

Photo News

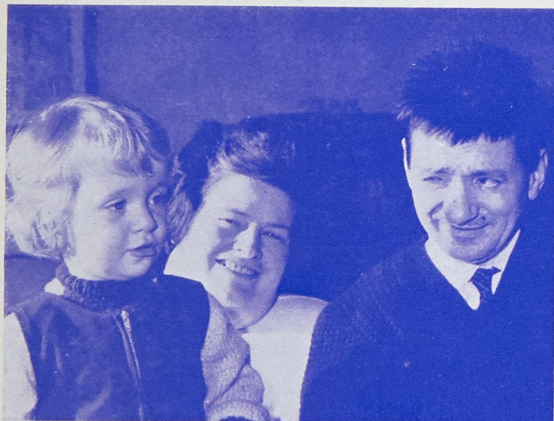
At the fifth Birthday Party of Marske Hall (Yorks) on 1st February. The cake with five candles makes a pretty picture, doesn't it? Resident Irene Pattison is shown cutting the cake because the day of the party happened to be her birthday too.

Photo : Middlesbrough Evening Gazette



Four of the working weekenders who go regularly to Marske Hall, Yorks, from Brotton County School (near Saltburn). There are 19 more of them as well. Every Saturday and Sunday they go in pairs, ready for any sort of job. And how welcome they are!

Photo : Middlesbrough Evening Gazette



Derrick Feltell and Marjorie Adams were married from Le Court in 1962. They set up house in a block of flats in Manchester, and nearly two years ago moved to Norfolk, where the local Council have adapted a bungalow for them. With their 18-month-old daughter, Susan, they spent a holiday at Le Court last Christmas - where this picture was taken.

Photo : N. Thomas



Holland (Lincs) Federation of Women's Institutes are very proud of one of their latest units - the one at Hovenden House Cheshire Home. All the officers of this W.I. are disabled residents at the Home, and the enthusiasm of the unit was commended by the local Federation's President.

Photo : Lincolnshire Free Press and Spalding Guardian

Cheshire Smile

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.

The Quarterly Magazine of the Cheshire Homes

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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 September 1968 issue must be received here at Le Court by 18th July at the latest. However, contributions that are sent through the Regional Editors must reach them by 4th July.

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ELAINE MAYES

Elaine Mayes is leaving Market Mews in June to marry Douglas Cuthbertson. (*Editor: The wedding is to be on 13th July.*)

Many readers probably know that Elaine succeeded Margot Mason as Secretary to the Cheshire Foundation in 1964. But I wonder how many know that Douglas is the fourth business man in succession to act as our Hon. Personnel Officer, dealing in their spare time with offers of personal help to the Foundation. The succession began in March 1960 with Henry Marking, and continued with Francis Collins and David Cunningham – the two latter, like Douglas, belonging to the international world of oil. Also, like his immediate predecessor, Douglas is on the Committee of Le Court. So, for all these reasons, it seems unlikely that Elaine will be allowed to leave the Cheshire family for good. To that extent we can forgive Douglas. And if the Burmah Oil Company should send them to Timbuctoo there would probably soon be a request to the Finance Committee for the statutory £300 with which to launch a new Home.

Elaine Mayes has lived most of her life at Bromley in Kent, where she went to school at Farringtons. In true British fashion, all that we know of her career there was that she excelled at swimming and tennis, although it is inconceivable that she was not in the sixth form and probably head of it.

Before she came to 7 Market Mews in 1960, she worked at the Venezuelan Embassy. The calm and dignity of the diplomatic environment cannot have been the best preparation for an interview with Margot Mason in the hectic days of 1960. No. 7 has always been a place of hustle and bustle. In those relatively early days – which now seem about as far away as sailing ships and stage coaches – the

melee of voluntary helpers, coffee cups and phone calls, plus the staff work, must have been the most difficult surroundings in which to be interviewed. I remember meeting her myself for the first time, and having no doubt that the Cheshire Foundation had found a remarkable chief lieutenant, although it was to Venezuela's loss. Perhaps some day we shall be able to replay our debt by starting a home in Caracas. There is a lot of oil there too for Douglas!

It didn't take long for Market Mews to recognise that Elaine was not only an expert typist, but also an extremely methodical worker, blessed with a capacity for grasping things very quickly indeed. When Margot left to get married to Jim Gibb in 1964, some of us thought that the end of the world had come. Elaine showed how wrong we were. She stepped into Margot's shoes at the moment when there was a great surge forward in the Cheshire Foundation, both in Britain and overseas. No. 5 Market Mews had just been bought, and became the separate Headquarters of the Overseas Homes. Elaine took on the Headquarters work of the enormously enlarged operations in the U.K. and Ireland.

Happily, she is a wonderful organiser and administrator. She can decentralise, which so few can do successfully. 'C-D' Evans, who knows her as well as anybody, says: 'The G.C. likes us all to delegate, and this is a difficult thing to do sometimes. But Elaine has the knack, yet is always in the background, ready to lend a helping hand with advice, if asked, or if she sees it is needed'. She can exert authority and discipline even on the high and mighty, almost without their knowing it. Above all, she has a sense of fun, and so has been able to preserve and develop that spirit of gaiety which Margot

had infused into our small headquarters during the early days. She is also the only person I have ever met who can write the kind of letter you would want to write yourself, and do it that much better, but without the recipient knowing you were not responsible.

All of us in the Foundation wish her well in her new life with Douglas. Somehow, I'm sure they will both remain in the Cheshire family, whether it be in Sevenoaks, where they are planning to live, or maybe in Caracas or Timbuctoo. And, just as the Foundation had the great good fortune to find Elaine after Margot Mason, so once more we have fallen on our feet in finding her successor, Carmel Short, who comes to us from B.E.A., having had at the same time 15 years experience of helping the Cheshire Foundation in various voluntary capacities. She inherits a head office organisation of which anybody can be proud, and which I think the Founder and Trustees would challenge any other Charity to beat.

W.W.R.

Group Captain Cheshire returned safely from a month's tour of the Indian Homes – after a somewhat delayed start due to illness. He assures everyone that he had a very good trip, finding all the Homes very well organised and in good spirit.

He managed to complete all the outstanding shots of the film he is making about the life of Dilip, a young Indian boy who has been at the Katpadi Home for burnt-out leprosy cases. The film, when completed, will be in colour, and should be of great interest to everyone.

G.C. spent only two days at Market Mews after returning from India, and immediately departed to spend three days in Wales, visiting the almost completed Home, Eithinog, at Colwyn Bay, and also staying at Dolywern.

On 16th April, he and Mrs. Cheshire attended a charity performance of a play about Queen Victoria at the Theatre Royal, Windsor, in aid of the new Chiltern Cheshire Home at Gerrards Cross. The performance was honoured by the presence of H.R.H. Princess Alexandra and her husband Mr. Angus Ogilvy. Every seat in the theatre was sold.

The Trustees welcomed, at the end of April, Mr. T. H. Peace as a new Trustee of the Foundation. He was a member of the Athol House Management Committee, and had been its Chairman for many years.

Miss Nancy Padfield was the founder Chairman of the Cheltenham Standing Conference of Women's Organisations. When the local Rotary Club decided in 1959 to sponsor a Cheshire Home in



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

Cheltenham, and one of their members bought a four-storey house in a residential area of the town for the purpose, it was perhaps natural that such a well-known figure should be asked to form a House Committee to furnish and equip it. Miss Padfield has been closely and actively concerned with the Cotswold Cheshire Home ever since.



Miss Padfield

Photo: Cheltenham Newspapers

As Chairman of the House Committee, she has been responsible for the house, garden and domestic matters – and she still holds that position to-day. In addition, with the loyal support of many public spirited women, she has provided most of the voluntary work needed to make a Cheshire Home run smoothly. For some years, following the sudden death of the first Secretary, she was also Minute Secretary to the Management Committee, of which she is now Vice-Chairman.

During the past year, Miss Padfield and the House Committee have taken over more responsibility for the day-to-day running of the Home, by dealing with all the office work, such as wages, pensions and correspondence, with the help of a part-time book keeper. She is then available at the Home for the greater part of the week, for consultation with the Matron on any matter requiring a joint decision.

While her first thought is always to be a trusted friend and counsellor to the residents, Miss Padfield does her best to ensure that each of them is encouraged to contribute in some way, however small, to the good of the community.

A new Home is being established at Brixham, Devon, in a property left to the Foundation. It is on the road to Berry Head, which is a favourite picnic area and tourist attraction, with a lighthouse and cliffs – a nesting place of hundreds of seabirds. A Steering Committee, under Mr. Hamish Turner, has begun the task of preparing the Home for occupation – extensions are necessary – and of enlisting local support.

The Cheshire Foundation was represented at a party given in the Oriental Club (near Oxford Street) by the Westminster Bank, on the occasion of Mr. Handscomb's retirement from the Bank. It was while Mr. Handscomb was Manager of the Westminster Bank at Bishopsgate, in the City, that he first became associated with the Foundation. An account of this first encounter is recorded in Mr. Russell's book, *'New Lives for Old: The Story of the Cheshire Homes'*. In July 1957 Mr. Handscomb was appointed Honorary Treasurer of the Foundation, and still holds that office today, jointly with Mr. R. G. Emmett. More recently he has become a Foundation Trustee.

The Home at Gerrards Cross, Buckinghamshire known as the Chiltern Cheshire Home will be officially opened by the Duchess of Kent on 11th June. Phase One of the alterations to the property are nearing completion and the first residents will be admitted at the beginning of May.

There is also a Steering Committee in North Lancashire looking for a suitable property in the Preston/Southport/Lancaster area, and in the meantime raising much interest and support.

At the beginning of the year, Market Mews was sorry indeed to say goodbye to Miss Evelyn Cooper, who had been

helping the Honorary Treasurers since November 1964. Mr. Emmett now has the part time assistance of Mrs. Margaret Burkmar, who joined the staff of Market Mews at the beginning of this year. Mrs. Vera Allcard continues to give valuable voluntary secretarial help to Mr. Emmett; she has been giving one day a week since 1962.

Market Mews is pleased to be able to offer the use of one of its offices, once a quarter, to the Committee of the National Truss and Surgical Appliances Society, whose Hon. Secretary is Miss Cherry Morris, Trustee of the Cheshire Foundation. This Society was instituted in 1786, when it was known as the Ruptured Poor Society.

Nowadays, its object is to make grants towards the cost of appliances that would benefit individual disabled people. So much can be had through the National Health Service these days, but there are still many items of equipment not usually thus obtainable. For instance, a ripple bed, sanitary bed, and other special beds; special hoists – such as one specially designed for getting in and out of cars; a bath lift; a geriatric chair, an electric blanket, and special hearing or speaking aids. Even electric typewriters have been supplied by the Society. While the funds of the Society are not unlimited, the Committee will be pleased to consider

applications for assistance and to make grants wherever possible.

A welcome visitor to Market Mews in April was Alderman Lionel Farris, formerly Lord Mayor of Sheffield who is now Chairman of Mickley Hall, the Sheffield Home.

Mother Teresa from Calcutta whose organisation, The Missionaries of Charity, is a member of the Mission for the Relief of Suffering, was in London at the end of February. Eileen Henderson, our Overseas Secretary, had the pleasure of a personal meeting with her at the Convent of the Holy Child, Cavendish Square.

Panel of Speakers

For some time it has been the wish of Group Captain Cheshire and the Trustees to draw up a Panel of Speakers to meet the many requests received by the Foundation to address public meetings, schools, clubs, etc. and speak on the Foundation's work all over the world.

Mrs. Whigham is in the process of forming such a panel and hopes that by the autumn some speakers will be available. Anyone willing to serve on the Panel and help the Foundation in this most important task, should write to Mrs. Whigham at 7, Market Mews.

Handbook on Design

An Introduction To Domestic Design for the Disabled. Disabled Living Activities Group, 12s. 6d. Post free.

For a long time there has been an urgent need for an easily assimilated handbook on domestic design for the physically handicapped, a ready-to-use guide for the non-specialist architect and layman.

The need has now been filled by this new Introduction. It is the result of many years' experience and original work by Mr. Felix Walter, F.R.I.B.A. (Consultant Research Architect, Disabled Living Activities Group) and other members of the Group.

The list of contents is comprehensive, covering the siting of dwellings for the disabled, external requirements, garages,

covered approaches, refuse disposals, etc., entrance hall, kitchen, areas of relaxation, windows and ventilations, bedrooms, bathrooms (in detail), general considerations (doors, electrical controls and so on).

The Group hopes that the book will be of real value to local and voluntary authorities, architectural, medical and many other professions concerned with the disabled.

A special Press Conference was arranged on 23rd April at the Housing Centre in London to launch the book. A representative of the Cheshire Foundation attended.

Annual Conference

The 1968 Annual Conference of the Cheshire Foundation Homes is being held on Saturday 29th June at the Hotel Russell, Russell Square, London, W.C.1. A Report of the Conference will probably be appearing in our December issue.

6 'HELP' has come



Alan Davidson describes a unique new publishing group in London which has been formed to bring a whole lot of new power to the elbow of voluntary work in Britain. Its founders are Group Captain Leonard Cheshire and Richard Exley.

It's not so long ago since voluntary organizations had a very dull public image indeed. People were willing enough to give money to them from time to time, out of a sense of moral duty or perhaps simply under pressure but there wasn't much mental involvement. It wouldn't occur to many people actually to lend a hand with fund-raising or even 'go out into the field'. That sort of thing was for a special breed, the charity workers, good chaps probably, a bit down at heel, slogging gamely if incompetently away in some dusty back room somewhere. Charity was worthy but dowdy.

The situation has changed to a certain extent recently. Some voluntary organizations, at any rate, have swung round to a greater degree of professionalism and are projecting a more dynamic image. There's a greater readiness amongst the public — especially young people — to take a direct hand in voluntary work. Social problems, too, have become news and the voluntary sphere can take much of the credit for this.

But, of course, there's a long way to go yet. How far, in fact, can the process go? Is there a vast reservoir of goodwill in the country which, if approached in a challenging and exciting way, would respond and take a hand in tackling the social problems the voluntary organizations and the churches are trying to deal with?

Two men who think there is such a reservoir are Group Captain Leonard Cheshire, V.C., and Richard Exley. To go fishing in it, they have formed the Community Publications Group, which can be described as a communications centre. It's first and most important project is a magazine, called *Help*. Big and colourful. *Help* was launched in May.

The thinking behind *Help* is as follows:

Although voluntary organizations are as diverse as the National Trust, the Salvation Army, the Samaritans, Oxfam, the Noise Abatement Society, Shelter, they do have one thing in common. Taken together, they are trying to build a better, more civilised, more humane and tolerant society.

This is precisely what most people want, in a confused sort of way. But they tend to leave it to the government — or somebody. If they do play an active part locally, they probably do so in isolation. In Oxford, for instance, a group of young people formed a Joint Action Group, to bring together all the youth organizations in the city to do social work. They thought the idea was completely original. It wasn't until some time later that they found out that similar groups had been running for some time in other cities. They're now swapping notes and co-operating — but there are probably still others they don't know about.

Disorganization is rife in campaigns over local amenities where people who should be allies actually fight each other. (The Stansted affair is classic. Sheppey has tried to push the airport on to Stansted in order to save itself instead of collaborating to make sure it's put where it can menace no-one.)

The aim of *Help* is to act as a focus and gathering place for all those people who want to see a better society. And it also aims to help them do it.

If this sounds pretty idealistic, it's as well to remember that both Cheshire and Exley have succeeded before in challenging situations.

Group Captain Leonard Cheshire, V.C., founder of the Cheshire Homes, is well known. Richard Exley, executive director of the Community Publications Group, is less well known. But he has been a key figure in the movement to modernise the 'charity' image, to bring professionalism. As Oxfam's Publicity Officer from 1950–1963 he helped turn what was a little

more than a local charity into a household word. As far as he's concerned he's now simply taking another stride forward.

And the way that *Help* is being distributed has the true touch of a brilliant and original fund-raiser. It will be sold entirely by volunteers, and the 25% distribution 'profit' — instead of going to the trade — will go to the voluntary organizations of their choice. (*Readers who would like to know more about this are recommended to get in touch with Exley straight away at C.P.G., 2 Arundel Street, London, W.C.2. They should also write to him if they would like to be posted a free sample issue of HELP.*) In fact, of course, all profits that the Group make are going to be ploughed back into the community.

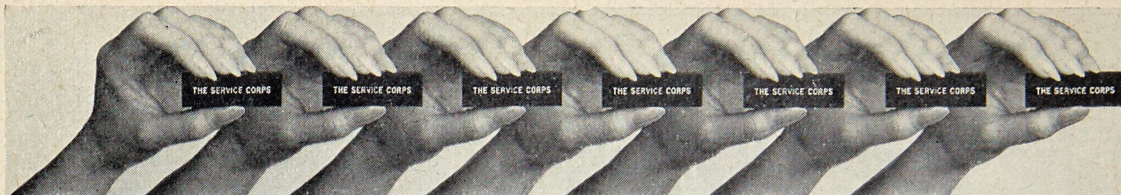
Help may be the biggest project the Group is working on at present but it's not the only one. Also proposed is a network of local newspapers, produced intermittently and financed by local advertising, in areas where there is population expansion and its attendant social problems. These papers, like *Help*, will carry news of community needs and how service can be given.

A pilot project, 'The Maidenhead Volunteer', has been produced and has been so well received that requests for editions have come in from five other towns.

Exley is cogitating on other matters, too. How far can the smaller organizations pool their resources in certain spheres to advantage? He thinks probably quite a lot. And he hopes he'll be able to show the way to do it.

The Community Publications Group is a non profit making trust and it has no sectional, religious or political ties of any kind. It's immediate need is for more volunteers to give a hand with the distribution of *Help* in their locality.

Alan Davidson



NOTES AND NEWS

by Catherine A. Croisdale

It is April, and the ninth set have just arrived at Le Court to start their course.

Of individuals from earlier sets, some have changed their plans. Mary Driffill is attending a special course for the care of the physically handicapped run by the Spastics Society at Wallingford. Carol Ring is staying on at St. Bridget's, at least till the Autumn. Marie Banks has decided to attend Bath Technical College of Further Education. Enda Teehan is remaining at St. Anthony's, while Margaret Breslin and Dympna Kelly have taken their assessment for S.E.N. training.

We are wondering why there is such a lack of criticism and complaint about the training of the Service Corps from residents in all the Homes except Le Court. Could it be that the residents in other Homes are indifferent to this training?

Miss Chapman, Tutor

In Miss Edith Chapman (pictured above), the Cheshire Foundation has found a first class Tutor for the Service Corps. From her varied experience in hospitals of all kinds during many years, she will be able to convey to students of all cultures and of all levels of intelligence the principles and practice of nursing. And do it with her characteristic clarity and humanity.

She began her career as a young probationer at the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney, London. Later, she did her general nursing training at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, where she won the Hospital Medal for the highest marks in her year.



Miss Chapman's knowledge of psychiatric nursing (gained at St. Bernard's Hospital, Southall, Middlesex and at Springfield Hospital, Tooting, London) will stand her in good stead when teaching trainees the psychological problems of disablement – problems with which they will be continually confronted in caring for disabled residents in Cheshire Homes.

Having held top-level posts as Administrator or Principal Tutor for many years in this country (she was an Examiner for the General Nursing Council examinations for 15 years), she left for Canada in 1962 and spent two years at the Hamilton General Hospital. Her last post before her appointment in 1967 with the Cheshire

Foundation was as Home Sister at the King Edward VII Hospital, Midhurst, Sussex, where Group Captain Cheshire himself has spent long and short periods for treatment and rest.

First Replies to Questionnaire

A questionnaire has been sent to all the Service Corps members doing their practical training, in an attempt not only to find out what they think of their work now that they are in a Home, but their impressions of Cheshire Homes, and their observations. There were 25 questions, and by the time this issue is in circulation all replies should be in, but up to the date of writing I have only ten or so out of 31 from which to draw some of the following conclusions.

The girls (and boys) have all enjoyed the training, although half of them would alter small parts of it. Only half of the Homes they have worked in have approached their idea of what a Cheshire Home should be, and there are varying ideas as to what helps to make a happy Home. Moving to different Homes, including isolated ones, is enjoyed, though at the isolated ones they say that staff facilities are generally inadequate.

All of them are happy working where they are at present, but very few consider the residents have the freedom they are entitled to as adults. They have frequently met the remark, among the staff, that the residents are selfish and ungrateful, but they offer their reasons why this may be so if, indeed, it is true at all.

In the next issue, when all the replies should be in, I hope to quote from some of them, and list the questions in greater detail.

Barbara Green

Debate—

Cheshire Homes What are they?

Editor: The following are extracts from contributions to our Debate. We want many more from you in the Homes. Now is the time to speak out, if you have something to say.

From: T. M. Gair, Matfen Hall, Northumberland

Are the Cheshire Homes as a whole fulfilling the ideals set out by G.C.? I am inclined to doubt this.

To my way of reading things, the Group Captain's main idea was that we who reside in the Homes should try to lead as near a normal life as our physical condition will allow. Does anyone honestly believe that this happens in the majority of cases? I, for one, do not — and I don't blame the Homes for this. I think too many residents are quite content to sit on their backsides, and be waited on hand and foot.

What can the staff or other residents do for a bloke who just will not face up to the realities of life as it is; who will not try to realise that, although he is disabled, he still has a very important part to play in the master-plan of life; that instead of bemoaning what he has lost, he must start reckoning up what he has left.

I know it is the job of those of us who have had longer experience of disability to try to help the newcomer in the awkward transitional period, but having done this and finding that the newcomer refuses to try and co-operate, can some expert tell me what we should do next? You know, it only takes a couple of people of this kind to upset the smooth running of the Home.

I'm afraid I could never share in the pipe-dreams of those who saw the resident

as a full member of the Management Committee. Apart from the physical difficulties, I simply do not think it is right that one resident should have full access to the private affairs — medical, financial and personal — of any other, which a member of the Management Committee must have. Such a situation would be intolerable, and quite unjustified. By all means, have a very close liaison between the residents and the Management Committee. There must be a way in which the views of the residents can get to management level without any fear of reprisals.

As for the relationship between the Homes of the many scattered Cheshire Foundations throughout the world, I feel that much more thought and effort must be put into this in the future if we are not to become insular and narrow sighted.

I firmly believe that the time is drawing nigh, with transport becoming easier and quicker, when there must be much greater personal contact between Homes at all levels. Nothing but good can come out of such meetings and discussions.

But, obviously, we must crawl before we try to walk. Before we try large-scale meetings with overseas Homes we must make sure that regular meetings of all our Homes in the U.K. are taking place at which common problems are being discussed and brought into the open.

I know this has been done at management level for many years at the Annual Family Days and Spring Conferences. But I must praise the far-sightedness of the East Midlands Regions led by Mrs. M. M. Clark, for having had, for several years now, a Regional Residents' Family Day.

At first, these were purely social occasions, but I was pleased to hear that, last year, two residents from each Home got together in the afternoon and, with Mrs. Clark in the Chair, discussed questions of mutual interest. This, to my mind, is one of the most hopeful signs yet of an integration of all the Homes. I would most seriously suggest to all regional Committees and Trustees that they examine this scheme most carefully and see if it cannot be copied in other regions.

From: Dudley V. Kitching (one-time Cheshire Home resident)

If the Cheshire movement really wishes to be a unique organisation in its concept of the care of the 'chronic sick' and disabled, now is the time to do it. With the need for the utmost economy there may never be another opportunity when consultation could bring about a revolutionary change of thinking, which would benefit the afflicted.

There must be boldness, and a determination to overcome the many difficulties — legal and otherwise — and an approach to the problem of autonomy of the Homes' management. To me, it is nonsensical that one can go from one Cheshire Home to another and find each run entirely differently. One cannot expect complete uniformity, but the general concept of 'homeliness' should surely prevail. I should like to see the intransigent attitudes of many, though not all, local Management Committees drastically dealt with, and the 'do-gooders' with eighteenth century minds banished from them.

From: 'Progressive'
(name and address supplied).

I can say positively that if I had never come to a Cheshire Home I would never have been rehabilitated to the point where I can earn my own living. Previously I, had been rehabilitated at a hospital to the extent of overcoming most problems in the field of 'activities of daily living'. But to my way of thinking, rehabilitation should go beyond merely overcoming those physical problems.

At a Cheshire Home I was able to complete my rehabilitation — insofar as it is possible under all the circumstances. Today I am able to earn my own living as a self-employed person, and can contribute something towards my keep.

At the former institution I could never have attained this degree of indepen-

dence. The efforts of patients to better themselves were stifled. If one was classed as 100% disabled one was automatically denied even the right to prove the authorities wrong. You were expected to live like a vegetable.

From: Francis D. Clarke, Timsbury

As one who has worked on the staff of 17 Cheshire Homes, I feel I have a contribution to make to your debate.

My definition of the Cheshire spirit that should pervade the Homes is: 'Living together as a community, and working

together for the common good.' How can this take place if there is a division between residents and staff? The basic assumption in most of the Homes is that residents and staff are in two separate camps, and that it is quite natural that there should be a constant conflict between them.

My second point concerns numbers. The ideal number for a real homely atmosphere is between 20 and 30 residents. I have worked in Homes where, with small numbers in the beginning, there was a truly homely atmosphere, then,

when the numbers increased too much, this atmosphere completely vanished. I do think this question of numbers is far more important than most people realise.

Talking to schools

Mr. E. G. Shedden, a barrister, and Hon. Lecture Secretary to the Cheshire Foundation, has been giving talks mainly to schools since the autumn of 1965. Slides provided by the London Cheshire Home Slide Library have been used to illustrate his talks, as well as some of the Cheshire Foundation films. Here are some of his impressions.

Films and lectures on the Cheshire Foundation Homes have been in demand from societies and clubs for many years. The decision was taken in 1966 to extend this form of publicity to schools and colleges in a more organised fashion.

During the next 15 months, I gave talks, with or without slides and films, to 12 public and grammar schools, six girls' high schools, and six independent schools. The reception accorded varied from genuine interest to spirited enthusiasm. In one case, the girls insisted on an extension of the lecture despite the frowning disapproval of the mistress in charge.

Youth today wants to know about the 'know-all' of everything, and when fully informed seeks to serve fully in its development. Young people, more than ever, are keen 'to do' and 'to make' for worthy causes. The head boy of a famous school spontaneously gave up his whole holiday to do uninspiring domestic chores in a

Cheshire Home, while a group from another school do valuable outdoor work at one of our rehabilitation centres. Many young people prefer to give their services rather than their money — unless a donation is required for a specific object. Headmasters often foster this idea; it goes some way in answering a proportion of the hundreds of charity appeals that are sent to the school each term. 'Tell us of a North London Cheshire Home to be started, and we will supply the voluntary labour required', the careers master of Highgate School remarked to me recently. Many schools would follow his example in their own areas if problems of distance and time could be solved. A possible solution for those Cheshire Homes which require voluntary help might be to offer accommodation to volunteers during their school holidays.

Audiences inevitably vary in their reaction to an illustrated or spoken appeal. Girls are more emotional; boys are more reserved in their manner. Recently, the girls of a well known school in Kent were moved to tears when watching our film, 'Dar el Hanna'. Boys seeing the same film later showed silent concern, but a strong desire to do something about it.

Some schools prefer a 'one-hour show', with slides followed by a meeting with senior boys over tea. In the cloistered seclusion of the Head's study, boys will express ideas to the lecturer which they

would hesitate to do in the open arena of the school hall. Seldom can a whole school be gathered together to listen to any lecture these days. Mostly, it is a voluntary attendance of an appropriate society in a lecture room. This is perhaps of benefit to the Cheshire Foundation, for the smaller the audience the greater the impact; and the news of the talk or film inevitably filters through to the rest of the school later.

Lunchtime meetings are often necessary at many schools because of tight schedules and innumerable outside activities. It will probably be generally agreed that this is not the happiest time for the lecture to take place. Anticipations of dinner, and pre-occupations with the morning classes, are not conducive to rapt attention on the needs of others.

It can truthfully be said that juniors at private schools are the most vocal and uninhibited of any. 'How do the wheel chairs work?', 'Can they go fast?', 'Are they easy to control?', 'Can a chap go to sleep in them?', shrill voices demand at question time. Some may think that these boys are too young to understand the needs of disabled people, but my own view is that the spreading of the message to their parents and relatives in their weekly letters home justifies their inclusion in our lecture lists.

Large numbers of societies continue to be interested in straight talks on the Homes in preference to films. Visits to near-by homes are being encouraged with, I believe, happy results for both the visited and the visitors.

¹⁰ Rehabilitation in Overseas Homes

by Denise Tabernacle

I would like to make a few comments on the Report of the Annual Conference which you published in the Winter edition of the 'Smile'.

We all know, as was stressed by Group Captain Cheshire himself, that our function is to create homes where handicapped people may live a family life, and that although we should co-operate with medical services and other professional bodies to the fullest possible extent, we should never lose sight of our primary aim and objective, and try to venture into other fields that are not within our scope.

However, having now worked in overseas Cheshire Homes for more than six years, I am of the opinion that this approach must be modified when (a) working in developing countries, and (b) with children. We should be prepared to widen our fields, if necessary, to include some aspects of rehabilitation, vocational training, physiotherapy, education, etc.

Let me put it this way. In the U.K., one assumes that any or some of these services are available, if required, and one can always seek medical advice and help when necessary. Also the majority in the U.K. Homes are adults for whom little more can be done medically.

The picture is often the reverse in the overseas homes. The local Cheshire Home may be the only establishment of its kind caring for chronic sick or handicapped people within a wide area, and as probably as not most of these are children for whom much still can be done to save them from a life of partial or complete incapacity. It may be difficult to imagine the circumstances in which some of these children exist. Some have never even seen a doctor; some are brought months or years too late when the limbs are almost atrophied with contractures, some propelling themselves with blocks of wood in their hands and probably sent out by their families to beg.

It is not that parents are deliberately unkind or negligent; in fact, it's quite

the reverse they show an affection and concern for their children often lacking in more developed societies. It is mainly poverty and ignorance that are the chief causes of neglect. Many parents are apprehensive about handing over their children to a 'substitute' home, for it is difficult to realise the benefits of communal life if it is not within your own experience. But if they know that their children are going to be educated, made stronger, and even taught to walk if possible, then they are more than willing to make the sacrifice. The same applies when dealing with committees, medical authorities, and individuals or organisations who might dispense financial or other assistance. Sometimes, it doesn't cut much ice to say simply that we are making a Home (that, I think, seems to them almost a sophisticated luxury) unless we can offer some positive, concrete programme as well.

Of course, every situation and every country is different. Some Homes may be in a large town, where every facility is at hand, others way out in the bush where there is nothing except what the Home creates for itself. Some Homes have good Committees who realise the problems, and play an active and co-operative part in trying to solve them. There are others who, although willing and sympathetic, have never really understood the responsibilities, the planning and foresight needed in establishing and maintaining a Home.

My own view is that before a Home is ever started overseas, the Committee and responsible people should establish very clearly what their aims and objectives are going to be, with reference to education, rehabilitation (that all too bandied-about work), vocational training, etc., and what provision is going to be made to meet these demands. This is NOT to say that we should necessarily undertake all or any of these responsibilities ourselves, but that they should be considered seriously with reference to the policy-making of a new Home, especially where children are concerned. There is often too much wishy-washy enthusiasm and goodwill, and not enough practical

thinking. A sound, common sense approach does not in any way kill the pioneering spirit which is the characteristic motivation of all the Homes, engendered by the G.C. himself.

I would like to take as an example our own situation in Marrakech. There is a good orthopaedic hospital, and we work closely with the surgeon there. But there is no physiotherapist in the whole town, and appliances (apart from crutches) can only be obtained at two centres in the country, which entails long journeys, delays, and considerable inconvenience to the families of any child needing such appliances. Moreover, the calipers that are made at these centres are very costly (albeit Government money!), sophisticated and unsuitable to the African conditions of rough ground and possible neglect. Besides which, they are soon outgrown, entailing expensive replacement and/or repairs, and maybe if the child lives far out in the bush the chances are that these will not be attended to and thus he will just fall back into his former state.

We, therefore, in the Home here are making our own calipers based on a model designed by Professor Huckstep of the Polio Research Scheme in Uganda. They are cheap and simple to make and all the materials can be found locally. The father of one of our children - he is a blacksmith - makes them; they cost only a few shillings, and take one or two days to produce. Not only are our own children benefitting, some of whom will now be able to return to their own homes and attend normal school, but we also have a number of outside children who come in daily for exercises and to be fitted with these appliances. This scheme in no way interferes with the normal running of the Home, where lessons, games, treatment, handicrafts, etc., go on as usual; rather, it gives outside children some contact with the Home, those whom we might be able to take in but for lack of space and money.

I should perhaps say in conclusion that I am only a mere S.R.N. myself with no

continued on page 18

¹² Put yourself in my place

Teach-In for Involvement with Disabled People

Reproduced from Spastics News by kind permission of the Editor.

Thirty-three young men and women, mostly 18-year-olds, gathered at Toynbee Hall in London's East End last February for a two-day course on 'Training for Involvement' in the problems of the handicapped and disabled.

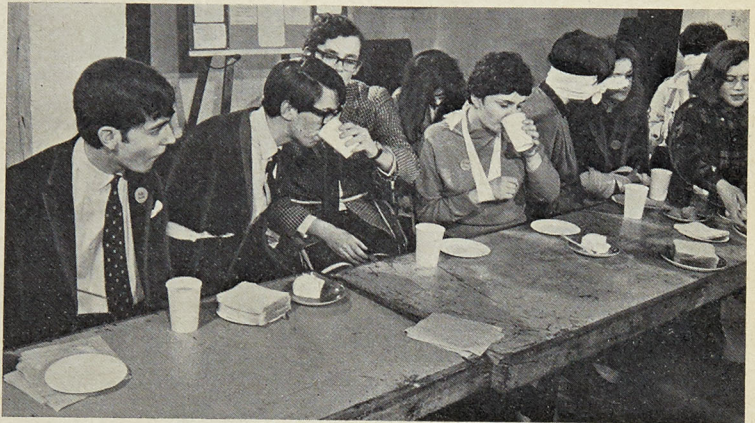
It was organised by Mr. Alec Dickson, the Founder of Community Service Volunteers, whose visit to Buckingham Palace to receive the C.B.E. had coincided with the first day of the conference. The aim was to probe and elucidate the ways in which leaders of this kind can encourage and inspire others in voluntary work for the community.

But as Mr. Dickson pointed out, 'there can be no compassion without imagination', and so the first exercise the volunteers embarked on was to try and put themselves in the place of disabled people. Some were blind-folded, others had a leg tied to a wheelchair, both legs tied together, a hand bandaged and, in one case, both hands immobilised, or a leg in splints.

Then three were sent off in wheelchairs with an 'attendant' into the pouring rain and crowded sidewalks of Commercial Street to sample the problems of posting a letter, taking washing to the launderette and shopping in Woolworths. The rest sat down to tea - after fetching plates and cups from the kitchen.

Mr. Peter Furniss, a Youth Section Organiser and old V.S.O. pupil of Mr. Dickson's, delivered a positively macabre send-up of a typical children's party-giver, full of bonhomous platitudes and saccharine emotionanism, and they were off! The clumsy attempts at drinking out of a cup without hands, buttering bread blindfold, or lighting a cigarette one-handed for someone else caused a good deal of amusement. But the serious intent behind this Mad Hatter's Tea Party became clear when the strain of being tied up began to tell after half an hour.

A gimmick - yes - but one that can immediately make tough youngsters, to



whom phrases such as 'The nobility of self-sacrifice' mean nothing, become involved in a role which can be fun and exciting.

Miss Shirley Keene, an eloquent speaker from the Spastics Society, took a somewhat cynical view of the proceedings, which were covered by a team of TV people for the programme 'The World At One', but also made some constructive suggestions.

Her message, as always, was to remember that the handicapped are individuals. She thought it was no more sensible to have a club for the handicapped than it would be to have one for men with bald heads. All are different. Generalisations were dangerous, but the one thing the handicapped usually have in common is a feeling of rejection by society. For this reason, try (she said) to make 'helping' a two-way thing, even if it only means asking a person to change money for a telephone call.

To help the congenitally disabled was probably easier than the aged and infirm, but the great thing to remember was 'timing'. Don't rush about too efficiently. Slow down the pace nearer to that of the afflicted.

Mr. Dickson then took over the introductory session of the course, to explain that this was intended as a 'catalysts'

conference, to examine ways in which practical help can be given, and how good intentions can be translated into effective action in the workshop, at local government level or in the hospitals.

The titles of the various discussions pinpointed the areas in which this kind of effort impinges. 'Who's on our side?', 'Helping the community to get started', 'Budgeting, Blackmail and Begging' and 'Operation In-Tray', an important lesson in administration, were some of the more evocative headings.

'Once we can start', Mr. Dickson said, 'getting going in this way, we become dangerous'. Social science moves into the field of social reform.

Mr. Paterson, Mr. Dickson's A.D.C., said that these youngsters, from universities and schools all over the country, would share Salvation Army dormitories and find out the difficulties of getting a wheelchair into a public lavatory, and would go home, he hoped, with a new understanding of how to help the community to help the handicapped.

(Photo/Daily Telegraph)

Physical Recreation for the Disabled

The Disabled Living Activities Group (of the Central Council for the Disabled), under the Chairmanship of Lady Hamilton, considers that careful study of the needs and living activities of disabled people will reveal the many problems involved, and point the way to the most practical solutions.

A project has recently been started on physical recreation, and Miss K. Evans, M.B.E., recently Technical Adviser to the Central Council of Physical Recreation, is undertaking the preliminary work.

In June 1967, a meeting was convened at which the project was discussed; attending the meeting were representatives of many statutory and voluntary bodies, including national and local government. It was accepted that close co-operation with the British Sports Association for the Disabled – which is represented on

the Committee – would be essential, and the following terms of reference were agreed:

'To investigate the existing participation in recreational activities with particular reference to physical recreation by the disabled, and in the light of the findings, to pursue means of extending this participation.'

It was also agreed that in the first stage of the investigation primary consideration should be focussed on what physical education and recreational activities are available to school-leavers, what is available to them on leaving school, and how to link school-leavers with activities which they might like to continue as a hobby.

A second meeting was held in November 1967, when a small working committee

was elected to determine the nature of the information to be collected, from what sources, and by what means. It was agreed that there must be no overlapping.

It is already apparent that much excellent work is being achieved in some schools and clubs, but it is equally evident that there is an urgent need for the collation and dissemination of information, and for opportunities for those concerned with the promotion of physical activities for the disabled to meet together for training, discussion and the exchange of ideas.

The D.L.A.G. would appreciate any help, suggestions or comments, and these should be sent to Miss B. M. Stow, M.A.O.T., Group Director, Disabled Living Activities Group, 39 Victoria Street, London S.W.1.

Nursing Trends

by **Margaret Illing**, Lecturer-in-Charge, Health Visitor Course, Department of Applied Social Studies, Croydon Technical College.

A New Look at Nursing, by E. C. Ensing, S R N, Pitman Medical Books, 1966, 10s.

This is one of a series of books on various medical topics. They are not text books, but extended essays on topics of interest by members of the profession who see the need for administrative change or a rethink of current practice.

This volume is written by the matron of a progressive general hospital which has

pioneered the use of enrolled nurses and auxiliaries in patient care, and which is closely linked to the domiciliary medical and nursing teams.

The changes in society and in hospital since the war have outstripped changes in nursing education and service. This has been due to a conservative outlook within the profession and administrative difficulties rather than a dearth of ideas. There have been many pioneers, Miss Ensing is but one. All nurses should read their suggestions for the reform of those areas of work in which they are expert. Few of us, however, are prepared to accept fully that there exists a panacea for the problems of the whole profession.

In this book the social scene is reviewed, needs and resources examined, labour saving devices that free the nurses in hospital to concentrate on skilled tasks are described. Suggestions are made for the reform of nursing education, for the particular problems of mental hospitals, and domiciliary nursing services. Consideration is given to the role of the married woman in nursing, and of that most awesome figure – the hospital matron. Too much is included for this to

be a study in depth, but it is interesting reading, particularly those chapters that deal with hospital nursing service. Here the author speaks with authority.

It is, however, two years since publication. New links have been forged with educational institutions, degree courses are emerging, post certificate courses are found increasingly in technical colleges. New teaching courses and management studies are available.

Medical advances call for new nursing skills, provision of more health and welfare services pose problems for health visitors, midwives and district nurses. Staffing needs can only be met by drastic redeployment. There is some progress towards improvement but, alas, there are still institutions using the traditional patterns of recruitment and deployment of nurses.

This book is useful as a purveyor of ideas and a signpost to a more integrated and comprehensive community care.

14 Flying over the Alps in a Comet on our way to Rome, I looked down on a moon-lit Mont Blanc and thought what a difference the aeroplane has made to disabled people. What would have been an almost impossible journey in a wheelchair some years ago was now quite easy, a mere two hours in the air, and a taxi ride into Rome, and we were arriving at the Villa Rosa, the Convent on the Aventine hill where we were to spend the last two weeks of September, 1967.

We were a party of five – two girls, Iris and Tony were in wheelchairs, and Joan, Turid and I were there to help them and share the holiday.

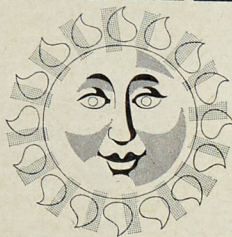
When we finally found our rooms they were very conveniently placed on the ground floor, all except mine, which was 75 steps up, an almost insuperable climb last thing at night.

We settled down, and then began to explore Rome on foot. One of the first, and last, impressions of Rome is the traffic. It roars through the streets, and everyone who has not got a car has a Vespa, which is worse. No-one can turn a corner without screaming tyres, and there appears to be no speed limit.

Pushing a wheelchair around Rome is hazardous in the extreme. The roads are rough and cobbled, the pavements rough and bumpy, and the traffic hair-raising. In the smaller streets the cars park across the pavement, leaving no room for a chair, and you have to walk perilously between the cars and the traffic. To cross the really wide roads you manoeuvre your chair off the curb while the red light says *Alt*, so as to be ready to dash ahead the moment it becomes a green *Avanti*. I had thought that the words *Alt* and *Avanti* would be graven on all our hearts until Joan had her adventure on the last morning. She went out alone to do some final shopping and came back by tram. The tram passed the end of our road; and, wanting to stop it, she called out, *Avanti, avanti*, and could not understand why it sped on and landed her at the Colosseum with half an hour's walk home.

Another problem which we soon discovered, and which I must report, for the sake of other disabled visitors, is the almost total absence of any public ladies lavatories. Certainly they exist in cafes, but they are always up or down narrow staircases, or through narrow doors, far too small for a wheelchair, as we discovered when we got Tony stuck in the doorway to the astonishment of all the

HOLIDAY IN ROME



by Peggy Shiffner

waiters. There is a splendid one at the main station, but it was four miles away, and rather far from the central area. There is also one at the Vatican Museum, but costs you 500 lire (about 7/6) each to go there. Admittedly you can also visit the Museum for the price, but you may not always want to do that as well, and it is anyway only open in the morning. At the end of the second week we discovered two more, one inside the Colosseum, and one outside the Forum, and they all had male attendants.

It was very hot even in late September, and we were happy to spend the heat of day relaxing in the garden, leaving our long expeditions until 3.30 or 4 o'clock. Then we would go out sight-seeing. One of our greatest pleasures was to eat out in the evening at one of the many cafes, sitting outside on the pavement, and we tried to arrange our expeditions to include this. The first one was to a floodlit Colosseum, where one of the many stray cats jumped on Tony's chair and did not want to leave it. From there we went by small back streets to find the Trevi Fountain. Each chair had a map at hand to guide us, but on this occasion we heard the sound of water long before we actually saw it. As we came around the corner and saw the fountain before us it was like being in a theatre. With what we felt at the time to be great boldness, we

took the chairs down the six steps to the fountain's edge so that we could all throw our coins in, to ensure a return to Rome.

In retrospect that seems a small effort on our part, as we discovered that steps and staircases must not be allowed to deter us. We had much help from Italian men, and I have a very happy picture of the girls in their chairs being carried shoulder high up the long ramp staircase to the Capitol by a group of young students, who found us at the bottom, eyeing it rather dubiously one evening.

We visited many small churches. There was Santa Sabina on the Aventine hill where we found a wedding taking place. It was full of flowers which seemed to make its beautiful white fluted pillars even more beautiful than usual. The bride and bride-groom were very shy, and all the wedding guests were quite simple people. Santa Prassede is one of my two favourite churches; it has a perfect little Byzantine chapel completely covered with gold and mosaics, built by Pope Pascal I about 800 A.D. as a tomb for his mother. The other is San Clemente, which is really three churches on one. The upper church is medieval with gleaming mosaics. Below it is a fourth-century church with wall frescoes, and lower still is a vaulted Mithraic temple. We could get the chairs down to the second level, and there were gratings through which you could see below, but the staircase down was very small and a spiral, and we had to go down there without them.

A much bigger church we visited was Santa Maggiorre. It is possible to get in the back way with a wheelchair, but there are too many steps in front. We went there one evening on our way to the fountain dell' Esedra. This is near to the main station, a splendid modern building. We wanted to find out if we could take the wheel-chairs on Italian trains. A very kind man took us from place to place enquiring, as no-one has ever heard of such a thing. But then no-one seems to go out in a wheel-chair in Italy. In fact a car drove up beside us in the Piazza Venezia one day and the driver asked us where we had got them, as he had a disabled wife. Eventually we were told we might go on a train if we paid double fare for each passenger in a chair.

By now we were hungry, and asked our guide where we could eat. He not only took us to a restaurant and introduced us to the owner, but came back later to see if we had enjoyed our meal. Finally he

kissed us each good-bye, with a special long kiss for Tonina.

We always had a generous allowance of wine with our evening meals, and found the chairs much easier to push on the way home. Luckily there were no breathalysers at hand, and we sailed home, stopping at a stall we had found to eat a slice of most refreshing water melon before the climb up the last hill. This calmed us down again, and I always had the thought of my 75 steps to bed. One night I was so tired that the lights, which were on a time switch, went out before I got up there, and I found myself clasping the ankles of St. Anthony as I groped for my bedroom door in the sudden darkness.

When we had visited everything within walking distance we decided that we must get some kind of transport. This was most important, as St. Peter's and the Vatican were really too far away for a walking expedition. Sister Gabrielle knew of a garage owner called Alfio who said he could produce a mini-bus, and in it we made several trips to the further parts of Rome, and the country beyond. We were rather mystified as to why the mini-bus sometimes turned out to be a 30-seater coach, which was a bit large for five people, and much harder to get into. But at last we learned that Alfio had to hire the mini-bus for us and it was not always available. When we did have it he took out the front seat and the chairs fitted in perfectly with the girls travelling in them.

Our first visit to St. Peter's was to Mass on Sunday morning. It was a festival of youth, and the Cathedral was full of young people from all over Europe in their native dress, which was very gay and colourful. There are civil guards at the doors who look you up and down rather sternly before letting you in. They do not seem to mind bare heads any more, but woe betide a girl with bare arms. We went round the Cathedral while we were there, and were especially impressed by Michelangelo's Pieta, carved when he was only 24 years old. Outside we joined the throng in the square to receive the blessing of the Pope who appeared at his window in the Vatican.

We had been promised tickets for an audience with the Pope, but he was not well enough to give audiences. Instead we were offered something much better, tickets for the High Mass with which he was to open the International Synod of

Bishops. We had to be at St. Peter's by 9 a.m., and were taken to a small enclosure near to the statue of St. Peter. At first this seemed rather an odd place to put us, but it turned out to be a very special one. During the ceremony the Pope came and lit a candle, and kissed St. Peter's toe, and we were so near that we could have stretched out and touched



Outside St. Peter's in Rome

him. When he went back to the High Altar we turned round and saw him celebrating Mass, which he does from behind the altar, facing the congregation. This is because St. Peter's is orientated like the old pagan temples with the doorway and not the apse facing the east. The music was beautiful with the organ and the Choir from the Sistine Chapel. Finally the Pope was carried shoulder high in his chair, by crimson clad bearers. To add to the splendour of the occasion St. Peter's was floodlit for television, which gave us the opportunity of studying Michelangelo's beautiful dome. We escorts were on our feet for two and a half hours, but it was a most wonderful experience, though I was glad to think of the mini-bus waiting for us outside.

We spent a morning in the Vatican Museum, which has large lifts and not too many stairs. Our main objective was the Sistine Chapel, with the wonderful ceiling by Michelangelo, who spent four and a half years on his back on the scaffolding, painting it.

Our first drive out with Alfio's mini-bus was to Castel Gandolfo, the Pope's summer residence high on a hill above Lake Albano, and back through Frascati, where we visited a wine cellar, and bought bottles of wine filled for us from a barrel. The journey took us along the via Appia, past the catacombs of the early Christians. It seems almost un-

changed and unaffected by the noise of the traffic and the bustle of modernity. Coming home, on the other hand, we passed by the Roman Film studios, and were suddenly back in the twentieth century with its traffic jams.

Among other special memories of our drives are the Spanish Steps. We did not try to go up them, but looked at them from behind the funny little fountain shaped like a boat, known as the 'old tub', with its group of flower sellers on the lower steps in front of Keats' house and the English Babington tea-rooms. Then there was the view of Rome from the observatory outside the walls to the north, and of the sunset from the Pincio Terrace, with the dome of St. Peter's silhouetted against an orange-red background, while the lights went out in the houses and streets below.

Tony, Iris and Turid were driven to the sea at Anzio by Eileen Abbott, a friend who lives in Rome. They enjoyed it so much they said that we must go and have a bathe before we had to go back to England and winter. So we went to Ostia in our mini-bus. It was nearer than Anzio, and we could combine it with a visit to Ostia Antica, an early Roman town which they are excavating as at Pompeii. Our bathe was lovely, but the sand was black and looked most strange. Tony and Iris were carried in their chairs across the sand to the sea edge by the beach attendants. We had the place to ourselves.

On the way back we passed the large Church of St. Paul's Without the Walls. It was built over St. Paul's grave near the spot where he was beheaded. He was not crucified like St. Peter because he was a Roman citizen. Legend has it that his head bounced three times, and from each spot a spring leapt up and the place is now known as Tre Fontane. St. Paul's was the first church to be built with its altar at the east end.

Along the river you come to the Porta Portese, where there is a market every Sunday morning. It was full of everything, including people, but we bought a number of presents, and managed to bargain quite successfully in spite of knowing no Italian. It was very hot, and not at all easy to manipulate the chairs. We arrived back at the Convent just in time to tidy for lunch at the British Embassy. Lady Shuckburgh fetched us, and we had lunch on the terrace, overlooking a peaceful garden in the middle of Rome. You were hardly aware of the traffic, a great change from the hurly-

16 burly of the market. Later Eileen Abbott met us and took us round her office, the Food and Agriculture Organisation of the United Nations. It was eerie in the darkness with no-one there but us and the night-watchman, but most impressive in its modernity.

The day ended with dinner in front of the Colosseum, at a restaurant called the Gladiatore, where we ate Pollo a la Nero, roast chicken with brandy poured over it and set alight like a Christmas pudding, very dramatic, and very delicious.

Food and fountains both loom large in our memories of Rome. The delicious Parma ham, eaten with green figs or melon in the Piazza Navona, beside

Bernini's Fountains of the Rivers. Strange little balls of goose flesh, with alarming-looking mushrooms, much more like the fungi they are called than like our mushrooms. We ate those near the Fountain of the Tortoises. Then there was Salimbocca alla Romana, ham and veal with a sage leaf in between, fried in butter. This reminds me of the Fountain dell' Esedra, and everywhere where there were ice creams such as I have never tasted anywhere else.

In this way we wandered through the little back streets and piazzas, seeing life in a way we never could have done except on foot, sure that we could never lose ourselves, as the large white monument to Victor Emanuel towers over all

else in the centre of Rome. It stands in the Piazza Venezia, where there is also the house with the balcony from which Mussolini used to harangue the crowds. It is too large and too white, but we always greeted it with great pleasure on our way home.

At last it was time to go really home. We left our Convent at 3.30 a.m. sadly, but with many happy memories. Above all we have the memory of the great kindnesses everyone had shown to us, our friends, the Sisters at the Convent, and all the many un-named Italian men who had helped us on our way around Rome, and with the knowledge that, having thrown our coins in the Trevi Fountain, we were sure to return one day.

News from other Sources

Miniature Organs

Did you watch the Rolf Harris Shows on BBC TV earlier this year? If you did, you'll have seen him playing a pocket-size electronic organ — no larger than a cigar box — by passing a rod or stylus lightly over the keyboard. It has occurred to a number of people that, since only a very limited movement is required to play this instrument (called a stylophone), it could be used by quite seriously disabled people to enjoy the pleasure of making music.

The stylophone has 1½ octaves, including sharps and flats; built-in amplifier and speaker; and output socket for connection to a separate amplifier if required. It is tuneable by a single control to enable it to be played with any accompaniment.

Manufactured by Dubreg Studios Limited, 15 Cricklewood Broadway, London, N.W.2, it is obtainable only from them (not through shops or stores) on a mail-order basis. The price is £8. 18. 6d., with battery 2s. 6d. extra, and post and packing 3s. 6d. extra.

Large Print Religious Books

The British and Foreign Bible Society have been producing large print editions of the Bible for several years. Now, Ulverscroft Large Print Books have brought out the first large print hymn book in conjunction with the Free Church Federal Council. It is a special edition of the well-known Hospital Hymn Book, and the price is 10s. 6d., plus 1s. 6d. postage.

The same publishers have also started a Large Print Devotional Series. The first one of these is 'God Calling', the normal edition of which has sold over 300,000 copies. It costs 21s., plus 2s. postage.

You can ask for these books at your local library.

'They're changing the Guard at Buckingham Palace . . .'

Referring to a suggestion that facilities should be given to physically handicapped people to watch Guard Mounting from inside the forecourt at Buckingham Palace, the Master of the Household has written in a letter of 23rd February, 1968, to the Central Council for the Disabled:

'Her Majesty has been pleased to agree to this request. I am therefore asking for your help in making it known among organizations concerned with the Disabled that those who wish to avail themselves of this opportunity should write to:

The Master of the Household,
Buckingham Palace,
London, S.W.1

giving the date on which they wish to come and the size of the party.

Guard Mounting in the forecourt of Buckingham Palace takes place every day of the week, including Sundays, at 11.30 a.m.'

by Paul Hunt

Disabled Power?

My intention this time was to have used the available space to put the case for single rooms in residential Homes. But I've just received the Spring issue of *The Magic Carpet*, quarterly magazine of the Disabled Drivers' Association, and it contains two items of such importance that I want to draw attention to them immediately. So my impassioned plea for single rooms must wait awhile.

The first *Magic Carpet* piece to arouse my interest was a long article by Selwyn Goldsmith (whose highly commended architectural manual, '*Designing for the Disabled*', I discussed in the last *Comment*). In his usual forceful and entertaining manner he pitches into Stirling Moss, who has been advocating the provision of adapted cars for the disabled instead of the present invalid tricycle. Mr. Moss apparently believes that the Ministry of Health tricycle is 'anachronistic, hazardous to drive, and debases those who use it'. Mr. Goldsmith doesn't seem to be against the provision of cars in certain cases, but he shows that many of Stirling Moss's arguments are based on a sentimental, unrealistic, and even neurotic view of disablement. He is particularly severe on Mr. Moss's assumption that pride is the chief motivating force in many disabled people's lives, and in the process displays his formidable knowledge of the complex social and psychological aspects of disability. This is controversy at its best.

Towards the end of his article, Selwyn Goldsmith says: 'One of the reasons why, by contrast with disabled drivers, those people who are more severely handicapped are underprivileged is that they do not comprise an efficient pressure group capable of challenging the inadequacies of existing services in an effective fashion'. This links up very much with the second interesting *Magic Carpet* article, which I think puts forward an idea of considerable value.

Nigel Harvey, who says he joined the Disabled Drivers' Association as a driving enthusiast in 1965, now feels that the time has come for a change of name for the organisation. He suggests calling it

the Disabled Citizens' Association, and says this would be more in line with the actual interests and activities of many members. Apparently a large number of D.D.A. members do *not* drive, and join primarily for the social life afforded by the local Groups. And there has been a recent shift of emphasis in D.D.A. policy towards tackling things like employment and welfare difficulties.

Mr. Harvey points out the need for a national organisation for the disabled. He suggests that all the associations for particular disabilities and problems, while doing excellent work, do not adequately represent the interests of the disabled population as a whole. He says: 'Membership of the D.D.A. has probably demonstrated to most of us that we have far more needs in common than the multitude of 'special' charities would indicate to the casual observer. The inevitable duplication of effort, lack of coordination in aims and policies, and absence of a united representative voice, are all functions of their introvert nature'.

In Mr. Harvey's view another argument for a new Disabled Citizens' Association is the 'shocking lack of uniformity in the provision of appliances and other aids for the disabled'. He believes it is in fact more of a lottery than a service, and thinks handicapped people need far more information and advice in order to make proper use of the help available.

Mr. Harvey feels that the Disabled Drivers' Association is the group best fitted to evolve into the national organisation he envisages. The D.D.A.'s extremely vigorous campaign for the issue of cars instead of tricycles seems to be nearing fruition. Now they should be able to take up a variety of new causes with the same skill and enthusiasm, and also provide a platform for fresh ideas and policies in the whole field of disability. To do this they must change their name and their image, and must recruit many more members.

I would strongly endorse Mr. Harvey's main points, having long felt the need for a more militant organisation for the disabled, and particularly one which is

sensitive to the changing needs and wishes of its members. The Disablement Income Group is undoubtedly a model in both these respects. Yet their last A.G.M. showed they are faced with a crucial dilemma, which points again to the need for a more comprehensive organisation. Should they stick single-mindedly to their main task, the obtaining of a proper pension for disablement? Or should they risk blunting the edge of their campaign by taking up the large number of social welfare issues that have presented themselves and urgently require ventilation and action?

It may be felt that the Central Council for the Disabled is giving the national leadership required, and that it provides an information service and coordinates the activities of the various voluntary societies. While I fully appreciate the efforts being made by the Council, my impression is that they are not very effective and, perhaps more important, that the disabled do not in general regard it as *their* organisation. How many of us attend the conferences arranged, or sit on the various committees, for instance?

What we really need, I believe, is a rather more awkward and less respectable national Association, run primarily by the disabled themselves. For many of the same reasons as Mr. Harvey I feel that until there is something of the kind we cannot conduct our affairs properly in three important respects.

Firstly, we need a democratic organisation for continuing discussion of the many issues raised by disablement; for carrying out *Which?*-type consumer research; and for ensuring that relevant up-to-date information reaches as many disabled people and their helpers as possible. Secondly, instead of the present uncoordinated, inefficient and unjust scramble for government and voluntary resources, we need the machinery to decide amongst ourselves what is the fairest order of priorities, and then to organise and campaign together so as to bring pressure to bear where it is most effective. And thirdly, we need to enlist the talents and efforts of the 'privileged' disabled, as Mr. Goldsmith calls them, on

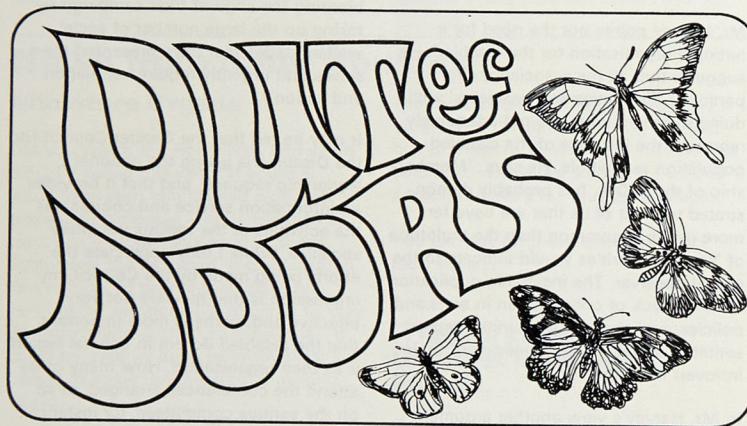
18 behalf of those less able to assert their rights for themselves – the ones who live in institutions, for instance.

Of course not every disabled person would, or necessarily should, want to join such a 'trade union', and certainly I for one would not be keen on the social activities side of things. It seems to me, however, that one form of neurotic reaction to disablement is a refusal to identify at all with others who are similarly placed. The disabled *do* have certain things in common – though they are perhaps not the things many people imagine. Recognition of one's membership of this sub-group in society, and a willingness to offer one's talents to it in

some degree, however limited, are perhaps two of the elements in a healthy response to disablement. Neither the man who refuses to mix with other 'cripples' on principle, nor the one who is only happy in their company, can be said to have adjusted properly to his condition.

The creation of a national association which we could be proud to call our own – that is, one clearly playing a vital part in improving the quality of many disabled people's lives – could also help some of us towards making a better personal adjustment. At the moment a lot of the disabled are put off by the paternalistic, 'outings for the poor things' image of so many organisations, while those

who do join them often seem to assume a purely receptive and dependent role. Both groups might be helped to come to grips more satisfactorily with their situation if there was a forum for unsentimental discussion of common needs and aspirations, with a view to taking vigorous action on both a local and a national basis. If our meeting together as disabled people was more often at this sort of adult, purposeful level, with the tea-and-buns aspect arising only incidentally, I believe we should be making a major contribution both to our own rehabilitation and to the education of society as a whole. You can count me in, Mr. Harvey.



SOME MEMORABLE MOMENTS

Imagine, if you can, a hilltop field bathed in sunlight, and dusted with the yellow of dandelions and similar flowers. Suddenly as I stood watching this scene, a moderate-sized butterfly of a glorious rich golden yellow appeared fluttering rapidly across the field, close to the ground from flower to flower. As I watched this single insect, the first of its kind I had ever seen, I gradually became aware of more and yet more of these beautiful creatures, until eventually the whole meadow was literally alive with them. These butterflies were the very beautiful, and to me quite fascinating, Clouded Yellows, that I had only heard of previously. At that time I was interested in breeding butterflies, and naturally wanted to obtain some of these specimens to breed in captivity. I found that catching one called for great skill in stalking, as they were not only extremely wary and quick, but as soon as you took your eyes off the one you were following, even for a moment, it vanished as it settled on a

flowerhead, hiding the brilliant golden upper surfaces of its wings and exposing the yellow-green undersurfaces which blended with the surroundings. This, then, was the Clouded Yellow, which appeared in large numbers during the summer of 1947. Never since have I seen so many of these comparatively rare insects.

On another occasion I had been listening one evening for the broadcast song of the nightingale, which failed to materialise eventually. In the early hours of the morning I was awakened by the distant singing of a lone bird. The weather was clear, with a full moon, and I thought being only half awake, 'Could this be the nightingale?' But as I listened I realised it was a single skylark. I decided to time the song, and made a rough estimate of one hour and forty minutes non-stop singing. Surely a record!

More recently I remember going for a walk one foggy frosty morning and noticing that all the trees and bushes were white with frost. Nothing unusual

in this, but I looked at one low bush which I thought was covered with thorns. However, when I touched the 'thorns' they dropped off, and I found on closer examination that every other bush, blade of grass, and even the fences, were covered in similar ice-spikes. One Silver Birch shrub presented a delightful star-like pattern when viewed from certain angles. I have never seen anything like it before or since.

Paul Hanson/Le Court

REHABILITATION IN OVERSEAS HOMES

continued from page 10

special training in physiotherapy and other aspects of rehabilitation. What I have learned has solely been through experience and contact with a few specialists here and there, and of course I have made a number of mistakes. What I have tried to say here is that with regard to our policy overseas, and especially in dealing with children, we should be prepared to widen our scope if necessary, however modestly, while still maintaining the framework and spirit of a 'Cheshire Home'. Our attitude must be not only to accept the incurably sick, but to question seriously whether they are, in fact, beyond the means of any treatment, and if not, then to do all within our power to remedy the situation.

Ibadan, Nigeria The newly-built Oluyole Cheshire Home, in University of Ife Road, Ibadan, was officially declared open by Brigadier R. A. Adebayo, the Military Governor of Western Nigeria, on 2nd of March this year.

More miles, More comfort

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Fluid Intake and Output, Tips for the Traveller

by Eric Trimmer

In the Spring 1968 issue of 'Drive', the AA Motorist's Magazine, Dr. Eric Trimmer offered the following tips centred around a problem with which we disabled are often very much concerned when we go out, especially on long journeys. Reproduced by kind permission of the Editor.

Hot weather or a warm car can help a motorist to cut down the stops he has to make at roadside lavatories. Heat makes the body perspire, and the bladder fills more slowly.

Women need to make fewer stops than men because the female bladder, though it has the same basic capacity as the male (220 cc or a little under half a pint), is more flexible and needs emptying less often.

Reprinted from Drive, the AA motorist's magazine, Spring 1968. Copyright Drive Publications Ltd.

Here are seven ways the family can increase its range when travelling through an area where public conveniences are scarce:

- * Keep the car windows closed and the heater on 'warm'. Those in sports cars will do better if the hardtop is on or the hood up.
- * Plan journeys carefully and observe speed limits. The tensions of getting lost, or passenger anxiety induced by going too fast, have an instinctive effect. All animals react to fear by fight or flight. Nature has designed you so that you do either more efficiently when your bladder is empty.
- * Avoid bumps in the road and steer clear of badly surfaced routes altogether. Physical agitation disturbs the bladder.
- * Enjoy a few extra cigarettes if you're a smoker. Nicotine acts as a drug and temporarily reduces urine production.

* Avoid even small amounts of alcohol. It opens up tiny filtration units in the kidneys.

* Drink milk, soft drinks or water rather than tea or coffee. Caffeine has a similar effect to alcohol.

* Discourage children from eating jelly, blancmange, or ice cream. These have a high fluid content and will require extra stops later on.

But *never* carry on driving when you or your passengers are uncomfortably in need of a halt. An over distended bladder can reach the state where it will not work at all; men over 50 are especially prone to this. If it happens, seek medical aid, preferably at a hospital, immediately. Women risk infection if they delay too long.

Lines by an unmechanical Subscriber on reluctantly encountering S.T.D.

(Greenacres is on S.T.D. now).

Tremble now you poor dear mutt
Gone for ever your old SUT!
Now the robot voices come
Answer you with steely hum.
Dial the number if you dare
— And can remember what they are.
They will never make you wait,
Never angry, never late.
But ans'ring as you take your pick
With hollow hard metallic click.
(I rather miss the chats with Jim,
Disembodied voice at ten p.m.)
Phoning now is so much quicker,
Briefer (dearer), duller, slicker,
As yet another step we take
Towards the automatic state.

R.C.

If . . .

(With apologies to R. Kipling)

Reproduced from Spastics News

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are patting it as though you were aged two;
If you can trust your limbs when others doubt you —
Accept help with good grace, not as your due;
If you can be content with your low earnings,
While others round have so much more to spend;
If you can learn to conquer normal yearnings,
To 'sublimate' and not go round the bend;
If you can walk in crowds and keep your balance,
And talk with kings but not let speech be slurred;

If, when they praise some very minor talents,

You can let your real achievements go unheard;

If you can keep your dignity on falling,
Get up to face the starers with a smile;

If you can bear the welfare workers calling

To tabulate you neatly on their file:

If you can face your limitations squarely,
Yet keep on striving to the bitter end —
You'll be more than just a spastic, clearly,
You'll be a bloody miracle, my friend.

(By a Spastic)

The Right to Social Justice

by Tatiana de Kreisler

Another article in the series, reproduced by kind permission of the Editor, from Polio-Revue, the journal of the Association nationale des amis des polios et handicapés physiques, Paris.

It must be acknowledged that France, so far ahead in the arts and sciences, is backward in the social services, especially in regard to the physically handicapped.

In this, the third stage of my campaign, I want to talk about, first, what has been done, but, still more, what yet remains to be done.

What has been done is very little, and concerned almost exclusively with mal-adjusted handicapped children. As for the 'myopathies' (i.e. generally progressive neuro-muscular diseases), it is barely a year since anyone began to show any interest in them at all.

Administration has always been slow. But it seems to me that this slowness is aggravated by the fact that there are so many associations, leagues, movements, etc., all demanding subsidies for the handicapped, when they really have nothing in common with them. What waste of money!

On the other hand, the handicapped themselves should show more determination, and learn to make themselves heard by the authorities. They should prove, first and foremost, that they are capable of a great many things — once they are given effective and reasonable help.

In order that the disabled may succeed in making a life for themselves, Social Security should accept its responsibility for them after they reach the age of 20. It is true we already have Social Aid — but how insufficient this is! Firstly,

because of the spirit in which it is given, as a kind of charity hand-out. Secondly, because of the niggardliness of the amount, which is well below the current cost of living, and far too low to support a handicapped person without other help. Disabled people would be much more sure of themselves if they knew they could count on Social Security, and their lives would be greatly eased in many ways.

To obtain such Social Security, it would be necessary for all Associations, etc., concerned with the handicapped to meet, both at national and at regional level, with Government representatives. Each body — while still remaining autonomous — would consider the problems of the handicapped as a whole, exchanging views, experiences, and facts. Concrete knowledge would thus be obtained of what ought to be done, and what could be expected from the State. Of course, the needs of those who don't belong to any association or society should be considered; they have rights as well. In order that the re-integration of the handicapped into society be truly complete we should cease to segregate them. It is only the medical profession that has the right to classify us.

The meetings and discussions I am advocating would give everyone a chance to take an overall view of the problems that affect us, and perhaps help us to discover for ourselves the right solutions. Besides, such contacts between the various associations and the existing Establishment would help us to orientate ourselves.

Another crucial problem, which I consider the most inhuman of all, is that of the handicapped who are relegated to geriatric institutions. You can find such cases

everywhere in the country. Very often, they have been in such places since the age of 12 or 14. Some have been abandoned by their families as incurables; for others, life has stranded them alone in the world, and with nothing and no-one to fall back on. Anyhow, who could face even the essential expenses of living on the 25 francs a month allocated by the State?

Try to imagine the life of a young disabled person in the midst of a ward-full of old people. Everything is geared to the incapacity of the aged inmates. They don't live in any really human sense, they just vegetate. It's a matter of merely eating, sleeping, and warming themselves in the sun — when that is possible. Generally, there is no peace and quiet, as the buildings are crowded to capacity, with beds even in the corridors. No human warmth is available to compensate for the precariousness of this existence.

Each of us, no matter how seriously disabled, can do *something*, given a little guidance and encouragement. It is not by relegating us to such institutions that we are enabled to prove ourselves. How can you expect a disabled person to develop under such conditions? He is given nothing, no work, no occupation (no, not the slightest!), no means of discovering and proving what he is capable of.

Surely it is only justice to create separate establishments reserved entirely for the physically handicapped. They would be homes providing an open invitation to a full life, where every disabled resident would have a place. Perhaps it would be desirable for the directors of these establishments, and some of those who run them, to be themselves disabled. The only condition of entry to such commun-

ities would be the will to participate in the common life – if only in a minimal way. It is quite possible for disabled people to lead a reasonably normal life when they are living together and helping each other. Of course, there would need to be some able-bodied staff.

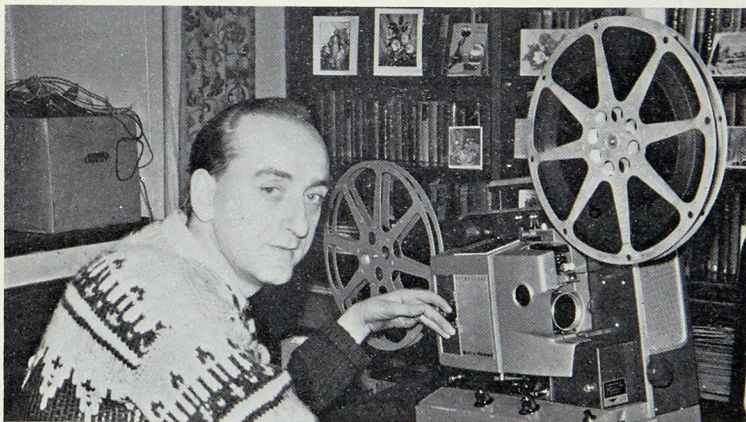
There are some military camps no longer in use, consisting of numerous huts surrounded by extensive grounds. It should not be difficult to alter these buildings, which already have electricity and running water laid on. Some of the huts could be used as living quarters; others could be adapted as training centres for those who wish to learn a

trade or profession and are capable of doing so.

The State should agree to place these disused military camps at our disposal. We would then organise a Working Committee. The Committee would approach and bring together all sorts of disabled people, so that in working out the plans for these Camps no problem should be forgotten or neglected.

I appeal to public opinion to support this demand as part of our right to social justice. It would certainly enable us to be no longer a useless charge on the State.

Film Projector for Greathouse



For a number of years members of Chippenham Toc H branch have organised weekly film shows at Greathouse, often taking the films for repeat performances at Danybryn, and the Cotswold Home. They have used the old projector, purchased by the early residents at Greathouse, which has now become worn.

Thanks to donations given by various friends, Greathouse now owns a new Bell and Howell 16 mm sound film projector, and the photo shows Alan Tutt examining it.

Television provides the type of entertainment, such as relatively modern feature films, which are unfortunately too ex-

pensive to hire from limited funds. Despite this, however, our special film shows seem to be popular and usually attract a full house. The bulk of the films shown, mainly in colour, are loaned free of charge by various firms and governments. Programmes include travelogues, newsreels, films on culture and the arts, and a look at industrial processes.

The projector will be of value too when visiting speakers wish to illustrate their talks.

by Reg Maling

Reproduced from Responaut by kind permission of the Editor and the Author

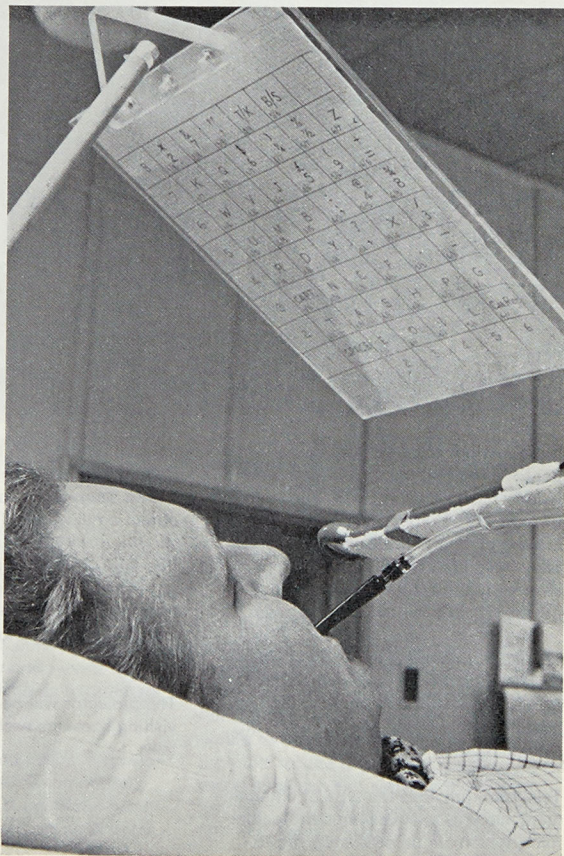
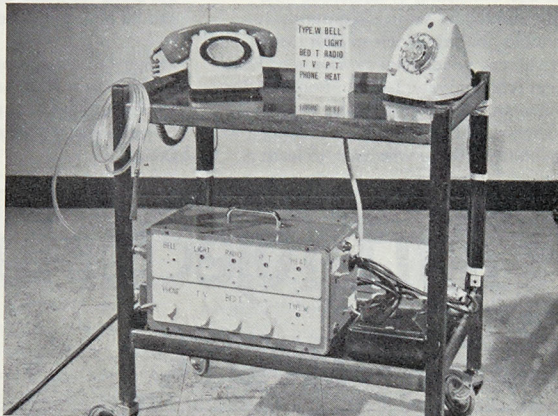
Patient Operated Selector Mechanisms, P O S M, or Possum are forms of control for the very severely disabled where no detailed control remains in the muscle/limb system. They have been developed by The Electro-Mechanical Laboratory for Aids for the Disabled, National Spinal Injuries Centre, Stoke Mandeville Hospital, under a research and development grant from the Polio Research Fund.

It has been found in almost all cases of substantially total paralysis that the mouth retains its normal function. From a mechanical point of view, the mouth is a remarkably good pneumatic controller, capable of giving up to 10 pressure/suction cycles per second at values of 7/14 centimetres of mercury respectively. In practice, control levels of less than one cm. of mercury are adequate.

As the devices to be operated are mainly electrical a conversion from the pneumatic to the electrical is required. This is provided by diaphragm operated micro-switches or a pressure transducer and gives simple on/off control. A typical switch will require less than one c.c. of air to control it. Such a small volume can be obtained by the mouth alone; no respiratory ability is necessary so that control is entirely possible for a person having a cuffed tracheostomy tube.

If any small physical movement, such as a single finger, should be available this may be used instead of the mouth; diminished pressure down to 3 grammes is adequate for direct micro-switch control. Both flexors and extensors need not be present, one or the other alone can be used.

For more than one function the maintenance of the switch in its 'on' position causes a rotary switch to pass over a number of contacts. The position of the switch is shown by an illuminated or audible indicator. Where the functions are required to be selected very rapidly a simple form of coded control is used in place of the rotary switch.



General Purpose Controls

Fig 1 shows a typical mobile equipment giving control over bell, light, radio, page-turner or microfilm projector, heat (room heat or electric blanket), telephone, television, bed tilt – implying a motorised bed, etc.

The plastic pneumatic control tube, with a suitable mouthpiece such as a pipe-stem, is supported in a convenient position to the person's mouth. Fig 2, light sustained suction (or pressure) causes a white light to illuminate each panel of the indicator in turn; release of suction (or pressure) causes the selected device to be switched on and the background green of the panel changes to red to indicate the energised or 'on' state. The control returns to the start in a fraction of a second so that each selection begins from the same place, i.e. 'bell' can always be obtained as the first device. To switch off, the selection procedure is repeated, the control working on the 'first time on, second time off' principle.



Fig 1 (top left)
Fig 2 (bottom left)
Fig 3 (above)

All or any devices may be on at the same time up to a total electrical loading of 3 kilowatts for the ten-function controller shown in Fig 1. Controllers can be supplied to control any number of devices, from one upwards. Mains failure is provided for by sealed batteries on constant floating charge.

The British Post Office has co-operated in providing their new loudspeaking telephone No. 1 in a suitably amended form. It may be used in one of three ways: if the disabled person selects the panel 'phone' on the indicator, the control will perform the switching normally done by the removal of the handset from its rest; this will obtain the exchange directly if it is a manual one or dialling tone will be heard through the loud-speaker if the exchange is automatic. In the case of the automatic exchange, the control then dials the appropriate '0' or '100' to obtain the operator. The operator's voice is heard through the loud-speaker, and the person replies through the small microphone, fixed conveniently near to his mouth, Fig 2.

The disabled person asks for the number and after connection by the operator, an entirely normal conversation ensues; it is ended by either the disabled person or the person to whom he is talking, but it is always necessary for the disabled person to re-select the position 'phone' so as to close the line to the exchange. For an incoming call the panel 'phone' is selected by the disabled person, and he is immediately in connection through the loudspeaker on the trolley and his personal microphone near to his mouth.

The other two ways of using the loudspeaking telephone apply to the other members of the household, and mean that it need be the only telephone in the house. The first of these is as the true loudspeaking telephone by pressing the small knob to the right of the dial, conversation proceeding through the microphone just above the dial and the loud-speaker in the left-hand assembly. If it is desired that the call should be private, then by lifting the ordinary handset the separate microphone and loudspeaker are disconnected and only the handset is left working.

A new version of the telephone controller offers full dialling ability and also control over eight steps of volume.

Fig 3 shows a Type II controller which gives full detailed control over all the functions which were previously merely switched on or off. This means that a

television set can now have the programmes changed, and the volume, brilliance and contrast adjusted to any desired level. A turbine type heater is given five-level control, with two positions of fan without heat and three positions of fan and increasing degrees of heat. The tape recorder is provided with full functional control comprising mains on/off, a hold or warm-up position, record, play-back and rewind functions. An intercom system gives access to all the sub-stations or to any individual one; a master position and four sub-stations meet most requirements but there is no limit to what may be offered.

Typewriter Controls

A development of the general purpose controllers offers control over an electric typewriter, and a number of systems have been devised each with increasing speed capability, the fastest systems providing up to 100 words per minute.

The typewriter chosen for this purpose has a solenoid box fitted to the base of the standard typewriter so that the two comprise an output writer. Such an amendment does not affect the ordinary manual control of the typewriter in any way.

Fig 2 shows the grid giving the simplest (and slowest) method of operation, yet it is still capable of speeds up to 30 words per minute with practice. The distribution of the characters on the grid is based on their frequency of usage in normal letter writing, the most frequently used being nearest to the start (origin) of the grid, i.e. the bottom left-hand corner.

The selection of any letter on this grid is similar to map reading, using grid references. As light suction is sustained, the control will start selecting the desired column (X-axis) and clicks, representing columns, will be heard through a loud-speaker or earpiece. On obtaining the intended column, suction is released, and pressure is then applied to select the appropriate square within the column

(Y-axis). Pressure is then released, and the letter will be printed while the control returns immediately to its start position. Each control is fitted with eight speeds, and as the person progresses the rate of selection of clicks may be increased.

It will be seen that full keyboard facilities are provided. Normal selection will type lower case characters; to type capitals and the other upper case characters, the position 'CAPS' must first be obtained by the selection 1/3; this position fulfils the double function of 'SHIFT-LOCK' and 'SHIFT-RELEASE', the latter being obtained by the second selection of the position after the completion of the upper case usage.

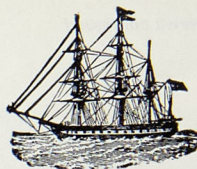
Continuous perforated stationery is used, permitting up to 500 sheets at one loading. If address position marks are lightly printed on the paper to match envelopes with transparent panelled fronts it is only necessary for the nurse or helper to tear the paper at the perforations, fold and place it in the envelopes.

Possum equipment is used by an increasing number of people in this country, and is also installed in Sweden, Switzerland, Singapore, Australia, Israel and New Zealand.

It may be fairly stated that a Possum control can be constructed to match as its input the precise residual function of the disabled person, and as its output any suitable electro-mechanical equipment.

This project has received tremendous assistance from a wide range of individuals, firms and corporate bodies, but it is to the severely disabled themselves that the major thanks must go. It was their courage in adversity which provided the determination to start the project.

News from Overseas Homes



Cheshire Homes in Ireland

Whilst Group Captain Cheshire was in Ireland last October, the Cheshire Foundation Committee in Dublin had word from the Dublin Health Authority that they were at last in possession of a suitable site, in Phoenix Park, on which to build the long-awaited Dublin Cheshire Home. There would be a Chest Hospital close by with which it is thought several amenities, such as central heating, could be shared.

Then in March there was another development. The late Miss Eliza Barratt bequeathed to the Cheshire Foundation Nos. 20 and 21 Herbert Street, Dublin, to be run as a Cheshire Home. The Irish Foundation accepted this wonderful gift and asked the Dublin Management Committee to take over the running of these premises – which would be known as the Merrion Cheshire Home. It is hoped to have residents admitted to the ground floor as quickly as possible. The Dublin Committee intend to hold on to the land already acquired in the Park, so Dublin will probably have two Cheshire Homes in the not too distant future.

Of the existing Homes in Ireland, the most well-established is, of course, Ardeen, Shillelagh, Co. Wicklow, which has 32 residents. It is mainly from here that we send recruits to England for the Service Corps.

The second Irish Home, St. Laurence, at Cork, is going strong. It has 28 residents.

St. Patrick's, the third Home, at Tullow, Co. Carlow, was officially opened last October, with the Group Captain as the Guest of Honour.

It is situated only about ten miles from Shillelagh, and already accommodates 26 residents. The house was given by the Carlow County Council.

Rathfredagh House, in Newcastle West, Co. Limerick, will it is hoped be open sometime in the summer this year.

Irene Pereira comes to Greathouse

When the Group Captain visited the Lisbon Home in 1966 he thought out the idea of Irene Pereira, one of the young girls at the Home, spending a month or two in England. Her dream became a fact when she boarded a T.A.P. plane last June in company with Mr. Moysey Adams, Chairman of the Greathouse Cheshire Home in Wiltshire.

She stayed three months at Greathouse. Cost of transport was raised by Bridge Drives organised in London, while the Greathouse Committee took her in free of charge – a most generous and fraternal gesture.

We thought you might like to know Irene's impressions, so here is her version, unedited, which shows what a lot of English she acquired:

My Stay in England

How many times don't we permit our imagination to take us very far away to see and know different worlds, different lives, even though ours are not the unhappiest ones? Later we realise it was only dreaming.

So, when I knew the probability of my holiday in England, it was not easy to think it was true, nearly till the day I said 'goodbye' and left the Lar.

Up there, in the plane, the clouds showed me their brighter sides, and I never believed that one day I could see the World down in so straight a way.

Since I landed at London, arrived at Greathouse, and had the first touch with a different place and people, trying another language, all the events were an exciting experience.

Very gentle people, they received me warmly, always trying to make me feel at home. That's why they thrilled me so much.

Many outings were arranged with big buses and ambulances, in which lots of

wheelchairs could be carried. Then I enjoyed myself seeing some of the English countryside, and some cities, such as Bristol, Bath, Cheltenham, Salisbury.

Time passed and the three months were over. Naturally I was coming back with mixed feelings. I had already made some friends; it was sad to have to leave them. But the anxiety to be with my friends of Portugal, of the Lar, again, and to describe to them everything of my trip, was strong too.

I am glad to tell you how much I am thankful to Group Captain Cheshire, Mr. Adams, the Portuguese Committee, and to everybody who helps me to have such a great pleasure in my life.

Irene

First All-India Paraplegic Games

at Bombay Cheshire Home

Bombay Cheshire Home claimed the team honours at the First All-India 'Stoke Mandeville' Games, held in the Home grounds on 24th and 25th February.

The Cheshire Home provided the initiative in bringing these Games to India, 20 years after they started at Stoke Mandeville, Buckinghamshire, England, under the sponsorship of Sir Ludwig Guttmann. 'Lack of funds, shortage of open ground within hospital compounds, administrative red-tape, and lack of initiative, have kept our paraplegics away from the international movement of disabled sports', say the organisers. 'Today, after 20 years, we have bridged the gap'.

In the team championship, after the Bombay Cheshire Home, which gained 41 points, the runners-up were the All India Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation Centre, with 34½ points. The men's individual championship was won by Murlikant Petkar, of the I.N.H.S. Asvini, with 18 points; the women's individual championship, by Shernaz Kermani, of the Bomanji D. Petit Parsee General Hospital, with 20 points.

Bethlehem Children's

Mrs. Pamela Whigham (who has been on the Committee of Heatherley), with her husband, were amongst the many Christians who visited Bethlehem last Christmas. She went to the Cheshire Children's Home there, and had no difficulty in finding it.

'We climbed the narrow streets behind Manger Square, and as we were about to descend the other side of the hill, the Home lay on our left. May Cutler, who has been in charge since the Israeli-Arab war last June, gave us a wonderful welcome, as did the 17 children in her care. They sang us carols in English, and showed us the many toys they had received. Each had had a pillow case full, and I have never seen such joy on children's faces as they played with them.

We heard about the difficult times they had been through since the war, of the hand to mouth existence they had led. But the faith and courage of May Cutler inspires all who meet her, and she was no longer short of friends and supporters.

The Anglican Archbishop's wife, Mrs. MacInnes, had started a Committee; Mme. Dayan had visited them and given them many necessities – including a washing machine; toys of which they had always been short, came pouring in so that May put some away; and she was able to fill their Christmas pillow cases with ease. Elaine, the cook, and Imursha, the daily, welcomed us with open arms, and made us coffee whilst they watched their turkey cooking in the oven.

We had a quick look round the Home; a chat with May, and a few games with the children; and it was time to leave. We had nearly two hours to spend with them, which went all too quickly. But we hope that one day we may return, both to the Home, and to Bethlehem.'

One advantage of devaluation

Flight Sergeant Dave Kimber, on leave from the R.A.F. station at Sharjah on the Persian Gulf, presented a cheque for over £700 to Group Captain Cheshire in London last January. It represented the proceeds of another 'Buy a Disc' session by Forces Radio Sharjah last Christmas in aid of the Cheshire Home at Addis Ababa in Ethiopia. In fact, the total amount raised was sufficient to run the farm there for twelve months.

A team of 24 servicemen – disc jockeys, librarians, administrators – worked right round the clock, each for 16 hours a day, for three days over Christmas. They started at 10 a.m. on Christmas Eve, and phone calls with requests for records and pledges of money, not to mention actual cash, soon began to flow in. Again, on Christmas Day, the five phones at the Radio Station were ringing incessantly, and there was no rest for the team, who treated all requests for records – no matter how much money was pledged to be sent later – with the same courtesy. It was pleasing to note, that, at the very height of Christmas, the servicemen, their families and other civilians, had not forgotten those less fortunate than themselves.

When the team returned to work on Boxing Day and began trying to clear the backlog of requests, the target was not far off. With the excitement mounting, they eventually reached it in the evening. The closedown that day was made by the Station Commander, Group Captain R. T. Saunders, who thanked everyone for taking part, and pledged the sum of £87 from the Station itself to swell the total proceeds.

A final thought comes to mind. If the pound had not been devalued, the total would have been £671. So, Thank You very much, Mr. Callaghan, for the extra £119.

Hospital Unit, Raphael, India

by Anne Young, an Australian nurse who has worked there for nearly three years. Extracted from the Newsletter of Indianaid.

The hospital for the chronic sick at the Ryder-Cheshire International Centre, Raphael, in northern India, consists of two buildings. One was built with money received from OXFAM, and the other was donated by Misereor of Germany. The latter has only just been completed and isn't opened yet, while the OXFAM building has accommodation for 40 patients. An Indian staff is being trained and supervised by nurses who have volunteered from Australia and New Zealand.

This is where I spent most of my time, and now Miss Joan Usher (who was Matron of Cooma Hospital, Victoria) has been appointed Matron-Administrator. Her responsibilities extend to every section of Raphael.

Most of the maintenance money for Raphael comes from Australia and New Zealand. There are committees in Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, Sydney, Melbourne, and Canberra, with Support Groups in Cooma, Lithgow, Ballarat, Coleraine, Gippsland and Pentridge. Support is also now coming from Australia through Indianaid, which has sponsored various projects of equipment and helped with volunteers.

First Home in South America

The first Cheshire Home to be opened in South America is in Chile. There was an official ceremony on 20th March to open the Home in Santiago. The British Ambassador, Mr. Mason, was there, and the Bishop of Santiago blessed the Home. Colonel Nigel Watson, representing the Group Captain, thanked the members of the Committee for all they had done to bring the Home into being.



Gabriel Centre

Gabriel Rehabilitation Centre, Madras

His Grace the Archbishop Mylapore-Madras, in the presence of Group Captain Cheshire, cut the tape and officially opened the new rehabilitation centre at Manappakkam Village, St. Thomas Mount, Madras, on 6th March.

It was way back in 1962 when the G.C. was in Madras that discussions first started on the possibility of setting up a centre for rehabilitating the numerous leprosy cases in and around Madras. The G.C. subsequently discussed the matter with His Grace Archbishop Dr. L. Mathias, who was very interested in the proposal, and agreed to make available a suitable plot of land (of about four acres) for such a building.

The plans that eventually emerged from these discussions, provided for a Centre open to those disabled by other diseases as well as by leprosy. This new Rehabilitation Centre, now named 'Gabriel', has been incorporated in the Mission for the Relief of Suffering, and its Committee is under the Chairmanship of Mr. J. V. Eva. Amongst the other members of the Committee is Mr. T. M. Jagadisan.

The function of the Centre is to enable the disabled to become as self-supporting



Children's Annexe, Covelong

as possible, and thereby to regain their place as responsible members of society. Some residential accommodation may be provided, but for the most part the disabled people – the first of whom were admitted in early 1967 – will be expected to live out, and after training find work outside the Centre.

Children's Annexe to Covelong, Madras

For at least seven years, the G.C. and his wife have talked about the possibility of building an extension for disabled children to Anbu Nilayam, the Madras Cheshire Home at Covelong. They have had their eyes on the Old Magazine nearby, which was built by the Dutch probably over 200 years ago for their Fort, which is now only a ruin.

The Magazine, however, was built to last, and its solid structure has enabled it to survive the centuries. 'The work of repairing and renovating the Magazine came to my Company,' says Mr. J. V. Eva, the acting Hon. Secretary of the Cheshire Home, 'because nobody else would do it. We had the workers in the building for seven weeks, they lived there, cooked their meals there, and it was their home for this period of time.

'All cooking was done on wood fires, the

wood coming from the banyan trees that grew inside the walls, in the drainpipes, and in almost every crevice. The amount of wood taken from the walls was sufficient to cook the meals for all the workers during the whole of the seven weeks – and still a quantity had to be thrown away. This gives some indication of the magnitude of the task.'

When completed, the building will be to some extent separate from the Cheshire Home, and be in the care of an Assistant Matron. There will, however, be one Matron in overall charge of both Home and Annexe.

Repair costs amounted to something in the region of Rs. 15,000. The installation of electricity, water and toilet facilities will cost a further Rs. 6,000, or probably more. If, as is hoped, they can accommodate 30 children, this will mean a recurring cost of Rs. 1,500 a month, or Rs. 18,000 a year! Many projects are being considered to raise funds.

You can see the solidity of the building from the lower picture. In the other picture showing the entrance, Matron and two of her staff stand at the back and five of the children are in front.

An Example of Courage

Reproduced from the Petersfield Post by kind permission of the Editor

We all know how difficult life can be at times and how, at the end of a particularly frustrating day, one feels utterly sapped, physically and mentally.

In this mood we believe nobody else's troubles can be worse than our own. But of course they are, and such trouble is often met with a cheerfulness and fortitude from which the rest of us would do well to take both courage and example.

The name Sylvia Hunt will not be known to many people in the Petersfield area, not even in the Liss and Greatham district where she has lived for the past eight years. The reason is not that she does not make friends easily, or is reluctant to meet people, but that the scope of her movement within the community is limited by the invalid chair in which she spends most of her life.

Sylvia is a resident at the Cheshire Foundation Home at Le Court where courage and a determination to enjoy each day to the full are the standard ingredients of living, so much so that this first Cheshire Home, and the many which have followed it, are unique throughout the world.

All Le Court residents achieve independence and happiness to a degree that, with the best will in the world, it is impossible for the State hospital system to provide.

Sylvia Hunt is about to go a stage further. She is leaving the shelter of Le Court to return and run her own home, quite confident that she will be able to shop, cook and keep a flat clean.

To appreciate the extent of her achievement it is necessary to know that when she entered Le Court it was because she was unable to manage at home, and that her condition further deteriorated so that her arms were too weak to push a wheelchair along the corridors.

At about this time, however, the Home was acquiring its first electric indoor chairs, and with one of these Sylvia was soon moving freely about the building. Later on, electric hoists enabled her to manage for herself in the bathroom and toilet, after many years of having had to depend upon others for help. She also devised many ways of solving smaller but non-the-less vital problems.

This new-found independence gave her confidence to take a full part in the life of the Home, and for seven years she was Treasurer of the Residents' Welfare Fund, and for shorter periods Secretary of the Welfare Committee. She was also a joint Manager of the Le Court shop.

All this Sylvia is now giving up to face the rigours of the outside world. She is being provided with a ground-floor flat in her own borough of Ealing, and the Council is putting in a hoist and adapting the accommodation to meet her needs. The Muscular Dystrophy Group is paying for a telephone, and there will be a home-help one day a week.

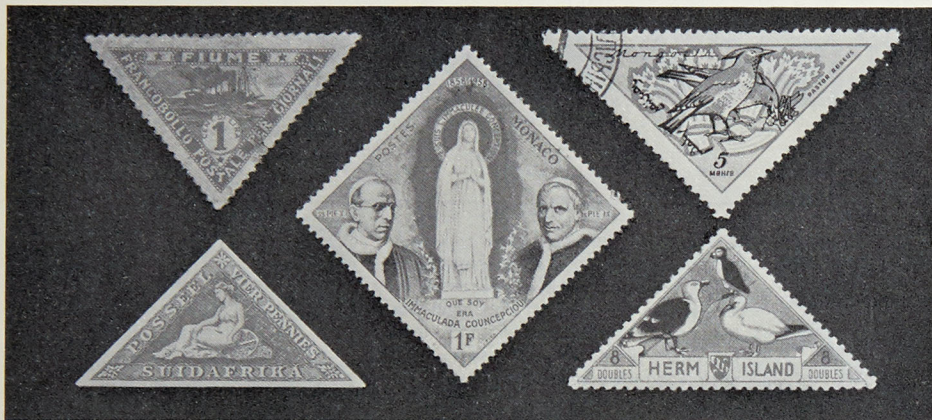
Even with all this, and good neighbours thrown in, Sylvia Hunt will find the path she has chosen to tread a tough and lonely one. It won't do any of us any harm, when we are feeling down in the dumps, to think of her and the struggle she will be having, and to wish her the good luck she so obviously deserves.



Sylvia Hunt

Cheshire Homes Stamp Club

by Edwin Hand



For the sake of those who entered our 1967 Stamp Contest, the correct answers were as follows:

1 Japan, **2** Croatia, **3** China, **4** Hungary, **5** Holland, **6** Belgium, **7** Saar, **8** Korea, **9** Serbia, **10** Greece, **11** Bohemia and Moravia, **12** Austrian P.O. in Turkey, **13** Burma (Japanese Occupation), **14** Yugoslavia, **15** Wurttemberg, **16** Manchuria, **17** Muscat, **18** Slovakia, **19** China, **20** Persia, **21** Marianne Islands, **22** Switzerland, **23** Croatia, **24** Korea, **25** East Germany, **26** Ras al Khama, **27** Norway, **28** British Levant, **29** Japan, **30** Hungary.

The winner of the Cup for 1967 was Roger Parker of Greathouse, the Cheshire Home near Chippenham, who also won the prize of £3 that goes with it for his all-correct entry. I do hope that the competition gave a certain amount of pleasure to those who went in for it, as it did to me in organising it. I am now getting ready a selection of more 'awkward' stamps for the competition at the end of this year.

This is really my own special line – stamps of unusual shapes. Some in my collection are illustrated here.

The first (top left) was issued in 1924 by Fiume, then a tiny independent state at the head of the Adriatic. It was used

as an additional charge ensuring express delivery. The country was taken over by Italy in 1924, and annexed by Yugoslavia at the end of World War II. The other triangular stamp, at top right, issued in 1961, comes from Mongolia, and pictures a songbird from that country.

The diamond shaped stamp in the centre from Monaco commemorates the Holy Shrine at Lourdes. It shows the statue of the Holy Virgin, flanked on one side by Pius IX, who was the Pope then, and on the other by Pius XII, the present Pope.

At bottom right, is one of the very few triangular stamps issued by Britain. It comes from Herm, a small rocky island off the coast of Guernsey, and shows some of the sea birds that live there. The other triangular stamp was issued by South Africa in 1926, and portrays 'Hope' seated. This 4d. stamp is a copy of one of the very rare and valuable triangular Cape of Good Hope stamps issued 73 years before.

STAMPS-IN-BULK SCHEME

Readers may have seen or heard of the phenomenal success of the recent appeal for used stamps made by Valerie Singleton and the others on that very popular BBC TV programme 'Blue Peter'. Millions of stamps were sent in by children from all parts of the country. When sold, these

stamps raised sufficient money to buy a house in London and convert it into flats. Three homeless families are now living happily in them – thanks to used stamps.

Although the appeal for used stamps for Raphael, which we made in our Winter 1965 issue, did not produce much response, Wing Commander W. Dunn (our Stamps Scheme Organiser) has noticed that after the 'Blue Peter' stamp publicity, interest has flared in some of the Cheshire Homes. He hopes that anyone who can collect used stamps, on their paper, or in old albums, will do so, and thus help either Raphael in India, or their own Home.

As parcel postage has gone up so much, it is not economical to send less than 10 lbs of stamps at a time. They can be sent direct to our very helpful dealer: Mr. R. J. Benson, East View, Grange Road, Alresford, Hampshire. The proceeds can then be sent to Wing Commander Dunn (20 St. James's Road, Bridlington, Yorkshire) who will see that it gets to Raphael, or to the Treasurer of your local Home.

Yes, I was wise

by Robert Whitfield, Holebird



Reproduced from Wider Horizons by kind permission of the Editor.

I live in a Cheshire Home which is one of the best situated in the country. We are in a nine-acre estate that overlooks Lake Windermere with its backcloth of mountains. It is a beautiful place when the sun shines! Life here is pretty comfortable. Most rooms are shared by four or six but I am lucky enough to share with only one other and we get on well together. Privacy is a problem, even if one is mobile and goes to one's room for a quiet think, one of the Staff or a room mate is sure to come in and disturb your thoughts. Being in a spinal carriage and not able to take myself to my room, about the only privacy I can get is by mental isolation. Some of the new homes are having separate rooms. Let's hope that the day will soon come when it is the accepted practice! We do well for holidays too. Exchange holidays with people in other Cheshire Homes are the usual thing in summer, then if it is possible we can go and stay with relatives and we can go on private holidays too. Last year one of our women went to Italy and one of our men went on a tour of the Holy Land.

There is no need to vegetate in these homes. I have always found that if one is willing to make the effort, Matron and Staff do all they can to help. We have our own bus which enables us to go to concerts, on picnics and shopping trips. All impossible without the bus! Life is not all gadding about though! The few who are able do little jobs about the home, the rest of us do what crafts we can. I make dressing table dolls and moccasins, so that keeps me busy. I have taken up chess since coming here among other things. Was I wise to come here eighteen months ago? The answer must be Yes!

Seven Rivers Chairman Re-elected

31

Mr. A. Logan Wood was re-elected Chairman of Seven Rivers Cheshire Home at the A.G.M. last March. He was elected to the Committee in 1959, a year after the Home opened, and became Chairman a year later.

During the last twelve months, additions to the Home, including the extension of the dining room, and the provision of a quiet room, surgery, and extra bedrooms, had been completed. Plans were being made for a new therapy room.

There were now 28 residents at Seven Rivers.

Editor. In our last issue, we inadvertently referred to Mrs. J. Harding, an active member of the Seven Rivers Committee, as the Matron of the Home. The Matron is, of course, Mrs. C. Browning. Many apologies to all concerned for this mistake.

Cotswold Cadets

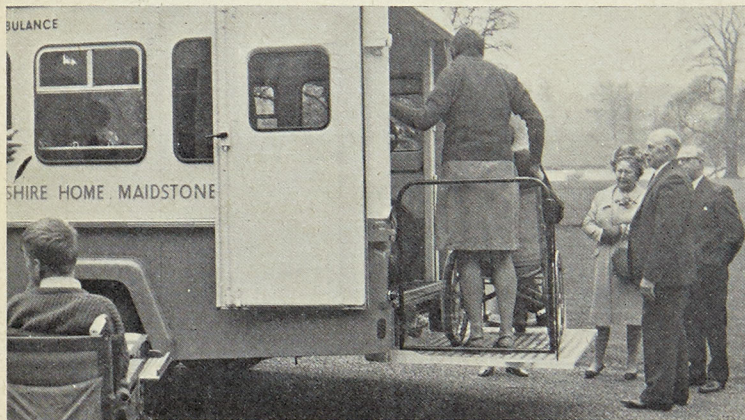
In common with several other Cheshire Homes, we in Cheltenham are deeply grateful to the Police Cadets. Our first encounter with the Gloucestershire Cadets was in January 1965. Ever since then, they have been on call to take us out whenever and wherever we wanted to go. We particularly remember the many kindnesses of Sergeant D. Jones.

Our association with the Cadets has had one supremely happy result. For on 16th March, one of them, Christopher Harvey married our cook, Sylvia Giles; the young couple slipped away from their family gathering to give us a mini-reception; how delighted and privileged we were to share their great happiness that day.

For about two years now, we have enjoyed the daily attention of the Cadets. In recognition of their kind services, we held an afternoon party on Shrove Tuesday. Cadets – past, present (and future!) from every corner of the county – joined us in the spacious Northcroft Room for tea and entertainments. The arrangements were made by Evelyn Perkins and Fred Harding, and the attractive menu owed much to gifts from our relatives and friends. We felt this was very little compared with all we had received. To our many friends in the Cadets, we wish a happy and successful career.

Any more for the Skylark?

(Photo: Kent Messenger)



No, not 'Skylark'! — they've called her 'Marathon 44'. She is the new ambulance for Mote House, paid for by the money-raising efforts of staff and residents. In less than a year their dream has become reality.

The idea originated with the Kent Messenger Walk, and this graduated to the Walk arranged by the Home itself from Herne Bay to Maidstone, a distance of 44 miles. There were 103 walkers, of whom 67 finished. It raised £2,137. The final effort took the form of a raffle with over 60 prizes. The winning ticket was drawn on 29th March at a cheese and wine party attended by over 150 Friends.

Street Fair

Reproduced from the Greenacres Chronicle.

The Walmley Support Group of the Warwickshire Cheshire Home held a street fair last June in aid of the Home. Winnie Lucas, of Greenacres, went to see it, and reported that she found all the street gay with carnival bunting and umbrellas. 'The sun beamed down with great approval on all the activity in Moxhull Drive. In fact, it all looked most continental. Each house in the cul-de-sac had stalls in their front garden, and visitors were invited to see the gardens at the back.

The ambulance was finally inaugurated on 30th March by the Mayor of Maidstone, Alderman Mrs. W. A. Goodchild, and Councillor J. Conyon of Herne Bay — who had started the walk from Herne Bay in October. 103 balloons representing the 103 walkers were released. Afterwards, the Mayor of Maidstone and Mr. and Mrs. Conyon with several residents went for the 'maiden voyage' of the new vehicle around Mote Park.

Marathon 44 will carry six to eight wheelchair patients and eight sitting ones. They are looking forward to many enjoyable trips.

Children had a very happy time, and were continually seeking their fathers for more pocket money. There were a number of stalls with games to play. One lady provided teas on her lawn overlooking the pool, and we had ours in those beautiful surroundings.

Everyone worked very hard to raise £200 for our extension fund. The most frequently heard comment was that nothing had been seen like it since VE Day.

Reproduced from Radial, the journal of the Radio Amateur Invalid and Bedfast Club.

The Cheshire Home Net is now held on Thursdays at 2 p.m., instead of Mondays. Any callers-in are most welcome. Progress towards the Group Captain's ambition that all the Homes should be linked by amateur radio is very slow.

There are at present transmitting members at Cann House (G3IJQ), The Hill (G3KQK), and Staunton Harold (G3OPY); and short-wave listening stations are at a further four, Amphill, Mote House, Danybryn and White Windows.

If any of you live near a Cheshire Home, you might be starting something very rewarding if you make it your business to find out whether any of the residents would like to take up this hobby of ours. Concurrent with your receiving this journal, the Chairman of the Residents Committee of every Home will have had a letter of invitation to the residents asking them to join.

Welsh Celebrations

On 19th April 1968, the University of Wales Institute of Science and Technology, in conjunction with the University of Wales, celebrated the granting of its charter with a Special Congregation of the University at Cardiff, at which honorary degrees were awarded. The Chancellor of the University, H.R.H. The Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, presided at the Congregation.

The Institute's Welsh Society, Y Gymdeithas Gymraeg, as a contribution to the celebrations, sponsored a one-day pictorial handstamp postmark to be used on the day of the Degree Ceremony — 19th April. The handstamp was bilingual having the words 'University of Wales Institute of Science and Technology, Cardiff' and the Welsh equivalent, 'Athrofa Gwyddoniaeth A Thechnoleg Prifysgol Cymru, Caerdydd', Charter Celebrations, and a simple motif. The Welsh Society also sold special souvenir covers, with a stiffener giving details of the event. All profits went to the Cheshire Foundation Homes in Wales.

The cover and handstamp were designed by Gareth Owen of Llanuwchllyn, North Wales, a student at the Cardiff College of Art.

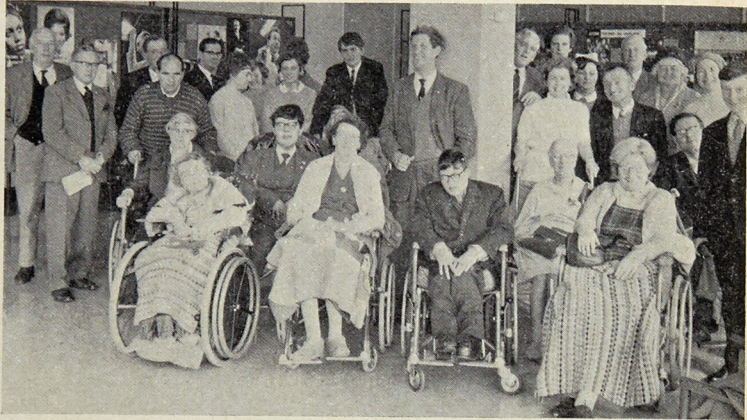
At BBC Llandaff Studios

The hospitality traditional of Wales was very much apparent when a party of residents from Greathouse Cheshire Home visited the BBC Headquarters at Llandaff, Cardiff on Tuesday, April 2nd.

The trip was made at the invitation of Mr. Rowland Lucas, Information Officer for BBC Wales, and organised by members of Chippenham branch Toc H and the 'Moonraker' coach committee.

The highlight of the visit was the recording, in stereo, of a mid-day concert which is to be broadcast on April 18th, on Radio 3. The programme, which includes works by Hadyn and Dvorak was given by the BBC Welsh Orchestra, Leader Colin Staveley, conducted by Vernon Handley.

Following the concert the Greathouse folk had the opportunity (as seen in the photo) to chat with their BBC hosts, including the Controller of BBC Wales, Mr. John Rowley, and the administrative staff provided a reception.



To round off this most enjoyable trip to the Principality, a call was made at the Dan-y-bryn Cheshire Home, Radyr.

Photo: BBC

Put the Warden in a wheelchair

Reproduced from the Spastics News by kind permission of the Editor.

Dear Editor,
Prompted by an item of news on the BBC 'Today' programme recently, and also by one or two very unsheep-like letters in the *Spastics News*, we venture to make a suggestion that all would-be house-parents, administrators and Wardens, also wheelchair designers, so-called adaptation engineers, social workers and last, but by no means least, architects, who are selected to work for the Spastics Society, should, as part of their training, undergo a week's course of being confined to a wheelchair, and should be washed, toileted and fed by mobile spastics.

One could not, of course, emulate the environmental inferiority which is very much part of the spastic's cross, but one could imitate most of the difficulties encountered every day by the spastics as a matter of course.

If this was carried out assiduously, we venture to guarantee that the trainees would not wish to feel eternally grateful to their spastic helpers, watches would not be used so frequently as bed-time approached, expensive and often useless adaptations would be replaced by simple and more practical ones, wheelchairs would become more individualistic and architects would not advocate the use of three-bedded and four-bedded rooms.

By this means the trainees would get a much fuller understanding of the problems of disability. In our opinion this is the only way to get it.

Yours sincerely,

Ernest Barnes and Judith Warren,
Prested Hall, Essex.

Staff Raise Money for Spofforth

During recent months, reported the *Wetherby News*, the staff at Spofforth Hall Cheshire Home have been organising various money-raising events — a beetle drive, a pie and pea supper, and dance, whist drive, and jumble sale. It is intended to purchase items of equipment for the Home. The Management Committee are naturally delighted with these voluntary efforts on the part of the staff.

A Kind Offer

Nottingham Spastics Society agreed to loan their two seaside bungalows at Chapel St. Leonards (near Skegness, Lincs.) to Holme Lodge Cheshire Home for two weeks in May. Each week six residents with staff and matron will go, doing their own cooking, and make their own amusements, etc. A beach hut is also available, and everyone is hoping for warm sunny weather.

Carnsalloch A.G.M.

Carnsalloch (Dumfries) Cheshire Home had its Annual General Meeting on the 6th March. Mrs. J. McGowan, the Chairman, spoke of the past year's work and of future hopes.

Following the departure of the retiring Matron, Miss Ferguson, for the Cumberland Infirmary, Carlisle, her successor, Miss McCardel, arrived on 1st April.

Warmth of Kindness

Reproduced from the Shepton Mallet Journal by kind permission of the Editor.

Once inside the front door of Greenhill House, Timsbury, near Bath, and immediately the warmth of kindness is exposed. For Greenhill House is the Somerset Cheshire Home.

It has been open for just over four years, and fulfills the much needed function of a Home for those who are permanently disabled — men and women of all ages from all walks of life with one common bond. They are unable to look after themselves, and in most cases have no one who can look after them.

The Warden is Major J. Pares, and the Matron, Mrs. L. Makinson. Both have been there almost from the beginning.

One of the problems of such a Home is to keep the residents happy, and not let them think for one moment that their incapacity is the end of the road. If the Warden, Matron, and their staff have anything to do with the matter — and I can assure you they do — then this situation never develops at Timsbury.

But ideas get stale, staff get tired, and so one begins to look further afield and to the everyday people in the world outside. Perhaps a visit from a housewife returning from town in the middle of the morning, or the postman when he has finished his rounds.

People like this who, if they could spare ten minutes in the day, make life all that much brighter for the residents. There is nothing to be frightened or scared about, for residents are themselves ready to welcome any stranger who might later become their friend.

A short circular tour in the country is of tremendous benefit to the residents of Greenhill House. And as Matron told me, talking about the annual holiday to Devon, 'they talk about it three months beforehand, and for three months afterwards'.

Mine Host at Mote House

Mote House residents obtained a licence for their Club, so they can now offer their friends a drink without going out for it. The bar counter was given by the firm of Kimberley Clark, the glasses by Chatham Inner Wheel, and a supply of drink to start them off by Chatham Rotary through the Prince of Wales Hotel, Chatham. A separate Committee has been formed to run the Club, its President being Mr. Trevor Fry.

Two well-known films

by the Greenacres Film Critic

Reproduced from the Greenacres Chronicle

A party from the Warwickshire Cheshire Home went to see **The Sound of Music** at the Gaumont, Birmingham. Those who had not seen it before reported that the film was every bit as lively as people had said. Those who saw it for the second time said they enjoyed it even more. But none of us has yet seen it as many times as one woman there, who said that it was her 170th visit. The film must obviously appeal to something universal in human nature. A combination of things, perhaps; the almost dream beauty of the surroundings, the innocence yet resilience of Maria, the handsome lover, the danger averted, the happy ending — and the sound of tuneful music, of course. A variant of the Cinderella theme, the favourite story of all.

Later, another party went to see **Dr. Zhivago**, a film that has magnificent scenery, but on a vaster more austere scale. The sense of immense distance came over clearly, especially in the terrible train journey across Russia. I shall remember for a long time the cavalry charge at the peaceful marchers outside the Kremlin, and by contrast the feeling of tranquillity portrayed by Zhivago's pregnant wife, played by Geraldine Chapman, gathering vegetables in the garden. The only character who seemed out of place, because unmistakably English, was Sir Ralph Richardson.

Police Cadets Help . . .

Danybryn Cheshire Home has been much helped recently by Glamorgan Police cadets. They started last September, and came in threes for a month at a time. The majority performed their duties in the most willing and cheerful way. They finished at the end of March, and the

residents are looking forward to their return later in the year.

. . . And Churches Too

The Home has also had much local help to enable them to have a Service lasting half an hour every Sunday afternoon. They have received the cooperation of Christchurch, Radyr, the Albany Road Baptist Church, Cardiff, the Heath Hall Plymouth Brethren of Cardiff, and Llanishen Baptist Church. All the members of these Churches are thanked for their help so readily given.

O.T. Room at Matfen

April 5th saw another important stage in the development of Matfen Hall. Mr. Peter Rowntree, Trustee, officially opened the new Occupational Therapy Room.

The original room was an old kitchen, but it is unrecognisable now as a beautiful, bright modern unit with numerous paintings and handicrafts done by the residents already on display.

A dedication service was conducted by the Vicar of Matfen, and a plaque installed to the memory of Howard Barker, who was largely responsible for this valuable asset to the Home, but who unfortunately passed away before its completion.

Mr. Rowntree remarked upon the marvellous progress achieved at the Home in such a short time. Sqdn. Ldr. Rush thanked every one concerned for their overwhelming support and the invaluable help given by the many voluntary helpers.

Nancy Kinmont

More Help from Rotary

Mr. Charles Simeons, Chairman of the Management Committee, Amphill Cheshire Home, is also this year's Chairman of Rotary District 109, which covers Oxfordshire, Berkshire, Middlesex, Bedfordshire, Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire. The District includes five Cheshire Homes, either running or in preparation.

During the weekend of 24th March, District 109 held their Annual Conference at Eastbourne, when the church service was conducted by the Rev. E. A. Barton, Warden of the Amphill Home. The collection was divided between the Homes in the District.

'I'm in Charge . . . !'



An anonymous contribution from a Matron who shall remain anonymous. She has given the fictitious name, St. Martha's, to her Home.

The ant man is coming this afternoon – can you produce some ants? Certainly. Oh, and a group of over-60s are coming to see the Home. Should they be shown some ants as well, do you think? After all, they *are* Pharaoh's Ants. May I have a word with you? Just a minute, that's the 'phone. Why can't they invent an all-seeing eye so that callers can see that you are just starting to eat your dinner? But maybe that would make things worse. Yes, this is St. Martha's – do we want a piano, armchairs, clothing? No, no, yes. ? transport – I'm afraid I can't say exactly what we can do about that – if you will let me have your telephone number – that's XYZ ringing his bell – goodness! sounds like an emergency signal – but he always rings like that – Oh, the bell has jammed. It invariably does at weekends when Joe isn't here – perhaps D. can fix it – I *must* buy myself a screwdriver, but it would be lost the first time it left its nest – waste of money – heavens, what a noise! My nerves feel like a frayed-out mat – maybe I can finish my dinner now – Will you come and look at EFG – what *now*? The ant man is here already? I've gone to Alaska – yes, it was rather sudden – back in 10 minutes – yes, we *are* pretty busy – well, we always are. Has that bell jammed *again*? There's a flood? Where? It's running down the drive and down the road? Better get the MWB – it's Sunday! – Tie up the ballcock. LMN has fallen down? The ant man is placing tiny squares of tinfoil all around the place, with a morsel of liver as bait – to bring them all out – about 400 pieces. Don't for heaven's sake let Caroline get hold of any; she'll eat it! LMN's head is bleeding? – the telephone's active, especially when I'm at the point farthest from it. ('They' do it on purpose) – Oh, they've rung off. Well, they'll tring again without the slightest shadow of doubt when I get to an outpost – there, I told you so – Will you take a message? Someone is offering us a parrot! A parrot. Alive or stuffed? I'm a bit anti-livestock myself at the moment – anty??

Matron Weds Scientist

Mrs. Hilda Loveridge said farewell in February to Greathouse, the Wiltshire Cheshire Home, where she had been a popular Matron for several years. She left to marry Colonel Arthur Merriman, F.R.S., G.C., O.B.M., an industrial consultant in metallurgy, who is Deputy Lieutenant of the City of London. Before going to Greathouse, Mrs. Loveridge had spent 12 years in Kenya, where she was Assistant Matron in the European Hospital at Kitale.

Another Raised Garden

From: Margery Lewis, White Windows, Sowerby Bridge, Yorks.

Have just read your article about the raised-up garden for the disabled residents at St. Anthony's. I am hopping mad. We at White Windows have had raised gardens for years, and they look lovely at the moment with crocuses in bloom. The Lindley (Huddersfield) Branch of Toc H built up these gardens for us at the side of the house.

Education

Reproduced from the 'Wider Horizons Newsletter'.

One thing that holds me back from writing for 'W.H.' is the knowledge that my English is atrocious. (*Editor: It isn't!*) I'd like to remedy the fact, but don't quite know how to go about it. There must be many readers of 'W.H.' who got little or no education when young, and would like to do something about it. It would have to be an inexpensive way for us to improve ourselves, though no doubt the authorities would help in some way. It might be interesting to find out the views of other readers.

*Robert Whitfield,
(Holehird, Windermere)*

We shall remember them . .

Amongst recent deaths were:

Burn On 30th March, Doris Burn, a resident at Matfen Hall since March, 1967.

Knight On 28th February, Eric Knight, aged 43, a resident at St. Bridget's since February, 1967.

McKie On 18th January, William McKie, a resident at Marske Hall since 1963.

CS appeals

To the Homes—

for Newsletters, Annual Reports, etc.

for any kind of writing that will interest many kinds of people. Also for drawings, cartoons, etc.

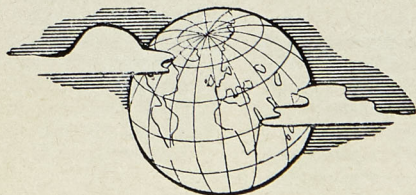
To All Readers—

For Newspaper Cuttings, Magazine Articles, and so on.

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

**WORLD'S
LARGEST
SALE**

RIZLA



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

Coming from Outside, how does this place strike you?



Gentle but firm pressure has been brought upon me to answer this question about Seven Rivers . . . the only Cheshire Home I have ever visited.

Even during my first tentative visit four years ago, I got the strong impression that this place is *home* to all who live in it. Strange as it may seem, this impression was mainly due to my own sense of intrusion.

I had rung up to ask if I might come and see the resident a friend asked me to visit. 'That's O.K., I'll tell her' may not have been the actual words of the reply . . . but they convey the casual and unofficial nature of it.

The same casual, friendly atmosphere was apparent when I arrived at Seven Rivers. Some people were in invalid chairs, others walking or sitting about outside in the sunshine, or inside the house. No particular attention was paid to the newcomer; evidently I was there for some good reason, and knew what to do about it!

It was as if I had gate-crashed into someone's home, and only remained unchallenged because it was assumed that I was a friend of a member of the family. But of course I wasn't . . . not yet!

Perhaps I had expected to find something like a small hospital, with a hierarchy of staff in recognisable uniforms distinguishing them from patients and visitors.

In subsequent visits I began to pick out certain busy people in overalls, one or two in white aprons, even a white starched head-dress. But any of these people were just as likely to appear in

ordinary clothes sitting chatting to residents as if they had nothing to do with the running of the place, but were just 'dropping in' like myself! It was just as easy to mistake a committee member or friend (doing a voluntary stint of work) for a full or part-time member of staff. It was all most refreshing though somewhat confusing at first.

Gradually I became aware of the efficiency underlying the apparent casualness . . . efficiency that is not imposed or rigid, but seems to have grown up gradually to make the sort of haven in which family life can develop.

And then it dawned on me that my feeling of intrusion was my own fault. The door of this place was not meant to be knocked on and waited at. All who came were free to open it and go in, and find the person they had come to see, the job they had come to do, to join in anything that was going on if they wished.

'Come in and get on with it' seemed to be what was required. And that, I think, is one of the reasons why this place never seems cut off from the world outside. In the course of a year a true cross-section of that world comes and goes over its threshold. People are drawn from a wide variety of professions, trades and backgrounds, all with their different interests and reasons for converging here: ranging in age from the old to children of staff and friends . . . even to babies in arms, brought to be admired, or parked among the residents while their mothers are at work.

Another proof that family life has been created at Seven Rivers is the fact that here one sees people as they really *are*. I should be very surprised to find anyone I meet there being a different sort of

person if I met them elsewhere. As in any real home, members of this family are free to be themselves. And if, on occasion, they feel out of tune with others, they know there will be understanding, not rejection. They can always 'come in again and get on with it!'

This may also be why no-one ever seems to leave Seven Rivers voluntarily, once they have become involved in any way.

One of the involved

Red Feathers in Edinburgh

The Red Feather Appeal Fund was a great success. This year it was organised by Mr. Stewart. He and his busy band of collectors triumphed with a total amount of £1,172. All those who took part are sent grateful thanks by Mayfield House.

Searching for a Lost Inheritance

by Christopher Hansen (of Athol House)



The cave-man would regard with awe and wonderment any of today's technological achievements. Yet, he has his own fascination, this earthy ancestor of ours.

It is a fascination that comes with the realisation that physical strength and courage must have been a caveman's constant attributes, for without them he would never have survived. So we accord him that acclaim we reserve for victors of long-fought, and hard-fought battles.

We like to feel we can still win similar battles; and so we test ourselves.

To test ourselves we climb mountains; we race cars; we volunteer to fight other men and other men's battles. In all we seek the possibility of being involved in a real struggle for survival. The secret hope in each case is that we will unearth within ourselves an inheritance; we hope that instinct, in the moment, will tap hitherto undisturbed reservoirs of strength and courage, which we all hope lie, only dormant, in our selves. And so by these activities we seek to discover a 'lost' inheritance.

It was for this reason, I suppose, that I volunteered to exchange the relatively comfortable military quarters in Hong Kong for weeks-on-end of marching through the Malayan jungle carrying 80 lbs. of equipment on my back. As it turned out, I learnt the bitter truth that I am not the stuff that cave-men are made of.

As always, one has to make more effort to remember the worst times. There were inevitable swamps in a tropical rain forest that had to be waded. There was thick, wet and slippery bamboo, which would split open exposing razor sharp

edges down which one's hand could slip as one hauled an overladen body up steep slopes covered in mud. And you can be sure you will always be wet through; when you will be drenched either by rain, or dew from the super-abundant foliage, or perspiration. Leech-bites around the lower legs and ankles are often so continually wet that, unable to heal, they leave permanent scars to remind you of your intrusion.

There is, also, the 'fly'. The fly waits, with devilish cunning, until one is almost on all fours after staggering through perhaps two or three thousand yards of bamboo, across a couple of swamps, and say, a moderately steep hill; then it begins to dance, quite deliberately, just four inches in front of the tip of the nose. It is impossible to ignore; one can only squint at this irritating black pin-head whilst summoning the energy to swat at it. The first few swipes are always half-hearted and easily dodged because one is not at first aware of the calculated intent of the annoyance. Thereafter, the swipes become more swift and vicious, until, almost sobbing with fury, a man will rear up on to hind legs striking wildly at an apparently empty space in front of him.

But there were other moments better remembered. The moment when one could stand neck deep on the sandy bottom of an ice cold, clear, sparkling stream washing away the day's exertions. And the unforgettable experience of gliding through a silent jungle when the evening chorus was over, the water jet black under a brilliant moon, to stop at a 'ladang' (usually a small patch of jungle cleared by aborigines for cultivation) and, in a silvered silence, contemplate a pre-historic forest from the comfort of the twentieth century.

One could do worse than build a bamboo home and settled down in such a place. The trouble is we might not be able to live up to what our neighbours, the Malayan aborigines, consider proper social behaviour. In the jungle it is a matter of course that one is one's brother's keeper; all is shared, again as a matter of course.

The Malayan aborigine is far from aboriginal. He is extremely sensitive, fine featured, and intelligent. He is also a *real* communist. The Malayan Emergency brought civilisation, literally to their front door, by helicopter. There is a familiar tale to tell of the impact of civilisation upon an isolated indigenous native community. Emerging from the helicopters along with British troops, medicine and education, were stalwart British females bringing 'bras' to put an end to all indecent exposure before the 'abos' were evacuated to the jungle fringe, and given the opportunity to catch some civilised diseases.

The jungle of Malaya is this boy's playground, and his school. It is an inadequate school, and a dangerous playground, by our standards. But the dangers of his playground are part of his community's traditions — among them a traditional struggle for survival. It is his inheritance, and there are some fine principles attached to it.

I didn't rediscover my own inheritance, but I discovered a people in danger of losing theirs. Is it possible to give their children better schools and protect their health and yet leave their playground unchanged? Is it possible to add to their inheritance without destroying it?

Don't Trust Anyone Over 30

By the Rev. John H. Snow

(Editor. A shortened version of a sermon preached at Christ Church, Cambridge, Massachusetts, U.S.A. on 29th October, 1967. We have published several things about modern young people in the last two or three years; I think this talk on the same subject is also really worth reading.)

The title above is one of the most popular sayings amongst young people today. It seems to reflect the doubt of most of the young about all value judgments made by older people. There is not so much a credibility gap as a trust gap between the present younger generation and ourselves, which bears some looking into.

It seems to me that the majority of young people of the professional middle class make one big assumption — that what their elders are most concerned with is the never-ending accrual of money and prosperity, and the power necessary to increase their wealth. What led these youngsters to that assumption?

Well, think of this. The first experience of the larger world for every American child is television — and particularly TV cartoons. The underlying theme of most of them is that authority is always to be scorned. There is a square world, ugly, fat, older, unattractive, rigid, authoritarian; and there is a hip-world, fast-talking, rude, arrogant, aggressive and lawless. Younger children look at the cartoons in dazed wonder, not cracking a smile. Intermixed with all the aggressive wise-guy stuff are the ads — usually for sexy teenage dolls and their lavish wardrobes, and unbelievably realistic war material for little boys. We can show the kids that the ads don't tell the truth, but the kids notice that we obediently buy a good

deal of the junk that is advertised. Kids don't miss much!

Yet at the same time the children are being let in on the real world. They saw Oswald shot, they've seen children like themselves bombed and burnt, they've seen Buddhists set themselves on fire, riots, real violence of every kind. They are spared nothing, and they are offered, like their grown ups, the never-never land of the advertisements as a narcotic escape, the wonderful fun-world of consumption.

As the young become adolescent, all the weight of this mad advertising and publicity begins to be felt. Girls are to be sexy, but no sex. Men are to be violently masculine but no violence. The very falseness of American life hits them, and their reaction is simply revulsion.

Some take up sport and trust nothing but their own bodies and their prowess. Some take up drugs in order to change the reality they find so repellent. Some opt for 'the money game'. As one gets to know the young people, one learns that nothing is important for them unless it takes their mind off the terrible, confused, unfaceable reality which past generations have left them with. There are of course some exceptions to this — for instance, those who have chosen a revolutionary path, and those who have by grace learnt to deal creatively with the realities of the situation into which they were born.

Why trust people over 30? I think we should all face up to what happened at the Pentagon this week-end. Young students urged on by people over 30 faced their contemporaries, mostly poor kids without much education, sent into this situation by the Pentagon. These two

groups of young Americans, all of them doing what they thought right, met as enemies at the opposite ends of bayoneted rifles. Isn't it time for people over thirty to start taking responsibility for seeing that this doesn't happen? Hadn't we better make every effort to show our young people how a free society can mobilise itself to meet injustice — within the framework of law and constitutional government? Or, if the war is a problem with which we can't deal within the limits of constitutional dissent, shouldn't it be we — the over thirties — who refuse to pay taxes and generally resist, rather than our children? Despite opinions to the contrary, these young people are not draft-dodgers and cowards, and they are seriously considering more and more radical confrontation with government forces.

There is a real issue here for us. When ministers and intellectuals urge our young people to resist the draft, it is not they who will be sent to jail, but a nondescript college-freshman whose whole life will thus be damaged. When famous liberals lead our students to storm the Pentagon, these older liberals are handled firmly but carefully by the police and military; it is the youngsters who are beaten senseless, thrown into ambulances, and dumped out at first-aid stations.

Our children are not convinced that we care about anything but money. They have heard, for instance, about the Senate investigation of the M-16 rifle. They have heard that the General responsible for the contract immediately took a highly paid job with the manufacturing company, after the contract was signed. They have heard about the Army's contract with one munition company for all gunpowder used; how it was found that they did not make the right powder for the

M-16; how, instead of changing to another company who made the right powder, modifications were made to the rifle – against all the advice of the gun-makers – to adapt it to the wrong powder. The result was the death of hundreds of young Americans, because the rifle continuously jammed in action. There were other stories like that too. Is it any wonder that so many young people are not eager to fight in Vietnam, and are not convinced by Government rhetoric?

The trouble is that we – the over thirties – do care about something besides money. We care about our country and how its name stands in the world. We care about our children; somehow, we are responsible for the sensitive consciences which are currently causing them such torment.

Today, ironically enough, is the 450th anniversary of the Protestant Reformation – an event that was prompted partly by the Holy Spirit, but partly by a spirit very far from holy. Martin Luther and the young folk who followed him, spoke of

Catholic Christendom just as young socialists today speak about the establishment in America. The language of those earlier revolutionaries was incredibly in-temperate, actually obscene, the distrust was total, the scorn all-consuming.

The Reformation took place because a generation came along with a new and radical ideology at the exact moment when the structure of Western Christendom had become so corrupt that its core of truth and goodness was almost completely obscured. We in America today are approaching a historical situation that is parallel with this. More and more young people see nothing good in our democratic freedom when it ignores justice at home and overseas.

450 years ago it was Luther and Cromwell; today it is Stokely Carmichael and a hundred others – all of whom originally wanted reforms and changes in the system, but who today, like Luther finally, want to break with the system. Will we, like Catholic Christendom, become more rigid and defensive as the demands get more

strident? Will we use the excuse of war to maintain the *status quo*? Or shall we – the older ones – take upon ourselves the challenge and lead a true reformation within the framework of our own constitution?

Only when the younger generation are convinced that their elders are really willing to make some necessary changes will they begin to recover the faith they have lost in us.

Disabled Sisterhood

by Mildred Norman, MAOT, SROT, RMN

Thirty-seven years ago a young French woman, of Polish extraction, left her father's house with about 15/- in her pocket to found a new religious congregation.

The idea which inspired her was quite simple: since suffering was evidently part of the Divine Plan for our redemption, those who had some illness or disability should not be barred from their sense of vocation but should be encouraged to live it so far as their infirmities allowed and should make their acceptance of suffering an additional promise and offering.

So, in Passion Week of the year 1930, she and four companions heard Mass in the crypt of the Basilica of the Sacré Coeur in Paris, and at the moment of consecration they gave themselves to God without reserve, so that an Order for the sick might one day flourish in the Church.

This Order is truly unique. Today, from that small inspired beginning, their mem-

bers have grown in number to more than 240 – of every nationality and suffering from most known afflictions. The aims of the Sisters of Jesus Crucified are the absolute acceptance of suffering and the leading of lives as self-supporting as possible, not dwelling on their disabilities but truly serving God joyfully. Their own particular gifts are given freely for the less fortunate. So, with certain 'aids for the disabled' their work is being performed – sometimes in extremely difficult circumstances.

Varied work

The first house, which is still the Mother house of the Order, was St. Joseph's Priory at Brou, near Paris. There are three others in France where a great deal of work is being done for humanity: aiding handicapped children and the blind; helping cancer research (this is being done in both of the American priories). Some sisters suitable for the work have been trained in cyto-technology and more are being trained. This work can be done by those who are severely crippled and perhaps able to use only one sound hand.

Article reproduced from 'Nursing Mirror by kind permission of the Editor.

From one of the convents in France people who are cut off so cruelly from human contact – the deaf-blind – are helped by a news-bulletin called *Transparencies*. It is written in Braille and sent to all the deaf-blind in France and French-speaking countries who ask for it. For many of them it is their only source of information and obviously serves a great need for those in dire straits, keeping them in touch with world affairs. It saves many from despair and self-pity.

In addition to the houses in France and America, there is also a priory in Germany and one in Holland. Soon there may be one in Japan. Eight years ago, Mother Marie des Douleurs, the Foundress of the Order, took the first steps towards setting up a house there. A big piece of ground at Ashikaga in the region of Tokyo has been given to the Order. They are assured of much sympathy and goodwill. Mother Marie Aimée, the very first Japanese sister, currently a prioress in Germany, will set out for Japan to start the arrangements when she has sufficiently recovered



Blind sister operates machine, assisted by one who is a heart patient, in Braille printing shop at St. Therese Priory where news-bulletin 'Transparencies' is produced.

Sister Marie Xavier and Sister Marie Fabian, two nuns from Regina Mundi Priory who are more obviously handicapped.



from the results of a serious car accident in which she was injured recently.

In France the sisters organise days of recollection for sick people; this is an annual event in most of the priories. At St. Joseph's about 60 people arrive from the surrounding neighbourhood; others come from Paris and are assisted by many organisations similar to the British Red Cross Society. These days are outstanding in the lives of the deprived, the sick, and the handicapped.

At some of the priories, the sisters run successful clinics but, being members of an enclosed Order, they cannot work outside their own precincts. That is why there are in each house three or four regular oblates, who are not bound by the rules of enclosure. They belong, nevertheless to the congregation and share its community life entirely. Some are nurses, others are social workers; some run public libraries or have the care of backward children, assisting in showing parents how best to cope whenever possible. Usually this work is done in co-operation with the parish priest. These sisters are physically handicapped – some

only slightly so – and they do not take vows. Almost from the beginning of the congregation there were oblates who became part of the religious community having an intermediary position between it and the world.

Other persons, who are attracted by the spirit of the congregation but are unable to live in the community, are accepted as secular oblates. They follow rules adapted to their state of life, do not have to wear a special habit but receive a small silver crucifix at the time of their consecration.

Many sick people in the Union of Jesus Crucified find comfort by correspondence. This is a group of sick persons who unite each day by reciting at 3 o'clock a verse from the Liturgy of Holy Week. They receive a monthly letter from the priory and may correspond personally with one of the sisters. One of the books the Order has published – *Joy out of sorrow* – was compiled from the writings of the Foundress of the Order, Mother Marie des Douleurs, in her monthly letters to the Union of Jesus Crucified.

There is an association (of which I am a committee member, although I am not a Catholic) called the Friends of the Sick which can help the sisters in a variety of ways to overcome their material difficulties. Anyone who becomes a member is counted as a 'friend' and is kept in touch with the congregation by a quarterly magazine and news-letter.

The house in which I am particularly interested is at Castle Cary in Somerset. In 1959 six of the sisters came to England, led by their blind prioress. They took over a Victorian house where the grounds are quite lovely but also need a lot of care and hard work. They had a struggle at first to become established – so much had to be done to the house and grounds. The place is in a wonderful elevated position with a grand view of Glastonbury Tor; it pleases the sisters to be near the 'cradle of Christianity' in England.

Different nationalities

There are now about 16 sisters – some are French, others are of different nationalities. They do all the work of the house and a great deal in the gardens – growing fruit and vegetables for sale. The first time I encountered a gardening sister she was pushing an old pram full of vegetables! Just the right height for pushing.

There is, as in all the priories, a fine

guest-house which is usually full all summer. Guests find peace and refreshment – both spiritually and bodily – after a holiday here. The sisters are extremely happy and full of a wonderful sense of humour.

The most profitable venture has been the installation of a printing press. This they

use to full advantage and it has helped enormously. They do general printing and produce a variety of Christmas cards under the title of the Alleluia Press.

It is rather wonderful to me that, in this age, people – often handicapped severely – can give up what in some cases amounts to a home where there is every

luxury, and choose to take vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and also to try and use what is left of their strength to serve God by giving of their gifts to those who are less fortunate.

Their motto is most appropriate: Amen Alleluia!

As Independent as you can

by Rosalind Chalmers

I have been reading an article in *The Scotsman*, 'Designing for the Wheelchair'. The author quotes Selwyn Goldsmith, the architect, as saying that it is *misguided to think that the only respectable way for disabled people to behave is by being as physically independent as they can*. Then later on: 'if the chair-bound person . . . is to retain a healthy estimation of her own worth' (a housewife) 'it is essential that she should be able to do as much as possible inside the house without asking for help'.

A contradiction? Well, it certainly is, set out in those terms. I can't believe that Mr. Goldsmith thinks a disabled person should allow others to do for him what he could, even with difficulty, do for himself. It is better for you to walk if you can do so rather than be pushed in a chair; it is better to feed yourself shakily with your left hand rather than be fed. Once you begin to abdicate responsibility for your own actions you are on a slippery slope indeed. Of course this is not only true of disabled people. A man who continually underestimates his potential will feel frustrated and eventually apathetic, just as he will if he aims too high and fails too often. The art is in achieving balance between two extremes.

But for the disabled every problem is illuminated with brutal clarity. Their difficulties with walking, speaking, writing, eating, are all patent dilemmas which they

must resolve themselves, accepting not too much help nor too little. Sometimes, this is as much a moral problem as a physical one, which must be settled to the best of their ability. Obviously then, it is *not* misguided to say a person should be as physically independent *as he can* – it is those last three words which are the crux.

At present, I am compiling a guide-book for the disabled of Birmingham. London, Edinburgh and Cambridge already have their own. These guides are intended to help disabled people in their day-to-day living by listing the accessibility of such buildings as shops, hotels, restaurants and theatres. 'Accessibility' usually boils down to number of steps and width of doorways, particularly of lavatories. We aren't so much concerned with the splendid facilities of the future, but with present amenities. Knowing what to expect when going shopping or out for a meal means that many people venture out who might otherwise not have done so.

We are finding that in Birmingham quite a lot is being done to help disabled people. One restaurant provides a portable ramp; another arranges for a downstairs table. Special parking is often allowed. In the Bull Ring, 'Europe's Most Modern Shopping Centre', there is a lift for invalid chairs and prams, and therefore the whole Centre, which is centrally heated and contained over a hundred

shops, restaurants, markets, etc. is accessible to wheelchair users. (But too many people have not heard of this lift: a sign would be welcome.)

The City Art Gallery and Museum also has a lift, and the Superintendent is anxious to help handicapped people in every way. For example, he is about to seek permission to have two parking meters removed outside so that disabled people can get nearer. New Street Station has agreed to remove their extremely inconvenient turnstiles to their public lavatories. Several cinemas make special provision for wheelchairs.

In Birmingham, future building programmes are taking the needs of the disabled into consideration by providing ramps, some larger toilets and lifts in their public buildings. Indeed, it has been found that other classes of people such as the elderly and mothers with prams appreciate many of these facilities. Even the able-bodied often choose a ramp in preference to a flight of steps or an escalator!

This is important, for obviously all buildings cannot be laid out entirely from the point of view of the disabled, for they are after all, a minority and must aim to get back as far as possible into step with the world. But it is amazing what can be done with a little good-will and imagination, and what in fact is being done in Birmingham and elsewhere in the country.

44 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. Rawlley.

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.

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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:

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Housemother: Miss Mollie Trim

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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.

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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.

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	Tel. Nos.	
	Office	Residents
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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
*Brixham Cheshire Home , 33 Gillard Road, Brixham, Devon		
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.	Gerrards Cross	86170 84572
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.	Colwyn Bay	2404
Greathouse , Kington Langley, Chippenham, Wiltshire	Kington Langley	235 327
Greenacres , 39 Vesey Road, Sutton Coldfield, Warwick	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	2566 508
Holme Lodge , Julian Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham	Nottingham	89002
Honresfeld , Blackstone Edge Road, Littleborough, Lancs.	Littleborough	78627 880651
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Kenmore , Whitcliffe Road, Cleckheaton, Yorkshire	Cleckheaton	2904 2724
Lake District Cheshire Home , Holehird, Windermere, Westmorland	Windermere	2500 387
Le Court , Liss, Hampshire	Blackmoor	364 229
Llanhennock Cheshire Home , Llanhennock, Caerleon, Mon.	Caerleon	545 676
Marske Hall , Tees-side Cheshire Home, Marske-by-the-Sea, Redcar, Yorks.	Redcar	2672
Matfen Hall , Northumberland Cheshire Home, Matfen, Northumberland	Stamfordham	212
Mayfield House , East Trinity Road, Edinburgh 5	Granton	2037 4157
Mickley Hall , Mickley Lane, Totley, Sheffield, Yorkshire S17 4HE	Sheffield	367936
Mote House , Mote Park, Maidstone, Kent	Maidstone	37911 38417

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St. Anthony's , West Midland Cheshire Home, Stourbridge Road, Wolverhampton, Staffs.	Wombourn	3056	2060
St. Bridget's , The Street, East Preston, West Sussex	Rustington	3988	70755
St. Cecilia's , Sundridge Avenue, Bromley, Kent		01-460 8377	... 7179
St. Michaels , Axbridge, Somerset			
St. Teresa's , Long Rock, Penzance, Cornwall	Marazion	336	365
Seven Rivers , Great Bromley, Colchester, Essex	Ardleigh	345	463
Seven Springs , Pembury Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent			
South-West Lancashire Cheshire Home , Springwood House, Liverpool 25		051-427	7345
Spofforth Hall , Harrogate, Yorkshire	Spofforth	284	287
Staunton Harold , Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire, LE6 5RT	Melbourne	2571	2387
Stonecroft House , Barnetby, Lincolnshire	Kirmington	244	
White Windows , Sowerby Bridge, Yorkshire	Halifax	81981	82173
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Gaywood , 30 The Downs, Wimbledon, S.W.20		01-946	9493
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The Work of Gerry Fisher

In our March 1968 issue, the story was told of Gerry Fisher of Seven Rivers, and how he became a talented artist under the expert guidance of Diana Tinson. We show here two photos of Gerry's work, although it must be stressed that these pictures do much less than justice to the vivid and colourful originals. A full exhibition of his work is being held at Colchester Art Gallery some time next year.

