., Kingston Road, Merton Park, London S.W.19. (Film No. 253-2179-5).

A Service of United Witness in Westminster Cathedral on 21st January was one of the chief interdenominational lay events in London to mark the Week of Christian Unity. The prayers were led by a prominent Methodist, Dr. Horace King, Speaker of the House of Commons. Group Captain Leonard Cheshire read the scripture passages. And the address — on the words of Christ 'Why hast Thou forsaken me?' — was delivered by an Anglican, the well-known actor Andrew Cruickshank.

All seats in the cathedral were filled some time before the service began, and hundreds of people lined the aisles.

The Romantic Novelists Association sent us a very interesting invitation in January. The Chairman of the Association, Miss Sylvia Thorpe, wrote to Market Mews to say that they would like to give autographed copies of 24 novels written by their members to the Cheshire Foundation. Could somebody go to receive them at a little party in London on 14th February? Some disabled residents from Athol House — Mary Ping, Marjorie Wrist and Jill White — volunteered to represent the Foundation, and go along to receive the books. It seems that the Association were extremely pleased that their suggestion was taken up so quickly and with such enthusiasm.



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Later, the Chairman said that she hoped various members of her Association, who lived in different parts of the country, might get in touch with their local Cheshire Homes, and perhaps offer encouragement and friendly criticism to some of our aspiring writers. Miss Thorpe says that this type of fiction is immensely popular with women hospital patients, and so they thought that some people in the Homes would also enjoy the books. Their letter-heads carry some very well-known names, such as Mary Burchell, Elizabeth Goudge, Christina Foyle, John Hale, Dorothy Tomlinson, and many others. Perhaps somebody will come up with a good idea about how to organise the sharing of these books among several Homes.

Every winter when the snow comes several of our Homes get marooned to some extent. We had a letter in mid-January from the Warden of Staunton Harold giving a glimpse of what this involves. He wrote 'We are a bit stuck up in the snow, and getting things and people in and out is quite a problem. So far we have only had one day without staff, and even then our gallant cook and a few domestics walked the two miles. We managed to get enough track cleared to get them home by slither and by skid.' Loyal service, indeed!

Margot Gibbs, our former Secretary in

London, who now lives in Durban, had a visitor just before Christmas. Nicky, one of our voluntary helpers at Market Mews who, because she works for an airline, was able to fly out to South Africa for a short holiday. From all that she told us, it is clear that Margot hasn't cut down on the number of things she undertakes. Apart from running her home, and other activities, she is very much occupied with her work for the Mental Welfare Association and the Cheshire Homes out there.

Visitors to Market Mews during the past three months. The staff at headquarters have been very glad to meet amongst others: **Mrs. J. B. McGowan**, Chairman of Carnsalloch, Dumfries — she said she is frequently asked to give talks on the Homes and finds the slide library at the Dulwich Home extremely useful; **Mr. R. A. Haryott**, Honorary Treasurer of Stonecroft House, Lincs; **Mr. F. E. Biller**, Honorary Treasurer of Spofforth Hall; **Miss Molly Deane**, Secretary of Ampthill; and **Mr. Dom Morrogh**, Chairman of St. Laurence's, Cork, and his son Alec who is also a very active worker for the Home.

In Memoriam

Leslie Sawhny

First Chairman of Cheshire Homes India

The sudden death in Bombay last December of Leslie Sawhny (brother-in-law of Wilfrid Russell, Vice-Chairman of the U.K. Cheshire Foundation) has deprived India of one of her leading figures at a time when she can least afford it. The son of Des Raj, a lawyer from the Punjab, Leslie was educated at Bishop Cotton School in Simla, and was later one of the first batch of Indian cadets at the new Military Academy, Dehra Dun. He served in the 16th Cavalry, and by the end of the 1939–45 war was in command of the Royal Deccan Horse in Burma. When he left the army to go into industry, he rapidly went to the forefront of India's new generation of industrialists. He joined the great Tata group of Industries in 1959, and had become Vice-Chairman before he died. So in both the careers – the military and the industrial – that he packed into his brief 52 years he made his mark.

Yet it was quite another facet of his many-sided life by which we in the Cheshire Foundation will remember him most. Leslie was a close personal friend of Group Captain Cheshire ever since the latter's first visit to India in 1956, and, indeed, it was mainly through his influence that the Cheshire Foundation in India became established. He personally supervised the all-important task of drawing up its constitution, and, as its first Chairman, guided it through its early and difficult years.

As Colonel Sawhny rose higher in the management of the Tata organisation, he was obliged to retire from the Chairmanship of Cheshire Homes India, and to restrict his activities on their behalf. But he continued as a Trustee until his death, and most willingly gave of his advice and behind-the-scenes help. Every Christmas, he would visit Bethlehem House, the Bombay Home, and was loved both by the patients and staff. He had the rare quality of always thinking and talking about other people, and very seldom about himself.

To the G.C., Leslie's death is a tremendous personal loss which he feels very deeply. It was at the Sawhny's house that he used to stay when in Bombay, and from there that he and Sue Ryder were married in April 1959. To his widow, Dabeh, we extend our heartfelt and most sincere sympathy.

Leslie Rayner

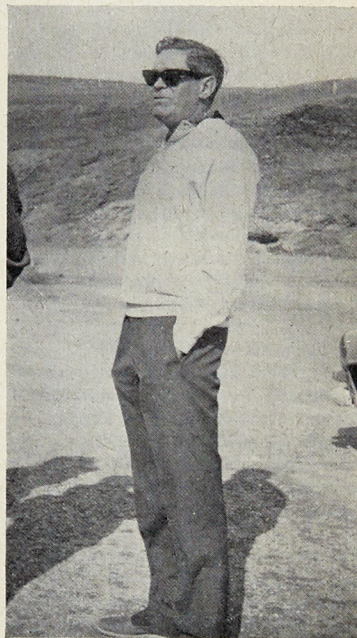
A well-known figure in Singapore was accidentally killed in October 1966, and a plaque to his memory now hangs in the local Cheshire Home.

Leslie Rayner, had been a close personal friend of Leonard Cheshire. Being in Singapore when the plans for a Cheshire Home there were first mooted in the '50s, it was natural that he should offer his assistance to the G.C.

A lawyer by profession after the war, he came to Singapore in 1947, and served in various legal positions there. But he made a name for himself also as a generous philanthropist and social worker. He was on the Committees of many local voluntary organisations for the handicapped, including the Council of Governors of the Singapore Cheshire Home.

On 12th October 1966, whilst piloting a light plane, he crashed near the runway of Malacca aerodrome. A year later, on the same date precisely, a plaque was unveiled at the Singapore Cheshire Home by the Hon. Mr. Justice Tan Ah Tah, Chairman of the Cheshire Homes Malaysia.

Photo : Straits Times



Top: Mr. Leslie Sawhny

Bottom: Mr Leslie Rayner

In Praise of Teenagers

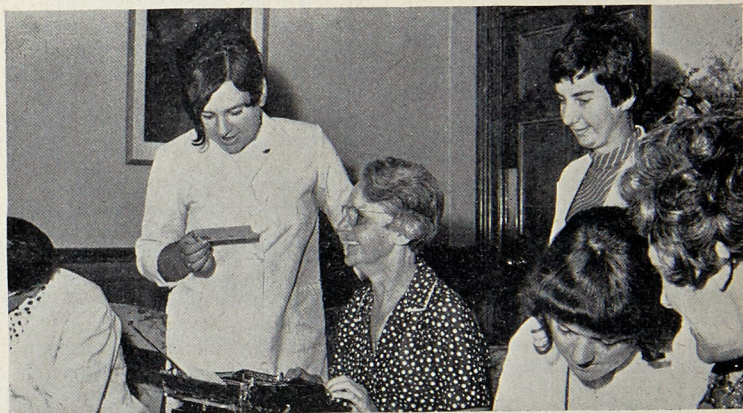
'We hear a lot about troublesome teenagers – but not much about those young people who live their lives to serve the community. Here at the Cheshire Home for the Disabled we are lucky to see a lot of them. A group of youngsters aged 15 and over come here at evenings, weekends and throughout their holidays, willing and anxious to do the most menial of jobs. Kindly hands come to the aid of those of us who are chairbound; they will feed those who can't use their hands, wash them and help put them to bed. And their laughter and high spirits echo in our rooms, making this a true "home".'

Florence Pitman, of Seven Rivers, sent

that letter to *Woman's Own*. They published it under the picture beneath, which shows three of the young girls who go regularly to the Home – from l to r, Linda, Anthea and Mary. Florence herself is in the centre.

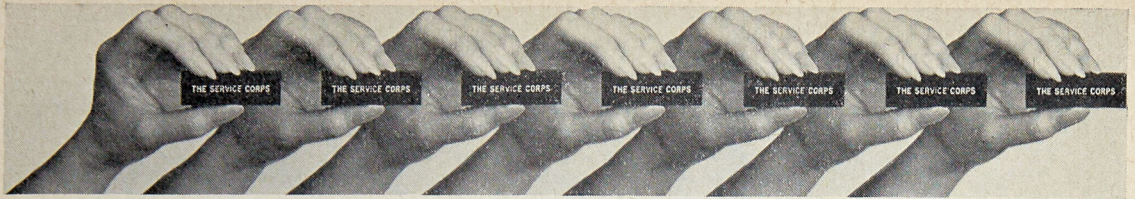
Woman's Own adds: 'Our photographer discovered, by the way, that Miss Pitman is also no mean "helper" herself. Blind and suffering from multiple sclerosis, she still manages to raise some £200 a year for the Cheshire Home in Bethlehem, and despite her disabilities has twice visited the Home to "see" for herself'.

Photo: Newnes and Pearsons



Residents in the U.K. Cheshire Homes as at 31st December 1967

Home	Men	Women	Total	Home opened	Home	Men	Women	Total	Home opened
Alne Hall, York	21	7	28	Jun '56	Mickley Hall, Sheffield	2	8	10	Nov '67
Ampthill Park, Beds	24	14	38	Feb '55	Mote House, Kent	16	22	38	May '61
Beechwood, Yorks	7	13	20	Jul '66	St. Anthony's, Staffs	26	16	42	Nov '61
Cann House, Devon	18	15	33	Mar '60	St. Bridget's, Sussex	19	13	32	Nov '55
Carnsalloch, Dumfriess	10	17	27	Jun '61	St. Cecilia's, Kent	17	16	33	Jul '54
Coomb, Carmarthen	18	22	40	Oct '60	St. Teresa's, Cornwall	12	18	30	May '51
Cotswold Home, Glos	10	13	23	Sep '60	Seven Rivers, Essex	13	17	30	Jan '58
Danybryn, Glam	17	19	36	Nov '61	Springwood House, Liverpool	6	10	16	Jun '67
Dolywern, Denbigh	17	20	37	Feb '62	Spoofforth Hall, Yorks	12	16	28	Jul '59
Greathouse, Wilts	15	17	32	Aug '58	Staunton Harold, Leics	24	18	42	Oct '55
Greenacres, Warks	4	10	14	Jul '64	Stonecroft House, Lincs	15	14	29	Jun '65
Greenhill, Somerset	9	12	21	Feb '62	White Windows, Yorks	21	14	35	Nov '56
The Grove, Norfolk	15	15	30	Nov '61					
Heatherley, Sussex	18	21	39	May '61	Total	567	554	1121	
The Hill, Cheshire	18	11	29	Sep '61					
Holme Lodge, Notts	14	14	28	Apr '61					
Honresfeld, Lancs	15	12	27	May '58	Mental Rehabilitation Hostels				
Hovenden, Lincs	15	14	29	Jul '57	Gaywood, Wimbledon	9	9	18	Oct '62
Kenmore, Yorks	17	10	27	Jan '61	Miraflores, Wimbledon			30	Nov '57
Lake District Home	14	17	31	May '61	Nicholas House, London E.2	15	8	23	Feb '65
Le Court, Hants	23	16	39	May '48					
Llanhenock, Mon	12	16	28	Jan '62	Homes for Mentally Handicapped Children				
London Cheshire Home	9	12	21	Jan '61	The Green, Cheshire			18	May '64
Marske Hall, Yorks	18	12	30	Feb '63	Hawthorn Lodge, Dorset			33	Jan '58
Matten, Northumberland	12	8	20	Apr '67					
Mayfield, Edinburgh	14	15	29	Jul '60	Total number of residents in Cheshire Homes			1243	



NOTES AND NEWS by Catherine A. Croisdale

Particular thanks to Greenhill House, Staunton Harold and Mote House for their never-failing help and co-operation. But we are, of course, grateful to all the other Homes who have given their support.

Early in November, we moved into our new Training Wing at Le Court. I would like to call it the Study Centre or some other name. Can anyone think of a better one?

During recent months, girls from the Oak Park School, Havant, have paid three visits to the Training Centre. Two of them, Margaret Surtees and Linda Chant, spent a week-end at Le Court in January.

Miss Chapman managed to get us a fine Christmas present from Robinson's Radio Rentals — a combined TV and radio. It certainly enhances the sitting room at the Centre.

The very first set to go through the Corps training course are now finishing. Margaret Connick is possibly joining the police force, Enda Teehan is doing her pupil-nurse training at Whipps Cross, London. Eileen Byrne and Patty Dunne are arranging their future nursing training, and Mary Dunne is starting at Treloars Hospital in March. Eileen Kirby, unfortunately, has suffered with her back for some months, and has had a laminectomy, performed by Mr. Moynihan, at Treloars Hospital. She is, at the moment, only just recovering from the operation.

The second set finished in the spring. Marie Banks, whose story appears below, starts her pupil-nurse training at Treloars in April. Carol Ring is, at present, assistant cook at St. Bridget's. Barbara Green will be returning, as a full member of the Service Corps, to work at Greenhill House, Timsbury.

We are very anxious to find out, particularly from disabled residents in the Homes, what they think of the Service Corps, what they would like the members

of the Corps to do in the Homes, whether they think the present training is on the right lines, and even whether they feel the idea of having a Service Corps is a good one or not.

HOME FROM HOME by Marie Banks

What is 'home'? For me, it was living with my parents, my brothers and sister. Although we were frequently on the move, we were always together, and that was the important thing. I was with the people I loved. Little did I realise in my early days how much they meant to me

I suppose I never really thought much about being alone, or having to fight my own battles against the big, big world outside my home. After I left school at 16, I took a local job, and then changed it for another, just to pass the time while I thought about things. I felt drawn towards nursing, and in my spare time I helped at the St. Anthony's Cheshire Home.

But at last my subconscious must have given me a prick — as if to say 'now it is your turn to go out and help the world'. Having heard about the Cheshire Homes Service Corps, I applied to join it. The thought of leaving home was frightening. The actual doing it, tearing myself up by the roots, was really heart-breaking. I'm saying this because I realize a little better now how the Cheshire Homes can be 'home' for the disabled people who live in them. And how it would be heart-breaking for them to leave all the people who have been their friends for years and years. I realise now as well that many of the Homes have been for me 'home from home'.

I went first to Le Court. Despite my fears, being with new people seemed very easy. There were five of us in our set, and we learnt theory and practical work during the first few months. I enjoyed every minute of it.

Then I was sent to another Cheshire Home — which was very different. I was all right with the disabled people there. I

found it easy enough to work with them, and understand them — or at least most of them. This was where our training came to life — treating the disabled as normal people, despite their disabilities. But my big battle was in getting on with the able-bodied people, the staff. Oh, how I tried to communicate with them, but somehow I just couldn't. For me, it was a time of loneliness and irritability at that Home. I know now that the fault lay in me as much as in others. The trouble was, not so much that others didn't understand me — although that was probably true; but more important I just didn't understand, or rather misunderstood, them.

After this, I had a few weeks sick leave. And during this time, I did a great deal of thinking. I thought about people, and my relations with them. It seemed to me that I ought not to show my feelings so much. If you want to get in on this world, you have to hide what you really feel. You have to act normal even if you don't feel normal. You must be like the monkey which sees all, hears all, and says nothing. That became my new way of life — although I am far from being a monkey.

The new way was hard to get used to, but because I knew it was the only way, I had to go through with it. When meeting people, I began to hold back, just listening and watching, hardly saying anything at all.

Of course, I reacted like this because I had been hurt. But in the end it turned out for the good. It enabled me to find out quite a lot about myself; I think it helped me to be myself much more than I was before.

I also gained a greater freedom of mind. It was as if I were slowly putting together a jigsaw puzzle in my head. My understanding of people, and of many things, seemed to grow tremendously.

Now, after nine months in the Cheshire Homes, I can honestly say I am very happy. I have learnt to get on with people,

continued on page 10

Mistaken Values

Readers may be interested in this Editorial from Nursing Mirror (of 17th Nov. 1967), a journal that has recently been fostering a wide-ranging debate on many ethical and social aspects of nursing. We reproduce it by kind permission of the Editor.

Those of our readers who maintain an optimistic view regarding the growth of progressive attitudes in nursing will, we fear, be somewhat chastened by two letters published this week in our Everybody's Opinion pages.

Referring to the leading article in our issue for 27th October on religious services for student nurses (*Ed. . . . which stressed the importance of not putting pressure on the students to attend such services*), one letter contains this statement: 'Surely if an occasion arose on the ward where we strongly disagreed, we would not rise to our feet and leave. So is it not right that we should learn unity in the classroom, even if it is over such important matters as religion?' The letter was carefully written and composed

and the writer would appear to be a student nurse, dedicated to her profession, which makes the statement the more disturbing.

Why, in 1967, does any young nurse believe that she must smother 'strong disagreement' if she should come to feel it in her heart? Why does she consider 'unity' to be one of her most important disciplines? Not, please note, unity with the patient, but unity with her colleagues — whether for or against the patient is not clear, but the implications would seem to favour the latter.

The second letter is just as alarming. In answer to a previous correspondent, the writer asks how nurses can maintain 'any semblance of order and respect' if they allow patients to call them by their Christian names. 'One can imagine,' she says, 'what would happen if, as the charge nurse was travelling up the ward, patients shouted after him by his Christian name.' In his view, the result would obviously be anarchy, no less!

These two letters arrived by the same post, leading inevitably to a mental picture of nurses presenting a united front on a ward in which patients lie respectfully in their beds, knowing their place, and knowing the strength of the opposition. It is disturbing that such a picture could be conjured up so innocently by nurses who are clearly satisfied that they are adopting acceptable, even laudable, attitudes.

Offsetting the despair many nurses will feel on reading these two letters is the fact that while statements such as these would not have been questioned 50 years ago, they *will* be questioned today. They are a reminder that student nurses are still being inculcated with values proved long ago to be mistaken, and loyalties which are a betrayal of the profession, rather than its strength. We are confident that they will not go unchallenged by our readers, some of whom might well see in them the seeds for the unhappy situation which exists in a few of our hospitals.

HOME FROM HOME

(continued from page 8)

and to get through to them, and I'm sure they get on with me.

Moving around the Cheshire Homes gives us quite a lot of experience with people. It has certainly helped me to get closer to men and women — both the disabled and the able-bodied — than ever I used to. You can't help but understand people better when you are working with them.

(Ed. — Marie has now started her S.E.N. training in a Hampshire hospital, and if successful, plans to go on to become an S.R.N. When her nursing training is finished, she wants to return to the Cheshire Homes.)

MAYFIELD IMPROVEMENTS

Recent work on the extension has made the garden look rather neglected. This is being put right by landscape gardeners, who have tidied up the ground and planted different heathers on a bank outside our sitting room.

The idea of a workroom and physiotherapy room has been given some reconsideration. However, it is thought that no further extension is needed, but that the conversion of existing space in the basement — especially if the lift is converted to fully automatic working — will meet all requirements. An estimate for this work is awaited.

Refurnishing and redecorating the main house continues, and a great deal of thanks for this goes to the Edinburgh University cleaners, 'Mrs. Mopps'.

by Anne Plummer

Reproduced from Spastics News by kind permission of the Editor.

Count Us In – A Community Service Handbook. Mora and Alec Dickson. Dennis Dobson, 7s. 6d.

The image of modern youth as a degenerate race of sexually promiscuous drug-addicts may be true in some cases, but there is another side to the coin. Newspapers and television programmes often choose to ignore the other side but this book *Count Us In*, shows that it does exist. The authors, Mora and Alec Dickson, were the founders of Community Service Volunteers and have proved how much young people can offer when given the opportunity.

The book is written in a lively, easy-to-read style and illustrated by rather ugly but eye-catching drawings. It is aimed principally at people in their last two or three years at school and gives much practical advice on the formation of Community Service groups in schools and youth clubs. The authors stress the importance of having a specific project in mind before calling for volunteers, as members will soon lose interest if they feel that there is not enough work for them to do. Another interesting piece of advice is for the young people not to bother with fund-raising unless it is for some project on which they are working themselves. 'Finance is the concern of the adult population. What the young have to give is themselves . . .' A short-term project such as laying out a hospital garden or adventure playground may be easier for inexperienced volunteers to tackle than visits to the elderly or handicapped which need to be kept up regularly over a long period.

Advice on how best to help the physically handicapped shows great insight. ' . . . The old Lady Bountiful approach with its undertones of condescension is out . . .' Emphasis is put on sharing rather than looking-after. The example is given of a young volunteer who strapped himself into a wheelchair to play basketball with

a group of paraplegics and pleased them by being so much worse at the game than they were. Also suggested are various ways in which the handicapped can be helped to do something for others instead of being always on the receiving end. The book does not minimise the difficulties that may be encountered. It points out that old people can be cantankerous, those in authority obstructive and people generally not always as grateful as perhaps they should be. At the end there are lists of local and national organisations who might be glad of youth helpers.

The most encouraging section of the book, however, is the chapter called 'Operational Patterns', which describes various projects successfully carried out by young people in eight different parts of the country. Sheffield schoolgirls ease the pressure on nurses at mealtimes in a local hospital by helping to feed handicapped patients. Even the youth of swinging London is not entirely devoted to pot and Carnaby Street, thousands of volunteers between the ages of 14 and 30 belong to Task Force in their spare time.

Count Us In surely proves that not all young people are selfish and dissolute. A great many of them obviously care about the plight of those less fortunate and are prepared to do something positive about it. Their approach to problems, moreover, has a gaiety and understanding which should be encouraged as they will breathe new life into the long tradition of voluntary service in this country.

Photo Contest

Don't forget this year's Photo Contest, the theme of which is 'My Favourite Picture'.

The rule about the copyright of entries belonging to the *Cheshire Smile* no longer applies. We have been advised to omit it. Special permission will be sought from the entrants if we wish to publish any photos in the magazine.

Tunbridge Wells Home Opens

The new Cheshire Home, Seven Springs, at Tunbridge Wells, Kent, will probably be open by the time this magazine appears. Preparatory work has been going very well; many parts of the house have been altered to make it more suitable for its prospective wheelchair residents.

Fund-raising events have been held in many local areas to bring in the much-needed finance. Something between £1,000 and £1,500 was added to funds as a result of an airlines ball.

Tunbridge Wells branch of the Electrical Association for Women were using the lodge as a sewing centre. Their skilled and patient work produced piles of curtains, sheets, blankets, pillows, etc.

EXTENSIONS OPENED AT DANYBRYN

All summer and autumn workmen had been busy at Danybryn creating the new Dining Room – Concert Hall, and the official opening took place one Saturday in November. The work had been financed by the Sherman Trust Fund; it was Mrs. Ann Sherman who performed the opening ceremony by unveiling a plaque, naming it the Abe Sherman Hall.

After speeches from representatives of the Sherman Trust, Group Captain Cheshire thanked everyone who had helped make the new extensions possible, and went on to speak about ways of helping disabled people. Ken Prout then thanked all concerned on behalf of the residents and staff, and Ian Moody presented a bouquet to Mrs. Sherman. The G.C., who stayed at the Home over the weekend, was given a wallet by Gwyneth Slocombe on behalf of the residents.

12 The Right to Live

by Tatiana de Kreisler

Reproduced by kind permission of the Editor from Polio-Revue, the journal of the Association nationale des amis des polios et handicapés physiques, Paris.

Under this title Radio Monte Carlo has organised during the last year and a half a campaign on behalf of the handicapped. This has set me thinking, for in my view it presents many problems.

First, the title itself. Why 'The Right to Live'? Everyone born into this world has the right to live. If someone has to insist on that right because of his handicap, it proves that in our society something is out of gear.

Yet, the first instinct of man is to save a living being. The proof is that doctors and specialists fight for this, sometimes at the price of their own lives. Parents also join in the fight. There are two predominant factors that serve to obstruct this basic instinct – the indifference and hostility of society and the excessive fear and anxiety of families for and about their disabled children.

I speak today with a certain sureness of vision, that comes from being handicapped myself, from having had the good fortune to possess understanding and sympathetic parents, and from the experience of participating in the work of several organisations for disabled people. My parents understood what was needed for me almost from the beginning, they looked my handicap in the face, and quite objectively. They hid nothing from me about the difficulties regarding the care I would need, and about the terrible struggles that lay ahead for me and my education.

Of course, handicaps are very varied, but it is about the neuro-muscular disorders that there is the greatest confusion in the public mind. Almost all people suffering from such diseases are intelligent and sensitive, nothing escapes them; they take part in everything, and are fully conscious of the smallest incidents going on around them. Only – and here's the rub – they are not always master of their own movements. It happens that

many cannot control their face muscles, their speech, their limbs and bodies. So, only too often and too hastily, people take them for mental defectives.

To illustrate the incomprehension and ignorance of the public. A handicapped person passes by in the street, either in a wheelchair or walking as best he can. People stare, they stop, they turn round several times to look at him. If something about him is not quite normal, they say: 'Oh, the poor man!' 'Did you see him?' 'Isn't it a tragedy!' You will be lucky if they don't also laugh – after a good stare.

Again, I have myself on several occasions not been allowed to enter a café or a theatre, on the pretext that my appearance might upset people. I remember particularly one day, when having been caught in the rain, I wanted to take refuge on the terrace of a café. Although my companion explained that I could not get out of my wheelchair, we were unceremoniously turned out. At the theatre, how often we have heard people around us grumbling: 'What are they doing here?' 'Really, it's a shame to bring them here' 'Why don't they stay at home?'

Between the world of the normally healthy and the world of the disabled there is, unfortunately, a barrier through which it is difficult to pass. To do so it would, I think, be necessary for us disabled to make our own the feelings of the non-disabled, in order to understand them and not become too resentful. They, on their side, must make the same effort, but frankly and openly, without the least trace of pity – for there is nothing worse than that. They must think of us as normal persons, with the same problems and aspirations as the non-disabled, only with the added difficulty of our handicap. If all the non-disabled were to make this effort, the barriers would soon come down.

Let us now consider the problem set before parents who have to bring up a disabled child. The nature of the problem for them depends on:

- 1 the child's instinctive will to live, to get on as quick as he can.
- 2 the child's temperament. He may be lazy from the start, which would call for a certain education of the will-power. This can often be done, and once the impulse has been given, the child continues the effort on its own.
- 3 it may happen that the child is affected in its reflexes, which govern the swiftness of reactions. The child reacts normally, but with marked slowness. It needs a great deal of intuition, lightness of touch, and perseverance, to help the child.

Now for the pitfalls that so often occur. It is almost inevitable that a mother – unless she is very watchful indeed – will tend to attach herself to her child by ties which become too strong. By dint of watching over him, regulating his food, his sleep, his games, minute by minute, a habit is formed, a habit which can easily be abused. One thinks for him, one acts for him, one decides for him, and one forgets that the child grows up, and will become a man or a woman, with his (or her) definite personality and thoughts, which may be quite different from those one imagines, and aspirations which only need a little independence to develop.

It is rare for a family to have sufficient means to ensure that the child, for the rest of its life, will be able to continue the sheltered existence in which it has been brought up. The unexpected can always happen, and a sudden catastrophe may find the child without parents or a family environment. What happens then? If the young – or not so young – disabled person has developed a tremendous strength of will, enabling him to face life as it is, he will be able to meet the challenge.

If, however, all his aspirations have been more or less stifled, it is too late now to develop them. If his personality has been suffocated by an excessive love, if he has never been given any responsibility, he will not now be able to meet the many difficulties that will arise. If he has never been helped to live in depth, there is no one now to teach him, and he will

vegetate from Home to Home, with a sense of failure, of nostalgia for something he could have done, but missed doing. There will always remain within him a smothered revolt, embittering life, and making the possibility of good relationships with others very problematic.

Sometimes, the attitudes and feelings of parents are self-contradictory. On one hand, there is the desire to see the child find its place in society. On the other hand, there is often an unhealthy degree of pessimism. The child is looked upon as incapable of achieving anything. I have often observed this sort of thing, and it is terribly bad for the child, whose feelings are ultra-sensitive. One hears remarks like: 'That is not for you' 'You will never succeed in doing that' 'You don't know how to look' 'Your health will not stand it' — and so on, and so on. Judge for yourself the effect that such remarks have on one who already has little or no self-confidence.

There is often, unfortunately, a further problem. Some parents resent a disabled child, feel it is an extremely unwelcome infliction, upsetting, shameful, irritating. This attitude is perhaps largely a reflection of the attitude in general of society to the disabled. Even in the present state of our civilisation, this kind of shame is more frequent than many believe. The child is kept hidden, and only brought out to a limited circle of intimate friends. Except for the times when he has to be produced to obtain some grant, or service, or equipment, he is kept very much in the background. Families have even been known to do without such grants or services, rather than acknowledge that they have a disabled child.

But, in normal circumstances, when the child has been given opportunities to develop, the mother must learn how to withdraw herself more and more. The good mother knows that the child, such as he is, has not come into the world to be her 'thing', the object merely of her affection. She knows that the best way to help him along his road is to teach him not to be afraid, to let him win his spurs,

even if there is a risk, even if there is danger. It is better to allow the child to take his chance while his parents are still in the world, even if it is only to tend his wounds, and give him courage to take up the fight again when he has failed.

Very often, when the disabled boy or girl has reached an age to assume some self-responsibility, the mother is already exhausted by twenty years of struggle, her nerves on edge, she has lost her health, and the very idea of a risk is more than she can bear. Yet, in spite of all, this encouragement of risk-taking, this spirit of self-abrogation, is necessary. Maternal love has no limits, and it gives the strength.

I, personally, have more or less nothing to fall back on, apart from a certain intellectual 'baggage'. But life does not frighten me. Why? Because my mother, after having brought me into the world several times, and finding herself facing life alone, with the burden of a disabled child, made me share in all the details, in all the difficulties, of daily life, and taught me to take responsibility. When she saw I was capable of it, she gave me complete freedom of action.

I hope fathers will allow me to say a little word to them. It must be acknowledged that when such a child is born to them it is, perhaps even more than to the mothers, a shock to their pride. Very often, even in their affection, there is a slight trace of shame in their attitude to society, which the sensitivity of the disabled child soon discovers. But the father should realise from the very first that his child has a value that he has a potentiality, a personality, that he — the father — must do all he can to help develop. The child must be taught to approach life like a normal human being, without weakness and without false pity.

I know that this article follows, in its essentials, a course of thought and action which is daily becoming more generally accepted. In order to simplify, I have chosen to treat chiefly of neuro-muscular cases, but fundamentally all, or nearly all, I have said applies to any sort of disabled person.

In conclusion, allow me to repeat once more that the parents' struggle would be less hard, and much less painful, if society did not erect that barrier between itself and us, if it fully recognised our right to life, a whole share in it, not merely as helpless persons to be assisted, but as responsible persons to be helped, supported, and understood. We want recognition of our value as men and women, in spite of appearances. A lot of progress has already been made, but the impulse behind this progress has rarely come from the non-disabled. What are we to think when in a progressive society like ours so many disabled persons of every sort and every age, especially young ones, find themselves relegated to geriatric wards and old peoples homes, because their needs have not been foreseen.

I have tried in this article to look things in the face, as I have seen them, through many years of observation. There is still much more that I could say, but I don't wish to try your patience too far.

Scottish Abbey helps the Bethlehem Home

The Benedictine Abbey at Fort Augustus in Scotland has had, for some 12 years, a display on exhibition to raise money to help the Cheshire Home for handicapped children at Bethlehem. More than £2,000 has been sent from Fort Augustus during that period. Now, we hear that 1967 was a record year. Contributions rose by 20% and reached a total of £333. Nearly 4,000 people from all over the world have signed the visitors' book at the exhibition.

Designing for the Disabled. by Selwyn Goldsmith, M.A., A.R.I.B.A. Royal Institute of British Architects, £3. 10. 0.

If any Cheshire Home Management Committee spends £3. 10. 0. on Selwyn Goldsmith's beautifully produced manual, I confidently predict they will save far more than this amount on the first building project they undertake with its help. They won't exactly be able to do an architect out of a job. But they will be able to keep up better with one on a major project, and direct the builder with far more confidence on smaller ones.

The revised and expanded second edition of this book is so clearly written and set out that it makes sense of technical architectural matters even to the complete layman like me. It deals with virtually every aspect of design for the disabled, from simple gadgets and the height of door handles, to the layout of streets, offices and shops. The sections specifically on Homes for the disabled are small, but a wealth of relevant information is available by cross-reference to other parts of the manual. Windows, doors, sinks, toilets, ramps, floors . . . all are dealt with exhaustively, with diagrams, notes, and selected details of costs and manufacturers. The glossary of medical terms and the publications list are useful too. I won't continue labouring the point. For its technical information alone, this is an indispensable book for anyone who has to do either with building or with the disabled.

Fascinating and invaluable as all the technical information is, though, for me the most important part of this manual is the 40,000 word Commentary, in which Selwyn Goldsmith investigates the social, psychological and philosophical implications of disability as they relate to design problems. Since publication of the original edition in 1963, he has done a lot of interesting field work, and has revised many of his own ideas and assumptions. The result is probably the most sophisticated and original piece of writing about physical disability yet to appear in this country.

The first edition of *Designing for the Disabled* accepted the orthodox doctrine that the disabled are not really very different from the normal population, and that buildings planned to enable them to manage independently are also more convenient for everyone else. Most publications in the field still accept these

Comment

assumptions. This applies particularly in America, where there is strong opposition to any idea of special facilities for the disabled; the ordinary facilities must simply be made useable by the disabled. At first sight this is an attractive idea. We are all supposed to want integration with the rest of society, and to be treated as normally as possible. In the current edition of his manual, however, Selwyn Goldsmith completely demolishes this line of thinking. He shows that the attempt to accommodate all the disabled as part of the normal population must often be unsuccessful for both practical and economic reasons; and he contends that it is also based on unsound psychological and philosophical assumptions.

Instead of an unrealistic 'independence' criterion, geared to the very small number of independent wheelchair users of public buildings, Mr. Goldsmith argues that architects should aim at 'usability', which allows for some situations where help may be needed, and takes account of the many 'dependent' disabled people — like most of us in Cheshire Homes. He also insists that often the handicaps experienced by the disabled in their use of buildings can best be overcome by providing special facilities designed for their particular needs. These should complement provisions made for the general public, and should be clearly indicated by signs. There need be nothing stigmatising about such facilities; they simply recognize facts, and their whole purpose is to enable the largest possible number of disabled people to use buildings as freely as anyone else. The main lines of this argument seem to me to be undeniable. And our acceptance of the unsentimental thinking behind it is important, not simply where accessibility to buildings is concerned, but also for the whole future of the disabled in society.

There is not enough space here to do justice to Selwyn Goldsmith's many subtle and far-reaching ideas. He covers an astonishing amount of ground under headings like: The wheelchair population; Social and economic influences; 'Privileged' disabilities; Community attitudes; The inferior status of disabled

people; The merits of normality; Adjustment; The recognition of limitations; The merits of dependence; and so on. Many of the points made are relevant to the current debate in the Cheshire Foundation about our aims and purposes (see the Editorial on page 3). Listen to this, for instance: 'The attitudes which characterise disabled people who have been successfully rehabilitated and have adjusted to their disability — a realistic acceptance of the disability and what it involves, a subordination of normality goals and physique values, a willingness to ask for and accept help in situations where help is necessary, and the recognition of the value of dependence as well as of independence — have a direct relevance to the establishment by the architect of optimal design criteria.' Most of us would want to add to, or subtract from, such a list of the attitudes exhibited by 'well-adjusted' disabled people. But the passage shows the way in which Mr. Goldsmith refuses to isolate strictly technical factors from human ones, and by doing so manages to raise issues of importance in a field much wider than that of design.

There are places in *Designing for the Disabled* where Mr. Goldsmith's challenging approach leads him to minimise difficulties and counter-arguments. For example, I believe as strongly as he does that an unambiguous pictorial sign indicating the presence of suitable facilities for wheelchairs in shops, restaurants and so on, is a psychologically sound proposal which could produce nothing but good if it was implemented. But having seen the embarrassed looks on the faces of customers in such places when the disabled arrive, and knowing of instances when disabled people have even been refused admission, I can't help wondering how many restaurant owners, say, would like to advertise that the disabled were welcome on their premises. A number of people feel acutely uncomfortable in the presence of disability or deformity, and most of us would on the whole prefer to avoid them if we can do so without making it too obvious. This applies particularly when we are out 'having a good time'.

Again, I am not sure that I fully share Mr. Goldsmith's enthusiasm for the idea of being carried up and down flights of stairs in a wheelchair in order to attend lectures at university. Nor do I go quite such a bundle on the delights of dependency, though I agree that independence

(continued on page 15)

Cooking, Creative or Comical

by Alex Wylie

The Le Court caterer talks about his daily task of satisfying 120 varied palates.

Roast beef? Roast lamb? Or roast pork? – which one to put on for Sunday lunch? Jim likes pork but hates beef, Tom likes beef but hates lamb. That's just one of the many problems you come across in my job – catering.

They say that in the future a full five course meal will consist of three pills. Until that day arrives, though, we caterers will have to carry on planning, preparing and cooking meals.

I can only tell you about the one Cheshire Home where I work – Le Court. I've never visited any of the others. But no doubt we are all the same in most respects.

Here at Le Court, we have, on average, about 75 people per meal to cope with. And when the new wing opens at the beginning of 1968, this will go up to 120.

Meal planning for such a number will be quite a task, but I hope to be able to continue as now, with a varied menu, and a choice of dishes whenever possible.

I believe that breakfast is the most important meal of the day. Here, we have it done to order, with a wide choice of cereals, porridge, eggs in various guises, bacon, sausages, baked beans, tomatoes, toast and marmalade. My fellow 'cooks' in other Homes may disagree with me about this, but I find it cheaper, as there is no waste. It makes a bit more work for us in the kitchen, but everyone is happy with the results. And that makes it all worth while.

I work my menus out about 10 days in advance so that I can order all the meat, fish, groceries, etc., in plenty of time. Yet I still manage to forget ordering something, and a quick change of menu is sometimes required.

In the kitchen and pantry we have a right little 'united nations' staff. My cook is English, there are two Italians and a Moroccan kitchen hand, and I myself am a Scot. As you can imagine, this creates a few problems with the language barriers. But patience and common sense – not to mention a few signs and gestures – see us through.

Cooking for 75 can present some problems. For, no matter what choice you put on, there is sure to be at least five who don't like it. I am lucky at Le Court because we don't have any real 'moaners'. If anyone has a complaint, they are free to come to me and I try to do my

best to rectify it. I think on the whole the kitchen staff have pretty good relations with all the other staff and all the residents.

Money, as always, is the biggest snag. With a limited budget, I have to try and give everyone enough food, as tastily prepared as possible. In order to avoid overspending, I try to get the best discount from our suppliers, always making sure, of course, that quality comes first. I am fortunate in having a good meat and fish merchant, who always allows me the best rate possible. Probably, the big secret in saving money is not to waste any food. I always mince any left-over meats, and use them in Vienna steaks or cottage pies for suppers.

Very soon, I hope to start a form of 'a la carte' menu for lunch. This will be welcomed by the staff and residents. It will also, in my opinion, save money, since, as with breakfast, there will be no waste. I'm not trying to turn Le Court into the Cheshire 'Hilton', just working with the experience of twelve years service in R.A.F. Officers' Messes behind me. We did it there; so there is no reason why it can't be done here. The R.A.F. are not renowned for overspending, so I certainly hope to save. Anyway, I intend to give it a try. Nothing ventured, nothing gained!

At the present moment, we are busy preparing for Christmas. The puddings are done, and the rest of the menu is, as we say, ready for the oven. I enjoy cooking at this time of the year, because you can really let your imagination go in planning a menu to satisfy the most fussy of palates. Decorating the cake, or just crimping the mince pies can help you get away from the ordinary day-to-day cooking.

As a teacher of mine once said, 'Cooking is not a trade; it's a craft'. We use our skills to the fullest extent, and no two people ever cook alike. To be 'tops' in catering, you need, in my opinion, three qualities – cleanliness, patience and enjoyment in what you're doing. The first I insist on, the second is not always possible, and the third speaks for itself.

Hammond Innes could have written this feature better, but I'm not a writer by trade as he is. I just wanted to tell you something of our work here at Le Court. The staff and residents deserve the best, and we in the kitchen try to give it them. We aim to make mealtimes always something to look forward to.

Entertainment AND Public safety

by Sheena Steele

Reproduced, by courtesy of the Editor, from the News Review of the Central Council for the Disabled.

A number of wheelchair users find it hard to understand why they can be barred from certain places of entertainment or forced to transfer, sometimes with difficulty, to the ordinary seating in theatre or cinema, instead of remaining in their wheelchairs.

The over-riding reason for such limitations in the case of wheelchair users is the safety of the public and these limitations are only part of a whole system of requirements which has been built up over the years as a result of disasters in the past which have proved the need for swift exit from the danger area in an emergency.

When a number of people are crowded together in a confined space, such as a theatre or a cinema, there is always a risk of injury or death in the case of a sudden rush to escape. A comprehensive list of safety requirements, both in the design and management of theatre buildings results from this; to name only a few: the number of exit doors in relation to the capacity and design of the building, the width of gangways, the maximum distance of seating from an exit, the prohibition of doorway curtains or rope-barrier ends that trail on the ground and

the insistence that the path to safety areas shall always be kept clear. Always, as stated above, the aim is to ensure the safe escape of the maximum number from the danger area within a short space of time.

It is in this connection that misunderstanding is particularly apt to arise. It is natural for us all to say, 'But if a wheelchair is reasonably near an exit and accompanied by an escort, it doesn't take a moment to push it out of the auditorium; it's far quicker than holding everyone up trying to carry or support a disabled person through the exit.'

This picture of the situation does not correspond with the real risk envisaged, which is that, in a sudden emergency, the audience might try to vacate the danger area so swiftly that a wheelchair would prove an obstruction to numbers of people rushing to find their way out. Even one person falling against it might cause a pile-up. In the London theatres in which a wheelchair user is permitted to remain in his/her chair, the means of exit for the chair has been considered in

relation to the exit routes for the rest of the audience. The authorities must always have regard to the safety of the audience as a whole. The fact that a handicapped person is allowed to occupy a gangway seat is not held to jeopardise this safety.

In the London area, the Greater London Council, sometimes itself the Licensing Authority, sometimes acting as adviser to the Licensing Authority, is extremely sympathetic to the desire of disabled people to attend places of entertainment. The Council is ready to reconsider its findings in the light of new situations and to try to ensure that disabled people are not the victims of old-fashioned attitudes. As the G.L.C.'s example is quite often emulated by other local authorities its enlightened outlook is a great asset to the handicapped.

The real answer for disabled theatre and cinema-goers, however, lies in modern buildings of, again this word 'enlightened' design. It must be the constant endeavour of all who are concerned with disablement to find out in good time about theatre building projects in their localities and to ensure that the interests of the disabled are borne in mind. May we emphasise the words *in good time*, which means at the planning stage. Once scale drawings are made it may already be too late. The hope is that, in theatres to come and in multi-purpose halls, there may be entertainment *for all* without infringing public safety.

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C.S. appeals to the Homes

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Send to your Regional Editor, or to The Editor, Cheshire Smile, Le Court, Liss, Hants.

Residential Homes for the Elderly.
National Old People's Welfare Council
and National Council for Social Service.
4s.

Private Homes for Old People.
National Corporation for the Care of Old
People. 5s.

These books reflect the great change that is taking place in ideas about people 'in care'. They are also a stimulus to the re-thinking of the relationship between State provision and supervision and privately run residential homes. Although they are specifically about old people, most of what they say is equally valid for physically disabled adults of all ages.

Residential Homes for the Elderly consists of evidence given to the Williams Committee on staffing residential homes. It is a model publication; brief, lucid and well set out. *Private Homes for Old People* is in three parts. The first two are ill-organised, and clumsily written. The third, a survey of 47 privately run homes, is lively and interesting.

The recommendations in *Residential Homes for the Elderly* are a tremendous step in the right direction. Here are many of the things one would wish to see happen, clearly, unequivocally and, what is more, authoritatively stated. (Much of it is, of course, repeated in the Williams Report, another admirable exercise in plain speaking.)

The booklet is so full of meat that I can only beg everyone concerned with residential care to invest four shillings in a copy. But certain sentences might be quoted, to speak for themselves to the people who resist the urge to rush out and order one. 'An elderly person entering a residential Home should be assured of privacy and respect. He should have a bed-sitting room with as much of his own furniture and possessions as is practicable.' . . . he should find from the very beginning warmth and friendliness, a respect for his person and the possibility to retire into his own room when he feels the need for being alone.' Who, sharing a room, has not at times felt an overpowering need to withdraw from living

in public? Who, not having experienced this total exposure to other people every moment of the day, can imagine the strain it imposes? And you can't lock yourself in the lavatory; someone else will surely want to use it.

Of the qualities needed by matrons ('the term matron in this section covers the senior staff of the Home'), the booklet says 'Her effectiveness as matron depends very much on the quality of her relationships with residents, with their relatives and friends, with other professional, statutory and voluntary workers and the staff of the Home. Tact and diplomacy are traits which derive from a sensitive awareness of the feelings of others.' 'A matron should not be authoritarian. Except for members of religious orders the wearing of uniform seems inappropriate.' 'Many committees at present seek trained nurses as matrons of their Homes. While skilled nursing service is now required in most old people's Homes it is not necessarily essential that the trained nurse should be head of the household . . . the nurse might be better employed as one of the specialists.' 'Too much emphasis on physical care and infirmity is inappropriate since social needs and interpersonal relationships are just as important. There is much to be said for bringing the matron's training more closely into line with that of social workers with a general trend in social work.'

Some of the things said about residents' relationships with their general medical practitioner are very pertinent. 'The relationship between doctor and patient should be the same inside a Home as it would be outside.' . . . (ii) giving privacy for consultations without the matron being present; . . . (iv) allowing residents to take charge of their own medicine, except where frailty or the nature of the drug might make this dangerous.' 'Discussion of the patient's condition should only take place in the most tactful way. One of the fundamental problems of residential care is the potential invasion of personal privacy. The sphere of medical care is one where the resident is at his most vulnerable.'

Speaking of management committees the booklet says 'As they carry responsibilities which are vital to the service, they should try to acquire knowledge over the whole field of residential care. If they rely merely on amateur intuition they cannot hope to command the respect of the professional people with whom they have to deal. In the end, their work depends upon the relationships they establish with both matrons and residents.'

The National Old People's Welfare Council has established its own training scheme for the staffs of residential homes, and this is described at some length. Recommended conditions of work for staff are sound common sense. Yet one basic fact is also emphasised. 'It is doubtful whether too much trouble can be taken with the selection of staff, and this applies to all grades.' And again, 'As this evidence has repeatedly stressed it is upon the quality of the staff that the well-being of residents in Homes ultimately depends'.

Private Homes for Old People has something of particular value to say about greater co-operation between statutory and private organisations pursuing the same ends. The fragmentation and waste caused by mutual suspicion and unwillingness to meet each other halfway are gradually being lessened, but they are still far too prevalent.

To traditionalists much of the contents of these publications will undoubtedly be anathema. Many of the ideas threaten a set of values which is as old as the first Poor Law Act of 1601. But we oppose the tides of social change in vain and at our own cost. One day these ideas will, in their turn, seem as outdated as the workhouse mentality does today.

Barbara Beasley

Football on Stamps

by Edwin Hand (of Heatherley)

I have often been struck by the fact that the stamp season coincides with the football season. It therefore seems singularly appropriate that many postage stamps portray football scenes.

Take the ones illustrated on this page. In the bottom righthand corner, there is a stamp from Dubai, a small country on the Persian Gulf producing oil. This stamp commemorates the English victory in the World Football Championship, London 1966.

Another stamp commemorating the same Championship – this time issued by the African Republic of Togo – shows a typical football tackle, with an outline of the World Cup itself on the right.

The diamond-shaped specimen on the right comes from Monaco, the small principality on the Mediterranean coast (which includes Monte Carlo). It is in honour of the Olympic Football Competition in Finland, 1952, and depicts a



player taking the pace off a ball in order to control it better.

At left middle, the stamp from Ras al Khaima, another oil-producing sheikdom on the Persian Gulf, also commemorates the World Cup. It shows the Queen presenting the Cup to the Captain, Bobby Moore of West Ham United, after England

beat West Germany, 4—2.

A previous World Football Championship – that of 1958 – is remembered in the Swedish stamp at left bottom. The final was then held in Stockholm, and the Cup was won by Brazil, who beat Sweden before their home crowd.



Robert Harrison and Jock McIntyre of Marske Hall, attended by two police cadets and two charming sales-girls from Woolworths, seen at the Store in Redcar on their regular Christmas visit.

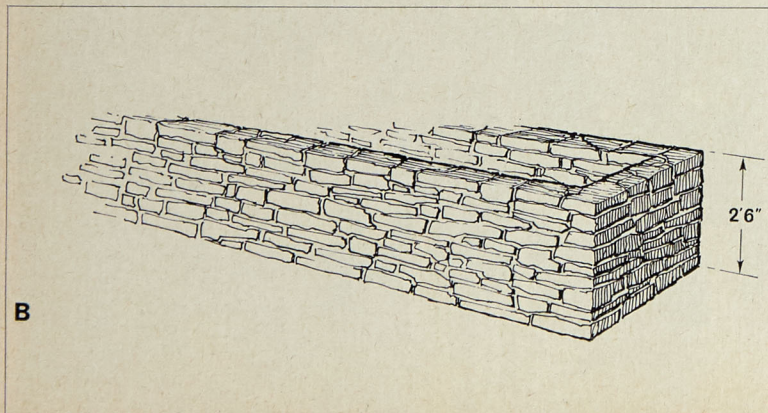
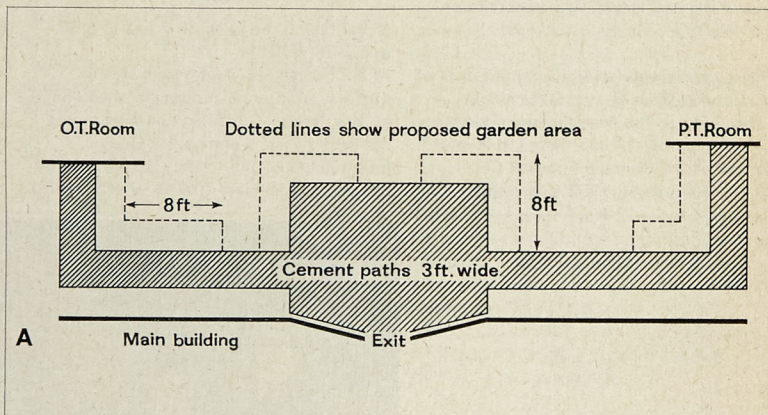
20 Mohammed and the Mountain



Add a little rain-water and a pinch of fertilizer, then mix them together with your bare hands and plant your seeds in it carefully. Watch the pale green shoots and water them until they are transmuted to colours and shapes that delight the eye and satisfy the mind. But how to do this when you live in a chair? I'll tell you. First mark out a border adjacent to an existing path. If you don't have a path then you must create one – or some good friends will do it for you. Without suitable approaches you can't have your Raised Garden; but a simple strip of cement some 3 feet wide will do. The Round Table made ours in a day. Fig. A is a plan of what they did, and where – I'm told it cost about £25.

St. Anthony's residents, like the prophet, have no compunction about moving mountains when it seems necessary. They couldn't get near enough to the earth to do any real gardening: therefore the earth must come to them. The following is an account of making a Raised Garden at St. Anthony's, Wolverhampton, to allow residents to do their own gardening from wheelchairs. Exact details are given for others who might wish to do the same.

It is a greater cause for pride and satisfaction to grow a good eatable radish by your own efforts than to employ a gardener to do so. That is, of course, if you like to feel the moist cool earth or sniff the heady tang of peat as we do.



Then the border marked out by boy scouts was sited; this was 2' 6" wide, shown by a dotted line. Next we wrote to the local Flower Club and explained our problem: we wanted a garden 18" wide and 24" high, so that we could work in it from our chairs. This was an idea close to the Flower Club's own hearts, and from the proceeds of a show they donated us enough to build and stock the garden.

We needed broken stone (crazy paving) and some sand and cement. The Staff built it as a double wall, which looked like Fig. B.

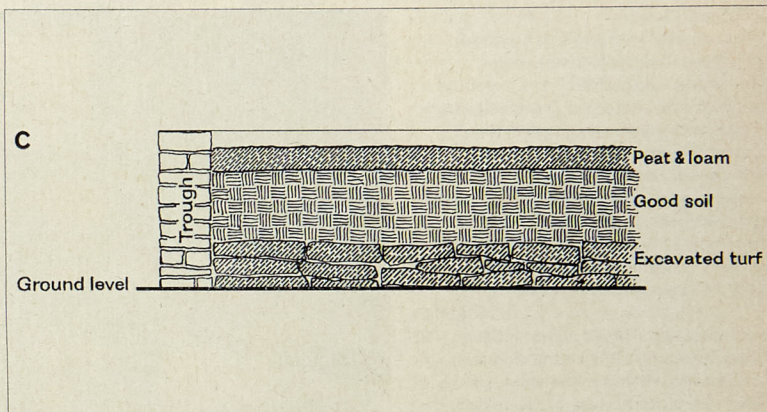
We wanted square deep troughs, into which a gardener friend placed turf at the bottom, some good soil in the middle

and peat on the top, as in Fig. C.

Then the wheelchair gardeners brought along the plants and seeds. We rolled up our sleeves, and for the first time in years got gloriously dirty sloshing water and soil together to firm in plantlings and seeds. Thereafter we met regularly to weed and prune and to plant and hoe – and to compare and admire results as all good gardeners do.

The photograph at the head of this article shows you what we look like, gardeners all. We did it – you can do it – and the best of luck.

E.S.S.



Flight of Faith

That was the heading under which *B.E.A. News* reported the sixth Raphael Pilgrimage to Lourdes, last September, organised by the Mission for the Relief of Suffering. It was the first time that B.E.A. had provided the transport for the annual pilgrimage, and they really planned in detail to overcome the considerable problems involved in loading 136 passengers, 43 of whom were severely disabled or paralysed.

A V.I.P. lounge at London Airport was placed at the exclusive disposal of the large party, and special loading vehicles were used to lift the handicapped up to the door of the Vanguard that was making the charter flight. Everyone in the party had great praise for the understanding and kindness shown by the airline staff.

All this was a fitting start for what turned out to be a memorable four days. There were 18 S.R.N.s, three doctors, and some 50 lay helpers to look after the disabled. So no one this time was too overworked to miss taking part in

most of the spiritual exercises – and in the best weather Lourdes can provide! There was even time to gaze at those gaudy shops to see if they had something not too awful to buy.

After take-off on the return journey, the Captain had permission to fly over Lourdes, so many of the passengers had a marvellous view of the Grotto from the air. The whirl of ciné cameras was audible even above the engines of the plane.

By coincidence, the joint leader of the party is a member of B.E.A. staff. She is Miss Carmel Short, an administrative assistant in the airline's Air Safety Branch. She is also a very active voluntary helper at our London headquarters in Market Mews.

[See picture inside front cover]

22 'You only need Sense...!'

by Diana Tinson

If you are ever asked to teach a chap lying flat on his back how to paint, think before you say 'No'. But if you do say 'Yes', you should be prepared to be, in turn, enthusiastic, depressed, bored, frustrated, delighted, impatient and, perhaps, successful. So Gerald Fisher and I started at the beginning five years ago, and it really has been one of the most fascinating experiences of my life. But for Gerry it has been a great deal more. His life has altogether changed.

Nine years ago, Gerald came to Seven Rivers. He came from a geriatric ward in a hospital where he had spent twelve years, ever since he was 11. Retarded, silent and sometimes violent, nobody quite knew what to do to help him. A few people tried to teach him to read, not very successfully; then he had a go at painting by numbers. One day he was taken to an exhibition of paintings, and so surprised Mrs. Jean Harding (now our Matron) by the choice of his favourite picture that she asked me to teach him to paint. It is through her insight that Gerald Fisher is now a well-known local painter.

There were several people you could have knocked down with feathers when Gerry sold his first picture, two years ago, from an exhibition at the Colchester Art Society. Since then he has sold four more, all at 8 guineas apiece. The last two are being taken to the United States. He has also sold many pictures to friends who visit the Home from time to time.

You will have gathered that I was not exactly falling over myself to get to Seven Rivers and start Gerry painting. I grew less eager, if that was possible, as time went on. I couldn't get him to speak, let alone paint! Then one wonderful day, months later, he produced a childish picture of the summer-house, with a large black tree on either side. Excited, I rushed round to a professional member of the Art Society with it, and asked if Gerry could join. The answer was not encouraging. No! A few weeks after this I went away, and



Gerry Fisher

when I returned – Gerry was painting. He was producing picture after picture, grotesque, colourful, obscene, lively. I couldn't believe my eyes. He had a style of his own, and it had suddenly blossomed. He drew endlessly all over the paper with a pencil, then he filled in every bit with colour (poster paints), and drew again on top with pen and ink. A real old muddle, but so alive! The flood gates were open all right. The problem now was how to help him organize the muddle a bit, without inhibiting him. The most important thing of all I discovered was NOT to try and teach him how to draw. If all his figures had eyes in the tops of their heads and two knees per leg, it would sort itself out in time; or so I hoped. As to the indecency, it seemed best to encourage that, and get it worked out. All these pictures have disappeared. Gerry used to tell me that cups of coffee had been spilt over them. He didn't seem to mind. After this stage, his pictures became busier than ever, and were largely scenes of workmen building houses,

mending roads, driving huge lorries or ambulances. All were to do with a man's world, heavy tools and hard work. The detail of these pictures was incredible. During this time, Gerry was keeping a sketch book; his drawings in this were free, compared to the tight detail of his paintings. A bunch of these pictures went off to be exhibited at an art school and we never saw them again.

Three years went by. Now Gerry was beginning to paint his own world – the coffee mornings, fete days, redecorating the house, visits by local groups to sing and dance. He was using coloured paper instead of white, and his work had much more cohesion. He was also much happier. Some of his very best work dates from this time. He has a real gift for colour and composition, and it soon became obvious that he was a primitive painter. At this stage, he was not including the other patients in his pictures – only the outside life of the world as it impinged upon the Home. Gerry became
(continued on page 24)

It is said that the very young often live in a world of their own. This applies more particularly to the 27 children who are residents at Hawthorn Lodge, Dorchester. All are mentally handicapped, and in the care of the people who run this Cheshire Home.

But they can sleep soundly and safe in the knowledge they are being well watched over. A night nurse moves around quietly checking them in their cots in rooms that have fairytale names.

In room Baby Bunting there are four babies; in Lucy Lockett, eight girls; in Tommy Tucker, eight boys; and in Humpty Dumpty, eight children, boys and girls.

The Humpty Dumptys are older than the Baby Buntings, and younger than the Lucy Locketts and the Tommy Tuckers, but all are under 11 years old, the age at which they graduate to other Homes.

Some of them no doubt miss friends who have moved away, like the little mite who was found on a doorstep in London when two weeks old, and stayed at the Home for five years.

27 little children

The Lodge is for children mentally handicapped to a serious degree, but every effort is made to give them the fullest possible life.

The immediate problems are seen to by the capable matron, Mrs. Shirley Anderson, and her day nursing staff of eleven, two night nurses, a cook and domestic helps.

The Management Committee of 16 consists of a good cross-section of the public. There are also the Dorchester Friends of the Cheshire Home who run, amongst many other fund-raising ventures, a second-handclothing stall at the Wednesday market every week, and fêtes.

Every little helps to make possible a programme for the children that includes transporting twelve of them to the Junior Training Centre at Weymouth in a special bus, and taking them on outings to parks and beaches. Many children at local schools have adopted some of the responsibility for helping these less fortunate little ones.

The cost of keeping a child is 7½ guineas a week. Where parents are unable to pay this fee, help is given by the Home. It is a principle of the Cheshire Foundation that no person in need of care shall be turned away for want of money, so the Home must find ways of raising funds to cover the gap between costs and fees received. A County Council is responsible for the payment of the fee if they send a child to the Home.

The staff at the Lodge are ready to look after children for a week or two while their parents have a holiday; for longer periods where there has been a crisis in the family; and for years if the child's family has broken up. These are but a few of the circumstances that have sent children to this non-denominational Home since it opened in 1958.



When Carole was given the key

The Blue Room at Holehird has four beds. It is, we are told, quite definitely a feminine room; you can tell that by the decor.

Came the morning of 10th October 1967. Generally, the four occupants of the room are asleep as long as they are allowed to be. But this was a special day. Everyone was awake very early that Tuesday morning. It was Carole's birthday. Not only that, it was her 21st – the first 21st birthday they have had at Holehird.

Carole Pouton, the youngest disabled resident at the Home, was too excited to eat anything at breakfast. She was waiting for Matron to bring into the dining room the tea trolley on which had been

piled all her many cards and presents. She spent a long time opening and inspecting them. During the morning, a greetings telegram arrived from the Lord Lieutenant of Westmorland, and also a bouquet of flowers, ordered through Interflora, from her cousin in Australia. Carole's mother and brother came to see her in the afternoon. Further batches of cards came with each succeeding post, until by the end of the week she had received more than 100.

It was at the end of the week, on the Saturday night, that Carole had her big Party. Throughout the day, the house was all hustle and bustle. Invitations had been sent out for the guests to arrive at 7.30, and Carole and Matron were there at the front door to welcome them. First of all, there was a concert, organized by Friends. Then, Pat and Brenda, her two friends and room-mates, brought in the birthday cake. It was ceremoniously cut, and served to all and sundry, along with sherry and port. The Chairman of Holehird, Mrs. Westropp, made a nice speech,

(continued on next page)

Devon Ham



Frank Turner

Reproduced from the Western Evening Herald by kind permission of the Editor.

Radio 'Ham' Frank Turner has always considered it a blessing that his hobby was one he could still pursue after he became physically handicapped with multiple sclerosis five years ago. For although he is chairbound, he has not lost contact with the outside world. Now the world comes to him.

From his tiny control room at Cann House Cheshire Home he can speak to fellow amateur radio enthusiasts in Britain, the Continent and the U.S.A.

Six years ago, Frank, now aged 36, was a design draughtsman with the BBC in London. He had served in the R.A.F. as a radio operator abroad, and was fond of an outdoor life. Then he was stricken by M.S.

He retired in 1962 and went to live with his parents. This year his father died and, with his mother not enjoying the best of health, he decided to go to Cann House to live.

Frank had set up his own radio station at home, and when he moved to Cann House he thought at first he'd have to leave it all behind. However, this was not so.

The BBC transported much of the equipment to the Cheshire Home, and helped

in the installation work. The Plymouth Radio Club also came to his assistance.

Frank's own radio station is now crammed into a tiny top floor room which used to be a broom cupboard. In this 7 ft x 4 ft cubbyhole he keeps two receivers, a transmitter, and two loud-speakers, and other equipment.

Nearly every day he can be found operating. His call sign is G3JJO, and is familiar to many of the ham radio enthusiasts in the south west. He says: 'I have made many friends, but I know them only by voice. I wouldn't recognize them if I saw them.'

It was through a radio colleague that Frank managed to save the day at Cann House during a telephone breakdown in Plymouth last year. 'We needed a doctor for one of the residents, but could not contact him by phone. I contacted one of my colleagues, who got a message to the police. They contacted the doctor, and he came as soon as he could.'

Photo: Western Morning News

YOU ONLY NEED SENSE

(continued from page 22)

a member of the Art Society at last, and began to keep a book of press cuttings. So far, he has had only one picture rejected, which must be a record for a complete beginner.

His work then appeared to enter a fourth phase, and to some extent this still continues, although with less momentum than before. He has been painting the room in which he spends nearly all his time, and the fellow-patients he sees around him all day. The likenesses he gets with one line and a blob are uncanny. He has painted this sort of picture for the best part of two years; it's as if he, at last, has managed to accept the Home as his life. I really think he has integrated himself through his painting. It has brought him through the stages of a normal man's life, to where he is now at the age of 32. After this five-year journey he is still painting, not so much, literally 'for dear life' as he was before, but for fun and when he feels like it.

So if ever you have the urge to start painting, or helping someone else to paint, don't be put off by lack of knowledge. 'You only need sense,' as the Beatles say, 'whatever that is.'

WHEN CAROLE WAS GIVEN . . .

(continued from page 23)

and Matron presented Carole with a silver key.

Her parents were at the party, but — most exciting of all for Carole — was when, halfway through the concert, she was called out to answer the phone and heard her uncle and aunt in Sydney, Australia, on the other end of the line.

At 10 o'clock, everyone moved into the dining room — where there was a running buffet. Brenda, who wrote up the whole event for the *Holehird Herald* — from which we have made up this report — adds at the end: 'I think Carole had a 21st birthday that she will remember for the rest of her life.'

We shall remember them . . .

Amongst recent deaths were:

Blackburn On 27th October, Violet Blackburn, a resident at the Lake District Cheshire Home since 1963.

Blackwell On 11th January, Neill Allan Blackwell, aged 36, a resident at Springwood House since 8th August 1967.

Bore On 8th November, Myra Bore, a resident at Matfen Hall since February 1967.

Burr On 9th December, Elizabeth Burr, aged 44, a resident at Le Court since 1964.

Padden On 21st September, Elizabeth Kate Padden, aged 66, a resident at Mote House since 1961.

Would the Homes kindly send relevant details for this column direct to the Editorial Office, or through the Regional Editors.

News from other Sources

New Young Volunteer Force

The Government first announced its plans last November for the new scheme to train young people and make them available for community service. A central unit under a charitable trust – known as the Young Volunteer Force Foundation – has been set up, with the aid of a state grant of up to £100,000 over the next three years.

This Trust will employ about 30 young people, who will receive specialist training, and be available to assist local and hospital authorities and voluntary bodies. Mr. Anthony Steen, of 'Task Force' – the London based organisation for community service volunteers – was appointed Director of the central unit.

It is intended that the central unit would go into local authority areas – but always and only by invitation – and help to establish local schemes. A small action group detailed from the central unit would seek to involve young people in various areas.

Mr. Douglas Houghton is Chairman of the new Foundation, with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Mr. Jo Grimond as Vice-Chairmen.

Ann Armstrong, M.B.E.

Ann Armstrong (Mrs. Doris Page) of Newbury was awarded the M.B.E. in the New Year's Honours List. 40 year-old wife and mother of two sons, Ann Armstrong, stricken with polio twelve years ago, has lived only with the aid of her respirator ever since. As editor of 'Responaut' and campaigner for the disabled she is known to millions in this country and abroad. The honour comes as due recognition of what she has already achieved.

Computer Programming by Disabled

Mr. Harold Wilson, the Prime Minister, chanced to meet a disabled man in a

northern city one day. The man spoke to him about the difficulties of finding suitable employment for disabled people with high I.Q.s. Mr. Wilson mentioned this to one or two of his colleagues in the Government, and the outcome was a pioneer course of computer training at Queen Elizabeth's Training College for the Disabled, Leatherhead, Surrey. It was organized in 1967 by I.C.T. in collaboration with the College. Computer programming was chosen because the job is intellectually challenging, and can be carried out at home.

It was stated that although the success of this pilot course was undoubted there are problems in placing severely disabled people in this type of employment. There is a scarcity of trained labour in the data-processing industry, but the shortage is for experienced programmers. At present, trainees are generally recruited from existing able-bodied staff.

Invalids-at-Home

Another organisation whose work is in a similar sphere to that of the Cheshire Foundation is Invalids-at-Home. It was founded in 1966 in order to help permanent or semi-permanent invalids who were confined in hospital to return to a home life; and to make it economically possible for those already living at home to remain there in greater comfort and security.

In 1963, an Oxford Regional Hospital Board survey showed that at least one in three of the chronic sick between the ages of 16 and 60 could leave hospital and return home, if only financial help were available.

Invalids-at-Home has very wide powers, and helps in such ways as: granting annual allowances or special payments in cases of emergency, providing equipment of various kinds. The Trust has supplied stand-by electric plant for post-polio respiratory cases, and also PILOT light ray control systems enabling paralysed people, with head movements only, to turn on and off their radios and other electrical equipment.

The Trust has also sought to bring certain problems to public notice, e.g. the need for providing a constant attendance allowance for severely disabled people; speedier action to adapt housing for the disabled; more realistic help in providing interesting paid work for the disabled.

Fund-raising to be Studied

It is understood that the National Council of Social Service has set up a working party to consider the need for, and possibility of, framing a code of conduct for charity fund-raising. Complaints have been received by the Charities Commission from various sources about certain alleged abuses. The Chairman of the working party is Mr. Robert Egerton, a solicitor.

The working party will examine all aspects of such fund-raising, and consider how to make the public aware of the code's existence once it has been worked out. They will also try to decide the best way in which to indicate that a charity has agreed to abide by the code, and how to ensure that those charities which profess to work in accordance with it are in fact doing so.

U.S. Holiday Project

Mrs. Axsom of Handy-Cap Horizons (a non-profit-making organisation in Indianapolis that arranges holidays for disabled people, in the U.S. and overseas) is planning a holiday for disabled from the U.K. to visit Indiana in August this year. It is her intention, given enough support, to raise money in the U.S. for the venture, which will be advertised as a goodwill people-to-people visit. Mrs. Axsom is thinking of taking some 20-30 disabled for about ten days to two weeks.

A programme would be worked out, including visits to various tourist spots, like the 500-mile speedway on which the famous Indianapolis motor races are run.

We have been asked to publicise the project. Mrs. Axsom wants to know of

any disabled people who are interested (they would need to be able to care for themselves in the main). Those who can do little for themselves must bring an attendant whose expenses cannot be paid by Handy-Cap Horizons. The disabled who come would be expected to pay part of the cost of the holiday. The remainder of the cost would be borne by the American fund-raising efforts.

If you want to know more, write as soon as possible to Mrs. D. Axsom, Handy-Cap Horizons, 3250 East Loretta Drive, Indianapolis, Indiana 46227, U.S.A.

Automatic Transmission for Three-Wheelers

We have heard from the Joint Committee on Mobility for the Disabled of recent developments in outdoor three-wheeler vehicles for the disabled.

Experience with 'automatic' transmission systems fitted to private cars in recent years has shown how they can simplify the control task of the driver — though at considerable cost. Automatic transmission for the powered three-wheeler would be particularly helpful for the physically handicapped, because it would make it possible to eliminate the clutch and gear change. But the cost has to be taken into account. Although automatic engine transmission systems for the smaller private car have become available recently, there is at present no commercial unit suitable for the three-wheeler.

Studies of automatic transmission systems have shown that for the three-wheeler the expanding pulley/belt drive system currently offers the best solution of different requirements, but also that any automatic transmission system will require a larger engine with greater power.

In 1966, a prototype vehicle was manufactured by A.C. Cars Limited, to a Ministry contract, and this was fitted with an expanding pulley automatic transmission and a 300 cc. four stroke engine. Since then, two later prototypes have been produced and are being tested. These trials are not yet completed.

News from Overseas Homes

Colonel Kak Visits Australia

Lt. Col. Prem Kak, Trustee of Cheshire Homes India, paid a visit to Western Australia last year. It was his successful poultry projects at the Jamshedpur and Burnpur Cheshire Homes which led to the visit.

Col. Kak was attached to the Department of Agriculture, Western Australia, for six weeks, learning the work of the various departments. Mr. Ralph Morris, the head of the poultry department was the man who originally induced Col. Kak to set up the first poultry unit at the Jamshedpur Home.

During his time in Western Australia Col. Kak visited several special schools for mentally handicapped and physically handicapped children as well as the paraplegic unit of the Royal Perth Hospital. At meetings all over the State, he spoke about the Raphael International Settlement, Dehra Dun, India, and was also interviewed on the radio and TV.

In Papua and New Guinea

Extract from the latest Newsletter just received:

The first Cheshire Home in the Territory, near Port Moresby, was inaugurated in November 1965. It now provides a permanent home for nine severely handicapped children. Classed as orphans, or semi-orphans, without normal family support, each one of this small family of retarded native children is a lifelong ward of the Cheshire Home. They will never be able to go into the world to fend for themselves . . . Our great aim is to keep the spirit of home and family atmosphere alive; to make it a haven of peace and happiness for these children. Their lives are entirely transformed. It is immensely rewarding to witness their progress, to observe their happiness, and to realise the pioneering role the Home has in this emerging Territory.

*Rev. Percy Chatterton
(Chairman of Committee)*

Sinag-Tala, The Philippine Home

In the Philippines, the Cheshire Home idea was introduced by Mr. Patrick Minford, an English visitor who was in the country in 1965. During that year a group formally organised the Board of Directors of the Philippine Cheshire Home. Elected to head the group was Mrs. Concepcion Magsaysay-Labrador, sister of the late President Ramon Magsaysay. The association, now called Sinag-Tala (the Philippine Cheshire Home, Inc.) was registered in December 1965.

A temporary house has been rented in Congressional Road, Quezon City, where last year ten patients were residing. Nearby, a site, of some 1,200 sq. metres, has been given, and a permanent Home is to be constructed there. A Fund Drive has been in full swing for the last six months.

The Centre, when finished, will provide not only residential accommodation but also a rehabilitation service, and will also engage in research and experimental work for helping disabled people.

Overseas News In Brief

Coimbatore. The P.S.G.R. Naidu Memorial Cheshire Home in Peelamedu, near Coimbatore (South India) was declared open last November by Mr. N. Mahalingam, a leading industrialist in the area. The Centre will provide free treatment and rehabilitation facilities to the physically handicapped and cancer sufferers.

Trinidad. Mr. Bascom, one of the Trustees of the Cheshire Foundation in the West Indies, was in the Chair at the official opening of the San Fernando Cheshire Home in Trinidad on 2nd September last. The guest of honour was the Minister of Health, Dr. Maxwell Awon. Amongst those also attending were the Minister of Home Affairs, the Hon. Gerard Montano (another of the Trustees); the Mayor of San Fernando; and Sir Henry Pierre, a prominent surgeon, and Lady Pierre.

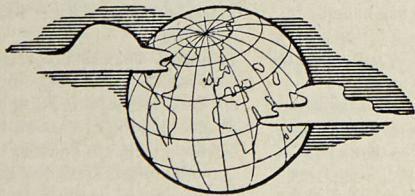
Queensburgh Home, Durban.

A 'fish-eye' view of the main buildings taken from under the large marula tree in the garden.



**WORLD'S
LARGEST
SALE**

RIZLA



**CIGARETTE PAPERS
ROLLING MACHINES
POUCH OUTFITS
FILTER TIPS**

by Leong Joong Doa, a 17-year-old Chinese boy suffering from muscular dystrophy.

I am a resident of the Singapore Cheshire Home, which is situated only a few yards from a sea-beach. The house consists of three wings, i.e. two for males, and one for females. In front, there is a concrete pathway, with branches stretching out to connect the three wings. This path leads down to a summerhouse, which brings us near to the beach; there is an extended metal fence between the beach and the Home. We can see the beach very clearly down there, and it is quite cool with some shady trees around. There is also a little garden with lovely flowers alongside the paved path.

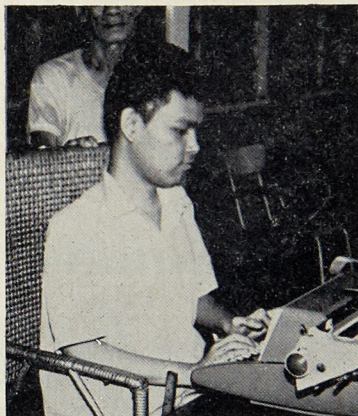
Our residents are of all ages, and include Europeans, Chinese, Indians, Eurasian and Malays. We have a total of 60 residents, with a Matron in charge. There is a staff nurse too, who looks after us medically when needed, and she goes round giving us vitamin pills after every meal.

At 6 o'clock in the morning when the sun begins to rise, we get up to wash ourselves. Those unable to walk are carried to their wheelchairs by attendants, and pushed to the washroom. Those who can hardly move stay on their beds for the attendants to wash them.

At 7 o'clock, it is our breakfast time, and

One Day at Singapore

Leong Joong Doa



we have bread and butter with coffee. Some don't like coffee, and have other drinks. After that, the young ones have their baths, and at 9.30 we all get ready for the ladies who come every day to give us physical exercises. These ladies are wives of R.A.F. Officers who are stationed at Changi, which is nearby.

If there is time before the ladies come we play, or read, or write letters. I like to practise my scales on the piano. There are two of us here who are learning to play the piano (including me). Every Tuesday and Thursday, a lady called Mrs. Panton comes to teach us.

At a quarter-to-eleven, after the physical exercises, the residents get ready for their lunch at 12 noon. At 1 o'clock, it is our resting time. Every resident must rest for two hours. Then, at 3 o'clock, we get up and have tea and biscuits. Before our next meal at half-past-five, we do what we like. Some write letters, some sew, some make toys, some listen to the radio, or have a game of chess. I am very interested in this game. Then our dinner is ready.

When we have finished, it is our time to watch television. The television is open for three hours every day, except Saturday and Sunday when it is on earlier, at 3 o'clock.

This is how the life of a day is spent in the Singapore Cheshire Home.

LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT

Many households accumulate masses of things, like newspapers, magazines, stamps, foreign coins, silver paper, etc., more or less useless to the family, but which could be made to serve a good purpose.

Heatherley has been going all out in the last year organising the collection of such items, and selling them in bulk to raise money for itself. The results have proved how worthwhile this kind of venture can be, and will perhaps encourage other Homes to follow the example. During this period, £241 was brought in from stamps, £177 from foreign coins, and £21 from newspapers.

People in some local areas have been making a point of combining Coffee Mornings and other money-raising functions in aid of Heatherley with this collecting activity. All who came to these socials were asked to bring their newspapers, old stamps, etc.

As noted elsewhere in this issue, the Home has more recently made a great effort to collect trading stamps also, in order to raise money for the extensions.

MID-DERBY HOME

The Mid-Derbyshire Cheshire Home Steering Committee have been very active during the past twelve months raising money and preparing the ground for an eventual Home somewhere in the area.

Groups have been formed in Alfreton, Belper, Chesterfield, Matlock, Ripley and Ashbourne.

MATFEN ANNIVERSARY

12th January at Matfen Hall. The residents, helped by the staff, gave a party to new-found friends and helpers in order to mark the first birthday of this, the most northern Cheshire Home in England. Some 80 or so guests attended – despite the local flu epidemic. They were refreshed with both hot and cold buffets and a bar.

ST. BRIDGET'S MINI-BUS FUND

At last, it has been decided that St. Bridget's can have a mini- or maxi-bus of its own. The Home has wanted one for a long time, and the size no doubt will be determined by the response to their appeal. So, to start the ball rolling, Mrs. Latham, the Matron, held an Open Day and Christmas Market last November.

Friends from near and far rolled up, well beyond expectations, despite torrential rain and gale-force winds. The Fund was duly inaugurated, and already stands at £420.

Athol House. Friends of the London Cheshire Home held a successful Christmas Bazaar of handmade goods; proceeds amounted to over £1,200. The art department of Kingsdale School designed and printed a Christmas card of Athol House; it proved very popular and raised over £60 for the Home.

Once a Friend Always a Friend

It is interesting how often we hear of people who have been connected with one Cheshire Home moving on to another part of the country and finding it so easy to get involved with their new 'local Cheshire Home'.

David Lockyer served at Le Court as a nursing orderly for about twelve months before training to become a priest in the Church of England. David, and his fiancée Heather, who both came from Southampton, were part of the Le Court family. Then David went away, first to Brasted Training College in Kent (from which he used to visit St. Cecilia's), and then to Wells Theological College in

Somerset (it was then the turn of Greenhill House to see him).

Last summer, now happily married to Heather and having been ordained a curate, he was appointed to his first parish at Ashby, near Scunthorpe, in Lincolnshire. One of the first things they did after getting installed was to get in touch with Stonecroft House, only a few miles away. Already the Home's newsletter can speak of the Rev. and Mrs. Lockyer as 'our two new friends who are constant visitors,' and mentions Heather's help to the Secretary in the Office.

It's a story that speaks well of the Foundation.

SERVICE CORPS GETS IT H.O.

For more than a year, new buildings have been rising solid against the skyline at Le Court – indicating changes to come.

The builders moved out of one of these buildings – the Service Corps headquarters – early in December. The floors were sealed, curtains hung, and willing workers, with the aid of the bus, tackled the task of moving loads of furniture.

After this, members of the Service Corps in residence were able to transfer from their temporary quarters into a building with spacious attractive rooms, which can comfortably accommodate 10 trainees in each quarterly intake.

Further Confessions of M. mouse

My first article having appeared in 'Pennant', the Home Magazine, I was quite elated to see it reprinted in the 'Smile'. It was then that I realised that I was no common or garden or even house mouse, but a literary mouse.

As a literary girl I have discovered there is such a thing as the law of libel, and this of course narrows my scope as I can't possibly tell you a few juicy bits about the staff here – really – these staff people are as bad as the residents. My, the things I could tell you – it would make your whiskers curl.

Well, Christmas came and Christmas went and honestly I'm glad it's over. I put on simply pounds of weight and I can't afford it. An awful thing happened: do you remember that man mouse I told you about in my last article; the one that lives under the P.T. Room floor? He's really sweet, and he asked me to share a few goodies on New Year's Night. Then this awful thing happened – *I simply couldn't squeeze through the bottom of the door.* I had eaten that much over Christmas.

I shouldn't wonder if these residents don't get stuck in their rooms either. It amazed me that they could get through the door

after the helpings I saw them stow away at Christmas. As for that black and white horror of a dog, it looks more like a bulldog than a dalmatian after it got through two pounds of sausages that it pinched from the kitchen.

Listening to this Wilson fellow on the T.V. I was a bit disturbed about the future, so I managed to lay in a good store of nuts around Christmas time. I thought of the most unlikely places; the back of chairs, odd shoes and so forth – and what do you think happened? The Matron had what she calls a spring-clean – I ask you – Spring! and the snow still on the ground! Anyway, they went through this Home like a whirl-wind. Away went my hoard of nuts together with the Major's pipe which he leaves under chair cushions. Away went the lip-stick left by the girl from the Service Corps who sits on the settee with the tall Police Cadet. (I will not publish names for obvious reasons).

I can tell you there's no privacy at all in this place, and if Clarence (that's the mouse who lives under the P.T. room) asks for my paw in marriage where is a girl going to live? Never mind raise a family.

I have a mind to try the resident's shop; there's plenty of choice eating stuff there, and it's not often swept out. But for the time being I'll stick to the kitchen, despite that plump old cook who insists on the place being kept washed and swept.

The main thing is to get my waist-line down and a permanent whisker-curl: that man Clarence (given a bit of encouragement) is sure to pop the question. The sooner the better, then he can do the providing and I can concentrate on my diary. Believe me, I shall have some startling revelations for my readers in the next article, which I hope to syndicate to the Sunday papers. Watch out for it, readers – *Confessions of a Cheshire Mouse or Seven Months at St. Anthony's.*

You can't afford to miss it, my dears.

(Kindly note I cannot enter into correspondence with readers concerning members of the Management Committee of this Home, as they are all protected under the Official Secrets Act.)

12 Million Trading Stamps WANTED

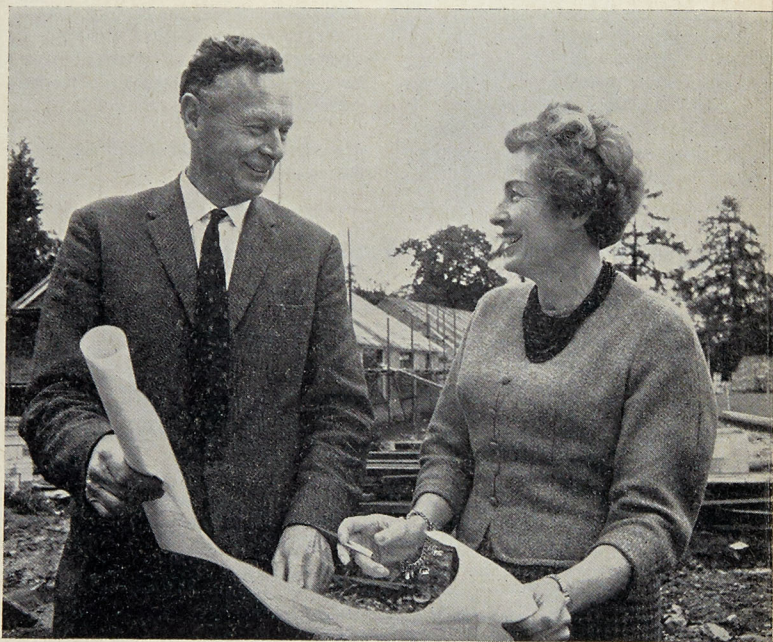
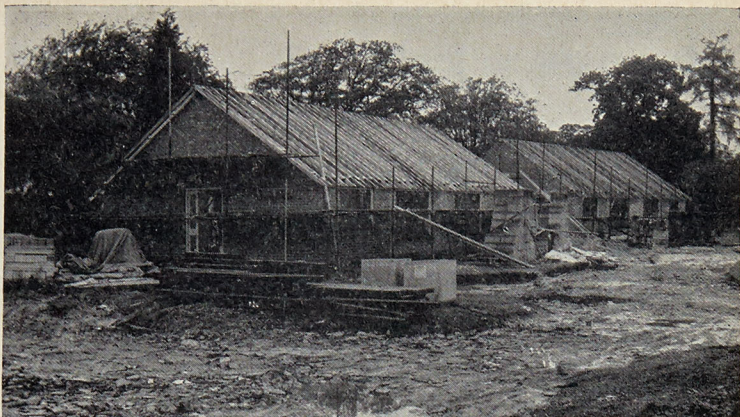
Cheshire Smile has already mentioned Heatherley's scheme to build bungalows, in the grounds of the Home, for married couples, one of whom is disabled. The £50,000 needed to build them has been raised, and the buildings should be finished by May 1968. Last autumn, however, the Committee were wondering how to find the additional money for all the furnishings and special fittings for the bungalows, and their Chairman, Mrs. Pamela Farrell, hit upon an ingenious scheme.

She launched an appeal for supporters to send in Green Shield Trading Stamps that they collect for free at the garage or the grocer. She had worked out that each bungalow could be furnished and equipped with 1 million trading stamps. And there were 12 bungalows . . . She wants them by May!

The whole scheme was featured on the Family Forum page in *The Daily Telegraph* one Saturday in October. Winifred Carr spoke of Mrs. Farrell having hoped for years to provide *real* homes for people who are incurably disabled, where a husband and wife can live together without being separated as they are so often forced to be.

With these bungalows, the fit partner can go out to work, leaving behind the disabled one in an environment that has been carefully designed to make life as easy as possible. Moreover, he or she knows that the disabled partner, should there be a crisis during the day, can communicate with the main building for help.

A realistic rent will be charged for the bungalows so that the couples will feel completely independent.



Mr. L. Parsons, the architect who designed these special bungalows, has made everything easy to cope with from a wheelchair. All floor surfaces are level, doors extra wide, the internal ones either sliding or folding, all windows fitted with special control gear. The big picture window in the sitting room is at a low level, and the television set in the same room can also be watched from one of the twin beds in the bedroom if the invalid is not well enough to get up.

The working tops in the kitchen can be adjusted in height because the plumbing is on flexible piping. And there are ceiling tracks in the bedroom and the

bathroom for a hoist to be installed if necessary.

The bungalows under construction (top)

Mrs. P. Farrell chatting with the architect (bottom)

Photos: Daily Telegraph

Before he died in 1966. Dr. Rowland Farrell was able to help his wife formulate these plans, which will bring about a dream that both of them had long cherished.

STOP PRESS. One million trading stamps collected by beginning of February. Many donations also received in lieu of stamps.

And Boxing Day Too . . .

Daphne Ebden

After a wonderful Christmas at Heatherley, several residents ended the festivities on Boxing Day with a trip to the Garrick Theatre, London, for a performance of that hilarious comedy 'Let Sleeping Wives Lie', with Brian Rix and Leslie Crowther. Before the curtain went up, we met Leslie Crowther, who impressed us all with his easy-going manner.

I have never heard an audience laugh so much over such farcical situations, which all take place in a Brighton hotel. There were wives never seeming to match up with husbands, people getting stuck in lifts, and the usual brilliant tomfoolery we have come to associate with Brian Rix.

After it was over, we were helped from our seats by the commissionaires; and here I must emphasise how very helpful the attendants and other personnel were in the theatre.

We then drove to the Festival Hall restaurant where we had a delicious meal. The restaurant has picture windows which look over the River Thames and the heart of London beyond - a maze of glittering lights. The ride back to Heatherley through London's well-lit streets with their shop-windows full of colour is one we never tire of.

DENISE TABERNACLE VISITS

Another visitor to Stonecroft was Miss Denise Tabernacle, who had been, till the beginning of 1967, the Matron of the Addis Ababa Home in Ethiopia. She showed a film of the children at the Home, and spent a pleasant evening with Stonecroft residents and staff. Now that she has gone to take charge of the new Children's Home at Marrakesh, she has been sending letters and photos back telling of her new life in Morocco.

Carnsalloch. The record sum of £1,500 was raised at the Christmas Fair last November at the Assembly Rooms, Dumfries.

Great Bromley church bells, and it is Christmas Day again at Seven Rivers. It all seems such a brief year since the last balloon was burst and the last paper streamer lost. The order of the day is the same as for most large families throughout the country. The kitchen, working from early hours at high speed (a family of 28 residents together with staff and guests) means seating 40-odd for a 12.30 Christmas Dinner. Whilst the temperature in the kitchen is high, outside in the front hall the residents join to welcome the friends for a Christmas toast at 11 a.m.

Once all are assembled at the brightly-decorated, candlelit tables the staff proceed to serve Christmas dinner with an accuracy and charm that would do credit to the most humanised hotel. By some rare magic the majority manage to be soon seated and eating together. The pudding arrives with due decorum, and most need to ease around in their chairs to make a space available (inside) to do credit to it.

In faithful recognition of the time-honoured tradition of the English Christmas, after lunch a necessary tranquillity descends on most of the house. The pace in the kitchen must by necessity continue. Only the most stalwart can face more than just a sliver of Christmas cake at 4 p.m., around the tree, followed appropriately by the distribution of presents. Behind the scenes all is moving ready for supper and entertainment.

Our concert this year was given by Brian Hull and his pianist. Brian is a local dance band leader who is becoming well known at Seven Rivers and is firmly established as one of our friends. All assembled in the Dining Room, our concert is of popular music and songs requested from 'the body'. The selection of requests makes easily recognizable the wide range of age and tastes, and 'pop' this year covered the lot from Vesta Tilley to George Harrison and back.

Supper is in the form of a large buffet in which the residents are joined again by staff and local friends. By 9.30 p.m. most are ready for bed, doubtless feeling somewhat tired but at least having enjoyed a very happy day.

At Mote House. The Moulin Rouge party in January. These gorgeous can-can girls are none other than (l. to r.) Sister Ann; Mrs. Molly Weekes, a regular visitor; Sister Kay; Matron Myra Webb; and Susan Webb, Matron's daughter, who also works at the Home. Photo: Kent Messenger



MAGNIFICENT DONATION TO COTSWOLD HOME

Fortunately for us at the Cotswold Cheshire Home, Rotarian L. G. Northcroft, O.B.E., a local industrialist and philanthropist, was present at the Rotary Lunch and heard the stirring appeal of Mrs. P. Barrett (now of Penarth, Glam.), with the result that this Home came into being on 12th September 1960. Much hard work by Cheltenham folk, and also gifts from individuals and local organisations, got the Home ship-shape for the great day.

It was soon evident, however, that with the full complement of 23 residents in the house, the recreation room was inadequate in size, especially for our social functions.

Again Mr. Northcroft has come to the rescue with a magnificent donation of £2,000 to enlarge this room. It is quite a magic transformation, with fine new windows, the one facing the garden running the whole length of the room, with a wide, low sill. The dingy, worn block floor has been replaced by a pleasing grey lino floor, and another feature is an 'electric eye' door affording easy access to the garden. The room is tastefully decorated and furnished, and the bright flowered curtains were donated by our ever-active 'Group of Friends'.

Words cannot express our delight and gratitude, and it was our unanimous wish that the room be called the 'Northcroft Room', so a sign has been erected over the door to this effect. Our grateful thanks are also due to Miss N. E. Padfield, Vice Chairman of the Management Committee, for all her work and help in making the room so attractive.

LINKING UP WITH THE PARISH

A copy of Heatherley's newsletter for last October was sent out with the magazine of St. Barnabas' Church, Pound Hill, in an effort to forge stronger links between the Home and one of the local parishes. It was a good idea of the Vicar, and received a well-deserved response. Would any other parish close to a Cheshire Home care to follow suit?

CONFIRMATION AT MATFEN

Monday, 4th December was a red letter day for Matfen Hall. The Anglican Bishop of Newcastle visited the Home to confirm four residents together with a local man.

There was a simple, but impressive, service in the pillared and stained-glass windowed main hall. It seemed a fitting place for such a ceremony.

£350 FOR HOLEHIRD GARAGE

The Grand Autumn Draw at the Lake District Cheshire Home, which began in July, proved a huge success, and the proceeds have enabled their dream of having a garage for the bus to become a reality. The draw, run by the residents, with the help of friends and relatives, was closed last November, having brought in over £350. The building of the new garage will probably have begun by this time.

G.C. presents Prizes

Group Captain Cheshire presented the medals, awards and certificates at the Royal Hospital, Richmond, Surrey, annual prizegiving last October. He spoke to the nurses about the work being done in the Cheshire Homes, and mentioned the need for specialised training for those who care for the chronically sick and disabled. G.C. was delighted to present the

'Matron's Prize' to Nurse Souad Saca, who started her nursing career at the Bethlehem Cheshire Home, and later worked at the Amman Rehabilitation Unit. During her training, Souad Saca spent many off-duty hours as a voluntary helper at our London Headquarters, where she was much liked by everyone.

Oh! for a Friend

Our Shop in the High Street

The Friends' Groups (of St. Cecilia's Home) who ran the Charity Shop in Bromley High Street for four weeks in November set their target at £1,000. The actual proceeds went well above that figure. With Mrs. M. Saxon in charge, the tremendous sum of £1,183 was raised. This is a most successful joint venture – even though a rather speculative one – in aid of the Home.

SPOFFORTH VISITS WOOLWORTHS

We residents of Spofforth Hall send thanks to the Sisters of the Clifford Convent, who made arrangements for us to go to Woolworths on 6th December so that we could do our Christmas shopping.

Some of the staff had kindly given up their weekly half-day in order that we could go around and shop in comfort. It was a great treat to have the store almost to ourselves, and not to feel rushed. Afterwards, the management and staff provided us with tea, including turkey sandwiches. We fully appreciated all these kindnesses.

I.V.S. AT STONECROFT

Two teams of International Voluntary Service students worked at Stonecroft House, the North Lincolnshire Home, in 1967. The first team, which arrived in March, did a fine job painting and decorating the outside of the new extensions. The evenings were spent talking to residents, and on one occasion taking them to Market Rasen races. Their stint ended with an indoor barbecue supper and entertainment, thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The second team, coming in July, had only one English-speaking student, but he was their leader. They undertook miscellaneous tasks, and like the previous group provided many evening entertainments. This group, to the added delight of Stonecroft, included a gifted pianist and a guitar player.

by Peter H. Reynolds

The Editor of Yorkshire Achievement is spending three months or so at Alne Hall Cheshire Home.

The Cheshire Homes and many other organisations caring for the disabled kindly provide outings and entertainment on a communal basis for those in their care and when I went to St. George's House, run by the Yorkshire Association for the Disabled, eleven years ago I took part in many happy outings to the seaside. Although I enjoyed these outings very much I never looked forward to them because I felt so self-conscious when I saw the severely handicapped residents being helped – loaded like cattle, it seemed to me – on to the coach.

As soon as we arrived at our destination I eagerly wandered off with my disabled colleagues until it was time to return for a meal or to be helped on to the coach again. When I launched and began editing my quarterly magazine, 'Yorkshire Achievement', I made one or two friends, one of whom has continued to take the editorial team out in his car. This was six years ago and I was quite happy, taking less advantage of organised communal outings but seeing more of the world than before with my newly acquired friends. I thought of how nice it would be if each one of us had an able-bodied friend to take us out occasionally in a wheelchair or private car, but realised that visitors to large communities of disabled people would think they could not help one without helping all. However, I think the number of visitors to each particular home more than equals the number of residents, and therefore the problem could be solved by each visitor adopting only one or two residents as friends.

I came to Alne Hall late in December 1967 as an athetoid spastic endeavouring to rehabilitate myself after electro-coagulation operations had taken away many of my hard-won abilities, in the much smaller and quieter atmosphere of a Cheshire Home. When I was asked, almost immediately, to contribute a short article to the 'Cheshire Smile', all I could think of for my subject was a comment by Mr. Harvey, the secretary, that he wished more people could be found to take the residents out.

36 Mission for the Relief of Suffering

Registered in the U.K. as a Charity

Founders: Sue Ryder, OBE, Group Captain G L Cheshire VC DSO DFC and Rev Mother Teresa MC

President: Mrs Lakshmi Pandit

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:

Hon. Welfare Officer: Mrs. D. Rawley.

Clock Barn Lane, Hydon Heath, Godalming, Surrey, England.

(Tel. Hascombe 383)

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.

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

1 Sue Ryder Forgotten Allies Trust

Registered as a Charity

Founder: Sue Ryder, O.B.E.

Hon. Advisers: Sir Eric Berthoud, K.C.M.G., K. Johnstone Esq., C.M.G., J. Priest Esq., J.P.

Personal Secretary: Miss P. Bains

Secretaries: Miss C. Brookes, Mrs. I. Gee

Hon. Treasurers: S. Poole Esq., H. Ince Esq., T. Siddall Esq., H. Sporborg, Esq., C.M.G.

Hon. Medical Advisers: Dr. Grace Griffiths, M.B., M.R.C.P., Dr. M. Ryder, M.B., Dr. W. Tillman, M.D., M.R.C.P.

Appeals Secretary: Mrs. J. Griffiths-Jones
All enquiries about Sue Ryder Forgotten Allies Trust should be made to Sue Ryder Home, Cavendish, Suffolk. (Glensford 252.)

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

Sue Ryder Homes for Concentration Camp Victims

Cavendish, a permanent Home for 30 survivors, and Melford, where 140 survivors of the Resistance and Nazi

Concentration Camps come each year for a complete holiday.

Sue Ryder Home for Sick and Disabled Forgotten Allies.

Hickleton Hall, near Doncaster. Yorks. (Goldthorpe 2070)

Chairman: Dr. K. Jackson
Housemother: Miss Mollie Trim

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, and for others released from prison and in need of rehabilitation and help.

St. Christopher Kreis.

Berlinerstrasse, Frankfurt a.m.

Chairman: H.R.H. Princess Margaret of Hesse and the Rhein.

Since 1945, Sue Ryder has been personally responsible for the visiting, after-care, and rehabilitation of the homeless boys of eight nationalities in German prisons.

Homes for the Sick and Disabled in Poland.

Chairman: Director Rabczynski, Ministry of Health and Social Welfare, Warsaw.

Prefabricated buildings, each containing forty beds and costing £8,800 are sent from England to relieve the distress of the survivors, their children and the chronic sick of all ages. Eighteen Homes have been established at Brown, Bydgoszcz, Gora Kalwaria, Gdynia, Helenow, Konstancin, Krolewska Gora, Lodz, Naleczow, Ruzskow, Radom, Radzymin, Zielona Gora.

Homes for the Sick and Disabled in Yugoslavia.

Chairman: Mr. J. Brajovic, Secretariat of Health and Social Welfare.

Sixteen Homes have been established at Belgrade, Bitola, Mostar, Pristina, Risan, Slavenska Pozega, Travnik, Gospic, Kragujevac.

Home for the Sick and Disabled in Greece.

Chairman: General Averoff.

One Home has been established near Athens.

Home for the Sick and Disabled in Israel.

Chairman: Dr. Kurtz.
Sue Ryder Home to be established.

The Cheshire Foundation Homes for the Sick

37

Registered in accordance with the Charities Act 1960

United Kingdom

All enquiries about U.K. Homes to:
7 Market Mews, London W.1
Tel: 01-499 2665

Patrons: Dr. G. C. Cheshire, F.B.A., D.C.L.,
The Rt. Hon. The Lord Denning, P.C.

Chairman: The Rt. Hon. Lord Justice
Edmund Davies.

Trustees: Dr. Margaret Agerholm, M.A.,
B.M., B.CH.(Oxon.)/Peter Allott, Esq./
Group 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./R. G. Emmett,
Esq./The Earl Ferrers./His Honour
Judge Rowe Harding./J. H. Inskip, Esq.,
Q.C./The Lady St. Levan, J.P./H. E.
Marking, Esq., M.C./Miss C. E. Morris,
M.B.E./B. Richards, Esq./Peter
Rowntree, Esq./W. W. Russell, Esq.,
(Vice-Chairman)/The Lord Sinclair,
M.V.O., (Managing Trustee).

Secretary: Miss E. Mayes.

Assistant Secretary: Mrs. Elizabeth
Chadwick.

Hon. Medical Adviser: Dr. Basil
Kiernander, M.R.C.P.

Hon. Treasurers: J. R. Handscomb, Esq.,
R. G. Emmett, Esq.

U.K. Cheshire Homes Directory

	Tel. Nos.	
	Office	Residents
Alne Hall , Alne, York	Tollerton 295	
Amphill Park House , Amphill, Beds.	Amphill 3247	3173
Athol House , 138 College Road, London, S.E.19	01-670 3740 6770
Beechwood , Bryan Road, Edgerton, Huddersfield, Yorks	Huddersfield 29626	22813
Cann House , Tamerton Foliot, Plymouth, Devon	Plymouth 71742	72645
Carnsalloch House , Kirkmahoe, Dumfries	Dumfries 4924	2742
*Chiltern Cheshire Home, Powell St. Marys, North Park, Gerrards Cross, Bucks.		
Coomb , Llanstephan, Carmarthenshire	Llanstephan 292	310
Cotswold Cheshire Home , Overton Road, Cheltenham, Glos.	Cheltenham 52569	
Danybryn , Radyr, Glamorgan	Radyr 237	335
Dolywern , Pontfadog, Llangollen, Denbighshire	Glynceiriog 303	
Eithinog , Old Highway, Upper Colwyn Bay, Denbs.		
Greathouse , Kington Langley, Chippenham, Wiltshire	Kington Langley 235	327
Greenacres , 39 Vesey Road, Sutton Coldfield, Warwicks	Sutton 7753	7960
Greenhill House , Timsbury, Bath, Somerset	Timsbury 533	
The Grove , East Carleton, Norfolk, Nor. 94W	Mulbarton 279	
Heatherley , Effingham Lane, Copthorne, Crawley, Sussex	Copthorne 2670	2735
*Hertfordshire Cheshire Home, Hitchin		
The Hill , Sandbach, Cheshire	Sandbach 566	508
Holme Lodge , Julian Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham	Nottingham 89002	
Honresfeld , Blackstone Edge Road, Littleborough, Lancs.	Littleborough 88627	880651
Hovenden House , Fleet, Spalding, Lincolnshire	Holbeach 3037	
Kenmore , Whitcliffe Road, Cleckheaton, Yorkshire	Cleckheaton 2904	2724
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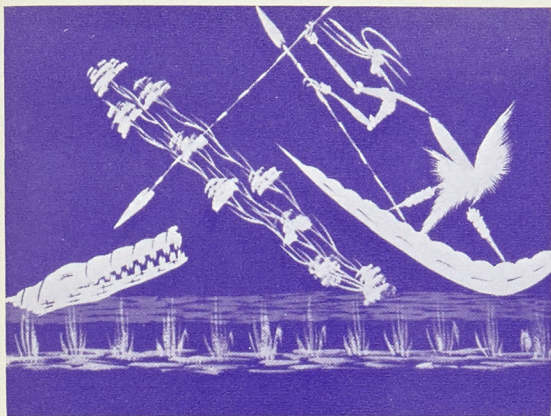
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